UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, RIVERSIDE
Department of Music presents

UCR Chamber Singers and Choral Society
with the UCR Orchestra

Music of War and Peace:

DONA NOBIS PACEM

by Ralph Vaughan Williams

Camelia Voin, soprano
Ralph Cato, baritone
Ruth Charloff, conductor

May 21 & 22, 2011
Saturday, 8:00 P.M. & Sunday, 3:00 P.M.
University Theatre
PROGRAM
UCR Chamber Singers

The Martial Trumpet

Civil War Suite

- We Are Coming, Father Abra’am - Stephen Foster, James Sloan Gibbons (b. 1977)
- Johnny is my Darling - Father Reed
- The Rebel Soldier - Southern Appalachian folk song

Over There: A World War I Medley

- Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning - Irving Berlin
- Wee, wee, Marie - Alfred Bryan, Joe McCarthy, Fred Fisher
- Oh! It’s a Lovely War - J. P. Long, Maurice Scott
- Over There - George M. Cohan

piano:
Anne Yoon-Young Shin (Saturday)
Robert Giracello (Sunday)

Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Irish folk song
arr. Alice Parker

In Flanders Fields

poem by John McCrae

Ashes of Soldiers

poem by Walt Whitman, from Leaves of Grass

Byron Adams (b. 1955)

soloists:
Natalie Artinian, soprano   Catherine Williams, alto
Sean Whiteman, tenor   Ram Menon, bass

Intermission

Please: No flash photography or videotaping. Remember to turn off cell phones and pagers.
UCR Chamber Singers and Choral Society

Dona Nobis Pacem
I. ‘Agnus Dei’
II. ‘Beat! Beat! Drums!’
III. Reconciliation
IV. Dirge for Two Veterans
V. ‘The Angel of Death . . .’ — ‘We looked for peace . . .’
VI. ‘Oh man, greatly beloved, fear not . . .’

Camelia Voin, soprano    Ralph Cato, baritone

NOTES

The Martial Trumpet
The Martial Trumpet is a shape-note hymn from the collection Southern Harmony, a popular hymn and tune book published in 1835. The call to arms here is a metaphor for Christian battle: the cause is righteousness, the enemy Satan and the reward heaven. But surely these lines would have been echoing in the minds of young Southern soldiers as they entered the fray on behalf of the Confederacy.

Civil War Suite, Robert Giracello, arranger
Hundreds of folk and popular songs came out of the Civil War. (Indeed, some so successfully struck a nerve about the soldiering life that they were sung by soldiers on both sides of that tragic conflict.) We are coming, Father Abra’am, is, of course, a Union song. The stirring poem by Quaker abolitionist James Sloan Gibbons was published in 1862 shortly after Lincoln had called for 300,000 new Union volunteers. The poem spread rapidly to several more newspapers within a few weeks, and there were soon at least three different musical versions in circulation. We sing the memorable one by Stephen Foster, the best-known songwriter of 19th-century America.

Many Civil War songs told of soldiers’ feelings about the loved ones left back home, or the people back home singing about and to their absent men. In Johnny is My Darling, the young woman narrator sings of her happy pride in Johnny—pride both that he is a Union volunteer and that he is her darling. For a soldier’s “response”—his thoughts sent back to the woman at home—we chose a Southern folk song, The Rebel Soldier, wherein a young Confederate soldier voices his homesickness, fear and determination.

Over There: A World War I Medley, Robert Giracello, arranger
The explosion in popular sheet-music publishing known as Tin Pan Alley was well under way by the time of World War I. The best-known soldiering songs were popular both in and out of the army. It was a time when patriotic expression seemed relatively uncomplicated and when involvement in the army was broadly part of mainstream culture. Irving Berlin was one of the all-time greats of
Tin Pan Alley: his many durable hit songs include *White Christmas, Alexander’s Ragtime Band* and *God Bless America*. He was drafted into the army in 1917 (one newspaper headline read, “Army Takes Berlin!”) and served at Camp Upton in New York State under orders to write patriotic songs. The indignities of Army life inspired him to write the parody march *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning* as a bit of joking subversiveness. It became part of a camp fundraising show called *Yip, Yap, Yaphank* and soon entered the popular mainstream, ending up in several Broadway shows including the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1918*.

