

Sing On!

Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
 Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
 November 14, 2016, 7:30 pm
 UWF Music Hall

Prelude

If Music Be the Food of Love David C. Dickau (b. 1953)

Spanish & German Motets

Jesu dulcis memoria Tomás Luis de Victoria (ca. 1548-1611)
 Jauchzet dem Herren Heinrich Schütz (1585-1682)
 UWF Brass Ensemble: Colin Slavin, D'Andre Wells, Kevin Fails, Joshua Gardner

Italian & English Madrigals

Amor Vittorioso Giovanni 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!

Songs of Elsewhere

All My Trials Traditional Bahamian
 Erica Scharròn & Morgan Seip, soloists arr. Norman Luboff (1917-1987)
 Fly to Paradise Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
 Morgan Seip, Colleen Parsons, Stormy Robbins, Ashly Faircloth, Samantha Stott,
 Autumn Herndon, & Amber Cobby, soloists

French Chansons

Dirait-on Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)
 Be Like the Bird Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)
 Revey Venir du Printemps Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600)
 UWF Percussion Ensemble: Vivienne Boudreaux, David Rivera, & Jonathon Swain

Latin American Songs

Mata del Anima Sola Antonio Estévez (1916-1988)
 George Phillips, Harry Larimer, Amber Cobby, soloists
 Te Quiero Alberto Favero (b. 1944)
 Julianna O'Bar, George Phillips, & Nyasha Brice, soloists arr. Liliana Cangiano (1951-1997)

Finale

John the Revelator Traditional Gospel
 arr. Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

For recordings, audition dates, archived programs, and performance info
 visit www.UWFsingers.com

UWF Singers dates:

- November 16, 6:00 pm – UWF 50th Anniversary Gala
- 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

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

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

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 Laura Noah, Pensacola West Percussion Ensemble
 Dr. Larry Reed, Music Education Specialist
 Dr. Hedi Salanki, Director of Chamber Music & Piano Program
 Dr. Joe Spaniola, Director of Jazz Studies & Coordinator of Brass
 Dr. Leonid Yanovskiy, UWF Director of Strings
 Darlene Reed, Blake Riley, & Meredith Stemen, Collaborative Pianists

If Music Be the Food of Love – Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

If music be the food of love, sing on, sing on,
Sing on till I am filled with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.

Your eyes, your mean, your tongue declare
That you are music everywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

If music be the food of love, sing on, sing on,
Sing on till I am filled with joy;
Sing on, sing on, sing on!

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.

Jauchzet dem Herren – Psalm 100 / Lesser doxology

*Jauchzet dem Herren alle Welt.
Dienet dem Herren mit Freuden.
Kommt vor sein Angesicht mit Frohlocken.
Erkennt daß der Herr 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.

Amor Vittorioso – Giovanni Gastoldi (ca. 1554-1609)

*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 arditi. 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 (1583-1625)

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.

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.

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

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

Fly to Paradise – David Norona (b. 1972) & Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

And all she ever thinks about is being any other place than this,
'cause she remembers having wings but she's forgotten what it's like to feel a paradise of bliss.
And all I want to do is fly, just fly... to paradise!
And all she ever thinks about is memories of soaring through the sky,
'cause she remembers having wings but she's forgotten what it feels like to fly.
And all I want to do is fly, just fly! Paradise!

Dirait-on – Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

*Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresse...
C'est ton interieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on;*

Abandon surrounding abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness...
Your oneness endlessly
caresses itself, so they say;

*Se caresse en soi-même
par son proper reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le theme
du Narcisse exaucé, dirait-on.*

Self-caressing through
its own clear reflection.
Thus you invent the theme
of Narcissus fulfilled, so they say.

Be Like the Bird – Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

*Soyez comme l'oiseau,
Posé pour un instant sur des rameaux frêles,
Qui sent ployer la branche,
Et chante, et chante, et chante,
Sa chant qu'il a des ailes.*

Be like the bird that,
Pausing in her flight awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her,
And sings, and sings,
And sings knowing she hath wings.

*Poetic translation by Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)

Revey venir du Printans – Jean-Antoine de Baïf (1532-1589)

*Revey venir du Printans
L'amoureux' et belle saison.*

Once again returns the spring
The "in love" and beautiful season.

*Le courant des eaus recherchant
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:
Et la mer calme de ces flots
Amolît le triste courous:
Le Canard s'égay' se plonçant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.*

The current of the waters searching
The brook of summer grows clear
And the sea, calm from its tempests
Softens its sad anger
The duck makes himself merry, plunging
And himself washes elegantly in the water
And the crane, which forks her flight
Changes direction in the air and goes away

*Le Soleil éclaire luizant
D'une plus sereine clairté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se ioû' et court et noirçît
Et foretz et champs et coutaus
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la prê' decouvre ses fleurs.*

The sun shines, radiant
With a more cloudless light
From cloud the shadow flees
Which plays, and runs, and darkens
And forests and fields and hillsides
The labor human greens again,
And the meadow reveals its flowers

*De Venus le filz Cupidon
L'univers semant de ses traits,
De sa flame va réchaufér.
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams
Animaus, qui naget auz eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.*

Of Venus the son of cupid
The universe sowing with his darts
By his flame is going to rewarm
Animals that fly in the air
Animals that creep in the fields
Animals that swim in the waters
He who likewise does not feel
Amorous melts from pleasure

Mata del Anima Sola – Alberto Torrealba (1905-1971)

*Mata del anima sola,
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 Cantacclaro.

*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.

Te Quiero – Mario Benedetti (1920-2009)

*Si te quiero es porque sos
Mi amor, mi cómplice y todo
Y en la calle codo a codo
Somos mucho más que dos.
Tus manos son mi caricia,
Mis acordes cotidianos
Te amo porque tus manos
Trabajan por la justicia.
Tus ojos son mi conjuro
Contra la mala jornada
Te quiero port u Mirada
Que mira y siembra future.*

*Tu boca que es tuya y mía,
Tu boca no se equivoca
Te quiero porque tu boca
Sabe gritar rebeldía.
Y port u rostro sincere
Y tu paso vagabundo
Y tu llanto por el mundo
Porque sos pueblo te quiero.
Y porque amor no es
Aureola ni candida moraleja
Y porque somos pareja
Que sabe que no está sola.
Te quiero en mi paraíso,
Es decir que en mi país
La gente viva feliz
Aunque no tenga permiso.*

If I adore you it is because you are
My love, my intimate friend, my all;
And in the street, arm in arm,
We are so much more than two.
Your hands are my caress,
My daily affirmations.
I love you because your hands
Work for justice.
Your eyes are my lucky charm
Against misfortune.
I adore you for your gaze
That looks to and creates the future.
Your mouth is yours and mine,
Your mouth is never mistaken:
I love you because your mouth
Knows how to cry out for rebellion.
And for your sincere face
And wandering spirit
And your weeping for the world—
Because you are the people, I love you.
And because our love is
Neither famous nor naïve,
And because we are a couple
That knows we are not alone.
I want you in my paradise,
Which is to say, in my country;
I want the people to live happily
Even thought they aren't allowed to!

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.

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.

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!

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!