

**Three Dissertation Recitals:  
Masterwork, Benefit Concert, and Miscellaneous Choral Works**

by

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT	iii
<b>RECITAL 1: DURUFLÉ REQUIEM</b>	1
Recital 1 Program	1
Recital 1 Program Notes and Texts	2
<b>RECITAL 2: FLIGHT: MERCY, JOURNEY &amp; LANDING</b>	6
Recital 2 Program	6
Recital 2 Program Notes and Texts	8
<b>RECITAL 3: VIDEO COMPILATION</b>	21
Recital 3 Program	21
Recital 3 Program Notes and Texts	23

## ABSTRACT

Three dissertation recitals were presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Musical Arts (Music: Conducting). The recitals included a broad range of repertoire, from the Baroque to modernity.

The first recital was a performance of Duruflé's *Requiem*, scored for chorus and organ, sung by a recital choir and soloists at Bethlehem United Church of Christ on Sunday, April 29, 2018. Scott VanOrnum played the organ, and University of Michigan (U-M) School of Music, Theatre & Dance doctoral students, Elise Eden and Leo Singer, joined as solo soprano and cellist, respectively.

The second recital was a benefit concert held on January 27, 2019 at Ste. Anne de Detroit Catholic Church on behalf of the Prison Creative Arts Project. Guest singers and instrumentalists joined the core ensemble, Out of the Blue, to explore themes of mercy, journey, and landing. The first set considered mercy with Jan Dismas Zelenka's psalm setting, *Miserere mei*, for soprano soloist, choir, and orchestra. The second set consisted of *a cappella* works by Paul Hindemith (*Six Chansons*), Ted Hearne (selections from *Privilege*), and Kurt Bestor ("Prayer of the Children," as arranged by Andrea S. Klouse). The concluding set presented *The Flight of the Swan* by Giles Swayne, rounded out by two arrangements: *The Storm Is Passing Over* and *How Can I Keep from Singing?* All in attendance were invited to sing an arrangement of *Oh, Freedom*

with all the performers at the conclusion of the concert.

The third recital was a compilation of five performances with the U-M Orpheus Singers at Stamps Auditorium (Walgreen Drama Center), along with two selections (*Noche de lluvia* by Sid Robinovitch and *How do I love thee* by William Boland) sung by the U-M Women's Glee Club in Hill Auditorium on March 24, 2018. The performances with Orpheus Singers took place on October 22, 2017, December 5, 2017, February 20, 2018, April 8, 2018, and November 29, 2018. Repertoire included George Macfarren's *Orpheus, with his lute* and Craig Carnahan's *Dancing on the Edges of Time* at the first performance, two settings of "Esurientes" from Antonio Vivaldi's Magnificat in G minor (RV 610b and RV 611) and Ola Gjeilos *Serenity: O magnum mysterium* at the second, and the cantata "Ad latus" from Dieterich Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu nostri* at the third. During the latter two concerts, Orpheus performed James MacMillan's *The Gallant Weaver* and three pieces from Carlos Guastavino's *Indianas N°1*, "Gala del día," "Al tribunal de tu pecho," and "Una de dos."

**RECITAL 1 PROGRAM**  
**Durufié *Requiem***

*Requiem*, Op. 9

Maurice Durufié  
(1902-1986)

- I. Introit
- II. Kyrie eleison
- III. Offertory
- IV. Sanctus
- V. Pie Jesu
- VI. Agnus Dei
- VII. Communion
- VIII. Libera me
- IX. In paradisum

## RECITAL 1 PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS

### *Requiem*

Maurice Duruflé

Highly self-critical, organist and composer Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986) published only thirteen works. Opus 9, the *Requiem*, would secure his international reputation as a composer, earn him a knighthood in the Order of Saint Gregory the Great from the Holy See, and endure as one of two French works (alongside Fauré's *Requiem*) in the canon of choral masterpieces. Duruflé, described in a review of the premiere as "the most authentic heir of the Fauré tradition," denied being influenced by his "predecessor." Instead, he "simply tried to surround [himself] with the style suitable to the Gregorian chants as well as the rhythmic interpretation of the Benedictines of Solesmes."

Indeed, the *Introit* quotes nearly verbatim the chant from the Gregorian Mass for the Dead. Duruflé's unobtrusive use of mixed meter facilitates the supple groupings of twos and threes characteristic of meterless chant, whose quotation is introduced by the choir. At the end of the *Introit*, the Gregorian melody reappears as a sort of *cantus firmus* in the organ part, atop which the chorus sings in four-part homophony for the first time, solidifying the believers' faith in "perpetual light." Just as in the pre-Vatican II liturgy, the *Introit* flows seamlessly into the *Kyrie*. Sure enough, Duruflé's setting is unique in its incorporation of chant among post-Renaissance Requiems. In the *Kyrie*, the chant manifests itself as a sort of twentieth-century nod to the polyphony of Palestrina.

As the altos ask *Domine Jesu Christi* to save the souls of the faithfully departed from hell, thematic elements take a decidedly more dramatic and terrifying turn. After several impassioned cries wrought with chromaticism comes reassurance from the Archangel Michael and the promise of deliverance given to Abraham and his descendants. Like the *Introit*, the angels' hymn, *Sanctus*, quotes Gregorian chant, as does the *Agnus Dei*.

The central movement is a highly intimate and personal prayer to *Pie Jesu*, sung by a solo mezzo-soprano who interweaves her entreaty with that of the wordless solo cello.

The *Agnus Dei* in the Requiem Mass is modified from the Mass Ordinary so that the receiver of mercy should be those who have died (“*dona eis requiem*”), rather than the living (“*dona nobis pacem*”). Each of the voices, whether alone or in duet, adds to this litany, which settles into a slowly-paced meditation on eternal rest. *Lux aeterna* shifts the focus from “rest” to “light eternal” and back, quoting from the text of the *Introit*, and *Libera me* escalates from looming to impending judgment, leaving the choir shuddering for liberation.

The last word is one of hope. The choir of angels (here first the sopranos, then *tutti*) will guide the souls of the departed into Paradise, where even the beggar can attain eternal rest.

Altogether, in the words of Henriette Roget, the organist of the premiere performance, “The work of Maurice Duruflé pertains no more to tomorrow than to today or yesterday [...] Inspired by the Gregorian, it is the expression of a belief rather than the voice of a man. If the *Requiems* of Mozart, Berlioz, or Fauré instruct us very exactly on the state of soul of their authors in the face of death, if the *Requiem* of Verdi is the cry of a people at a specific era, Duruflé’s Mass brings a great peace, an absolute serenity, as anonymous as the collective impetus to which we owe our cathedrals.”

