

ABSTRACT

The thesis for the Master of Music degree in Piano Performance consists of one solo recital and one full-length ensemble recital.

I performed the ensemble recital on April 28, 2002 and the solo recital on August 29, 2002.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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Recital Hall
Sunday, April 28, 2002
8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S CHAMBER RECITAL*
BRETT KINGSBURY, PIANO

Campfire of the Sun (2002)

A Song Cycle for Tenor, Cello and Piano

- I. The Poor Traveller
- II. Epitaph
- III. Spring Song
- IV. Once you lay upon my bosom...
- V. Fireflies
- VI. Hem and Haw
- VII. The Campfire of the Sun

Andrew Ager
(b. 1962)
text by Bliss Carman

Lenard Whiting, *tenor*
Joel Stobbe, *cello*

Concerto per Due Pianoforti Soli

- I. Con moto
- II. Notturmo
- III. Quattro variazioni
- IV. Preludio e fuga

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

Erika Crinó, *piano*

- INTERMISSION -

Quintet in F minor, Op. 34
for Piano, Two Violins, Viola and Cello

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

THE BOREALIS STRING QUARTET

Patricia Shih, *violin*
Yuel Yawney, *violin*
Nikita Pogrebnoy, *viola*
Joel Stobbe, *cello*

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree with a major in Piano.

"Campfire of the Sun"

Song-cycle for tenor, cello and piano
(2002)

Words: Bliss Carman Music: Andrew Ager

The Poor Traveller

I came to a roadside dwelling,
With great eaves low and wide,
Asking my way to the village,
And they bade me step inside.

Welcome and cheer they gave me -
Were comrades loving and strong;
And they bade me wait for supper,
But I could not stop so long.

Nothing I brought to the house,
But the garb of ruddy and tan,
Suited for pleasure or for wear,
Befitting a roving man.

Nothing I brought to the Inn
But the traveller's cloak I wore;
And that, when I came away,
I needs must drop by the door.

Epitaph

With the orient in her eyes,
Life my mistress lured me on,
"Knowledge", said that look of hers,
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves,
"Drink me", said that mouth of hers.
And I drank who now am here,
Where my dust with dust confers.

Spring Song

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

When the flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart-beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon re-cherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide drift
Of the steaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow --
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming host a-wing!

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain;
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the three score Inns and twenty
From the mountains to the main
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain!

Once You Lay Upon My Bosom

Once you lay upon my bosom
While the long blue silver moonlight walked the plain
With that pure passion all your own.
Now the moon is gone.
The Pleiades gone,
The dead of night is going slips the hour
And on my bed I lie alone.

Fireflies

The fireflies across the dusk,
And flashing signals through the gloom,
Courageous messengers of light,
That dare immensities of doom.

About the seeding meadow grass,
Like busy watchmen in the street,
They come and go they turn and pass,
Lighting the way for beauty's feet.

Or up they float on viewless wings,
To twinkle high among the trees,
And rival with soft glimmerings
The shining of the Pleiades.

The stars that wheel above the hill,
Are not more wonderful to see,
Nor the great tasks that they fulfill,
More needed in eternity.

Hem and Haw

Hem and Haw were the sons of sin,
Created to shally and shirk,
Hem lay 'round and Haw looked on
While God did all the work.

Hem was a foggy, and Haw was a prig,
For both had the dull, dull mind;
And whenever they found a thing to do,
They yammered and went it blind.

Hem was the father of bigots and bores;
As the sands of the sea were they,
And Haw was the father of all the tribe
Who criticize today.

But God was an artist from the first,
And knew what He was about,
While over his shoulder sneered these two,
And advised him to rub it out.

They prophesied ruin ere man was made;
"Such folly must surely fail!"
And when he was done,
"Do you think, my Lord, He's better without a tail?"

And still in the honest working world,
With posture and hint and smirk,
These sons of the devil are standing by
While Man does all the work.

The Campfire of the Sun

Lo, now, the journeying sun,
Another day's march done,
Kindles his campfire at the edge of night!
And in the twilight pale
Above his crimson trail,
The stars move out their cordons still and bright.

Now in the darkening hush
A solitary thrush
Sings on in silvery rapture to the deep;
While brooding on her nest,
The wandering soul has rest,
And earth receives her sacred gift of sleep.

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Recital Hall
Thursday, August 29, 2002
8:00 p.m.

MASTER'S SOLO RECITAL*
BRETT KINGSBURY, PIANO

Etude in A flat major "Il Lamento"

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

"An die ferne Geliebte" (trans.)

Ludwig van Beethoven-Franz Liszt

Concert Paraphrase of "Rigoletto"

Giuseppe Verdi-Franz Liszt

- INTERMISSION -

Sonata in B minor

Franz Liszt

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