

Songs of the Earth
Harmonium, A Classical Choral Society
June 3 and 4, 2000

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INTERMISSION

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[Alma Llanera](#) Pedro Gutierrez (1870-1954)
 Darren O'Neill, guitar

PROGRAM NOTES: Choral music, as much as any other pursuit, demonstrates community, interdependence and our need for one another, as in the quote from Chief Seattle's Prayer "All things are connected." Tonight's music cherishes the earth and our connection to her, whether as

home and resting place (as in the student pieces), or a celebration of the beauties of nature, the gift of “most this amazing day.” Two of the pieces are cautionary (“The Blue Eye of God” and “The Earth is Tired”.) Many of the composers/publishers have provided their own program notes which will be quoted here.

Ever since I conceived of this program, I wanted to open with a moving song by “Sweet Honey in the Rock” singer/songwriter Dr. Ysaye M. Barnwell, to words by Virago Dip:

Listen more often to things than to beings
 Listen more often to things than to beings
 Its the ancestors’ breath when the fire’s voice is heard
 Its the ancestor’s breath in the voice of the water.

Those who have died have never never left
 The dead are not under the earth
 They are in the rustling trees, they are in the groaning woods
 They are in the crying grass, they are in the moaning rocks
 The dead are not under the earth, so

Listen more often to things than to beings...etc.
 Those who have died have never never left
 The dead are not under the earth
 They are in the woman’s breast, they are in the wailing child.
 They are with us in the home, they are with us in the crowd.
 The dead are not under the earth
 Listen more often to things than to beings...etc. ([to top](#))

The Blue Eye of God was commissioned by "Les Choristes," the award-winning women's choir at the University of Western Ontario. Nancy Telfer is a Canadian composer who received her formal education at the University of Western Ontario where she concentrated on music education, composition, piano and voice. She now works full-time as a composer. Since 1979, she has composed over 180 works ranging from short pieces for beginning students to full extended works for virtuoso musicians, works for soloists, chamber ensembles, orchestras, choirs, and bands. She has had works commissioned by many fine performers and her music has been performed and broadcast around the world. In addition to her work as a composer, she frequently presents workshops in Canada and the United States. Barbara Powis was a Canadian poet from British Columbia who died from cancer while in her forties. All her poems present a vivid image of the outdoors: movement, color and a strong sense of life. The music incorporates this sense of movement in vivid text painting depicting the cries of the whales, and leaping and dipping of dolphins and birds.

The animals, the winged and swimming creatures.
 rose in their agony, confronted man.

Dolphins, butchered on beaches,
 sea tears brimming startled eyes,
 observed an arc of knives
 obscure the sun.

Ducks and long-limbed herons
 raised their jewelled wings,
 their bright and patterned necks,
 and sank, oil-girdled
 in the black and tarnished sea.

The humpback whales,
 the orcas wrote Cetacean history.
 Their underwater songs rang plunder--
 the scraped dead space behind the factory ships;
 Their underwater songs sang of mysteries
 greater than amn, greater than whales:
 the blue eye of God in the water. ([to top](#))

Shen khar venakhi, a 13th century wedding song from the Georgian Republic, appears in a collection entitled *Gruzinski.e narodnye pesni*, (“*Georgian folksongs*”) compiled by Chidzhavadze and Tsarareishvili (Moscow Music, 1964). Conceived as an introduction to the rich history of Georgian vocal music, the collection reveals a highly diverse picture of the musical, poetic, linguistic, and stylistic characteristics of Georgian folk literature. The collection is organized into various genres: work songs, calendar songs, lullabies, wedding songs, humorous songs, dance songs, lyric songs, epic and historic songs. *Shen khar venakhi* appears among the wedding songs as No.15 of the 60 songs, all but two of which are set for male chorus.

The texts of the folk songs appear in Georgian Cyrillic and in singable Russian translations. The editor has chosen the latter for this edition. We are most grateful to Eva Shraiman for her translation of the Russian introduction to the collection and the transliteration and translation of the text of this song. The AAB form of *Shen khar venakhi* consists of two verses and a refrain which draw parallels between nature and love, blending images of the beauty of a vineyard and the beauty of the beloved:

“My vineyard is luxuriantly in blossom;
 Thou art my own, my paradise;
 Thou art the most beautiful fruit of my garden.”

