

**CCM**

STUDENT ARTIST SERIES  
PRESENTS

**MIRANDA TESKE,  
HORN\***

Jennifer Radisch, piano  
Emma Van Zuyle, horn

*\*In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master  
of Music*

**Thursday, March 24, 2022  
Mary Emery Hall 3250  
6:45 p.m.**

# PROGRAM

Laudatio

Bernhard Krol  
(1920-2013)

Sonata No. 3 for horn and piano

Alec Wilder  
(1907-1980)

- I. Moderately fast*
- II. Slowly*
- III. With a solid beat and a jazz feel*
- IV. Tempo di valse, joyously*

IN A DARK TIME (the eye begins to see)

Joelle Wallach  
(b. 1946)

- Meditation I*
- Meditation II*
- Meditation III*

Three Lieder

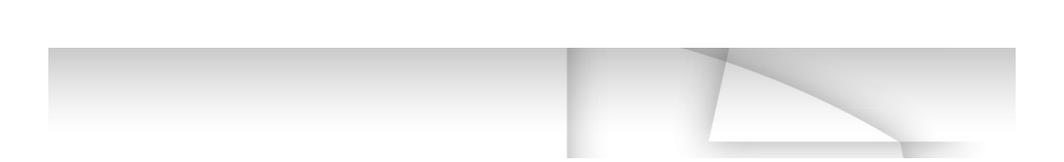
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

- Ständchen*
- Der Lindenbaum*
- Auf dem Wasser zu singen*

Silent, O' Moyle

Irish Folk Song  
arr. by Miranda Teske

- Duet for two horns*



## Poems

*In A Dark Time, the eye begins to see*  
by Theodore Roethke

In a dark time, the eye begins to see.  
I meet my shadow in the deepening shade;  
I hear my echo in the echoing wood—  
A lord of nature weeping to a tree.  
I live between the heron and the wren,  
Beasts of the hill and serpents of the den.

What's madness but nobility of soul  
At odds with circumstance? The day's on fire!  
I know the purity of pure despair,  
My shadow pinned against a sweating wall.  
That place among the rocks—is it a cave,  
Or winding path? The edge is what I have.

A steady storm of correspondences!  
A night flowing with birds, a ragged moon,  
And in broad day the midnight come again!  
A man goes far to find out what he is—  
Death of the self in a long, tearless night,  
All natural shapes blazing unnatural light.

Dark, dark my light, and darker my desire.  
My soul, like some heat-maddened summer fly,  
Keeps buzzing at the sill. Which I is I?  
A fallen man, I climb out of my fear.  
The mind enters itself, and God the mind,  
And one is One, free in the tearing wind.

*Silent O' Moyle*

by Thomas Moore

Silent, O' Moyle, be the roar of thy water,  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,  
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
Tell's to the night-star her tale of woes.  
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world?  
Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away;  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.  
When will that day-star, mildly springing,  
Warm our isle with peace and love?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit to the fields above?