## I. Introit

*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.  
Te decet hymnus, Deus in Sion,  
et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem;  
exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

Eternal rest grant them, O Lord,  
and let eternal light shine upon them.  
A hymn to you is fitting, O God in Zion,  
and a vow made to you in Jerusalem;  
hear my prayer, all flesh comes to you.  
Eternal rest grant them, O Lord,  
and let eternal light shine upon them.

## II. Kyrie eleison

*Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.  
Kyrie eleison.*

Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, have mercy.  
Lord, have mercy.

## III. Offertory

*Domine Jesu Christe, rex gloriae,  
libera animas omnium fidelium  
defunctorum de poenis inferni  
et de profundo lacu.  
Libera eas de ore leonis,  
ne absorbeat eas tartarus,  
ne cadant in obscurum.  
Sed signifer sanctus Michael  
repraesentet eas  
in lucem sanctam,  
quam olim Abrahae promisisti  
et semini ejus.  
Hostias et preces tibi, Domine,  
laudis offerimus.  
Tu suscipe pro animabus illis,  
quarum hodie  
memoriam facimus,  
fac eas, Domine,  
de morte transire ad vitam  
quam olim Abrahae promisisti  
et semini ejus.*

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
free the souls of all the faithfully  
departed from the punishments of hell  
and from the deep abyss.  
Deliver them from the lion's mouth;  
let them not be swallowed by Tartarus;  
let them not fall into darkness.  
But holy Michael  
describes them  
as being in the holy light,  
which long ago you promised to Abraham  
and his descendants.  
Offerings and prayers to you, Lord,  
we offer praise.  
Hear them for the sake of those souls  
which today  
we remember;  
grant, Lord,  
that they may pass from death to life,  
which long ago to Abraham  
and his offspring you promised.

## IV. Sanctus

*Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth,  
pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.  
Hosanna in excelsis!  
Benedictus, qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Hosanna in excelsis!*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full of your glory,  
Hosanna in the highest!  
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord,  
Hosanna in the highest!

## V. Pie Jesu

*Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

Gracious Lord Jesus, grant them eternal rest.

## VI. Agnus Dei

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona eis requiem sempiternam.*

Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,  
grant them eternal rest.

VII. Communion

*Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,  
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,  
with your saints forever, because you are gracious.  
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,  
and let eternal light shine upon them.

VIII. Libera me

*Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna,  
in die illa tremenda,  
quando coeli movendi sunt et terra,  
dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.  
Tremens factus sum ego et timeo  
dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira,  
quando coeli movendi sunt et terra.  
Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae,  
dies magna et amara valde.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.*

Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death  
on that tremendous day  
when the heavens and the earth are disturbed,  
when you will come to judge the world through fire.  
I am forced to tremble and I fear  
when the destruction comes and the impending wrath,  
when the heavens and the earth are disturbed.  
That day, the day of wrath, of calamity, of misery,  
day immense and most bitter.  
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,  
and let eternal light shine upon them.

IX. In paradisum

*In paradisum deducant Angeli,  
in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres  
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam  
Jerusalem.*

Into Paradise may the angels lead you,  
may the martyrs welcome you in your coming  
and guide you into the holy city,  
Jerusalem.

*Chorus Angelorum te suscipit  
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere  
aeternam habeas requiem.*

A chorus of angels will greet you,  
and with Lazarus, once a beggar,  
may you have eternal rest.

**RECITAL 2 PROGRAM**  
**Flight: Mercy, Journey & Landing**  
**a benefit concert for the Prison Creative Arts Project**

— **MERCY** —

*Miserere Mei*, ZWV 57 (1738)

Jan Dismas Zelenka  
(1679-1745)

- I. Miserere I
- II. Miserere II
- III. Gloria Patri I
- IV. Glorai Patri II
- V. Sicut erat
- VI. Miserere III

— **JOURNEY** —

*Six Chansons* (1939)

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

1. La Biche
2. Un Cygne
3. Puisque tout passe
4. Printemps
5. En Hiver
6. Verger

*Privilege* (2010)

Ted Hearne (b. 1982)

1. motive/mission
4. they get it
5. we cannot leave

*Prayer of the Children* (1995)

Kurt Bestor (b. 1958)  
*arr. Andrea S. Klouse*

— **LANDING** —

*The Flight of the Swan* (1998)

Giles Swayne (b. 1946)

*The Storm Is Passing Over* (1905)

Charles Albert Tindley (1851-1933)  
*arr. Barbara W. Baker*

*How Can I Keep from Singing?* (1869)

Robert Wadsworth Lowry (1826-1899)  
*arr. Adrianna Tam*

*Oh, Freedom*

African-American freedom song  
*arr. Adrianna Tam*

## RECITAL 2 PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS

### *Miserere Mei*

Jan Dismas Zelenka

*From what do we flee? From whom do we flee?*

*How are we shown mercy? How do we show mercy?*

For this program, I chose both sacred and secular repertoire to reflect on several facets of flight – whether forced or self-imposed – on a journey to freedom, themes especially relevant to the mission of *Out of the Blue*. The first theme of “mercy” is explored in a setting by Jan Dismas Zelenka of Psalm 50 (according to the Latin Vulgate), *Miserere mei*, or “Have mercy on me.”

A Bohemian by birth, Zelenka was born in Prague in 1679, and came to serve the Dresden court around 1710, where he stayed until his death in 1745. The *Miserere* is a liturgically integral part of the Exequien (or Catholic funeral rites), Lent, and Holy Week. Thanks to local parish records, we know that beginning in 1730, the *Miserere* was sung not only on Fridays, but every day during Lent. In 1731, a report indicates that Maria Josepha, the Electoral Princess of Saxony (a Habsburg and therefore Catholic) devotedly attended these daily recitations of the *Miserere*.

Although Zelenka never attained the title of *Kappellmeister*, there were thankfully occasions for him to assist the *Kappellmeister* in his compositional duties. As a result, the vast majority of Zelenka’s oeuvre is sacred vocal music: Masses, Psalm settings, antiphons, and the

like. We have two surviving settings of the *Miserere* by Zelenka, one in D minor (ZWV 56) from 1722, and the more well-known setting in C minor (ZWV 57) of 1738.

