

**The University of Virginia
Music Department**

presents

**Danielle Wiebe Burke
Viola Recital**

**Shelby Sender, piano
Sam Suggs, bass**

Poetry by Rita Dove

Thursday, April 10, 2025

8:00 pm

Old Cabell Hall

University Of Virginia

Program

Penelope's Song (2003) for amplified viola and electronics Judith Shatin
(b. 1949)

Mystery Sonata IX: *The Carrying of the Cross* Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber
Sonata – Courante – Doubles – Finale (1604-1744)
Trans. by Wiebe Burke, Suggs
Sam Suggs, *bass*

Flow My Tears and If My Complaints Could Passions Move John Dowland
(1563-1626)
Trans. by Wiebe Burke
Shelby Sender, *piano*

Lachrymae: Reflections on a song by John Dowland, op. 48a Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)
Shelby Sender, *piano*

~ Intermission ~

An die Ferne Geliebte, Op. 98 Ludwig van Beethoven
With poetry by Rita Dove (b. 1952) (1770-1827)
Happenstance Trans. by Wiebe Burke
Heart to Heart Poetry by Alois Jeitelles
Persephone in Hell, section VII (1794-1858)
The Peach Orchard
Shelby Sender, *piano*

Hum (2020) for solo viola Derrick Skye
(b. 1982)

in manus tuas (2009) for solo viola Caroline Shaw
(b. 1982)

Three Weddings and a Fight (2013) for solo viola Garth Knox
(b. 1956)

About the Performers



Danielle Wiebe Burke, *viola*

An artist whose playing has been hailed as “highly idiomatic, richly varied,” Mexican-Canadian violist Danielle Wiebe Burke’s work as a performer and educator has been recognized since she made her debut with the Calgary Civic Symphony at the age of sixteen.

She was a prizewinning finalist at the 15th Annual Sphinx Competition and, recently, a quarter-finalist in the Primrose International Viola Competition. Her recordings have garnered international attention, with Gramophone’s review of her premiere of Hannah Lash’s “Requiem” (Naxos) describing her playing as emerging “as beautifully as the singers sing.”

As a soloist, Danielle has performed in halls throughout Europe and the United States, including Zipper Hall (Colburn), Warner Music Hall (Oberlin), Woolsey Hall (Yale), and Severance Hall in Detroit. She may be heard regularly in the Belvedere Series, Staunton Music Festival, Appalachian Chamber Music Festival, and Wintergreen Music Festival. An accomplished orchestral musician, she has appeared in Boston’s Phoenix Orchestra, the Richmond Symphony, and the Williamsburg Symphony, where she holds the John C. Jamison Principal Viola Chair.

An avid explorer of new musical forms and of the interstates that link the classical tradition to popular idioms, Danielle has premiered the work of contemporary composers such as Michael Gilbertson, Ethan Braun, and Polina Nazaykinskaya. In other contexts, she has performed on NPR’s Tiny Desk with Faye Webster and on World Café with regular collaborators, the minimalist folk duo Lowland Hum.

A student of Kim Kashkashian at the New England Conservatory and Ettore Causa at Yale University, where she received her doctorate, Danielle enjoys bringing music to young artists. She has performed Bach in the botanical gardens at Cornell, toured the “lost” composer Gaspar Cassadó’s string quartets to Oberlin, Ohio State, and Yale, and, with theorist Craig Wright, assembled an introduction to music that is now available to students across the world through Yale Open Courses. She presently teaches violin and viola at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Danielle plays a 2009 Stefan Greiner viola commissioned by violinist Kyung Wha Chung. She lives on a historic farm in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.



Shelby Sender, *piano*

Shelby Sender received her Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Piano Performance at the University of Maryland in 2013. She is active as both a solo and collaborative pianist. She has performed at both the Hungarian Embassy in Washington, D.C., and the Hungarian Ambassador's Residence. A faculty member of Crescendo, a classical music festival located in Tokaj, Hungary each summer, she is also a co-founder and the accompanist for Mosaic Children's Choir in Charlottesville. In March 2012, she performed in Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall as a part of the Adamant School of Music's 70th Anniversary Concert. Shelby was featured in a 2011 festival at Ithaca College commemorating the 200th anniversary of Franz Liszt's birth, and she recently gave world premieres of works by Walter Giesecking at the American Musicological Society's 2009 annual conference. She frequently works with the Charlottesville Opera, as well as Victory Hall Opera, and has appeared on multiple occasions with the Annapolis Chamber Players. She can be heard on a Centaur recording of unpublished works by Walter Giesecking, playing both solo and chamber music.

