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***Shirley A. Mullen***, President  
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Mr. Hunter Gregory, a student of Dr. Carrie Magin, is performing this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Music Composition.

As a courtesy to the performer and your fellow audience members, please be certain that all cell phones, watch alarms, and pagers are either turned off or set for silent operation. Flash photography can be very disconcerting to performers and is not permitted during the performance. Thanks for your cooperation.

# HOUGHTON COLLEGE

GREATBATCH SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

**Hunter Gregory**  
Composition  
in  
Senior Recital

Assisted by  
The Saxsquatches  
Tonal Eclipse  
Members of the Greatbatch School of Music

Recital Hall  
Center for the Arts  
Monday, March 29, 2017  
8:00 p.m.



# Program

## Inspirit 2015

Soprano: Derek Chase, Alto: David Dytschkowskyj,  
Tenor: Dillon Hirsch, Baritone: Hunter Gregory

## Your Tears Wiped Away 2014

Soprano: Kelley German, Hannah Jager, Alto: Hannah Messerschmidt,  
Ellenore Tarr, Tenor: Michael Carpenter, Austen Kewin,  
Bass: Orvis Collins, Brandon Mellerski  
Under the direction of Alessio Tranchell

## Excerpts from *Renderings* 2016

### III. Blues

### IV. Homage

Tenor 1: Aaron Campbell, Austen Kewin, Evan Stern, Tenor 2: Michael  
Cox, Jonathan Denham, Alessio Tranchell, Bass 1: Michael Carpenter,  
Orvis Collins, Ricky Gessler, Bass 2: Jerome Bell, Kevin Biondolillo,  
Brandon Mellerski, Tenor Saxophone: Dillon Hirsch,  
Fiddle: Hannah Messerschmidt.  
Under the direction of Victoria Pitre

## *Intermission*

## All Through the Night 2016

Soprano: Kelley German, Hannah Jager, Alto: Hannah  
Messerschmidt, Ellenore Tarr, Tenor: Michael Carpenter, Austen Kewin,  
Bass: Orvis Collins, Brandon Mellerski  
Under the direction of Alessio Tranchell

## Nightscape 2016

Trumpet: Eric Bernardin, Ellen McCutcheon, Horn: Dakota Hirsch,  
Trombone: Seth Wright, Tuba: Matthew Stanton  
Under the direction of Dillon Hirsch

## Something Ancient 2017

Soprano: Kelley German, Hannah Jager, Alto: Hannah  
Messerschmidt, Ellenore Tarr, Tenor: Michael Carpenter, Austen Kewin,  
Bass: Orvis Collins, Brandon Mellerski,  
Piano: Jerome Bell, Bass Drum: Ian Riley  
Under the direction of Alessio Tranchell

## Program Notes

### Inspirit

Inspirit is a piece that explores asymmetrical meter as well as the transformation of motives. It was written to be both fun and stretching for a sax quartet, exploring the colors of the various types of saxophones. The individual parts might seem quite simple, but when played together the result is very intricate and challenging, requiring an intensely sensitive group dynamic.

### Your Tears Wiped Away

*Your Tears Wiped Away* was one of my first pieces premiered at Houghton. The text is by the 19th century Baptist minister, Octavius Winslow, a contemporary of Charles Spurgeon. The text is on the hope of a realization of faith as well as the comfort we find in the present. What I believe to be Winslow's most important phrase, "be still", returns many times in the course of the piece to allude to our lasting comfort despite how "dark and lone our journey seems to be".

"Be still, my soul! Jehovah loves thee;  
Fret not, nor murmur at your weary lot;  
Though dark and lone your journey seems to be,  
Be sure that you are never by Him forgot.  
He ever loves; then trust Him, trust Him still,  
Let all your care be this- the doing of His will."  
"Your hand in His, like fondest, happiest child,  
Place you, nor draw it for a moment thence;  
Walk with Him, a Father reconciled,  
Until in His own good time He call you hence;  
Walk with Him now, so shall your way be bright,  
And all your soul be filled with His most glorious light"  
"He comes with His reward; it is just at hand;  
He comes in glory to His promised throne;  
My soul rejoice before long your feet shall stand  
Within the city of the Blessed One  
Your perils past, your heritage secure,  
Your tears all wiped away, your joy forever sure"  
-- Octavius Winslow

## Renderings

*Renderings* is a collection of five songs that uses texts written by my great grandmother, Lora Cooper Gregory (1910-2000), in a book of poetry entitled Mom's Poems. The piece is intended to portray many facets of the folk style found in the Southern Appalachian region of the United States, in which the poet herself lived her entire life. The writing is very unpretentious in style, reflecting the regional tendency to use poetry and music to describe the simplicities of life.

