Choral Showcase

Sunday 27 October 2019
Dalton Center Recital Hall
2:00 p.m.

ANIMA
Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor
Dayne Newberry, Graduate Assistant Conductor
Tina Gorter, Collaborative Pianist

AMPHION
Ken Prewitt, Conductor
Christopher Gray, Collaborative Pianist

UNIVERSITY CHORALE
Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor
Dayne Newberry, Graduate Assistant Conductor
Tina Gorter, Collaborative Pianist

“To See The World in a Grain of Sand”

“Hey Ho, the Wind and the Rain”

Jeffrey Biegel

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man’s estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
‘Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.

From William Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*
Caroline Shaw  
_b. 1982_  

**Its Motion Keeps**

My Days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres.  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch through endless deeps.

—From *The Southern Harmony* #98

Carlos Lozano, Viola  
Candace McMurray, Miranda Patton, Bethany Moses,  
and Abbie Solomon, Soloists

Abbie Betinis  
_b. 1980_  

**From Behind The Caravan: Songs of Hâfez** (Sung in Persian)

I. we have come  
II. suffer no grief  
V. we have come (reprise)

I. we have come
We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory... we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.

Traveling along love's journey, from the borders of nothingness,  
Now into states of being, all this way... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we, from  
behind the caravan, with the fire of sighing “ah!” ... we have come.

II. suffer no grief
Joseph, forsaken, shall return to Canaan.  
Suffer no grief.

From the thorny stalks of family grief, one day, a rose garden.  
Suffer no grief...

If you desire the Way and plant your pilgrim foot in the desert,  
Then if the mighty Arabian thorn makes reproofs,  
Suffer no grief...

Suffer no grief, suffer no grief, O heart.

Back to reason, comes this distraught head.  
Suffer no grief...

O heart, despairing heart, O! O! Suffer no grief...

There is no road that has no end.

V. we have come (reprise)
We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory... we have come.  
For shelter from ill-fortune, here... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your woolen kherqe [Sufi cloak], for we, from behind the  
caravan, with the fire of sighing “ah!” ... we have come.

Carlos Lozano, Viola  
Brody Roland, Percussion  
Laura Betinis Healy, Mezzo-Soprano  
Arlo Echavarria-Duque, Kayla Rose, Kitty Clark, Bethany Moses,  
and Lindsay Nichols, Soloists
William Billings
1746–1800

*When Jesus Wept*
When Jesus wept, the falling tear
In mercy flowed beyond all bound.
When Jesus groaned, a trembling fear
Seized all the guilty world around.

Keith Christopher
b. 1972

*Let all Men Sing*
Let all men sing!
Lift every voice!
Let all men sing and rejoice!

Let all men sing and make a joyful sound.
Lift every voice, glorious praise abound.
May ev’ry people make this their creed:
To join together in word and in deed!

Joseph M. Martin
b. 1959

*Come to the Music*
Celebrate, celebrate, come to the music.
Celebrate, celebrate, come to the dance.
Celebrate, celebrate, sing alleluia.
Celebrate, celebrate, clap your hands!

Come to the music and let alleluias surround you.
Come to the music and let each hosanna astound you!

Come hear the jubilant song of creation
Come to the music which rings as the hope of the nations.

Celebrate, celebrate…

Music is the sound of creation.
Crashing sea and mourning dove,

Music is the voice of worship,
Music lifts our hearts above.

Music is our common language,
Music is the song of love!

Celebrate, celebrate…

Gloria, Gloria, sing alleluia,
Gloria, Gloria, sing to the Lord
Gloria, Gloria sing alleluia,
Gloria, Gloria sing evermore!

Gloria, Gloria Deo!
Alleluia, alleluia!
Come to the music, Come!

Tia Davis, Piccolo
Paul Simon  
arr. Andreas Burghardt

The Sound of Silence
Hello, darkness, my old friend.  
I've come to talk with you again.  
Because a vision softly creeping,  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping.  
And the vision that was planted in my  
brain still remains  
Within the sound of silence.

In restless dreams I walked alone,  
Narrow streets of cobblestone.  
'Neath the halo of a streetlamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp.  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash  
Of a neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence.

And in the naked light I saw  
Ten thousand people, maybe more.  
People talking without speaking,  
People hearing without listening.  
People writing songs that voices never shared,  
No one dared  
Disturb the sound of silence.  
"Fools", said I, "You do not know"  
"Silence like a cancer grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you  
Take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell  
And echoed in the wells of silence.

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made.  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was forming.  
And the sign said  
"The words of the prophets are written  
on the subway walls  
and tenement halls"  
And whispered, in the sounds, of silence.