In 2018, Dr. Sender was sent by the Sister Cities Commission to Pleven, Bulgaria to represent Charlottesville in concert. She studied during the 2010/2011 academic year under Kálmán Dráfi at the Franz Liszt Academy of Music in Budapest. She gave performances in Bartók Hall at the Institute for Musicology and the Régi Zeneakadémia at the Franz Liszt Memorial House and Museum in Hungary, as well as the Haus der Kulturen der Welt and the Universität der Künste in Berlin.

Shelby received her Master of Music degree from the University of Maryland and her Bachelor of Music degree from Ithaca College. She is the co-founder for Mosaic Children's Choir, a group that incorporates movement, drama, dance, and performs in non-traditional spaces. She was the coordinator for the class piano program at the University of Maryland, where she also taught class piano and gave private lessons to piano minors. She currently maintains

a private studio in Central Virginia and works as the choral and orchestral pianist at St. Anne's-Belfield in Charlottesville. Recent teachers include Bradford Gowen, Read Gainsford, and Jennifer Hayghe.



Sam Suggs, *bass*

Acknowledged for his "precise technique, interpretive vision, and impeccable musicianship" (Boston Globe), Sam Suggs cultivates a versatile career as a collaborative and creative bassist.

Sam is one of Strad Magazine's "five up-and-coming bass players" and a winner of the International Society of Bassists and Concert Artists Guild solo competitions.

As a bassist-composer, he breaks traditional boundaries with "brilliant and compelling programming" (The Strad) and execution that "quite simply boggled the mind" (Oregon Arts Watch).

An alum of the Greater Buffalo Youth Orchestra, Northwestern University, and Yale School of Music, he now serves on the faculties of the Yellow Barn Chamber Music Festival and James Madison University.

Poetry

Flow my Tears

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.
Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.
Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.
From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.
Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to condemn light.
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

If my complaints

If my complaints could passions move
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.

O Love, I live and die in thee.
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me.
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:

Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, though mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, though let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich and yet I want?
Is Love my judge and yet I am condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy pow'r condemn'd.

That I do live, it is thy pow'r;
That I desire, it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live hence-forth.

Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall my hearers be.
May here despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to me.

An die ferne Geliebte (To a distant beloved)
German poetry by Alois Jettles
English Translations © Richard Stokes

I.

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

II.

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

III.

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

IV.

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses –
Would that I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,

V.

May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

VI.

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Happenstance

When you appeared it was as if
magnets cleared the air.
I had never seen that smile before
or your hair, flying silver. Someone
waving goodbye, she was silver, too.
Of course you didn't see me.
I called softly so you could choose
not to answer—then called again.
You turned in the light, your eyes
seeking your name.

From *Collected Poems: 1974-2004*

Heart to Heart

It's neither red
nor sweet.
It doesn't melt
or turn over,
break or harden,
so it can't feel
pain,
yearning,
regret.

It doesn't have
a tip to spin on,
it isn't even
shapely—
just a thick clutch
of muscle,
lopsided,
mute. Still,
I feel it inside
its cage sounding
a dull tattoo:
I want, I want—
but I can't open it:
there's no key.
I can't wear it
on my sleeve,
or tell you from
the bottom of it
how I feel. Here,
it's all yours, now—
but you'll have to take me,
too.

From *American Smooth* (2004)

Persephone in Hell, section VII

if I whispered to the moon

I am waiting

if I whispered to the olive

you are on the way

which would hear me?

I am listening

the garden gone

the seed in darkness

the city around me

I am waiting

it was cold I entered

you rise into my arms

I entered for warmth

I part the green sheaths

a part of me had been waiting

I part the brown field

already in this cold longing

and you are sinking

who has lost me?

through heat the whispers

be still, mother whispers

through whispers the sighing

and let sorrow travel

through sighing the darkness

be still she whispers

I am waiting

and light will enter

you are on your way

From *Mother Love* (1995)

The Peach Orchard

What the soul needs, it uses.

—James Hillman

I say there is no memory of him
staining my palms and my mouth.
I walk about, no longer human—
something shameful, something
that can't move at all.

Women invented misery,
but we don't understand it.
We hold it close and tell it
everything, cradle the ache
until it seeps in and he's

gone, just like the wind
when the air stands still.
I'll step lightly
along the path between
the blossoming trees,

lightly over petals
drifting speechless and pale.
No other story could have
brought me here: this
stone floor. And branches,

bank upon bank of them brimming
like a righteous mob, like
a ventriloquist humming,
his hand up
my spine . . . O these

trees, shedding all
over themselves.

Only a fool
Would think such frenzy
Beautiful.

From *On the Bus with Rosa Parks* (1999)

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