

Fall Choir Concert

Lawrence University Choirs

Concert Choir

Cantata

Viking Chorale

Shannon Gravelle and Phillip A. Swan, conductors

Friday, November 14, 2025

7:30 p.m.

Lawrence Memorial Chapel



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Lawrence University Concert Choir
Shannon Gravelle, conductor

For You, I Will Be an Island [5'] Jennifer Lucy Cook

Ruby Recht-Appel, soloist

Fire of Hope [4'] Darius Lim
(b. 1986)

Doluri [2'] Alexi Matchavariani
(1913-1995)

Twa Tanbou [5'] Sydney Guillaume
(b. 1982)

Cantata
Phillip A. Swan, conductor

Sing a New Song to the Lord Paul Basler
(b. 1963)

Ann Ellsworth, horn

The All-Night Vigil of Rabi'a al-Adawiyya
V. The Dream of the Tree Forrest Pierce
(b. 1972)

Sam Caswell and Alanna Willenson, soloists
Kivie Cahn-Lipman, cello

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot Traditional Spiritual
arr. Stacey V. Gibbs
(b. 1964)

Ride On, King Jesus Traditional Spiritual
arr. Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

Sienna Falanga and Simone Patrie, soloists

Lawrence University Viking Chorale
Shannon Gravelle, conductor

Alleluja from *Der Herr ist mit mir*, BuxWV 15 [2'] Dieterich Buxtehude
(1637-1707)

Emily Dupere and Emily Coleman, violin
Kivie Cahn-Lipman, viola da gamba
Victor Sandberg, organ

Invictus [5'] Joshua Rist
(b. 1989)

Keira Holmes and Lupita Derks-Williams, soloists
Kivie Cahn-Lipman, cello

Greater Than [5'] Brian Tate
(b. 1954)

Isaac Keith and Kimberli Mazariegos, soloists
Guest Choir

Take What You Need [3'] Reena Esmail
(b. 1983)

Guest Choir and audience participation

*We collectively acknowledge that Lawrence University is situated on
the ancestral homelands of the Menominee and Ho-Chunk people.*

Texts, Translations, and Notes

CONCERT CHOIR

For You, I Will Be an Island – Jennifer Lucy Cook

Note from the composer:

For You I Will Be An Island was written while in quarantine, when the greatest act of love that one person could show to another was to keep a healthy distance. This strange phenomenon stood in stark contrast to the way I normally prefer to show love: with hugs, kisses, and closeness. Quarantine felt to me very similar to other rare times when distance means love, like when a relationship seems to have run its course, or when love isn't returned in kind. When all that's left to do is to keep a flame and wish them well from afar: "find me where love collides with letting go." In the piece you'll hear waves humming all the words left unsaid, the voices dividing with the widest intervals possible before coming back together for clusters, and long phrases that stretch for miles. It is my hope that *For You I Will Be an Island* can evoke the strange beauty in loneliness, in whatever form it shows up for you.

For you I will be an island
A solo shelter
For you I will be an island
Miles away

For you I will be surrounded
With only water
For you I will be surrounded
By blue and gray

And when the coast is clear
Come let me know
Find me where love collides
With letting go

For you I will be uncharted
Except by starlight
For you I will be uncharted
Come what may

And when the coast is clear
Come let me know
Find me where loves collides
With letting go
Now we divide to conquer
Only the waves for comfort

For you I will be an island
A solo shelter
For you I will be an island
Miles away
Miles away

Fire of Hope – Darius Lim

In a world transformed by the “new normal,” we reflect on the past of how the pandemic has reshaped us. These moments of change have brought challenges but also taught us about the strength within ourselves and the power of resilience, unity, and hope. Each of us carries a unique and personal story– one that is both deeply individual and universally powerful. *Fire of Hope* was created to give voice to these stories, weaving them into a tapestry of shared strength and inspiration. This piece draws its musical and lyrical inspiration from the journey of seeking light in darkness, finding strength in adversity, and igniting the “Fire of Hope” that lives within each of us.

In darkness, we find a ray of light
That shines through dreams and memories.

A silent melody,
The stillness in the breeze,
The echoes in the wind sing a new song.
Through chaos, we found fire!

Ignis in cordibus, flamma lucens, clarus ardens
(Fire in our hearts, a shining flame, brightly burning)
Ignis in mentibus, ubi somnia manent
(Fire in our minds, where dreams remain)

Quaerimus ignem, intus latentem,
(We seek the fire, hidden within)
Ignis vitae, lumen spirans amorem.
(The fire of life, a light breathing love)

Nova aurora venit,
(A new dawn has arrived)
Futurum obviam feremus,
(we will face the future)
Ignis aureus unit omnes in lumine.
(The golden fire unites all in the light)

Lux et spes, quae tenebras vincunt,
(Light and hope, which conquer the darkness)
Flamma viva vorda illuminat,
(A living flame illuminates hearts)
Spe ducti, lucem aeternam,
(Guided by hope, eternal light)
Ad nova somnia communi itinere tendimus,
(To new dreams, we journey together)
Lux invicta.
(Unconquered light)

Through chaos, we found fire!