One adventure that soldiers explored abroad was, of course, the opportunity to meet women while on brief leaves from army duties. “Parley-voo”—as in “parlez-vous anglais?” (do you speak English?)—entered popular culture as shorthand for these linguistically unskilled encounters, one famous and raunchy parody being “Inky-Dinky Parley-Voo” in the song *Mademoiselle from Armentiers*. The song *Oui, Oui, Marie*—which is spelled *Wee, Wee, Marie* in reference to the suitor’s utter lack of French—tells the story of one such encounter.

The British song *Oh! It’s a Lovely War* is similar in spirit to *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning*, but, like many British “trench songs” of the war, is much more sarcastic. Written in 1917, when it was part of the music-hall act of male impersonator Ella Shields, it later became the basis of a 1963 anti-war comedy musical called *Oh, What a Lovely War*.

*Over There* is the best-known of all the patriotic songs to come out of the American involvement in World War I. It was written by the hugely successful songwriter and playwright George M. Cohan (*Yankee Doodle Boy, Give my Regards to Broadway, You’re a Grand Old Flag*). In 1936, President Roosevelt presented Cohan with the Congressional Gold Medal for his contributions to World War I morale, with a special nod to *Over There*.

*Johnny, I hardly knew ye*, Alice Parker, arranger

*Johnny, I hardly knew ye* is an Irish anti-war song from the early 1800s. During the U.S. Civil War, its tune was taken up and transformed into the popular *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*. Where the Civil War remake is upbeat and hopeful, the Irish original was heartrending, describing the homecoming of a badly wounded soldier to his shocked young wife after fighting in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) on behalf of the British East India Company. The arrangement by American composer Alice Parker is beautiful and pointed.

*Robert Giracello, In Flanders Fields*

The Ypres Salient in Belgium, part of which is Flanders Fields, was the site of a series of major battles during the First World War, battles that took a horrendous number of casualties on both sides. The Second Battle of Ypres in 1915 was, among other things, the first time that the Germans used poison gas on a large scale. The most famous poem of the war was written at that battle by Canadian physician and Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae. The poem refers to poppies and rows of crosses; both may still be seen in current photographs of Flanders Fields. Wild red poppies grew in profusion in the newly-dug graves of the many thousands of soldiers who died there. Composer Robert Giracello says of his setting, “The third stanza of this celebrated poem is often criticized as wartime propaganda, but I read it to be a general warning about “breaking faith” with the generations
that have gone before us. Though the torches we now “hold high” are different from those of our predecessors, war and death, larks and poppies still remain. I tried to focus on the hope of the poem in this setting, rather than the despair.”

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Robert Giracello, who also arranged our Civil War Suite and World War I medley, recently completed his PhD at UCR. Topics of study included the theatrical and musical motives in Stephen Sondheim, the writings and compositions of Arthur Farwell, and computer music programming using the ChucK programming language. He currently teaches privately in Escondido, where he also serves as Director of Music for the Diocese of San Diego.

Byron Adams, *Ashes of Soldiers*

Composer Byron Adams writes: *Ashes of Soldiers* was composed in wartime [in 2005, during the Iraq War]. Every morning I opened the newspaper and noted with mounting sorrow the steady knell of deaths of soldiers and civilians alike. To express my grief, I turned to the verse of the great American poet Walt Whitman. With absolute reverence, I redacted some lines from one of his long poems dealing with the Civil War, *Ashes of Soldiers*, which was written some years after the war and placed by Whitman in the *Songs of Parting* section of his monumental volume *Leaves of Grass*. I did not dedicate this work to the memory of a fallen soldier, however, but to an army captain, a close friend of my youth, who died of cancer many years ago. I am quite sure that this friend, who cared deeply about the soldiers under his command, would have been appalled by the profligate way in which the lives of young men and women were sacrificed during this war, and so this elegy speaks on his behalf as well as my own.

