

The Harmonium Chamber Singers – Swan Songs

Saturday March 2, 2019 7:30 p.m. Grace Church, Madison
& Sunday March 3, 2019 3 p.m. Christ Church, Short Hills

Dr. Anne Matlack, Artistic Director

Jamie Bunce and Matthew Lee, Assistant Conductors;
Martin Sedek, guest conductor

The Silver Swan	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
Il bianco e dolce cigno	Jacques Arcadelt (c. 1507-1568)
The Silver Swan	Michael Bussewitz-Quarm (b. 1971)
<i>Jamie Bunce, conductor</i>	
Anima mea liquefacta est <i>men</i>	Guillaume Dufay (c. 1397-1474)
Schwanengesang (<i>Aleph, Beth</i>)	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)
Three Bird Songs	Martin Sedek (b. 1985)
Little Bird	
Wild Swans at Coole (premiere)	
Wings (premiere)	
<i>Martin Sedek, conductor</i>	
Six Chansons	Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)
La Biche <i>The Doe</i>	
Un Cygne <i>A Swan</i>	
Puisque tout passe <i>Since All is Passing</i>	
Printemps <i>Springtime</i>	
En Hiver <i>In Winter</i>	
Verger <i>Orchard</i>	
Quick! We have but a second	C. V. Stanford (1852-1924)
INTERMISSION	
Faster	Dale Trumbore (b. 1987)
We Walked Through the Trees	Sarah Rimkus (b. 1990)
Árboles	Michael Rosin
Io mi son la giovinetta	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Blackbird	John Lennon (1940-1980) &
<i>Matthew Lee, conductor</i>	Paul McCartney (b. 1942); arr. Rutherford
Here on these Branches <i>women</i>	Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)
Closer to Home	Trumbore

The Silver Swan is probably the most famous madrigal by one of the greats of the Golden Age of English Music, **Orlando Gibbons**. He was a boy chorister at King's College, Cambridge and organist of the Chapel Royal, Organist at Westminster Abbey (1623-1625), and well-known for his church music, instrumental music and madrigals. This madrigal presents the legend that swans sing only just before their deaths. Gibbons' words were likely written by his musical patron, Sir Christopher Hatton (1581–1619). Some think the last line is a comment on the demise of the English madrigal form or, more generally, on the loss of the late Elizabethan musical tradition. For many years this has been the High School All-State audition piece and we think many of you may know it and *you are welcome to join us in singing*.

The Silver Swan

The silver Swan, who, living, had no Note,
when Death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
thus sang her first and last, and sang no more:
“Farewell, all joys! O Death, come close mine eyes!
More Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wise.”

Jacques Arcadelt was a Franco-Flemish composer of the Renaissance, active in both Italy and France, and one of the most famous of the early composers of madrigals. His Italian madrigals were deservedly popular for their tunefulness, text-painting, accessibility and influence on other composers, such as the English madrigalists.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more, ed io piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio. Stran' e diversa sorte, ch'ei more sconsolato ed io moro beato. Morte che nel morire m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire. Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento, di mille mort' il di sarei contento.	The white and sweet swan dies singing, and I, weeping, reach the end of my life. Strange and different fate, that he dies disconsolate and I die a blessed death, which in dying fills me full of joy and desire. If in dying, were I to feel no other pain, I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.
---	--

Gibbon's text (*The Silver Swan*) was set by composer **Michael Busewitz-Quarm** in 2010 in honor of all who struggle with the ravages of war and face an ongoing battle with post-traumatic stress disorder, and dedicated to the memory of Pfc Joseph Dwyer, a native Long Islander who lost his battle with PTSD following a tour of duty as a medic in Iraq. Passionate about advocacy through choral music, Busewitz-Quarm is an award-winning New York-based composer, conductor, and speaker. His choral work, “I'll Fly Away,” premiered by the Harmonium Chamber Singers in 2017, was selected to the International Society of Contemporary Music's New Music Days 2017 in Vancouver, B.C. His published music catalog spans more than 20 years of composing activity and more than 30 vocal and choral works that have been premiered by youth voices, church choirs, professional singers and community choruses throughout the United States, Canada, Europe and the Middle East. He recently created the “Child Refugee Awareness” Choral Consortium Project, in which Harmonium participated (“Fear not” Dec. 2017) as well as “Hope for Recovery” Choral Consortium, and “The Great American Choral Reef.” The cornerstone work of his catalog, *Requiem Dies Magna*, was composed with the intention of healing and to honor the first responders and survivors of the 9/11 attacks. He is also active in advocating for the transgender community. “It is my fervent wish to spread knowledge and understanding of the transgender community through guest speaking and by simply being present in the lives of musicians and artists surrounding me.”

