

JULIA BROOME-ROBINSON, TENOR TROMBONE
WITH GAIL NOVAK, PIANO

OCTOBER 19TH, 2018 @ 5:00 PM
KATZIN CONCERT HALL
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

PROGRAM

Hommage a Bach

Eugène Bozza
(1905-1991)

Radiant Spheres

David Biedenbender
(b. 1984)

1. *Shadows*
2. *for me, time moves both more slowly and more quickly*
3. *Radiant Spheres*

– PAUSE –

selections from *La Sang parle* (1922)

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

- Au Bord de la Route*
- Doute*
- Chanson*

Choral, Cadence et Fugato

Henri Dutilleux
(1916-2013)

Skirmish and Dance

Jeffrey Reynolds
(b. 1943)

Philip Glick, tenor trombone
Paul Lynch, bass trombone
Blake Ryall, tuba

* This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts degree. Julia Broome-Robinson is a student of Dr. Brad Edwards.

Nadia Boulanger, selected songs
original French text by Camille Mauclair

Au Bord de la Route (At the Edge of the Road)

This man no longer wanted to live
Let's see with what you meddle?
Sir, Madam, in truth,
This man had had enough.

His heart was like a stone,
But if anyone had opened it
Perhaps in his lover's heart
You would see the diamond.

But the stone was so heavy
That he lay on the road
Clenching his hands on it
And died of his expectation.

This man had had enough.
With him the jewel will die
Sir, Madame, it is late,
Sign the cross and go.

Doute (Doubt)

It was so long ago that your soul was on its way
To what the angels told me
Toward me who awaits you, clasping my hands,
It was so long ago that perhaps she lost the way.

Since I see nothing
In the distance of fourth paths
That cross at the crossroads of doubt

Here comes the cold breath
That hunts birds, sun and branches
And brings fog and night
To my hope, and to my faith

Perhaps I should go
As one who no longer waits
And returns in the void of the night
Toward home and toward boredom.

Chanson (Song)

She sold my heart for a song:
Sell my heart at the square,
Dealer,
In place of the song.

Your songs were white,
My song is the color of blood,
She sold my heart,
Dealer,
She sold my heart
For the fun of it.

And still my heart sings
At the squares, at the crossroads;
You will make people cry, Dealer,
Telling the story of my vast love

While she will entertain
The people come to her wedding
In singing the song for laughs
For which she sold my heart.