

10-30-2016

Schola Cantorum and Women's Chorale

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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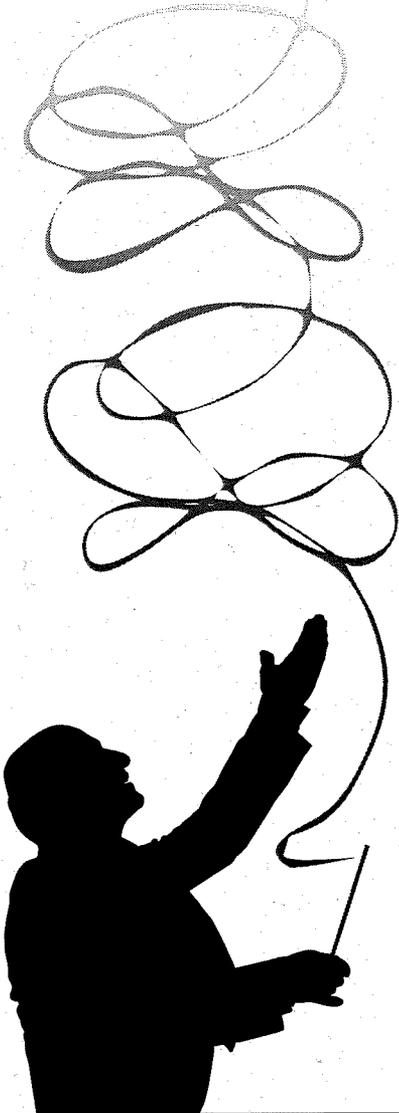
Free Music Concert Series

The Department of Music
Presents in Concert

**Schola Cantorum
and Women's Chorale**

Sunday, October 30, 2016
3:00 p.m.

Camp Concert Hall,
Booker Hall of Music



MUSIC.RICHMOND.EDU

Women's Chorale

David Pedersen, conductor

Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

Crossing the Bar

Gwyneth Walker
(b. 1947)

Gwyneth Walker was a professor of composition at Oberlin College Conservatory until she resigned in 1982 to pursue a full-time career as a composer. She lives on a dairy farm in Vermont and composes works for chorus, band, orchestra and chamber ensembles. "Crossing the Bar" portrays images of the sea, waves, and tolling bells. The "bar" is a sandbar barrier that separates the harbor from the open sea. The nautical metaphors represent the spiritual movement of one's "final voyage" out to meet the "Pilot, face to face" at the end of one's earthly life. Tennyson wrote the poem after suffering from a severe illness at sea and he requested that this poem be printed last in collections of his works.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For thought from out our bourne of Time and Place
The Flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

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

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen (from *Frauenliebe und -leben*)

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Arr. Thea Engelson

In 1840 Schumann composed his song cycle *Frauenliebe und -leben* using the poetry of Adelbert von Chamisso. "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen" is the second song out of eight in the set. The poems in the cycle describe the stages of a woman's love for her man, from meeting him for the first time, to getting married, and later grieving his death. Originally the music was scored for solo voice and piano. The arrangement presented here was composed by Thea Engelson so that choral singers would have the opportunity to study and appreciate this highly expressive work.

*Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.*

He, the most magnificent of all,
So gentle, so good.
Sweet lips, clear eyes
Brilliant mind and steady courage.

*So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.*

So as above in the blue depths
Bright and glorious, that star
He is also in my heaven
Bright and glorious, majestic and distant.

*Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!*

Wander, wander your course
Only let me behold your radiance
Only in humility to gaze upon it
In bliss and in sorrow.

*Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!*

Hear not my silent prayers
Devoted only to your happiness,
A humble maid you may not know,
High star of glory.

*Nur die Würdigste von Allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Segnen viele tausendmal.*

Only the worthiest of all
May delight in your choice
And I will bless the exalted one
Many thousand times.

*Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?*

I will then rejoice and weep
Blessed, blessed will I then be.
Should my heart also break
Break, o heart, what does it matter?

(Adelbert von Chamisso)

(tr. Thea Engelson)

Continued...

