



THE SONG WITHIN: PROGRAM NOTES

March 1 & 2, 2014

Pseaume 43

Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562-1621)

Threshold of Night

Tarik O'Regan (b. 1978)

Alice Allen, Mariam Bora, Kim Williams, Ken Short, Holland Jancaitis,

Emilie Bishop, Beth Shirley, PJ Livesey, Jake Sachs

Harmonium Chamber Singers

Annelies (Chamber Version, 2009)

James Whitbourn (b. 1963)

Laura Winslow (Saturday), Rachel Clark (Sunday)

1. Introit – prelude
2. The capture foretold
3. The plan to go into hiding
4. The last night at home and arrival at the Annexe
5. Life in hiding
6. Courage

INTERMISSION

7. Fear of capture and the second break-in
8. *Kyrie* – Sinfonia
9. The dream
10. Devastation of the outside world
11. Passing of time
12. The hope of liberation and a spring awakening
13. The capture and the concentration camp
14. Anne's meditation

I Believe

Mark Andrew Miller (b. 1967)

Grace Van Cleef

Instrumentalists:

Ruth Zumstein, violin

Marnie Kaller, cello

Dorothy Duncan, clarinet

John Pivarnik, piano

When searching for a way to integrate the Chamber Singers into this program, I was first drawn to **Jan Sweelinck** because of his Dutch nationality. He spent most of his life as the organist of the Oude Kerk in Amsterdam, and his works straddled the Renaissance and Baroque eras. He was in great demand as a teacher, and a well-known improviser. His vocal works, although less cutting-edge than his keyboard works, show great rhythmic complexity and drive. This setting of *Psalm 43* is in eight parts and highlights contrasting battle-like and prayerful sections to illustrate the text, which seemed appropriate for this concert.

Revenge moy, pren la querelle,	Vindicate me, O God,
De moy, Seigneur, par ta merci,	and defend my cause
Contre la gent fausse et cruelle;	against an ungodly people;
De l'homme remplide cautelle,	From deceitful and
Et en sa malice endurci,	unjust men,
Delivre moy aussi.	deliver me.

The text of *Threshold of Night* also spoke to me in the context of Anne Frank, although it was conceived as an Advent text. **Tarik O'Regan** explains: "*Threshold of Night* was commissioned for St. John's College, Cambridge and was premiered in 2006. The work aims to highlight the yearning that all societies have, in their time of need, for guidance from beyond their community."

Tarik O'Regan, "one of the leading British composers of his generation" (*Gramophone*) who is writing "music of startling beauty" (*The Observer*), grew up in London, where he was born in 1978. Since 2007, he has divided his time between New York City and Cambridge, England. This semester he was teaching at Rutgers, and the Chamber Singers had the honor of working with him on a rehearsal of *Threshold of Night*. The work was written at Yaddo Artists' Retreat in the midst of O'Regan's work on a major commission, *Ecstasies*, for Simon Carrington at Yale. His recent projects include *Suite from Heart of Darkness* for the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; a third solo album on the Harmonia Mundi label, *Acallam na Senórach*; and the premiere of his first opera *Heart of Darkness* at the Royal Opera House, London. Currently he is working on a full-length ballet, commissioned by the Dutch National Ballet; and large-scale new works for the Hallé Orchestra, Sydney Dance Company, and SOUK at the Royal Concertgebouw.

Who stands at my door in the storm and rain
On the threshold of being?
One who waits till you call him in
From the empty night.

Are you a stranger, out in the storm,
Or has my enemy found me out
On the edge of being?

I am no stranger who stands at the door
Nor enemy come in the secret night,
I am your child, in darkness and fear
On the verge of being.

Go back, my child, to the rain and storm,
For in this house there is sorrow and pain
In the lonely night.

I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love weeps within
And waits for my coming.

Go back, my babe, to the vacant night
For in this house dwell sin and hate
On the verge of being.

I will not go back for hate or sin,
I will not go back for sorrow or pain,
For my true love mourns within
On the threshold of night.

Notes on *Annelies* from Dr. Anne Matlack:

One of the things I am most passionate about is repertoire. Our Harmonium family has always supported new repertoire, through commissions, our student composition contest and our performances of fairly new and underperformed works. Our audience has come to love and trust our choices. Therefore, I am so excited to share with you an important new work: *Annelies*, a setting of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, by British composer **James Whitbourn** for chorus and piano, violin, cello and clarinet.