ZWV 57 is a multi-movement setting of the Psalm text that unusually (and liturgically unnecessarily) sets parts of the text twice, like so: *Miserere I – Miserere II – Gloria Patri I – Gloria Patri II – Sicut erat – Miserere III*. Not only are portions of the Psalm text and the doxology set in more than one movement, but the opening *Miserere* returns at the very end in a brief reprise.

In the opening movement, we are immediately pulled in by the *perpetuum mobile* of the instrumental introduction. Dotted rhythms and pulsating sixteenths drive us forward, with no resting point until the very final exhale, that in itself, does not receive resolution – ending on a half cadence. Heavily bass-driven, harmonic sequences, pedal tones, and extensions of harmonic progressions further illustrate the overall affect of anxiety as the psalmist pleads for God’s mercy.

The second movement is a masterful meditation of counterpoint that benefits from Zelenka’s studies in Vienna with Johann Joseph Fux. While under the tutelage of Fux, author of the landmark treatise on counterpoint, *Gradus ad parnassum*, Zelenka made a copy of Girolamo Frescobaldi’s *Fiori musicali*. Within the *Fiori* was a *Messa delli Apostoli*, from which a *ricercare*, or instrumental piece that “reaches out” in all different modes or keys, forms the basis for the *Miserere II*. Zelenka’s vocal *ricercare* is grounded on a motive of interlocking thirds: scale degrees 1-3-4-2-1. Meanwhile, the tonality of the movement wanders up and down by sequence of fifths. In other words, where the harmony is rooted in C, it then moves up a fifth to G, and onward by fifths to D, A, E, then back down, from C to F to B-flat to E-flat. Both the primary motive, which begins on and returns to scale degree 1, and the overall harmony, which

begins and then returns to C major, help to illustrate a key message of the Psalm: through God's cleansing mercy, we may be delivered back to Him, no matter how far we may "reach out," or stray. Where the first movement, in C minor, was a passionate plea, the second movement, in the parallel C major, is a secure statement of faith.

The third movement is a solo aria in a dance-like triple meter, just one musical parameter that illustrates the Trinity in the Doxology. The Father is represented by a stately dance form, the *sarabande*, and upon the invocation of the Son, articulate and chromatic figures appear, possibly suggesting the arduous crucifixion. Additional figures accompanying the Spirit skip down, evocative of the incarnation.

The fourth movement serves as a slow and grand introduction to the *Sicut erat* ("As it was in the beginning"), which unsurprisingly returns to earlier musical material – that of the second movement. This time, however, rather than cadencing in C major, it ends on a half cadence – the perfect set up for a reprise of the opening material in C minor. The most learned theologians may be stumped by the very ending of the piece, which, as in the first movement, ends on an open-ended half cadence.

Personally, I see this "end" as illustrative of the inadequacy of human nature. And in the context of the theme of mercy, I must also think of a verse in the New Testament: "Let the one among you who is guiltless be the first to cast a stone." Though none is free of guilt, all are in need of mercy.

*Miserere mei, Deus,  
secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.  
Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,  
dele iniquitatem meam.  
Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea:  
et a peccato meo munda me.  
Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco:  
et peccatum meum contra me est semper.*

Have mercy on me, O God,  
according to your unfailing love;  
according to your great compassion  
blot out my transgressions.  
Wash away all my iniquity  
and cleanse me from my sin.  
For I know my transgressions,  
and my sin is always before me.

*Tibi soli peccavi,  
 et malum coram te feci:  
 ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis,  
 et vincas cum iudicaris.  
 Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum:  
 et in peccatis meis concepit me mater mea.  
 Ecce enim, veritatem dilexisti:  
 incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.  
 Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor:  
 lavabis me, et super nivem dealabor.  
 Auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam:  
 et exultabunt ossa humiliata.  
 averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis,  
 et omnes iniquitates meas dele.  
 Cor mundum crea in me, Deus:  
 et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.  
 Ne projicias me a facie tua:  
 et spiritum sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.  
 Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris tui:  
 et spiritu principali confirma me.  
 Docebo iniquos vias tuas:  
 et impii ad te convertentur.  
 Libera me de sanguinibus,  
 Deus Deus salutis meae:  
 et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam.*

Against you, you only, have I sinned  
 and done what is evil in your sight;  
 so you are right in your verdict  
 and justified when you judge.  
 Surely I was sinful at birth,  
 sinful from the time my mother conceived me.  
 Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb;  
 you taught me wisdom in that secret place.  
 Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean;  
 wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.  
 Let me hear joy and gladness;  
 let the bones you have crushed rejoice.  
 Hide your face from my sins  
 and blot out all my iniquity.  
 Create in me a pure heart, O God,  
 and renew a steadfast spirit within me.  
 Do not cast me from your presence  
 or take your Holy Spirit from me.  
 Restore to me the joy of your salvation  
 and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.  
 Then I will teach transgressors your ways,  
 so that sinners will turn back to you.  
 Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God,  
 you who are God my Savior,  
 and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.

## **Six Chansons**

**Paul Hindemith**

As we journey on to the second set, “journey,” we turn to another native of Prague.

Born in what was then a part of the Austro-Hungarian empire, Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) spent much of his life searching for a land that would welcome him and satisfy his artistic needs, especially during the turmoil of the Great War. After what the poet described as the wartime “*cinq ans de prison allemande*” (“five years in German prison”), he finally settled in the Valais region of Switzerland, where a patron secured him a residence in the tower of Muzot. In 1922, thanks to this financial and psychological security, he was finally able to finish his *Duino Elegies*, which had plagued him since 1912. Relieved and indebted to the valley, he wrote his first French quatrains, *Les Quatrains Valaisans*, which would be published in a set of 59 poems, *Vergers*, or “Orchard,” in the poet’s final year.

Six years after the poet's death, Paul Hindemith and his wife, Gertrud, spent two weeks on holiday in the Muzot Tower, hosted by Rilke's former patron, Werner Reinhart. And six years after that, the Hindemiths could no longer secure their livelihoods in a land soon to be declared the Third Reich. Despite support from the eminent maestro, Wilhelm Furtwängler, and early praise from political leaders who hailed Hindemith as an exemplary, "German" composer, Hindemith's music was ultimately blacklisted. In September of 1938, the Hindemiths moved into a Swiss chalet only a few kilometers from Rilke's final residence. Like Rilke, Hindemith received nourishment from the local landscape: "*Die Gegend ist das schönste, was man sich wünschen kann...*" ("The scenery is the most beautiful thing one could wish for..."). While in the Valais, he became acquainted with Georges Haenni, the director of the Sion Conservatory and the local *Trachtenchor*, or "village choir" (for lack of a better translation). For Rilke, "The Valais poems did not come into being in a 'storm.' They were 'abundance.'" Similarly, Hindemith's output was prolific. In the same month as penning the *Six Chansons*, his first settings of French text, selected from Rilke's *Verger*, he also wrote a violin sonata and clarinet sonata. At first, Haenni's local choir found the chansons to be too difficult. But Haenni persisted and was able to demonstrate to the choir how exquisite and worthwhile the songs were. Needless to say, the *Six Chansons* became a staple in their repertory.