Doluri (Drum Dance) – Text by Ioseb Noneshvili

Note from Clayton Parr:

Doluri was one of Alexi Matchavariani's early works, written in 1935, at a time when official controls on Soviet composers were very stringent. In it, he displays what Georgian musicologist Rusudan Tsurtssumia calls "clear-cut individuality, in which musical identification of national ideals is most extraordinary." The imitation of the drum sounds, and melodic structures taken from folk music are combined with an inventive harmonic setting.

Asi ts'ikhe mosangruli
Khmlit avighe da movchrdile.
Ra qopila sheni guli
Rom veghar davimorchili?
O chemo lamazo,
Kali khar tu jadokari,
Gamikhseni gulis k'ari!

I have conquered 100 castles
With my sword and I shade my eyes.
How can it be that I can no longer
conquer your heart?
Oh my lovely one,
Enchantress of the magic wind,
Open your heart's door!

Twa Tanbou – Text by Louis Marie Célestin

Note from the lyricist:

“In order for a team to reach the optimal result, each member must play his or her own part as a team. There is no room for self-obsessed glory; this ultimately brings down the team. True leaders are those who put their team’s collective well-being before themselves.” The text of *Twa Tanbou* uses this philosophy, applied to three drums: the big *Boula* (the loudest), the smaller *Tanbouren* (the most beautiful sounding drum), and the little *Kata* drum, arguing that if everyone works together, there will be beautiful music!

Twa Tanbou
K ap fè yon diskisyon
Yon gwo dimanch maten,
Lè yo sot nan Ginen.

Yon Ti Kata,
Yon Tanbouren,
Yon Gwo Boula.

Boula rete li di,
Li di li ka frape pi fò.
Boula rete li di,
Se li ki ka frape pi fò.

Tanbouren di li gen pi bèl son.
Li di “lè m ap site, se rete tande”

Kata ki t ap koute, li rete li move.
Li pa te ka konprann kouman de kamarad
Ki abiye ak menm rad,
Ki pitit menm manman,
Chita ap fè deblozay.

Yon bon jou Madigra, Kata tonbe zouke,
Dènye moun ki te la yo tout tonbe danse...

Tanbouren ak Boula kite la ap tande,
Pou fè fèt la pi bèl, yo tou f on ribanbèl.

Jou sa-a,
Yo chante yon chante ke m p ap janm bliye:

Tout tanbou ki dispèse
An nou kole zepòl
Pou n fè la vi pi bèl.

Three drums
were deep in an argument
one bright Sunday morning,
on their way back from Guinea.

A little Kata,
a Tanbouren,
and a big Boula.

Boula stood firm and said,
“I’m the one who hits the hardest!”
Yes—Boula stood tall and claimed,
“No one strikes louder than me.”

The Tanbouren replied,
“My sound is more beautiful.
When I play, all must stop and listen.”

Kata, who was hearing all this became upset.
He couldn’t understand how two comrades
dressed in the same clothes,
children of the same mother,
could sit there and stir up conflict.

Then one joyful Mardi Gras day, Kata started
to “zouk”
and every single person there began to dance...

Tanbouren and Boula, still there listening,
joined in the rhythm to make the celebration
more vibrant.

That day,
they all sang a song I’ll never forget:

All drums that stand apart
let’s stand shoulder to shoulder,
and make life more beautiful.

CANTALA

Sing a New Song to the Lord – Paul Basler (based on Psalm 96)

Sing a new song to the Lord!
Sing to the Lord, all the earth!
Let the Heavens be glad and the earth rejoice!
Proclaim His holy name.

To Thee, O Lord I lift up my soul,
To Thee, O Lord I lift up my soul,
My God in Thee I trust.

Sing a new song to the Lord!
Sing to the Lord all ye peoples,
Let the heavens be glad, rejoice!
Sing a new song to the Lord!

Come let us sing to the Lord!
Let us cheer in the rock of our salvation.
Let us joyfully sing to Him,
Come let us sing to the Lord!

Sing a new song to the Lord!
Sing to the Lord all ye peoples,
Let the heavens be glad, rejoice!
Sing a new song to the Lord!

Make a joyful sound to the Lord!
Make a joyful sound all ye lands.
Let ev'ry thing that has breath praise the lord,
Praise the Lord!

All ye peoples, clap your hands,
Clap your hands, sing to the Lord!
Raise a shout to God with triumphant note,
Sing praises unto the Lord!

