

Harmonium Choral Society

Tempus

June 7 and 8, 2008

The Circle of Time Ellen Gilson Voth (b. 1972)
Soloists: Emily Wolper, Mark Hewitt
My Days, My Weeks Humphreys, ed. Timberlake

Trionfo del Tempo Orlandus Lassus (1532-1594)

The Passing of the Year Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

1. Invocation
2. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun
Soloists: Beth Lohner, Joe Keefe
3. Answer July
4. Hot sun, cool fire
5. Ah, Sun-flower
6. Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!
7. Ring out, wild bells

Ain't Got Time to Die Spiritual, arr. Hall Johnson (1888-1970)
Solo: David Green

INTERMISSION

All Creatures Now John Bennet (c.1575-1614)

Time Pieces Stephen Chatman (b.1950)

1. Tempus
2. Come, My Celia
3. I Saw Eternity
4. Clocks

Chamber Singers

Selection from *Tyd en Konst-Oeffeningen*, (Time and Art Etudes) Op. 2
Johannes Schenck (1660 - 1712)

Ballet and Volte from *Terpsichore* Michael Praetorius (1571-1612)

Early Music Players

Cantata 106 *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbest Zeit* J. S. Bach (1685-1750)
Soloists: Ellie Escher, Beth Shirley,
Matthew Shurts, John Lamb

Wandering Aengus Noah Berg (b.1989)
Soloists: Kiera Casper, Greg Jung

Shakespeare Songs: Book IV Matthew Harris (b.1956)
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind
And Will A' Not Come Again?
When Daffodils Begin to Peer
Soloists: Melissa Mitchell, Rob Morse

Instrumentalists: Kris Lamb, Andy Koenig, recorders; Roland Hutchinson, Liz Cabrera, viols; Kirsten Lamb, bass; Joan Tracy, harpsichord, rehearsal piano; John Pivarnik, organ, piano

Tempus – Program Notes

Many people have asked how I choose programs, and the truth is I am CONSTANTLY working on them; they manifest themselves as “piles” around my piano, as my family can attest. When a potential idea for a theme comes to me, I start sorting music both mentally and physically into that theme. Also, when a new piece or new composer particularly appeals to me, a program may be generated around it. When these piles and files have fermented well, they include a variety of music old and new, fast and slow, creatively related—one “rises to the top” and a program is born. Well, perhaps several programs: I’ve finally learned that I should take that newly born program and cut about three pieces from it!

It seems appropriate that “Time” rose to the top as the theme in time for my 20th anniversary season. How can that span of years belong to me? There’s still so much wonderful repertoire I haven’t done. (And of course, I was in elementary school when Harmonium hired me!) No--that can’t be true, because many know that I mark my years with Harmonium by the age of my daughter, Virginia, who is soon to be a senior (!) at St. Olaf College. (Thank you Harmonium, for auditioning a pregnant woman conductor in 1987!)

Three works caused “Time” to rise to the top: Jonathan Dove’s new and challenging *The Passing of the Year*, with its literary texts and textures only a choir as good as Harmonium can handle; Bach’s *Cantata No. 106*, which I’ve always wanted to do; and Stephen Chatman’s *Time Pieces*. Lassus’ gorgeous setting of Petrarch followed closely.

The texts which Dove chooses remind us that time cycles with the seasons, suggesting that we enjoy the present moment. Bach’s work, while seemingly about death, is really about “God’s Time” (*Kairos*), as differentiated from chronological time (*Kronos*). We experience “God’s time” when we are deep into a performance of music. It is a suspension of worldly cares, into a communal celebration of an art that exists constantly, yet is known only in the present moment.

We celebrate the passing of time by ensuring the future of our art. At Harmonium one of the things I am proudest of is our support of student composers. Thank you for continuing this rewarding journey with us.