Cast in the form of a Renaissance motet, with alternations of polyphony and chorale-like passages, *Ashes of Soldiers* is dedicated to the memory of Captain Raymond Keith Norman.
I chant this chant of my silent soul in the name of all dead soldiers.
Faces so pale with wondrous eyes, very dear, draw close,
Gather closer yet, but speak not,
Phantoms of countless lost,
Invisible to the rest henceforth become my companions,
Follow me ever—desert me not while I live.
Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living—
Sweet are the musical voices sounding,
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead with their silent eyes.
Dearest comrades, all is over and long gone,
But love is not over—and what love, O comrades!
Perfume from battle-fields rising, up from the battle arising,
Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love,
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers,
Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all over with tender pride,
Make these ashes to nourish and blossom,
O love.

—notes by Ruth Charloff

Ralph Vaughan Williams, *Dona Nobis Pacem:*
*a cantata for soprano and baritone soloists, chorus and orchestra*

In 1914, shortly after the outbreak of the First World War, Ralph Vaughan Williams volunteered as a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps; later he would serve as a subaltern in the Royal Garrison Artillery. As a member of the intellectual gentry—his great-uncle was Charles Darwin—Vaughan Williams could have sought an easier posting, or, at his age, volunteered for home duty, for, at forty-two, he was much older than the sacrificial generation who fought and perished in this conflagration. To serve as an ambulance orderly was hardly easy service, however, as the orderlies spent long hours every night bearing stretchers on their shoulders containing the wounded, dying, and the dead. Their headquarters at the front lines in northern France reeked of the smell of decaying bodies and echoed with the anguished cries of the wounded. As Ursula Vaughan Williams, the composer’s second wife, once noted, “Working in the ambulance gave Ralph vivid awareness of how men died.” Despite his flat feet and allergy to military protocol, Vaughan Williams never asked for or expected special treatment; as his wife wrote, “His cheerful acceptance of difficulties and his willingness to do everything that much younger men could do more easily impressed his comrades.”

Vaughan Williams was heartbroken by the utter waste of war and mourned such colleagues as the composer George Butterworth, who was killed in action, his body sucked under by the mud of the trenches, never to be recovered. Vaughan Williams wrote to his great friend Gustav Holst, “I sometimes dread coming back to normal with so many gaps . . . I sometimes think now that it is wrong to have
made friends with people much younger than oneself—because there will only be the middle-aged left.” Indeed, an entire generation of British composers, artists, and poets, such as Wilfred Owen, perished in the trenches.

Throughout the war, Vaughan Williams carried with him a small pocket-sized copy of the great American poet Walt Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass*. Whitman’s poetry had attracted Vaughan Williams since 1893, when Bertrand Russell, who, like the composer, was matriculating at Trinity College, Cambridge, introduced him to this bracing American author. In 1907, Vaughan Williams finished a “song” for chorus and orchestra, *Toward the Unknown Region*, a setting of Whitman’s late poem “Darest Thou Now, O Soul.” In 1910, he conducted the premiere of his *A Sea Symphony*, a choral symphony whose text is drawn from *Leaves of Grass*. But during his wartime service, Whitman’s Civil War poetry had a profound impact upon the British composer. Whitman’s experience nursing wounded soldiers resonated powerfully with Vaughan Williams’ duties as an orderly. After the composer’s demobilization in 1919, however, he did not turn immediately to Whitman, but composed a series of deeply introspective works that reflected his wartime service: *A Pastoral Symphony* (1922), which was sketched while on duty in northern France; the austere *Mass in G minor* (1922); and a one-act opera after John Bunyan, *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains* (1922) that takes as its subject the journey of a soul across the River of Death into the Celestial City.

