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Women's Chorale and Schola Cantorum

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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WOMEN'S CHORALE

DAVID PEDERSEN, CONDUCTOR

SCHOLA CANTORUM

JEFFREY RIEHL, CONDUCTOR

MARY BETH BENNETT, ACCOMPANIST

ENSEMBLE AD HOC

CAMP CONCERT HALL

SUNDAY • APRIL 9, 2017 • 3:00 PM



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

WOMEN'S CHORALE

All That Hath Life and Breath Praise Ye The Lord

René Clausen
(b. 1953)

All that hath life and breath praise ye the Lord,
Shout to the Lord alleluia!
Praise the Lord with joyful song,
Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving, alleluia.

Unto Thee, O Lord, have I made supplication
And cried unto the rock of my salvation;
But Thou has heard my voice,

And renewed my weary spirit.

Praise to the Lord, the almighty, the king of
creation.

Oh my soul praise Him for He is thy health and
salvation.

-Psalms 96 and 22 adapted by the composer

Emma Johansson, soprano

World-renowned composer and conductor René Clausen has served as conductor of the Concordia Choir at Concordia College since 1986. He is the artistic director of the Emmy Award-winning *Concordia Christmas Concerts*, which are frequently featured by PBS stations throughout the nation. His compositions are eclectic and written for choirs of many different skill levels. This selection is an exuberant song of praise featuring extensive sectional *divisi* and a unique passage involving melodic elements sung at random.

Set Me As a Seal

Clausen

Set me as a seal upon your heart,
As a seal upon your arm,
For love is strong as death.

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it.

-Song of Songs 8:6-7

This well known setting was originally composed for mixed voices, and it was included in Clausen's *A New Creation*, a large, multi-movement work for chorus and orchestra. The composer relates that he wrote the piece in about twenty minutes in response to experiencing a personal tragedy. The beautiful text from Song of Songs has been set by composers many times.

***Mountain Nights*, first movement**

Zoltán Kodály
(1882-1967)

Mountain Nights (Hegyi Éjszakák) expresses the renowned Hungarian composer's deep love for the mountains, especially the Alps, where he spent a great deal of time. There are no words in the piece, only chord progressions sung on different vowels, which evoke the sights and sounds of this unpredictable, changing landscape. Kodály told his biographer that "mountains have their own songs". In this selection, one hears the murmur of a calm night and a gentle breeze gradually transforming into a stormy gale, which quickly subsides back into serenity.

Duerme Negrito

*Duerme, duerme negrito,
Que tu mama e'ta en el campo negrito.
Drume, Drume mobila.*

*Te va a traé' codonise para tí,
Te va a traé' fruta fre'ca para tí,
Te va a traé' ca'ne de ce'do para tí,
Te va a traé' mucha' cosa' para tí.*

*Y si negro no se derme,
Viene e' diablo blanco y zás!*

*Le come la patica chica bú,
Apura, chica bú!*

*Trabajando duramente, trabajando sí,
Trabajando y no le pagan, trabajando sí.
Trabajando y va tosiendo, trabajando sí,
P'al negrito chiquitito, p'al negrito sí.
-traditional Venezuelan lullaby*

Atahualpa Yupanqui; arr. Emilio Solé

Sleep, sleep little black one,
Your mama's in the fields, little one.
Sleep, sleep little one.

She's going to bring quail for you,
She's going to bring fresh fruit for you,
She's going to bring pork for you,
She's going to bring many things for you.

And if the black one doesn't go to sleep,
The white devil will come and zap!
He'll eat your little foot, chica bú;
Hurry, chica bú!

She's working hard, working, yes,
Working and they don't pay her, working, yes,
Working and she's coughing, working, yes,
For her sweet little black one,
For her little one, yes.

-tr. Monique Polamaris

Hannah Mills, soprano

Duerme Negrito is a popular folk song lullaby from Venezuela. The Spanish text of Yupanqui's transcription was modified by the use of African slave dialect. In the folkloric tale, a child is lulled to sleep with impossible promises and warned of dire consequences while the mother is overworked, ill and exploited in dehumanizing conditions. Atahualpa Yupanqui was a leading South American collector and composer of folk music in the twentieth century.