Nigra sum

Pablo Casals
(1876-1973)

Pablo Casals was arguably the finest cellist of the first half of the twentieth century. A native of Catalonia, he learned to play several instruments when he was a boy. At age 13, he found a copy of the six cello suites of J.S. Bach and practiced them daily for over a decade before he would perform them in public. He began to play many recitals and received international acclaim as a young man. He toured extensively around the world and enjoyed great longevity as a performer. Casals conducted his final concert shortly before his death at the age of 96. He also wrote many compositions during his long career, including this very moving setting of texts taken from the biblical Song of Songs.

*Nigra sum, sed formosa, filiae
Jerusalem. Ideo dilexit me Rex, et
introduxit me in cubiculum suum et
dixit mihi: Surge, amica mea, et veni.
Jam hiems transiit, imber abiit et
recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terrat
nostra, tempus putationis ad venit.
Alleluia.*

I am black but comely, daughters of
Jerusalem. Therefore, the King delighted
in me, and brought me into his chamber
and said unto me: Arise my love and
come. For lo, the winter is past, the rain
is over and gone. The flowers appear on
the earth, the time of pruning is come.
Alleluia

(Song of Songs 1-2)

I Arise Today

Matthew Emery
(b. 1991)

Canadian composer Matthew Emery wrote this piece using Celtic rhythmic and harmonic figures which are carefully combined and layered in different ways, creating a colorful set of variations on a few simple melodic ideas. The text is a paraphrase of the devotional prayer known as "St. Patrick's Breastplate."

I arise today,
Thru' the strength of heaven,
The light of the sun,
The radiance of the moon,
The splendor of fire,
The speed of lightning,
The swiftness of the wind
The depth of the sea,
The stability of the earth,
The firmness of the rock.

(Based on St. Patrick.)

Rachel Lantz, flute

Birds of Passage

Tara Traxler
(b. 1993)

Longfellow published "Birds of Passage" in 1858, as part of a collection of poems called *The Seaside and the Fireside*. Tara Traxler cleverly set his text in a folksong style with lush four-part chords, close harmonies, and numerous changes of meter and tempo. In two sections of the piece, the singers speak short phrases at random in different languages with increasing or decreasing volume in order to create the sound effect of birds flying overhead.

Black shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky;
And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.
And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage
Wing their flight.
I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.
I hear the cry
Of their voices high

Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.
O, say not so!
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.
They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
The sound of winged words.
This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime,
From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Universal Song

Traditional Shaker Song
Arr. Daniel Hall

The first few stanzas of this energetic arrangement are taken from "Festive Song," a Shaker song published in 1894. Arranger Daniel Hall decided to add additional stanzas from another Shaker song, "Gentle Deeds," to round out the setting. The piece begins with a simple, unison texture that gradually develops into increasingly exuberant variations which include sudden meter changes and seven-part chords.

Continued...

Praise, rejoicing and thanksgiving,
Is the glory of our song!
While the angels from above us,
Waft the blessed strain along;

'Tis for promised joys unmeasured,
For delights that ne'er will wane,
For the rapture pure before us,
And the hope of holy gain.

We will swell the gladsome chorus,
Till bright hosts around us throng,
And with harps of sweetest music,
Join our universal song.

May the joy our feelings cherish,
Thrill a chord in every heart!
While the secret streams outflowing,
Shall an answer true impart:

And we call on all to join us,
In our joyous festive song!
While the waves of life dance merry,
And the heart is glad and strong!

Sopranos

Olivia Coffey
Claire Comey
Han Gao
Emma Johansson
Sarah Kwon
Kathryn Lynch
Rose McKenna
Sara Messervey
Hannah Mills
McKenzie Ragan
Abby Sanchez
Sharon Scinicariello*
Julia Siewert
Alana Wiljanen

Yea we'll swell the gladsome chorus,
Full, unbroken, rich and strong;
Till it floats and flies around us,
This our universal song.

O, it is a blessed haven,
Where no blighted pow'rs remain;
Where unholy strife is banish'd
And pure love our souls enchain.

Here in union we are leaving
All the glit'ring dust of earth;
Seeking only the immortal,
Which will give us angel birth.

We will swell the gladsome chorus,
Till bright hosts around us throng,
And with harps of sweetest music,
Join our universal song.

