Close to Home: An Evening with American Composers
Tuesday, May 6, 2014 | 7:30 pm

The NOVA Community Chorus
Alexandria Band & Jazz Ensemble

Rachel M. Schlesinger
Concert Hall and Arts Center
3001 North Beauregard Street, Alexandria, VA 22311
Music At Nova Alexandria
ALEXANDRIA MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Dr. Mark Whitmire, NOVA Community Chorus Director
John Kocur, NOVA Jazz Ensemble Director
Lisa C. Eckstein, NOVA Alexandria Band Director
Dr. Jonathan Kolm, Music Faculty & Assistant Dean
Britt Conley, Administrative Assistant
Christine Hagan, Chorus Accompanist
Dr. Robert Patrella, Alexandria Band Founding Director
Dr. Jimmie McClellan, Dean for Liberal Arts

MAY 6, 2014

Performances

poems by Robert Frost

The Road Not Taken
Come In
The Telephone
A Girl’s Garden
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
Choose Something Like a Star

NOVA Community Chorus
Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director
Christine Hagan, Accompanist

Jamie ................................................................. Sammy Nestico (b. 1924)
Mean to Me ..................................................... Fred Ahlert (1892-1953) & Roy Turk (1892–1934)
arr. by Nelson Riddle (1921–1985)
Rockin’ in Rhythm ............................................. Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

NOVA Alexandria Jazz ensemble
John Kocur, Director

–10 minute intermission–
Overture to “Candide” .................................................. Leonard Bernstein (1918–1990)
arr. by Walter Beeler

II. Mass ................................................................. H. Owen Reed (1910–2014)
from La Fiesta Mexicana
Dr. Robert Petrella, conductor

Sea Songs .............................................................. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Variations on a Shaker Melody .............................. Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
from Appalachian Spring

The Liberty Bell March ........................................... John Philip Sousa (1854–1932)

Alexandria Band
Lisa C. Eckstein, Director
Dr. Robert Petrella, Founding Director and Guest Conductor

Stomp Your Foot ................................................... Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
from The Tender Land

Combined Band and Chorus
Lisa C. Eckstein, conductor

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NOVA Alexandria Jazz Ensemble

John Kocur, Director

Saxophones/Clarinet
Jairo Chavez
Mominia Di Blasio
Michael Barr
James Stephani
Justin Baughman

Trumpets
Ronald Umbeck
John Zrolkowski
Larry Craven

Drums
James Adams
Carlos Helguero

Guitar
Burvin Jenkins
Ayal Sharon

Vocals
Annie Mueller

Bass
Richard Netherton

Piano
Chit Wong

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NOVA Community Chorus

Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director
Christine Hagan, Accompanist

Soprano 1
Elizabeth Bozhich
Jessi Calzado-Esponta
Nancy Denker
Lene Jensen
Terri LaGoe
Phyllis McKenzie
Judith Robb
Maria Rynn
Theresa Wells
Mary Yee
Deborah Peetz
Carol Pelenberg
Katy Rinaman
Jane Roningan
Mary Shilton
Kaylee Shuey

Alto 2
Halina Banas-Jones
Arlene Brigida
Cecelia Campbell
Melanie Casey
Martha Evans
Nancy Ford-Kohne
Izola Hawkins
Ruth Herndon
Dorothea Kamara
Ellen Livingston
Joyce Lombardi
Tyra Newman
Vicki Ratcliffe
Annette Reilly
Carol Uri
Barbara Wade
Judy Wulff

Tenor 2
John Connors
Larry Goldschmidt
Traval Mensah
Bill Meyer
Jerry Moore
Daniel Rives
Miguel Venegas

Bass 1
John Clark
Bernie Cohen
Michael DeHart
Yasmeen Florshim
Walter Gans
Burvin Jenkins
Mark Johnson
Richard Kennedy
Ray Lombardi
Tom Munger
Matthew Relton
Sasa Stivic
Fred Wulff

Bass 2
Alan Bunner
Ed Caress
Larry Carnahan
Anthony Clarke
Bob Clark
Nick King
Alan Krause
Steve Rich
Will Russell
David Shilton