Spurred by two different world wars a decade and a half apart, both Rilke and Hindemith sought refuge in the picturesque Valais. It would seem that its rusticity had much greater appeal than the ravages of modernity. Hindemith's chansons, six musical vignettes, make use of pure sonorities of open and parallel fourths and fifths, commonly associated with "ancient" music. Notes marked by *tenuti* are held with reverence as the poet gazes at the "ancient forests abounding within" the eyes of an innocent doe ("La Biche"). Repeated pitches outline the

stillness of the water's surface, unperturbed by the swan's graceful movements ("Un Cygne").

And the homophonic patter of the altos, tenors, and basses trace the "lacy shadows" cast by the orchard's winding branches ("Verger").

1. La Biche

O la biche; quell bel intérieur  
D'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde;  
combien de confiance ronde  
mêlée à combien, combien de peur.

Tout cela, porté par la vive  
Gracilité de tes bonds.  
Mais jamais rien n'arrive, rien n'arrive  
À cette impositive ignorance de ton front.

2. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau  
tout entouré de lui-même,  
comme un glissant tableau;  
ainsi à certains instants  
un être que l'on aime  
est tout un espace mouvant.

Il se rapproche, doublé,  
comme ce cygnet qui nage,  
sur notre âme troublée...  
qui à cet être ajoute  
la tremblante image  
de bonheur et de doute.

3. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons  
la mélodie passagère;  
celle qui nous désaltère,  
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte  
avec amour et art;  
soyons plus vite  
que le rapide départ.

4. Printemps

Ô melodie de la sève  
qui dans les instruments  
de tous ces arbres s'élève—,  
accompagne le chant  
de notre voix trop brève.

1. The Doe

Oh doe! How the beautiful interior  
of ancient forests abounds within your eyes;  
so much raw confidence  
fused with so much fear.

All that, borne by the vibrant,  
lean grace of your leaps.  
Yet none of this ever appears  
in the unprepossessing blankness of your face.

2. A Swan

A swan goes forth on the water  
all surrounded by itself,  
like an elusive tableau;  
likewise, at certain moments  
a being whom you love  
is sheer space in motion.

It draws near, reflected  
upon our troubled soul  
like this swimming swan...  
which to this being adds  
the trembling image  
of happiness—and doubt.

3. Since everything passes

Since everything passes, let us sing  
the fleeting melody;  
the one that satisfies us  
will be right.

Let us sing of that which leaves us  
with love and art;  
May we be swifter  
than its rapid parting.

4. Springtime

O melody of the sap  
that rises in the instruments  
of all these trees,  
accompany the song  
of our too-brief voice.

C'est pendant quelques mesures  
seulement que nous suivons  
les multiples figures  
de ton long abandon,  
ô abondante nature.

Quand il faudra nous taire,  
d'autres continueront...  
Mais à présent comment faire  
pour te rendre mon  
grand coeur complémentaire?

It is only for a few measures  
that we accompany  
the many manifestations  
of your long abandonment,  
O abundant nature.

When we must be silent,  
others will continue...  
But for now, how can I  
return to you my great heart,  
which complements your own?

## *Privilege*

**Ted Hearne**

In other ways, flight may be internally or externally imposed.

According to composer Ted Hearne, the first movement of *Privilege* is a “setting of a little text questioning a contemporary privileged life (mine).” From a background of “tender” motives – the steady eighths of “mo-tive mo-tive mo-tive” and the dotted eighths of “mis-sion mis-sion” – springs forth the unforgiving inner voice – “You were always fair, you were almost always kind, weren’t you?” – splayed across different voice parts in a disjunct melody.

The text for the second movement comes from Bill Moyers’ 2009 interview with American journalist, David Simon. Hearne explains, “*They get it* addresses the idea that there is a large segment of our population whose existence is unnecessary to the American economy, especially those who are uneducated, that have been ill served by the inner city school system, that have been unprepared for the technocracy of the modern economy.” To Hearne’s commentary I would add some startling figures from Michelle Alexander’s *The New Jim Crow: Mass Incarceration in the Age of Colorblindness*.

“Youth of color are more likely to be arrested, detained, formally charged, transferred to adult court, and confined to secure residential facilities than their white counterparts [and] among youth who have never been sent to a juvenile prison before, African Americans were more than six times as likely as whites to be sentenced to prison for *identical* crimes. [...] African American youth account for 16 percent of all youth, 28 percent of all juvenile arrests, 35 percent of the

youth waived to adult criminal court, and 58 percent of youth admitted to state adult prison.”

The final movement of *Privilege* is based on an English translation of the South African anti-Apartheid song, *As' Kwaz' uKuhamba*. In this song, the monster that kills is Apartheid. Where the Xhosa were forcibly relocated during Apartheid due to racial segregation policies, similar monsters grip our society. Michelle Alexander, whose book focuses on the role of the War on Drugs in today's rates of mass incarceration, writes:

“Although the majority of illegal drug users and dealers nationwide are white, three-fourths of all people imprisoned for drug offenses have been black or Latino [and] black men have been admitted to state prison on drug charges at a rate that is more than thirteen times higher than white men.”

Before we are killed by those monsters, we must ask ourselves why such egregious racial disparities exist in the justice system and what we can do to positively change these realities.

1. motive/mission

motive/mission

you were always fair  
you were almost always kind  
weren't you?

you always reached out your hand  
you almost always refused to lie  
didn't you?

you wouldn't close your shining eyes  
would you?

Text: Ted Hearne (b. 1982)

4. they get it

we pretend to need them  
we pretend to educate the kids

but we don't

and they're not foolish  
they get it

Text: David Simon (b. 1960)

5. we cannot leave

we cannot leave  
this land of our ancestors  
on this earth

we are being killed by the monster  
on this earth

shuku shuku  
oh, mother, it's leaving me behind!  
i want to get on the train  
to get on the train in the morning  
i want  
oh, mother, it's leaving me behind!

