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2020-21 Season
Digital program



College of Music
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO **BOULDER**

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Boulder College of Music** is to inspire artistry
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2020-21 Digital Programs

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Photo courtesy Boulder Daily Camera

Celebrating resiliency and committing to justice: ***Colorado Music Magazine***

By Jessie Bauters

Just in time for a virtual Homecoming, the College of Music released a special Centennial edition of Colorado Music Magazine this October. In addition to highlighting trailblazing alumni, legendary faculty, outstanding students and dedicated supporters, the college's annual publication shined a spotlight on two aspects of the past year that none of us can ignore: the COVID-19 pandemic and the movement for racial justice.

The music of resiliency

As coronavirus upended plans all over the globe, the performing arts on the CU Boulder campus were no different. But as a college, our artists have dug deep to find a way to keep our educational mission alive against extraordinary odds.

Students and faculty used on-screen meetings to their unique advantage. The Trumpet and Horn studios produced virtual performances, along with the keyboard faculty and the bands. Distinguished Professor and Helen and Peter Weil Faculty Fellow David Korevaar challenged himself to record all of Beethoven's sonatas in single takes during the stay-at-home period earlier this year. Finally, the college held a distanced commencement ceremony, with a group of alumni recording a tribute to the class of 2020.

As we look ahead, we're reminded that nothing can be taken for granted. But as the college has proven so far in 2020, these trials give us opportunity to grow, to be resilient and to show who we really are.

A movement for change

As the world has come to grips with the COVID-19 pandemic, the other undeniable headline of 2020 has been the Black Lives Matter movement. The

College of Music stands as a community of artists and educators against racism and in support of inclusivity for all our students, faculty, staff, alumni and community members.

With that goal, new Diversity and Outreach Coordinator Alma Ramos joined the college this fall to resume the important work of bringing greater diversity to music study at CU Boulder. “Classical music is very much seen as a White industry, and when looking at the demographic, it is,” says Ramos. “It is the responsibility of the college to acknowledge how it has played a part [in that], as well as discover methods and skills to create a more inclusive field and challenge the privileged norms of classical music.”

Ramos recently completed a master’s degree at the University of Colorado Denver. While there, she worked as a graduate assistant at the Peer Advocate Leaders (PAL) Program and at the Center for Identity and Inclusion under the Department of Diversity and Inclusion.

“I’m excited about this position because it combines my two passions: music and social justice,” she says.

Read these stories in their entirety and check out all the coverage in the **2020 Colorado Music Magazine**.

Faculty Tuesdays

The Need to Write It Down

Jeremy Reger, piano

With Javier Abreu, Christie Conover, Jennifer DeDominici, Nadya Hill,
Michael Hoffman, Aaron Jenkins, Claire McCahan and Randall Scotting

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 10, 2020

From *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

The Dodger (Campaign Song)

Long Time Ago (Lullaby)

Simple Gifts (Shaker Song)

I Bought Me A Cat (Children's Song)

Michael Hoffman, tenor

Three Scottish Songs

James Macmillan (b. 1959)

Scots Song

Poetry: William Soutar (1898-1943)

Ballad

The Children

Claire McCahan, mezzo-soprano

Poema en forma de canciones, Op. 19

Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)

Dedicatoria

Nunca olvida

Cantares

Los dos miedos

Las locas por amor

Javier Abreu, tenor

Öt Arany-dal

György Ligeti (1923-2006)

I. Csalfa sugár

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V. Az ördög elvitte a fináncot

Randall Scotting, counter tenor

Chants d'Auvergne, Book 1

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957)

La pastoura als camps (La bergère aux champs)

Bailèro (Chant de bergers de Haute-Auvergne)

Trois bourrées

L'aio de rotso (L'eau de source)

Ound'onoren gorda ? (Où irons-nous garder?)