I will exalt Thee, my Lord,
I will bless Thy name forever.
Great is the Lord and ev'ry day,
Will I bless Thy name.

Make a joyful sound to the Lord!
Make a joyful sound all ye lands.
Let ev'ry thing that has breath praise the lord,
Praise the Lord!

All ye peoples, clap your hands,
Clap your hands, sing to the Lord!
Raise a shout to God with triumphant note,
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Come let us sing to the Lord!
Let us cheer in the rock of our salvation.
Let us joyfully sing to Him,
Come let us sing to the Lord!

Sing a new song to the Lord!
Sing to the Lord all ye peoples,
Let the heavens be glad, rejoice!
Sing a new song,
Come let us sing to the Lord!

The All-Night Vigil of a Rabi'a al-Adawiyya – Rabi'a al-Adawiyya; trans: Charles Upton

Note from the composer:

These short fragments of Rabi'a al-Adawiyya (717–801), transmitted to us primarily through the Persian poet Attar, paint a portrait of a woman devoted to contemplative life. A member of a strong women's chivalric movement in the vicinity of Basra, Iraq, Rabi'a was often to be found on her rooftop by night, keeping a vigil of prayer and ascetic practice.

This is the *All-Night Vigil of Rabi'a al-Adawiyya*, then: a lonely night spent on a desert rooftop under the countless stars of the Iraqi sky. The constellations spinning, the heavens humming, the planets chanting Allah's beautiful names, with nothing but a pitcher of water and prayer beads for company. All the while, the will fights the mind for alertness, keeping the heart awake to the majesty of God's presence within. All night long, Rabi'a seeks nothing less than union with her beloved, who is to her everything there ever was, is, and will be, and all that is beyond such knowing.

These settings try to capture that passionate love for God so richly presented in her poems, but not as a recreation of 8th-century Iraqi Sufi practice. Instead, I've tried to render them through the lens of 21st-century Sufism as it has been transmitted to America: in American English, with contemporary harmonic and melodic language.

In so doing, I've included numerous devotional zikr (remembrance) and wazifa (meditation) phrases and chants in the piece. It's unclear whether Rabi'a would have practiced zikr or wazifa as we know them today, but she certainly would have recognized the key phrases, "la illaha ilallah" (nothing exists but God), "subhanallah" (Glorious is God), and the opening surah of the Qu'ran, the surah al-Fatiha. The choir is also asked to chant many of the 99 beautiful names of God found in the Qu'ran, while Rabi'a sings her heartfelt prayers.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. O God, the stars are shining | 6. Sweet Sherbet |
| 2. I Carry a Torch | 7. I Have Not Slept |
| 3. I Have No Time Left | 8. The Song of the Thunder |
| 4. Pounding on an Open Door | 9. The One Who Tastes, Knows |
| 5. The Dream of the Tree | 10. O Captain of My Heart |

After an all-night vigil, I prayed to God at dawn, and slept.

In my dream I saw a Tree: green, bright, vast, of indescribable beauty;

In my dream I saw a Tree: and on this tree were three kinds of fruit,
such as I had never seen among all the fruits of this world.

They shone like the breasts of maidens, red, white, yellow;

they shone like globes and living suns in the green hollows of the Tree.

In my dream I saw a Tree: I marveled at them, and asked: "Whose Tree is this?"

A voice replied, "This is your Tree, sprung from the seed of your prayers."

"This is your Tree."

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot – Traditional Spiritual

Note from the arranger:

This sorrow song refers to “a heavenly place of rest.” Historians have categorized it as a “coded spiritual” – a road map to freedom for the oppressed. I was inspired by the comforting melody and angelic colors the female voice produces.

Lord, I'm comin' home,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home?
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Workin' for the kingdom, yes, good Lord.
If you get there before I do,
(Comin' for to carry me home.)
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too,
(Comin' for to carry me home.)

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

Ride On, King Jesus – Traditional Spiritual

Chorus

*Ride on, King Jesus,
Ride on, the conquerin' king.
Oh, Ride on, King Jesus, ride on,
No man no can a hinder thee.*

I was but young when I begun
No man no can a hinder thee
But now my race is almost done
No man no can a hinder thee

King Jesus rides a milk white horse,
No man no can a hinder thee.
The river of Jordan he did cross,
No man no can a hinder thee.

He's the King, Lord of all.
No man no can a hinder thee.
Jesus is the first and he's the last.
Jesus is the Lord, Lord of Lords.
Jesus is the Prince, Prince of peace.
No man no can a hinder thee.

Oh, Ride on, King Jesus,
Ride on, just ride on Jesus.
Ride on, King Jesus.
Ride on, just ride on Jesus.
Ride on, King Jesus, ride on.
Ride on...
Ride on, Jesus,
Ride on, Jesus!

