

***Lawrence University
Choirs***

All Works of Love

**Phillip A. Swan and Stephen M. Sieck,
conductors**

Friday, May 30, 2014

8:00 p.m.

Lawrence Memorial Chapel

Viking Chorale

Fengyang Song

Chen Yi
(b. 1953)

Canción de Cuna con Pollitos

José Mena
(b. 1966)

Soloists: Elizabeth Perry and Colby Lewis

Kpanlongo

arr. Derek Bermel
(b. 1967)

Cantata

The Lark's Song

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov
(1844-1908)

Many Waters

Nicolas Bizub, LU '14
(b. 1992)

Solo Quartet: Katie Bultman, Sarah Coffman,
Elyse Brotzman, and Keira Jett

I Want To Die While You Love Me

Rosephanye Powell
2013 ACDA Women's Choir Consortium Commission (b. 1962)

Scantei Solare (Solar Flares)

Jonathan Pieslak
(b. 1974)

Soloists: Froya Olson and Elisabeth Burmeister

i carry your heart with me

David Dickau
(b. 1953)

From *The Sound of Music*
My Favorite Things

Richard Rodgers
Oscar Hammerstein II
arr. Mitos Andaya

Concert Choir

Ecstatic Meditations No. 3
I Cannot Dance, O Lord

Aaron Jay Kernis
(b. 1960)

Fear Not, Dear Friend

Jake Runestad
(b. 1986)

Soloist: Morgen Moraine

The Fiddler of Dooney

Daniel J. Hall
(b. 1971)

Im Abendrot
(after the Adagietto from Gustav Mahler's *Symphony No. 5*)

arr. Clytus Gottwald
(b. 1925)

El Guayaboso

Guido López-Gavilán
(b. 1944)

Total Praise

Richard Smallwood
(b. 1948)
arr. Doreen Rao
(b. 1950)

Combined Choirs

All Works of Love

Joan Szymko
(b. 1957)

Texts and Translations

Fengyang Song

(traditional song text)

Gongs and drums are in my hands, I am singing a song while playing drums and gongs. Other songs I don't know how to sing, I can only sing a Fengyang song.

Special thanks to Katie Blackburn '14 (Chinese, Linguistics)
for her invaluable assistance in helping us learn the Mandarin.

Canción de Cuna con Pollitos

text by José Mena

Sleep so you'll have happy dreams.
Sleep and I'm gonna sing for you.
If you close your eyes, I'll tell you a story of a little chicken that wanted to eat.

Close your eyes so I can tell you how he was dying from cold and his mama came to give him warmth and love to dream.
If you close your eyes, I'll teach you where to put the little table if you want to marry.

Close your eyes and I'll tell you the story of a little boat that was lost in deep seas.
Close your eyes and I'll soon begin.

The little chickens say *pio, pio, pio* when they are hungry, when they are cold.
The mama brings them corn and wheat, feeds them, and gives them protection.

Close your little eyes, let's dream together.
Sleep quietly and dream now.
Close your eyes so the scarebabe will come looking for you.
If you go to sleep, I'll soon end this story.

Under its two wings, the little chickens nestle down and sleep until the next day.
When they're hungry, the little chickens say *pio*.
And if they're very sleepy, they also say *pio*.
"Sleep close to me," your mamma says quietly.

Special thanks to Morgan Krhin ('14, Spanish)
for her invaluable assistance in helping us learn the Spanish.

Kpanlongo

traditional Phanti
text written out by Richard Na-ile.

Come and hold my child while I dance Kpanlongo;
It's the dance where you shake your body all around.

The Lark's Song

poem by Aleksey Tolstoy
(1817-1875)

The lark's song rings out more clearly,
the spring flowers are brighter,
the heart is full of inspiration,
the sky is filled with beauty.

As we tear apart the fetters of banality,
a triumphant tide of new life overwhelms us.

Fresh and young are the sounds
of youth's new and mighty ranks,
as strings pulled taut,
stretching between heaven and earth.

