

Choral Showcase

2018–2019 Season
79th Concert

Sunday 28 October 2018
Dalton Center Recital Hall
3:00 p.m.

COLLEGIATE SINGERS

Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor
Victoria Jackson and Austin McWilliams,
Graduate Assistant Conductors
Tina Gorter, Piano

CANTUS FEMINA

Dee Gauthier, Conductor
Christopher Gray, Piano

UNIVERSITY CHORALE

Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor
Victoria Jackson and Austin McWilliams,
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COLLEGIATE SINGERS – “Globally Engaged”

Gabriel Fauré
1845–1924

Cantique de Jean Racine Opus 11

O Word, equal of the Most High,
Our sole hope, eternal day of earth and the heavens,
We break the silence of the peaceful night.
Divine Saviour, cast Thine eyes upon us!

Shed the light of Thy mighty grace upon us.
Let all Hell flee at the sound of Thy voice.
Dispel the slumber of a languishing soul
That leads it to the forgetting of Thy laws!

O Christ, be favorable unto this faithful people
Now gathered to bless Thee.
Receive the hymns it offers unto Thine immortal glory
And may it return laden with Thy gifts.

Johannes Brahms
1833–1897

Tafellied Opus 93b

The women:

Just as the echo of happy songs
must give a happy answer,
so we also approach and return
the gallant greeting with thanks.

The men:

Oh, you kind and charming ones!
For the fair flight of the echo
Take from the joyful musicians
the homage that is offered!

The women:

Ah, but we perceive that you pay homage
to other Gods as well.
Red and gold we see it twinkling,
Tell us how should we take that?

The men:

Dear ones! Daintily with three fingers,
more securely with the entire hand –
And so the glass is filled from those
not halfway, but to the rim.

The women:

Now we see that you are masters.
But we are liberal today.
Hopefully, as handsome spirits
you can be led to some ideal.

The men:

Each one sips and thinks of his own lady
and he who doesn't have one in particular - now, he drinks in general
renewed praise to all beautiful ones!

All:

That is right! All around clink
toasts and returned toasts!
Where singers and women are united,
there will be a bright sound!

Kurt Bestor

b. 1958

Prayer of the Children

Gjermund Larsen

b. 1981

Gropen

Karin Loberg Code, Violin

Alberto Grau

b. 1937

Kasar mie la gaji (The Earth is Tired)

CANTUS FEMINA

Joan Szymko

b. 1957

“A Shower of Mercy” from A Burst of Song

When the heart is hard and parched,
Come upon me with a shower of mercy.
Come with a burst of song.

Celina Trucano, Helen Delphia, Jaydenn Knepp, and
Sophie Laskaris, Soloists

Christina Whitten Thomas

Kindness

Before you know what kindness really is you must lose things, feel the future dissolve in a moment like salt in a weakened broth. What you held in your hand, what you counted and carefully saved, all this must go so you know how desolate the landscape can be between the regions of kindness. How you ride and ride thinking the bus will never stop, the passengers eating maize and chicken will stare out the window forever.

Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness, you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho, lies dead by the side of the road. You must see how this could be you, how he too was someone who journeyed through the night with plans and the simple breath that kept him alive. Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside, you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing. You must wake up with sorrow. You must speak to it till your voice catches the thread of all sorrows and you see the size of the cloth.

Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore, only kindness that ties your shoes and sends you out into the day to mail letters and purchase bread, only kindness that raises its head from the crowd of the world to say it is I you have been looking for, and then goes with you everywhere like a shadow or a friend.

J. Reese Norris

b. 1973

Paper Crane

Sadako Sasaki was born on January 7, 1943. She was a two-year-old living with her family in Hiroshima when the bomb was dropped on the city. When she was 11, Sadako was diagnosed with leukemia from exposure to radiation from the bomb. She was told of a legend that if a person were to fold a thousand paper cranes, their wish would come true. Sadako was not self-absorbed nor did she cave to self-pity. Her hope was for peace. Imagine the effect if we, sixty plus years later, picked up her banner and wore it proudly. Heiwa is the Japanese word for peace.

Maddie Wozniak, Assistant Conductor

Abbie Betinis

b. 1980

A Blessing of Cranes

This piece is also about Sadako Sasaki. Abbie experimented with the folding of cranes and figured out a way to render this beautiful, meditative, and geometric activity of folding paper into a crane into sound. She mapped each part of the paper crane to different notes and ended with a kind of “aural origami.”