Amen, Alleluia, Amen

Altos

Qwyen Austin
Adriana Barranco
Anna Creech*
Lydia Dubois
Leslie Gaines
Shanna Gerlach
Michelle Mai
Yi Meng
Lillie Mucha
Anna Takashima
Emy Wang

* University of Richmond Faculty/Staff

Schola Cantorum

Dr. Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

Four Slovak Folksongs

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

I. Zadala mamka

*Zadala mamka, zadala dcéru
Daleko od sebe,
Zakazala jej, prikázala jej:
Nechod' dcéro ku mne!*

A mother sent her young daughter
to a far-off and unfamiliar land.
Sternly she told her to follow her husband
and never to return home.

*Ja sa, udelám ptáčkom jarabým,
Poletím k mamičke.
A sadnem sitam na zahradečku,
Na bielu laliju.*

"I will change into a mockingbird
and fly back to my mother," the daughter said;
"there I will wait perched in her garden
on a white lily's stem."

*Vyjde mamička: čotoza ptáčka,
čo tak smutne spieva?
Ej, hešu, ptačku jaraby,
Nelámaj laliju!*

"Who is this mockingbird," asked the mother;
"Its song is strange and sad.
Go away little mockingbird,
from my white lily's stem."

*Ta daly ste mňa za chlapa zlého
Do kraja cudzieho;
Veru mne je zle, mamička milá,
So zlým mužom byti.*

"My mother has sent me back
to a bad husband in a far-off land.
It is hard to suffer the bitterness
In such an ill-mated match."

II. Naholi, naholi

*Na holi, na holi,
Na tej ši ročine
Ved' som sa vyspala,
Ako na perine.*

Where the Alps soar so freely
and the flowering vale is bright:
there is no softer bed in the world
on which to rest.

*Už sme pohrabaly,
Čo budeme robit'?
S vršku do doliny
Budeme sa vodit'.*

We've done the day's work
and filled the barn with hay.
Now the night comes,
so let us turn peacefully home.

Continued...

III. Rada pila, rada jedla

*Rada pila, rada jedla
Rada tancovala,
Rada tancovala,
Rada tancovala,*

*Ani si len tú kytličku
Neobranclovala,
Neobranclovala,
Neobranclovala,*

*Nedala si štri groše
Ako som ja dala,
Ako som ja dala,
Ako som ja dala,*

*Žeby si ty tancovala,
A ja žeby stála,
A ja žeby stála,
A ja žeby stála*

IV. Gajdujte, gajdence

*Gajdujte, gajdence,
Pôjde-me k frajerce!
Ej gajdujte vesele,
Ej, že pôjdeme sme!*

*Zagajduj gajdoše!
Ešte mám dva groše:
Ej, jeden gajdošovi,
A druhý krčmárovi.*

*To bola kozička,
Čo predok vodila,
Ej, ale už nebude,
Ej nôžky si zlomi.*

Food and drink are the only pleasures,
and to dance all night,
and to dance all night,
and to dance all night.

Working with pins and needles
is not fun,
is not fun,
is not fun.

I've paid the bagpiper four coins,
foolishly paid,
foolishly paid,
foolishly paid,

so that you may dance with others
while I stand alone,
while I stand alone,
while I stand alone.

The bagpipes are playing
and pairs are dancing!
Pipers play until all collapse,
Until our hearts and heels are content.

Play on and let live
as long as the money lasts.
Tavern keeper, a few coins for you.
Musician, a few coins for you too.

Once a goat was roaming the hillside,
but now his skin is making music!
The goat is no longer roaming,
but now the bagpipe can play on.

Richte mich, Gott (from *Drei Psalmen*, Op. 78)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Richte mich, Gott, und führe meine Sache wider das unheilige Volk und errette mich von den falschen und bösen Leuten. Denn du bist der Gott meiner Stärke; Warum verstößest du mich? Warum lässest du mich so traurig geh'n, wenn mein Feind mich drängt? Sende dein Licht und deine Wahrheit, daß sie mich leiten zu deinem heiligen Berge, und zu deiner Wohnung. Daß ich hineingehe zum Altar Gottes, zu dem Gott, der meine Freude und Wonne ist, und dir, Gott, auf der Harfe danke, mein Gott. Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele, und bist so unruhig in mir? Harre auf Gott! Denn ich werde ihm noch danken, daß er meines Angesichts Hülfe, und mein Gott ist.

