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GUEST ARTIST SERIES

**LATONIA MOORE, SOPRANO,
IN RECITAL WITH
ALLISON GAGNON, PIANO**

Sept. 10 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

LATONIA MOORE
SOPRANO

ALLISON GAGNON
PIANO

PRESENTED BY
UNCSA

Brian Cole
CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

GUEST ARTIST LATONIA MOORE, SOPRANO IN RECITAL WITH ALLISON GAGNON, PIANO

from "La forza del destino" (1862)..... Giuseppe Verdi
Act II - "Son giunta!...Madre Pietosa Vergine" (1813-1901)

Latonia Moore and Cantata Singers Tenors and Basses

Six Romances, Op. 38Sergei Racmaninoff
Noch'û v sadu u menîa (In my garden at night) (1873-1943)
K neï (To her)
Margaritki (Daisies)
Krysolov (The Pied Piper)
Son (Dreams)
Ay (Ay-oo - The Quest)

INTERMISSION

from "Le Cid".....Jules Massenet
Act III—"Pleurez mes yeux" (1842-1912)

Dream Valley.....Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Nancy Hanks.....Katherine Davis
(1892-1980)

Stresa.....Wintter Watts
(1884-1962)

Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 1Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8

Căcilie, Op. 27, No. 2

UNCSA CANTATA SINGERS
JAMES ALLBRITTEN, CONDUCTOR
MARY ANN BILLS, PIANIST

Quinn Albinus
Kameron Alston
Barrett Bailey
Toby Bradford
William Brickhouse
Caleb Horner
Tommy Johnston
Wyatt Johnston
Joshua Jones
David Maize
Quy Mai

Alex Nunley
Alfie Ong
Marcel Pietrus
Robert Raso
Jackson Ray
Jack Sargeant
Evan Smith
Kevin Spooner
Onyx Velez
Carson Wainright
Ethan Wood

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Son giunta!...Madre Pietosa Vergine

Vicinanze d'Hornachuelos
Una piccola spianata sul declivio di
scoscesa montagna. A destra precipizii
e rupi; di fronte la facciata dellachiesa
della Madonna degli Angeli; a sinistra la
portadel convento, in mezzo alla quale
una finestrella; da un lato la corda del
campanello. Sopra vi è una piccolo tettoia
sporgente. Splende una luna chiarissima.

(Leonora giunge vestita da uomo.)

LEONORA

Sono giunta! Grazie, o Dio!

Estremo asil quest'è per me!

Son giunta!

Io tremo! La mia orrenda storia è nota
in quell'albergo, e mio fratel narrolla!

Se scoperta m'avesse! Cielo! Ei disse
naviga vers'occaso Don Alvaro!

Né morto cadde quella notte in cui io,
io del sangue di mio padre intrisa,
l'ho seguito e il perdei!

Ed or mi lascia, mi lascia, mi fugge!

Ohimè, non reggo a tant'ambascia!

Madre, pietosa Vergine,
perdona al mio peccato.

M'aita quell'ingrato
dal core a cancellar.

In queste solitudini
espierò l'errore.

Pietà di me, Signore,

Deh! non m'abbandonar!

Ah! que' sublimi cantici...

Dell'organo i concerti,
che come incenso ascendono
a Dio sui firmamenti,
inspirano a quest'alma fede,
conforto e calma!

Son giunta!...Madre Pietosa Vergine

Outskirts of Hornachuelos. A small, flat
space on the slope of a steep mountain.
To the right, rocky precipices. Centre,
the facade of the church of Our Lady of
the Angels; left, the door of the Convent,
with a small window; to one side, a bell-
rope. Above, a small protruding roof. A
bright, clear moon is shining.

(Leonora enters, in man's clothing.)

LEONORA

At last I am here! I give thee thanks, o God!

This is my last refuge!

I am here!

I am trembling! My horrid story is known
at the inn - told by my brother!

If he had discovered me! Heaven! He said
that Don Alvaro has sailed to the west!

He did not die that night when I,
wet with my father's blood,
followed him, only to lose him!

And now he leaves me, he flees from me!

Alas, I cannot bear this anguish!

Mother, merciful Virgin
forgive my sin.

Grant that I may cleanse
my heart of his memory.

In this solitude

I shall expiate my sin.

Have mercy on me, Lord.

Do not forsake me, O my God!

Ah, this heavenly song...

The organ's sweet tones,
rising like holy incense
to God in Heaven!

May this music bring comfort,
comfort and peace to my troubled soul!

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

CORO DI FRATI

Venite, adoremus et procedamus ante Deum,
Ploremus, ploremus coram Domino, coram
Domino qui fecit nos.

