Women's Chorale and Schola Cantorum

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

WOMEN’S CHORALE

AND

SCHOLA CANTORUM

APRIL 6, 2008 AT 3:00 P.M.

CAMP CONCERT HALL
BOOKER HALL OF MUSIC
MODLIN CENTER FOR THE ARTS
PROGRAM

“Gloria”  
(from Mass 6)  
György Orbán  
(b. 1947)  
Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace to those of good will. We praise You. We bless You. We worship You. We glorify You. We give thanks to You because of Your great glory. Lord God, King of heaven, God the Father almighty. Lord God, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.  
Who takes away the sins of world, have mercy on us.  
Who takes away the sins of world, receive our prayer.  
Who sits at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.  
For You alone holy. You alone are the Lord.  
Thou alone most high, Jesus Christ.  
With the Holy Spirit in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

“Suscepit Israel”  
(from Magnificat)  
J. S. Bach  
(1685-1750)  
He has helped his servant  
Israel in remembrance of his mercy.

The Shepherd  
to His Love  
Emma Lou Diemer  
(b. 1927)  
Come be with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.  
And we will sit upon the rocks  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sang madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Further lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of purest gold;  
A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.

And shepherds swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.  

Christopher Marlowe
**Weep You No More**  
David Childs  
(b. 1969)

Shed no tear, O shed no tear!  
The flow’r will bloom another year.  
Weep no more, O weep no more!  
Dry your eyes, O dry your eyes,  
For I was taught in paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies.  

*adapted from Fairy’s Song by John Keats*

**Tantum ergo**  
Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Let us therefore, bowing low, venerate so great a sacra­
ment; and let the old law give way to the new rite; let faith
afford assistance.

To the begetter and the begotten let there be praise and
jubilation, salvation and honor, and power and blessing;  
and to the One proceeding from both let there be equal
praise.

**Hope Is the Thing**  
*with Feathers*  
Diemer

Hope is the thing with feathers  
That perches in the soul,  
And sings the tune—without the words,

And never stops at all,  
And sweetest in the gale is heard;  
And sore must be the storm  
That could abash the little bird  
That kept so many warm.

I’ve heard it in the chilliest land,  
And on the strangest sea;  
Yet, never, in extremity,  
It asked a crumb of me.

*Emily Dickinson*

**“Lux aeterna”**  
(from *Missa*)  

May light eternal shine upon them, O Lord, in the company
of Your saints forever and ever, for You are merciful.

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord, and let light perpetually
shine on them.

**Ching-a-Ring Chaw**  
Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)

*arr. Irving Fine*

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching  
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee  
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching  
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,  
Listen to my story,  
‘Bout the promised land,  
An’ the promised glory.
You don’t need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don’t need none there,
To buy you milk and honey.

There you’ll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evening’ meal,
Has one, to, three, four courses.

Nights we all will dance,
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
And “Cast off down the middle.”

When the morning’ come,
All in grand and splendor,
Stand out in the sun,
And hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land’s a come-in’,
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strummin’.

Old Dan Tucker
arr. John Leavitt

Old Dan Tucker’s a fine old man,
Washed his face in a frying pan.
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with a toothache in his heel.

Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You’re too late to come for supper.
Supper’s over and dinner’s cookin’
and Old Dan Tucker’s just standin’ there lookin’.

Old Dan Tucker, he come to town,
Swinging the ladies ‘round and ‘round.
First to the right and then to the left,
And then to the one that you love the best.
Old Dan Tucker, he came to town,
Riding a billy goat, lending a hound.
Hound gave a yelp, Yee-ow!
The goat gave a jump, and threw ol' Dan right on his . . .

So get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come for supper.
Supper's over and dinner's cookin'
and Old Dan Tucker's just stand-in' there lookin',

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORALE

Domine, ad adjutandum me festina

Giovanni Battista Martini
(1706-1784)

Lord, my God, assist me now, and hasten to help me.
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever,
world without end. Amen.

