



presents

Caleb Self, Composition
In a Graduate Student Recital

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Music M.M. degree in Composition
From the Studios of Dr. Jonathan Schwabe and Dr. Daniel Swilley

Songs of Night and Day

- I. Love's Tide
- II. At Beach St. Mary
- III. Arcady
- IV. From Emerson's Library
- V. Insomnia
- VI. Sea Foam

Caleb Self
(b. 1998)

Gabrielle Flannery, soprano
Morgan List, piano

We'll Burn That Bridge When We Get There

Carissa Blumka, flute

Homographs

- Wind/Wind
- Tear/Tear
- Close/Close

Tyler Snodgrass, piano

Kyrie

A Thousand Treasures

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M.

Monday, April 8, 2024

Soundpainting

UNI New Music Ensemble

Simon White, tenor saxophone; Trey Blaser, trumpet; Lukas Garretson-O'Neil, trumpet;
Caleb Self, Euphonium; Emma Andersen, violin; Lukas Zaehringer, violin;
Andrew Acosta, viola; Jack Border, bass; Yiyang Cheng, piano;
Jess Herron, percussion; Tyler Snodgrass, percussion; Adrian Benson, voice/percussion

Text

**By: Frank W. Gunsaulus
(1856-1921)**

Love's Tide

Calm, clear and white,
Thou jewel of the night,
O moon of God, whose ecstasy is light!
My stormy self, a sea of restlessness,
Answers thine heart; and here I praise and bless
Thy pale and splendid arm of strength
That gathers of winds and rocks and waves allied,
Resolves their discords in Love's rising tide.

O sure the faith, and strong,
With sun-illumined sky, or throng
Of clouds above, or surge within my soul—
Thou know'st that, hidden, yet thou hast control.
So, sweeping shoreward with pearl-laden wave,
My life-tide feels its gladness at its grave—
Glad that the peace is all of thee
Who art my guide, dear ruler of the sea,
And gladder still, when on the shore of years
I cast some pearls made brighter by my tears.

At Beach St. Mary

The long brown thrusts out to sea
A headland lost in sliding sands;
So Time indents Eternity;
We live on Being's borderlands.

Man builds his lighthouse of Desire,
Waits here to greet a coming sail;
Brings golden oil for Hope's faint fire,
And will not let his beacon fail.

Here on the fronting height abide
The prophets with their faith divine;
Here see they first the moon-drawn tide
Tremble along Life's limit-line.

Afar beyond, from shores unseen,
Thrust out an arm enflowered and strong;
And they who watch there hear, I ween,
The same deep-billowed ocean-song.

And deeper than the sea, below
Unmeasured calm or thunder-shock,
'Neath darksome mystery and glow,
Firm lies the floor of hidden rock.

Arcady

Be not hesitant with me,
For I go to Arcady.
Winter is stern monarch here,
And without window there,
Scornful of the leafless year,
Breathes his frosts upon the air.
Now from all the hapless trees
Every frisky dryad flees.
Be not hesitant with me—
Let us go to Arcady!

Be not hesitant with me—
Come, and go to Arcady!
We have drunk the Summer's wine—
Every yellow drop is gone—
Plucked the last grape from the vine.
Yonder woodlands hide the fawn,
Where, beneath the young moon's glance,
Lithesome dryads throng and dance.
Be not hesitant with me!
To the woods of Arcady!

From Emerson's Library

Here still he sits and waiting hears the pines
Murmur their secret and the Northwind sing.
Here where the robin in a hint of spring
Finds summer-song in untranslated lines
Left in his throat, e'en yet this soul divines
Runes mystic, primal, like the blossoming
Grown in the hour of life's first opening—
Still reads the seer the world's unconscious signs.

O for one moment when the silent chords,
Solemnly strung with harmony complete,
Once more may hold within truth's ample theme
All vagrant tones and all unuttered words!
Then midst the noise of life's unuttered words!
Then midst the noise of life's accustomed street souls
might find triumph in his calm supreme.

Insomnia

So slowly comes the morning o'er the world,
It seemeth somewhere in the spirit's dark,
Where, ghostlike, flap black wings of night-born
doubtings—hark!—
Day's banner loosened once falls closely furled;
So slowly comes the morning o'er the world.

It seemeth somewhere in a dreamlit land,
The stream of Time were lost amid oblivious sand;
And where the ancient silver current swirled
Full slowly comes the morning o'er the world.

Till now a white hand reaching through the grey
Sets free my curtained soul; and jocund dawn of day
Smooths with bright-jeweled feet the wave upcurled;
And swiftly comes the morning o'er the world.

Sea Foam

Are they bloom of white on flowering waves
For marriage of land and sea,
Or white-lipped hate that the shore enslaves
And fetters what would be free?

Is the green that purples afar away
The change of a love grown deep,
Or the charm of love's declining day,
When a love-dream fades in sleep?

Are the white-winged birds that fly through the
dawn
Great hopes loving sea and sky,
Or the ghosts of hope from a world withdrawn,
Not knowing whither to fly?

O, my wondering soul, thyself art here
In song and sob of the sea;
The ocean I see through smile or tear
Is my portraiture of thee