

4-8-2001

## University Choir and Schola Cantorum

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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University Choir  
and  
Schola Cantorum

Jeffrey Riehl, conductor



APRIL 8, 2001, 3:00 P.M.  
CAMP CONCERT HALL  
BOOKER HALL OF MUSIC

## Concert Program

### 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)

### Regina coeli, KV 276

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Regina coeli laetare, alleluia:  
Quia quem meruisti portare,  
alleluia, resurrexit sicut dixit,  
alleluia. Ora pro nobis Deum,  
Alleuia.

Queen of heaven, rejoice, alleluia!  
For He whom you were worthy to bear,  
alleluia, has risen as he said,  
alleluia! Pray for us to God,  
alleluia.

Norah-Anne Ellis, soprano  
Joel Thompson, tenor

Lauren Bailey, alto  
Brent Miller, baritone

### Ain'-a That Good News!

Arr. William Dawson  
(1899-1990)

I got a crown up in-a the kingdom,  
Refrain  
Ain'-a that good news!  
I'm a-goin' to lay down this world,  
Goin' a shoulder up-uh my cross,  
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus,  
Ain'-a that good news!

I got a harp up in-a the Kingdom,  
Refrain  
I got a robe up in-a the Kingdom,  
Refrain  
I got a Saviour in-a the Kingdom,  
Refrain

### Take Care of this House (from *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*)

Leonard Bernstein  
(1918-1990)

Take care of this house, keep it from harm.  
If bandits break in, sound the alarm.  
Care for this house, shine it by hand  
and keep it so clean the glow can be seen  
all over the land.

Be careful at night, check all the doors.  
If someone makes off with the dream,  
the dream will be yours.  
Take care of this house, be always on call,  
For this house is the hope of us all.

Selections from West Side Story  
Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Bernstein

*Tonight*  
*I Feel Pretty*  
*Maria*  
*America*  
*One Hand, One Heart*  
*Somewhere*

Marc Salmon, baritone  
Michael Paul, baritone

University Choir  
Jeffrey Riehl, Conductor  
Dreama Lovitt, accompanist

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## PAUSE

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### Chansons

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

#### I. Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,  
S'allait promener au pré,  
Cueillir la pâquerette,  
la jonquille et le muguet.  
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette, Ah!  
Lorgnant ci, là, de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant  
Tout hérissé l'oeil brillant:  
"Hé là! Ma Nicolette,  
Viens-tu pas chez Mère-Grand?"  
A perte d'haleine,  
s'enfuit Nocolette, Ah!  
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,  
Tors, laid puant et ventru.  
"Hé là! Ma Nicolette,  
Veux-tu pas tous ces écus?"  
Vite fut en ses bras,  
bonne Nicolette, Ah!  
Jamais au pré n'est plus-revenue.

Nicolette, at vespers,  
Went roaming in the field,  
Gathering daisies,  
Jonquils and lilies of the valley.  
So frisky, so lively, Ah!  
Glancing here, there, on all sides.

She met a growling old wolf,  
So bristly, his eyes bright:  
"Greetings, my Nicolette!  
Are you going to Grandma's?"  
Running till out of breath,  
Nicolette fled, Ah!  
Losing her white cap and clog shoes.

She met a white-haired lord,  
Bent, ugly, foul-smelling and pot-bellied.  
"Greetings, my Nicolette!  
Wouldn't you like all my wealth?"  
Swiftly she ran into his arms  
Good Nicolette, Ah!  
Never to return to the field.

### III. Ronde

#### **LES VIEILLES:**

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de satyres,  
De centaures, de malins sorciers,  
Des farfadets et des incubes,  
Des ogres, des lutins,  
Des faunes, des follets, des amies,  
Diables, diablots, diabolins,  
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes, des démons,  
Des loups-garous, des elfes, des myrmidons,  
Des enchanteurs et des mages, des stryges,  
Des sylphes, des moines-bourrus, des cyclopes,  
Des djinns, gobelins, korrigans,  
Necromans, kobolds . . . Ah!  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

#### **LES VIEUX:**

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde  
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de faunesses,  
De bacchantes et de males fées,  
Des satyresses, des ogresses,  
Et des babaïagas,  
Des centaures et des diablasses,  
Goules sortent du sabbat,  
Des farfadettes et des démons,  
Des larves, des nymphes, des myrmidones,  
Hamadryades, dryades, naïades,  
Ménades, thyades, follettes, lémures,  
Gnomides, succubes, gorgones, gobelines . . . Ah!  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