Annelies is beautiful, it is emotional, it is sometimes frightening and often very intimate. (Most of the text is in English but some Dutch and German is also incorporated.) The work straddles the achingly fine line between the horrors of the war and the hopeful and creative spirit of the young Anne. I have chosen two lovely young sopranos as Anne soloists for my two performances, both in their 20s and working as elementary music teachers (Laura Winslow on Saturday and Rachel Clark on Sunday).

As we began rehearsal, I realized that the chorus would be able to handle the notes fine, but the emotions the piece brought up rose very close to the surface and drew us in. There are grandchildren of Holocaust survivors in the choir, and people who can trace deceased ancestors to Auschwitz. We have decided to gather some of these personal stories into the program to share our connections with our Harmonium family. It seems to me that the farther we get from the Holocaust, the more it seems like academic history to our children, and we wanted to put this back in the context of family history. With my own 15-year-old daughter singing in Harmonium, it is impossibly hard to feel anything but close to Anne. I have been sharing our journey via email with the composer, and he agrees. "I am so pleased you are going to the trouble of finding a context for the work in this way: in my experience it makes a lot of difference both to singers and to the audience to have highlighted these personal connections. And it makes the point more forcibly that it is a part of history we all relate to in some way."

Notes on *Annelies* from James Whitbourn:

Naxos CD liner notes on *Annelies* from James Whitbourn (used with permission):

Annelies is the first authorized musical setting of *The Diary of Anne Frank*. It is a concert-length work (c. 75 minutes) and exists in two scorings: soloist, choir and orchestra; or soloist, choir and chamber ensemble (violin, cello, piano, clarinet).

It was originally composed in the orchestral version, and before the first performance, Bernd (Buddy) Elias, Anne Frank's first cousin, introduced the new work and said: "If Anne could be with us tonight, I know she would shed tears of joy and pride, and she would be so happy—happy the way I remember when I saw her last." This is the kind of comment that pulls you up short. It is easy to forget that *Annelies* (Anne's full name) was a real person, with friends and family. She was a happy person and a hugely talented human being. She concerned herself with unimportant things, just as we all do, and she would still be only in her 80s had she lived. In the annexe, she had a photograph stuck onto her wall of Princess Elizabeth (of the U.K.), now Queen Elizabeth II, one of the famous people she loved to admire. It is sobering to remember that the Queen was several years her senior and yet still carries out her royal duties. Anne Frank should have been a contemporary of hers.

Yet Anne Frank did not grow up. Her death has kept her an eternal child, and her diary continues to speak directly to children today. Anne Frank was a highly intelligent human being, full of perception and maturity, and her diary is a brilliant piece of writing in its own right. The fact that it sits within a story of such horror as the Holocaust makes its brilliance so painful.

But at the time of writing the diary, Anne had not experienced the Holocaust firsthand, though was much more aware of it than her companions-in-hiding realized. By all accounts, she was the type of child that was full of questions, and also full of answers and opinions. One of the helpers, Miep Gies, who kept the supply of food to the annexe flowing, recalls that Anne (whom she adored) used to always follow her down the stairs at the end of each day's visit and ask many questions of what was really happening in the outside world. For example, she wanted to know what was happening to the Jews she saw rounded up and arrested on the streets below. "I told her the truth," Miep said. Anne knew what was happening. But none of the housemates, not even her own parents, knew the depths of her understanding. The side of her character she called her "finer side" was hidden from sight, and reserved only for the pages of her diary.

It is these penetrating observations that form the basis of Melanie Challenger's libretto. Melanie is a remarkable young woman who possesses many qualities that chime with Anne Frank's character: a security both in her own judgment and in her own thought process, a keen intelligence and a penetrating understanding of other human beings. The oratorio was Melanie's idea, and it came to her after working on a music project with children from war-torn Bosnia. She approached me with the idea, and we worked on it intensely together for almost three years. From the onset, we were clear that it was those remarkable observations that were to form the basis of this work. Squabbles within the annexe, teenage romantic encounters and the like were all put aside, and the diary distilled into this sequence of beautiful and mature, spiritually charged texts. Melanie has skillfully made a translation that is suitable for me, as a composer, to set to music.

