



# Program

**Wanting Memories** .....Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

**I Have Had Singing** .....Ron Jeffers (b. 1943)

**Remember** .....Stephen Chatman (b. 1950)

**Quick! We Have But a Second!** ... Irish Air, arr. C. V. Stanford (1852-1924)

**Family Tree** .....Stephen Hatfield (b. 1956)

*Women; Rachel Clark, Valerie Davia, soloists; Larissa Wohl, flute*

**When I Was One-and-Twenty** .....Richard Nance (b. 1955)

*Men*

**Blazheni, Yazhe Izbral** .....Peter Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

**Verlorene Jugend** .....Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

**We Have Lost Even This Twilight** .....Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

**Vamuvamba** .....Traditional Tiriki, arr. Boniface Mganga (b. 1964)

*Mia Kissil Hewitt, Joe Keefe, drums; David Green and Lynn Peterson, soloists*

# Intermission



## Harmonium Chamber Singers

**Jesu Dulcis Memoria** .....Tomás Luis de Victoria (1549-1611)

**My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land** .....Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

**The Frozen Logger** .....James Stevens, arr. Robert De Cormier (b. 1922)

**When That I Was and a Little Tiny Boy** .....Matthew Harris (b. 1956)

## Presentation of Awards

### Ninth Annual New Jersey High School Composition Contest

**A Shropshire Lament** .....Jonathan MacMillan (b. 1989)

**Grand Prize Winner**

**El Mambí** .....Luis Casas Romero (1882-1950), arr. Carlos Abril

*Mary Sedek, baritone; Mariam Bora, recorder*

**Run, Come, See Jerusalem** .....Blind Blake (b. 1915),  
arr. Robert De Cormier (b. 1922)

*John Lamb, Laura Kosmich, soloists*

**The Sidewalks of New York** .....Charles B. Lawlor & James Blake,  
arr. Robert De Cormier (b. 1922)

**Auld Lang Syne** .....Scots tune,  
arr. Lee R. Kesselman (b. 1951)

**Piano: Joan Tracy**



# Program Notes

by Anne Matlack

Singers know the power of a good story...maybe the only thing more powerful than the tales we tell are the tales we sing. So tonight we will explore the power of remembering: remembering our past, our loved ones, our cultures, our heritage, our good times. In doing so we pay homage to all who have made us who we are.

Dr. **Ysaye M. Barnwell** is a native New Yorker now living in Washington, DC, where she is a singer, actress, teacher, choir director, community worker and health care professional. She is best known as a member of the internationally acclaimed a cappella quintet *Sweet Honey In The Rock*, with whom she has recorded and toured the world since 1979. She wrote *Wanting Memories* for them as part of the song suite *Crossings*. Like many of her works, it addresses pain head on with wisdom and a strong sense of self.

*Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.*

You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,  
you said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.  
You said you'd comfort me in times like these  
and now I need you, and now I need you, and you are gone.

So I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,  
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.

Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place,  
here inside I have few things that will console,  
and when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life  
then I remember that I was told. / *Yes*

I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.  
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.  
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride;  
think on these things, for they are truth.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.  
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me;  
you are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.

I know a "please," a "thank you," and a smile will take me far.  
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,  
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,  
I know that I've been blessed again and over again and again and again. / *Yes*



Oregon composer and publisher **Ron Jeffers** has recently published a setting of *I Have Had Singing*, based on a quote from Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield, Portrait of an English Village*. The book recounts the difficult lives of inhabitants of a tiny East Anglian village in Suffolk, England. Fred Mitchell, an 85-year-old ploughman, recalls his difficult childhood:

"I never did any playing in all my life. There was nothing in my childhood, only work. I never had pleasure. One day a year I went to Felixstowe along with the chapel women and children, and that was my pleasure. But I have forgotten one thing—the singing."

And then, in the words used in the composition:

Singing, singing, oh the singing!  
There was so much singing then!  
We all sang, and this was my pleasure too.  
The boys in the fields,  
the chapels were full of singing, always full of singing.

Here I lie, I have had pleasure enough,  
I have had singing.