Raymond R. Hannisian

Movin' On
There is a voice that has no name;  
It comes with evening or behind the rain:  
"I have no time now to stop and explain;  
I just keep movin' 'cause it helps to ease  
the pain."

The night has music that calls to me  
Across the canyons of an endless sea.  
I seek the shadows of yesterday;  
Today can't hold me and I must be on my  
way.
Speak to me softly but tell me no lies;  
I see tomorrow shining in your eyes.  
“I have no time now to stop and explain;  
I just keep movin’ ’cause it helps to ease  
the pain.

Marlae Sloothaak, Violin  
Thomas Melcher, Baritone  
Aiden Harmon, Bass

arr. Stephen Hatfield  
b. 1956

**Heaven Somewhere**

Up above my head, got my angel in the air.  
Yes, I really do believe there is a heaven somewhere.

Up above my head, I see glory in the air.  
And I really do believe there is a heaven somewhere.

Up above my head, I hear music in the air.  
And I really do believe there is a heaven somewhere.

You better run to the city o’ light.  
Up above my head I see trouble in the air.  
And I really do believe there is a heaven somewhere.

Aiden Harmon, Bass

**UNIVERSITY CHORALE**

Traditional Spiritual  
arr. Stacey V. Gibbs

**Way Over in Beulah Lan’**

We gonna have a good time  
Way ovuh in Beulah Lan’.  
Oh, when we get way ovuh in Beulah Lan’,  
Yes, way ovah in Beulah Lan’.  
Oh, we gonna walk dem golden streets.  
Oh, we gonna drink of de Holy wine.  
When we get to heaven, chillun.

**Dan Forrest**  
b. 1978

**Good Night, Dear Heart**

Warm summer sun,  
Shine kindly here,  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here.  
Green sod above,  
Lie light, lie light.  
Good night, dear heart,  
Good night.

–Text by Mark Twain
Ralph Vaughan Williams
1872–1958

“The Cloud-Capp’d Towers” from *Three Shakespeare Songs*

The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

From William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

Tarik O'Regan
b. 1978

*Triptych*

I. Threnody

II. As We Remember Them

III. From Heaven Distilled a Clemency

**I. Threnody**

When death takes off the mask, [we] will know one another,

–Text by William Penn (1644–1718)
from *Some Fruits of Solitude In Reflections And Maxims* (1682)

Tremblest thou when my face appears
To thee? Wherefore thy dreadful fears?
Be easy, friend; ‘tis thy truest gain
To be far away from the sons of men.
I offer a couch to give thee ease:
Shall dreamless slumber so much displease?

–Text by Muhammad Rajab Al-Bayoumi (dates unknown),
from *Death Speaks*, translated by Arthur J. Arberry (1950)

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

–Text by William Blake (1757–1827), from *Auguries of Innocence* (1808)

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
for [people] to dwell together in unity.

–Text from Psalm 133, from the Bible (King James Version, 1611)

**II. As We Remember Them**

In the rising of the sun and at its going down, we remember them.
In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter, we remember them.
In the opening buds and in the rebirth of spring, we remember them.
In the blueness of the sky and in the warmth of summer, we remember them.
When [we’re] weary and in need of strength, we remember them.
When [we’re] lost and sick at heart, we remember them.
So long as we live, they too shall live, for they are part of us,
As we remember them.

–Text by Roland B. Gittelsohn (1910–1995),
adapted from *The Gates of Repentance*
And the Heav’nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav’n.

–Text by John Milton (1608–1684), from *Paradise Lost, Book III* (1667)

**III. From Heaven Distilled A Clemency**

Each shall arise in the place where their life [spirit] departs.

–“Bundahis- Bahman yast”; Indian Bundahishn (ninth century), adapted from *Sacred Book of the East, Vol. 5*, translated by Edward W. West

[S]o why then should I be afraid? I shall die once again to rise an angel blest.

–“Masnavi i ma’navi”; Mathwani of Jalalu’d’Din Rumi (13th century), adapted from *Masnavi i Ma’navi, Book III*, translated by Edward H. Whinfield

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

–Text by William Wordsworth (1770–1850), from *Ode: Intimations of Immortality* (1807)

Calm fell. From heaven distilled a clemency;
There was peace on earth, and silence in the sky.

–Text by Thomas Hardy (1840–1928), from *And There Was a Great Calm on the Signing of the Armistice* (1918)

Clara Stine, Soprano
Helen Delphia, Mezzo-Soprano
Negar Afazel, Marlae Sloothaak, Harmony Kelly, and Isabella Lysakowski, Violin
Carlos Lozano and Laura Parra, Viola
Jie Yang and Jonathan Barnes, Cello
Aiden Harmon, Bass

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