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# Gian Carlo Menotti's The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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**SCHOLA CANTORUM  
UNIVERSITY DANCERS  
ENSEMBLE AD HOC**

Gian Carlo Menotti's

*The Unicorn, The Gorgon and The Manticore*

Joseph Flummerfelt, guest conductor

Jeffrey Riehl, artistic director

Anne van Gelder and Darby Harris, choreography

*and in concert*

**WOMEN'S CHORALE**

David Pedersen, conductor

Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

**Friday, April 6, 2012**

**7:30 p.m.**

**Camp Concert Hall  
Booker Hall of Music**



# Program

## I

### WOMEN'S CHORALE

David Pedersen, conductor

Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

#### Cantate Domino

Guy Forbes

Cantate Domino canticum novum,

Sing to the Lord a new song,

Cantate Domino omnis terra.

Sing to the Lord all the earth.

Cantate Domino et benedicite nomini ejus.

Sing to the Lord and bless his name.

This setting of Psalm 96 is a musical outpouring of joy with Latin and English texts. The challenging texture of the piece features extensive sectional *divisi*, colorful chords and rapidly changing meters and keys. Guy Forbes chairs the music education department at Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois, and he conducts the Chamber Chorale and Madrigal Singers.

#### Tota pulchra es

Maurice Duruflé

(1902-1986)

Tota pulchra es, Maria

You are all beauty, O Mary.

et macula originalis non est in te.

and the original stain [of sin] is not in thee.

Vestimentum tuum candidum quasi nix,

Your clothing is as white as the snow,

et facies tua sicut sol.

and your face is like the sun.

Tu gloria Jerusalem,

You are the glory of Jerusalem,

tu laetitia Israel,

you are the joy of Israel,

tu honorificentia populi nostri.

you are the honor of our people.

Duruflé had a lifelong fascination with Gregorian Chant and he incorporated plainchant melodies and rhythms extensively in his compositions. He began to learn about the chant repertoire as a choirboy in the Rouen Cathedral and as a student under the great organist and composer Charles Tournemire. At the Paris Conservatory he won several prizes and he went on to become the assistant of Louis Vierne, another renowned organist and composer. Duruflé taught at the Paris Conservatory from 1943 until 1970. *Tota pulchra es*, for women's voices, is the second of Duruflé's four motets based on Gregorian melodies. The piece incorporates the texts and melodies of three Vespers antiphons from of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The texts are from the Song of Songs and the Book of Judith.



Please silence cell phones, digital watches, and paging devices before the concert.

## It Was a Lover and His Lass

John Rutter  
(b. 1945)

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a-ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a-ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

—Shakespeare

The text of this piece is sung by two servants in Act V, Scene III of Shakespeare's comedy *As You Like It*, in anticipation of the weddings about to take place at the end of the play. In this humorous, light-hearted scene, the servants are proud of their singing but the cynical clown, Touchstone, complains that they have poor voices and a lack of taste. This song is one of five *Birthday Madrigals* Rutter composed using texts from the madrigal era. The collection was a 75th birthday present for Rutter's friend, the great jazz pianist George Shearing.

## I'll Give My Love an Apple

arr. Eleanor Daley  
(b. 1955)

I'll give my love an apple without any core;  
I'll give my love a dwelling without any door;  
I'll give my love a palace, wherein she might be,  
That she might unlock it without any key.

My head is an apple without any core;  
My mind is a dwelling without any door;  
My heart is a palace wherein she might be,  
That she can unlock it without any key.

How can there be an apple without any core?  
How can there be a dwelling without any door?  
How can there be a palace wherein she might be,  
That she might unlock it without any key?

This folk song from Nova Scotia is a Canadian version of an old "riddle song" whose origins date to the 15th century. The listener is challenged to figure out what the cryptic verses mean and the final verse explains the imagery and symbols. Eleanor Daley is a Canadian composer and organist who leads the music program at Fairlawn Avenue United Church in Toronto, Ontario.

## Lord, Make Me an Instrument

(text attributed to St. Francis of Assisi and the Vedas)

Jonathan Willcocks

(b. 1953)

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace;  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love;  
Where there is injury, pardon;  
Where there is discord, may there be union;  
Where there is doubt, faith;  
Where there is despair, let there be hope;  
Where there is darkness, light;  
Where there is sadness, may there be joy!

