

presents

Carissa Blumka, Flute
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:

Professor Sean Botkin, piano

Diana Kwak, mezzo-soprano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BM degree in Music Education (Instrumental/General)
From the Studio of Dr. Hannah Porter-Occeña

Concerto No. 1, Op. 45
Allegro con Energico
Andante
Confuoco

Malcolm Arnold
(1921 – 2006)

Bentley Roses
Old-Fashioned Roses
The Rose
To the Roses
A Rose in October

Jennifer Higdon
(b. 1962)

with Diana Kwak, mezzo-soprano

Intermission

Sonata in B Minor
Allegro
Andantino
Allegro molto vivace

Amanda Maier
(1853 – 1894)
ed. Carol Wincenc

Program Notes

Malcolm Arnold (1921 – 2006) was a 20th century British composer, perhaps best known for his 132 film scores. He hated school and ended up being tutored at home, where he learned to play trumpet, violin, piano, and organ. After studying at the Royal College of Music and launching his career as a trumpeter and composer, he briefly joined the army in 1943 (after two years, he shot himself in the foot to be discharged). He continued his relationship with the London Philharmonic Orchestra until 1948, when he left on scholarship to study composition in Italy. Before writing the *Concerto for Flute and Strings* in 1954, he had written his first two symphonies, a ballet, two sets of *English Dances*, five film scores, and various other pieces for orchestra, chamber ensemble, and solo performance. He fulfilled many commissions, writing in a variety of musical forms, including several pieces with humorous effect (such as *A Grand, Grand Overture* for 3 vacuum cleaners, 1 floor polisher, 4 rifles, and orchestra). Later in his life, he battled with alcoholism, mental illness, relationship challenges, and suicidal ideation.

The *Concerto for Flute and Strings, op. 45* was composed for and premiered by Richard Adeney in 1954, the principal flutist of the London Philharmonic Orchestra and the English Chamber Orchestra. The first movement contrasts flourishes of extended chord structures and pointed rhythms with singing lines over dance-like accompaniment. Directional phrases maintain energy throughout the movement, creating cohesion across disjunct melodic material. The second movement opens like a calm lullaby, though the emotions are soon intensified with chromatic harmonies before returning to the tranquil theme. The third movement is bold and bouncy, a fast burst of technical energy.

Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962) first began playing music as a percussionist in high school, and taught herself to play the flute at 15. She studied flute performance with Judith Bentley from 1981-1986 at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, and began to compose during her undergraduate studies. Despite the late start to her formal musical training, she has become a renowned living composer, heralded for works that effectively combine lyricism and virtuosity.

When Judith Bentley decided to retire from Bowling Green State University, her current and former students commissioned the song cycle *Bentley Roses*. The piece was premiered at a celebratory recital by her daughter, Julia Bentley, mezzo-soprano, with Jennifer Higdon on flute, and Valrie Kantorski on piano. The rose-themed poems by one of Judith Bentley's favorite poets became a metaphorical bouquet gifted by her students. "Old-Fashioned Roses" reflects the speaker's fondness for the simple roses that remind him of his late mother. "The Rose" personifies a rose who is constantly turning down suitors, while her lover is unbothered by forcing her to wither away in wait. "To the Roses" describes someone who is so perfect and pure, yet is forced to contend with worldly concerns. "A Rose in October" begins with the despair of loneliness, and concludes when the speaker finds his future wife.

Amanda Maier (1853 – 1894) was a Swedish composer and conductor. She was first taught violin and piano by her father, and enrolled in a music academy in Stockholm at age 16. In 1873, she moved to Leipzig to further study violin and composition with Engelbert Röntgen, Carl Reinecke, and Ernst Friedrich Richter. After marrying pianist and composer Julius Röntgen (her violin teacher's son), she rarely performed publicly, though continued composing and performing privately. After fighting against several health complications throughout her adulthood, Maier died at an early age from tuberculosis.

