

Collaborations!

Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director
Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
February 26, 2018 – 7:30 pm
UWF Music Hall

UWF Quintet

Fyer, Fyer! Thomas Morley (ca. 1557-1602)
Can't Buy Me Love John Lennon (1940-1980) & Paul McCartney (b. 1942)
arr. Keith Abbs
Run to You Kevin Olusola (b. 1988), Avi Kaplan (b. 1989), Scott Hoying (b. 1991),
Mitch Grassi (b. 1992), Kirstin Maldonado (b. 1992), and Ben Bram (b. 1987)

Madrigal Singers of Northwest Florida State College

Allison M. Everitt, Director

O Salutaris Hostias Ēriks Ešēnavalds (b. 1977)
Gabrielle Schrack & Isabelle Schrack, soloists
Glow Eric Whitacre (b. 1971)
Unclouded Day Rev. J.K. Alwood (1828-1909)
arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)
Rock-a My Soul Traditional Spiritual
Connor Ballasch, soloist arr. Stacey V. Gibbs (b. 1962)

UWF Concert Choir

Lumen Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)
Sunshine and Cloudless Sky, from *Anne Frank: A Living Voice* .. Linda Tutas Haugen
Where is the Door to the Tavern? Joan Szymko (b. 1957)
Isabelle Peterson, soloist
Chelsey Brunson, Katie Diamond, & Kaitlyn Lee, bottle chorus; Max Levesque, bass
For Good Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)
Carla Quinn & Amber Cobley, soloists arr. Mac Huff

UWF Singers

Loch Lomond Traditional Scottish
George Phillips & Harry Larimer, soloists arr. Jonathan Quick (b. 1970)
Богородице Дево, from *All Night Vigil* Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
The Storm is Passing Over Charles Albert Tindley (1851-1933)
arr. Barbara W. Baker

Please silence all phones and refrain from making additional video or audio recordings of any kind without prior authorization.

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

Madrigal Singers of Northwest Florida State College		Allison M. Everitt, Director
Angell, Ken-Jacob	Graves, Grant	Schrack, Gabrielle
Ballasch, Connor	Guessford, Alexis	Schrack, Isabelle
Bonilla, Abrial	Harker, Cameron	Smith, Jacob
Brock, Jared	Horrigan, Meghan	Smith, Madison
Brooks, Michael	Johnson, Sydney	Sticha, Zachary
Cloutier, Christa	Murray, Melody	Thompson, Chase
Ellis, Ariana	Phillips, Zachary	Welborn, Dakota
Ellis, Azhia	Sanders, Anthony	Wolfgram, Darby
Ferguson, Abigayle	Schenck, Katie	

Northwest Florida State College performance dates:

- Apr. 6, 2018, 6:30pm – NWFSC Vocal Ensembles (The Meridian at Westwood)
- Apr. 12, 2018, 6:30pm – NWFSC Arts Out Loud (Walton HS)
- Apr. 19, 2018, 7:30pm – NWFSC Arts Out Loud (Mattie Kelly Arts Center)
- May 4, 2018, 7:30pm – Bach *Magnificat* with Northwest Florida Symphony Orchestra (Mattie Kelly Arts Center)

UWF Singers		Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
Allen, Xylia +	Glowasky, Jordan	Peterson, Isabelle ^
Bailey, Ben	Green, Alayshia *	Phillips, George *##
Becker, Taylor +	Haddad, Allison +	Plantz, Allison
Black, Donovan ^ ##	Irby, Alison	Robbins, Stormy ##
Brunson, Chelsey	Irby, Amy ^	Scharron, Erica
Buch, Allie	Kellenberger, Ashley	Seip, Morgan
Cobley, Amber +	Kim, Hyunjoo	Stemen, Meredith +
Cruz-Walas, Ayla	Larimer, Harry *	Stott, Samantha *
DeVaughan, Liam	Lockett, Avery	Thomas, Daniel
Drouillard, Olivia +	McKeon, Xavier	Tibbs, Kaela
Drouillard, Raistlin	McManus, Nate	
Ellington, Branden	Metzger, Karma +	^ = presidency
Faircloth, Ashly +	Miller, Elisha	* = section leaders
Foushee, Rebekah ^ ##	Neal, Selena	+ = choir officers
Frederickson, Jonathan	O'Bar, Julianna	## = UWF Quintet