VIKING CHORALE

Alleluja from *Der Herr ist mit mir* – Text from Psalm 118:6-7

The Alleluja is taken from *Der Herr ist mit mir*, BuxWV15, a cantata by Dieterich Buxtehude scored for two violins, violone, continuo, and four voices.

Invictus – Text by William Ernest Henley (1849-1903)

Note from the composer:

William Ernest Henley fought a lifelong battle for his health, contracting tuberculosis of the bones as a child that necessitated the amputation of his left leg below the knee. When the disease later spread to his other leg and his doctors insisted on removing it as well, Henley challenged their diagnosis and sought a second opinion. His pursuit led him to meet Dr. Joseph Lester, a pioneer in the development of antiseptic surgery. After an arduous twenty-month hospital stay at the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, Henley's leg was saved and his health– at least partially– was restored. During his confinement, he recorded his impressions in his collections of poems, *In Hospital*. It was there he penned *Invictus*.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond his place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Greater Than – Brian Tate

Greater than fear, greater than ignorance,
Greater than anything is love.

Greater than hate, greater than prejudice,
Greater than anything is love.

Greater than anything, higher than anything,
Deeper than anything is love.

I open my heart, shine light in the dark,
I will not give in to despair.
Though people are crying
And hurting and dying,
They say love conquers all, every time, everywhere.

Take What You Need – Reena Esmail

Take What You Need was first written for Urban Voices Project, a choir made up of people who are experiencing or have recently experienced homelessness. This piece was written as a resource for musicians and community to build lasting relationships.

Take a moment
Take a breath
Take time
Take care

Take heart
Take hope
Take a step
Take a chance

Take courage
Take charge
Take a stand
Take pride

Take joy
Take pause
Take a moment
Take a breath

Take what you need

Lawrence University Concert Choir
Shannon Gravelle, conductor
Luke Reske, pianist

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Alex Berget
B Duke
Sophie Hallé
Emily Hamm
Megan LaBelle-Smith
Ruby March-Tormé*
Sarah Ruiz
Greta Wright

Tenor

Evan Carlson*
Daniel Douglas
John Paul Fox-Seidel
Kellan Glenn
Daniel Meyer
Sean Price
Auden Svoboda
Noah Wilgocki*

Alto

Lillian Alburg
Isabella Cerdan
Emily Coleman
Anna Milton*
Eavin Puknys
Ruby Recht-Appel
Ava Wadia

Bass

Benji Besley
Wyatt Cruz Lillegard
Isaac Epley*
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Cantala

Phillip A. Swan, conductor

Nhi H. Quach, pianist

Soprano I

Gia Dagenhart

Sienna Falanga

Olivia Garcia

Alison Langteau*

Simone Patrie

Alanna Willenson*

Alto I

Greta Engelstad

Addison Gosslin

Tatum Laffler

Hayley Mueller

Meghan Peot

Ash Stenger

Ave Van Til*

Soprano II

Autumn ChocieJ

Anja Custer

Julia Erskine*

Grace Gullickson

Lili Jennings*

Cameron Jones

Bella Stahl

Frances Wagner

Alto II

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Clara Lyford

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* Section leader

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Lawrence University Viking Chorale
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Lottie Sherwood, pianist

Soprano

Ebony L. Austin
Mackinzee Carpenter
Laura Castro Ramos
Lupita Derks-Williams
Ashley Escarcega
Annika Gruber
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Kay Kondo
Allie Kratochvil
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Via Bentley
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Luke Dabols
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* Section leader

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Elliot Block
Margaret Kuwata
Megan LaBelle-Smith
Ruby March-Tormé
Jo Matchette
Ash Stenger

Librarians

Megan LaBelle-Smith
Ruby March-Tormé

We gratefully acknowledge the important role all of the Lawrence faculty play in preparing our students academically and musically, from our colleagues in musicology and music theory, to our colleagues in sight-singing, aural skills and keyboard skills and to our colleagues in the liberal arts. We particularly wish to recognize and thank the voice and piano studio faculty members:

Voice Faculty

Dale Duesing, artist-in-residence

John T. Gates, bass

Esteli Gomez, soprano

Karen Leigh-Post, mezzo-soprano

Kristin Roach, vocal coach and musical director of opera

Cayla Rosché, soprano

Steven Paul Spears, tenor

Copeland Woodruff, director of opera studies

Keyboard Faculty

Daniel Schwandt, organ

Catherine Kautsky, piano

Michael Mizrahi, piano

Anthony Padilla, piano

As a courtesy to the artists and to those in attendance, please be aware that sounds such as whispering and the rustling of paper and cellophane wrappers are magnified in the hall. Please silence all electronic devices. And please, no flash photography.