The Franco-Flemish composer **Guillaume Dufay** was one of the most significant composers of the fifteenth century, renowned and revered in his own day as the master of the Burgundian style of composition. He began his musical career as a choir boy at Cambrai, and spent time in Italy as well, at one point being appointed to the Papal Choir. The sound of this music is pre-Renaissance, and quite akin to Hindemith with its rhythmic cross-relations, lots of open sounds of fourths and fifths, while at the same time, some of the earliest use of more consonant (to the modern ear) thirds. Texts from the *Song of Songs* have appealed to composers throughout the ages.

Anima mea liquefacta est

Anima mea liquefacta est,
 ut dilectus locutus est.
 Quaesivi et non inveni illum;
 vocavi et non respondit mihi.
 Invenerunt me custodes civitatis,
 percusserunt me et vulneraverunt me.
 Tulerunt pallium meum
 custodes murorum.
 Filiae Hierusalem,
 nuntiate dilecto quia amore languo.

My soul failed
 when my beloved spoke;
 I sought him, but I could not find him;
 I called him, but he gave me no answer.
 The watchmen of the city found me,
 they smote me and they wounded me.
 The keepers of the walls
 took away my veil from me.
 Daughters of Jerusalem,
 tell my beloved that I am sick of love.

Heinrich Schütz's surviving output consists almost entirely of sacred vocal works, although he also wrote organ and secular works. His large-scale resplendent polychoral works show his teacher Gabrieli's Venetian style influence – it was said that on his deathbed Gabrieli passed his composer's ring to the young German. Schütz composed his last works, a monumental setting of Psalm 119, complemented by a setting of Psalm 100, and a setting of the German Magnificat in 1671 at the age of 86. This group of works, known as the "*Schwanengesang*", or "swansong", shows the composer at his most personal, elegant and introspective. Psalm 119 is the longest psalm in the psalter (146 verses) separated into sections headed by letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The entirety would take over an hour to perform. We are singing the first two sections, *Aleph* and *Beth*, which are followed by a *Gloria Patri*.

Schwanengesang

Wohl denen, die ohne Tadel leben,
 die im Gesetz des Herrn wandeln!
 Wohl denen, die seine Zeugnisse halten,
 die ihn von ganzem Herzen suchen!
 Denn welche auf seinen Wegen wandeln,
 die tun kein Übel.
 Du hast geboten,
 fleißig zu halten deine Befehle.
 O daß mein Leben deine Rechte
 mit ganzem Ernst hielte!
 Wenn ich schaue allein auf deine Gebote,
 so werde ich nicht zuschanden.
 Ich danke dir von rechtem Herzen,
 daß du mich lehrest
 die Rechte deiner Gerechtigkeit.
 Deine Rechte will ich halten;
 verlaß mich nimmermehr!

Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way:
 and walk in the law of the Lord!
 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies:
 and seek him with their whole heart!
 For they who do no wickedness:
 walk in his ways.
 Thou hast charged:
 that we shall diligently keep thy commandments.
 O that my ways were made so direct:
 that I might keep thy statutes!
 So shall I not be confounded:
 while I have respect unto all thy commandments.
 I will thank thee with an unfeigned heart:
 when I shall have learned the judgements
 of thy righteousness.
 I will keep thy ceremonies:
 O forsake me not utterly.

Wie wird ein Jüngling

Wherewithal shall a young man

seinen Weg unsträflich gehen?
Wenn er sich hält nach deinen Worten.
Ich suche dich von ganzem Herzen;
laß mich nicht fehlen deiner Gebote!
Ich behalte dein Wort in meinem Herzen,
auf daß ich nicht wider dich sündige.
Gelobet seiest du, Herr!
Lehre mich deine Rechte!
Ich will mit meinen Lippen erzählen
alle Rechte deines Mundes.
Ich freue mich des Weges
deiner Zeugnisse
als über allerlei Reichtum.
Ich rede, was du befohlen hast,
und schaue auf deine Wege.
Ich habe Lust zu deinen Rechten
und vergesse deine Worte nicht.