In 1936, with the threat of another war looming on the horizon, Vaughan Williams was inspired by Whitman’s poetry to create his “pro-peace” cantata *Dona Nobis Pacem*. While he was a convinced cultural nationalist, Vaughan Williams was an equally convinced political internationalist: during the 1930s, he traveled across Britain giving lectures in support of the Federal Union, an organization that sought to create a united Europe under the aegis of one government. As the horrific rise of Nazism unfolded in Germany, so did Vaughan Williams’ determination to offer both a warning concerning war and an alternative vision of peace. ( Vaughan Williams spent a great deal of time, effort, and his own money to secure the escape of Jews from Germany and Austria; among those whom he helped were the architect Kurt Fuchs and the composer Robert Muller-Hartmann.)

But Vaughan Williams did not restrict the text of his *Dona Nobis Pacem* to Whitman, however, as he also used a few phrases drawn from the liturgy of the Latin mass; quotations chosen from the Bible; and, most extraordinarily, an excerpt from an anti-war speech given in the House of Commons in 1855 during the Crimean War by John Bright, a Quaker who was a Radical Member of Parliament. The heart of the *Dona Nobis Pacem*, however, is found in the second, third, and fourth movements in which Vaughan Williams sets poems drawn from the section of *Leaves of Grass* that Whitman entitled *Drum Taps*. (Interestingly, the fourth movement, *Dirge for Two Veterans*, was first sketched in 1911 but put aside for years and revised for inclusion in *Dona Nobis Pacem*.)

*Dona Nobis Pacem* is a unique collaboration between an American poet and a British composer, who had completely different personalities except for the searing knowledge of the dreadful cost of war in an age without miracles. Both poet and composer looked upon war without blinking and without sentimentality. Both hoped that—even if it could not stop the human impulse toward wanton destruction and meaningless death—their testimony might give men and women of goodwill the impulse to pause and, through principled action, at least retard headlong rush to war. From that pause, and from that resistance, perhaps needless war—“wars of choice”—might be avoided in the future. Perhaps the
most moving and significant passage in this cantata comes in its quietest movement, Reconciliation, for, to music of almost unbearable poignancy, Vaughan Williams sets Whitman’s searing lines, “Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost, / That the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again and ever again this soiled world.”

—note by Byron Adams

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**Dona Nobis Pacem**

I.

_Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi_
_Dona nobis pacem._

Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world
Grant us peace.

II.

Beat! Beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through the doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field, or gathering in his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! Beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for the sleepers at night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers’ bargains by day—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! Beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child’s voice be heard, nor the mothers entreaties;
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

—Walt Whitman
III. Reconciliation
Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again
and ever again this soiled world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin. —Walt Whitman

IV. Dirge for Two Veterans
The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they’re flooding
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o’er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
’Tis some mother’s large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.
O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.
The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love. —Walt Whitman

V.
The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one as of old . . . to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. (John Bright, Member of Parliament, 1855)

Dona nobis pacem.

We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!
The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones; for they are come, and have devoured the land . . . and those that dwell therein . . .
The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved . . .
Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jeremiah 8:15-22)

VI.
O man greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee, be strong, yea be strong. (Daniel 10:19)
The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former . . .
and in this place will I give peace. (Haggai 2:9)

Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.
And none shall make them afraid, neither shall the sword go through their land.
Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will go into them.
Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled;
and let them hear, and say, it is the truth.
And it shall come, that I will gather all nations and tongues.
And they shall come and see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and they shall declare my glory among the nations.
For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, so shall your seed and your name remain for ever.
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men.
(adapted from Micah 4:3; Leviticus 26:6; Psalms 85:10 and 118:19; Isaiah 43:9 and 66:18-22, and Luke 2:14.)