How do we love you more than to shape you?
Turning so firmly in the shadow of fingers.
How do we love you more than to let you go?

Waves of earth's oceans, waves of our willing hands
Creasing and folding, creasing and folding, unfolding.
How do we love you more than to shape you?

Never a thought of thinking, only this weaving,
These thousands of wings we make to carry our longing;
How do we love you more than to let you go?

No trembling before the task, simply this sweetness,
Freedom from fear, receiving this heartbeat, receiving.
How do we love you more than to shape you?

Blossoms that shimmer and gather about their branches,
Returning to earth her peace, her original blessing;
How do we love you more than to let you go?

Deeper than dream to say, even than singing,
Releasing the wishes we have, the asking for healing;
How do we ever love you more than to shape you?
How do we love you more than to let you go?

Amelia Marciniak, Candace McMurray, Brooke Leinbaugh, and Breanna Bowen, Soloists

Dale Trumbore

b. 1987

Breathe in Hope

Maya Jackson's text for *Breathe in Hope* began as two Facebook posts responding to the violent deaths of Philando Castile and Alton Sterling. Reading Maya's words, I was drawn to her poetic call for action. When confronted with tragedy, we may instinctively search for hope and healing. In the face of violent injustice, though, maybe the hope we seek can only be found when we recognize our own accountability and ask what actions we can take to create lasting change. – Dale Trumbore

What would we do if we didn't have the privilege of being distracted.

I know we must honor our personal lives.

I know we must not live in darkness.

I know we must celebrate the grace in our humanity.

To keep our lungs from collapsing.

We must breathe in hope.

And so have I. Taken in joy. And beauty. And selfishness. And frivolity.

And laughter. We are wonderful. Humans. We find the light.

But I feel the moment passing.

Already distracted from the fire though the smoke is still filling our lungs.

This is going to sound wrong.

But I hope this pain lasts.

I hope that it holds.

I don't want to heal just yet.

We have become experts at recovery.

I hope we become expert at Revolution.

UNIVERSITY CHORALE

Einojuhani Rautavaara

b. 1928

Suite de Lorca

I. Canción de jinete (Song of the Horseman)

II. El grito (The Scream)

III. La luna asoma (The Moon Rises)

IV. Malagueña

Hayley Girard, Joseph Gottschall, and Samuel Macy, Soloists

I.

Córdoba.

Distant and lonely.

Black pony, big moon,

and olives in my saddlebag.

Although I know the roads,

I will never reach Córdoba.

Across the plain, through the wind,

black pony, red moon.

Death is staring at me

from the towers of Córdoba.

Oh, what a long road!

Oh, my brave pony!

Oh, death awaits me

before I reach Córdoba.

Córdoba.

Distant and alone.

II.

The arc/ellipse of a cry
travels from mountain
to mountain.

From the olive trees
a black rainbow
over the blue/azure night.

Ay!

Like the bow of a viola,
the scream has vibrated
the long strings of the wind.

Ay!

(The people of the caves bring out their oil lamps.)

Ay!

III.

At the rise of the moon
bells fade out
and the paths appear
impenetrable/impassable.

At the rise of the moon
the sea covers the land
and the heart feels like
an island in the infinite.

No one eats oranges
under the full moon.
One must eat
green and ice-cold fruit.

At the rise of the moon
with its hundred faces all alike,
the silver coins
sob in the/your pocket.

IV.

Death
goes in and out (enters and exits)
of the tavern.

Black horses
and sinister people
pass along the sunken roads
of the guitar.

And there's an odor of salt
and of female blood
in the feverish tuberoses
along the shore.

Death
Enters and exits,
exits and enters
(death)
the tavern.

Herbert Howells
1892–1983

Requiem

I. Salvator mundi

Joseph Rheinberger

1839–1901

Abendlied Opus 69, Number 3

Remain with us, because it will be evening,
and the day is closing. (Luke 24:29, Luther Bible, 1545)

Traditional

arr. David Lang

oh graveyard (lay this body down)

Margaret Mooney, Holli Slamka, Clay Towery, and
Justin Hamann, Soloists

Traditional Spiritual

arr. Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down

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