Sonata in B Minor, originally composed in 1878 for violin and piano, was a prize-winning composition at the Leipzig Conservatory. The original manuscript dedicates the piece to her father. When changes were suggested by the publisher, Maier politely declined and asserted that her "wish [was] that the sonata remain unchanged," evincing her self-assuredness as a composer. Carol Wincenc later edited and arranged the piece for flute so this unjustly neglected work could be accessible to flutists.

“Bentley Roses” – Texts by James Whitcomb Riley

Old-Fashioned Roses

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and
faded
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the morning-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look
sadder
Fer their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em!
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike
'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know!

And then I think o' mother,
And how she ust to love 'em—
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said
We must pick a bunch and putt
'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, I wuz a-sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy er displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,—
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And hollyhawks and sich,
Than the hummin'-bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

The Rose

It tossed its head at the wooing breeze;
And the sun, like a bashful swain,
Beamed on it through the waving trees
With a passion all in vain,—
For my rose laughed in a crimson glee,
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The honey-bee came there to sing
His love through the languid hours,
And vaunt of his hives, as a proud old king
Might boast of his palace-towers:
But my rose bowed in a mockery,
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The humming-bird, like a courtier gay,
Dipped down with a dalliant song,
And twanted his wings through the roundelay
Of the whole day long:
Yet my rose turned from his minstrelsy
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

The firefly came in the twilight dim
My red, red rose to woo—
Till quenched was the flame of love in him,
And the light of his lantern too,
As my rose wept with dewdrops three
And hid in the leaves in wait for me.

And I said: I will cull my own sweet rose—
Some day I will claim as mine
The priceless worth of the flower that knows
No change, but a bloom divine—
The bloom of a fadeless constancy
That hides in the leaves in wait for me!

But time passed by in a strange disguise,
And I marked it not, but lay
In a lazy dream, with drowsy eyes,
Till the summer slipped away,
And a chill wind sang in a minor key:
“Where is the rose that waits for thee?”

I dream to-day, o'er a purple stain
Of bloom on a withered stalk,
Pelted down by the autumn rain
In the dust of the garden-walk,
That an Angel-rose in the world to be
Will hide in the leaves in wait for me.

To the Roses

I Dream that you are kisses Allah
sent
In Forms material, that all the earth
May taste of you and guess of
Heaven's worth,
Since it can waste such sweetness with
content,—
Seeing you showered o'er the Battle-
ment—
By Angel-hands plucked ripe from
lips of mirth
And flung in lavish clusters, yet no
dearth
Of rapture for the Anthem!...I
have bent
Above you, nestled in some low re-
treat,
Pressing your velvet mouths against the
dust,
And, ever nurturing this old con-
ceit,
Have lifted up your lips in perfect
trust
Against my mouth, nor found them
the less sweet
For having kissed the dust beneath
my feet.

A Rose in October

I

I strayed, all alone, where the
Autumn
Had Swept, in her petulant wrath:
All the flowers, that had bloomed in the
garden,
She had gathered, and flung in her
path.
And I saw the dead face of the lily,
Struck down, by the rain and the
sleet,
And the pink, with her lashes yet
weeping,
Drooped low in the dust, at my feet.

II

The leaves on the branches still swing-
ing,
Were blanched with the crimson of
death:
And the vines that still clung to the
trellis,
Were palsied, and shook at a breath.
And I sighed: "So hath fate, like the
Autumn,
Swept over my path, till I see,
As I walk through life's desolate gar-
den
Not a rose is left blooming for me!"

III

"Heigho!" said a voice of low laugh-
ter—
"How blind are you poets!" And
there,
At the gate, just in front of me, lean-
ing,
Stood Rosaline May, I declare!
I stammered, confused, for the mo-
ment;
But was blest for the rest of my life,
For my Rose of October there prom-
ised
She'd bloom for me aye, as—my
wife.