Text: Traditional Xhosa, translated by Patiswa Nombona and Mollie Stone.

### ***Prayer of the Children***

**Kurt Bestor**  
*arr. Andrea S. Klouse*

Kurt Bestor originally wrote *Prayer for the Children* “out of frustration over the horrendous civil war and ethnic cleansing taking place in the former country of Yugoslavia,” where he lived in the late 1970’s. Arranged for choir by Andrea Klause, the piece was spread throughout the Midwest by Weston Noble and the Luther College Nordic Choir. Today, over 500 high school, community, and professional choirs have performed *Prayer for the Children* all over the nation and the world. In the recital, it rounds out our journey as we stop for a moment of prayer.

Can you hear the prayer of the children  
On bended knee, in the shadow of an unknown  
room?  
Empty eyes, with no more tears to cry  
Turning heavenward, toward the light

Crying, "Jesus, help me  
To see the morning light of one more day;  
But if I should die before I wake  
I pray my soul to take."

Can you feel the heart of the children  
Aching for home, for something of their very own?  
Reaching hands, with nothing to hold on to  
But hope for a better day, a better day

Crying, "Jesus, help me  
To feel the love again in my own land;  
But if unknown roads lead away from home  
Give me loving arms, away from harm."

Can you hear the voice of the children  
Softly pleading for silence in a shattered world?  
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate  
Blood of the innocent on their hands

Crying, "Jesus, help me  
To feel the sun again upon my face;  
For when darkness clears I know you're near  
Bringing peace again."

The third set transitions into “landing.”

*The Flight of the Swan* uses a ninth-century Latin poem from the abbey of St. Martial in Limoges (France), whose school of music was the birthplace of many medieval tropes and sequences, including the *Planctus cygni*, or Swan’s Lament. While the original plainchant melody survives in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, English composer Giles Swayne has not quoted it. His setting of this allegorical ballad depicts the swan’s misery in large leaps and ruptured melodic lines. The rage of the ocean waves buffets the swan’s flight with tumultuous meter changes and frenetic writing for the flute and cello. Calmer, pseudo-modal (pseudo-sacred?) melodic lines guide the swan to landing in great rejoicing, concluded by a mystic acknowledgment of the “great king.”

*Planctus Cygni*

*Clangam, filii, ploratione una alitis cygni,  
qui transfretavit aequora.*

*O quam amare lamentabatur  
Arida se dereliquisse florigera  
et petisse alta maria!*

*“Infelix sum avicula,  
heu mihi, quid agam misera?”*

*Undis quatuor procellis  
hinc inde allidor,  
exsulata.*

*Gemens alatizo  
intuens mortifera,  
non conscendens supera.*

*Cernens copiosa  
piscium legumina,  
non queo in denso gurgitum  
assumere alimenta.*

*Ortus, occasus, plagae poli,  
sufflagitate Oriona,  
effugitate nubes occiduas.”*

The Swan’s Lament

I shall sing, my children, the lament of a swan-bird  
which crossed the ocean.

O how bitterly it lamented  
leaving the flowering dry land  
and seeking the open sea.

“I am an unhappy little bird.  
Alas, what shall I do, poor me?”

The waves buffet me,  
storms dash me to and fro;  
I am lost at sea.

Groaning I fly on,  
gazing at mortal dangers, yet  
unable to fly higher.

Though I see an abundance  
of fishy foods,  
I cannot, in this foul weather,  
get hold of anything to eat.

O West, O East, O North,  
summon up Orion  
and scatter the thick clouds!”

*Dum haec cogitarem tacita,  
venit rutila  
adminicula aurora.*

While it silently thought this,  
up came a rosy,  
encouraging dawn.

*Oppitulata afflamine  
coepit virium  
recuperare fortia.*

Relieved by a gentle breeze,  
the swan now began  
to regain its strength.

*Ovatizans iam agebatur  
inter alta sidera.  
Hilarata ac iucundata,  
penetrabatur marium flumina.*

Rejoicing, it soared up  
amongst the highest stars.  
Cheered and rejoicing,  
it powered across the waves.

*Dulcimode cantitans  
volitavit ad amoena arida.*

Singing sweetfully, it fluttered  
down to welcoming dry land.

*Regi magno sit gloria.*

Glory be to the great king.

### ***The Storm Is Passing Over***

**Charles Albert Tindley**  
*arr. Barbara W. Baker*

Born to a slave father and free mother, Charles A. Tindley was considered free and grew up to be a renowned minister, whose multiracial congregation grew to 10,000. Complementary to his work as a preacher, Tindley composed many hymns, including “The Storm Is Passing Over.” Emerging from the “storms” and “thick clouds” of the preceding *Planctus Cygni*, this arrangement of “The Storm Is Passing Over” by Gospel authority, Barbara W. Baker, was offered as an anthem of perseverance and hope for those weathering storms of their own.

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.

### ***How Can I Keep from Singing?***

**Robert Wadsworth Lowry**  
*arr. Adrianna L. Tam*

Another successful preacher and hymn writer, Robert Wadsworth Lowry was born in Philadelphia and wrote hundreds of hymns, including “Shall We Gather at the River?” and “How Can I Keep from Singing?” While studying abroad in Europe, I arranged the latter – a staple

American hymn – as a way to feel connected to my home, 6000 miles away, and to share a special piece of home with my Austrian church choir. It is also a song for any individual who cannot keep from singing – especially for the incarcerated who may not be permitted to sing.

My life flows on in endless song;  
Above earth's lamentation,  
I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn  
That hails a new creation;  
Thro' all the tumult and the strife  
I hear the music ringing;  
It finds an echo in my soul—  
How can I keep from singing?

What tho' my joys and comforts die?  
The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
What tho' the darkness gather round?  
Songs in the night he giveth.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm  
While to that refuge clinging;  
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?

### *Oh, Freedom*

African-American freedom song  
*arr. Adrianna L. Tam*

Although *Oh, Freedom* has its origins in slavery, it is often sung today in prisons. This was where Mary Heinen, a woman who was formerly incarcerated and who now works as a staff member for the Prison Creative Arts Project, first learned the song. Mary approached our ensemble to ask if she could sing it with us during the concert, and we were more than happy to oblige. I should point out that this last piece was not officially listed in the program because it was not formally “performed.” Instead, all in attendance were invited to sing with all of the performers, with Mary front and center. The end of the arrangement quotes Lowry’s tune, as well as a fragment of another song that also begins “Oh, Freedom,” a South African freedom song, *Freedom Is Coming*.

