

UWF Department of Music  
presents

***Robert Shaw Tribute Concert:  
Honoring America's Most-Celebrated  
Choral Conductor***

featuring the

**UWF Singers  
UWF Concert Choir**

**Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director**

**Daniel Thomas, Piano  
Katie Ott, Harp  
Corey McKern, Baritone**

**November 20, 2018  
UWF Music Hall  
7:30pm**

[Calendar of events]

# Robert Shaw Tribute Concert

Dr. Peter Steenblik, director  
Daniel Thomas, collaborative pianist  
November 20, 2018, 7:30 pm; UWF Music Hall

## UWF Singers

- Let All the World in Every Corner Sing... Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)  
O Vos Omnes..... Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)  
Ave Verum Corpus..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)  
Sanctus (from *Requiem*)..... Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)  
Magnificat ..... Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)  
Mvt. 11 – *Sicut locutus est* – Noah Klauss, cello; Hyunjoo Kim, portativ organ  
The Silver Swan ..... Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)  
Liebeslieder Walzer, Op. 52..... Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)  
Mvt. 9 – *Am Donaustrande*  
Mvt. 13 – *Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft*  
Mvt. 14 – *Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar*  
Mvt. 11 – *Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen*  
Isabelle Areola & Daniel Thomas, piano

## UWF Concert Choir

- Ceremony of Carols..... Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)  
Mvt. 1 – *Procession*  
Mvt. 2 – *Wolcum Yole!*  
Mvt. 3 – *There is No Rose*  
Mvt. 4a – *That yongë child* – Isabelle Peterson, soloist  
Mvt. 4b – *Bahulalow* – Amber Coble & Carla Quinn, soloists  
Mvt. 6 – *This Little Babe*  
Katie Ott, harp  
Shall We Gather at the River ..... Robert Lowry (1826-1899)  
Three Seas ..... Alice Parker (b. 1925)  
Mvt. 1 – *There is a solitude of space*  
Mvt. 2 – *As if the Sea should part*  
Katie Ott, harp; Michael Lett, bassoon

- Old Grandma (from *Women on the Plains*)..... Canadian Folk Song  
arr. Alice Parker

## UWF Singers

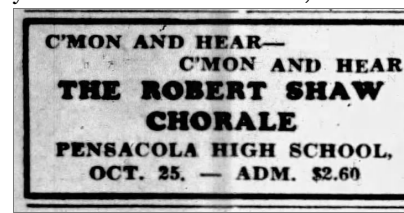
- Wearin' of the Green..... Irish Folk Song  
Kelly Pohl, soloist arr. Alice Parker  
My Gentle Harp ..... Irish Tune “Londonderry Air”  
Katie Ott, harp arr. Alice Parker  
My God is a Rock ..... African-American Spiritual  
Corey McKern & Erica Scharrón, soloists arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw (1916-1999)  
I Want to Die Easy ..... African-American Spiritual  
Alayshia Green, soloist arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw  
Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal..... Tune “Invitation” from *Southern Harmony*  
Audience members invited to join the choir arr. Alice Parker & Robert Shaw

Tonight's repertoire is inspired by selections performed by the  
**Robert Shaw Chorale**  
October 25, 1948  
at the Pensacola High School Auditorium

- I. Cantata No. 131..... Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)  
II. Music of the XVI Century  
Le Chant des Oiseaux ..... Clément Janequin (c. 1485-1558)  
O Vos Omnes ..... Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)  
The Silver Swan ..... Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)  
Lift Up Your Heads..... Volckmar Leisring (c. 1588-1637)  
Agnus Dei..... Thomas Morley (1557/1558-1602)  
Revey Venir du Printemps..... Claude Le Jeune (1528/1530-1600)  
Lasciatemi Morire ..... Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)  
Ola! O Che Bon Eccho ..... Orlando di Lasso (c. 1532-1594)  
III. Liebeslieder Walzer, Op. 52 ..... Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)  
Mvts. 8-16  
*Intermission*  
IV. In the Beginning..... Aaron Copland (1900-1990)  
V. Six Chansons..... Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)  
VI. American Folk-Song Sketches..... Gail Kubik (1914-1984)  
Tee Roo  
He's Gone Away  
John Henry  
Little Bird  
VII. African-American Spirituals  
My Lord, What a Morning.....arr. William Dawson (1899-1990)  
Soon One Morning ..... arr. Gail Kubik (1914-1984)  
If I Got My Ticket ..... arr. Robert Shaw (1916-1999)  
Soon-a Will Be Done .....arr. William Dawson  
VIII. American Show Music..... arr. Henry Brant (b. 1913)  
Where or When  
Wintergreen for President  
I've Told Every Little Star  
The Song is You