As a professor of composition and orchestration, co-director of the University of British Columbia Contemporary Players new music ensemble, and head of the UBC School of Music composition division, **Stephen Chatman** has taught a generation of prominent Canadian composers. He is an internationally recognized composer of choral, orchestral and piano music. He was born in Minnesota, and studied at Oberlin and the University of Michigan. His earlier works are complex, virtuosic and atonal. Later he turned to a range of styles, including choral works in a more traditional vein for a wider audience. His post-1982 secular and sacred choral works, in addition to many educational piano pieces, embrace lyricism, melody, folk song, and more traditional compositional techniques. *Remember* is the second of a set of two choral songs on texts by Christina Rossetti, which was commissioned by the Vancouver Chamber Choir.

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand.  
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning, stay.

Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember {you understand}  
Remember me and be sad.



**Charles Villiers Stanford**, with C. H. H. Parry, heralded a nineteenth century English musical renaissance, and his settings of sacred services and canticles are widely used in the Anglican church still 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.

*Quick! We have but a second, Fill round the cup while you may:  
For Time, the churl, bath 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!*

**Stephen Hatfield**, a native of Canada’s Pacific Coast, has lived most of his life in the rain forests of Vancouver Island, where his father is blood brother to the legendary Kwagiutl chief Jimmy Sewid. He is a recognized leader in multiculturalism and musical folklore, an interest which informs many of his compositions, like this arrangement which was commissioned by the Holton-Arms family of girls’ schools to honor women who were teachers and guides to the present generation. Hatfield explains: *Family Tree is in a way a duet for great-great-grandmother and great-great-granddaughter, the daughter reflecting on the hardships her ancestor faced, while a distant voice reaches out to her from the past, singing a lullaby whose fairy story of “a maiden from a sad and distant land” suggests the singer’s own true tale. The daughter’s melody is adapted from Ev Chistr ‘Ta Laou!, a toasting song from Breton often used at weddings, while the grandmother’s draws on an ancient romance called La Rosa Enflorese. This melody also appears in the Sephardic piyyut (religious song) Tsur Mishelo Achalnu. Sephardic music seemed especially appropriate to draw on, since not only is it the tradition of a displaced and multicultural people—Spanish Jews forced eastward—but the singing of these songs was the honored prerogative of the women.*

She was so young when she had to flee. What can you carry across the sea?  
She brought the seeds from the land she knew;  
but it’s so cold here, the winter wind is so bold here and nothing grew.

Worked in a fact’ry all day ‘til ten; had lots of kids, the way they did back then.  
With my great-granma sleeping sound,  
she saw it new there, sparkling green in the dew, pushing out of the ground.

Now when they ask me about my past, about the strong things I know will last;  
for me, the hard choice a young girl made  
that gave the soft wind a lullaby in the branches while I sit in shade.

My rose, my darling whenever you be, within the bower of my arms  
I will rock you to sleep, for deep in my shadow is warm.



Now one is a maiden from a sad and distant land, and two is the star upon her brow.  
And three, the cruel sea rocking her awake,  
in search of the land where you are growing now.

She was so young when she had to flee. What can you carry across the sea?  
She brought the seeds from the land she knew;  
but it's so cold here, the winter wind is so bold here and nothing grew.

***When I Was One-and-Twenty*** is the first in a set of songs on poetry by A. E. Housman written by prolific choral composer **Richard Nance** for his father. Dr. Nance teaches and directs choirs at Pacific Lutheran University, is an active member of the American Choral Directors Association, Director of Music at St. Mary's Episcopal Church of Lakewood, Washington, and is active as a clinician and adjudicator.

When I was one-and-twenty I heard a wise man say,  
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies But keep your fancy free."  
But I was one-and-twenty, No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty I heard him say again  
"The heart out of the bosom was never giv'n in vain;  
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty, And sold for endless rue."  
And I am two-and-twenty and oh 'tis true, 'Tis true.

In addition to his *Divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom* and an *All-Night Vigil*, **Peter Tchaikovsky** composed ten other works on texts from the Russian Orthodox Liturgy. ***Blazheni, Yazhe Izbral (Blessed Are They, Whom Thou Hast Chosen)*** is a setting of verse 4 of *Psalm 65*, the Communion Hymn for the Liturgy for the Departed. Divisi women and men echo the opening text back and forth antiphonally, coming together for the climactic full fortissimo on the text "from generation to generation" and concluding with an "alleluia" that recalls the opening.