May we all be in peace,  
Peace, and only peace,  
And may that peace come unto each of us

This anthem is the fifth movement of *Lux Perpetua*, a large work for chorus and orchestra written by English composer Jonathan Willcocks. The texts of *Lux Perpetua* are drawn from a variety of sources that reflect on the futility of conflict and the joy of peace and unity. "Lord, Make Me an Instrument" combines the well known prayer attributed to St. Francis with a Hindu peace mantra from the ancient Sanskrit spiritual writings called the Vedas.

## Muíé Rendêra

arr. C.A. Pinto Fonseca

(1933-2006)

Olê, muíé rendêra,  
olê, muíé renda,  
tu me ensina a fazê rendá,  
que eu te ensino a namorá.

Virgulino é Lampeão.  
É Lampa, é Lampa, é Lampa,  
é Lampeão.

O seu nome é Virgulino  
o apelido é Lampeão.

As moça de vila bela,  
Não tem outra o cupação  
So que fica naja nela o lampeão

Hey, landlord lady  
Hey, rent lady,  
You teach me how to be a landlord,  
And I will teach you how to love!

Virgulino is the Muzzle Flash  
His name is Virgulino  
His nickname is Muzzle Flash.

The girls in the village  
have no occupation,  
They lean out of the window  
And flirt with Virgulino.

—Transl. Dixon Abreu

Fonseca's *Muíé Rendêra* combines the two folksongs *Olê, Muíé Rendêra* and *É Lampa, é Lampa, é Lampeão* from his native Northern Brazil in this joyful arrangement. Rhythms from the *baião* dance and vocal percussion sounds are common features of folk songs from this region and the piece is sung in a Portuguese dialect. Virgulino was a colorful historical figure in early 20th-century Northeast Brazil. After his father was killed in a feud, Virgulino sought vengeance and became a notorious bandit. His reputation changed, however, after he was captured and gunned down by the police. Virgulino then became a celebrated folk hero remembered as a kind of Robin Hood. His legendary exploits are widely commemorated in stories, music, movies and soap operas. C.A. Pinto Fonseca was an internationally acclaimed composer and conductor from the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais.

## II

SCHOLA CANTORUM  
UNIVERSITY DANCERS  
ENSEMBLE AD HOC

Joseph Flummerfelt, conductor

Jeffrey Riehl, artistic director

Anne van Gelder & Darby Harris, choreography

**The Unicorn, The Gorgon and The Manticore** Gian Carlo Menotti  
or *The Three Sundays of a Poet* (1911-2007)

### Introduction

There once lived a Man in a Castle, and a strange man was he.  
He shunned the Countess' parties; he yawned at town meetings;  
he would not let the doctor take his pulse; he did not go to church on Sundays.  
Oh what a strange man is the Man in the Castle!

### Interlude I (*The Dance of the Man in the Castle*)

#### First Madrigal

Ev'ry Sunday afternoon, soft winds fanning the fading sun,  
all the respectable folk went out walking slowly on the pink promenade by the  
sea.  
Proud husbands velvety-plump, with embroider'd silk-pale ladies.  
At four o'clock they all greeted each other; They spoke ill of each other at six:

#### *Women*

"How d'you do?" "Very well, thank you."  
"Have you heard?" "Pray, do tell me."  
"Tcha tcha tcha tcha tcha ra tcha ra tcha..."  
"How funny, how amusing, how odd! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"  
"How well you look!" "How pretty your dress!"  
"Thank you." "Thank you." "Good-bye." "Good-bye."  
"Isn't she a gossip!" "Isn't she a fright!"

#### *Men*

"How d'you do?" "Very well, thank you."  
"What do you think of this and that?"  
"In my humble opinion: Bla bla bla bla la la la bla..."  
"How profound, how clever, how true! Only you could understand me."  
"Thank you." "Thank you." "Good-bye." "Good-bye."  
"Oh, what a pompous ass!" "Oh, what a fool!"

### Interlude II (*The Promenade*)

## **Second Madrigal** (*Enter the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn*)

One Sunday afternoon the proud Man in the Castle joined the crowd in the promenade by the sea.