LEONORA

Al santo asil accorrasì.
E l'oserò a quest'ora?
Alcun potria sorprendermì!
Oh, misera Leonora, tremi?
Il pio frate, accoglierti, no, non ricuserà.
Non mi lasciar, soccorrimi, pietà, Signor
pietà,
Deh! non m'abbandonar!

-Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave

Noch'iu v sadu u menĭa

Noch'ĭu v sadu u menĭa
Plachet plakuchaĭa iva,
I bezuteshna ona
Ivushka, grustnaĭa iva.

Ranee utro blesnĕt,
Nezhnaĭa devushka-zor'ka
Ivushke, plachushcheĭ gor'ko,
Slĕzy kudrĭami sotrĕt.

- Text by
Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok

CHORUS OF MONKS

Venite, adoremus et procedamus ante Deum,
Ploremus, ploremus coram Domino, coram
Domino qui fecit nos.

LEONORA

Now I shall go to the holy refuge -
dare I at this hour?
But they might take me by surprise!
Oh, wretched Leonora, how you tremble?
The pious monk will not refuse you shelter.
Do not abandon me, succour me, O Lord, in
thy mercy,
Ah, do not abandon me!

-Translation by Dale McAdoo

In my garden at night

At night in my garden
the weeping willow weeps,
and she is inconsolable,
This dear Willow, mournful willow tree.

Early morning flashes;
The gentle maiden Dawn
From dear Willow, weeping bitterly,
Wipes away the tears with her curls.

- Translation by Emily Ezust

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

K neĭ

Travy odety perlami.

Gde-to privety

Grustnye slyshu,

Privety milye...

Milaĭa, gde ty,

Milaĭa!

Vechera svety ĭasnye,

Vechera svety krasnye

Ruki vozdety:

Zhdu tebiā,

Milaĭa, gde ty,

Milaĭa?

Ruki vozdety:

Zhdu tebiā,

V struĭakh

Lety smytuĭu

Blednymi Lety

struĭami...

Milaĭa, gde ty,

Milaĭa!

- Text by Andrei Bely

To her

Pearls adorn the grass.

From somewhere

I hear mournful greetings,

Cherished greetings...

Dear one, where are you?

Dear one!

The lights of evening are clear,

The lights of evening are red,

My arms raised,

I await you,

Dear one, where are you?

Dear one?

My arms raised,

I await you;

In the streams,

Lethe washes the years away,

Pale Lethe,

In the streams,

Dear one, where are you?

Dear one!

- Translation by Emily Ezust

Margaritki

O, posmotri! kak mnogo margaritok —

I tam, i tut..

Oni cvetut; ikh mnogo; ikh izbytok;

Oni cvetut.

Ikh lepestki trjokhgrannye — kak kryl'ja,

Kak belyj shjolk...

Vy — leta moshch'! Vy — radost' izobil'ja!

Vy — svetlyj polk!

Daisies

Just look! See how many daisies there are

Here and there...

They are in flower, so many of them, in abundance.

They are in flower.

Their three-faceted petals are like wings,

Like white silk.

They are the summer's might, the joy of plenty,

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Gotov', zemlja, cvetam iz ros napitok,

Daj sok steblju...

O, devushki! o, zvezdy margaritok!

Ja vas ljublju...

-Text by Igor Severyanin

A radiant army!

Prepare, oh earth, a drink of dew drops,

To refresh the flowers' stems...

Oh maidens fair! Oh little daisy starlets!

How I love you!

- Translation Phillip Ross Bullock

Krysolov

Ja na dudochke igraju,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

I na dudochke igraju,

Ch'i-to dushi veselja.

Ja idu vdol' tikhoy rechki,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Dremljut tikhija ovechki,

Krotko zybljutsja polja.

Spite, ovcy i barashki,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Za lugami krasnoj kashki

strojno vstali topolja.

Malyj domik tam taitjsja,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Miloj devushke prisnitsja,

Chto jej dushu otdal ja.

I na nezhnyj zov svireli,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Vyjdet slovno k svetloj celi,

cherez sad, cherez polja.

I v lesu pod dubom tjomnym,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Budet zhdat' v bredu istomnom,

V chas, kogda usnjot zemlja.

Vstrechu gost'ju doroguju,

Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,

Vplot' do utra zaceluju,

The Pied Piper

I play upon my little pipe,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

I play upon my little pipe,

And gladden people's hearts.

Along a quiet little stream I go,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Little lambkins quietly slumber,

Fields gently sway.

Sleep, oh sheep and lambs,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Beyond the meadows of red clover

Slender poplars reach to the sky.