Ellen Gilson Voth provided the following story behind *The Circle of Time*: “I wrote the piece at a choral composers' forum that was co-sponsored by Lehigh University and Oxford University Press, in June 2004. It was soon after I had learned that a friend had lost her child, unexpectedly, before birth...so I was reflecting on the different seasons of our lives and how often they do not come in the order we expect. The text from Ecclesiastes seemed just right for this.” Ellen received her doctorate in Composition, with a concentration in choral conducting, from the Hartt School at the University of Hartford. She also holds a Master of Music degree from Westminster Choir College of Rider University in New Jersey and a Bachelor of Music Education degree from Wheaton College in Illinois. In the fall of 2007 she joined the full-time faculty at Gordon College and became Artistic Director of the Farmington Valley Chorale. Voth’s works have been published by Colla Voce, ECS Publishing and Oxford University Press. In past years she

has been commissioned by the Central Bucks West High School in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, the New Haven Chorale in New Haven, Connecticut, and the Children's Aid Society Chorus in New York City.

The Circle of Time

Spring,
Summer,
Winter,
Fall...

To ev'rything there is a season
a time to ev'ry purpose under heav'n.

A time to be born and to die,
a time to plant, to reap,
a time to kill and to heal,
a time to break down and build up,
a time to weep and to laugh,
a time to mourn, a time to dance.
A time to embrace, and to refrain,
a time to get, to lose,
a time to keep and to cast away,
a time to rend, to sew,
a time to keep silence and to speak,
a time to love, a time to hate,
a time of war, a time of peace.

He hath made all things beautiful,
In His time.

-Adapted from Ecclesiastes 3:1-8, 11

My Days, My Weeks is a nineteenth-century shape-note song that reminds us of the brevity of life. The tune, known as *Kingwood* has been traced back to Nettleton's collection *Village Hymns, 1824*, and is also found in the well-known *Sacred Harp* and *Southern Harmony* collections. Nothing is known about the tune's originator, **Humphreys**, but that he wrote a swinging tune for the tenor voice with interesting parts for the other voices and little concern for the common practice harmony rules of the European tradition.

My Days, My Weeks, My Months, My Years

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch thro' endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2. The grave is near the cradle seen,
 How swift the moments pass between!
 And whisper, as they fly,
 Unthinking man, remember this,
 Though fond of sublunary bliss,
 That you must groan and die.

3. My soul, attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,
 To sing above, as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

Orlando di Lasso, also known as Orlandus Lassus was the most international of all Renaissance composers with works ranging from Masses to French chansons, ribald Italian madrigals and lusty German part-songs. He travelled the world even as a child; because he had such a beautiful treble voice, he was kidnapped three times by rival choirs. He was a chorister in Mons, Rome and Antwerp, and finally a choirmaster in Munich. *Trionfo del Tempo*, a ten-part double chorus setting of a Petrarch poem, from a 1584 Lassus collection, shows the style that deeply influenced Andrea Gabrieli, and through him, all Venetian polychoral music that followed. The Petrarch text has great significance in the history of Italian literature, as most scholars believe that its *terza rima* form served as the model for Dante when he wrote *La Divina Commedia*.

Trionfo del Tempo

Passan vostri trionfi
 e vostre pompe.
 Passan le signorie,
 passano i regni;
 ogni cosa mortal
 temp' interrompe,
 non da più degni;
 e ritolta à men buon
 E non pur quel di fuor
 il tempo solve,
 ma le vostr' eloquentiei
 vostri ingegni.
 Così fuggend'
 il mondo seco volve;
 ne mai si posa
 ne s'arrest' o torna,
 fin che v'ha ricondotti
 in poca polve.

Your triumph passes,
 and your pageantry.
 Your lordships pass,
 your kingdoms pass;
 And Time disposes willfully
 of mortal things,
 And treats all men,
 worthy, or no, alike;
 And Time dissolves
 not only visible things,
 but eloquence,
 and what the mind hath wrought.
 And fleeing thus,
 it turns the world around;
 nor ever rests,
 nor stays nor turns again,
 till it has made you naught
 but a little dust.

- Francesco Petrarca

Jonathan Dove is best known as a composer of operas and choral music. His operas include the airport-comedy *Flight*, large-scale community-operas in the tradition of Britten, such as *Tobias and the Angel*, and a television opera. His most recent is the acclaimed *The Adventures of Pinocchio*. He has also written instrumental music, musical theater and film scores. Dove's choral music includes the Bach-inspired *Köthener Messe* for period instruments, and several anthems and carols including *The Three Kings*, commissioned by King's College Cambridge, for Lessons and Carols Christmas Eve 2000 and performed by Harmonium in 2005. *The Passing of the Year*, a song cycle for double chorus, was commissioned by the London Symphony Chorus and premiered in March 2000. The LSO will premier the full orchestral arrangement in 2008.