Zakhary Paliashvili (1871-1933), a Georgian composer, teacher, and ethnomusicologist, has harmonized most of the Georgian folk songs in this collection “according to the principles of 13th century Georgian improvisatory style.” The original melody appears in the second tenor part, supported strongly by the “burdon” or bass (“which should be the strong point of all songs”), while the first tenor improvises with slow notes or parallel “harmonizing” notes above the melody. ([to top](#))

The other men’s chorus piece is a simple yet profound chorale-like setting of *This We Know* (Chief Seattle’s Prayer) by Earthsongs publisher and composer Ron Jeffers.

This we know. The earth does not belong to us; we belong to the earth.
 This we know. All things are connected like the blood that unites one family.
 Whate’er befalls the earth befalls the children of the earth.
 This we know. We did not weave the web of life, we are merely a strand in it.

Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. This we know. ([to top](#))

Elizabeth Alexander's music has been performed by the Charleston Symphony Orchestra, the Central Wisconsin Symphony Orchestra, the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra, and the Wooster Symphony Orchestra; by new music ensembles such as The Music Fix and Sounds New; and by soloists and chamber musicians at universities, theatres and music festivals across the country. The many choirs which have performed her works include the Gregg Smith Singers, the American Master Chorale and the Cayuga Vocal Ensemble. She has completed over a dozen commissions for orchestras, choirs, chamber ensembles and~ solo musicians.

Through her many residencies in public schools and arts programs, Alexander has composed music with and for avocational musicians of all ages. She lives in Ithaca, New York with her husband, her two boys and her cat.

Program Notes by Elizabeth Alexander: In the gentle *April Rain Song* the soprano solo has the sustained, lyrical quality of a remembered "sleepsong." The chorus creates background textures from the word "lullaby," at first suggesting a gentle rain, and later shifting waves of sleep.

In the second song, I took my cue from cumming's images of "floating" and "flying", shaping melodies which seem sometimes to hang in midair, sometimes to soar. The whimsical repeating phrase, "the mountains are dancing" is sung first in unison, later as a duet, and finally as a four-part canon.

When 7 year old Erica learned to play Camptown Races, she danced gleefully into my studio, singing, "doodah, doodah." So when I resumed work on *Spring Grass* the following day, I threw in some doodahs and fiddledeedes for her, along with a rhythm that can only suggest skipping. Unlike my 1982 setting of this same poem, which was sprightly throughout, this piece contains an earnest plea for the longawaited grass.

Spring Revels was written for The Festival Choir of Madison, Wisconsin, with the generous support of the Wisconsin Arts Board.

April Rain Song **Langston Hughes**

Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.
The rain makes running pools in the gutter.
The rain plays a little sleepson on our roof at night —
And I love the rain.

Spring Grass **Carl Sandburg**

Spring grass, there is a dance to be danced for you.
 Come up, spring grass, if only for young feet.
 Come up, spring grass, young feet ask you.

Smell of the young spring grass,
 You're a mascot riding on the wind horses.
 You came to my nose and spiffed me.
 This is your lucky year.

Young spring grass just after the winter,
 Shoots of the big green whisper of the year,
 Come up, if only for young feet.
 Come up, young feet ask you.

when faces called flowers float out of the ground e.e. cummings

when faces called flowers float out of the ground and breathing is wishing and wishing is havingbut
 keeping is downward and doubting and never
 it's April (yes, april; my darling) it's spring! yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly yes the little
 fish gambol as glad as can be (yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound and wishing is having and having is givingbut keeping is
 doting and nothing and nonsense
 alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now) spring! now the pretty birds hover so she and so he now the
 little fish quiver so you and so i (now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has been found and having is giving and giving is living
 but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
 it's spring (all our night becomes day) o, it's spring! all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky all
 the little fish climb through the mind of the sea (all the mountains are dancing; are dancing) ([to
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Camille Saint-Saens, most prolific of the late French romantic composers, wrote in virtually every
 medium, foreshadowing the neoclassic revivalism of Faure and Ravel. His best known choral work,
 the Christmas Oratorio, is beloved of large choruses, while chamber choruses have discovered the
 madrigalian op. 68. They celebrate nature as perceived by the artist and as comfort to the
 sorrowful. The two offer a nice contrast, between the slow, careful layering of harmonies in the
 first, and the frenetic motion of the second.