UWF Concert Choir		Dr. Peter Steenblik, Director Daniel Thomas, Collaborative Pianist
Baker, Margi	Larimer, Melissa	Ray, AJ
Black, Donovan	Paterson, Payton	Reyes, Ayana
Cobley, Amber	Peterson, Isabelle	Scharron, Erica
Drouillard, Olivia	Quinn, Carla	Stemen, Meredith
Houser, Kira		

UWF Singers performance dates:

- Mar. 3, 7:30pm – Haydn *Te Deum* with Pensacola Symphony Orchestra (Saenger)
- Apr. 17, 7:30pm – Concert: *Arise!* (Cathedral of the Sacred Heart) featuring O'Regan *Triptych* and the Pensacola West Percussion Ensemble.
- Apr. 18, 7:30pm – Guest appearance with Percussion Ensemble (Ashmore @ PSC)

For Good – Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason, bringing something we must learn;
And we are led to those who help us most to grow if we let them, and we help them in return.
Well, I don't know if I believe that's true; But I know I'm who I am today because I knew you.

Like a comet pulled from orbit, as it passes a sun.
Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood.
Who can say if I've been changed for the better but,
Because I knew you, I have been changed for good.

It well may be that we will never meet again in this lifetime, so let me say before we part
So much of me is made of what I learned from you. You'll be with me like a handprint on my heart.
And now whatever way our stories end, I know you have rewritten mine by being my friend.

Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea.
Like a seed dropped by a skybird in a distant wood.
Who can say if I've been changed for the better but,
Because I knew you, I have been changed for good.

And just to clear the air, I ask forgiveness for the things I've done you blamed me for.
But then I guess we know there's blame to share, and none of it seems to matter anymore.

Like a...

Who can say if I've been changed for the better. I do believe I have been changed for the better.
And because I knew you, I have been changed for good.

O Salutaris Hostias – St. Thomas Aquinas (c. 1225-1274)

*O Salutaris Hostia
Quae caeli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.
Uni trinoque Domino
Sit tempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.
Amen.*

O Redeeming Sacrifice,
Which opens the gate of heaven:
Enemies threaten wars;
Give us strength, send aid.
To the Triune Lord,
May there be everlasting glory;
That life without end
He gives us in our homeland.
Amen

Glow – Edward Esch (b. 1970)

Softly falls the winter snow,
Whispers to the sleeping world below:
“Wintertide awakes,”
Morning breaks and sets the earth aglow.
In gentle tones of warmest white,
Proclaim the glory of Aurora's light.

Sparrow sings in a clear clean voice,
A sweet, silver carol for the season born.
Radiant wings as the skies rejoice,
Arise and illuminate the morn.
Softly falls the morning snow,
Whispers to the sleeping world below:
“Glow, like the softly falling snow.”

Unclouded Day – Willie Nelson (b. 1933)

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies
Oh, they tell me of a home far away
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day

Oh, the land of cloudless day
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day
Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone

Oh, they tell me of that land far away
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day
Oh, they tell me of a King in His beauty there
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold
Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow

In the city that is made of gold

Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there
And His smile drives their sorrows all away
And they tell me that no tears ever come again
In that lovely land of unclouded day

Rock-a My Soul – Traditional text

Rock-a my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Lordy rock, oh won't you rock-a my soul.
Rockin', keep a-rockin' my soul, yes,
Hallelujah, rock, keep a-rockin' my soul.
Well, rich man Divies, o Lord, he lived so
well, and when he died,
Oh, he found a home in the pits of hell,
Yes he did.
Rock-a my soul...

Well, poor man Laz'rus, poor as you and I, but
when he died,
Yes, he found a home with the Lord on high,
Yes he did.
Rock-a my soul...
Rock me, Lord, won't you rock me...
Rock-a me, Lord, yes, won't you rock-a my soul.

Loch Lomond – Traditional Scottish text

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and me true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O, Ye'll take the high road an' I'll take the low road
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

Oh, Ye'll take the high road an' I'll take the low road
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and me true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters lie sleeping,
But the broken heart will ken nae second spring again,
And the world knows not how we are grieving.