Ehre sei dem Vater
und dem Sohn
und dem Heiligen Geist,
wie im Anfang,
so auch jetzt und alle Zeit
und in Ewigkeit.
Amen.

cleanse his way:
even by ruling himself after thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee:
O let me not go wrong out of thy commandments.
Thy words have I hid within my heart:
that I should not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Lord:
O teach me thy statutes.
With my lips have I been telling:
of all the judgements of thy mouth.
I have had as great delight
in the way of thy testimonies:
as in all manner of riches.
I will talk of thy commandments:
and have respect unto thy ways.
My delight shall be in thy statutes:
and I will not forget thy word.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son:
and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be:
world without end.
Amen.

Conductor and Harmonium Composer-in-Residence **Martin Sedek** is an award-winning voice in the world of choral and orchestral music. He was educated at Berklee College of Music in Boston (BM Composition), where he founded and conducted the 80-voice Berklee Concert Choir, and Montclair State University (MM), where he studied composition and choral conducting. A former member of Harmonium, Martin is now Director of Choral Art Society of NJ and Associate Conductor for The Masterwork Chorus. As a member of the choral and theory faculties at Montclair State University's Cali School of Music, Martin is Assistant Conductor for the MSU Chorale and Visiting Professor of Music Theory. Composition awards include the Yale Glee Club Emerging Composer Competition and the Stephen Paulus Award. He earned his PhD in composition at Rutgers University's Mason Gross School of the Arts, where he studied with Tarik O'Regan.

Sedek provides the following notes for *Little Bird*: "Madame Jeanne Guyon wrote this poem to God during a 10-year incarceration in a dreary dungeon. My first instinct upon reading it, however, was that of a playfulness and irony – at the captor's actually being the captured because of a woman's beautiful voice. The tone of the poem is certainly not dreary, and it was a gift that Madame Guyon remained so faithful and optimistic during this difficult time. Her use of music to comfort herself was a true gift, and I chose to set musically her attitude, more so than her words." *The Wild Swans at Coole* and *Wings* were later composed to form a three-piece set of bird songs. Yeats' *Wild Swans* is a rumination on the bittersweetness of passing time, and makes for a tender, heartfelt middle movement; the set closes with the impassioned *Wings*, Wilfred Gibson's love poem in which he compares the object of his affection, and his affection itself, to soaring flight."

Three Bird Songs

1. Little Bird

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing

To Him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!
Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song,
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing. -Jeanne Guyon

2. Wild Swans at Coole

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,
Mysterious, beautiful;
Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day
To find they have flown away? -William Butler Yeats

3. Wings

As a blue-necked mallard alighting in a pool
Among marsh-marigolds and splashing wet
Green leaves and yellow blooms, like jewels set

In bright, black mud. With clear drops crystal-cool,
Bringing keen savours of the sea and stir
Of windy spaces where wild sunsets flame,
The thought of her
Into my brooding stagnant being came.

And all my senses quickened into life,
Tingling and glittering, and the salt and fire
Sang through my singing blood in eager strife
Until through crystal airs we seemed to be
Soaring together, one fleet-winged desire
Of windy sunsets and the wandering sea. -Wilfred Wilson Gibson

Paul Hindemith wrote these settings of Rilke poems in Switzerland after he and his wife escaped from Germany in 1938, and before they emigrated to the US in 1940. All of the poems seem to be trying to reconcile the mind's ability to see things as a fixed object, with the mind's inability to stay in the moment. The use of harmonies based on fourths and fifths, yet including strong melodicism and traditional major cadences is typical of Hindemith's quirky personal style. The quartal harmonies and other effects have a vaguely medieval feel; (after coming to the U.S. in 1940, Hindemith founded an early-music ensemble at Yale and became interested in the historical performance movement.) The first movement, *The Doe*, paints a picture of a beautiful pastoral setting in which the animal is both perfectly at home, and perfectly ignorant. *The Swan* is both calm and agitated, as the swan glides above the trembling image of its reflection. *Since All is Passing* is a perfect miniature about living in the moment. *Springtime* has a bit more of a romantic melodic feel, while *Winter* is harsh and aggressive. The last movement, *Orchard*, is the most tuneful and French/Poulenc sounding. These works are a unique and important set within the 20th century choral canon, unlike almost anything else.

Six Chansons

1. La biche (The Doe)

Ô la biche: quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde;
combien de confiance ronde drunk
mêlée à combien de peur.
Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
à cette impossessive
ignorance de ton front.

