

# Choral Showcase

**2017–2018 Season**  
**92nd Concert**

Sunday 22 October 2017  
Dalton Center Recital Hall  
3:00 p.m.

## **COLLEGIATE SINGERS**

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

## **CANTUS FEMINA**

**Dee Gauthier, Conductor**  
**Maggie Kieckhafer, Accompanist**

## **UNIVERSITY CHORALE**

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

“A Time for Music”

### **I. COLLEGIATE SINGERS – A Time for Hope**

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
1756–1791

#### ***Regina Coeli* K.276**

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia:  
He whom you merited to bear, alleluia.  
Has risen, as He said, alleluia.  
Pray for us to God, alleluia.

Sarah Fridley, Soprano  
Shannon Rouston, Alto  
Travis Williams, Tenor  
Eli Snyder, Bass  
Tina Gorter, Piano

**Felix Mendelssohn**  
1809–1847  
Text: Martin Luther  
(1483-1546)

#### ***Verleih uns Frieden* WoO 5**

In these our days so perilous,  
Lord, peace in mercy send us;  
No God but thee can fight for us,  
No God but thee defend us;  
Thou our only God and Saviour.

**Frank Ticheli**

b. 1958

***Earth Song***

Sing, Be, Live, See...  
This dark stormy hour,  
The wind, it stirs.  
The scorched Earth  
cries out in vain:

Oh war and power,  
you blind and blur,  
The torn heart  
cries out in pain.

But music and singing  
Have been my refuge,  
And music and singing  
Shall be my light

A light of song,  
Shining strong: Alleluia!  
Through darkness,  
pain and strife, I'll  
Sing, Be, Live, See...  
Peace.

arr. Susan Brumfield

***No Time***

**Eric William Barnum**

**II. CANTUS FEMINA – A Time for Joy**

***Spark (To Music)***

Fly back where Melodies like lilies grow,  
My weary heart is bending low:

Fly higher yet to joyful realms above,  
Where holy Angels dwell in love.

Fly higher still and hear the Angel throng  
And bring to me their Glory-song:

Ah Music, thou and I above the World  
May dwell where heaven with shining song is pearled!

While Sun and Moon and all the planets roll  
I'll love thee, Music, language of my soul!

Music-lark from on high, song that doth fly, Spark of the sky!

**Christina Whitten Thomas**

***Popovers from Morning With You***

What luxury, on this visit, to hear rain falling in the woods,  
then awoken to popovers, like so many suns, spilling over a birchwood  
basket.

Our talk, too, spilling over and golden,  
rises from a night of dreams and a universe of books and memories,  
new ideas and old connections.

Here! we say, offering up a page of promise.  
Listen! the morning air is filled with our reflections as colorful  
and textured as the plate we pass laden with melon wedges  
and strawberries and unbelievable raspberries.  
We pose for pictures, yearning to hold onto this moment, this abundance.

Outside, the air shimmers and the only thing we know for sure  
is that there are trials ahead for each of us  
and for our world, our delicate, precious planet.

But at this table we have held each other's hands,  
offered thanks for all of creation,  
eaten our golden popovers with butter and jam. Mmmm!

Kaitlin Hosey, Horn

**Bob Chilcott**

***A Little Jazz Mass***

Kyrie  
Gloria  
Sanctus  
Benedictus  
Agnus Dei

Russell Elkus, Double Bass  
Brad Crossland, Percussion

**Joshua L. Mazur**

***Picklus Pepperus***

**Ysaye M. Barnwell**

**III. UNIVERSITY CHORALE – A Time for Peace**

***Wanting Memories from Crossings***

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

You said you'd rock me in the cradle of your arms.  
You said you'd hold me 'til the storms of life were gone.  
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you.  
Now I need you...  
And you are – gone.

So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,  
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.  
Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place.  
Here inside I have few things that will console.  
And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,  
then I remember all the things that I was told.

Well, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.  
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.  
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.  
I think on these things, for they are true.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me.  
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.  
I know a "Please", a "Thank you", and a smile will take me far.  
I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.  
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.  
I know that I am blessed,  
again, and again, and again, and again,  
and, again.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

## Jake Runestad

### *Come To the Woods*

Another glorious day, the air as delicious  
to the lungs as nectar to the tongue.

The day was full of sparkling sunshine,  
and at the same time enlivened with one of  
the most bracing wind storms.

The mountain winds bless the forests with love.  
They touch every tree, not one is forgotten.

When the storm began to sound,  
I pushed out into the woods to enjoy it.  
I should climb one of the trees for a wider look.

The sounds of the storm were glorious with  
wild exuberance of light and motion.  
Bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round,  
in this wild sea of pines.

The storm-tones died away, and turning toward the east,  
I beheld the trees, hushed and tranquil.  
The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say,  
“Come to the woods, for here is rest.”

## Sydney Guillaume

### *Tchaka*

Turn up the fire! We are going to  
eat tchaka!

Turn up the fire, stir up the corn,  
don't forget the salt pork,  
We are going to eat a delicious  
tchaka.

We are going to cook up a  
mind-blowing stew.

At the sound of the three drums,  
everyone yells out hurray.

If we join together we can all move  
forward.

Let us enmesh in lovely harmony  
A delicious homemade stew, a  
musical tchaka.

It's a delicious homemade stew, a  
national tchaka,  
A delicious homemade stew...  
Turn up the fire! Turn up the fire!

\*Yanvalou, Kontredans, Rabòday  
are amazing.  
Roots music, oh yes, that's good  
stuff.

Let's stick together; side by side we  
can move forward.

Turn up the fire! Turn up the fire!  
The tchaka is cooking!

\*Ibo, Bolero, Banda, Mayi, Congo,  
Petro, Maskaron...  
These are the rhythms of our roots.

We danced \*Kalinda and we sang  
Rabòday,  
Heads together, with love, let us do  
great things.

Turn up the fire! Turn up the fire!

We proclaimed hope and we sang  
of peace,  
So that the light of justice spreads  
throughout the earth.

We'll keep on singing...  
We'll keep on singing to make life  
more beautiful!

In justice and in love, let's eat a  
delicious tchaka!  
Amen!

Let's eat a delicious tchaka!

Percussion: Madison George, Jacob Ripmaster,  
Brody Roland, and Omid Tavakoli