He walked slowly down the quay leading by a silver chain a captive unicorn. The townsfolk stopped to stare at the ill-assorted pair.

Thinking the man insane some laughed with pity, some laughed with scorn:

"What a scandalous sight to see a grown-up man  
promenade a unicorn in plain daylight all through the city"

"If one can stroke the cat and kick the dog;

if one can pluck the peacock and flee the bee;

if one can ride the horse and hook the hog;

if one can tempt the mouse and swat the fly,

Why, why would a man both rich and well-born raise a unicorn?"

"If one can strike the boar with the spear and pierce the lark with an arrow;

if one can hunt the fox and the deer,

and net the butterfly and eat the sparrow;

if one can bid the falcon fly and let the robin die;

Why, why would a man both rich and well-born raise a unicorn?"

"If one can skin the mole and crush the snake;

if one can tame the swan on the lake and harpoon the dolphin in the sea;

if one can chain the bear and train the flea;

if one can sport with the monkey and chatter with the magpie,

Why, why would a man both rich and well-born raise a unicorn?"

## **Introduction to the Third Madrigal**

### **Third Madrigal** (*Dance of the Man in the Castle and the Unicorn*)

Jennimarie Swegan, *soprano*

Elizabeth Homan, *soprano*

Ellen Broen, *mezzo-soprano*

Unicorn, my swift and leaping Unicorn,

Keep pace with me, stay close to me, don't run astray, my gentle rover.

Beware of the virgin sleeping under the lemon tree, her hair adrift among the clover.

She hides a net under her petticoat, and silver chains around her hips,

and if you kiss her lips the hidden hunter will pierce your throat.

Unicorn, beware!

Her crimson lips are hard as coral and her white thighs are only a snare.

For you who likes to roam, a kiss is poisoned food;

Much sweeter fare is the green laurel; much safer home is the dark wood.

### **Fourth Madrigal** (*The Count and the Countess*)

#### **Count**

"Why are you sad, my darling?

What shall I buy to make you smile again?

Velvets from Venice, furs from Tatar or dwarfs from Spain?"

#### **Countess**

"Why was I ever born? Ah, my husband dear!

I fear that you cannot afford to calm my sorrow.

Why was I ever born if I must go through life without a Unicorn!

Ah, my master, my lord!"

**Count**

"Ah, dry your tears, my pet, my wife.  
Whether I swim or fly, whether I steal or borrow.  
I swear that you will own a Unicorn tomorrow."

**Interlude III** (*As the Count and Countess appear with a Unicorn, the Townsfolk stare at them in surprise. Soon everyone in town imitates them until every respectable couple is seen promenading with its own Unicorn.*)

**Fifth Madrigal** (*Enter the Man in the Castle with the Gorgon*)

Behold the Gorgon stately and proud.  
His eyes transfixed but not unaware of the envious stare of the common crowd.  
Behold the Gorgon tall, big and loud.  
He does not see the smiling enemy.  
He does not pause to acknowledge the racket of the critical cricket  
nor to confute the know-how of the sententious cow.  
He slowly sarabands down the street ignoring the hunter but mixing with the elite.  
Fearless and wild, his wings widespread.  
He fascinates the maiden and frightens the child.

**Sixth Madrigal** (*The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle*)

**Townsfolk**

"And what is that? A Bloody-Nun, a were-wolf?"

**Man**

"This is a Gorgon."

**Townsfolk**

"And what did you do with the Unicorn, please?"

**Man**

"He only liked to gambol and tease.  
I quickly grew tired of the fun,  
So I peppered and grilled him."

**Townsfolk**

"Do you mean?"

**Man**

"Yes, I killed him."

**Townsfolk**

"Oh but the man must be out of his mind.  
How ungrateful of him to willfully destroy the pretty Unicorn so gentle and coy,  
and had he found something prettier at least, but look at the Gorgon the horrible  
beast."  
Wicked is Man,  
Patient is God,  
All He gives Man to enjoy  
Man will destroy.  
Banish all sleep, weep for the dead.  
Cover my head with a black veil.  
Muffle the horn and the lute, silence the nightingale.  
For the Unicorn, slain by Man, will not leap ever again.

