



Daniel Hallett, *marimba*

PSC Recital

Sunday, May 8, 2022, 5:00 PM

Sol Joseph Recital Hall

with

Jack van Geem, *marimba*

Please hold applause until the conclusion of the program

Impromptu in G-flat Major, D. 899, No. 3

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Lent et mélancolique ... Feuilles mortes
(Slow and melancholy ... Dead leaves)
from *Préludes, Livre II*

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Merlin

I. Beyond the Faint Edge of the World
II. Time's Way

Andrew Thomas
(b. 1939)

Piano Sonata No. 32 in C Minor, Op. 111

Ludwig van Beethoven

I. Maestoso - Allegro con brio ed appassionato

(1770–1827)

II. Arietta. Adagio molto semplice e cantabile

Jack van Geem, *marimba*

*Cameras, recording equipment, food and drink are not permitted in Conservatory performance halls.
Please turn off all cell phones and other electronic equipment before the performance begins.*

No one feels another's grief, no one understands another's joy. People imagine they can reach one another; in reality they only pass each other by.

- Franz Schubert

It would be enough if music could make people *listen*, despite themselves and despite their petty mundane troubles, and never mind if they're incapable of expressing anything resembling an opinion. It would be enough if they could no longer recognize their own grey, dull faces, if they felt for a moment they had been dreaming of an imaginary country...

- Claude Debussy

1.

Gawaine, Gawaine, what look ye for to see,
So far beyond the faint edge of the world?
D'ye look to see the lady Vivian,
Pursued by divers ominous vile demons
That have another king more fierce than ours?
Or think ye that if ye look far enough
And hard enough into the feathery west
Ye'll have a glimmer of the Grail itself?
And if ye look for neither Grail nor lady,
What look ye for to see, Gawaine, Gawaine?

2.

. . . . Time's way with you and me
Is our way, in that we are out of Time
And out of tune with Time.

- from *Merlin* by Edwin Arlington Robinson

What a humiliation when one stood beside me and heard a flute in the distance, and I heard nothing. Or one heard the shepherd singing, and again I heard nothing. Such incidents brought me to the verge of despair; but little more and I would have put an end to my life. Only **Art** it was that withheld me.

- Ludwig van Beethoven