

11-13-2005

University Choir and Schola Cantorum

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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University Choir

and

Schola Cantorum

Jeffrey Riehl, conductor
Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

Sunday, November 13, 2005
3:00 p.m.

Camp Concert Hall
Booker Hall of Music
Modlin Center for the Arts

Das neugeborne Kindlein

Dietrich Buxtehude
(1637-1707)

The tiny new-born babe, beloved Jesus Christ,
Brings a new year to the faithful chosen ones.
The angels joyfully surround us, declaring to the
Winds that God is reconciled to us.
With God reconciled (to us) and our friend
Who can be our foe?
In spite of Satan, the world, and the gates of hell
Jesus is our refuge. He brings in the Lord's year.
Come now, it is time for singing,
The child Jesus makes evil fly away.

Saints Bound for Heaven

arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw

Our bondage it shall end by and by.
From Egypt's yoke set free,
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.

Our Deliverer He shall come by and by.
And our sorrows have an end
with our three-score years and ten,
And vast glory crowns the day by and by.

And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransomed host shall shout we are come.

Then with all the happy throng we'll rejoice!
Shouting glory to our king,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

Traditional American

Stars I Shall Find

David Dickau
(b. 1953)

There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the rooftops crowned with snow,
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make this world of my devising,
Out of a dream in my lonely mind,
I shall find the crystal of peace,—above me
Stars I shall find.

Sarah Teasdale

UNIVERSITY CHOIR

If Ye Love Me

Thomas Tallis
(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 abide with you forever, e'en the spirit of truth.

John 14:15-17

Long, long ago

Herbert Howells
(1892-1983)

Long, long ago,
Oh! So long ago
Christ was born in Bethlehem
To heal the world's woes.

His mother in the stable
Watched him where he lay
And knew for all his frailty
He was the world's stay.

While he lay there sleeping
In the quiet night
She listened to his breathing
And oh! Her heart was light.

She tended him and nursed him,
Giving him her breast,
And knew that it was God's son
In her crooked arm at rest.

Shepherds at the sheepfolds
Knew him for their king;
And gold and myrrh and frankincense
Three wise men did bring.

For he should be the saviour,
Making wars to cease,
Who gives joy to all men
And brings to them peace.

John Buxton

Two Motets on Texts by Metaphysical Poets

Daniel E. Gawthrop
(b. 1949)

I. Thou Didst Hear Me

King of Glorie, King of peace,
I will love thee:
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefor with my utmost art
I will sing thee.
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me.
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,
I will praise thee.
In my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raise thee.

Thou grew soft and moist with tears,
Thou relented:
And when justice called for fears,
Thou dissented.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enroll thee:
Ev'n eternitie's too short
To extoll thee.

George Herbert

In What Torn Ship

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be the emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.

Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
thy face; yet through that mask I know
those eyes, which though they turn away

sometimes, they never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee, and all whom
I loved there, and who loved me;
when I have put our seas twixt them and me,
Put thou thy seas betwixt my sins and thee.

John Donne

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine

Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Tormented by visions of flight and falling,
More wondrous and terrible each than the last,
Master Leonardo imagines an engine
To carry man up into the sun . . .

And he's dreaming the heavens call him,
Softly whispering their siren song:

*"Leonardo, Leonardo, vieni à volare."
L'uomo colle sua congeginate e grandi ale,
Facciendo forza contro alla resistente aria.*

As the candles burn low he paces and writes,
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise . . .

And as he dreams, again the calling,
The very air itself gives voice:
"Leonardo, Leonardo, vieni à volare."

Vicina all' elemento del fuoco . . .
Scratching quill on crumpled paper
(*Rete, canna, filo, carta.*)
Images of wing and frame and fabric fastened tightly.
. . . *sulla suprema sottile aria.*

As the midnight watchtower tolls,
Over rooftop, street and dome,
The triumph of a human being ascending
In the dreaming of a mortal man.

Leonardo steels himself,
Takes one last breath, and leaps . . .
*"Leonardo, Leonardo, vieni à volare.
Leonardo, sognare."*

*"Leonardo, Leonardo, come fly."
A man with wings large enough and duly
Connected might learn to overcome the
The resistance of the air.*

"Leonardo, Leonardo, come fly."

Close to the sphere of elemental fire . . .

(Net, cane, thread, paper.)

. . . in the highest and rarest atmosphere.

*"Leonardo, come fly!
Leonardo, dream!"*

Abraham's Eyes Were Darkened

Benjamin Broening
(b. 1967)

And God tempted Abraham and said unto him, "Take Isaac, thine only son, whom thou lovest, and offer him there for a burnt offering." (Genesis 22:1-2)

Abraham rose, embraced Sarah, and Sarah kissed Isaac, her hope for all time. So they rode in silence and Abraham's glance was fixed upon the ground until the fourth day when he lifted up his head. But turned again to the ground. In silence, he laid the wood, in silence he bound Isaac, in silence he drew the knife

"Lay not your hands on the boy and do not do anything to him. For I know that you fear your God." (Genesis 22:12a)

From that time on Abraham grew old, he could not forget that God had required this of him. Isaac thrived as before, but Abraham's eyes were darkened, and he knew joy no more.

adapted *Fear and Trembling*
by Søren Kierkegaard

Commissioned by the James River Singers, Jeffrey Riehl, conductor, with support from the John A. Cable Foundation and the E. Rhodes and Leona B. Carpenter Foundation.

UNIVERSITY CHOIR
SCHOLA CANTORUM

INSTRUMENTALISTS

BUXTEHUDE

Ross Winter, violin
Francoise Haskett, violin
Lauren Kim, violin
Mary Beth Bennett, organ

BROENING

David Niethamer, clarinet
Nick Lewis, bass clarinet
Mary Tryer, harp
Matt McCutchen, vibraphone
Rachyl Farley, marimba

UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

SOPRANOS

Molly Bechert
Hanna Braud
Rebecca Bruening
Kathleen Callahan
Polly Catanese
Becky Elliott
Emily Fellin
Katelin French
Carly Jones
Allison Libbey
Maggie Place
Sarah Remmert
Elissa Yorgey

ALTOS

Rebecca Buck
Kerry Grace
Kristen Greenholt
Cody Rae Gruber
Tori Foster
Jocelyn Maibe
Kristen Maichle
Merkel Lauren
Erin Murdoch

Danielle Pierre

Kelly Roman
Allison Rosser
Emily Schmalz
Carolyn Whitebread
Camille Wingo
Savannah Young

TENORS

Gray Bigler
Blake Cody
Michael Davis
Thomas Nicholas
Jacob Neal
Andrew Theroux

BASSES

Matt Coppock
Nathan Dalton
Ryan Hansen
Andy Holliday
Yu Iwashita
Mark Mendez
Robert Radke

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Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

SOPRANOS

Rebecca Blake
Fiona Ellis
Rachael Garcia
Meg Hurtado
Lindsey Shore

ALTOS

Diane Kenaston
Rhiannon Nolt
Emily Schmalz
Megan Smith

TENORS

Jared Campbell
Blake Cody
Chris Lynn
Bart Natoli

BASSES

Stephen Della Noce
Stephen Longenecker
Andy Nagraj
Dave Raiser

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and
SCHOLA CANTORUM

for

32nd Annual
CHRISTMAS SERVICE
OF LESSONS AND CAROLS

Sunday, December 11, 2005
5:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

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