Blazheni,  
yazhe izbral i priyal yesi,  
Ghospodi!  
i pamiat  
ih v rod i rod.  
Alliluiya, alliluiya, alliluiya.

Blessed are they,  
whom Thou hast chosen and taken,  
O Lord!  
Their remembrance  
is from generation to generation.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

The choral works of **Johannes Brahms** form the largest category in his oeuvre after solo song. ***Verlorene Jugend (Lost Youth)*** is the fourth of *Five Songs Op. 104* (1887-1888) which show the mature Brahms at a creative peak of expression. These works demonstrate a calculatedly dark vocal orchestration, featuring altos and both bass and baritone parts, and they express a spirit of nostalgia that is extreme in its romantic subjectivity.

Brausten alle Berge,  
sauste rings der Wald,  
meine jungen Tage,  
wo sind sie so bald?

The mountains all bluster,  
the woods murmur all about  
my days of youth,  
where have you so soon gone?



Jugend, teure Jugend,  
flohest mir dahin;  
o du holde Jugend,  
achtlos war mein Sinn!

Youth, precious youth,  
you have flown from me;  
o lovely youth,  
so heedless was my mind!

Ich verlor dich leider,  
wie wenn einen Stein  
Jemand von sich schleudert  
in die Flut hinein.

I lost you regrettably,  
as when one takes a stone  
and flings it away  
into a stream.

Wendet sich der Stein auch  
um in tiefer Flut,  
weiß ich, daß die Jugend  
doch kein Gleiches tut.

Sometimes a stone can reverse its course  
and return from the deep flood  
but I know that youth  
will never do the same thing.

**Samuel Barber's** career was an early and long-lived success. His music was well-received from his student days at Curtis (he entered in 1924 at age 14). His reputation was bur-nished by the enduring popularity of the youthful *Adagio for Strings* and the fact that he was championed by Toscanini and others. In 1966 he fell from grace when his opera *Anthony and Cleopatra*, commissioned for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center, was a miserable failure.

Although often pigeon-holed as *neo-romantic*, his music can have a high level of dissonance and a remarkable originality of texture. This is especially true of the numerous choral works, of which his last and most neglected is the 1970 choral-orchestral cantata on the erotic love poetry of Chilean poet-laureate Pablo Neruda, *The Lovers*. The poems, from Neruda's youthful masterpiece, *Veinte Poemas De Amor Y Una Canción Desesperada (Twenty Love Songs and a Song of Despair)*, are set in a translation by W.S. Merwin that Barber found while waiting for a train in Scarsdale (as well as some lines from an alternate "free" translation by Christopher Logue). They trace an intensely sexual relationship through its passionate beginnings, forebodings of loneliness, and eventual loss of love. *We Have Lost Even This Twilight* is the central chorus, with twilight embodying the death of the relationship.

Barber's mature style is evident in the work's lyrical nostalgia, chiasmic form (AABBCB-BA), motivic unity (the tritone is important both in the opening fanfare, and the key relationships of G-sharp minor with a central section in D minor), and vocal textures tantalizingly moving in and out of homophony. The unresolved relationship is summed up in the sopranos' final statement of the opening motive, which dies away into the dusk without harmonic resolution.

We have lost even this twilight.  
No one saw us this evening hand in hand  
while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window  
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountaintops.

I remembered you with my soul clenched  
in that sadness of mine that you know.



Where were you then?  
Who else was there?  
Saying what words?  
Why does the whole of love come on me suddenly  
When I am sad and feel you far away?

The book I read each night fell down,  
And my coat fell down like a hurt dog at my feet.

Each dusk you drew further out,  
Out where the dusk shifts masking statues.

We have lost even this twilight.