Oh, freedom, Oh, freedom  
Oh freedom over me

And before I'd be a slave  
I'd be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free

No more weepin'...  
There'll be singin'...  
Oh, freedom...

**RECITAL 3 PROGRAM**  
**Video Compilation**

Orpheus Singers  
Scott VanOrnum, piano  
October 22, 2017  
Stamps Auditorium  
*Orpheus, with his lute*  
*Dancing on the Edges of Time*

George Macfarren  
Craig Carnahan

Orpheus Singers  
Baroque Chamber Orchestra  
December 5, 2017  
Stamps Auditorium  
*Magnificat*  
*Esurientes, RV 610*  
*Esurientes, RV 611*  
*Serenity: O magnum mysterium*

Antonio Vivaldi

Ola Gjeilo

Orpheus Singers  
Baroque Chamber Orchestra  
February 20, 2018  
Stamps Auditorium  
IV. *Ad latus* from *Membra Jesu nostri*, BuxWV 75

Dieterich Buxtehude

“Sorellanza”  
Women’s Glee Club  
Annie Jeng, piano  
March 24, 2018  
Hill Auditorium  
“Noche de lluvia” from *Canciones por las Americas*  
*How do I love thee*

Sid Robinovitch  
William Boland

Orpheus Singers  
April 8, 2018  
Stamps Auditorium  
*The Gallant Weaver*

James MacMillan

Orpheus Singers  
Scott VanOrnum, piano  
November 29, 2018  
Stamps Auditorium

*Indianas N°1 para coro mixto y piano*

Gala del día

Al tribunal de tu pecho

Una de dos

Carlos Guastavino

**RECITAL 3 PROGRAM**  
**Video Compilation**

***Orpheus, with his lute***

**George Macfarren**

In the opening scene of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, a "wench" sings to Queen Katharine (who will eventually be divorced) in hopes of consoling her troubled soul, invoking the mythological Orpheus. Macfarren's setting of this Shakespearean song brings the text to life, from "playful" dotted rhythms to "billowing" parallel sixths and prolonged "grief." The listener is ultimately tucked in with a blanket of sound as they "fall asleep" to Orpheus's dulcet tones in the eponymous madrigal sung each year by the Orpheus Singers.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

***Dancing on the Edges of Time***

**Craig Carnahan**

The first non-European to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, Rabindranath Tagore's (1861-1941) poetry "practically set itself," notes American composer Craig Carnahan. The ecstatic opening in the Lydian mode suggests a mystical realm beyond the mundane. Rhythms spring on off-beats; accompanying voices skittering staccato atop a vivacious and lyrical melody.

As the choir journeys to “the edges of time,” a temporary traversal from 4/4 to 9/8 suspends and stretches the otherwise perpetual motion – a glimpse of the mysteries of the flow of time. A sweetly-set elaboration of the text encourages the listener to let their lives dance “like dew on the tip of a leaf,” and a final flourish brings together a concordant cacophony of the twirling multitude.

Let your life lightly dance on the edges of Time  
like dew on the tip of a leaf.

**“Esurientes” from *Magnificat in G minor***

**Antonio Vivaldi**

Although he is perhaps most well-known today for the *Four Seasons*, Antonio Vivaldi’s most popular work during his lifetime was his *Magnificat in G minor*. Originally written around 1715 (RV 610b) for the gifted musicians of the Ospedale della Pietà, a girls’ orphanage run by Venetian nuns, Vivaldi reworked the *Magnificat* at least three more times. The most significantly altered version was also the last (RV 611). In 1739, the composer added five solo movements tailored to five particularly talented young women at the Pietà, and each of their names (Apollonia, Maria “la Bolognese,” Chiaretta, Ambrosina, and Albetta) was written atop its corresponding movement.

While not exactly liturgically palatable, Orpheus Singers performed two of these solo movements alongside their choral predecessors of identical text (“*Esurientes*” and “*Sicut locutus est*,” the latter conducted by Jessica Allen). The older setting of “*Esurientes*” (from RV 610b) features a trio texture of two soprano voices atop the basso continuo. Because the continuo’s recurring rhythmic unit necessitates a regularity of rests in the bass sound, the overall sound is lightened, and, on a practical level, the rests helpfully accommodate the even lighter sound of the treble voices. The first sopranos lead with the melody, immediately echoed by the second

sopranos, and then the two lines duet to “send away the rich.” The longest stretch of melismatic writing occurs at “inanes,” almost rendering the word unintelligible, or “empty” of meaning (except that the contemporary listener would have had intimate familiarity with this central Catholic text). Overall, abundant in consonant duets and pleasing melodic sequences, the affect is pleasing and not aggressive, even when the singers climb rapidly upward with the rich who are to be dismissed.

In contrast, the solo version of “Esurientes” (RV 611) is much more dramatic, both in its rhythmically driving string writing and virtuosic, melismatic vocal line. In the opening ritornello, for instance, the Lombard rhythm of short-long translates into an active vocal line that paints the text, “divites dimisit” (“has sent away the rich”), and for the remainder of the aria, this instrumental gesture now also carries that rhetorical meaning, appearing throughout as a stark reminder that earthly fortunes are reversed by the will of heaven. As in RV 610b, the emptiness of “inanes” is used as a launching point for extended melismas, and the fastest gesture yet – a rapid upward takeoff (“et divites dimisit”) is compounded by an alternating dialogue between the two violins. After all of this compression and build, the soloist has the opportunity for a brief cadenza that is rounded out by an abbreviated, closing ritornello.

*Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.*

The hungry he has filled with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty.

***Serenity: O magnum mysterium***

**Ola Gjeilo**

A Christmas Day responsory for the pre-dawn office of Matins, *O magnum mysterium* describes the miracle of the birth of Christ and the blessed mother who bore him. In his setting, Norwegian composer Ola Gjeilo aims for a “symphonic, abundant feel” and a “warm, lush sound that can give a feeling of space and evocativeness, but still be intimate, somehow.” Indeed, the

opening of *Serenity* syllabifies the responsory's first three words. The syllables bloom and evaporate back to silence, harmonic "space and evocativeness" taking precedence over intelligibility of text. Amongst this stillness, it is easy to imagine a baby lying in a manger while the star of Bethlehem shines overhead. Like a lone pinprick of starlight, the altos open the floodgates to a "symphonic" stream of "warm, lush sound," bathing the infant Savior in infinite celestial radiance. As the animals gather around the manger, the choirs of the angels sing a "sonorous" fanfare in praise of the Virgin and the Lord. Crowned in stars, mother and child are serenaded by a reprise of the alto-led symphony, which fades into an ecstatic "Alleluia" of divine serenity.