Oh, a doe: what beautiful interiors
of ancient forests abound in your eyes;
with so much confidence
mixed with so much fear.
All this, supported by the strong
slenderness of your leaps.
But nothing ever happens
to that docile
ignorance of your brow.

2. Un cygne (A Swan)

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.

A swan advances over the water
completely surrounded by [reflections] of itself,
like a sliding tableau;
thus at certain instants
a being which one loves
is in motion through all space.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,

He approaches, reflected twofold,
like a swan who is swimming,

sur notre âme troublée...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante
de bonheur et de doute.

[approaching] our troubled soul...
which to this being is added
image the wavering image
of happiness and doubt.

3. Puisque tout passe (Since all is passing)

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

Since all is passing,
Let us make a passing melody.
The one that quenches our thirst
Will be right for us.

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

Let us sing what leaves us
With love and art;
Let us be quicker
Than the quick departure.

4. Printemps (Springtime)

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

O melody that pours from the sap
who in the instruments soars throughout
the green wood of spring,
amplify our brief song,
and restore its dying strain.

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

It is but for a few moments
that we share the fantasy,
the endless variation
of nature's ecstasy,
the fount of creation.

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

After our song is ended,
others will assume the part.
But meanwhile, how can I give to you
all my heart
in full surrender?

5. En hiver (In Winter)

En hiver, la mort meurtrière
entre dans les maisons;
elle cherche la sœur, le père,
et leur joue du violon.

In winter, grisly death
enters in through the doorway.
He visits both the young and the old,
playing his violin.

Mais quand la terre remue
sous la bêche du printemps,
la mort court dans les rues
et salue les passants.

But when spring arrives,
warming the frozen earth,
death goes fleeting
and greets passersby.

6. Verger (Orchard)

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle

The earth is most real

que dans tes branches, ô verger blond,
ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle
que font les ombres sur le gazon.

deep in your branches, O blonde orchard,
And nowhere so airy as in the shadows
lacing the grassy pond.

Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste,
ce qui pèse et ce qui nourrit,
avec le passage manifeste
de la tendresse infinie.

There we find that which sustains
and nourishes life,
and with it, we find
infinite tenderness.

Mais à ton centre, la calme fontaine,
presque dormant en son ancien rond,
de ce contraste parle à peine,
tant en elle il se confond.

Deep in the orchard, the spring's clear waters
are almost asleep at the fountain's heart,
yet they hardly teach us of this strange contrast,
since it is so much a part of them.

-Rainer Maria Rilke

Charles Villiers Stanford, with C. H. H. Parry, heralded a nineteenth century English musical renaissance, and his settings of sacred services and canticles are still widely used in the Anglican church today. He also revived the “part-song” or “glee” for amateur singers to enjoy. *Quick! We Have But a Second* is his arrangement of an air by Thomas Moore, Irish poet, friend of Byron and Shelley. Moore’s popular Irish Melodies appeared in ten parts between 1807 and 1835. The *carpe diem* text encourages us to live life (drink) to the fullest (and is similar to the third Rilke poem in the Hindemith set).

Quick! We have but a second, Fill round the cup while you may:
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd, And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying, For oh! Not Orpheus' strain
could keep sweet hours from dying, Or charm them to life again. / Quick!...
See the glass how it flushes, Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes That thou should delay to sip.
Shame, oh, shame unto thee if e'er thou see that day
When a cup or lip shall woo thee, And turn untouch'd away. / Quick!...

Hailed by The New York Times for her “soaring melodies and beguiling harmonies,” **Dale Trumbore’s** compositions have been commissioned, awarded, and performed widely in the U.S. and internationally by a diverse group of outstanding ensembles since she won the Harmonium High School Composition Contest 13 years ago. *Faster* and *Closer* are part of a commission consortium in which Harmonium has participated, and we are pleased to present the NJ premiere. One piece was meant to open a concert (or a half), and one to close it. As well as being a wonderful composer, Dale is an accomplished writer and writes many of her own texts, as well as lots of essays on composing. She shares, “The story behind *Faster*: for so much of my life, I've wanted for my career and other elements of my life to move, well, faster. I've been rounding up my age; I've wanted success to come quicker than it did. In recent years, I've learned to temper this impulse with patience and to be grateful for what's happening in the present moment. Still, I thought that yearning for more than what you have--wanting the world to open up to you, and for that to happen as soon as possible--could form the basis of this new piece. Ultimately I re-wrote a new text for *Faster* which is much more closely tied to *Closer*: now that feeling of wanting much more is tied to a place, rather than just a vague feeling. *Faster* is still about feeling stuck, as if life is moving too slowly, and yearning for a change. In the end, though, the narrator realizes that instead of waiting for the right moment to make that change, they can initiate it; they're the one who decides when it's time to leave. Maybe the place they describe is metaphorical--maybe they're feeling stuck in a relationship, or a job--or maybe it's a literal location - I was imagining a time in my life when I felt literally

