



Close to Home:

An Evening with American Composers

Tuesday, May 6, 2014 | 7:30 pm

The background of the lower half of the poster features a stylized illustration of several flowers. There are two red flowers and two yellow flowers, each with a green stem and leaves. The flowers are rendered in a blocky, geometric style. The background is a light blue color with faint, darker blue and purple abstract shapes.

**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 Petrella, Alexandria Band Founding Director

Dr. Jimmie McClellan, Dean for Liberal Arts

MAY 6, 2014

Performances

Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959) Randall Thompson (1899–1984)
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

NOVA Alexandria Jazz Ensemble

John Kocur, Director

Saxophones/Clarinet

Jairo Chavez
Momina Di Blasio
Michael Barr
James Stephan
Justin Baughman

Trumpets

Ronald Umbeck
John Ziolkowski
Larry Craven

Bass

Richard Netherton

Drums

James Adams
Carlos Helguero

Guitar

Burvin Jenkins
Ayal Sharon

Vocals

Annie Mueller

Trombones/Euphonium

Michael Brooke
R. Ann Kier
John Murray

Piano

Chit Wong

NOVA Community Chorus

Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director
Christine Hagan, Accompanist

Soprano 1

Elizabeth Bozhich
Jessi Calzado–Esponda
Nancy Denker
Lene Jensen
Terri LaGoe
Phyllis McKenzie
Judith Robb
Maria Rynn
Theresa Wells
Mary Yee

Deborah Peetz

Carol Pelenberg
Katy Rinaman
Jane Roningen
Mary Shilton
Kaylee Shuey

Tenor 2

John Connors
Larry Goldschmidt
Traval Mensah
Bill Meyer
Jerry Moore
Daniel Rivas
Miguel Venegas

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

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 Stevic
Fred Wulff

Soprano 2

Rachael Abbott
Ginger Caress
Cathy Clark
Lisa Clark
Pat Connors
Margaret Harrison
Michelle Lewis
Barbara Lowrey
Marty Maher
Carolyn Miller
Mary Lee Russell
Laura Sullivan
Nancy Ruth Wood

Tenor 1

DeMarcus Bolds
Tom Donlan
Mike Jarvis
Bill Reilly
Francisco Robles

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 Hrebinka
Agnes Malicka
Marion Mangus

Alexandria Band

Lisa C. Eckstein, Director

Flutes

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

Oboe

Jeff Kahan

Eb and Bb Clarinets

Caryl Salters

Bb Clarinets

Justin Baughman
Ashley Begley
Judy Bendig
Adrienne Cannon
Laurie Gethin
Connie Handley
Ryan Maniquis
Alondra Nina Meneceles
Bob Petrella
Deb Schoenberger
Sue Shapiro
Cindy Shaw
Sheryl Stankowski
Amanda Wilcox
DeVante Winn

Bass Clarinet

Tom Roberts

Bassoon

Rachel Collins

Alto Saxes

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 Kourey
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.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not nice load.
And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.
A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,
And even fruit trees

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.