Dove himself comes from a family of architects, and his work has often been associated with a kind of “aural architecture.” *The Passing of the Year* is quite structured with lots of canonic writing and layering rhythms, double chorus and piano textures, and atmospheric effects.

1. Invocation

O Earth, O Earth, return!

William Blake

2. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun

The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest eve,
Till clust’ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather’d clouds strew flowers round her head.

The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.

William Blake

*Summer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu*

3. Answer July

Answer July –
Where is the Bee –
Where is the Blush –
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July –
Where is the Seed –
Where is the Bud –
Where is the May –
Answer Thee – Me –

Nay – said the May –
 Show me the Snow –
 Show me the Bells –
 Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay –
 Where be the Maize –
 Where be the Haze –
 Where be the Bur?
 Here – said the Year –

Emily Dickinson

4. Hot sun, cool fire

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
 Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me:
 Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
 Make not my glad cause, cause of [my] mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
 Enflame unstaïd desire,
 Nor pierce any bright eye
 That wand'reth lightly.

George Peele

5. Ah, Sun-flower!

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the Sun,
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime
 Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
 And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow
 Arise from their graves, and aspire
 Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

William Blake

6. Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss!
 This world uncertain is:
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys.
 None from his darts can fly:
 I am sick, I must die –
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
 Gold cannot buy you health;
 Physic himself must fade;
 All things to end are made;
 The plague full swift goes by:
 I am sick, I must die –
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
 Which wrinkles will devour:
 Brightness falls from the air;
 Queens have died young and fair
 Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
 I am sick, I must die –
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Thomas Nashe

7. Ring out, wild bells

O Earth, O Earth, return!

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the time;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes;
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of god;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

From Wikipedia: **Hall Johnson**, along with Harry Burleigh, elevated the African-American spiritual to an art form, comparable in its musical sophistication to the compositions of European Classical composers. Born in Athens, Georgia, the son of William Decker Johnson, an A.M.E. minister who was also a college president, and grandson of a slave, Francis Hall Johnson received an extensive education which included a time at The Juilliard School. As a boy, he taught himself to play the violin after hearing a violin recital given by Joseph Henry Douglass, grandson of Frederick Douglass. He went on to play the violin professionally, but in time he became more interested in choral music, forming the Hall Johnson Negro Choir, the first of many choral ensembles, in 1925. He also played in the orchestra for the musical, *Shuffle Along*, in 1921. In 1951, the Hall Johnson Choir was selected by the Department of State to represent the United States at the International Festival of Fine Arts held in Berlin, Germany.

Johnson wrote of the spiritual: *True enough, this music was transmitted to us through humble channels, but its source is that of all great art everywhere—the unquenchable, divinely human longing for a perfect realization of life. It traverses every shade of emotion without spilling over in any direction. Its most tragic utterances are without pessimism, and its lightest, brightest moments have nothing to do with frivolity. In its darkest expressions there is always a hope, and in its gayest measures a constant reminder. Born out of the heart-cries of a captive people who still did not forget how to laugh, this music covers an amazing range of mood. Nevertheless, it is always serious music and should be performed seriously, in the spirit of its original conception.*

Ain't Got Time to Die

Lord, I keep so busy praisin' my Jesus
 Keep so busy praisin' my Jesus...
 Ain' got time to die.
 'Cause when I'm healin' de sick
 When I'm healin' de sick...
 I'm praisin' my Jesus,
 Ain' got time to die.

Refrain:

'Cause it takes all o' ma time
 To praise my Jesus,
 All o' my time
 To praise my Lord.
 If I don' praise Him de rocks gonter cry out,
 "Glory an' honor!"
 Ain' got time to die.

Lord, I keep so busy workin' fer de Kingdom
 Keep so busy workin' fer de Kingdom...
 Ain' got time to die.
 'Cause when I'm feedin' de po'
 When I'm feedin' de po'...
 I'm workin' fer de Kingdom.
 Ain' got time to die.

Refrain

Lord, I keep so busy servin' my Master
 Keep so busy servin' my Master...
 Ain' got time to die.
 'Cause when I'm givin' my all
 When I'm givin' my all...
 I'm servin' my Master,
 Ain' got time to die.

