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University Orchestra, University Choir, and Schola Cantorum

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

University Orchestra
Fred Cohen, conductor

University Choir
Schola Cantorum
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

NOVEMBER 13, 1998, 8:00 PM
CAMP CONCERT HALL
BOOKER HALL OF MUSIC
GEORGE M. MODLIN CENTER FOR THE ARTS
I.
University Orchestra
Fred Cohen, conductor

II.
Schola Cantorum
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor

III
University Choir
Schola Cantorum
University Orchestra
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor
Symphony No. 9 in E minor, Op. 95
From the New World

I. Adagio. Allegro molto
II. Largo
III. Molto vivace
IV. Allegro con fuoco

University Orchestra

In 1892 Dvorak was appointed director of the National Conservatory of New York for the then astronomical salary of $15,000 per year. He worked in New York for three years before homesickness drove him back to Prague, where he died in 1904.

While at the National Conservatory Dvorak wrote his Symphony No. 9, subtitled From the New World, making strenuous efforts to capture African-American nationalism—including attending Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show and listening to an African-American student sing. However, Dvorak did not choose to use actual spirituals or folk melodies, and notwithstanding the suggestion of “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot” in the first movement’s second theme, or the famous Largo melody, with its resemblance to “Massa Dear” (later becoming the song “Goin’ Home”), the spirit is markedly Bohemian. At the same time, there is no doubt that a most important role was played by Longfellow’s Song of Hiawatha, with which Dvorak had been long acquainted in a Czech translation and which he read in America with such interest that for long he considered setting it to music. According to his own statement, the two middle movements were written under the impression evoked by Longfellow’s poem and provide very clear testimony of the deep and powerful effect of the solemn beauty of the American prairies and virgin forests which the poem exercised on the composer’s imagination. Said Dvorak, “I should never have written the symphony like I have, if I hadn’t seen America.”

The first performance took place at Carnegie Hall on December 16, 1893. The audience responded with seemingly unending ovations, and the National Conservatory awarded Dvorak the prize of $300 for the “most original symphony” in a nationwide contest.
II.

O Domine Jesu Christe
Anonymous
16th century

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore you wounded on the cross;
vinegar and gall they gave you to drink: grant, I pray you,
that your wounds may be a healing ointment to my spirit.

Zigeunerleben
poetry by Emanuel Geibel
Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Mary Richerson, soprano; Caitlyn Thompson, alto
Tony Aloise, tenor; Kyle Kahuda, bass

From deep in the forest, concealed by the trees,
a stirring and rustling is borne on the breeze.
A glimmer of torches, a flickering light,
as patches of color take shape in the night.

The wandering gypsies, so wild, free of care,
with eyes flashing brightly, with dark flowing hair;
Some nursed at the bank of the Nile's sacred flow,
some burnt by the fire of warm Spain's southern glow.

Round campfires ablazing with branches all piled,
the men making camp look untamed, brutal, wild.
There crouch all the women preparing the meal
and filling the goblets with wine as they kneel.

Then songs and old legends they sing in the night,
of gay Spanish gardens so blooming and bright,
and magical ancestral legends are told,
passed on to the young once again by the old.

A raven-haired maiden begins now to dance,
And bright as a torch, burns her passionate glance.
A strumming guitar and the cymbals ring,
As wild and wilder they all dance and sing.

To rest then, all weary from nighttime play,
To rest, deep in slumber, to dream as they may.
Since they from their beautiful homeland are banned,
it is only in dreams they may visit their land.

But as in the east now the darkness takes flight,
so vanish the gypsies as dark forms in the night.
The shuffling of hooves at the breaking of dawn;
They've vanished, they've vanished,
who knows where they've gone?
The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

poetry by Christopher Marlowe

Jean Belmont
(b. 1939)

Come live 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.

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

A gown made of the finest wool, Which from our pretty lambs we pull, Fair line'd slippers for the cold, With buckles of the 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.

A Red, Red Rose

poetry by Robert Burns

James Mulholland
(b. 1935)

O, my Luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O my luve's like the melodie That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I; And I will luve thee still, my Dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, My dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun: I will luve thee still my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve! And fare thee weel, a while. And I will come again, my Luve Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

The Eyes of All

Psalm 145: 15, 16

Jean Berger
(b. 1909)

The Long Divided Town
text by the composer

Vincent Olivieri, Jr.
(b. 1976; RC '98)
Frostiana: Seven Country Songs

Randall Thompson

Frostiana, a suite of seven country songs for choir and orchestra, is the collaborative result of two eminent American artists: poet Robert Frost and composer Randall Thompson. Commissioned in 1958 by the townspeople of Amherst, Massachusetts to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of their town’s incorporation, Frostiana was first performed in the Amherst Regional High School Auditorium on October 18, 1959, by an interdenominational choir comprised of singers from the Amherst area; the composer conducted and the poet, a resident of Amherst, was present. The beauty, variety, and simplicity of Thompson’s music are an apt and touching response to Frost’s poetry.