Rarely have I found a text so compelling and the inspiration for so much thought, simply as a document in its own right. But as time went on, and as I worked on the score, I became more aware of Anne Frank as a contemporary person. Eventually I came to meet Buddy, her cousin, and later her school friends, whom she talks about so much in the diary. These personal family links influenced the kind of piece it was destined to be, and as I wrote it, it seemed to me almost as though I were putting together the music for the family's memorial service. I have often advised people on their choice of music for memorial events, and I have always noticed that, however adventurous and experimental the person is in life, when it comes to key events, they revert to something simple, tonal and melodic. Never do I recall anyone asking for a 12-tone composition to be performed at their funeral. *Annelies* was to be a kind of Requiem: too Christian a word to adopt in the title, but true in the essence of what was sought. It was to be a commemorative work, not only for Anne Frank, but for those by whose side she lived, those she watched with penetrating eyes, and, tragically, those who shared her fate.

Annelies Marie Frank died in the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, along with her sister Margot. By that stage, she knew her mother was dead, and she believed her father was dead, too. In fact, he survived; Anne's friend Hannah Goslar, the last person known to have seen her alive, always wondered whether Anne would have found the strength to live if she had known her beloved father was not dead.

The legacy of her death, though, has been remarkable. She always intended to publish her diary, and that wish has been fulfilled in a way she could not have imagined. Even before its premiere, parts of the work were heard in a most extraordinary setting. The piece came to the attention of organizers of the U.K.'s National Holocaust Memorial Day 2005, the 60th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz (where Anne Frank was also kept captive). Three movements of the oratorio were performed on that occasion, in the presence of the queen whose face Anne Frank had gazed at on the wall of her little attic room all those years ago, and of 500 survivors of the Holocaust, their families, and several hundred others. The setting was Westminster Hall, an enormous 11th-century hall within the Houses of Parliament in London. It was a cold January day, and the hall was appropriately chilly for the occasion. The work was introduced by Anne's school friend Hannah—the girl who Anne had dreamed about (Mvt. 9) reaching out to her—Anne—in desperation. As events turned out, it was Anne who died and Hannah who survived.

The world premiere of *Annelies* was given on April 5, 2005, at Cadogan Hall in London; Leonard Slatkin conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Choir of Clare College Cambridge and soprano Louise Kateck.

The U.S. premiere of *Annelies* was given on April 28, 2007, at Westminster Choir College, Princeton, NJ. James Jordan and James Whitbourn conducted the Westminster Williamson Voices, an instrumental ensemble and soprano Lynn Eustis.

The world premiere of *Annelies* in its completed chamber version was given on June 12, 2009, at the German Church in The Hague. Daniel Hope (violin) led the ensemble, with the Residentie Chamber Choir (conductor Jos Vermunt) and soprano Arianna Zukerman.

In December 2013, Westminster Williamson Voices' Naxos recording of *Annelies*, conducted by James Jordan and featuring soprano Arianna Zukerman, received a Grammy nomination for Best Choral Performance.

About our *Annelies* Soloists:

Rachel Clark has been an active member of Harmonium since joining the choir in her freshman year of high school. She traveled on tours with Harmonium to Eastern Europe, Italy, Spain, and Greece and Turkey. Rachel attended the University of Delaware, where she majored in music education and studied voice with Dr. Melanie K. Dement. Currently, she teaches elementary music in Parsippany, is the soprano section leader at St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Morristown, and is a vocal consultant at Morris Knolls High School. Rachel is humbled to be a part of this incredible piece, and hopes that the continued creation of art out of destruction will keep us all in blue sky, and away from dark clouds.

Laura Winslow feels honored by the opportunity to help bring this magnificent and moving work to life. She has performed as a soloist with the NJ Masterwork Chorus, Choral Art Society of NJ and Princeton Pro Musica. This is her fourth season with Harmonium, with whom she toured in Greece and Turkey this past summer. Laura graduated with honors from Westminster Choir College, where she earned a Bachelor of Music degree in Education. A Massachusetts native, she has taught piano and voice in NJ for 8 years and has worked with singers of all ages in church, school and community settings. Laura currently teaches vocal and instrumental music in Marlboro. She has a particular affinity for music of the Baroque era and hopes to pursue graduate studies in early music and choral conducting.