Yale University Libraries, *Robert Shaw Papers*,  
Box 202, folder 35b

The first domestic tour of the famed **Robert Shaw Chorale** began in Cleveland, OH on *October 2, 1948* and concluded in Lewisburg, PA on *November 13, 1948* of that same year. While in Pensacola, the choir, made up of 30 singers and 7 instrumentalists, stayed at the San Carlos Hotel, which was demolished in 1993 to make room for the Federal Courthouse at the intersection of Palafox and Garden. (Presently, the hotel's bathroom fixtures have been preserved at McGuire's Pub on Chase St.) The Robert Shaw Chorale went on to complete another 20 domestic and 3 international tours over the next 15 years, touring 46 states (all but AK, HI, NV, and ND) and 30 foreign countries.



Pensacola News Journal – Oct. 25, 1948. Page 3

### I Want to Die Easy – traditional spiritual

I want to die easy when I die.  
Shout salvation as I fly.  
I want to die easy when I die.  
I want to see my Jesus when I die.  
Shout salvation as I fly.  
I want to see my Jesus when I die.  
I want to go to heab'n when I die,  
Shout salvation as I fly.  
I want to go to heab'n when I die.

### Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal – text attributed to F. R. Warren

Hark, I hear the harps eternal ringing on the farther shore,  
As I near those swollen waters, with their deep and solemn roar.  
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb. Hallelujah, Glory to the great I AM.

And my soul though stained with sorrow, fading as the light of day,  
Passes swiftly o'er those waters to the city far away.  
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb. Hallelujah, Glory to the great I AM.

Souls have crossed before me, saintly, to that land of perfect rest;  
And I hear them singing faintly in the mansions of the blest.  
Hallelujah, praise the Lamb. Hallelujah, Glory to the great I AM.

#### Acknowledgements

Dr. Steven Brown, Dean of College of Arts, Social Sciences, & Humanities  
Dr. Sheila Dunn, Chair: Department of Music & Director of Voice  
Hannah Sharp Denaro, Music Department Office Administrator  
Jerre Brisky, Director of Center for Fine & Performing Arts  
John Marks, Coordinator of Center for Fine & Performing Arts  
Richard Glaze, Director of Bands & Recording Archivist  
Corey McKern, Instructor of Voice, Departments of Music & Theatre  
Dr. Larry Reed, Music Education Specialist  
Blake Riley, Director of Collaborative Piano  
Dr. Hedi Salanki-Rubardt, Director of Chamber Music & Piano Program  
Dr. Allanda Small-Campbell, Adjunct Instructor of Voice  
Dr. Joseph Spaniola, Director of Jazz Studies & Music Theory  
Dr. Leonid Yanovskiy, Director of Strings  
Dr. Lynne Lauderdale, Organ Faculty  
Aleksandra Pereverzeva, Adjunct Instructor of Cello  
Andrew Gregg & Hyunjoo Kim, Collaborative Pianists  
Kayla Bolger, Concert Publicity Artist

Dr. Lisa Billingham, Director of Graduate Studies at George Mason University School of Music

Dr. Ralph & Patricia Knowles, Choral Awards

**Katie Ott** “played with ravishing elegance and élan that was always stylish and deftly articulated.” She began her harp studies at the age of seven with Harriet Moore of DePauw University and spent three summers in residence at Interlochen Music Camp while continuing her studies with Anne Benjamin. Today she holds a Bachelor of Music in Harp Performance from the University of West Florida. As an active performer, her playing has been described as having “a shimmering ethereal quality that demonstrates why she is so much in demand along the Gulf Coast.” Katie is principal harpist with the Mobile Symphony Orchestra and performs regularly with many orchestral, chamber and choral groups throughout the southeast region. She is an active member of the American Harp Society and lives in Santa Rosa Beach, FL with her husband, two young daughters, and golden-doodle dog.