A little house is hidden there,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

Where a sweet girl will dream

That I have given her my heart.

And at the call of my tender reed,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

She will come, as if with radiant purpose,

Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the wood, beneath the dark oak,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

She will wait in languorous delirium

As the earth falls asleep.

I shall meet my beloved guest,

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,

I shall kiss her 'til morning comes,

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Serdce laskoj utolja.
I, smenivshis' s nej kolechkom,
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja,
Otpushchu jejo k ovechkam,
V sad, gde strojny topolja.
Tra-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja-lja!

-Text by Igor Syeveryanin

Son

V mire net nichego
Dozhdelenneje sna,
Chary jest' u nego,
U nego tishina,
U nego na ustakh
Ni pechal' i ni smekh,
I v bezdonnykh ochakh
Mnogo tajnykh utekh.
U nego shiroki,
Shiroki dva kryla,
I legki, tak ljogki,
Kak polnochnaja mgla.
Ne ponjat', kak nesjot,
I kuda i na chem
On krylom ne vzmakhnet
I ne dvinet plechom.

-Text by Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov

Ay

Tvoï nezhyñy smekh byl skazkoïu
izmenchivoïu,
On zval kak v son zovët svirel'nyï zvon.
I vot venkom, stikhom tebiã uvenchivaïu.
Uïdem, bezhim vdvoem na gornyï sklon.

No gde zhe ty?
Lish' zvon vershin pozvanivaet

Assuaging my heart with caresses.
And once we have exchanged rings,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll send her back to the little sheep,
To the garden where the poplars are
slender.

- Translation by Philip Ross Bullock

Dreams

There is nothing in the world
More longed for than sleep,
It enchants,
It brings silence,
On its lips
Is neither sadness nor laughter,
And in its fathomless eyes
There are many secret delights.
Wide are its wings,
Wide its two wings,
And so light, oh so light,
Like the darkness at midnight.
We cannot know how it carries us,
Whither and on what,
Its wings do not beat,
Its shoulders do not move.

- Translation by Phillip Ross Bullock

A-OO (The Quest)

Your tender laughter was a fickle
fairytale,
It calls me out of the dream on pipe
chimes.
Now my garland of poetry crowns you.
Let's go, let's run, both of us, to the
mountainside!

But where are you?

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ṭsvetku fšvetok sred' dnĭā zazheg svechu.

I cheĭ-to smekh vse v glub' menĭā
zamanivaet.

Пої́, ishchu,

Au!

Au!

krichu.

-Text by K. Belmont

Only the pipes from the top chime...

One flower to another flower light the candle
of midday.

And someone's laughter calls to me from the
depths.

I sing, I search,

"A-oo!"

"A-oo!"

I cry.

- Translation by Laura Claycomb and
Peter Grunberg

Pleurez mes yeux

CHIMÈNE

De cet affreux combat je sors l'âme brisée!

Mais enfin je suis libre et je pourrai du
moins

Soupirer sans contrainte et souffrir
sans témoins.

Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux! tombez triste
rosée

Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!

S'il me reste un espoir, c'est de bientôt mourir!

Pleurez mes yeux, pleurez toutes vos larmes!
pleurez mes yeux!

Mais qui donc a voulu l'éternité des pleurs?

O chers ensevelis, trouvez-vous tant de
charmes à léguer aux vivants d'implacables
douleurs?

Hélas! je me souviens, il me disait:

Avec ton doux sourire...

Tu ne saurais jamais conduire

Qu'aux chemins glorieux ou qu'aux sentiers
bénis!

Ah! mon père! Hélas!

Cry, my eyes

CHIMÈNE

From this dreadful fight I come out with a
broken soul!

But at last, I am free and at least I will be able

To sigh without constraint and to suffer
without witnesses.

Cry! cry my eyes! fall sad dew

That a ray of sunshine must never dry up!

If I have one hope left, it's to die soon!

Cry my eyes, cry all your tears!

cry my eyes!

But who wanted the eternity of tears?

O dear buried ones, do you find so many
charms to bequeath implacable pain to the
living?

Alas! I remember he said to me:

With your sweet smile...

You could never drive

Only on glorious paths or on blessed paths!

Ah! my father! Alas!

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Pleurez! pleurez mes yeux!

Tombez triste rosée

Qu'un rayon de soleil ne doit jamais tarir!

Pleurez mes yeux!

Ah! pleurez toutes vos larmes! pleurez mes yeux!

Ah! pleurez!

-Libretto by Adolphe d'Ennery

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
alle Blumen, alle Farben
löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
o die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
dich mir auch.