Jenna Garber, soprano
Mierka Ross, alto
Blake Cody, tenor
Eric Piasecki, baritone

Bon jour mon coeur

Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)
ed. Jeffrey Riehl

Good day my heart, good day my sweet life,
Good day my eye, good day my beloved friend.
Ah, good day my most beautiful one,
My darling, good day,
My delights, my love.
My sweet springtime, my sweet new flower,
My sweet pleasure, my sweet dove,
My sparrow, my gentle turtle dove,
Good day my sweet rebellious one.

original French poem by Pierre de Ronsard

Zigeunerleben
Op. 29, No. 3

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

In the shadows of the forest, among the beech trees, something moves and rustles and whispers all at once. Flames are flickering, their glow dances around colorful figures, around leaves and rocks: it is the roaming band of gypsies with flashing eyes and waving hair, weaned on the holy waters of the Nile, tanned by Spain's scorching sun.

Around the fire in the swelling green forest wild and bold men are resting, women squat to prepare the meal, and busily fill ancient goblets. And tales and songs resound all around, telling how the gardens in Spain are so full of bloom, so full of color; and words of magic to ward off
need and danger the wise old woman recites for the listening crowd.

Dark-eyed girls begin their dance While torches flicker in reddish glow; the guitar casts its lure and the cymbal sounds; the dance grows wild and wilder. Then they rest, weary from the night of dance, and the beeches rustle them to sleep. And, banned as they are from their blissful homeland, they see it in their dreams, that happy land.

But now, when the morning awakes in the east, so vanish the beautiful visions of the night; at daybreak the mules paw the ground, the figures move away—who knows where?

original German poetry by Emanuel Geibel

Claire Ligon, soprano
Vickey Allen, alto
Eric Rudofker, tenor
Stephen O’Hara, baritone

Loosin Yelav

Traditional Armenian

arr. Paul Carey

The moon has risen over the hill, over its summit, its red, rosy face brilliantly illuminating the earth.

O dear moon, with your dear light and your dear round and rosy face.

Before, darkness reigned covering the earth; but now the light of the moon has chased it away into the dark clouds.

O dear moon, with your dear light and your dear round and rosy face.

Jessica Clough, violinist

Little is known of P.D.Q. Bach due to a conspiracy of silence perpetrated by his own parents. The last and least of the great J. S. Bach's twenty-odd children, he was certainly the oddest. His father completely ignored him, setting an example for his family and posterity. He finally attained total obscurity at the time of his death. His musical output would be lost but for the efforts of Professor Peter Schickele, who in 1954, rummaging around in a Bavarian castle in search of musical gems, happened upon the original manuscript of the Sanka Cantata, being employed as a strainer in the castle caretaker's percolator. A cursory examination of the music immediately revealed the reason for the atrocious taste of the coffee.

Blake Cody, tenor
Stephen O’Hara, baritone
Eric Piasecki, baritone
"Choose Something Like a Star"
(from Frostiana)

Randall Thompson
(1899-1984)

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud --
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.

Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says "I burn."
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.

It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

Robert Frost

Refrain
I'm a-rollin' through an unfriendly world.

Spiritual

arr. Paul Rardin

Oh brothers won't you help me to pray,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord? R

Oh sisters won't you help me to pray,
Won't you help me in the service of the Lord? R

Roll Jordan, won't you help me to pray,
Won't you help me to pray Lord? R

SCHOLA CANTORUM
UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORALE
Mr. Dwight Graham, conductor
Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

Dana Bartlett
Jane Berry
Shannon Birk
Kerri Chapman
Anna Creech
Laura DiLibero
Sarah Dinces
Emily Dowd
Rachael Easter
Kristen Harrison

Shannon Hedrick
Elizabeth Hyman
Colleen Labutta
Katie Mitchell
Erin Murdoch*
Katie Nicholas
Katherine Sanford
Sharon Scinicariello
Elissa Yorgey
Jelena Zivanovic

SCHOLA CANTORUM
Dr. Jeffrey Riehl, conductor
Dr. Mary Beth Bennett, accompanist

Sopranos
Rebecca Blake
Claire Costa
Jenna Garber
Meg Hurtado*
Claire Ligon
Katie Malczewski
Sloane True
Catie Venable

Altos
Vickey Allen
Martha Crockett
Meghan Griffith
Diane Kenaston*
Amy Nicholas
Mierka Ross

Tenors
Blake Cody*
Justin DePhillips
Matt Plotzker
Eric Rudofker

Basses
Adam Brumbergs
Stephen Della Noce*
Stephen O'Hara
Ben Paul
Eric Piasecki

*seniors