**Program information** is collected from various sources including: *Dear People*, Joseph A Mussulman; *Deep River*, Keith C. Burris; Yale Daily News Website, Charles Profelle; the RobertShaw.website; the Pensacola News Journal; UWF Historic Trust archivist Jacki Wilson; and the wonderful help of Richard Boursy, curator of the Robert Shaw Papers at Yale University.

### UWF Concert Choir

Choi, Ja..... BA Hospitality ..... Seoul, South Korea  
Cobley, Amber..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Jupiter, FL  
Darrington, Lydia..... BM Harpsichord Performance ..... Richmond, MO  
Green, Alayshia ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Ft. Walton Beach, FL  
Harris, Sarah ..... BA Elementary Education/ESOL ..... Navarre, FL  
Harris, Wisdom ..... BA Acting ..... Ft. Walton Beach, FL  
Hilton, Heather ..... BA Elementary Education ..... Milton, FL  
Kellenberger, Ashley ..... BA History ..... Pensacola, FL  
Larimer, Melissa ..... BA Studio Art ..... Navarre, FL  
Moore, Sherron ..... BA Acting ..... Starkville, MS  
Paterson, Payton ..... BA Elementary Education ..... Tampa, FL  
Peterson, Isabelle ^ ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Quinn, Dr. Carla ..... EdD Curriculum & Instruction ..... Louisville, KY  
Scharrón, Erica ..... BA Psychology ..... Navarre, FL  
Stemen, Meredith ..... BM Piano Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Watson, Melissa ..... BA Exceptional Student Education ..... Pace, FL

### UWF Singers

Areola, Isabelle..... BM Piano Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Choi, Ja..... BA Hospitality ..... Seoul, South Korea  
Drouillard, Olivia ~ ..... BA English/ BME Music Education [voice] .. Puriscal, Costa Rica  
Duphiney, Natalie ..... BA Elementary Education ..... Navarre, FL  
Evans, Ashley ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Inverness, FL  
Faircloth, Ashly ~ ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Navarre, FL  
Foushee, Rebekah ^ ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Navarre, FL  
Frederickson, Jonathan ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Ft. Walton Beach, FL  
Gilmore, Paul ..... BGS General Studies ..... Navarre, FL  
Glowasky, Jordan ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Greenville, SC  
Green, Alayshia \* ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Ft. Walton Beach, FL  
Haddad, Allison ..... BA Criminal Justice ..... Ocala, FL  
Henderson, Cassy ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Panama City, FL  
Hernandez, Alisha ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Houston, TX  
Hilliard, Robin ..... BA English Literature/Theatre Design ..... Atlanta, GA  
Irby, Alison ..... BME Music Education [piano] ..... Pensacola, FL  
Ivanoff, Seth \* + ..... BGS General Studies ..... Navarre, FL  
Joyner, Bear ..... BS Cyber Security ..... Moss Point, MS  
Kerrigan, Kali + ..... BS Chemistry ..... Niceville, FL  
Kim, Hyunjoo ..... MM Organ Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Larimer, Harry ^ + ..... BME Music Ed./BM Vocal Performance ..... Navarre, FL  
Matechik, Veronica + ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Navarre, FL  
McKeon, Xavier ~ ..... BME Music Education [piano] ..... Pensacola, FL  
McManus, Nate ..... BM Trumpet Performance ..... Eustis, FL  
McQuiggan, Sarah ..... BA Arts Administration/Theatre ..... Orlando, FL  
Metzger, Karma ..... BME Music Education [organ] ..... Panama City, FL  
Miller Elisha ^ ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Beverly Hills, FL  
Neal, Selena ..... BA Creative Writing/BM Piano Performance ..... Milton, FL  
Peterson, Isabelle ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Pohl, Kelly \* ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Arnold, CA  
Robbins, Stormy ..... BA Informal Education ..... Panama City, FL  
Sartin, Lauren ..... BME Music Education [voice] ..... Milton, FL  
Scharrón, Erica ~ ..... BA Psychology ..... Navarre, FL  
Schrack, Gabrielle \* + ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Niceville, FL  
Seip, Morgan ~ ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Crestview, FL  
Smith, Katie ..... BA Creative Writing/BM Vocal Performance ..... Hartselle, AL  
Stemen, Meredith ~ ..... BM Piano Performance ..... Pensacola, FL  
Stott, Samantha ..... BM Vocal Performance ..... Houston, TX  
Thomas, Daniel ~ ..... BM Piano Performance ..... San José, Costa Rica  
Travis, Caitlin ..... BFA Studio Art ..... Navarre, FL