"Dirait-on" (from *Les Chansons des Roses*)

Morten Lauridsen
(b. 1943)

*Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses . . .
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on;*

*se caresse en soi-même,
par son propre reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exaucé.
-Rainer Maria Rilke*

Abandon surrounding abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness . . .
Your oneness endlessly
caresses itself, so they say;

self-caressing
through its own clear reflection.
Thus you invent the theme
of Narcissus fulfilled.

-tr. Barbara & Erica Muhl

The poet Rilke was born in Prague, then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On his many travels and extended periods of living in other countries he grew to love France and French culture. He wrote nearly 400 poems in French, including *Les Roses*, a cycle consisting of 24 short poems using rose imagery. Morten Lauridsen's well-known setting of this poem has been performed by choirs around the world. His arrangement for treble voices is presented this afternoon.

Gloria (from Mass no. 6)

György Orbán
(b. 1947)

Glória in excélsis Deo et in terra pax homínibus bonæ voluntátis. Laudámus te, benedícimus te, adorámus te, glorificámus te, grátias ágimus tibi propter magnam glóriam tuam, Dómine Deus, Rex cæléstis, Deus Pater omnípotens. Dómine Fili unigénite, Jesu Christe, Dómine Deus, Agnus Dei, Fílius Patris, qui tollis peccáta mundi, miserére nobis; qui tollis peccáta mundi, súscipe deprecatióem nostram. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserére nobis. Quóniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dóminus, tu solus Altíssimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spírítu: in glória Dei Patris. Amen.

Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to those of good will. We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you, we give thanks for your great glory, Lord God, heavenly king, God the almighty Father. O Lord Jesus Christ, only begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, son of the Father, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; you who takes away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. You who sits at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For you alone are the holy one, you alone are the Lord, you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Orbán was born in Romania, but since the 1970's he has lived in Budapest, Hungary, where he teaches composition and theory at the Music Academy. His early compositional output could be described as avant-garde, but his later works are "neo-Romantic", featuring more traditional voice leading and the use of Hungarian folk music motifs. *Gloria* is a movement excerpted from his larger work, *Mass No. 6*. This song of praise is highly rhythmic, joyous and playful.

program notes by David Pedersen

PAUSE

(five minutes)

II

SCHOLA CANTORUM

The Stars Stand Up in the Air

Eric William Barnum
(b. 1979)

The stars up in the air,
The sun and the moon are gone,
The strand of its waters is bare.
And her sway is swept from the swan.

The cuckoo was calling all day,
Hid in the branches above,
How my stóirín is fled away,
'Tis my grief that I gave her my love.

Three things through love I see—
Sorrow and sin and death
And my mind reminding me

That this doom I breathe with my breath.

But sweeter than violin or lute
Is my love—and she left me behind.
I wish that all music were mute,
And I to all beauty were blind.

She's more shapely than swan by the strand,
She's more radiant than grass after dew,
She's more fair than the stars where they
stand—

'Tis my grief that her ever I knew!

-Thomas MacDonaugh

Composer Eric William Barnum wrote this about his work: "We all have experienced loss, which many times is unexplainable. Sometimes the object or idea that is lost was so very beautiful one wishes it had never been experienced in the first place. How blessed this ignorance would be, to never know the intensity of something this dear! Though [poet] Thomas MacDonaugh was married in 1912, his lament poem "The Stars Stand Up in the Air" makes it obvious that at one time or another he experienced great loss. One can see it in the gritty nature of the text as he speaks not only of grief, but also of beauty. One also recognizes his love of the Irish language and its Gaelic roots as in his use of the word *stoirin*, which means beloved or dear one. This masterful poem paints an eternal element to our human condition. I dare to ask what more beauty this poet could have added to the art had he not been executed by firing squad in 1916 for his involvement in the Irish Easter Rising."

Flight Song

Kim André Arnesen
(b. 1980)

All we are we have found in song:
you have drawn this song from us.
Songs of lives unfolding
fly overhead, cry overhead;
longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings,
hands that shape our calling voice
on the edge of answers
you've heard our cry, you've known our
cry: music's fierce compassion
flows from you.

The night is restless with the sounds we
hear, is broken, shaken by the cries of

pain: for this is music's inner voice,
saying yes, we hear you,
all you who cry aloud,
and we will fly, answering you:
so our lives sing, sing,
wild we will fly,
wild in spirit we will fly.