**Seventh Madrigal** (*The Count and the Countess. The latter has secretly poisoned her Unicorn*)

**Count**

"Why are you sad, my darling?  
Gone is the swallow from your limpid eyes,  
Gone is the silver from your clarion voice."

**Countess**

"Ah, my Unicorn.  
Whether he grazed on mandrake or hellebore or only caught a chill  
I very much fear, my Unicorn is done for, he is so very ill."

**Count**

"Do not grieve, my dear,  
once he's dead and gone we shall buy a younger one."

**Countess**

"Ah, my Unicorn, no younger one can take his place.  
Besides they have grown too commonplace.  
The Mayor's wife has one, so does the doctor's wife.  
Now that my Unicorn is gone I want a Gorgon."

**Count**

A Gorgon! Ha, God forbid!"

**Countess**

"Ah, you no longer love me. You must love another.  
Ah me, that's clear: I must go back to mother."

**Count**

"Bon voyage, my dear."

**Countess**

"Ah, abandoned and betrayed, I shall take the veil and die a nun."

**Count**

"Why not an abbess? I couldn't care less."

**Countess**

"Think of our son who has done no wrong."

**Count**

"The little monster, take him along."

**Countess** (*crying*)

"Ho, ho, Oh! No! Not that, I pray, not that, I pray!"

**Count**

"Calm yourself, my dear. I shall find a Gorgon this very day."

**Interlude IV** (*As the Count and the Countess appear at a picnic with a Gorgon, the Townsfolk stare at them in great surprise. Soon all the Unicorns in town are killed, and every respectable couple is now seen promenading a Gorgon.*)

**Eighth Madrigal** (*Enter the Man in the Castle with the Manticore*)

Do not caress the lonely Manticore. Do not unless your hand is gloved.  
Feeling betrayed, feeling unloved, so lost he is in cabalistic dreams  
he often bites the hand he really meant to kiss.  
Although he's almost blind and very, very shy and says he loves mankind.  
His glistening back whenever tapped will quickly raise its piercing quills.  
How often as if in jest inadvertently he kills the people he loves best.

Afraid of love he hides in secret lairs and feeds on herbs more bitter than the aloe.  
Fleeing the envious, the curious and the shallow, he keeps under his pillow  
a parchment he thinks contains Solomon's seal and will restore his sight.  
And late at night he battles with the Sphinx.

**Ninth Madrigal** (*The Townsfolk and the Man in the Castle*)

**Townsfolk**

"And who is that? Methuselah or Beelzebub?"

**Man**

"This is the Manticore."

**Townsfolk**

"And what of the Gorgon? How is he these days?"

**Man**

"He was so proud and pompous and loud I quickly grew tired of his ways.  
First I warned him and then I caged him. Fin'ly he died."

**Townsfolk**

"He died? of what?"

**Man**

"Of murder."

**Townsfolk**

"Oh, but the man must be out of his mind.

How ungrateful of him, to slaughter in a cage the gorgeous Gorgon, the pride of  
his age.

Had he found something prettier at least, but this Manticore is a horrible beast."

**Interlude V** (*The Countess secretly stabs her Gorgon.*)

**Tenth Madrigal** (*The Count and the Countess*)

**Count**

"Why are you sad, my darling?"

**Countess**

"Why are you sad, my darling? I like that, I like that!  
Are you drunk, are you asleep, or just blind?"

**Count**

"I must be all three for I dreamt you were charming and kind."

**Countess**

"I dare say, with the exception of you,  
the whole town is aware of my terrible plight.  
My Gorgon is lost, my Gorgon, my Gorgon is hopelessly lost!"

**Count**

"Hardly a reason to weep.

I can now get you a dozen at half his original price."

**Countess**

"How dare you suggest such a thing.  
You have no intuition or sense, you are vulgar and dense."

**Count**

"I bow to your eloquence, but what have I said?"

**Countess**

"Do you expect me to keep and pamper and feed a breed that is common and  
cheap?"

**Count**

"I shall say no more."

**Countess**

"Not even to offer me a Manticore."

**Count**

"A Manticore? That ghost, that golem, that ghoul in my house! Never!"