1. The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

2. The Pasture

I’m going out to clean the pasture spring;
I’ll only stop to take the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may:)
I sha’n’t be gone long. —You come too.

I’m going out to fetch the little calf
That’s standing by the mother. It’s so young
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha’n’t be gone long. —You come too.

4. The Telephone

‘When I was just as far as I could walk
From here today,
There was an hour
All still
When leaning with my hand against a flower
I heard you talk.
Don’t say I didn’t, for I heard you say —
You spoke from that flower on the window sill —
Do you remember what it was you said?’

‘First tell me what it was you thought you heard.’

‘Having found the flower and driven a bee away,
I leaned my head,
And holding by the stalk,
I listened and I thought I caught the word —
What was it? Did you call me by my name?
Or did you say —
Someone said “Come” — I heard it as I bowed.’

‘I may have thought as much, but not aloud.’

‘Well, so I came.’
5. A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, 'Why not?'

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, 'Just it.'

And he said, 'That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm.'

It was not enough of a garden,
Her father said, to plow;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn
And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted
That a cider apple tree
In bearing there today is hers,
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village
How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right,
She says, 'I know!'

'It's as when I was a farmer —'
Oh never, by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.
6. Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

7. Choose Something Like a Star

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.
UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA
Fred Cohen, conductor

FIRST VIOLIN
Jane Hoffman concertmistress
Ilan McNamara
Chung-In Park
Julie Hayes
Jessica Gilmore
Jack Gauntlett
Julia Blatzer
Mason Morris

SECOND VIOLIN
Aaron Aunins principal
Amy Peterson
John Coleman
Emily D’Antonio
Judy Shim

VIOLA
Miriam Albin principal
Jenny Bernard
Molly McElroy
Danielle Haskins
Dave Berry
Dick Stone

CELLO
James Tripp principal
John Jorgenson
Gabe Smith
Matt McCabe
Shayne Estes
Tobias Friedl

BASS
Leslie Rose principal
Damian Muller
Delbert Williams

FLUTE
Carrie Senn principal
Marianne Broderick

OBOE
Jen Magee principal
Meghan Pesch

CLARINET
Steve Ahearn principal
Elaine Buccheimer

BASSOON
Stephanie Allen principal
Kathy Muller

FRENCH HORN
Ed Aunins principal
Mary Beth Hall
Ruth Aumins

TRUMPET
Dana Rajczewski principal
Julie Cillo

TROMBONE
Robert Wagenknecht principal
Dave Davis
Randy Ellis

TUBA
Adam Hall

HARP
Dana Wallace

PERCUSSION
John Hubbard
SCOLA CANTORUM
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor
Susie Pierce, accompanist

Anthony Aloise
Ben Brown
Mark Graves
Andrea Johnson
Kyle Kahuda
Kelley Kazor

Jennifer Koach
Sean Linfors
Katherine Norris
Denise Olivieri
Blake Rainie
Jennifer Reidy

Mary Richerson
Ian Smithson
Erin Stults
Caitlyn Thompson
Matthew Worth

UNIVERSITY CHOIR
Jeffrey Riehl, conductor
Dreama Lovitt, accompanist
Lauri Sheibley, accompanist

Kristin Alexander
Ben Alonso
Cristina Andreassi
Sarah Asbell
Lauren Bailey
Steve Barkley
Andrea Barra
Laura Ann Boyd
Joanna Brown
Benjamin Brown
Katie Caputo
Brian Chin
Kathryn Christman
Kate Cordenner
Kendra Corey
Christina DeLillo
Ashley Diefendorf
Jodie Eicher
Norah Ellis
Mark Graves
Kelly Gribbin

Bonnie Grysko
Shenee Haskell
Amanda Howland
Jill Jackson
Tricia Kane
Kristany Keller
Laura Knouse
Meg Lawrence
Dreama Lovitt
Eric Lovitt
Jennifer Magee
Allison Marsh
Lauren McGovern
Meredith McGuire
Suzanne Moenssens
Chris Musialek
Rebecca Musser
Christopher Nielsen
Kate Norris
Sarah Petzel
Thomas Rawls

Randi Resnik
Laurie Kay Rhoads
Susan Richerson
Robyn Romer
Catherine Scott
Lauri Sheibley
Kristy Shih
Kelly Skura
Natasha Smith
Courtney Smith
Barbara Summers
Gina Todaro
Andrea Tomforde
Thomas Trayer
Sarah Trimble
Meriko Uchiyana
Gretchen Wagner
Christopher Ward
Catherine West
Nathaniel Whitman