Calme des Nuits

Calm of nights, coolness of evenings,
 Vast shining of worlds,
 Great silence of black caves,
 You charm deep souls.

The burst of sun, gaiety,
 These are pleasing to the most futile
 Only the poet is haunted
 By love of quiet things.

Les Fleurs et les Arbres

Flowers and trees
 Bronzes and marbles,
 Golds and enamels,
 The sea, fountains,
 Mountains and plains,
 These console our pains.

Eternal nature,
 You seem more beautiful
 In the bosom of sorrows!
 And art dominates us,
 Its flame illumines
 Laughter and tears.

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Lili Boulanger (1893-1918) was born into a family of distinguished musical heritage. Her paternal grandmother Marie Julie Boulanger was an opera singer, her Russian mother Raissa was a singer who came to Paris to study with her father Ernest Boulanger (1815-1900), who was himself an opera composer, violinist and singing teacher at the Paris Conservatoire and had won the prestigious Prix de Rome in 1835. Her older sister Nadia (1887-1979), a student of Louis Vierne and Gabriel Fauré and winner of the second prize in the 1908 Prix de Rome competition, was to become one of the foremost teachers of composition in the twentieth century. A visiting musician once described the two sisters:

“Nadia [was] tall and dark with, large, penetrating eyes illuminated by a finely disciplined intelligence; Lili, slight, fair, and frail, looked like the lost princess of a Maeterlinck play next to Nadia's healthy vitality. It was evident even then that the flame of Lili's talent was likely to overtax her meager physical resources.”

Indeed, a bout with bronchial pneumonia had left Lili's immune system permanently damaged and she was only able to compose sporadically the rest of her life due to recurring episodes of Crohn's disease. In 1909, sensing the possibility of her early death, Lili decided to devote herself to becoming a composer, studied with Georges Caussade and Paul Vidal of the Paris Conservatoire, and entered the Prix de Rome competition in the spring of 1912. Illness forced her to withdraw from the rigorous competition, but she resolved to continue her preparation by composing several works for orchestra and chorus. *Hymne au Soleil*, completed in July of 1912, was the first of these pieces. It was first performed in February, 1913, by the Société Chorale d'Amateurs Paris and was later dedicated to the Count de San Martino e Valperga, a friend of the Boulangers in Paris whose salon in Rome was a gathering place for Lili and many other artists. The text is an extract from the play *Le Pariah* (1833) by Casimir Delavigne (1783-1849), a French playwright who also wrote dramatic and lyric poems in a semi-Romantic style. The choice of this play, which is set in India

and depicts a Hindu religious rite, is typical of the late nineteenth century French interest in exoticism, familiar to us in the works of Debussy and Ravel and less so in other works of Lili Boulanger. The “God” mentioned in stanza two is Helios, the God of the Sun (see the story of Phaeton from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in Edith Hamilton's *Mythology*). Wordpainting also appears frequently, most notably in the dramatic resurgence of the sun rising into full splendor at *il s'élance!* and in the contrapuntal independence of the seven spirited steeds.

Hymne au Soleil, an optimistic work with its powerful Debussylike parallel chords and assertive motion, is somewhat atypical of Lili Boulanger's twenty-nine extant complete works which are usually more indirect and full of subtle nuances. (notes by Collette Ripley)

HYMNE AU SOLEIL

Hymn to the Sun

Du soleil qui renaît bénissons la puissance.
Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour.
Crowned in splendor, it rises, it soars aloft.
Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.

Sept coursiers, qu'en partant le Dieu contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon de leur brûlante haleine.
O soleil fécond. tu parais

Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts, ses bois épais,
La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais,
Des vapeurs de matin sont brillants de rosée.

Let us bless the power of the resurging sun.
With all the universe, let us celebrate its return.
Crowned in splendor, it rises, it soars aloft.
The awakening of the earth is a hymn of love.

Seven steeds, which the God can scarcely keep in check,
Set fire to the horizon with their burning breath.
O abundant sun, you appear!