Now, won't you git out o' ma way,
 Lemme praise my Jesus?
 Out o' ma way!
 Lemme praise my Lord.
 If I don' praise Him de rocks gonter cry out,
 "Glory an' honor!"
 Ain' got time to die!

John Bennet is best known for his madrigals. His most famous are *Weep O Mine Eyes* and *All Creatures Now*, which was part of *The Triumphs of Oriana*, a collection of madrigals compiled by Thomas Morley in 1601 in honor of Queen Elizabeth I. Each piece in the collection contains the couplet; "Thus sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana: long live fair Oriana" - the name "Oriana" and the title "Queen of the Shepherds" were often used as romantic pseudonyms for Queen Elizabeth I.

All Creatures Now

All creatures now are merry, merry minded.
 The shepherds' daughters playing,
 The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing,
 Yond bugle was well winded.
 At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.
 The flowers themselves discover;
 Birds over her do hover;
 Music the time beguileth.
 See where she comes
 with flowery garlands crowned,
 Queen of all queens renowned.
 Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
 Long live fair Oriana.

As a professor of composition and orchestration, co-director of the University of British Columbia Contemporary Players new music ensemble, and head of the UBC School of Music composition division, **Stephen Chatman** has taught a generation of prominent Canadian composers. He is an internationally recognized composer of choral, orchestral and piano music. He was born in Minnesota, and studied at Oberlin and the University of Michigan. His earlier works are complex, virtuosic and atonal. Later he turned to a range of styles, including choral works in a more traditional vein for a wider audience. His

post-1982 secular and sacred choral works, in addition to many educational piano pieces, embrace lyricism, melody, folk song, and more traditional compositional techniques. He provides the following notes:

Time Pieces was commissioned by the Capriccio Vocal ensemble of Victoria, British Columbia in 2003. It consists of four settings of diverse secular texts of various styles and emotions relating to the idea of time. These temporal “snapshots” are developed through an assortment of compositional techniques including canonic imitation, alternating meters, inversion and *ostinati*. The contrapuntal, spiritual, and dramatic qualities of *Tempus* contrast the light-hearted, bittersweet tone of *Come, My Celia*, composed in a quasi-Renaissance syllabic style. The added instrumental part in *I Saw Eternity* creates an austere sense of open space, simplicity, and extended time. The culminating “time piece,” *Clocks*, is inspired by the composer’s antique grandfather clock. It is a textual and musical glossary of clock sounds, consisting of mostly soft, delicate, repetitive “tick-tock” motives and the occasional “cuckoo” or low, loud Westminster chime sounds.

Time Pieces

1. Tempus

Tempus est mensura
motus rerum mobilium.

Time is the means
of measuring moving things.

- Auctoritates Aristotelis

2. Come, My Celia

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever,
He, at length, our good will sever.

Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.

Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?

Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal;

To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

- Ben Jonson
(from *Volpone, or The Fox*, 1607)

3. I Saw Eternity

I saw Eternity the other night
 Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright,
 And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd;
 The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there Complain,
 Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, his flights,
 Wit's sour delights,
 With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure;
 Yet his dear Treasure
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flow'r.

- Henry Vaughan

Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit (God's Time is the Best Time) *BWV 106* is one of J.S. Bach's earliest cantatas, composed in 1708 in Mühlhausen, probably for a funeral.

The text consists of verses from the Old and New Testaments, as well as chorales of Martin Luther and Adam Reusner, which all refer to the finitude of earthly life. The work is scored for 4-part vocal ensemble, 2 recorders, and 2 gambas, plus continuo. Its through-composed feeling comes from a symmetrical unbroken sequence of short sections rather than individual movements—a characteristic of this early period. The opening instrumental *Sonatina* sets the mood with its expressive “sigh” motif. The first chorus has three sections: a fairly homophonic introduction (*Gottes Zeit*); the contrasting *in ihm leben* (“in him we live”), which is lively and fugal; and *in ihm sterben* (“in him we die”), which is more chromatic. Two short arias for tenor and bass then follow.