Alto 1
Ellie Briscoe
Elizabeth Bull
Kate Cantrell
Pat Flagg
Holly Hambley
Jesse Hrebinke
Agnes Malicka
Marion Mangus
DeMarcus Bold
Tom Donlan
Mike Jarvis
Bill Reilly
Francisco Robles
Lisa C. Eckstein, Director

Flutes
Jeff Cates
Lynda Clark
Maria Sanabria Fernandez
Alison Lattu
Nancy Quinlan
Pam Sweeney
Paula Underwood
Ashley Weitzel
Joe Wimbrough

Bass Clarinet
Tom Roberts

Bassoon
Rachel Collins

Alto Sax
Momina Di Blasio
Jillian Schiele
Drake Stoughton

Tenor Sax
Jairo Chavez

Baritone Sax
Michael Barr

French Horns
Pam Adams
Brenda Crist
Margaret Forman
Amanda Griesser
Beth Knickerbocker
Laura Koss
Harris Wood

Trumpets
Erick Chiang
Larry Craven
Mike Creadon
Glenn Fatzinger
Sam Gousen
Scott McDonald
Karen Sellars
Rick Whittenberger
Bill Wooten

Trombones
Dave Ferris
Jonell Freese
Ruth Ann Kier
Ivan Perez
Zachary Sellars
Jason Smith

Euphoniums
Michael Brooke
James Fonda
Dean Kauffman
Adam Khan
Bryan Weimer

Tubas
Christopher Khourey
Sean Romit–Schulze
Sidney Wade
Stephen Wilken

Harp
Kristen Jepperson

Percussion
James Adams
Elliot Brown
Jesse Gritzinger
Elaine Halchin
Michael Kish
Tim Nuhfer
FROSTIANA (1959)
RANDALL THOMPSON

1. THE ROAD NOT TAKEN
   Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
   And sorry I could not travel both
   And be one traveler, long I stood
   And looked down one as far as I could
   To where it bent in the undergrowth;
   Then took the other, as just as fair,
   And having perhaps the better claim,
   Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
   Though as for that the passing there
   Had worn them really about the same,
   And both that morning equally lay
   In leaves no step had trodden black.
   Oh, I kept the first for another day!
   Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
   I doubted if I should ever come back.
   I shall be telling this with a sigh
   Somewhere ages and ages hence:
   Two roads diverged in a wood, and I
   I took the one less traveled by,
   And that has made all the difference

2. COME IN
   As I came to the edge of the woods,
   Thrush music, hark!
   Now if it was dusk outside,
   Inside it was dark.
   Too dark in the woods for a bird
   By sleight of wing
   To better its perch for the night,
   Though it still could sing.
   The last of the light of the sun
   That had died in the west
   Still lived for one song more
   In a thrush's breast.
   Far in the pillared dark
   Thrush music went
   Almost like a call to come in
   To the dark and lament.
   But no, I was out for stars;
   I would not come in.
   I meant not even if asked;
   And I hadn't been.

3. THE TELEPHONE
   "When I was just as far as I could walk
   From here today,
   There was an hour
   All still
   When leaning with my head against a flower
   I heard you talk.
   Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say
   You spoke from that flower on the window sill
   Do you remember what it was you said?"
   "First tell me what it was you thought you heard."
   "Having found the flower and driven a bee away,
   I leaned my head,
   And holding by the stalk,
   I listened and I thought I caught the word
   What was it? Did you call me by my name?
   Or did you say
   Someone said 'Come'
   I heard it as I bowed."
   "I may have thought as much, but not aloud."
   "Well, so I came."

4. A GIRL'S GARDEN
   A neighbor of mine in the village
   Likes to tell how one spring
   When she was a girl on the farm, she did
   A childlike thing.
   One day she asked her father
   To give her a garden plot
   To plant and tend and reap herself,
   And he said, "Why not?"
   In casting about for a corner
   He thought of an idle bit
   Of walled off ground where a shop had stood,
   And he said, "Just it."
   And he said, "That ought to make you
   An ideal one girl farm,
   And give you a chance to put some strength
   On your slim-jim arm."
   It was not enough of a garden,
   Her father said, to plough;
   So she had to work it all by hand,
   But she don't mind now.
5. STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING
Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.
My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.
He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sounds the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

6. CHOOSE SOMETHING LIKE A STAR
O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to the wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says, 'I burn.'
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.