

Collaborations!

Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
October 10, 2016, 7:30 pm
UWF Music Hall

UWF Singers & USA Chorale

Jauchzet dem Herren..... Heinrich Schütz (1585-1682)
Dr. Laura Moore & Dr. Peter Steenblik, conducting

UWF Singers

Jesu dulcis memoriaTomás Luis de Victoria (ca. 1548-1611)

UWF Chamber Choir

Amor VittoriosoGiovanni Gastoldi (ca. 1554-1609)
The Silver Swan.....Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

Three Madrigals Emma Lou Diemer (b. 1927)
I. O Mistress Mine, where are you roaming?
II. Take, O take those lips away
III. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

USA University Chorale

Dr. Laura Moore, Director
Jennifer Bemis, Collaborative Pianist

I am the great sunJussi Chydenius (b. 1972)

Come Away, Sweet LoveThomas Greaves (fl. 1604)
L'ultimo dì di maggio Robert Sieving (b. 1942)
Walking on the Green GrassMichael Hennagin (1936-1993)

I Am Not YoursStephen Chatman (b. 1950)

Batter My Heart, Three-Personed God Richard Nance
At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners Willametta Spencer (b. 1932)

UWF Singers

Mata del Anima SolaAntonio Estévez (1916-1988)
George Phillips, Harry Larimer, & Amber Coble, soloists
All My TrialsTraditional Bahamian
Erica Scharròn & Morgan Seip, soloists arr. Norman Luboff (1917-1987)
John the Revelator Traditional Gospel
arr. Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

Visit our website: www.UWFsingers.com for recordings and performance info.

USA University Chorale		Dr. Laura M. Moore, Director
		Jennifer Bemis, Collaborative Pianist
Bemis, Elizabeth	Harrison, Charles	Rice, Taylor
Byrd, Rodney	Mazur, Evan	Rowell, Harley
Carr, Aryn	Meredith, David	Sellers, Dawson
Chow, Janie	Millhouse, Erika	Walker, Mimi
Favorite, Quinten	Nelson, Tobin	Waller, William
Goodwin, Victoria	O'Malley, Caitlin	

University of South Alabama choir concert dates:

- November 29 – USA Holiday Choral Concert
- March 6 – Winter Choral Concert
- April 8 & 9 – USA Concert Choir with Mobile Symphony Orchestra
- April 25 – USA Spring Choral Concert

UWF Singers		Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
		Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
Areola, Isabelle	Harrell, Jordan	Plantz, Allison
Baker, Adam	Harris, Lydia	Price, Ramel
Baker, Marcus*	Hawkins, Olivia +	Renfro, Kelly +
Black, Donovan^	Herndon, Autumn	Robbins, Stormy
Black, Robert	Hoomes, Tabitha	Robinson, Donovan +
Boyett, April	Irby, Amy*	Scharròn, Erica
Brice, Nyasha^	Kaven, Mary Katherine	Seip, Morgan*
Buch, Allie	Keeton, Eric	Stemen, Meredith +
Coble, Amber^	Lane, Sarah	Stott, Samantha +
Drouillard, Raistlin	Larimer, Harry	Thomas, Daniel
Ellenberg, Easton	Metzger, Karma +	Tibbs, Kaela
Fagot, Dean	O'Bar, Julianna	Velez, Brianna
Faircloth, Ashly	Parsons, Colleen +	
Foushee, Rebekah	Peterson, Isabelle*	^ = presidency
Haddad, Allison	Phillips, George*	* = section leaders
		+ = choir officers

UWF Chamber Choir		Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
		Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
Black, Donovan	Larimer, Harry	
Brice, Nyasha	Phillips, George	
Coble, Amber	Renfro, Kelly	
Faircloth, Ashly	Robinson, Donovan	
Herndon, Autumn	Seip, Morgan	

UWF Singers concert dates:

- October 17, 7:00 pm – Mattie Kelly Arts Center – w/Okaloosa All-County Choir
- November 14, 7:30 pm – UWF Music Hall – Concert: *Sing On!*
- February 16 & 23, 6:30 pm – UWF High School Choral Invitationals
- March 2, 7:30 pm – UWF Music Hall – *Collaborations!* w/PSC Choir
- March 4, 7:30 pm – Saenger Theatre – Mahler *3rd Symphony* w/PSO
- April 17, 7:30 pm – First United Methodist Church – Lauridsen *Lux Aeterna* w/Runge Strings

Tentative **UWF Summer Choral Festival** dates:

- June 26 – July 1, evenings Fauré *Requiem*
- July 10-15, evenings Folksongs & Spirituals

Jauchzet dem Herren – Psalm 100 / Lesser doxology

*Jauchzet dem Herren alle Welt.
Dienet dem Herren mit Freuden.
Kommt vor sein Angesicht mit Frohlocken.
Erkenntet daß der Herre Gott ist:
Er hat uns gemacht, und nicht wir selbst,
Zu seinem Volk und zu Schafen seiner Weide.
Gehet zu seinen Toren ein mit Danken
Zu seinen Vorhöfen mit Loben.
Danket ihm.lobet seinen Namen.
Denn der Herr ist freundlich
Und seine Gnade wäret ewig
Und seine Wahrheit für und für.*

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth!
Serve the Lord with gladness;
Come before his presence with rejoicing!
Know that the Lord is God.
He has made us, and not we ourselves,
To be his people and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving
And into his courts with praise.
Give thanks to him; praise his name!
For the Lord is kind,
And his mercy is everlasting,
And his truth endures for ever and ever.

*Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
Und auch dem heiligen Geiste,
Wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und immerdar
Und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit. Amen.*

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
And also to the Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning, is now and always,
World without end. Amen.

Jesu dulcis memoria – St. Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1090-1153)

*Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia:
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis praesentia.*

Jesus, how sweet the very thought,
Giving true joy to the heart:
But above honey and all else
Is His sweet presence.

Amor Vittorioso – Giovanni Gastoldi

*Tutti venite armati
O forti miei soldati. Fa la la...
Io son l'invitto Amore
Giusto saettatore non temete punto
Ma in bella schiera uniti
Me seguitate arditì. Fa la la...*

Come all with weapons,
O my strong soldiers. Fa la la...
I am Love,
The righteous one who throws arrows.
Don't be afraid at all, but in a handsome herd
Follow me courageously. Fa la la...

*Sembrano forti heroi
Quei che son contra voi. Fa la la...
Ma da chi sà ferire
Non si sapran schermire non temete punto
Ma coraggio si e forti
Siat'a la pubna accorti. Fa la la...*

They seem to be strong heroes
Those that are against you. Fa la la...
But from whom knows how to hurt
They won't be able to defend.
Don't be afraid at all, but courageous and strong
May you be careful in the battle. Fa la la...

The Silver Swan – Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan,
Who living had no note,
When death approached
Unlocked her silent throat,

Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last and sung no more.
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

O Mistress Mine (Twelfth Night, II, iii) – William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Take, O take those lips away (Measure for Measure, IV, i) – Wm. Shakespeare

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes: the breake of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

Sigh no more, ladies! (Much Ado About Nothing, II, iii) – Wm. Shakespeare

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on the shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all sounds of woe
Into hey, nonny, nonny.

I am the great sun – Charles Causley (1917-2003)

I am the great Sun, but you do not see Me,
I am your Husband, but you turn away.
I am the Captive, but you do not free Me,
I am the Captain, but you will not obey.
I am the Truth, but you will not believe Me,
I am the City where you will not stay.
I am your Wife, your Child, but you will leave Me,
I am that God to whom you will not pray.

I am your Counsel, but you will not hear Me,
I am your Lover whom you will betray.
I am the Victor, but you do not cheer Me,
I am the Holy Dove whom you will slay.
I am your life, but if you will not name Me,
Seal up your soul with tears, and never blame Me.

Come Away, Sweet Love – Anonymous

Come away, sweet love, and play thee,
Lest grief and care betray thee. Fa la la...
Leave off this sad lamenting
And take thy heart's contenting.