*O magnum mysterium, et admirabile sacramentum, ut animalia viderent Dominum natum, jacentem in praesepe!  
Beata Virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt portare Dominum Christum. Alleluia!*

O great mystery, and wondrous sacrament, that animals should see the new-born Lord lying in their manger!  
Blessed is the Virgin whose womb is worthy to bear the Lord Jesus Christ. Alleluia!

### **"Ad latus" from *Membra Jesu nostri***

**Dieterich Buxtehude**

Around the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ and His Five Sacred Wounds spread throughout Christianity. Amidst this rising tradition, the seven-part Medieval hymn, *Salve mundi salutare*, by Arnulf von Löwen (ca. 1200-1250) expanded on the crucifixion by examining seven facets of Christ's countenance: feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, and face. In 1680, Dietrich Buxtehude translated the hymn and selected appropriate Bible verses for each aforementioned facet to set in his seven-part Passion-esque cantata cycle entitled *Membra Jesu nostri patientis sanctissima* or "The most holy limbs of our suffering Jesus."

The poetry of the fourth cantata, *Ad latus*, is both amorous and aware of the injury suffered on behalf of the sinner. Octave leaps in the opening sonata thrust upward like the lance

that pierced the side of Jesus and flow downward like the blood running down His side. The concerto, made intimate and personal by the interweaving of concertists, or soloists from the choir, is a lilting triple-meter song of love – a figurative invitation from Christ for the beloved to enter and be enveloped by his wound and consequent salvation. Following each aria sung by either the beloved or congregation, represented by the soprano or trio, respectively, a brief ritornello, or return, in triple meter evokes a wordless memory of Christ’s invitation. First the soprano responds in duple meter by recognizing the blood that will wash away her sins. Next a trio of humbled adorers answer, also in duple meter. The soprano then commits her soul to Christ’s side, wishing to evade “the cruel lion.” Finally, the concerto restores triple time – for three is of the Trinity, and in three days He will rise again to conquer death.

IV. *Ad latus*

Coro

*Surge, amica mea,  
speciosa mea, et veni,  
columba mea inforaminibus petrae,  
in caverna maceriae.*

Arise, my love,  
My beautiful one, and come,  
My dove in the clefts of the rock,  
In the hollow of the cliff.  
(Song of Solomon 2:13–14)

Aria (Soprano I)

*Salve latus salvatoris,  
in quo latet mel dulcoris,  
in quo patet vis amoris,  
ex quo scatet fons cruoris,  
qui corda lavat sordida.*

Hail, side of the Savior,  
In which the honey of sweetness is hidden,  
In which the power of love is exposed,  
From which gushes the spring of blood  
That cleans the dirty hearts.

Aria (ATB)

*Ecce tibi apropinquo,  
parce, Jesu, si delinquo,  
verecunda quidem fronte,*

*ad te tamen veni sponte  
scrutari tua vulnera.*

Lo I approach You,  
Pardon, Jesus, if I sin,  
With reverent countenance  
Freely I come to You  
To behold Your wounds.

Aria (Soprano II)

*Hora mortis meus flatus  
intret Jesu, tuum latus,  
hinc ex pirans in te vadat,  
ne hunc leo trux invadat,  
sed apud te permaneat.*

In the hour of death, may my soul  
Enter, Jesus, Your side,  
Hence dying may it go into You,  
Lest the cruel lion seize it,  
But let it dwell with You.

Coro (*da capo*: *Surge amica mea*)

## ***Noche de lluvia***

**Sid Robinovitch**

Written for the National Youth Choir of Canada in 2000, “Noche de lluvia” is the first from a set of three pieces comprising Sid Robinovitch’s *Canciones por las Americas*. The Women’s Glee Club performed an arrangement for sopranos and altos. A Canadian himself, Robinovitch turned to the poetry of Uruguayan feminist icon, Juana de Ibarbourou (1892-1979).

At the poem’s outset, it is unclear to whom the poet speaks (“no te duermas”). But when the focus shifts to the lower voices of the chorus, so, too, does the focus shift from the landscape beyond the window panes to the tableau within. Ibarbourou’s verse is sensual and tactile, the poet’s voice evoking the living beauty of the rain (“the enchanted sister who has slept in the sky, who has seen the sun,” who will become “diamonds” on the needles of the pines) in order to prolong this tender moment in the bedroom. Both fulfillment and yearning coexist: a steady rocking ostinato in the piano lulls us into the sated warmth of the bedroom, and harmonies rich in non-chord tones hint at resolution yet to come.

*Espera, no te duermas.  
 Quedate atento a lo que dice el viento  
 Y a lo que dice el agua que golpea  
 Con sus dedos menudos en los vidrios.  
 Todo mi corazón se vuelve oídos  
 Para escuchar a la hechizada hermana,  
 Que ha dormido en el cielo,  
 Que ha visto el sol,  
 Y baja ahora, elástica y alegre.  
 Escuchemos el ritmo de la lluvia.  
 Apoya entre mis senos  
 Tu frente taciturna.  
 Yo sentire el latir de tus dos sienas,  
 Palpitantes y tibias.  
 Como estará de alegre el trigo ondeante!  
 Con que avidez se exponjara la hierba!  
 Cuantos diamantes colgaran ahora  
 Del ramaje profundo de los pinos!  
 Espera, no te duermas. Esta noche  
 Somos los dos un mundo,  
 Aislado por el viento y por la lluvia  
 Entre las cuencas tibias de una alcoba.*

Wait, do not sleep.  
 Listen to what the wind is saying  
 And to what the water says tapping  
 With little fingers upon the window panes.  
 My heart is listening  
 To hear the enchanted sister  
 Who has slept in the sky,  
 Who has seen the sun,  
 And now comes down, buoyant and gay.  
 Let us listen to the rhythm of the rain.  
 Cradle between my breasts  
 Your silent forehead  
 I will feel the beating of your temples,  
 Throbbing and warm.  
 How gay the waving wheat will be!  
 How eagerly the grass will thrive!  
 What diamonds will cluster now  
 In the deep branches of the pines!  
 Wait, do not sleep. Tonight  
 The two of us are a world,  
 Isolated by wind and rain  
 In the warmth of a bedroom.