**Vamuvamba (They Crucified Him)** is a traditional Tiriki melody from Kenya adapted and arranged by **Boniface Mganga**, the founder and director of Muungano National Choir. A graduate of the University of Nairobi, Mganga founded the Muungano National Choir in 1979. The choir has toured many countries abroad, and has produced the world-wide distribution recording of the African Mass, *Missa Luba*. Boniface Mganga is currently a member of the Board of the International Federation for Choral Music (IFCM), and the Chairman of Ethnic Commission of the IFCM. At home, he serves his country in the capacity of Deputy Secretary at the Ministry of Education. He is Chairman of the Kenya Music and Cultural Festival. Boniface Mganga is an exuberant choral conductor, accomplished clinician, and a prolific composer.

We do not have a line-by-line translation for Vamuvamba. The overall meaning of the text is as follows:

*In remembrance of our Lord Jesus when he was crucified:  
When Judas betrayed Jesus, they crucified him.  
Again we read in the Bible, our sins crucified him.  
When I sinned, I crucified him.  
In his blood we were forgiven, in his blood our hearts were saved.*

Ni litsulitsa lio mwami weru Yesu lwa yavambwa,  
Lwa Yuda yatsama Yesu vamuvamba.  
Na vutswa khandi khwasoma ivanjeli ka handikhwa,  
Ubwoni bweru bwachira vamuvamba.

Vali Vayuda vamuvamba,  
mwami wanje Yesu vamuvamba, ha!

Lwa ndali muheyi ndamuvamba,  
Mwami wanje Yesu ndamuvamba.

Mu masahi gege Yesu, khwasameha bwoni bweru.  
Mu masahi gege Yesu, khwahonyiywa myoyo gyeru.  
Mu livambwa lyelye Yesu, khwaverelwa tsimbavasi.

Lwa ndali muloji, lwa ndali muyenji,  
Lwa ndali muheyi ndamuvamba.  
Yesu khwamuvamba, Yesu vamuvamba.



**Tomás Luis de Victoria**, Spain's greatest high Renaissance composer, possessed the contrapuntal craft of the Roman school of Palestrina, infused with a more emotional, Spanish mysticism. *Jesu Dulcis Memoria (Jesus, Thy Sweet Memory)* is a little gem presented in four arched phrases filled with expressive suspensions and subtle overlapping. Although separated from *Vamuvamba* by centuries and continents, the basic idea is actually similar: remembering that Jesus died for sinners brings joy and solace.

Jesu dulcis memoria	Jesus, thy sweet memory
Dans vera cordis gaudia,	Truly makes my heart rejoice.
Sed super mel et omnia,	But the greatest sweetness of all
Ejus dulcis praesentia.	Is thy beloved presence.

*(The following is from the Elgar Foundation website.)*

“**Edward Elgar** was arguably the leading English composer of his generation and a significant figure among late Romantic European musicians. Born in the West of England in 1857, the son of a piano-tuner and owner of a music shop, he earned his earlier living as an organist, violinist and teacher in his own part of the country. After his marriage in 1889, he found himself able to move to London as a composer. But success only came later, after his return to the West Country, confirmed by the *Enigma Variations*, first performed in London in 1899. He wrote relatively little after the death of his wife in 1920.

“Elgar composed part songs throughout his working life, often, it seems, almost as a form of relaxation while working on large-scale pieces or on holiday. The earliest that remain in the standard repertoire are two composed in 1889 shortly after his marriage to Alice—*O Happy Eyes* and *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*. In most respects, this was probably the happiest period of the Elgars' married life, when Edward's status as a developing but still comparatively unknown composer allowed him greater freedom to choose what to work on and with whom.

“As his reputation, and the pressures of maintaining it, grew, Elgar might well have abandoned part songs and concentrated on the composition of more substantial works were it not for the growing popularity during the first years of the twentieth century of competitive choral festivals, particularly in the North of England. As with a number of the early works, Alice provided the words for *O Happy Eyes*, and also wrote alternative words (*Afar amidst the Sunny Isles*) for *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land* when it seemed as if Andrew Lang would refuse permission for his poem to be used. Eventually, Lang relented with ill grace.”

Lang's poem, like Neruda's (in the Barber work) allows the descriptions of nature, weather and time (northern, moonlit, mysterious) to personify the relationship that is being recalled.