[Translation by Vladimir Morosan]

Special thanks to Professor Peter John Thomas
for his invaluable assistance in helping us learn the Russian.

Many Waters

text excerpted from the Song of Solomon (KJV)

Song of Solomon 8:6-7

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

Song of Solomon 5:2

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

Song of Solomon 5:6

I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my soul failed when he spake: I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

I Want To Die While You Love Me

Georgia Douglas Johnson
(1886-1966)

I want to die while you love me,
 While yet you hold me fair,
While laughter lies upon my lips
 And lights are in my hair.

I want to die while you love me,
 And bear to that still bed,
Your kisses turbulent, unspent
 To warm me when I'm dead.

I want to die while you love me
 Oh, who would care to live
Till love has nothing more to ask
 And nothing more to give?

I want to die while you love me
 And never, never see
The glory of this perfect day
 Grow dim or cease to be!

Interpretation of the Text by the Composer:

As I interpret it, Georgia Douglas Johnson describes a day in which she and her beloved experience the raptures of passionate love. It is a day that Johnson hopes will never end, wishing to carry it to her grave: "and bear to that still bed (death), your kisses, turbulent (passionate), unspent, to warm me when I'm dead." Here, the poet finds hope in that the warm, passionate kisses of her beloved will make the grave a less cold and unfeeling place. Johnson longs to die in the bliss of the moment such that she "never sees the glory of this perfect day grow dim or cease to be." One might ask, "Why should one desire death in the midst of such joy?". The poet answers: "Oh, who would care to live 'til love has nothing more to ask and nothing more to give . . .". The reality is that love may wane; that the passion experienced today may die over time. Therefore, Johnson's ultimate desire is to "die while you love me". As a composer, I found Johnson's lyrical and poignant poetry inspiring for musical development.

Solar Flares

text by Sabina Pauta Pieslak

Sun and stars, many tiny ones,
A game of light on the mountain peak,
The snow has melted easily, it flows clearly towards the spring.
The warm wind carried the spring,
The doe once again leaps through the valleys.

She drinks from the pure, crystal river that pours itself smoothly into
the sea;
Springtime is fully born.

The sea is rising, waves with foam,
Migratory birds are gathering,
A siren sings sweetly to them, "la do lo..."

Special thanks to Jonathan Pieslak
for sending us the word-by-word phonetic alphabet
transcription of the Romanian.

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in my heart)

By e. e. cummings
(1894-1962)

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

My Favorite Things

Richard Rodgers
Oscar Hammerstein II

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snow flakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
Like silver white winters that melt into springs
And then I don't feel so bad

I Cannot Dance, O Lord

Mechthild of Magdeburg
(1210-1285)
translated by Jane Hirshfield

I cannot dance,
O Lord, unless You lead me.
If you wish me to leap joyfully, let me see You dance,
Let me see You dance joyfully,
Let me see You dance and sing.
Then I will leap into Love and from Love into Knowledge,
From Knowledge into the Harvest,
That sweetest Fruit beyond human sense.
There I will stay with you, Whirling.

My friend, Laura Lane (choir director at Knox College), wrote these thoughts about the work:

Kernis wrote *I Cannot Dance, O Lord* to a text by medieval mystic nun Mechthild of Magdeburg. Considered to be one of the most significant pieces written for choir in the 20th century, *I Cannot Dance* is rhythmically and vocally virtuosic. "Until the very end of the work, there is no real sense of meter, or regular pulse. The rhythms and meters shift so often and so quickly that the singers rarely feel together and cannot sink into a pulse until the very end of the work. Kernis has brilliantly painted the meaning of the words in this constantly changing piece."

Fear Not, Dear Friend . . .