#### **LES FILLES/LES GARÇONS:**

N'irois plus au bois d'Ormonde,  
Helas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.  
Il n'y a plus de satyres,  
Plus de nymphes ni de males fées.  
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,  
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,  
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,  
(Plus d'ogresses, non!)  
Diables, diablots, diabolins,  
(De satyresses, non!)  
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes, de démons,  
(Plus de faunesses, non!)  
De loups garous, ni d'elfes, de myrmidons,  
(De centaures, de naïades, de thyades.)  
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages, de stryges,  
De sylphes, de moines-bourrus, de cyclopes,  
(Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades.)  
De djinns, de diabloteaux, d'écrits, d'aegypan,  
(dryads, follettes, lémures.)  
De sylvains, gobelins, korrigans,  
(Gnomides, succubes.)  
Nécromans, kobolds . . . Ah!  
(Gobelins . . .)  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.  
Les malavisées veilles,  
Les malavisés vieux  
Les ont effarouchés—Ah!

#### **OLD WOMEN:**

Do not go into Ormonde Woods,  
Young girls, don't go into the woods:  
They are full of satyrs  
Of centaurs, of wicked sorcerers,  
Of hobgoblins and incubi,  
Of ogres, of imps,  
Of fauns, of spirits, of witches,  
Devils, big devils, little devils,  
Of goat-footed creatures, of gnomes, of demons,  
Of werewolves, of elves, of henchmen,  
Of enchanters and magicians, of ghosts,  
Of sylphs, of renegade monks, of cyclopes,  
Of djinns, goblins, evil sprites,  
Necromancers, poltergeists . . . Oh!  
Do not go into Ormonde Woods.

#### **OLD MEN:**

Do not go into Ormonde Woods  
Young men, don't go into the woods:  
They are full of faunesses,  
Of bacchantes and evil fairies,  
Of satyresses, of ogresses,  
And of baba-yagas,  
Of centaures and she-devils,  
Ghouls released by a witches' sabbath,  
Of she-goblins and she-demons,  
Of ghosts, of nymphs, of henchwomen,  
Hamadryads, dryads, naiads,  
Menads, thyads, spirits, lemurs,  
Gnomettes, succubi, gorgons, She-goblins . . . Oh!  
Do not go into Ormonde Woods.

#### **YOUNG WOMEN/ YOUNG MEN:**

We won't go back into Ormonde Woods,  
Alas! we won't go back into the woods.  
There are no more satyrs,  
No more nymphs or evil fairies.  
No more goblins, no more incubi,  
No more ogres, no imps,  
No fauns, no spirits, no witches,  
(No ogresses, no!)  
Devils, big devils, little devils,  
(No satyresses, no!)  
No goat-footed creatures, no gnomes, no demons,  
(No faunesses, no!)  
No werewolves or elves, no henchmen,  
(No centaures, naiads, thyads.)  
No more enchanters or magicians, no ghosts,  
No sylphs, no renegade monks, no cyclopes,  
(Nor menads, hamadryads.)  
No djinns, no devils, no ghouls, no monsters,  
(Dryads, spirits, lemurs.)  
No forest spirits, goblins, evil sprites,  
(She-gnomes, succubi.)  
Necromancers, poltergeists . . . Oh!  
(She-goblins . . .)  
Do not go into Ormonde Woods.  
Ill-advised old women,  
Ill-advised old men  
Have frightened them all away—Oh!

## Elegischer Gesang

Sanft wie du lebtest  
Hast du vollendet.  
Zu heilig für den Schmerz!  
Kein Auge wein'  
Ob des himmlischen  
Geistes Heimkehr.

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(1770-1827)

Tenderly as you lived  
So have you died.  
Too holy for sorrow!  
No eye can weep  
At the homecoming  
of a heavenly soul.

## Two Slovenian Folk Songs *Sonce ljubjo*

arr. Havko Mihelčič

Sonce ljubo, kaj greš že za goro?  
Pri nas ostani, ne hod zagoro!  
Ko skriješ se nam ti,  
poč sod se nam mreči,  
pride noč temna, odide radost' sa.  
Malo še postoj, mi bomo ti nocoj zapeli,  
oj pesmico sladko.