(Psalm 43; tr. Martin Luther)

Judge me, O God, and fight my cause against the ungodly people; rescue me from the deceitful and impious people. For you, O God, are my strength: why do you keep me so far away? Why must I go about in mourning, with the enemy oppressing me? Send forth your light and your truth, that they shall lead me on and bring me to your holy mountain, to your dwelling place. Then I will go to the altar of God, the God of my gladness and joy; then I will give you thanks upon the harp, my God. Why are you so downcast, o my soul? And why do you sigh within me? Hope in God! Then I will again give him thanks, in the presence of my savior and my God.

(Psalm 43; alt. J. Riehl)

All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Z. Randall Stroope
(b. 1953)

Refrain

All my heart, all this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near, sweetest angel voices,
"Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo."
All the air, and everywhere, "Gloria!"

Come let us both great and small sing "Gloria!"
Hail the star where hope is burning, "Gloria!"
Love, Who with love is yearning, ever yearning,
"Gloria, gloria! Gloria!" *Refrain*

Come and dwell in glory forever and ever.
Far on high in joy that can alter never.
Dwell in the house of Love forever,
ever and ever Gloria! *Refrain*

(adapted from *Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen* by Paul Gerhardt;
tr.. Catherine Winkworth; alt. composer)

Continued...

Three Nocturnes

Daniel Elder
(b. 1986)

I. Ballade to the Moon

On moonlit night I wander free,
my mind to roam on thoughts of thee.
With midnight darkness beckoning
my heart toward mystic fantasy:
Come and dream in me!

How beautiful, this night in June!
And here, upon the velvet dune,
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The path lies dark before my sight,
and yet, my feet with pure delight
trod onward through the blackened vale,
beneath the starry sky so bright.
O share thy light!

III. Lullaby

Lullaby, sing lullaby,
The day is far behind you.
The moon sits high atop the sky,
Now let sweet slumber find you.

Away,

The day is done, and gone the sun
That lit the world so brightly.
The earth's aglow with speckled show
Of twinkling stars so sprightly.

Away,

Where the sunlight is beaming
Through a deep, cloudless blue,
And the treetops are gleaming
With a fresh morning dew;
Where the mountains are shining
At the meadows below,

These woods, their weary wanderer soon
in awe and fearful wonder swoon;
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

And as the darkened hours flee,
my heart beats ever rapidly.
Though heavy hand my eyes with sleep,
my singing soul, it cries to thee:

Come and sing with me!

The twinkling sky casts forth its tune:
O must I leave thy charms so soon?
I weep with joy beneath the moon.

(Daniel Elder)

In a brilliant white lining
Of a new-fallen snow.

Close your eyes, breathe in the night;
A softer bed I'll make you.
The trial is done, all danger gone;
Now let far dreaming take you.

Away,

Where the ocean is lapping at a soft,
pearly shore,
And the swaying palms napping as their
swinging fronds soar.

Now the dark night approaches,
Yet so soft and so mild.
Lullaby, sing lullaby;
Sleep now, my child.

(Daniel Elder)

I've Just Come from the Fountain

Spiritual
Arr. André Thomas

His name's so sweet!
His name's so sweet!

From the fountain, Lord,
I've just come from the fountain.

Sisters, you love Jesus?
Yes, Lord, I do love my Jesus!

Brothers, you love Jesus?
Yes, Lord, I do love my Jesus!

Been drinking, my Lord!
I've been drinking from the fountain.

Victoria Provost, soprano

Sopranos

Kathryn Clikeman
Alexa Fasulo
Erika Gaebel
Alyssa Giannotto
Lillie Izo
Victoria Provost
Sarah Quagliariello
Jacqueline Schimpf
Susie Shepardson
Arielle Siner

Tenors

Eric Bossert
Miles Clikeman
Bryan Daunt
Jack DeAngelis
Jack Dunne
Ryan Foster
Jacob Litt
Jorelle Montes

Altos

Hayley Gray-Hoehn
Britta Loftus
Lauren O'Brien
Nancy Myers
Jessica Sandor
Erin Vidlak

Basses

Christian Berardo
Andy Choi
Nunzio Cicone
Pierre Galloway
Patrick Ndukwe
Brandon Johnson
Zach Perry
Jacob Plott
Alex Seeley
Morgan Simmonds