With its fields in flower, its mountains, its dense woods,
The vast sea burning with your fire,
The universe younger and fresher,
The mists of morning are sparkling with dew. [\(to top\)](#)

Joshua Flores is a senior at High Point Regional High School. He plays the trumpet, guitar, piano, and sings. He has been composing music for the past three years, beginning in theory class. He enjoys a multitude of extracurricular activities, soccer, international club, Chamber Singers, Sussex County Youth Orchestra, and High Point Harmonizers. He also participates in many school

activities as well including Jazz band, Concert Band, and Concert Chorus. Joshua plans to continue his study of music in the field of music education in college.

Song of the Sea **Joshua Flores**

I dream of tides that hold me
As to calm breezes flow.
In a drop my soul abides,
The horizon's glow.

The Waves of time take me away.
Bring me home to the shore.
In silence, come what may.
Bring me home, the shore.

The little bird that calls me,
To the shore bring us again.
Leads me in glorious tones.
Come to me lonely men.

Oh where is home to those who find our home in the blue sky
Each tide that finds me finds me in the sea, the sea.

The grains of sand my home
Only waves of time my home, my home. ([to top](#))

Edward Elgar, England's great late nineteenth century composer is remembered chiefly for his orchestral works and *Pomp and Circumstance* Marches, but he also wrote a variety of choral music from the huge cantata *The Dream of Gerontius*, to smaller anthems and large cathedral-scale psalm settings such as *Give Unto the Lord*, a setting of Psalm 29. This psalm "ascribes to the Lord the glory due his name" that is, the earth, nature, the sea are all from the Lord. This grand work for orchestra or organ and chorus was written for the Sons of the Clergy Festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, April 30, 1914. It contains a certain amount of joyful bombast (especially in the bass section) in the depiction of the mighty voice of the Lord which "breaketh the cedars" and "shaketh the wilderness." It ends with a musical depiction of the peace of the Lord's temple, in the elegiac contemplativeness associated with Elgar. ([to top](#))

Most of the madrigal group's selections are love songs which equate the beauties of the earth with the beauties of the beloved.

Larry Bennett provides the following notes for Billings' *I Am Come Into My Garden*: This is one of three Billings anthems based upon texts from the *Song of Solomon*. Together with *I Charge You, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem* and *I am the Rose of Sharon*, it forms an extraordinary group of Biblical love songs. *I Am Come into My Garden* consists of selected verses from the *Song of Solomon* (5:1,2,6; 2:5 and 8:14) which develop in dramatic form three images: a sensual garden, an absent lover, and a gathering of friends to celebrate. The song begins with a direct address to the absent lover. Within this frame are two addresses to assembled friends ("Eat, O friends," and "Stay me

with flagons”). At the center of the song is a dream-vision recounting an unfulfilled meeting with the lover (“I sleep but my heart waketh”). This anthem appears to be unique to Billings’ last published collection, *The Continental Harmony* (Boston, 1794). One of his most sumptuous and evocative text settings, it contains most of the characteristics of his style--a penchant for melodic writing in each of the parts, sensitivity to the text, and an abundant sprinkling of unorthodox harmonies, including a direct cross relation (F# and F natural simultaneously), open fifth cadences , and frequent sets of parallel fifths and octaves. ([to top](#))

Ecco mormorar l’onde is an early madrigal for Claudio Monteverdi, from his Second Book of Madrigals (of 9) (1590). Although not yet as dramatic as the later continuo madrigals, the soprano parts are rather florid, showing knowledge of the Ferrara school of composition and the ensemble of virtuoso women singers who influenced them. The musical description of dawn is quite programmatic; beginning low and soft and gradually building, as well as including a lot of text-painting, such as the melismas on “cantar” (sing). The text by Tasso makes a play on words between dawn “l’aura” and the beloved “Laura.”

Hark! Low murmurs the water
 The bushes are a-flutter,
 In morning’s breeze the groves are gently stirring
 O’er leafy branches amorous birds are winging
 And singing, sweetly singing;
 The east is bright with laughter
 And lo, the dawn is waking
 The sea her mirror making
 And calming all the heavens
 Light frost the meadows pearling
 And lofty mountains gilding
 Lovely and gay Aurora!
 Soft winds do herald thee, and thou my Laura
 Each seared heart reviving. ([to top](#))

She’s Like the Swallow is a lovely arrangement of a Newfoundland Folksong, arranged by Edward T. Chapman. The beloved is compared to the swallow that flies so high, the river that never runs dry, the sunshine on the lee shore, for in her heartbreak she’s lain down to die on a bed of roses. In death she returns to nature, as in several of the other works tonight (*Breaths* and *E Kounia*). ([to top](#))