Dear sun, why are you setting behind the  
hill? Stay with us, do not go behind the hill.  
If you hide, we will be left in the dark.  
The dark night will come and the joy will  
leave us. Stay with us a little while longer.  
We will sing a song for you,  
A sweet song.

## *Pesem s Krasa*

Juan Grbec

Bori dehtijo, njih vonj  
je zdrav in močan,  
in kdor se vrne iz njih samote,  
ta ni več bolan.

The evergreens smell  
healthy and powerful;  
whoever leaves this place will be  
melancholy until they return home.

Zakaj v tej pokrajini kameniti  
je vse lepo in prav,  
biti, živeti, boriti se in biti mlad in zdrav.

The fragrance of the evergreens  
will make you whole again.

## Go for Broke A Comedy for Chorus

Peter Schickele  
(b. 1935)

### I. Prologue

Here's John Q. Public, dropping by, for a nip, after a boring day at work; his wife died a year ago, his boss is a jerk. Here's John Q. Public, dozing off in his chair, after work. He dreams of the happy days he spent with his lovely wife, Lucille; he thinks of the plans they made, the kids they never had, the way she made him gald, the good times and the bad, "the real thing," thinks John Q. Public, "that's what we had;" Here's John Q. Public, waking up, with a yawn, feeling sad, turning on the radio.

Radio voice: And here's the winning number in the two million dollar "Ain't-We-Got-Fun state lottery. The lucky person is the holder of the ticket bearing the number four five, six seven, three five nine.

That's it! That's his! That's my number! That's his number! I've hit the jackpot! He's done it. He's a very wealthy man. He's a very lucky man. He's a very happy man.

Here's John Q. Public, feeling good, feeling great; Here's John Q. Public, feeling grand; Here's John Q. Public feeling fine, feeling loose, feeling hot; Here's John Q. Public, a brand new man.

## II. Taxes

Congratulations! May I have a word with you; I'm from the I. R. S.

Take forty-two percent of the amount you made and divide the first two figures by your age; take a third of a percent of your deductions and subtract from that the square of the minimum wage; take half of the remainder and apply it to the sum of all your debts, and write it on the line below the line where you have listed all your pets; now add it all together and follow the instructions on the top of the thirtieth page; and I think you'll find, by the time you're done, that you will owe me most of what you won: ha ha ha. You think you're through, but just you wait; you are not rought: you still have to pay the state. Take thirty-two percent of the amount you made . . . . You think you're through, and that's a pity, 'cause you're not through: you still have to pay the city. Take twenty-two percent of the amount you made . . . . Well now you're through; don't look glum; it's no surprise that you feel numb; we've walked away with much of your moola and there is really not a heck-uv-a lot that you can doo-wah.

## III. Charity

Congratulations, you've got the power now; think what you can do.

Think how much you have been given, think how little you have done; think how little you have gambled, think how much you have won.

The streets are filled with homeless people, and no one really seems to care; our lakes and oceans are all dying and poison gasses fill the air.

Why should certain people suffer, who, through no fault of their own, are born to lives of endless illness, or face injustice all alone?

All you've been given—what is it for? Why were you chosen, and not the man next door? You have been given more than you can use; now you must help those whom fortune did not choose; too many people struggle in vain—now you can help ease their suffering and pain.

## IV. Kin

Congratulations! You've come a very long way, and so have we!

Well, I'm your wife's third cousin and I have always wanted to run my own business, but I never had the capital, you've got to have capital, I've got a very good idea but I don't have the capital.

Now Alaska is full of people from Texas because of the oil fields, and the ones who can afford it take a plane to get there, but how 'bout the others, how 'bout the ones who have to drive? I wanna open up a taco stand on the Alcan highway, but I don't have the capital, you must admit it's a very good idea, but I don't have the capital.

I'll bet you didn't know that your step-brother's uncle had twins, and the twins had

twins, and I'm one of those other twins' twins, and I'll bet you didn't know that we both married alcoholic gamblers; and they gambled their lives away, but they left us with a mountain of bills to pay . . . please excuse me. We are your relatives, distantly related; we're quite a family, give us half a chance; we've got a talent that cannot be denied: all we wanna do is dance..

## V. Company at the Bar

Hey, big boy, you look a little lonely and you look a little gray; you know you're not the only one who's feeling like the lonely one today, big boy; you're such a cutie pie, you know you really are; you've got the sexiest eyes of anyone in this bar; you look so lonely, can I help in any way? I'll just sit down right here beside you if I may.