Dona nobis pacem.
SPECIAL THANKS:

Stephen Cullenberg, Dean, UCR College of Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences (CHASS)
Cynthia Smith, Administrative Analyst, CHASS Dean’s Office
Deborah Wong, Chair, Department of Music
G. Edward Bruner, Director, UCR Choral Society
Kelvin Mac, CHASS Dean’s Office, for graphic design
Tracey Scholtemeyer, Financial and Administrative Officer
Melisa Vicario, Financial Analyst
Kathy DeAtley, Program Promotions Manager
David Kellstrand, Mike Donovan, and Isabel Edwards, Theatre Facilities Unit
Greg Renne, Paul Richardson, Mary Longtin and Albert Fetter, CHASS Facilities Administration

Byron Adams, for his pre-concert lecture, for sharing his expertise on Vaughan Williams, and for his beautiful Ashes of Soldiers.
Robert Giracello for his creativity, knowledge and fruitful dialogue in developing this program.

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Dona Nobis Pacem guest singers:
Gregory Dubois-Felsmann, Jim Howeth, William Junkert,
Lisa Pan, Denise Parleman, Dan Ramos
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trumpet
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UCR IS COMPOSING
MAY 25 Wed @ 8 pm - Performance Lab, ARTS 166 A showcase of new, live, local and original music by UCR students and faculty, featuring guest performers Jennifer Choi, violin; Alma Fernandez, viola; and David Mergen, cello. Paulo Chagas, director. $10/$8/$6. Parking: $5 in Lot 1.

Please join us for the final UCR concert by Bill Helms, who will retire this summer.
HIGHLANDER CONCERT BAND & UCR JAZZ ENSEMBLE

CHANSONS ET DANCERIES:
MEDIEVAL & RENAISSANCE MUSIC FROM FRANCE & FLANDERS
MAY 27 Fri @ 8 pm - Performance Lab, ARTS 166 UCR Collegium Musicum reawakens the timeless beauty of French and Franco-Flemish Music from the Middle Ages and Renaissance, 1250–1550, performed on historically appropriate instruments. Janet Beazley, director. UCR Chamber Ensembles present the Sextet for Piano and Winds by Francis Poulenc and Fratres by Arvo Pärt for violin and piano. Frances Moore, director. $10/$8/$6. Parking: $5 in Lot 1.

TWILIGHT CARILLON RECITAL
MAY 28 Sat @ 6 pm - Bell Tower The program includes compositions by Matthias Van den Gheyn, Robert Giracello, Donald Johns, and King John VI of Portugal. This piece was arranged c. 1821 for the automatic playing mechanism of the carillon located at the Mafra Palace near Lisbon, Portugal. David Christensen, University Carillonneur. Free and open to the public. Parking: $1 per-hour permit dispenser in Lot 1.

A CONCERT OF MEXICAN MUSIC AND DANCE
June 2 Thurs @ 8 pm - University Theatre Featuring traditional and popular Mexican musics; dance and music from the regions of Jalisco, Colima and Nuevo Leon, Mexico, with a student-directed project by Ballet Folklorico de UCR.
UCR Mexican Folkloric Ensemble (MUS 175): Mariachi Mexicatl/Conjunto Mexicatl, Laura Sobrino, director.
Dance of Mexico (MUS73ab): Juan Rios (Johnavalos), director/choreographer. $10/$8/$6. Parking: $5 in Lot 6.
MUSIC OF INDONESIA: UCR GAMELAN ENSEMBLE
June 3 Fri @ 8 pm - Performance Lab, ARTS 166  Traditional and contemporary music of Indonesia with urban folk music by Orkes Pantai Barat (UCR Keroncong). A gamelan ensemble includes tuned bronze gongs, metal-keyed instruments, xylophones and drums. $10/$8/$6. Parking: $5 in Lot 1.

WEEKDAY CARILLON RECITALS
MAY 23 Monday @ noon - Bell Tower  David Christensen, University Carillonneur. Free and open to the public. Parking: $2 per-hour permit dispenser in Lot 1.

TICKETS: $10 General, $8 Students & Seniors, $6 Children 12 & under.
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