-Text by Hermann von Gilm

Cry! cry my eyes!

Fall sad dew

That a ray of sunshine must never dry up!

Cry my eyes!

Ah! cry all your tears! cry my eyes!

Ah! cry!

-Translation by Walter DeCloux

The Night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper
roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

-Translation by Lawrence Snyder and
Rebecca Plack

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich
drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder
habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

- Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

All Souls' Day

Place on display the mignonettes so scented
The last of crimson asters bring to me
And once more let us speak of love's
remembrance
As once in May.

Give me your hand that I may press in secret
And if one sees, I shall not have a care;
Just give me one more of your sweetest
glances
As once in May.

Today, on every grave, it blooms and sparkles,
One day is granted when the dead are free;
Come to my heart, that I may love you always,
As once in May.

- Translation by David Paley

Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruh'n mit der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämst zu mir.

Cecily

If you only knew
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering and resting with one's beloved,
eye turned to eye,
and cuddling and chatting -
if you only knew,
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one
comforts
with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul -
if you only knew,
you would come to me.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Wenn du es wüßtest,

Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der
Gottheit

Weltschaffendem Atem,

Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,

Zu seligen Höhen,

Wenn du es wüßtest,

Du lebstest mit mir!

-Text by Heinrich Hart

If you only knew

what it's like to live, surrounded by God's
world-creating breath,

to float up, carried by the light,

to blessed heights -

if you only knew,

then you would live with me!

- Translation by Emily Ezust

BIOGRAPHIES

LATONIA MOORE

Praised as “richly talented” by the New York Times, the 2021/22 season saw Latonia Moore appear at the Metropolitan Opera as Billie in “Fire Shut Up In My Bones” by Terence Blanchard and as Serena in “Porgy and Bess,” with Dallas Opera in “Madama Butterfly,” at the Lyric Opera of Chicago in “Fire Shut Up in My Bones” and at LA Opera in “Aida.” She returns to the Met in the 2022/23 season in the title role of “Aida,” as Musetta in “La Bohème” and as Emelda Griffith in Terence Blanchard’s “Champion.”

In the 2020/21 season, Moore returned to the title role in “Tosca” in her house debut at Austin Opera, and to Atlanta Symphony Orchestra for a special community concert in Serenbe, Georgia. Moore was scheduled to return to the Metropolitan Opera to star as the title role in Michael Mayer’s new production of “Aida,” conducted by music director Yannick Nézet-Séguin, and to star as Sister Rose in Ivo van Hove’s new production of “Dead Man Walking,” both of which were scheduled to be broadcast as part of the Met’s Live in HD series. Moore was also scheduled to make her role debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra as Musetta in “La Bohème,” conducted by Yannick Nézet-Séguin.

Moore returned to the Metropolitan Opera in the 2019/20 season to sing Serena in a new production of the Gershwin’s “Porgy and Bess” which was broadcast as part of the Met’s Live in HD series and won the Grammy Award for best opera recording, and which the New York Times noted she “stopped the show...from almost vibrato-less, celestial high stretches to chilling, chesty low phrases, all of which she sang grippingly.” Moore also sang the title role in “Tosca” with Opéra de Rouen Normandie Théâtre des Arts, and she was scheduled to sing the same production with Théâtre de Caen which was cancelled due to COVID-19. Moore was also scheduled to sing Serena in Francesca Zambello’s production of “Porgy and Bess” in a return to Washington National Opera, conducted by music director Evan Rogister, which was cancelled due to COVID-19. Orchestral appearances included an appearance as a featured soloist in the Metropolitan Opera’s memorial service for Jessye Norman, as well as her Brazilian debut with Mozarteum Brasileiro, conducted by Constantine Orbelian, which was cancelled due to COVID-19. Moore also appeared in recital with bass baritone Ryan Speedo Green with the George London Foundation at the Morgan Library.

Moore has received global acclaim for her interpretation of the title role in “Aida,” of which the New York Times said “her voice was radiant, plush and sizeable at its best, with gleaming top notes that broke through the chorus and orchestra during the crowd scenes.” Houses where she has sung the role of Aida include the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera Covent Garden, Opernhaus Zürich, Opera Australia, Teatro Colón, English National Opera, New National Theatre Tokyo, Dubai Opera, Dallas Opera, San Diego Opera, Pittsburgh Opera, Detroit Opera, Polish National Opera and at the Ravinia Festival with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under James Conlon.