Mata del Anima Sola (“*Tree of the Lonely Soul*”) continues the personification of nature. These notes are provided by Maria Guinand, editor of the Musica de Latinoamerica series for Earthsongs publisher: From Antonio Estevez we present *Mata del Anima Sola*, a work inspired by a poem of Alberto Arvelo Torrealba. The piece has two distinct sections: one slow and meditative, and the other very quick and rhythmic based on a combined 3/4 and 6/8 meter which is characteristic of a dance called joropo. The music depicts the solitude and mystery of the llanos, the high plains of Venezuela, while the tenor solo represents the llanero, or “man of the plains” whose songs are improvised. In the joropo section, the choir imitates the instruments that are traditionally used to play the dance. The altos and tenors have the rhythm of the cuatro (a small guitar with only four strings), the sopranos imitate the diatonic harp, and the basses sing the guitar bordones, all of which combine to provide the “instrumental” accompaniment to the tenor soloist.

The composer Antonio Estevez (1916-1971) was one of the second generation of important Venezuelan composers in this century. A choral and orchestral conductor, his most important work, Cantata Criolla, a choral symphonic work based on words by Alberto Torrealba which depict a duel between the man of the plains and the devil.. The poetry of Alberto Arvelo Torrealba (1903-1971) is always related to life and traditions in the Venezuelan plains, his motherland. ([to top](#))

Celtic Mouth Music (notes by Joseph Byrd), sometimes called liling, diddling, or port-a-beul (“tunes form the mouth”), is music straight form the heart - and the mouth. Its tantalizing rhythms and its driving melodic lines reveal the unique partnership of song and dance in the folk music traditions of the Celts and the Gaels: neither exists without the other. Sung during weddings, dances, chore times, or just for sport, mouth music combines astonishing verbal acrobatics with direct, heartfelt harmonies to create an irresistible musical experience. From its inception, Celtic mouth music was meant to fill the gaps created by poverty, religious expression, and/or lack of good instrumentalists, but mostly the later. It’s vocal music meant for dancing in which the singers imitate the music of fiddles, bagpipes, and jews harps, delighting in lyrics that are often bawdy, and always bold and full of the word-wizardry that creates their complex rhythms.

“Most couldn’t play (the violin) steadily enough for dancin’ so they diddl’t.” Gordon Easton

This particular tune hails from the Hebrides, a chain of islands off the west coast of Scotland. This rendering is a direct transcription of the version sung for many years by the famous Irish musicians Dolores Keane and John Faulkner. ([to top](#))

Africa came from the rock group Toto in 1982: David Paich was the keyboard/vocals guy, and Jeff Porcaro the drummer. As in the other madrigal pieces, relationship with the earth (here, “the rains down in Africa”) and love relationships become synonymous. Randy Crenshaw is an in-demand Los Angeles studio singer and arranger with credits ranging from The Simpsons and The Hunt for Red October to commercials for MacDonalds and AT&T. His vocal jazz originals and arrangements are written for the a cappella group Terra Nova. ([to top](#))

Elliot Levine has been the baritone for the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble since its inception in 1969. He received his M.M. From the Manhattan School of Music and his B.A. From Queens College. He also studied music at the Orff School in Salzburg and composition with Robert Starer at Brooklyn College. He is composer-in-residence at the Church of St. Thomas More in New York City and has been awarded five Meet-the Composer grants. His longest work, The Cantata of the Animals (1996) was commissioned and premiered by Harmonium Choral Society, and has since been performed by excellent choruses across the East Coast and in Tokyo, Japan.

El progreso Honduras was written in 1989 for the Mark Twain Junior High School Chorus and the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, to provide a unique opportunity to combine an advanced madrigal group with a young SAB chorus. The text, written by Sheila Maldonado when she was an eighth-grader at Mark Twain, describes her native village of Progreso in a rainstorm:

Above the mountains far ahead
We saw the clouds and we prepared ourselves
For the rain.

The laundry,

hanging on the clothesline,
was taken inside,
the chickens were chased
back into their coop,
the hammock was untied
from the palm trees
and stored away
until the rains ceased.

