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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