Obal, din lou limouzi (La-bas dans le limousin)

Christie Conover, soprano

Steal Away

arr. Harry T. Burleigh

Deep River

arr. Moses Hogan

Aaron Jenkins, tenor

Last Time I Saw Richard

The Circle Game

Both Sides Now

Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)

Jennifer DeDominici, mezzo-soprano

From *Mr. Tambourine Man: Poems of Bob Dylan*

John Corigliano (b. 1938)

Prologue: Mr. Tambourine Man

Blowin' in the Wind

All Along the Watchtower

Forever Young

Nadya Hill, soprano

Preciosa

Rafael Hernández Marín (1892-1965)

Javier Abreu, tenor

Texts and translations

Three Scottish Songs

1. Scots Song

O luely, luely cam she in

And luely she lay doun:

I kent her by her caller lips

And her briests sae sma' and roun'.

A' thru the nicht we spak nae word

Nor sinder'd bane frae bane:

A' thru the nicht I heard her hert

Gang soundin' wi' ma ain.
It was about the waukrife hour
Whan cocks begin to crow
That she smool'd softly thru the mirk
Afore the day wud daw.

Sae luely, luely cam she in
Sae luely was she gaen
And wi' her a' my simmer days
Like they had never been.

2. Ballad

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
Down whaur the waters wind:
He walks like ane wha fears nae man
And yet his e'en are kind.

O! shairly ye hae seen my love
At the turnin o' the tide;
For then he gethers in the nets
Down by the waterside.

O! lassie I hae seen your love
At the turnin o' the tide;
And he was wi' the fisher-folk
[Doun be] the waterside.

The fisher-folk were at their trade
No far frae Walnut Grove;
They gether'd in their dreepin nets
And fund your ain true love.

3. The children

Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children stares from the broken stone.

Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.

Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain:

A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children corrupts the hearts of men.

Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene the stars move to their places:

Poema en forma de canciones

II. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono antes de dar
cuenta a Dios,
aquí para entre los dos
mi confesión te diré.
Con toda el alma perdono
hasta a los que siempre he odiado.
A tí, que tanto te he amado,
nunca te perdonaré!

II. Never forget

Since I am leaving this world,
and before I give my account to the Lord,
I will confess to you,
here, between the two of us.
With all my soul I forgive those
whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

III. Cantares

Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuanto más huyo de tí
Pues to imagen es en mí

Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.

III. Songs

Flee as I may your embraces,
closer forever I'm caught;
my ev'ry dream, ev'ry thought
your haunting vision retraces.

Speak more to me,
for yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without bearing,
I looked at you without seeing.

IV. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
Tengo miedo de tí.

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
Dijo, cerca de mí:

¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin tí!

IV. The two fears

With the onset of that night,
she, remote from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed,
she, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

V. Las local por amor

Te amaré diosa Venus si prefieres
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura.
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
Prefiero como todas las mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.

Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

V. The extremes of love

I will love you, Goddess Venus, if you desire that I
love you eternally and with discretion.
The goddess of Cythera replied to me:
I prefer, as all women do,
that you love me for a short time and passionately.
I will love you, Goddess Venus, I will love you.

Text and translation provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder

ÖT ARANY-DAL (*Five Arany Songs*)

Csalfa sugár

Kis bokor, ne hajts még,
Tél ez, nem tavasz;
Kis lány, ne sóhajts még;
Nem tudod, mi az.
Bokor új hajtását
Letarolja fagy;
Lány kora nyílását
Bú követi, nagy.
Szánnam a bokorkát
Lomb - s virágtalan:
S a lányt, a botorkát,
Hogy már oda van!

Treacherous ray of Sunlight

Little bush, don't bud yet,
It is winter, not spring;
little girl, don't sigh,
You don't know, what that is.
The young shoots of the bush
are ravaged by the frost;
the early bloom of the girl
is followed by much sorrow.
I'm sorry for the bush,
with no leaves or blossoms;
and for the girl, the little silly,
wilted so soon!

A legszebb virág

Szép virág a rózsa;
hát még a bimbója!
Mert az ég harmatja
mindennap mosdatja.
Szép virág a szűzlány
ünnepnapra kelve.
De legszebb virág
a haza szent szerelme!
Nem terem az kertbe
a fekete földből,

Sem a virágágyból
soha ki nem zöldül.
Csak terem az épen
az ember szívében,
Az ember szívének
legislegmélyében.

The most beautiful flower

A lovely flower is the rose;
and her buds even more so!
For heaven's dew
bathes them each day.
A lovely flower is a maiden,
awakened on festival day.
But the most beautiful flower
is the holy love of the fatherland!
It grows not in the garden
out of black earth,
nor in the flower bed
does it blossom.
It grows hearty only
in the human heart,
in the human heart,
deep, deep within.