Robert Louis Stevenson
(1850-1894)

Fear not, dear friend, but freely live your days
Though lesser lives should suffer.
Such am I, A lesser life, that what is his of sky
Gladly would give for you, and what of praise.
Step, without trouble, down the sunlit ways.
We that have touched your raiment, are made whole
From all the selfish cankers of man's soul,

And we would see you happy, dear, or die.
Therefore be brave, and therefore, dear, be free;
Try all things resolutely, till the best,
Out of all lesser betters, you shall find;
And we, who have learned greatness from you, we,
Your lovers, with a still, contented mind,
See you well anchored in some port of rest.

The Fiddler of Dooney

William Butler Yeats
(1865-1939)

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Moharabuiee.
I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.
When we come at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;
For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle
And the merry love to dance:
And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
And dance like a wave of the sea.

Im Abendrot

poem by Joseph von Eichendorff
(1788-1857)
translation by Earl Rosenbaum

At Sunset

Through trouble and joy we have walked hand in hand,
now we both rest from wandering over the peaceful land.

The valleys around us fade away,
already the sky grows dark,
only two larks still soar dreamily into the fragrant air.

Come here, and let them fly around,
soon it will be time to sleep,
we must not lose our way in this solitude.

O vast, calm peace,
so deep in glow of sunset,
how weary from wandering are we,
could this perhaps be death?

El Guayaboso

text by Guido López-Gavilán

The Liar

I saw a mosquito wearing trousers and a fly dressed in a shirt
dance a *danzón* on the edge of a knife.

I saw a crab plowing, a pig blowing a whistle,
and an old growling woman sitting on an armchair.

And a skinny little calf die laughing
upon seeing a one-eyed goat mending a sandal.

Special thanks to Professor José Encarnación and Eli Edelman
for their invaluable assistance in coaching the Cuban rumba style
and the Spanish.

Total Praise

text by Richard Smallwood

Lord, I will lift mine eyes to the hills,
Knowing my help is coming from You.
Your peace, You give me in time of the storm.
You are the source of my strength,
You are the strength of my life.
I lift my hands in total praise to You.
Amen.

All The Works of Love

texts taken from writings of Mother Teresa

If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to
each other.
Remember.
All works of love are works of peace.

Viking Chorale

Stephen M. Sieck, conductor
Casey Kadlubowski, accompanist

Soprano 1

Morgan Arshonsky
Regina Cornish
Sabrina Craven
Alice Jamison
Morgan Krhin
Emily Hoylman
Thuy Le
Colby Lewis
Amalie Ludwig
Isabella Mirgaux
Ellie Perry
Sayuri Shimbara
Siyi Sun
Emily Zawacki

Soprano 2

Anya Chau
Emily Davis
Alice Fisher
Olivia Kirchberg
Sophie Hernando Kofman
Jiaqian Li
Erin MacLaughlin
Lucinda Pipkin
Lina Rosenberg
Kaira Rouer
Sadie Tenpas
Rachel Wittkopp
Cathryn Wood

Alto 1

Amanda Bourbonais
Jessica Castleberry
Megan Davidson
Erin Davis
Greta Dohl
Daisy Forrester
Hannah Ganzel
Abby Guthmann
Mya Hunt

Alto I cont.

Margaret Koss
Virginia Kreisle
VJ Krishnan
Tomoyo Nejime
Bailey Poesnecker
Yuko Sakurai
Greta Schmitt
Madeline Scholl
Genevieve Schooler
Hannah Shryer
Maximilian Simmons
Tingting Wang
Yuki Yamazaki

Alto 2

Martha Allen
Lucy Bouman
Lindsay Browne
Ayako Fukui
Olivia Gregorich
Grace Johnson
Zoey Lin
Catherine Lynch
Chiaki Kono
Jocelyn Scherbel
Kajsa Schneider
Tanner Stegink
Izzy Vaintrub
Kristina Verhasselt
Bethany Wolkoff

Tenor 1

Charlie Martin
Jim McCrohan
Garrett Medlock
Jackson Rosenberry
Tristan Tucker

Tenor 2

Andrew Green
Ben Hanson
Nicholas Juris
Kyle Labak
Jack Plasterer

Baritone

Nick Allen
Kevin Buckhalton
Curran Carlile
Alex Foley
Ian Grimshaw
Derrick Hahn
Jon Hanrahan
Jemmy Liu
Cameron Nasatir
Nick Nootenboom
Mike Ryan
Pathompat Tejapaibul
David Voss
Jack Walstrom
Steve Wasilczuk