***How do I love thee***

**William Boland**

A highly inquisitive and self-educated woman, Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s curiosity and passion was limited by a number of medical ailments. Following the death of her brother Edward, who drowned at sea while the two siblings were spending a year in Torquay (along the English Channel), Barrett Browning withdrew from society and sequestered herself to five years of writing in her bedroom. Her suffering was certainly not alleviated by her tyrannical father, a widower struggling to maintain the family’s sugar plantations in Jamaica. The fruits of her labor, published in 1844 as *Poems*, caught the attention of one Robert Browning, whose poetry Elizabeth admired. The two ultimately exchanged over five hundred letters before eloping and moving to Florence, leaving behind Elizabeth’s father, who never gave the couple his blessing. Before their marriage, Elizabeth wrote some 44 love sonnets, published in 1850 as *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and from this collection, William Boland set sonnet 43, “How do I love thee?”

The choir does not enter squarely on the tonic, but seems to emerge out of an infinite texture of wonder and besotted preoccupation. Each iteration in the litany (“I love thee...”)

begins a new idea in the through-composed setting, from the special harmonic coloring of “sun and candle-light” to the subtly militant rhythms of “men” who “strive for right.” With a life’s worth of breath, smiles, and tears, the choir reaches an impassioned dynamic pinnacle that is answered by the poignancy of love beyond death. Just as the choir did not begin on the first scale degree, neither does the piano end so, allowing both the poetry and its subject(s) to live beyond the double bar line.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day’s  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood’s faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

### ***The Gallant Weaver***

**James MacMillan**

James MacMillan is known to be a devout Roman Catholic and interested in liberation theology, perhaps best exemplified by his larger choral works, *Seven Last Words from the Cross* and *Cantos Sagrados*. On a much smaller scale and purely *a cappella*, *The Gallant Weaver* is by contrast a secular piece that reflects MacMillan’s Scottish roots. The marriage of his music with the poetry of Robert Burns is “as Scottish as it gets,” according to English conductor Paul McCreesh. Opening with a canonic melody in the sopranos that soars above a slowly-rocking harmonic foundation in the lower voices, this is no simple folk song.

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,  
By mony a ow’r and spreading tree,  
ere lives a lad, the lad for me,  
He is the gallant Weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,  
ey gied me rings and ribbons ne,  
And I was feared my heart would tine,  
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd the tocher-band  
To gie the lad that has the land,  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;  
While bees delight in op'ning owers;  
While corn grows green in simmer showers,  
I love my gallant Weaver.

Text: Robert Burns (1759-1796)

### **Selections from *Indianas N°1***

**Carlos Guastavino**

Carlos Guastavino is one of the most beloved and renowned composers of Argentinean vocal music. Born and raised in Santa Fe, Argentina, his late works are nationalistic in tone, as he used more traditional harmonies and folk idioms than his contemporaries employed. Yet Guastavino's unique combination of both classical and folk styles, including distinctly Argentinean rhythms, prevented his music from becoming conventional. Rather, these pieces are preserved as viable vocal literature for generations to come.

The three pieces performed by Orpheus Singers are from a set of six titled *Indianas*, a reference to the Americas under the old European misnomer, "East Indies." This set features Argentinean poetry, beautiful melodies, strophic form, and fiery rhythms. The juxtaposition of 3/4 and 6/8 meters is typical of Argentinean music, suggesting dances like the *chacarera*, the *cueca*, and the *zamba*. Within these forms, Guastavino introduces conversations between lovers and vivid descriptions of nature, and so draws the listener in to the heart of Latin America.

## 1. Gala del día

Amo la luz del alba porque te besa  
y te devuelve viva y traviesa.  
Erguida espiga al viento del mediodía,  
Amo el sol que te dora madura y mía.  
    Ay! corazón de la noche, gala del día!  
    Mi vida estoy quemando por tu alegría.

Cuando la tarde llora su luz perdida  
Amo el trino que prendes sobre mi vida  
Quiero tanto a la noche que es infinita  
como tu hora dulce oscura y tibia  
    Ay! corazón de la noche, gala del día!  
    Mi vida estoy quemando por tu alegría.

I love the light of dawn because it kisses you,  
and makes you alive and fanciful.  
Straight tassel to the wind of noon,  
I love the sun that gilds you, ripe and mine.  
Alas! heart of the night, finery of the day!  
My life, I am longing for your happiness!

When the afternoon cries for its lost light,  
I love the song you put in my life.  
I love so much the night that is infinite,  
as your sweet hour, dark and warm.  
    Alas! heart of the night, finery of the day!  
    My life, I am longing for your happiness!

## 5. Al tribunal de tu pecho

Al tribunal de tu pecho  
vengo a elevar le recurso,  
por si quisiera escuchar  
mi pasión y su discurso.  
    Jardín de amores, jardín de amores,  
    castigo liviano puedan merecer los amadores.

Al tribunal de tu pecho  
vengo a probarle constancia,  
por si pudieran valer  
mis desvelos y observancia.  
    Jardín de amores...

Al tribunal de tu pecho  
vengo a pedirle clemencia,  
por si pudeira imponer  
mi prisión y penitencia.  
    Jardín de amores...

To the court of your heart  
I come to appeal,  
should it want to listen  
to my passion and pleading.  
    Gardens of love, gardens of love,  
    those who love deserve only a slight penalty.

To the court of your heart  
I come to prove my fidelity,  
the proof should be  
my sleeplessness and observance.  
    Gardens of love...

To the court of your heart  
I come to ask for clemency,  
if it is going to sentence me  
to prison and penitence.  
    Gardens of love...

## 6. Una de dos

A la vara del mimbre la dobla el agua,  
una vara en el aire, otra mojada.  
Como a la vara el agua tu amore me dobla  
Quien me ha visto en tus ojos, quien en la sombra.  
    Una de dos:  
    me encontrarán llorando  
    o estoy con vos

Por fijarse en el río el cielo baja  
y se lo paga el río dándole andanza  
Como ese espejo al cielo quisiera verte.  
Al cielo que lo mira cielo devuelve  
    Una de dos...

Water bends the willow stick.  
One stick up in the air, the other soaking.  
As water to the willow, your love turns me.  
Some saw me in your eyes, some in shadows.  
    One or the other:  
    they will find me crying  
    or I will be with you.

When he sees himself in the river, the sky falls,  
and the river rewards him, giving tenderness.  
As that mirror to the sky, I would like to watch you.  
The sky watches him, the mirror returns the sky.  
    One or the other...