A csendes dalokból

Igyunk bízázt egy-egy kicsit,
Ne szégyeljük, ha jól esik;
Hiszen egy-két ital bortul
Ez a világ fel nem fordul.
S ha felfordul: mit én bánom!
Abba sincsen semmi károm;
Tán, kit a sors fejre buktat,
Akkor ismét talpra juthat.
Ha felfordul: Isten neki!
Tán bizony még használ neki:
Mélyen leszánt a jó gazda,
Úgy esik alul a gazza.

From the quiet songs

Come, let's drink a wee bit,
we'll not be ashamed if it does us good;
one or two swallows of wine
won't turn the world upside down.
And if it is turned upside down: well then!
It won't bother me any;
if fortune drops you on your head,
it can set you on your feet again.
If it's turned upside down: in the name of God!
Perhaps it may be of some use;
a good farmer ploughs deeply,

thus are the weeds buried under.

A bujdosó

Párjavesztett gilicének szíve fáj.
Fülemile panaszától zeng a táj;
Ne szomorkodj, ne szomorkodj, fülemile, gerlice:
A te bajod az enyémhez semmi se.
Égi madár hegyen-völgyön megszállhat,
Társa helyen társra megint találhat:
Jaj de nekem nincs se hazám, se párom,
A világot egyesegyedül járom.
Messzi honom tája körül jaj be kék...
Azt se tudom, hegy-e az ott, vagy az ég;
Azt se tudom, eljutok-é oda még,
Vagy sose lesz egyéb hazám, mint az ég

The Errant

The widowed dove is heartsick.
The nightingale's complaint fills the countryside;
don't be sorrowful, o dove, o nightingale;
your grief is nothing compared to mine.
A bird of the skies can accommodate itself in
mountain or valley,
in place of its lost companion, it will find another;
but, woe is me, I have neither home nor companion,

Az ördög elvitte a fináncot

Jött az ördög hegedűszóval,
elvitte a fináncot,

és minden asszony így kiált:

“Belzebúb, éljen a táncod!”

Az ördög e tánccal oda van,
oda van a finánccal.

“Cefrét verünk, főzünk italt,

lakomát csapunk, nagy táncot:

Szépen köszönjük, hogy viszed,

Belzebúb, a fináncot!”

Az ördög...

The devil has taken away the taxman

The devil came along playing the violin,

he took the taxman away with him;

and all the women called out:

‘Beelzebub, long live your dance!’

The devil is gone with his dance,

is gone with the taxman.

‘We’re mixing the mash, brewing the drink,

setting the banquet, dancing:

we are giving thanks, Beelzebub,

that you took the taxman with you!’

The devil is gone...

Chants d'auvergne

La pastoura als camps

Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,
Quon lo pastouro s'en bo os cams,
Gardo sèi mountounadoï,
tidera la la la la la loï!
Gardo sèi mountounadoï!

Guèlo rèscoutr' un moussurèt,
Guèlo rèscoutr' un moussurèt;
Lou moussou l'ogatsavo,
Tidera la la la la la loï!
Lou moussou l'ogatsavo!

“Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogasta!
Ah! Daïssa mè bous ogasta!
Sès ton poulido filho!
Tidera la la la la la loï!
Sès ton poulido filho!”

“Estaco boustré cabalèt,
Estaco boustré cabalèt,
O lo cambo d'un' 'aôbré,
tidera la la la la la loï!
O lo cambo d'un' 'aôbré!”
È lo perdri, quan lo tènio,

È lo perdri, quan lo tènio,
Guèlo s'èn ès onado,
tidera la la la la la loï!

The Shepherdess in the Fields

When the shepherdess goes off into the fields,
When the shepherdess goes off into the fields,
To tend her little sheep,
tidera la la la la la loï!
To tend her little sheep!

She meets a gentleman,
She meets a gentleman;
The gentleman looks at her,
Tidera la la la la la loï!
The gentleman looks at her!

“Ah! Let me gaze at you!
Ah! Let me gaze at you!
You're such a pretty girl!
Tidera la la la la la loï!
You're such a pretty girl!”