stuck: high school in New Jersey, in the small town (and small house) in which I grew up. I wanted the world to open up to me in a way that it hadn't in Chatham.”

Faster

I know I should be happy with what I have,
where I am now, the slow and simple life I live.
But it feels like I'm stuck in the same place,
ready for something new,
knowing that something has to give.

What if I want to go faster? What if it's time to leave?
What if I want the unknown world to open up?
What if I'm ready now to be on my own,
ready to leave a life I've outgrown?

Now I choose to either move on,
to go as fast as I can or be content staying here.
What if I'm tired of feeling left without a voice?
Maybe I'm ready now, ready to make my choice.

When will I know that it's time to leave?
Even if I had all the answers, what would I want them to be?
And if it's up to me to decide my own fate,
what if I don't have to wait?

And even though I'm grateful
for all that's happened here,
my path is slowly becoming clear:

if I want to go faster, if I want to leave,
the answers are already here; now I can see
that it's happening, finally.

I can choose to go,
find a way to leave, somehow.
Suddenly, the unknown world
is opening up to me now.

Sarah Rimkus is an American composer who recently earned her PhD at the University of Aberdeen, Scotland with Phillip Cooke and Paul Meador. She received her BMus in music composition from the University of Southern California in May 2013, where she developed a love of choral music while studying with Morten Lauridsen. She has received numerous awards, including the ASCAP Morton Gould Young Composer Award, the ASCAP Foundation Leonard Bernstein Award, and the Cantus Ensemble's composition award in 2017. Her works have been performed and commissioned by musicians and ensembles on both sides of the Atlantic, including the Gesualdo Six, the Ligeti Quartet, and the virtuosic Seattle-based choir *The Esoterics*. and featured on Classic FM and BBC Scotland. She has written a great deal of sacred choral music, including her St Andrew's Mass, premiered in Aberdeen, in 2017.

We Walked Through the Trees is the middle movement of a set of three Dylan Thomas poems, *When Only the Moon Rages*. Rimkus explains “I began this piece as an exploration of the darker elements of my compositional

style, particularly focusing on how I might translate these elements into an idiom that works in a choral setting. I find Dylan Thomas's poetry to be one of the most perfect examples of works that have darkness without excessive grandstanding or self-pity, making them perfect for me. These in particular attracted me because of their brevity, lyricism, and pinpricks of light amidst the darkness."

We Walked Through the Trees

Being but men, we walked through* the trees
Afraid, letting our syllables be soft
For fear of waking the rooks¹,
For fear of coming
Noiselessly into a world of wings and cries.

If we were children we might climb,
Catch the rooks sleeping, and break no twig,
And, after the soft ascent,
Thrust out our heads above the branches
To wonder at the unfailing stars.

Out of confusion, as the way is,
And the wonder, that man knows,
Out of the chaos would come bliss.

That, then, is loveliness, we said,
Children in wonder watching the stars,
Is the aim and the end.

Being but men, we walked through* the trees. –Dylan Thomas

1- crows *original poem = "into"

Michael Rosin is a writer for the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra., for whom he creates all kinds of posts for their website and social media pages—the traditional blog / Op-Ed articles, lists, quizzes (both trivia and "personality"), and YouTube playlists. He also lectures, performs, conducts, teaches, and produces. He explains "It is sentimental for me, as Harmonium was the first professional group to perform my music, since I won 1st place in their composition competition back when I was a junior in high school, in 2008 (over 10 years ago!!). *Árboles* was the last work I composed in graduate school and as of yet, is still my most recent composition. I completed my Master's degree at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and I was inspired by Federico García Lorca's fragile and entrancing poem (thanks to my teacher, David Conte, who introduced it to me). It was my goal to compose a piece about the magnificent redwood trees (Sequoioideae) on the West Coast. "Árboles" means "Trees" in Lorca's native language, Spanish...and thus my little choral piece was born."