1. Introit – prelude

2. The capture foretold

Up above you can hear the breathing,
eight pounding hearts, footsteps on the stairs,
a rattling on the bookcase.
Suddenly, a couple of bangs.
Doors slammed inside the house.

(April 11, 1944)

We are in blue sky,
surrounded by black clouds.
See it, the perfectly round spot?
but the clouds are moving in,
and the ring between danger grows smaller.
We look at the fighting below,
and the peace and beauty above,
but the dark mass of clouds looms before us,
and tries to crush us.

O ring, ring, open wide and let us out!

(November 8, 1943)

3. The plan to go into hiding

When would we go into hiding?
Where would we hide?
In the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack?
(July 8, 1942)

These questions kept running through my mind.
I started packing my important belongings.
The first thing was my diary.
Memories mean more to me than dresses.
(July 8, 1942)

Ik zal, hoop ik, aan jou alles kunnen toevertrouwen,
zoals ik het nog aan niemand gekund heb, en ik hoop
dat je een grote steun voor me zult zijn.¹
(June 12, 1942)

It seems like years since Sunday morning.
So much has happened,
it's as if the whole world had
suddenly turned upside down.
(July 8, 1942)

1- Dutch phrase which translates as: "I hope that I will be able to confide in you as I never could in anyone before, and I hope that you will be a great support to me."

4. The last night at home and arrival at the Annexe

My last night in my own bed.
A warm rain fell.
The four of us wrapped in layers of clothing,
the stripped beds, the breakfast things on the table.
We closed the door behind us.
(July 8, 1942)

Walking in the pouring rain,
walking down the street,
each of us with a satchel filled to the brim.
(July 9, 1942)

We arrived at Prinsengracht,
led through the long passage
and up the wooden staircase

to the Annexe.
The door was shut behind us,
leaving us alone.
Alone.
Then for the first time,
I found a moment to tell you about it,
to realize what had happened to me
and what was about to happen.

(July 10, 1942)

We're Jews in chains,
chained to one spot,
without any rights,
a thousand obligations.
We must be brave
and trust in God.

(April 11, 1944)

5. Life in hiding

The days here are very quiet,

(October 1, 1942)

having to sit still all day
and not say a word,
you can imagine how
hard that is for me.
On ordinary days, we speak in a whisper.
Not being able to talk is worse.

(September 29, 1942)

The silence makes me so nervous,
but with chiming of the Westertoren clock
reassures me at night.

(July 11, 1942)

You no doubt want to hear
what I think of life in hiding?

(July 11, 1942)

The blue sky, the bare chestnut tree,
glistening with dew,
the seagulls, glinting with silver
swooping through the air.
As long as this exists,

this sunshine and this cloudless sky,
how can I be sad?

(February 23, 1944)

Prospectus and Guide to the Secret Annexe.
A Unique Facility for the Temporary Accommodation of Jews and Other
Dispossessed Persons.

Now our Annexe has truly become a secret,
a bookcase has been built in front of the entrance.

It swings on its hinges
and opens like a door.

It is Open All Year Round,
Located in Beautiful, Quiet, Wooded Surroundings,
In the Heart of Amsterdam.

Inside it is Necessary to Speak Softly at all times,
Singing is Permissible, only Softly and After Six p.m.!

(November 17, 1942)

The strangest things happen when you're hiding.

Try to picture this.

We wash ourselves in a tin tub,
since the curtains are drawn,
we scrub ourselves in the dark,
while one looks out the window
and gazes at the endlessly amusing people.

(September 29, 1942)

The children run around in thin shirts
and wooden clogs.

They have no coats, no socks,
no caps and no one to help them.

Gnawing on a carrot to still their hunger,
they walk from their cold houses through cold streets.

(January 13, 1943)

One day this terrible war will be over,
and we'll be people again,
and not just Jews.

(April 11, 1944)

6. Courage

If you become part of the suffering,
you'll be entirely lost.

(March 7, 1944)

Der Winter ist vergangen.