“Tie up your horse,
Tie up your horse,
To the branch of a tree,

tidera la la la la la loï!

To the branch of a tree!”

He lost [his grip on] her, when he embraced her,

He lost [his grip on] her, when he embraced her,

She gave him the slip,

tidera la la la la la loï!

She gave him the slip!

Baïlèro

Pastré, dè dèlaï l’aïo,

a gaïré dé boun tèn,

dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

È n’aï pa gaïré, è dio, tu,

baïlèro lèrô.

Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Pastré, lou prat faï flour,

li cal gorda toun troupèl,

dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

L’erb’ es pu fin’ ol prat d’oïçi,

baïlèro lèrô.

Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Pastré, couçi forai,

èn obal io lou bèl rîou,

dio lou baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Espèromè, té baô çirca,
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, from across the river
you're hardly having a good time
say the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
Eh, I'm not hardly [having a good time], and you
[should say]
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, the pasture is in flower,
there you ought to tend your flock,
say the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
The grass is more fine in the pasture here,
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

Shepherd, how will I manage
over there, there's the pretty stream
say the baïlèro lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!
Wait for me, I'm coming to fetch you,
baïlèro lèrô.
Lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, lèrô, baïlèrô, lô!

L'aïo dè rotso

L'aïo dè rotso té foro mourir, filhoto!
Nè té cal pas bèir' oquèl', aïo, quèl' aïo,
Mès cal prèndr'un couot d'oquèl' aïo dè bi!
S'uno filhoto sè bouol morida, pitchouno,
Li cal pas douna d'oquèl' aïo dè rotso,
Aïmaro miliour oquèl' aïo dè bi!

Water from the Spring

The water from the spring will kill you, child!
Don't drink that water, that water,
But instead of water drink some wine!
If a girl marries, my dear,
She shouldn't have water from the spring,
She'll [make] love better after a drink of wine!

Ound' onorèn gorda?

Ound' onorèn gorda, pitchouno drooùlèto?
Ound' onorèn gorda lou troupèl pèl moti?
Onorèn obal din lo ribèirèto,
din lou pradèl l'èrb è fresquèto;
Païssarèn loï fèdoï pèl loï flours,
al louón dèl tsour nous forèn l'omour!

Ogatso louï moutous, pitchouno drooùlèto,
Ogatso louï moutous, lèïs obilhé maï nous!

Ogatso louï fèdoï què païssou l'èrbo,
è lèïs obilhé què païssou loï flours;
naôtres, pitchouno, què soun d'aïma,
pèr viouvr' obon lou plosé d'omour!

Where will we watch over our flock?

Where'll we watch over our flock, little girl?
Where'll we watch over our flock in the morning?
We'll go down by the river,
where the meadow grass is fresh;
We'll find them grazing among the flowers,
and all day long, we'll make love!

Look at the sheep, little girl,
Look at the sheep, at the bees and at us!
See them feeding on the grass,
and the bees feeding on the flowers;
but we, little one, who make love,
we live for the pleasures of love!

Obal din lou Limouzi

Obal din lou Limouzi, pitchoun' obal din lou Limouzi,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, o bé, o bé,
Sé l'io dè dzèntoï drolloï, oïçi, o bé!

Golon, ton bèlo què siascou lèï drolloï dè toun pois,

Lous nostrès fringairès èn Limouzi,
Saboun miliour counta flourèt' o bé!

Obal, din lou Limouzi, pitchouno, sé soun golon,
Oïçi en Aoubèrgno, dïn moun poïs,
Lous omès bous aïmoun è soun fidèls!

Down below in Limousin

Down below in Limousin, little one, down below in
Limousin,

There are lots of pretty girls, o yes, o yes,
There are lots of pretty girls, here [too], o yes!

Gallant lad, however beautiful the girls are in your
country,

Our young men in Limousin,
Know better how to make love, o yes!

Down below in Limousin, little one, they are galant,
Here in the Auvergne, in my country,
The men love us and are faithful!

About the performers

Click on a name to view a performer's biography.

[Jeremy Reger](#)

[Javier Abreu](#)

[Christie Conover](#)

[Jennifer DeDominici](#)

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