Árboles (Trees)

Trees!
Were you once arrows fallen from the blue?
What terrible warriors cast you down?
The stars?

Your music springs from the soul of birds,
from the eyes of God,
from perfect passion.

Trees!

Will your tough roots know my heart in the soil? - Federico García Lorca

Claudio Monteverdi's nine books of madrigals document the transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque. He himself defined two different kinds of compositional practices, the *prima prattica*, or old style which was still used for much church music, and the *secunda prattica*, the new style which "considers harmony not commanding but commanded, and makes words the mistress of harmony." **Io mi son la giovinetta** is a madrigal for 5 voices from his fourth book of madrigals (1603) on a poem by Boccaccio. It is a dialogue between a shepherdess and her slightly-too-bold admirer, represented by contrasting high and low vocal groupings, and full of text painting, especially on words like "laugh" and "flee."

Io mi son la giovinetta

"Io mi son giovinetta,
e rido e canto alla stagion novella",
cantava la mia dolce pastorella;
quando subitamente
a quel canto, il cor mio
cantò quasi augellin vago e ridente:
"Son giovinett'anch'io,
e rido e canto alla gentil e bella
primavera d'amore
che ne' begl'occhi tuoi fiorisce". Ed ella:
"Fuggi se saggio sei", disse, "l'ardore:
Fuggi, ch'in questi rai
primavera per te non sarà mai".

"I am a young girl
and I laugh and sing in the new season!"
Thus sang my sweet shepherdess;
when suddenly
my heart, at that song,
sang like a pretty merry little bird:
"I too am young
and I laugh and sing in the sweet and beautiful
springtime of love
that blossoms in your beautiful eyes!". She said:
"Flee, if you are wise, flee from the fire!:
Flee, for in these eyes
there will never be springtime for you."

Paris Rutherford is a jazz arranger from Texas. He says, "This a cappella arrangement of *Blackbird* is designed to pay tribute to the depth found in McCartney's composition, both in the music and especially the lyric. This arrangement focuses on the sense of freedom suggested by the lyric "fly, just fly" and the beautiful melodic lines."

Blackbird

Blackbird singin' in the dead of night
Take these broken wings an' learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Blackbird singin' in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes an' learn to see
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

Blackbird fly,
You were always waiting for the moment you could fly.

Blackbird singin' in the dead of night
Take these broken wings an' learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Sarah Quartel is a Canadian composer and educator who regularly partners with ensembles worldwide on commissioning projects. In 2015, her work *Wide Open Spaces* was commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association and received its premiere performance under the baton of Bob Chilcott. In 2017, her work *Snow Angel* was performed at the Lincoln Center in New York City by the National Children's Chorus of the United States of America. Her compositions have been featured in numerous concerts, commercial recordings, and radio broadcasts internationally. Sarah is signed to Oxford University Press. She currently lives and writes in both Ontario and Hawaii. *Here in These Branches* was commissioned by the Savridi Singers of Calgary, Alberta in 2013, and sets words by the composer herself which seem to speak to the impulse to compose music inspired by her surroundings.

Here on these Branches

Deep in the forest a chick-a-dee chorus, or two,
sit on the branches, humming songs they had heard before
and learned a long time ago, back when the winds were young.
Into their clearing a golden-haired girl passing through,
mesmerized by their singing.
Tunes so familiar to our girl, but from where she can't say.
All she can hear is...
Feathers and melodies surrounding the golden-haired girl
pull her and wrap her tightly into the wings of these curious things, so lovely.
And all she can say is: what can this be, circling me?
Where is it from, what it has done.
Slowly, the, wrapped in the melody she feels the wing
ruffling her skin so gently.
Filling her lungs with the chick-a-dee song, she hums,
caught in this feathered flurry.
Stretches an arm, but now a wing she has formed,
and her feathers, golden, they shine so brightly.
Catching a breeze, she floats to a branch with the others, joining their singing.
What can this be, circling me?
What, I've heard it somewhere else,
but I don't know here on these branches?
Feathers I have, yet I am glad.
Yet I am happy, with down and fluff, to warble all day.
What can this be, circling me?
Deep in the forest a chick-a-dee chorus, or two,
sit on their branches, humming,
into their clearing an auburn-haired girl passing through,
mesmerized by their singing.