Like a feather falling from the wing,
fragile as a human voice,
afraid, uncertain,
alive to love, we sing as love,
afraid, uncertain,
yet our flight begins as song.

-Euan Tait

Flight Song was written as a gift to Anton Armstrong, conductor of the famed St. Olaf Choir, and is the first piece on which Norwegian composer Kim André Arnesen and Welsh-Scottish poet Euan Tait collaborated. The poet, who lives in a house overlooking two great British rivers, the Wye and the Severn, was inspired by the constant sounds of seabird wings and calls that keep the air around his home alive. The poet uses flight as a metaphor for the beginning of a young adult life and as a reference to the student singers of the St. Olaf Choir. A human life preparing to take off, and in the movement's of a conductor's arms like the beating of a soul's great wings, are images at the heart of this piece.

If Ye Love Me

Thomas Tallis
(c. 1505-1585)

If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father, and he shall give you
another comforter, that he may bide with you forever, e'en the spirit of truth.

-John 14:15-17

Jacob Litt, conductor

from *Dido and Aeneas*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Chorus

Great minds against themselves
conspire
And shun the cure they most desire.

Dido

Recitative:

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades
me,
On thy bosom let me rest,
More I would, but Death invades me;
Death is now a welcome guest.

Aria:

When I am laid in earth,
May my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast;
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Chorus

With drooping wings you Cupids come,
To scatter roses on her tomb.
Soft and Gentle as her Heart
Keep here your watch, and never part.

Victoria Provost, soprano
Ensemble *Ad Hoc*

Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* is one of the greatest operas composed between Claudio Monteverdi's lifetime and W. A. Mozart's. Its potential to move modern audiences through tragic irony is almost unrivalled, even when acted by adolescents, as it was at the 1689 premiere. Yet it is anomalous in almost every way: a tragic, English opera created at a time when operas were hardly ever tragic and when England had no real opera. Partly for this reason, Purcell's masterpiece lay forgotten and unperformed for nearly a hundred years, was debased and disfigured in the nineteenth century, and has been alternately praised and belittled since its landmark revival in 1900.

The excerpt we perform this afternoon is found at the end of the opera, Act III, Scene 2. The setting is the harbor in Carthage, the capital city of the ancient Carthaginian civilization in what is today modern Tunisia. Dido, the widowed queen of Carthage who has fallen in love with the Trojan Prince Aeneas, argues with him during the scene about his plans to leave Carthage at the behest of the gods. Aeneas agrees to defy the gods and stay in Carthage, but Dido rejects him for having even thought of leaving her and forces him away. As Aeneas and his fleet sail from the harbor, Dido, who no longer can bear to live, sings the achingly poignant aria "When I Am Laid in Earth" before committing suicide. The chorus and orchestra conclude the opera by ordering that roses be scattered on her tomb.

Fern Hill

John Corigliano
(b.1938)

Now as I was young and easy under the apple
boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was
green,

 The night above the dingle starry,

 Time let me hail and climb

 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,

And honoured among wagons I was prince of the
apple towns

And once below a time I lordly had the trees and
leaves

 Trail with daisies and barley

 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the
barns

About the happy yard and singing as the farm was
home,

 In the sun that is young once only,

 Time let me play and be

 Golden in the mercy of his means,

And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman,
the calves

Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear
and cold,

 And the sabbath rang slowly

 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys,
it was air

And playing, lovely and watery

And fire green as grass.

And nightly under the simple stars

As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm
away,

All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the
nightjars

Flying with the ricks, and the horses

Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer
white

With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it
was all

Shining, it was Adam and maiden,

The sky gathered again

And the sun grew round that very day.

So it must have been after the birth of the simple light

In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses
walking warm

Out of the whinnying green stable

On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay
house

Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart
was long,

In the sun born over and over,

I ran my heedless ways,

My wishes raced through the house high hay

And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time
allows

In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning
songs

Before the children green and golden

Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time
would take me

Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my
hand,

In the moon that is always rising,

Nor that riding to sleep

I should hear him fly with the high fields

And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless
land.

Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his
means,

Time held me green and dying

Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

-Dylan Thomas

Britta Loftus, mezzo soprano
Ensemble *Ad Hoc*
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

Twenty-two year old John Corigliano, who came from an accomplished New York City family of musicians – his mother was a piano teacher and his father was the long-time concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic during the Bernstein years – wrote *Fern Hill* as a gift to his high school choir teacher, Bella Tillis. Corigliano reflected, “Mrs. Tillis was the only person who encouraged me to go into music, really . . . I was very insecure about it, but she made me feel I could do it.” Corigliano composed the piece with the intention of having her choir, in which he had sung as a student, premiere the work, which it did in 1960 with piano. Other iterations of *Fern Hill* followed, including the 1999 version for chamber orchestra and mezzo soprano we perform this afternoon.

This work marks the first of many unions between Corigliano’s music and the words of Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas. Thomas’s poem “Fern Hill” consists of six stanzas and is written in free verse; each stanza consists of nine lines. In the first part of the poem, a young child describes his carefree and enjoyable life. In contrast the second half of the poem portrays the thoughts of a child threatened and thus changed by the German air raids in World War II. The poem as a whole vividly depicts time’s influence on our existence and is, of course, autobiographical.

The plot is not told from a present point of view, yet the narrator looks back and indulges in a sense of reverie: “Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs.” The first twenty lines reflect ease, joy, and peace, which Corigliano’s music captures beautifully. The child describes his adventures and games in natural surroundings, he refers to animals and conveys a remarkably detailed image of the Welsh landscape. Suddenly, this balance changes, night begins, and the young boy feels terrified and anxious. He awakes and again utters ‘liberty’; nonetheless, his condition has changed since he appears to be

haunted and have surrendered to a higher power. Finally, the narrator realizes that childhood is over and the poem ends with an allusion to death: "Time held me green and dying/Though I sang in my chains like the sea."

Corigliano wrote of this piece: "I first encountered Dylan Thomas's work during my last undergraduate year at Columbia College. It was a revelation. Both the sound and structure of Thomas's words were astonishingly musical. Not by accident, either: 'What the words meant was of secondary importance; what matters was the sound of them . . . these words were as the notes of bells, the sounds of musical instruments,' he wrote in his *Poetic Manifesto* of 1951. I was irresistibly drawn to translate his music into mine." Corigliano continued, "Fern Hill is a blithe poem, yet touched by darkness . . . formally just an ABA song extended into a wide arch, [that] sings joyously of youth and its keen perception."

notes by Jeffrey Riehl unless otherwise indicated

WOMEN'S CHORALE

Sopranos

Olivia Coffey
Claire Comey
Han Gao
Emma Johansson
Sarah Kwon
Julia Linthicum
Kathryn Lynch
Rose McKenna
Sara Messervey
Hannah Mills

McKenzie Ragan
Abby Sanchez
Sharon Scinicariello
Julia Siewart
Anna Takashima
Alana Wiljanen
Allison Zhao

Altos

Qwyen Austin
Lydia Dubois

Leslie Gaines
Shanna Gerlach
Olivia Gustafson
Abigail Kaiser
Ziwei Liao
Michelle Mai
Lillie Mucha
Miranda Ricart
Emy Wang

SCHOLA CANTORUM

Sopranos

Lilly Alemayehu
Kathryn Clikeman
Alexa Fasulo
Erika Gaebel
Lillie Izo
Victoria Provost
Sarah Quagliariello
Aliya Sultan
Arielle Siner
Susie Shepardson

Altos

Lexi Fadel
Lauren Guzman
Olivia Haynes
Elizabeth Latham
Britta Loftus
Nancy Myers
Lauren O'Brien
Chiara Solitario
Erin Vidlak

Tenors

Andrew Aguilera
Miles Clikeman
Eric Bossert
Bryan Daunt
Jack DeAngelis
Jack Dunne
Ryan Foster
Blake Normandin
Michael Olano

Bass

Christian Berardo
Nunzio Cicone
Ben Cook
Pierre Galloway
Brandon Johnson
Jacob Litt
Patrick Ndukwe
Zach Perry
Jacob Plott
Alex Seeley
Morgan Simmonds
Duncan Trawick

ENSEMBLE AD HOC

Susan Bedell, lead violin
Mary Beth Bennett, piano
Catherine Edwards, cello
Elise Favia, oboe
Marie Fernandez, flute

Sharla Gordon, violin
Lillian Hughes, violin
Micah Hunter-Chang, violin
David Niethamer, clarinet

Pete Spaar, double bass
Tom Stevens, viola
Hannah Sullivan, violin
Rachel Velvikis, French horn
Susan Via, violin