Then the showers came
and relieved us
of the day's heat.

We played barefoot
though the storm
drenched
our feet
covered in the mud
that was the road. ([to top](#))

i thank you God was also written for the Mark Twain School Chorus, and is a happy, slightly jazzy setting of the famous poem by e.e.cummings.

i thank you Gad for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and love and wings: and the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any-lifted from the no
of all nothing-human merely being
doubt unimaginable you?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened) ([to top](#))

E Kounia Tou Theou

Eeremee tora yia panta,
Eeremee mesa steen yee,
Perimenee tora ton christo,
Na tou fero teen pseechee mou.
Eho katharise ta lathee tees zois mou,

Ta eho katharisee me ema.
 Esee, to arnakee tou theou,
 Eho eteemasee to prevma mou yia afton.

The Cradle of God

Resting now forever,
 Resting in the earth,
 Waiting now for Jesus,
 To bring my soul to Him.
 Washed away are my life's sins
 Washed away by blood
 You, the lamb of God,
 Have prepared my soul for Him.

Stefan Swanson was born in Morristown, NJ on October 21, 1981. He is an 18 year old senior at Madison High School. He is the principal trumpet in every ensemble at the high school and also serves as the president of the musical activities. He enjoys fishing and golfing as well as ice hockey and baseball. Next to music, his first love is film (cinematography in particular). His favorite composers are John Williams, Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, and Danny Elfman. Stefan is a self-taught composer who has been composing since the age of eleven. He placed in both third place and honorable mention in last year's Harmonium contest. Stefan plans to spend the rest of his life composing film scores and teaching composition as well as the trumpet. Stephan plans to attend Rowan University in Glassboro next year, majoring in theory/composition.

Stefan provides the following notes: This piece is a prayer from a soul whose body has died. He is praying from his grave in the earth, which is why the earth is referred to as God's cradle. I used Greek because it is and under-used language in choral compositions, rich in vowels which make it very singable. ([to top](#))

Kasar Mie La Gaji is a dramatic rendition of the short text "the earth is tired." The longer quote is (translated form Spanish):

For an internaitonal mobilization to save THE EARTH
 And a concientious effort regarding the problems of the environment.
 The inhabitants of the African Sahel say: "kasar mie la gaji"
 "The earth is tired."

Composer, director and teacher Alberto Grau (b. 1937) is one of the leading musical personalities in the history of contemporary Venezuelan music. In 1967 he founded the Schola Cantorum de Caracas, a prestigious choral group which was awarded first prize at the Concurso Internacional Guido D'Arezzo in Italy, in 1974. He has participated in many international choral events as a performer, a guest conductor and as an adjudicator at festival competitions in Europe, North America and Latin America. ([to top](#))

The *Alma Llanera* of Pedro Elias Gutierrez (1870-1954) is one of the most popular of Venezuelan songs. Gutierrez was mainly a composer of light music, particularly waltzes and zarzuelas. The *Alma Llanera*, which belongs to a zarzuela of the same name, became so popular that it is considered a second national anthem by the Venezuelan people. It is a joropo, a typical Venezuelan dance rhythm based on the simultaneous combination of 3/4 and 6/8 meter. Because of its joyous character, it is usually performed during celebrations accompanied by the cuatro, a diatonic harp, and maracas. This choral arrangement by Angel Sauce, one of the most important Venezuelan conductors and composers of the 50's and 60's, contains the rhythmic elements in the tenor and bass.

Alma Llanera

Yo naci en una ribera
del Arauca vibrador.
Soy hermana de las flores,
soy hermana de las rosas,
soy hermana de la espuma,
de las garzas,
de las rosas y del sol.
Me arrullo la viva diana
de la brisa en la palmar y por eso tengo el alma
como el alma primorosa del cristal.
Amo, lloro, canto, sueno
con claveles de pasion
para ornar las rubias crines
del potro de mi amador.

Soul of the Plains

I was born on a bank
of the Arauca rapids
I am sister to the flowers,
I am sister to the roses,
I am sister to the foam,
to the egrets,
to the roses and the sun.
The lovely reveille of the breeze
serenaded me in the palm grove
and therefore I have a soul like the exquisite soul of crystal
I love, I cry, I sing, I dream
about carnations of passion
to adorn the blond mane
of the colt of my beloved. ([to top](#))