The center of the work is a chorus, also with three distinct parts: a fugue for alto, tenor, and bass on *Es ist der alte Bund* (Eccles.14:18); a soprano arioso, *Ja, komm Herr Jesu*, (Rev. 22:20); and a chorale (*Ich hab mein Sach Gott heimgestellt*) in the instruments. The section ends dramatically as the soprano trails away, flordily and unaccompanied.

This is followed by an alto solo with an ostinato-like continuo accompaniment, and another bass solo with gamba duet and alto (semi-chorus) chorale: Luther's *Mit Fried' und Freud'*, Simeon's song, sung by the old man who has seen the infant Savior as promised, and may now die gladly. Significantly, the altos conclude the section after the bass has dropped out.

The work closes with a full ensemble setting of the doxological seventh verse of Reusner's *In dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr*, the final line set as a fugue, with an exuberant “Amen” countersubject. It is important to remember that in Bach's devout Lutheran spirit, death was desired, not dreaded.

This performance of *Gottes Zeit* is dedicated to the memory of members and friends of Harmonium who have died in the past year, in particular Eunice Audrey Lamb, the mother of longtime Harmonium member John Lamb.

Cantata No. 106: Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit

Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit.
In ihm leben, weben und sind wir,
solange er will.
In ihm sterben wir zu rechter Zeit,
wenn er will.

God's time is the very best time.
In Him we live, move and are,
so long as He wills.
In Him we die at the right time,
when He wills.

Tenor Solo:
Ach, Herr!
Herr lehre uns bedenken
dass wir sterben müssen,
auf dass wir klug werden.

Ah Lord!
Lord teach us to think
that we must die
so that we become wise.

Bass Solo:
Bestelle dein Haus!
denn du wirst sterben
und nicht lebendig bleiben.

Put your house in order
for you will die
and not remain living.

Es ist der alte Bund:
Mensch, du musst sterben!

It is the old covenant:
Man, you must die!

Soprano Solo:
Ja, komm, Herr Jesu, komm!

Yes, come, Lord Jesus, come!

Alto Solo:
In deine Hände befehl' ich meinen Geist;
du hast mich erlöst, Herr,
du getreuer Gott.

Into your hands I commit my spirit;
you have redeemed me, Lord,
you faithful God.

Bass Solo:
Heute wirst du mit mir im Paradies sein!

Today you will be with me in paradise!

Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr' dahin
in Gottes Willen,
getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheissen hat:
der Tod ist mein Schlaf worden.

With peace and joy I travel there
in God's will,
my heart and mind are confident,
peaceful and calm.
As God has promised me:
death has become my sleep.

Glorie, Lob, Ehr' und Herrlichkeit
sei dir, Gott Vater und Sohn bereit,
dem heil'gen Geist mit Namen!
Die göttlich Kraft mach' uns sieghaft
durch Jesum Christum.
Amen.

Glory, praise, honor and majesty
be given to you God father and son,
to the holy spirit by name!
God's strength make us victorious
through Jesus Christ.
Amen.

Harmonium's Annual NJ High School Student Composition Contest was founded to encourage young composers and create new repertoire. This contest "fills a niche in Music Education in the state of New Jersey" and "offers clear goals for musically talented students to strive towards, introduces them to artistic peers and musical mentors, and for the winners, provides a financial incentive and a much-coveted CD recording by the Chorus." The contest was funded by the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation for the first eight years, and we would love to hear your ideas as we seek funding from other sources to continue this program.

This year's judges were Anne Matlack, the Artistic Director of Harmonium, organist, flutist and frequent choral adjudicator; Jason Tramm, Rutgers conducting faculty member and Chorus Master of the New Jersey State Opera; Edie Hill, Minnesota Composer whose composition *There is No Age* was commissioned in celebration of Harmonium's 25th Anniversary, and Matthew Harris, Manhattan musicologist and composer whose *Shakespeare Songs* will conclude the program. All contestants, not just the winners, receive written comments from the judges; and early registrants were given the opportunity for one-on-one tutoring in composition with Johnathan Reale, Harmonium tenor and contest coordinator, who is also a vocal ensemble composer and arranger.

Congratulations to **Noah Berg**, the Grand Prize Winner of Harmonium Choral Society's eleventh annual High School Student Choral Composition Contest with his composition *Wandering Aengus*, a setting of a W. B. Yeats poem, which will be performed tonight.