Ich seh' des Maien Schein;
Ich seh' die Blümlein prangen;
Des ist mein Herz erfreut.
Da singt Frau Nachtigalle
Und manch' Waldvögelein;^{2a}

(German trad.)

Beauty remains,
even in misfortune.
One who is happy will make others happy,
one who has courage will never die in misery.
(March 7, 1944)

Ade, mein' Allerliebste!
Ade, schön's Blümlein!
Ade, schön' Rosenblume;
Es muß geschieden sein!
Das Herz in meinem Leibe
Gehört ja allzeit dein.^{2b}

(German trad. cont.)

Himmelhoch jauchzend, zu Tode betrübt.³
On top of the world, or in the depths of despair.
(December 24, 1943)

2a & 2b- Annelies Marie Frank was born in Frankfurt to German parents, and lived in Germany until her family emigrated to Holland when she was 4 years old. Her mother was always more comfortable with the German language than with Dutch. Although Anne learned Dutch, and wrote the diary in her adopted language, she was familiar with German poems and prayers, especially those given to her by her mother. This was originally a Dutch song that became popular in Germany during the 17th century. Its translation reads:

"The winter is over. I see the glow of May; I see blossoms bursting forth; therefore my heart is joyful. There sings Lady Nightingale and various small forest birds. Goodbye, my most beloved! Goodbye, beautiful blossom! Goodbye, beautiful rose flower; it is necessary to part. The heart in my body belongs to you for all time."

3- A German idiom about mood swings that translates literally as "rejoicing high as heaven, despairing to death." An English equivalent phrase would be "up one minute, down the next."

7. Fear of capture and the second break-in

In the evenings,
when it's dark,
lines of good innocent people
and crying children
walk on and on,
ordered by men who bully
and beat them.
No one is spared,
all are marched to their death.

(November 19, 1942)

Westerbork! Westerbork!⁴
Night after night,
green and gray vehicles
cruise the streets
and knock on every door.

(November 19, 1942)

Westerbork! Westerbork!
Sshh. I heard a sound from the bookcase,
hammering on the door.
We turned white with fear.
Had he heard something, this stranger?
Open up! Open up!
In my imagination,
the man kept growing and growing,
until he became a giant,
the cruelest fascist in the world.

(October 20, 1942)

4- The Dutch Jews were required to build and pay for a refugee camp when Justice Minister Goseling allowed 8,000 refugees into the Netherlands in 1938. This refugee camp, which was built at Westerbork, later became the transit camp where Jews were held before being taken to Auschwitz and Sobibor.

8. *Kyrie* – Sinfonia

*Kyrie eleison.*⁵

(Greek liturgical)

Help us. Rescue us from this hell.

(November 27, 1943)

We must be brave and trust in God.

(April 11, 1944)

5- "Lord have mercy."

9. The dream

Last night, just as I was falling asleep,
an old friend appeared before me.
I saw her there,
dressed in rags,
her face thin and worn.
She looked at me with such sadness.

Anne, why have you deserted me?
Help me, help me, rescue me from this hell!
(November 27, 1943)

She symbolizes to me
the suffering of all my friends,
and all the Jews.
When I pray for her,
I pray for all those in need.
(January 6, 1944)

Merciful God,
comfort her,
remain with her so she won't be alone.
(November 27, 1943)

Dear God,
watch over her and bring her back to us.
(December 29, 1943)

10. Devastation of the outside world

On Sunday, Amsterdam was bombed.
(July 19, 1943)

The planes dived and climbed.
The air was abuzz with the drone of engines.
(July 26, 1943)

The streets are in ruins, countless are wounded.
In the smoldering ruins, children search forlornly
for their parents.
(July 19, 1943)

It makes me shiver
to think of the dull, distant drone
of approaching destruction.

I wander from room to room,
climb up and down the stairs
and feel like a songbird,
whose wings have been ripped off
and who keeps hurling itself
against the bars of its dark cage.
(October 29, 1943)

“Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter,”
a voice within me cries.

(October 29, 1943)

11. Passing of time

The years went by.
There's a saying: "Time heals all wounds,"
that's how it was with me.

(January 17, 1944)

Until one day,
I saw my face in the mirror.
It looked so different.
My eyes were clear and deep,
my cheeks were rosy,
my mouth was softer.
I looked happy,
and yet, in my expression, there was something
so sad.