^ presidency / \* principals / ~ choir officers  
+ Dr. Ralph & Patricia Knowles Choral Award Recipients

## Robert Lawson Shaw – Short Bio

**Born:** April 30, 1916 - Red Bluff, California, USA

**Died:** January 25, 1999 - New Haven, USA

In his long career, which spanned six decades and four cities, Robert Shaw transformed choral conducting into an art and nearly single-handedly raised its standards to a new level. For more than half a century he set the standard of excellence for choral music, enjoying a status of patriarch of vocal musical interpretation in the USA.

Robert (Lawson) Shaw came from a clerical family. His father and grandfather were ministers. More importantly, perhaps, his mother sang in church choirs. In school, his serious interests were in philosophy, literature, and religion, but at Pomona College he did join the glee club. Then, in a chain of events right out of a Warner Brothers backstage musical, Shaw was asked to take over the choir for an ailing faculty leader the same year that Fred Waring happened to be making a film on the campus. Waring was impressed, asked him to go to New York to develop a glee club for him, and a star conductor was born.

Robert Shaw's first major honor came as early as 1943 from the National Association of Composers and Conductors which cited him as "America's greatest choral conductor" in reference to his work with the newly-formed Collegiate Chorale.

In 1944, just as his rise to fame was truly evident, Shaw was inducted into the Navy. When he arrived at the Naval Training Center at Sampson, NY, he was directed to organize and conduct a chorus for a series of weekly radio broadcasts. He auditioned recruits as they stood in line for their physicals by having each sing a few bars of the national anthem.

Post war, Shaw returned to conducting the Collegiate Chorale. In 1945, the great—and not easily pleased—Italian conductor Toscanini was conducting Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with his NBC Symphony Orchestra. After hearing the chorus, which had been prepared by Robert Shaw, perform the glorious choral movement that ends the symphony, Arturo Toscanini turned to his players and said, "In Robert Shaw I have at last found the maestro I have been looking for."

With the founding of the Robert Shaw Chorale in New York in 1948, which Robert Shaw was to conduct for another 20 years, his fame and influence in the field became second to none in the world, leading the group on extensive tours throughout Europe, the Soviet Union, Latin America, and the Middle East under the auspices of the State Department. For this esteemed Robert Shaw Chorale, he commissioned pieces from the leading composers of the day: Béla Bartók, Darius Milhaud, Benjamin Britten, and Aaron Copland.

Robert Shaw also served as music director of the San Diego Symphony Orchestra until he was recruited by George Szell to conduct the choral section of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. He served under Szell for 11 years, during which time he shaped the Cleveland chorus.

In 1967 Robert Shaw accepted the directorship of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and saw it grow from a local band of a part-time amateur symphony of 60 musicians to a fine major-league orchestra (when he retired in 1988, the orchestra comprised 93 professional players), establishing a magnificent choral adjunct and leading the combined forces in many definitive recordings of the symphonic-choral music literature. During his 21 years in Atlanta, he conducted both the regular orchestra and the chorus. The recordings he made with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and the chorus—eleven of which won Grammy awards—are still "benchmarks" in the field. Shaw recorded the first classical album on the RCA label to sell over a million copies. In 1991, Shaw received the Kennedy Center Honors, America's highest award for artistic achievement.

"He was the greatest choral conductor we had, beyond a shadow of a doubt. So many people he came in contact with were influenced by him, both as a choral conductor and as a regular conductor." – Yale professor Lawrence Smith, conductor-in-residence at Yale's School of Music.

"Robert Shaw is without doubt the leading choral conductor in the United States. He is a practicing and acknowledged master of an art that he teaches with passion and commitment." – Isaac Stern

## Wearin' of the Green – traditional Irish, adapted by Dion Boucicault (1820-1890)

O Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's goin' round?