Богородице Дево – Russian Orthodox Liturgy

Богородице Дево, радуйся
Благодатная Марие,
Господь с Тобою.

Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,
Mary full of grace,
The Lord is with Thee.

Благословенна Ты в женах,
И благословен Плод чрева Твоего,
Яко Spаса родила
еси душ наших

Blessed art Thou among women,
And blessed is the Fruit of Thy womb,
For Thou hast borne
The Savior of our souls.

The Storm is Passing Over – Charles Albert Tindley (1851-1933)

Have courage my soul and let us journey on.
Though the night is dark and I am far from home.
Thanks be to God the morning light appears.
The storm is passing over. Hallelu. Hallelujah.

Acknowledgements

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John Lhotka, Concert Publicity Artist

Dr. Jeremy Ribando, Chair, Division of Humanities, Fine & Performing Arts, NWFSC

On the final number, please join us with spirit and voice:

Hallelu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!!!

The storm is passing over.

The storm is passing over.

The storm is passing over, Hallelu!

UWF Summer Festival Chorus dates:

- June 25-30 Haydn *Lord Nelson Mass*
- July 9-14 *Reinventions* – 21st century compositions and related works

The UWF Summer Festival Chorus is open to singers of all musical levels, ages 17 and up. This weeklong choral immersion experience occurs twice each summer, 7:00-9:30pm.

Come be a part of this amazing group of community members, students, and faculty.

Registration is only \$60 per session, or \$95 for both. Student rates also available. Register online @ www.uwfsingers.com

Texts and Translations

Fyer, Fyer – Thomas Morley (ca. 1557-1602)

Fyer, fyer! My heart! Fa, la, la, la...

O, I burn me! Alas! Fa, la, la, la...

O help! O help! Alas! O help!

Ay me! I sit and cry me.

And call for help, alas,

But none comes nigh me! Fa, la, la, la...

I burn! I burn! Alas! I burn!

Ay me! Will none come quench me?

O cast, cast water on, alas, and drench me.

Fa, la, la, la...

Can't Buy Me Love – John Lennon (1940-1980) & Paul McCartney (b. 1942)

I'll buy you a diamond ring, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.

I'll get you anything, my friend, if it makes you feel alright.

I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love.

Can't buy me love, everybody tells me so. Can't buy me love, no!

I'll give you all I've got to give if you say you love me too.

I may not have a lot to give, but what I've got I'll give to you.

I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love. Fa, la, la, la...

Say that you need no diamond rings and I'll be satisfied.

Tell me that you want the kind of things that money just can't buy.

I don't care too much for money; money can't buy me love.

Run to You – Olusola, Kaplan, Hoving, Grassi, Maldonado, and Bram (Pentatonix)

A light in the room

It was you who was standing there

Tried it was true as your glance met my stare

But your heart drifted off

Like the land split by sea

I tried to go to follow

To kneel down at your feet

I'll run to you

I've been settling scores

I've been fighting so long

But I've lost your war

And our kingdom is gone

How shall I win back your heart which was mine

I have broken bones and tattered clothes

I've run out of time

I'll run to you

I will break down the gates of heaven

A thousand angels stand waiting for me

Take my heart and I'll lay down my weapons

Break my shackles to set me free

I'll run to you

Lumen – Traditional Texts

Lumen accipe et imperti.

Do ut des.

Receive light and pass it on.

I give so that you give back.

Sunshine and Cloudless Sky – Anne Frank (1929-1945)

I go to the attic almost every morning... This morning Peter was cleaning up. He finished quickly, and came over to where I was sitting on the floor. The two of us, Peter and I looked out at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glistening with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver; they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we could not speak. We breathed in the air and looked outside, and both felt the spell should not be broken... As long as this exists, this sunshine and cloudless sky and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad? I lie in bed at night after ending my prayers with the words, "Thank you God for all that is good and dear and beautiful," and I'm filled with joy. At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains.

Where is the Door to the Tavern? – Hâfiz of Shiraz (1315-1390)

Where is the door to the Tavern?

Where is the door to God?

In the sound of the barking dog,

In the ring of the hammer,

In the face of everyone I see.