Under the Pines of Interlachen
"Steinway Piano"

Exclusive Management of S. Hurok Attractions
RCA Victor Records

"Van Cliburn Conducts"

RCA Victor Red Seal Record on sale in the Campus Center

All proceeds from this concert and the record sales will be used for
the Joseph E. Maddy Interlochen Memorial Fund
National Music Camp
Interlochen  Michigan

150TH PROGRAM

Saturday July 20 1974  Eight o'clock  Kresge Auditorium

WORLD YOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
George C. Wilson - Conductor

GUEST
Van Cliburn - Soloist

The Corsair - Overture, Op. 21  Hector Berlioz
1803 - 1869

The Pines of Rome - Symphonic Poem  Ottorino Respighi
1879 - 1936

I The Pines of the Villa Borghese
Children are at play in the pine groves of Villa Borghese; they are wrought up by their own cries like swallows at evening, they come and go in swarms.

II Pines near a Catacomb
We see the shades of the pines fringing the entrance to a catacomb. From the depths rises the sound of psalm - singing, like a solemn hymn.

III The Pines of the Janiculum
A quiver runs through the air; the pines of the Janiculum stand distinctly outlined in the clear light of a full moon. A nightingale is singing.

IV The Pines of the Appian Way
Misty dawn on the Appian Way: solitary pines guarding the magic landscape; we hear the muffled, ceaseless rhythm of unending footsteps. In a vision of bygone glories: trumpets sound and a consular army bursts forth towards the Sacred Way, mounting in triumph to the Capitol.

George C. Wilson - conducting

Concerto no. 2 in C minor, Op. 18  Sergei Rachmaninoff
1873 - 1943

Moderato
Adagio sostenuto
Allegro scherzando

Van Cliburn - piano
George C. Wilson - conducting
Take a little time each day — — —

To see some fleeting loveliness
    — — — that will endure forever . . . . .

To listen to wild symphonies — — —
    — and to the multitudinous melodies
    — — — that never reach the ear . . .

Sense the passion of the winds
    that blow through the top of the trees . .

Dream of the pale moonlight — — —
    — — and all the stars beyond . . . .

And — — feel a burst of awe
    as you glimpse
the simplicity
    of the magnificent — — —
    — — — the grandeur
                                  of simplicity . . . . .

GWEN FROSTIC