The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground!

Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, His color can't be seen,

For there's a bloody law against the wearin' of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,

And he said, "How's poor auld Ireland, and how does she stand?"

She's the most distressful country that ever you have seen,

They're hangin' men and women there for wearin' of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,

Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod.

But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from glowin' as they grow,

And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show,

Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,

But till that day, pl'ase God, I'll stick to wearin' of the green!

## My Gentle Harp – Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

My gentle harp, once more I waken

The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain;

In tears our last farewell was taken,

And now in tears we meet again.

Yet, even then, while Peace was singing

Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,

Though joy and hope to others bringing,

She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,

My drooping harp, from chords like thine?

Alas, the lark's gay morning measure

As ill would suit the swan's decline.

But come, if yet thy frame can borrow,

One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,

And show the world in chains and sorrow.

How sweet thy music still can be.

## My God is a Rock – traditional spiritual

My God is a rock in a weary land,

Weary land, in a weary land,

My God is a rock in a weary land,

Shelter in a time of storm.

Oh yes, I know He is a rock in a weary land,

In a weary land, in a weary land,

I know He is a rock in a weary land,

Shelter in a time of storm.

Stop 'n' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter One,

When de Lord God's work was jes' begun, [Hallelu]

Stop 'n' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Two,

When de Lord God's written His Bible through. [O de Bible]

Stop 'n' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Three.

When de Lord God died on Calvary!

An' my God is a rock in a weary land...

Stop an' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Four, [Lissen tuh Chapter Four]

When de Lord God visit 'mong de po', [He knew de po']

Stop an' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Five, [Stop 'n' n' lissen to Chapter Five]

When de Lord God brought de dead alive, [Hallelujah]

Stop an' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Six, [Stop, look 'n' lissen tuh Chapter Six]

He went in Jerusalem an' healed de sick.

O my God is a rock in a weary land...

Stop, let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Sev'n, [O my Jesus]

Died and risn' an' went to Heav'n. [Wid de angels]

Stop, let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Eight, [Hallelu]

John seen Him standin' at de Golden Gate. [He was knockin' at de Golden Gate]

Stop 'n' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Nine, [O my Jesus]

Lord God turned de water to wine. [O my Jesus, hear me]

Stop 'n' let me tell you 'bout de Chapter Ten, [Hallelu]

John says He's comin' in de world again. [O my Jesus. O my Lord.]

Amen

### **This little Babe** – Robert Southwell (ca. 1561-1595)

This little Babe so few days old, is come to rifle Satan's fold;  
All hell doth at his presence quake, though he himself for cold do shake;  
For in this weak unarmed wise the gates of hell he will surprise.  
With tears he fights and wins the field. His naked breast stands for a shield;  
His battering shot are babish cries, his arrows looks of weeping eyes,  
His martial ensigns Cold and Need, and feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.  
His camp is pitched in a stall, his bulwark but a broken wall;  
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes; of shepherds he his muster makes;  
And thus, as sure his foe to wound, the angels trumps alarum sound.  
My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; stick to the tents that he hath pight.  
With in his crib is surest ward; This little Babe will be thy guard.  
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

### **Shall We Gather at the River** – Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?	Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down; Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river; Gather with the saints at the river That flows by the throne of God.	At the smiling of the river, Mirror of the Savior's face, Saints, whom death will never sever, Lift their songs of saving grace.
On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will talk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.	

### **Three Seas** – Emily Dickinson (1830-1866)

<b>There is a solitude of space</b> A solitude of sea A solitude of death, But these Society shall be Compared with that profounder site That polar privacy A soul admitted to itself -- Finite infinity.	<b>As if the Sea should part</b> And show a further Sea And that a further, and the Three But a presumption be Of Periods of Seas Unvisited of Shores Themselves the Verge of Seas to be Eternity is Those
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### **Old Grandma** – traditional Canadian text