Well you're the very fellow I had hoped would come my way; you look so calm 'n' mellow, but I bet you're quite a fellow, whatcha say, big boy? But wait a minute here, you're really in distress; now don;t you tell me the reason, honey, just let me guess: you took your money and you threw it all away, and now you're broke, well babe, I'll see you 'round some day, big boy, what can I say, big boy? (In a tired and ironic tone) Congratulations.

## VI Finale

Here's John Q. Public, at the end of his rope, thinking that everyone's a louse. The bartender says to him, "This one's on the house." Here's John Q. Public, saying, "Thanks, you're a friend, not a louse." Along comes a toothless bum who asks him if he can spare some change; so John digs a quarter out, and then he starts to laugh; "I'll give you what I have," he tells him with a laugh. "It's a strange thing," thinks John Q. Public, "I must be insane; I have just given him the last quarter to my name."

Meanwhile the bartender wtaches with a yawn, feeling low, turning on the radio. (Radio voice) And here's the top news story of this evening. It has been exactly a year since the fatal crash of that Acme Airways jumbo jet in the woods south of town. Now one of the passengers on that flight, missing and long since presumed dead, has been found alive, a victim of amnesia. After a year of living in confused anonymity, a minor fall today restored full memory to Lucy Q. Public, who is in good condition at Mercy Hospital.

That's it! That's her! That's my wife! She's alive! I'm a very lucky man. (He's a very lucky man.) I'm a very happy man. (He's a very happy man.) And here is the moral of the story we have told: Hold out for a happy ending.

Schola Cantorum

Jeffrey Riehl, Conductor

Doris Wylee, Accompanist



# University Choir

## *Sopranos*

Laura Ahlstrom	Charlotte, NC
Catharine Archer	Nassau, Bahamas
Jessica Bigby	Alexandria, VA
Samantha Burnett	Pittsburgh, PA
Emily Carveth	Milford, CT
Alice Chen	Penang, Taiwan
Elyssa Covieo	West Hartford, CT
Andrea DelMonte	Medford, NJ
Norah-Anne Ellis	Concord, MA
Holly Gordon	Rehoboth Beach, DE
Laura Grant	Harrisburg, PA
Bailey Hampton	The Woodlands, TX
Lauren McGovern	Westfield, NJ
Fiona Murphy	Dallas, TX
Christine Norris	Gaithersburg, MD

## *Altos*

Cristina Andreassi	Scarsdale, NY
Sarah Asbell	Clinton, NY
Lauren Bailey	Washington, VA
Kendra Corey	Chautauqua, NY
Lauren Davis	Marietta, GA
Abby Doolittle	Trenton, NJ
Amy Hopler	Long Valley, NJ
Eva Husek	Wyckoff, NJ
Jill Jackson	Warren, PA
Denise Olivieri	Virginia Beach, VA
Christina Petry	Lebanon, PA
Becky Pinkham	Bethesda, MD
Christina Rasch	Costa Mesa, CA
Laurie Rhoads	Hershey, PA
Donelle Robinson	Brentwood, TN
Erin Sharp	Floyd, VA
Alison Stuart	Plainsboro, NJ
Sarah Trimble	Hampton, VA

### ***Tenors***

Jeremy Dunn ..... Strasburg, PA  
Randy Resnik ..... Reisterstown, MD  
Marc Salmon ..... Bowie, MD

### ***Basses***

Wait Aumann ..... Baltimore, MD  
Phil Italiano ..... Mt. Laurel, NJ  
Taylor Madison ..... Bozeman, MT  
Patrick Okas ..... Massapequa, NY  
Michael Paul ..... Rochester, NY  
Daniel Sheibley ..... Spring City, PA  
Christopher Snyder ..... Haveford, PA

### ***University Choir Officers:***

Christopher Snyder ..... President  
Marc Salmon ..... Vice-President  
Lauren McGovern ..... Secretary  
Norah-Anne Ellis ..... Librarian

## ***Chamber Orchestra***

Ilan McNamara ..... Violin I  
Chung-In Park ..... Violin II  
Kevin Stults ..... Cello  
Megan Pesch ..... Oboe  
Adam Claar ..... Trumpet  
Matt McCutchen ..... Timpani  
Dreama Lovitt ..... Organ

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