

Excessive Noise: Fine Arts Library Concert Series

("winter winds..." by Pale Blue. part 1)

Saturday, January 31st 2015, 6:00 PM

Fine Arts Library at University of Texas at Austin

Porgy and Bess

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Aero Quintet

Karen Gallant, *flute*; Bethany Lawrence, *oboe*;
Roy Park, *clarinet*; Jamie Sanborn, *horn*; Emily Spitz, *bassoon*

They Might Be Gods (2009)

John Leszczynski (b.1987)

UT Graduate Saxophone Quartet

Charlie Chadwell, *soprano*; Gilbert Garza, *alto*;
Keri Wing, *tenor*; Nathan Mertens, *baritone*

Poco Adagio

Russell Podgorsek (b.1980)

Shih-Wen Fan, *clarinet*; Olivia Davis, *viola*;
Shih-Min Tang, *bassoon*; Li Kuang, *trombone*

L'histoire du tango

II. Cafe 1930

III. Nightclub 1960

Astor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Charlotte Daniel, *flute*

Chad Ibison, *guitar*

Jabberwock

Chris Prosser (b.1978)

Men's Choir:

Alex Heppelmann, Anik Bhattacharya, Brandon Clinton, Ben Stonaker, Casey Martin,
Chris Boveroux, Christopher Prosser, Dan Caputo, Eli Fieldsteel, Joel Love,
Michael Mikulka, Troy Armstrong

Blair Castle, Evan Sankey, Manny Arredondo, Samantha Owens, Li Kuang; *tenor trombone*
Jonathan Huggins, Ross Jenkins; *bass trombone*

conducted by Christopher Larsen

JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

From Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1871)