To close the concert, we have **Dale Trumbore's** partner piece to *Faster*. Here is the story behind it. "Last year, my dad retired, and my parents sold my childhood home within a day of putting it up for sale; I barely had time to come visit one last time. Nevermind that I hadn't lived there in twelve years; this was a place that I still thought of as home, in the way that you can leave the place where your life actually is--in my case, Los Angeles--to go "home" to New Jersey, and then, on the flight back to California, say once again that you're returning home. The person who bought the house is planning to tear it down and build another, bigger house in its place, and knowing that I'd never see the house again made it even harder to leave. I did go back one last time, and that was the inspiration for the text for *Closer to Home*. There actually are two acres of woods "just

over the fence." There's a river two houses down, and while the street isn't technically a dead-end, it is a no-outlet. (But who wants to sing the words "no outlet?" "Dead end" is more singable.) Now the two pieces are truly tied together. One's about wanting so badly to leave a place so badly, realizing that you don't have to wait, and deciding to go now. The other is about returning to a place--maybe the same place--and realizing that in so many ways, you did love your time there, although you might never have realized that if you hadn't had to leave it again.

Closer to Home

To the garden full of lavender,
the woods just over the fence,
the trickle of a river that's just past the dead end,
to the dog in the yard and the worn out floors
and the toys packed away down the hall—
it would've been easier not to come back at all.

And you're closer to home than you've ever been before,
leaving the garden, leaving the halls,
leaving the woods and the river and all.
You're closer to home than you've ever been before,
and you've never wanted to stay here more.

But the memories you made here
are only half the life you've lived,
and you have no choice. The woods and the garden
have given all they had to give,
and still you wonder if you'll ever learn
how to leave a place not knowing if you'll return.

To the garden full of lavender,
the woods just over the fence,
the trickle of a river that's just past the dead end—
it would have been easier not to come back this time,
to leave the woods, the garden, the river and all behind.

But you're closer to home than you've ever been before,
though it isn't the woods and it isn't the garden,
it isn't the house or the dog in the yard—
you're closer to home than you've ever been before
as you realize home isn't here,
you finally realize home isn't here anymore.

Now it's time to close the door
on a house where you had a garden, a river;
you couldn't have asked for better or more.
And maybe you'll return someday, somehow,
but it's time to go back to the life you're living now.

It's time to go home to a life you won't outgrow.
Leaving the garden, leaving the halls,
leaving the woods and the river and all,
it's time to go home, for finally you know

that home will be waiting for you,
home will follow wherever you go.

The Harmonium Chamber Singers are 25 of the most advanced members of the Harmonium Choral Society, a 100-voice auditioned community choir of singers ranging in age from 15 to 80, including a large number of music educators. Harmonium is dedicated to performing a diverse repertoire at a high artistic level, and to increasing community appreciation of choral music through concerts, education and outreach. Harmonium has sponsored major commissions, musicianship workshops, and an annual High School Student Choral Composition Contest; toured internationally; and sung for prestigious music conventions. The Chamber Singers specialize in unaccompanied repertoire with special emphasis on the Renaissance and contemporary works.

Artistic Director since 1987, Dr. Anne Matlack holds a BA in Music from Yale University and MM & DMA Choral Conducting degrees from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Dr. Matlack is celebrating her 28th year as Organist/Choirmaster at Grace Episcopal Church in Madison where she directs a full program of children and adult choirs and a concert series, Grace Community Music. Grace Church and Harmonium singers joined to serve as Choir-in Residence at Winchester Cathedral, UK, in the summer of 2015. Dr. Matlack is president-elect of the New Jersey Board of the American Choral Directors Association, where she has served as Repertoire and Resources Chair for Community Choirs for many years. She is the 2003 recipient of the Arts Council of the Morris Area's Outstanding Professional in the Arts Award.

BACH'S ST. MATTHEW PASSION Sunday, April 7, 2019 at 1:30 p.m.

One special performance only! With double baroque orchestra *The Sebastians*, professional soloists, supertitles, and Dann Coakwell, Evangelist. With Elena Bird, soprano; Patricia Ruggles, alto; Stephen Sands, tenor; Michael Maliakel, bass; Malcolm Merriweather, Jesus.

St. Mary's Abbey at Delbarton, 230 Mendham Road, Morristown

www.harmonium.org 973-538-6969 <http://www.harmonium.org/events>