Bass

Sam Byrom
Kip Hathaway
Jacob Meyer
Mitchell Nelson
PJ Uhazie

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Sophie Hernando Kofman
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Jon Hanrahan
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Cantata

Phillip A. Swan and Stephen M. Sieck, conductors
Gabi Makuc, accompanist

Soprano 1

Kathleen Baudendistel
Chloe Burkhead
Katie Bultman
Elisabeth Burmeister
Abigail Cahill
Emily Flack
Margaret McNeal
Annie Penner
Katie Uram
Maggie Ward

Alto 1

Elizabeth Coffin
Gillian Etherington
Deme Hellwig
Clara Imon-Pedtke
Jenna Kuchar
Rosa Lemos
Madalyn Luna
Gabi Makuc
Kayla Siembieda
Shaye Swanson
Lauren Vanderlinden

Soprano 2

Alexa Blumenstock
Casey Burgess
Sarah Coffman
Mary Fried
Katharyn Nelson
Froya Olson
Sophie Scholtz
Grace Vangel
Rachel Weiss

Alto 2

Alysa Bennett
Elyse Brotzman
Madeleine Brunkan
Carly Gaeth
Melina Jaharis
Keira Jett
Fiona Masterton
Anna McMorrow
Lorna Stephens

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Concert Choir

Phillip A. Swan and Stephen M. Sieck, conductors
Anthony Capparelli, accompanist

Soprano

Laura Briss
Madeline Bunke
Maire Clement
Claire Conard
Samantha Feinberg
Graycen Gardner, section leader
Lauren Koeritzer
Morgen Moraine
Katie Mueller
Hannah Plummer
Stephanie Popik
Kelsey Wang

Tenor

Charlie Aldrich
Justin Gingrich
Mitchell Kasprzyk
Matt Kierzek
Ian Koziara
Aric Lee
Willson Oppedahl
David Peci
Christopher R. Skinner
Jonathan Stombres, section leader
Michael Uselmann

Alto

Emily Crowe
Natasha Foley
Elisabeth Foran
Gabriella Guilfoil, section leader
Jenna Lindsey
Cayla Morton
Kirsten O'Donnell
Zoie Reams
Elizabeth Schmidt
Elena Stabile
Elizabeth Vaughan

Bass

Andrew Breuninger
Jack Canfield
Josh Eidem
Paul Gutmann
John Taylor Hosmer-Quint
Phillip Jindra
Clee McCracken
Daniel Vinitsky
Alex York
Luke MacMillan, section leader
Eric Smedsrud

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Daniel Vinitzky
Natasha Foley

Choral Librarian

Cayla Morton

We gratefully acknowledge the important role all of the Lawrence faculty play in preparing our students academically and musically, from our colleagues in music history and theory, to our colleagues in sight-singing, aural skills and keyboard skills, and to our colleagues in the liberal arts. We give special thanks to the studio voice and piano artist faculty:

Voice Faculty

Kenneth Bozeman, chair
Joanne Bozeman, soprano
Dale Duesing, artist-in-residence
John T. Gates, bass
Bonnie Koestner, vocal coach
Karen Leigh-Post, mezzo-soprano
Bryan Post, lecturer in music and teacher of voice
Teresa Seidl, soprano
Steven Paul Spears, tenor

Keyboard Faculty

Kathrine Handford, organ
Catherine Kautsky, piano
Michael Mizrahi, piano
Anthony Padilla, piano

“This concert is supported, in part, by The Avenue 91.1.”

As a courtesy to the artists and to those in attendance, please be aware that sounds such as whispering and the rustling of programs and cellophane wrappers are magnified in the hall. Please turn off all watch alarms, pagers, and cellular telephones. And please no flash photography.