The nymphs to sport invite thee,
And running in and out delights thee.
Fa la la...

L'ultimo dì di maggio – Anonymous

L'ultimo dì di maggio, un bel mattino
Per la frescata rosata
Se n'andava la bell' alto giardino,
Da vinti damigelle accompagnata,
Ogn'una innamorata,
Gentil, accorta e bella.

On the last day of May, a pleasant morning
among the freshness of the roses,
the lovely maid went walking in the garden,
accompanied by twenty damsels,
each one in love,
gracious, wise and fair.

Tantandaridondella!
Ahimè! Che l'è pur quella
Che m'ha ligato il cor che mi l'ha tolto
Con la beltà del suo splendente volto.

Tantandardondela!
Alas! it is also she
who has chained my heart, who has stolen it
with the beauty of her radiant face.

C'era una ghirlanda di bel gelsomino
Sopra la treccia ornata.
Lieta lei se n'andava la suo camino
Il primo giorno de Pasqua.
O felice giornata,
Gioiosa, allegra e bella!

There was a garland of fair jasmine
which adorned her hair.
Blithely, she went her way
on the first of Whitsuntide.
O happy day,
joyful, fair and bright!

Walking on the Green Grass – Traditional text

Walkin' on the green grass,
Walkin' side by side.
Walking with a handsome beau,
I shall be his bride.
Now we form a round ring,
The men are by our sides;
Dancing with a handsome beau,
I shall be his bride.

Now the King upon the green
Shall choose a girl to be his queen.
La la la... Lead her out, his bride to be.
And kiss her – one, two, three.
Now take him by the hand, your King,
And let him swing you 'round the Green
Oh now we'll go around the ring,
And ev'ry one will swing.

I Am Not Yours – Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.

Oh plunge me deep in love—put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.

You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.

Batter My Heart, Three-Personed God – John Donne (1572-1631)

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should
defend,

But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

At the Round Earth's Imagin'd Corners – John Donne

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go;
All whom the flood did,
and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain,
and you whose eyes

Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there; here on this lowly ground
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

Mata del Anima Sola – Alberto Torrealba

Mata del ánimasola,
Boquerón de banco largo
Ya podrás decir ahora
Aquí durmió canta claro.

Tree of the lonely soul,
Wide opening of the riverside—
Now you will be able to say:
Here slept Cantaclaro.

Con el silbo y la picada
De la brisa coleadora
La tarde catira y mora
Entró al corralón callada.

With the whistle and the sting
Of the twisting wind,
The dappled and violet dusk
Quietly entered the corral.

La noche, yegua cansada,
Sobre los bancos tremola
La crin y la negra cola
Y en su silencio se pasma
Tu corazón de fantasma.

The night, tired mare,
Above the riverside
Shakes her mane and black tail;
And, in its silence,
Your ghostly heart is filled with awe.

All My Trials – Traditional text

If religion was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Now hush, little baby, don't you cry.
You know that man is born to die.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

Too late, my brothers.
Too late but nevermind.

There grows a tree in paradise,
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life.
All my trials, Lord, soon be over.

John the Revelator – Traditional text

O tell me who is that writin'?
John the Revelator,
Writin' in the book of seven seals.
O tell me what is he writin'?
'bout the Revelation,
Writin' in the book of seven seals.

Tell us: Who is writin'?
Tell us what he's writin'!
Tell us why he's writin'.
Time for revelation and for jubilation.
Tell us what you're writin' read it to us John!

When John looked over Calvary's hill,
Heard a rumblin' like a chariot wheel.
Well, tell us, John, what did you see?
I saw a beast rising from the sea!
Talk to us, John! What's the good news?
The crippled can walk; the dumb are singin'
the blues.
Oh, John, in the graveyard, whadaya see?
The dead are dancin' all around me.

Well, just tell it in your book, John.
Juh John, write it down for us in that book.
Well, just tell it in your precious book, John.
Well, just tell it in that book of seven seals.
John!