**Countess**

"You are a fool!"

**Count**

"I married you!"

**Countess**

"You are a mule!"

**Count**

"You are a shrew!"

**Countess**

"How dare you, Oh, I faint."

**Count**

"(Oh what a wife have I, Medusa she is and Xantippe, still she must share my bed, I wish I were dead.)"

**Countess**

"Saying something?"

**Count**

"Oh nothing."

**Countess**

"May I then have my Manticore?"

**Count**

"Don't be a bore."

**Countess**

"Oh, why did I marry a count of no account, since I could have married a duke or a prince."

**Count**

"(Because they were clever and I was a fool.)"

**Countess**

"Saying something?"

**Count**

"Oh nothing!"

**Countess**

"I heard you." *she slaps him*

**Count**

"(Oh what a wife have I, Medusa she is and Xantippe, Oh what a wife have I, I wish she would die.)"

**Countess**

"Do you still refuse?"

**Count**

"You are much too convincing and forceful and deft."

**Countess**

"I knew we would finally see eye to eye."

**Count**

"Yes, the one eye I have left."

**Interlude VI** (*As the Count and the Countess appear with the Manticore, the Townsfolk stare at them in great surprise. Soon all the Gorgons are killed, and every respectable couple is now seen promenading a Manticore.*)

**Eleventh Madrigal** (*The Townsfolk*)

Have you noticed the Man in the Castle is seen no more  
Walking on Sundays his Manticore.  
I have a suspicion. Do you suppose? Do you? The Manticore too?  
We must form a committee to stop all these crimes.  
We should arrest him, we should splice his tongue and triturate his bones.  
He should be tortured with water and fire, with pulleys and stones  
(He should be put on the rack, on the wheel, on the stake.)  
in molten lead, in the Iron Maiden.  
Let us all go to explore the inner courts of the Castle  
and find out what he has done with the rare Manticore.

**The March to the Castle** (*The Townsfolk*)

Slow, much too slow, is the judgment of God.  
Quick is the thief. Speedy architect of perfect labyrinths the sinner.  
But God's law works in time and time has one flaw: it is unfashionably slow.  
We, the few, the elect, must take things in our hands.  
We must judge those who live and condemn those who love.  
All passion is uncivil. All candor is suspect.  
We detest all, except, what by fashion is blest.  
And forever and ever, whether evil or good, we shall respect what seems clever.  
(*As they enter the castle the Townsfolk discover the Man in the Castle dying.*)  
"Oh!"

**Twelfth Madrigal** (*The Man in the Castle on his death bed, surrounded by the Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore.*)

Oh foolish people who feign to feel what other men have suffered.  
You, not I, are the indifferent killers of the poet's dreams.  
How could I destroy the pain wrought children of my fancy?  
What would my life have been without their faithful and harmonious company?  
Unicorn, My youthful foolish Unicorn, please do not hide, come close to me.  
And you, my Gorgon, behind whose splendor I hid the doubts of my midday, you,  
too, stand by.  
And here is my shy and lonely Manticore, who gracefully leads me to my grave.  
Farewell. Equally well I loved you all.  
Although the world may not suspect it, all remains intact within the Poet's heart.  
Farewell. Not even death I fear as in your arms I die.  
Farewell.

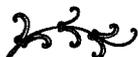


Artists recording of John Adams' *On the Transmigration of Souls* was awarded three Grammys. Earlier he was nominated for the Westminster Choir's recording of Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, and Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette* with Riccardo Muti and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Among the many recordings he has made with the Westminster Choir, his recent Delos recording of Brahms' choral works (*Singing for Pleasure*) was chosen by *The New York Times* as a favorite among all existing Brahms recordings. His 2004 recording with the choir, *Heaven to Earth*, has received high critical acclaim.

Widely known as a master teacher, Maestro Flummerfelt has long worked with both gifted students and established professionals in his classes and rehearsals at Westminster Choir College and in master classes in the United States and around the world. One of the consistent results of his passion for choral/orchestral music is the student-composed Westminster Symphonic Choir, an ensemble continually praised for its power of expression, colorful nuance, robust rhythmic intensity and elegant balance.

