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Senior Recital: Alyssa J. Rodriguez, composition

Alyssa J. Rodriguez

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Senior Recital:
Alyssa J. Rodriguez, composition

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, April 13th, 2014
9:00 pm
Awakened by Birds in Early Morning (2012)  
Alyssa J. Rodriguez  
(b.1992)  
I. Awakening  
II. Birds  
III. Sunlight  

Allison Kraus, alto flute and flute

Two Kids and a Box of Crayons (2012)  
I. Lines  
II. Dots  
III. Coloring within the Lines  
IV. Circles  

Christopher Sforza and Sonsoles Llodra, violins

Pulsar (2012)  

Eric Perreault, cello

Wade in the Water  
Traditional  
arr. Alyssa J. Rodriguez  

Elizabeth Embser, Emily Gaggiano, Zachary Latino, Jonathan Fleischman, and Brett Pond, voice; Kevin Thompson, bass; Spenser Forwood, djembe
Intermission

Gothic Pulpit (2013)

Paul Grobey, Samantha Spena, and Brian Schmidt, violins

Andenkentanz (2013)

I.
II.

Samantha Berry, prepared piano

Sunscatter (2013)

Samantha Berry, harpsichord

Vignette (2014)

Joseph D’Esposito and Jason Kim, violin; Kelly Ralston, viola; Yan Pan, cello; Desiree Lim and Grace Currie, dancers

The World is Too Much with Us: Wordsworth’s Latter Day Word

I. World
II. Sea
III. Glimpses Less Forlorn

text by William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Corey Seapy, conductor; Penelope-Myles Voss, mezzo-soprano; Jonathan Fleischman, viola; Kestrel Curro, clarinet; Wenbo Yin, alto saxophone; Matthew Allen, trumpet; Stephen Meyerhofer, trombone; Spenser Forwood, drumset; Kevin Thompson, bass

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. Music Composition. Alyssa J. Rodriguez is from the studio of Dr. Jorge Grossmann and Dr. Dana Wilson.
The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I’d rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.