Lora's son and my grandfather, Wayne Gregory, was gracious enough to speculate on her behalf in regards to background information on her poetry.

*Blues*, is based on two poems inspired by the passing of her husband, George, and the general sadness of life she experienced. Lora loved to have her house full, and when her family began to disperse she wrote many poems about feeling lonely. This movement emulates Southern rock, which can be extremely expressive and convey intense internal emotions through loud, belting croons.

The fourth movement, *Homage*, uses a text that Lora frequently tried to get musicians to set in her lifetime, unbeknownst to the composer. She always said that it would "make a great song". It was most likely about one of her brothers (either Quentin or Raymond, Wayne suspects) who went away from home to war. This vibrant movement taps into the more Scotch-Irish side of the hills of West Virginia. The fiddle reel and nonsense-syllable refrain convey Irish echoes combined with an unmistakably American flair.

## All Through the Night

This piece was premiered by the Madrigal Chorus at the Nashville School of the Arts and dedicated to my mother, who had mentioned that she wanted me to write her a lullaby. I used the text from the traditional Welsh lullaby and added a third verse about the comfort of faith. Independently flowing lines intertwine to give a sense of peaceful direction to the climactic modulation, and the returning refrain on a simple "oo" vowel brings the piece to a quiet close.

"Sleep my child and peace attend thee  
All through the night  
Guardian angels God will send thee  
All through the night  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping  
I my loving vigil keeping  
All through the night"  
"While the moon her watch is keeping  
All through the night  
While the weary world is sleeping

All through the night  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing  
Visions of delight revealing  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling  
All through the night"  
"Rest thee in thy Savior's keeping  
All through the night  
His embrace all peace exceeding  
All through the night  
Worry not about the morning  
Light will rise with rays adorning  
Rest here till the Son comes dawning  
All through the night"

### Nightscape

Nightscape is an exploration of motives and sense of constant direction. The listener should be propelled throughout the piece, sensing a coming arrival point that does not occur until the end of the piece. The piece is held together by only a few motives that occur in different types of interpretations as the piece progresses.

I did not initially intend to have a storyline connected to the piece, but as it continued to develop, an image of an urban night formed, with all its dangers and comforts. From the glistening city streets after a fresh rain being illuminated by streetlights, to the back alleys and bars, to the peace of a late night vigil at a church, to the bustling traffic and car horns, the piece seemed to naturally evoke a city nightfall.

### Something Ancient

This work is intended to portray the Christian view of the world through a primal lens, perhaps as one taking a broad and sweeping gaze over the course of history from Adam's Fall to Christ's Victory. One simple motive is used throughout the work, but reappears in different forms to reflect the story. I embraced silence throughout the piece to allow the text and story room to portray certain tensions and the long periods of waiting embedded in the narrative. Varying artistic gestures over the recurring motive serve to create an atmospheric setting for this timeless chronicle.

Something ancient  
Now is stirring  
Something fearsome  
Something troubling  
All creation  
Now falls silent  
Waits in terror  
In the quiet  
Cosmic castles  
Are his dwelling  
Shrouds of color  
Realms of lightning  
Eyes of fire  
Feet like diamonds  
Veiled in stardust  
Voice like sirens  
He is perfect  
Pure and spotless  
Nothing unclean  
In his presence  
Olden magic  
Was his crafting  
Forming all things  
Seen and unseen

All is perfect  
Pure and spotless  
Man and woman  
In a garden  
As their eyes turn  
To the serpent  
They bring death to  
All their children  
Something ancient  
Now is leaving  
Cursed be the  
Ground we're tending  
Death shall be the  
Wage of sinning  
Countless ages  
Toil and groaning  
Feel the grip of  
Serpent's coiling

Round your fathers  
Round your offspring  
O how wretched  
Adam's bloodline  
Always seeking  
Never finding

Something ancient  
Now approaches  
Casting off his  
Cosmic garments  
Something ancient  
Making contact  
Very quiet  
Making impact  
Cloak of sunlight  
For a dust rag  
Once a Godhead  
Now a servant  
Tend and feed him  
While you have him  
Men will hate him  
Crowds will kill him  
Now behold him  
There suspended  
Mangled body  
Scorned by heaven  
Something ancient  
Killed by Adam  
Is not stirring  
Is not waking  
Something ancient  
Lies in darkness  
Slain by those he  
Had created  
How could power  
Lie unmoving?  
Death shall be the  
Wage of sinning

He is waking  
He is stirring  
Something ancient  
Is approaching  
Tombstone toppling  
Hell is yielding  
Graves are no place  
For the living  
For the serpent  
Now is writhing  
On its carcass  
He is standing  
O great wisdom  
O great myst'ry  
Pleasing justice  
Pleasing mercy  
Something ancient  
Has accomplished  
His grand purpose  
It is finished