Choral writing is a relatively new field for our winning composer. "I'm getting excited about composition," Berg declares. He's been writing pieces for his rock group, Bravest Giant, since eighth grade. This year, in addition to his composition for Harmonium, Berg completed his first orchestral work, which the Millburn High School orchestra will premiere in late May. Already accepted as a merit scholarship student at the University of Rochester, where he plans to study economics and music, Berg is currently considering auditioning to get into a composition class at the university's Eastman School of Music. He is an accomplished musician, playing clarinet, saxophone, piano and electric guitar, as well as singing lead for his rock band. He also performs in jazz band, wind ensemble, concert band, marching band and pit orchestra. Berg is sponsored by Karen Conrad, Orchestral Director at Millburn High School.

Wandering Aengus

I went out to the hazel wood,
 Because a fire was in my head,
 Cut and peeled a hazel wand,
 And hooked a berry to a thread;
 And when white moths were on the wing,
 And moth-like stars were flick'ring out,
 I dropped the berry in a stream
 And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
 And gone to blow the fire aflame,
 Something rustled on the floor,
 And someone called me by my name.
 It had become a glimmering girl

With apple blossoms in her hair
 Who called me by my name and ran
 And vanished in the bright'ning air.

Though I am old with wandering
 Through hollow lands, and hilly lands,
 I will find out where she has gone,
 And kiss her lips and take her hands;
 And walk through long green dappled grass,
 And pluck 'til time and times are done.
 The silver apples of the moon,
 The golden apples of the sun.

- William Butler Yeats

Composition Contest Runner-Up **Peter Newes** has already made his mark as a gifted singer. For three years he has been in the Chatham High School Select Choir, performing in major venues such as Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Newes has been accepted in the New Jersey All-State Choir for next year. Newes is also a playwright, receiving an Excellence in Playwriting from Chatham Middle School in 2005. Newes' sponsor is Barbara Klemp, Director of Choral Music at Chatham.

We conclude tonight's program with three *Shakespeare Songs* that celebrate the life cycle. New York Composer **Matthew Harris** is a favorite of Harmonium. We commissioned his major Christmas Oratorio, *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, in 2002; the Harmonium men sang the New Jersey premiere of his *Love Songs*, and we have performed several of his books of *Shakespeare Songs* and *O Sacrum Convivium* both in concert and on tour. Last spring Harmonium's concert program featured a rare performance of *Oceanic Eyes* for string quartet and guitar.

Matthew Harris was born 1956 in New York State, studied at The Juilliard School, New England Conservatory and Harvard University. His teachers include Elliott Carter, Milton Babbitt, Roger Sessions and Donald Martino. Mr. Harris received two grants in composition from the National Endowment for the Arts and fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Tanglewood, Composers Conference at Wellesley, Ives Center, Conductors Institute, and the MacDowell and Yaddo artist colonies. Prizes he won for his works include the Chautauqua Chamber Singers Choral Composition Contest, Georges Enesco International Composition Award and many others. Mr. Harris has taught at Fordham University and Kingsborough. He provides the following notes:

Shakespeare Songs are my musical settings of the lyrics to songs in Shakespeare's plays. The cycle comprises fourteen songs, divided into four books. Book IV was completed in 1995 and premiered by the Central Bucks-West Choir, Joseph Ohrt, director, at the ACDA Regional Convention in Philadelphia, February, 1996. Rapid passages swirl through *Blow, Blow thou Winter Wind*, climaxing in an extended coda of 12 vocal parts. (The idea of using triple rhythms for wind came from Monteverdi's famous "Zefiro Torno.") In contrast,

And Will A' Not Come Again is a slow, simple ballad. *When Daffodils Begin to Peer* finishes the set in good old country style.

I. Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! Sing heigh-ho!
 unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning,
 most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That does not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

- Adapted from *As You Like It*

II. And Will A'Not Come Again?

And will a'not come again?
 No, he is dead
 Go to thy deathbed,
 No, he is dead,
 He will never come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll:
 He is gone, and we cast away moan,
 God ha' mercy on his soul.

- Adapted from *Hamlet*

III. When Daffodils Begin to Peer

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds,
O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tir-ra-ly-ra chants,
With heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

- Adapted from *The Winter's Tale*