Lawrence University Conservatory of Music
Composition Studio Recital
Sunday, Nov. 8, 2026, 8:00 p.m.
Harper Hall

Escaping the 4th Dimension [3’] — Thomas Gable

Fixed Media

Spirals [7’] — Finn McGreevy

I. Swirls
II. Spiral Galaxy
III. Storm

Ryan Keller, alto saxophones

Memories of a Quiet Bird [6’15”] — Alex Hu

Spencer Phillips, baritone voice
Baraka Anderson, piano

The Stolen Child [4’] — Finn McGreevy

Keira Holmes, soprano
Baraka Anderson, piano

Modern Reflections [4’] — Amber Church

Dylan Diaz, soprano saxophone
Elliott Smith, alto saxophone
Ryan Keller, tenor saxophone
William Dreyer, baritone saxophone

Variations on Blue Polyester [3-5’] — Zoe Kaye

Johny Leigh, violin
Marten Cole, alto saxophone
Zoe Kaye, euphonium

Prof. Joseph Connor –
The composition department thanks you for your coaching time and performance support!

Memories of a Quiet Bird by Alex Hu

Once upon a time, there was a quiet bird.
No song did it sing.
It had for a home a shattered cage, So gray and so faint,
Open yet jagged,
Cold, like distant twinkling stars…
Off in a broken cage, there was a benumbed bird.

Shivering, in the wind.
Around the cage, stinging snow fell,
The snow twinkled like distant cold stars.
Though the bars were rent,
The wings felt broken.
All the rending freed,
Was the piercing wind…

Outside the cage, the dull stars mocked cruelly
With their mad numbing light, From so far away!
And yet…
In the distance…
There flew a flock…

Their calls drifted like snow, Carried on the wind.
As the gorgeous stars yet shone, As the cool breeze caressed…
The bird remembered… Remembered…
Remembered…

The Stolen Child by W.B. Yeats

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berrys
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.
Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances

Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world’s more full of weeping than you can understand.