



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Composition Recital

Composer

Student Conductor

Chamber Ensemble

Wednesday April 26, 2023 at 5:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Suite for the Psyche.....Laura Shuey
I. Wilt (b. 2000)
II. Poise
III. Fracture
IV. Revive

Christopher Messinger, Conductor

Chamber Ensemble

Caleb Childs, Brian Gambler, Noah Kitner, Julie Knott, Ali Koch,
Elizabeth Movinsky, Annie Rizzo, Graham Rode, AJ Swanson, Yemliot
Tirado, Annalise Yeich, Abi Zimmerman

Lecture: “The Portrayal of Mental Illnesses Through Musical
Composition, Benefits of Music for the Mind, and Digestible
Psychology,” by Laura Shuey

Followed by a Question & Answer with the Composer

Laura Shuey is a student of Dr. James Colonna

*Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music
with a Composition Concentration
and Departmental Honors Project*

Sylvia Plath – “Sheep in
Fog”

*The hills step off into whiteness.
People or stars
Regard me sadly, I disappoint them.*

*The train leaves a line of breath.
O slow*

Horse the color of rust,

*Hooves, dolorous bells--
All morning the
Morning has been blackening,*

A fower left out.

*My bones hold a stillness, the far
Fields melt my heart.*

*They threaten
To let me through to a heaven
Starless and fatherless, a dark water.*

Sylvia Plath – “Years”

*O God, I am not like you
In your vacuous black,
Stars stuck all over, bright stupid
confetti.*

*Eternity bores me,
I never wanted it.*

*What I love is
The piston in motion . . .
My soul dies before it.*

*And the hooves of the horses,
There merciless churn.*

*And you, **great Stasis** . . .
What is so great in that!
Is it a tiger this year, this roar at the
door?*

*It is a Christus,
The awful
God-bit in him
Dying to fy and be done with it?*

*The blood berries are themselves, they
are very still.*

*The hooves will not have it,
In blue distance the pistons hiss.*

Sylvia Plath – “The
Courage Of Shutting-Up”

*The courage of the shut mouth, **in spite
of artillery!***

*The line pink and quiet, a warm
basking.*

*There are black disks behind it, the disks
of outrage,*

*And the outrage of a sky, the lined brain
of it.*

The disks revolve, they ask to be heard,

*Loaded, as they are, with accounts of
bastardies.*

*Bastardies, usages, desertions and
doubleness,*

*The needle journeying in its groove,
Silver beast between two dark canyons,*

*A great surgeon, now a tattooist,
Tattooing over and over the same blue
grievances. . .*

*The snakes, the babies, the tits
On mermaids and two-legged
dreamgirls.*

*The surgeon is quiet, he does not speak
He has seen too much death, his hands
are full of it.*

*So the disks of the brain revolve, like the
muzzles of cannon.*

*Then there is that antique billhook, the
tongue,*

*Indefatigable, purple. Must it be cut
out?*

It has nine tails, it is dangerous.

*And the noise it fays from the air, once
it gets going!*

*No, the tongue, too, has been put by,
Hung up in the library with the
engravings of Rangoon
And the fox heads, the otter heads, the
heads of dead rabbits.
It is a marvelous object—*