Via a diverse range of musical interests and an uncommon versatility, Colin McAllister maintains an active performance schedule throughout the United States, Mexico and Europe. Originally from the mountain town of Chipta Park, Colorado, he now divides his time between San Diego and Mexico City. His experiences in the ars subtilior – a movement centered in Avignon during the Great Schism of the Roman Church – are ballades published in the Chantilly Codex [c. 1395], the most significant document of the 14th century Italian trecento. The arrangements were done by myself and Stuart Saunders Smith.

After completing the Tocata and Elegía, Colin has premiered over fifty new works and has worked closely with many leading composers. He is particularly active as an ensemble player and works regularly with many groups, including NOISE (a new music sextet), the SpeakEasy ragtime duo, the Sonora Chamber Ensemble and Art of Elán. A compassionate advocate for the contemporary era, Colin has worked with many other composers and has premiered over fifty new works by Christopher Adler and Matthew Bateman, the XVII Festival Hispanamericano de Guitarrista, concerts in Illinois and San Diego, NOISE at the Festival Internacional Chubutida, the Fifth SoundON Festival of Modern Music, a Colorado tour with the Sonora Chamber Ensemble, and releases of new CDs by Christopher Burns Peter Edwards and Stuart Saunders Smith. Colin earned the Doctor of Musical Arts from the University of Colorado, San Diego in 2004.
errantisque deos agitataque numina Trojae.” What I request is merely the kingdom my destiny owes me.

hac Trojana tenus fuerit fortuna secuta. Let our Trojan luck pursue us no further!

VI: 62

“Phoebe, gravis Trojae semper miserate labores, ‘Phoebus, you’ve always shown pity for Troy and her burdens of suffering.

conticuit. This said, she lapsed into silence.

attonitae magna ora domus.” Et talia fata Not till you pray will the dumbstruck mouths of the great dwelling open.’

Aeneas said. ‘Where are you looking? Where is the power to conjure his dead wife’s ghost back into existence; Orcus vera involvens: ei frena furunti

Tros” ait “Aenea?” Cessas? Neque enim ante dehiscent Trojan Aeneas?’ she cried. ‘Have you stopped praying? Think about this then!

jam propiore dei. “Cessas in vota precesque, bellowed by god’s spirit, nearer now: ‘Have you stopped your devotions,

et rabie fera corda tument, majorque videri shuddered her chest. Heart, lungs puffed huge in her bestial madness.

ante fores subito non vultus, non color unus, facing the doors, she abruptly transformed: her expression, her colour totally altered. Her hair sprang loose, gasped struggles to draw breath

tempus” ait; “deus....ecce deus!” Cui talia fanti Ask for the statements of god. See the god, look, the god’s here!’ While speaking,

Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo “Poscere fata So, when they came to an entrance, the virgin exclaimed: ‘Now’s the moment:

unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllae. mouths; out spills the same tally of voices: the Sibyl’s responses.

praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis chosen as rite prescribes.’ Once she’s spoken this way to Aeneas,

nunc grege de intacto septem mactare juvencos to slaughter seven young bulls from a virgin herd, a like number of young ewes

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas So he declares as he weeps. Then he lets the fleet run under full sail,

praetexunt puppes. Juvenum manus emicat ardens fringe to the seashore. A handful of youths, blazing eager,

Obvertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci Prows veer round to face seaward; then anchors secure all the vessels

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas So he declares as he weeps. Then he lets the fleet run under full sail,

Scene 3: The Prophecy


Scene 2: Aeneas’ Prayer

VI: 56 “Phoebus, gravis Trojae semper miserato lebores, Phoebus, you’ve always shown pity for Troy and her burdens of suffering.

VI: 62 hac Trojana tenus fureti fortunae accusa. Let our Trojan luck pursue us no further!

VI: 65-68

Turpis, O sanctissima vates, praevidit venturi (non indebita poaco regna meis factis) Latinum omni terrae terrae errantissque dois agitatisque numina Trojan.”

Turquis, O sanctissima vates, praevide venturi (non indebita poaco regna meis factis) Latinum omni terrae terrae errantissque dois agitatisque numina Trojan.”

The prophet, stoic as still, is brooding in yet to the bridle of Phoebus. Rahadon as if Bacchus ruled her, she sits around in the cavern, hoping to have the huge god lend her his breath. (But he worriers her foursbathed moon even more, as he tames her heart’s wildness, and shapes her with pressure.

Now all hundred mouths of the shrine flow off their partly, willingly bearing the keer’s oracle words through the breaths: You’ve already been pointed on, with surpasses, beyond parts of salt sea—though greater dangers await you on last – the Darkanians will enter into the realms of Lavinium. Dismiss your concerns on this issue! But this will also with the the will never leave it: see warfare, hideous warfare, the Turins with their torrents of bloodshed.

Simont, Xanthus, the Danaun camp itself will be features in them, even another Achilles is not I have for Latium. He’s also not a godess. There’s also the Thracian incus, Juno, she’ll haunt you everywhere, everywhere. Which of all Italy’s peoples, which cities won’t you handle for assistance, a damsels isΝαι. Once more the cause of death’s evil a will, to be lent to Teucrians. Once move a foreign bridal affair.

Don’t give way to these evils, but move the more boldly against them, turn any way that your fortune permits. The first pathway to safety, once you anticipate least, will emerge from a Greek city’s portal.

For example: majestic words such as these are the Sibyl of Cumae’s song from her sanctuary. She rolls up the truth in obstinate’s riddles, bundling the cavern with riddles. Apollo shacks hard on the bridal’s exists in the cave, and he’s taking her breath with his spares to control her.