For 33 years, Joseph Flummerfelt served as artistic director and principal conductor of Westminster Choir College of Rider University in Princeton, New Jersey. He has been Director of Choral Activities for the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. in Charleston, South Carolina, since 1977 and for 23 years was the *maestro del coro* for the Festival dei Due Mondi in Spoleto, Italy. He is chorus master for the New York Philharmonic, the founder and conductor of the New York Choral Artists, and former music director of Singing City in Philadelphia. In 1971, Maestro Flummerfelt began his choral collaboration with New York Philharmonic. From 1979 to 2001 both his Westminster Choir and New York Choral Artists were responsible for all of that orchestra's choral performances. Though retired from Westminster Choir College since 2004, Flummerfelt continues to oversee the choral life of the New York Philharmonic through the New York Choral Artists' regular appearances with the orchestra.

In addition to his Grammy awards and nominations, Maestro Flummerfelt's many honors include *Le Prix du President de la Republique* from L'Academie du Disque Francais and four honorary doctoral degrees. Maestro Flummerfelt is the University of Richmond's 2012 Neumann Lecturer in Music.



## DANCERS/ACTORS

Camden Cantwell, the Man in the Castle  
Maggie McGrann, the Countess  
Victoria Petrulla, the Count  
Meagan Rodriguez, the Unicorn  
Tosin Olufolabi, the Gorgon  
Caroline Merritt, the Manticore  
Emily Pittenger, Townsperson  
Calvin Hogg, Townsperson

## ENSEMBLE AD HOC

Jennifer Debiec Lawson, flute; Associate Principal, RSO; UR Instructor  
Gustav Highstein, oboe; Principal, RSO; UR Instructor  
Jared Davis, clarinet; Assistant Principal, RSO  
Martin Gordon, bassoon; Acting Principal, RSO  
Jason McComb, cello; Assistant Principal, RSO; UR Instructor  
Fred Dole, string bass; RSO  
Brian Strawley, trumpet; Assistant Principal, RSO  
Anastasia Jellison, harp; UR Instructor  
Ray Breakall, percussion; UR Staff

*RSO: Richmond Symphony Orchestra*

## COSTUMES

Johann Stegmeier, designer; Assistant Professor  
Heather Hogg, UR Costume Shop Supervisor  
Department of Theatre and Dance Costume Shop  
Tamara Cobus  
Heather Hogg's Fundamentals of Stage Make-Up Class  
Washington National Opera

## SCHOLA CANTORUM

Dr. Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

### *Sopranos*

Nancy Angelica '12  
Mariah Gruner '13  
Christine Godinez '14  
Hannah Jacobsen '15  
Aubrey James '14  
Carolina Malavé '14  
Frances Sisson '13  
Jennimarie Swegan '15  
Torrrie Williams '13

### *Altos*

Farren Billue '12  
Ellen Broen '12  
Austin Carter '13  
Elizabeth Homan '12  
Taylyn Hulse '13  
Michelle Nye '13  
Gwen Setterberg '15

### *Tenors*

Chase Brightwell '15  
Alfred Califano '15  
Christopher Dolci '12  
Robert Emmerich '12  
Kelly Kurz '14  
Patrick Murphy '14  
Ryan Papera '13  
Evan Raborn '12  
Nathan Riehl '12  
Jackson Taylor '14

### *Basses*

Samuel Abrahams '14  
William Buckley '14  
Nunzio Cicone '15  
Jared Feinman '14  
Joseph Gribb '13  
Patrick Jones '12  
Alex Krone '15  
David Pedersen\*  
Samuel Raab '14  
Timothy Wiles '12

*\*guest artist*

## UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORALE

Mr. David Pedersen, conductor

Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

### *Sopranos*

Whitney Cavin  
Rianna DiBartolo-  
Cordovano  
Kelsey Donner  
Sarah Fagan  
Brittany Given  
Natalie Hinshelwood  
Scheherazade Khan  
Alison Linas  
\*Harlean Owens  
Whitney Paul  
Ashley Ryan  
Natalie Salim  
\*Sharon Scinicariello

### *Altos*

Kristal Cheung  
\*Anna Creech  
Grace Dawson  
Kaitlyn DeLong  
Taylor Golub  
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