Additional operatic highlights include appearances as Cio Cio San in “Madama Butterfly” at the Metropolitan Opera, Liù in “Turandot” at Royal

BIOGRAPHIES

Opera Covent Garden, the title role in “Tosca” and Elisabeth in “Don Carlo” with Opera Australia, the title role in “Tosca” with Washington National Opera, Cio Cio San in “Madama Butterfly” and Mimi in “La Bohème” with Semperoper Dresden, Cio Cio San in “Madama Butterfly” at the Hamburg State Opera, Micaëla in “Carmen,” Liù in “Turnadot,” Elvira in “Ernani,” Lucrezia in “I due Foscari in Bilbao” and Desdemona in “Otello” at Bergen National Opera, Serena in “Porgy and Bess” at both English National Opera and De Nationale Opera Amsterdam and an appearance on the 50th anniversary gala of the Metropolitan Opera.

ALLISON GAGNON

Canadian pianist Allison Gagnon directs the Collaborative Piano Program at UNCSA and has enjoyed a varied career as recitalist throughout the US and Canada, and in Europe, with an array of both vocal and instrumental partners that has included not only her many treasured colleagues at UNCSA, but also Frederica von Stade, Anthony Dean Griffey, Jens Lindemann and the Mirò and Saguenay Quartets. Her repertoire comprises a breadth of styles for virtually all instruments and voice and includes many premieres. She is thrilled to appear in recital this season with soprano Latonia Moore, bassist Dominik Wagner and hornist Jennifer Montone.

A dedicated educator, Gagnon has twice received the UNCSA Excellence in Teaching Award. Graduates of the collaborative piano program she launched 21 years ago at UNCSA are active professionally across the US, in Canada and abroad.

Her developing interest in the role of music in dementia care led to her becoming a faculty mentor for the Music Between Us team of UNCSA’s ArtistCorps community engagement initiative, a project that provides interactive musicmaking in dementia care. Now in its fourth year, this work has led to her completion of the Music Between Us Program Guide: scalable resources for use by other colleges of music.

Before joining the UNCSA faculty in 1998, Gagnon taught at Queen’s University in Kingston, Canada and was staff pianist at McGill University in Montreal.

For nearly two decades she was a member of the piano staff at the Meadowmount School of Music in New York. She completed her Doctor of Music Arts degree with Anne Epperson at the Cleveland Institute of Music. Her earlier teachers were Dale Bartlett (McGill), Michael Krist (Vienna Hochschule für Musik), Pierre Jasmin and Margaret McLellan (Queen’s) and her mother Marjorie Gagnon. Her earliest collaborative experiences were as a youngster with members of her family. Her creative interests include ceramics and wildlife photography.

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ARTISTS enrich our culture, enlighten our society, lift our spirits, and feed our souls.

Integrative **ART EDUCATION** from an early age sparks a lifetime of creative thinking, powerful self-expression, and innovative problem solving.

Rigorous **ARTISTIC TRAINING** empowers our students and graduates to engage our communities, advance local and global creative industries, and inspire the world.

ART ORGANIZATIONS improve the quality of life and place in big cities and small communities, transforming them from merely livable to truly lovable.

UNC SCHOOL OF THE ARTS nurtures the talent, hones the craft, and develops the unique voices of emerging artists. We realize the full potential of exceptionally creative and passionate students to do their best work and become their best selves.

— THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The School of Music gives talented young artists the opportunity to perfect their musical talent and prepare for life as professional musicians. Our training includes both private instruction and public performance experience, including more than 150 recitals and concerts presented each year. This performance experience, combined with career development opportunities and studies in music theory, literature and style, provides the ultimate training to help young musicians grow as both artists and professionals.

REYNOLDA QUARTET BLACK MOUNTAIN TRIO UNCSA

Reynolda Quartet

Sept. 13 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

In 1876, Antonín Dvořák entered his now famous G major bass quintet in a competition for which Johannes Brahms was a judge. This winning entry garnered lasting respect for Dvořák's Czech-inspired music in German music circles, and began a lasting connection of friendship and mentorship between the two composers. The Reynolda Quartet is joined by violist Scott Rawls, professor of viola and chamber music at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, and UNCSA bassist Paul Sharpe for a lively performance of this delightful work.

Black Mountain Trio: Towering Trios

Sept. 24 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

The Black Mountain Trio performs two masterworks that represent the immense emotional range of our human experience. The trio is composed of music faculty Dmitri Vorobiev, piano; Kevin Lawrence, violin; and Brooks Whitehouse, cello. Program to include Piano Trio No. 2 in E flat, D. 929 by Franz Schubert and Piano Trio No. 2 in E minor, Op. 67 by Dmitri Shostakovich.

UNCSA