Old Grandma, when the west was new,  
She wore hoopskirts and bustles too;  
When babies came and times got bad,  
She stuck right on to old Granddad.  
She worked hard seven days a week, [Milk the cows, feed the pigs;]  
To keep Granddad well fed and sleek; [Bake the beans, iron the shirts;]  
Twenty-one children came to bless [Wash the clothes, scrub the floors;]  
Their happy home in the wilderness. [Waste not, want not.]  
Twenty-one necks Grandma would scrub, [Clean their nails, brush their hair;]  
Twenty-one shirts in the old washtub; [Darn the holes, turn the cuffs;]  
Twenty-one meals three times a day, [Hoe the corn, shell the beans;]  
It's no wonder Grandma's hair turned grey. [Churn the cream, raise the dough.]  
What she did was quite all right, [Bandage the wounded, bury the dead;]  
She worked all day and slept all night; [Welcome the stranger, feed the poor;]  
But young girls now are the other way,  
They're up all night and sleep all day.  
Old Grandma, when the west was new, [Old Grandma,]  
She wore hoop skirts and bustles too; [Old fashion'd clothes, old fashioned ways,]  
Whether the times were good or bad, [Rain or shine, rich or poor]  
She stuck right on to old Granddad. [Grandma and Granddad together.]

### **Robert Shaw Quotes**



“**Why choral music?** Because it allows also this communion of people that dignifies their relationship to one another, as well as to what mankind might be. The wonderful thing about choral music is that, since we're each given a voice, and it's native to us, we can also meet the great creative minds of the past, not only together, but we meet them not on the plane of finger exercises. We don't have to practice for 20 years. Anybody who can hold a scale and wants to can get into a choral society, can sing the greatest music from day one, the greatest music that Bach ever wrote. He doesn't have to go through 20 years of singing exercises. He can begin with the top of the line.”

~

“**This choir...belongs to each of us everyone.** ...what you *must* see is that the Collegiate Chorale is not a glee club or a stock company. You don't *join* the Collegiate Chorale. You *believe* it. It's very damn

near a religion. It's a way of life. Either you feel the fellow next to you is an important human being, and you like him, and you try desperately to understand how he feels about what he sings about, and pool your creative passions to make something a damned sight bigger than either of you could make alone—or this isn't your kind of choir.”

~

“It was very evident in concert performance that there was **a group of people who loved to sing together** and who somehow believed their song.”

~

“The Collegiate Chorale is not a social club—though you are welcome to make friends or get married if you are so moved (3 in the last 3 years—and I can see more on the connubial horizon). It is not an inter-racial chorus—though you would be strapped to find a more polyglot personnel. We're not trying to prove that democracy works—not any more. **We're trying to make music—together.**”

~

“**Popular music** helps you to forget and **great music** helps you to remember.”

~

“The thing that I'm convinced about is that if you don't play **your own century's music**, nobody's going to get a chance to hear it—and to decide about it.”

~

“I've lived always cheaply because that's my nature. We didn't have money as a family so it doesn't bother me any. The clothes I wear—you can tell by my rehearsal clothes—I wear the same pair of blue pants and the same blue shirts, and I buy them by the dozen and you pay all of \$9 or \$10 for a pair of pants. **I just live in work clothes.**”

~

“The strange thing about creation in the arts is that it's an intellectual discipline and a creative act that is about **the most wholesome thing** that can happen in human life. And therefore it shouldn't be used simply as a means of personal advancement, either monetarily or egotistically. In my time, I think, the institutions of polity and religion have so vitiated their function that only this creative thing is left, and this is where nobility lies. That's why I think that the arts aren't anything but essential and necessary. As I tell—it's been said to choirs time after time, you'll never have it any better than this. You can't step into a voting booth without compromising yourself one way or another. And you're stepping into a rehearsal, and you can only have the opportunity to really ennoble yourself in company with your fellow person, fellow man.”

## Texts and Translations

### Let All the World in Every Corner Sing – George Herbert (1593-1633)

Let all the world in every corner sing, "My God and King."  
The heavens are not too high, His praise may thither fly:  
The earth is not too low, His praises there may grow.  
Let all the world in every corner sing, "My God and King."  
The Church with Psalms must shout, No door can keep them out:  
But above all, the heart Must bear the longest part.  
Let all the world in every corner sing, "My God and King."