(January 7, 1944)

12. The hope of liberation and a spring awakening

This is D-Day,
this is the day.
Fighting will come,
but after this the victory!
Eleven thousand planes,
four thousand boats,
is this the beginning
of the long-awaited liberation?

(June 6, 1944)

I walk from one room to another,
breathe through the crack in the window frame,
feel my heart beating as if to say,
"Fulfill my longing at last..."
I think spring is inside me,
I feel spring awakening,
I feel it in my entire body and soul.

(February 12, 1944)

Ich danke dir für all das Gute und Liebe und Schöne.⁶

(March 7, 1944)

6- This phrase appears in German in the diary. It translates as: "Thank you [God] for all that is good and dear and beautiful."

13. The capture and the concentration camp

On August the 4th, 1944,
a car pulled up at Prinsengracht.
Several figures emerged,
armed, and dressed in civilian clothes.
The eight residents of the Annexe
were taken to prison,
and from there transported to Westerbork,
and onwards to the concentration camps.

(information from contemporary reports)

The atmosphere is stifling,
outside you don't hear a single bird.
A deathly silence hangs in the air.
It clings to me as if it were going to drag me
into the deepest regions of the underworld.⁷

(October 29, 1943)

There is no speech or language
where their voice is not heard.
Their sound is gone out
through all the earth,
and their words to the end of the world.

(Psalm 19:3-4)

Their blood have they shed like water,
and there was none who could bury them.

(Psalm 79:3)

The young and the old lie on the ground;
the maids and young men are fallen.

(Lamentations 2:21)

7- Some aspects of life in hiding were similar to life in the concentration camps. Anne did not continue her diary after she left the Annexe, but this extract, written about the Annexe, echoes the atmosphere described by others of the Nazi concentration camps.

14. Anne's meditation

I see the world being slowly
turned into wilderness.
I hear the approaching thunder,
that one day will destroy us too.
And yet, when I look at the sky,
I feel that everything
will change for the better.

(July 15, 1944)

Whenever you feel lonely or sad,
try going to the loft
on a beautiful day and looking
at the sky.
As long as you can look
fearlessly at the sky,
you'll know you're pure within.

(February 23, 1944)

Mark Miller believes passionately that music can change the world. He also believes in Cornell West's quote that 'Justice is what love looks like in public.' His dream is that the music he composes, performs, teaches and leads will inspire and empower people to create the beloved community. Mark serves as Assistant Professor of Church Music at Drew Theological School and is a Lecturer in the Practice of Sacred Music at Yale University. He also is the Minister of Music of Christ Church in Summit. Since 1999, Mark has led music for United Methodists and others around the country, including directing music for the 2008 General Conference. His choral anthems are best sellers for Abingdon Press and Choristers Guild and his hymns are widely published. Mark received his Bachelor of Arts in Music from Yale University and his Master of Music in Organ Performance from Juilliard. Mark has been composer-in residence for Harmonium since 1998. He has written several works for Harmonium including the major cantata on Walt Whitman *Song of the Open Road*, and the moving Holocaust remembrance setting of *Before Too Long*, which Harmonium performed for the Eastern Division of ACDA.

The anonymous words of *I Believe* were scrawled on a cellar wall where Jews had hidden in Cologne, Germany during World War II. They have come to symbolize hope in the face of the despairing circumstances of the Holocaust. Mark says: "I composed this as a testament to the power of love over institutionalized hate, whether it comes from government or religion. Several years ago I came upon this poem (I had sung the text years before to an anthem by Jane Marshall) at a difficult time in my life when I was searching for words to embody the pain I was feeling and the hope I was needing. There are rare moments when composing is more like an uncovering of something that was already there- this piece emerged within a few minutes and became a solace and an antidote for my world weariness. My hope is for this sacred gift of lyrics and song to be 'medicine for the soul' for all who hear it."

I believe in the sun, even when it's not shining.
I believe in love, even when I don't feel it.
I believe in God, even when God is silent.

Special thanks to:

Margot Jackler (with George Aronson), multimedia presentation
Jill Alexander, Holocaust stories chair
PJ Livesey, program
Eric Stroud, projection