### O Vos Omnes – liturgical text

<i>O vos omnes, Qui transitis per viam, Attendite et videte Si est dolor, Sicut dolor meus.</i>	O all you Who pass along this way, Behold and see If there is any sorrow Like unto my sorrow.
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### Ave Verum Corpus – liturgical text

<i>Ave verum corpus Natum de Maria virgine, Vere passum immolatum In cruce pro homine. Cujus latus perforatum Unda fluxit et sanguine, Esto nobis praegustatum In mortis examine.</i>	Hail true body Born of Mary virgin, Truly has suffered, was sacrificed On [the] cross for mankind. Whose side was pierced Whence flowed blood, Be for us foretaste In death weighing.
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### Sanctus – liturgical text

<i>Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.</i>	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.
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### Sicut Locutus Est – liturgical text

<i>Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini eius in secula.</i>	As was spoken to our fathers, Abraham and his seed for generations.
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### 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.

### Liebeslieder Walzer – Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

#### **No. 9**

<i>Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus, Da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus. Das Mädchen, es ist wohl gut gehegt, Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe gelegt. Zehn eiserne Riegel, das ist ein Spaß; Die spreng ich, als wären sie nur von Glas.</i>	On the banks of the Danube stands a house; There a rosy-cheeked girl is looking out. The girl is well protected, Ten iron crossbars are laid across the door. Ten iron crossbars? That is a joke! I will spring them apart as if they were of glass.
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#### **No. 13**

*Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,  
Sucht nach einem Aste;  
Und das Herz ein Herz begehrt's,  
Wo es selig raste.*

Little bird rushes through the air,  
Looking for a branch;  
And the heart, a heart, it yearns  
Where it blissfully rests.

#### **No. 14**

*Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar,  
Blickt der Mond hernieder!  
Die du meine Liebe bist,  
Liebe du mich wieder!*

See, how the waves are clear;  
The moon gazes down!  
You who are my love,  
Love me again!

#### **No. 11**

*Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;  
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.  
Bin ich heiter, hegen sol lich lose Triebe;  
Bin ich still, so heists, ich were irr aus Liebe.*

No, there is no getting along with people!  
In everything they find poisonous meanings.  
If I am happy, they think I am immoral;  
If I am quiet, they say I'm crazy for love.

### Ceremony of Carols – various sources

#### **Hodie – liturgical text**

<i>Hodie Christus natus est: Hodie Salvator apparuit: Hodie in terra canunt angeli Laetantur archangeli: Hodie exsultant justi decentes: Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.</i>	Today Christ is born; Today the Savior has appeared; Today the angels sing, The archangels rejoice; Today the righteous rejoice saying: Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia
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#### **Wolcum Yole! – anonymous 14<sup>th</sup> century text**

Wolcum, be thou hevenè king, Wolcum Yole!  
Wolcum, born in one morning,  
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!  
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,  
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,  
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,  
Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere, Wolcum,  
Twelfth the Day both in fere  
Wolcum, seintes lfe and dere. Wolcum Yole!  
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss, Wolcum  
bothe to more and lesse.  
Wolcum be ye that are here, Wolcum  
alle and make good cheer.  
Wlcum alle another yere. Wolcum Yole!

#### **There is no rose – anonymous 14<sup>th</sup> century text**

There is no rose of such vertu as is the rose that bare Jesu. *Alleluia.*  
For in this rose contened was Heaven and earth in litel space. *Resmiranda.*  
By that rose we may well see there be one God in persons three. *Pares forma.*  
The aungels sungen the shepherds to: *Gloria in excelsis Deo! Gaudeamus.*  
Leave we all this werldly mirth, and follow we this joyful birth. *Transeamus.*

#### **That yongè child – anonymous 14<sup>th</sup> century text**

That yongè child when it gan weep with song she lulled him asleep:  
That was so sweet a melody it passed alle minstrelsy.  
The nightingale sang also: her song is hoarse and nought thereto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song and leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

#### **Balulalow – James, John, and Robert Wedderburn, 16<sup>th</sup> century text**

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit, prepare thy creddil in my spreit,  
And I sall rock thee to my hert, and never mair from thee depart.  
But I sall praise thee evermoir with sanges sweit unto thy gloir;  
The knees of my hert sall I bow, and sing that richt Balulalow!