My love dwelt in a Northern land; / A dim tower in a forest green  
Was his, and far away the sand / And gray wash of the waves were seen  
The woven forest boughs between:

And through the Northern summer night / The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, silver-white, / Came gleaming through the forest gray,  
And fled like ghosts before the day.





And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon / Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn;  
And wane, with waning of the June, / Till, like a brand for battle drawn,  
She fell, and flam'd in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green / Still girdles round that castle gray;  
I know not if the boughs between / The white deer vanish ere the day:  
The grass above my love is green, / His heart is colder than the clay.

*(The following provided by Folkways Music Publishers.)*

***The Frozen Logger*** is a perfect example of a tall tale, those improbable stories with a grain of truth at their center, that have entertained listeners for as long as stories have been told and songs have been sung. It was recorded by *The Weavers*, a popular singing group that had its roots in the *Almanac Singers* which in the early 1940s included Woody Guthrie, Lee Hays, Pete Hawes, Millard Lampnell and Pete Seeger. Pete and Lee went on to form *The Weavers* with female lead Ronnie Gilbert and Fred Hellerman. This group became very popular in the 1950s and made folk music a popular phenomenon. Their recording career was cut short due to political blacklisting, but not before they had helped trigger a new folk boom with songs such as *If I Had a Hammer* and *Goodnight, Irene*.

**“Robert De Cormier** acted as music director of the New York Choral Society for 17 years and, under his leadership, the group became renowned for its high standard of excellence and unique variety of programming. A graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, Mr. De Cormier’s other conducting arrangements have taken him from Broadway and opera to the Berkshire Choral Institute, the Zimriya World Assembly of choirs in Israel and numerous concert tours throughout the United States and Canada with his own professional group, the Robert De Cormier Singers. He spent many years as conductor and arranger for Harry Belafonte and has been music director for the popular folk trio, Peter, Paul and Mary, for the past twenty years. He has an extensive composition list ranging from choral to ballet to Broadway scores as well as various recordings and television credits. Mr. De Cormier resides in Belmont, Vermont and now directs Counterpoint, a professional vocal ensemble. Several of Mr. De Cormier’s arrangements appear later in the program as well.”

As I sat down one evening within a small café,  
a forty year old waitress to me these words did say:  
I see that you're a logger and not just a common bum,  
'cause nobody but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My lover was a logger, there's none like him today,  
if you poured whiskey on it he would eat a bale of hay.  
He never shaved his whiskers from off his horny hide,  
he'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off inside.

My lover came to see me upon one freezing day,  
he held her in a fond embrace that broke three vertebrae.  
He kissed me when we parted, so hard that he broke my jaw,  
I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.



I saw my logger leaving, sauntering through the snow,  
he was going bravely homeward at forty-eight below.  
The weather it tried to freeze him, it tried its level best,  
at a hundred degrees below zero he just buttoned up his vest.

It froze clean through to China, it froze to the stars above,  
at a thousand degrees below zero it froze my logger love.  
And so she lost her lover and to this café she comes,  
and here she waits 'til someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.

Composer **Matthew Harris**, born 1956 in New York State, studied at The Juilliard School, New England Conservatory and Harvard University. His teachers include Elliott Carter, Milton Babbitt, Roger Sessions and Donald Martino. Mr. Harris has taught at Fordham University and Kingsborough College, CUNY. He lives in New York City where he works as a musicologist. Mr. Harris received two grants in composition from the National Endowment for the Arts and fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, Tanglewood, Composers Conference at Wellesley, Ives Center, Conductors Institute, and the MacDowell and Yaddo artist colonies, and won many prizes. His choral works have been performed by numerous choirs, including the Dale Warland Singers and New Amsterdam Singers. Harmonium Choral Society performed several books of his *Shakespeare Songs*, and commissioned and premiered his major Christmas oratorio, *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, in 2002.

Peter Rutenberg wrote at the West Coast première of Book V: "In the 14 years since he wrote Book I of *Shakespeare Songs* ("book" refers to popular madrigal books of the Elizabethan era), they have achieved a kind of cult status among choruses...While their tone and wit is engaging, what impresses even more is their substance — a deft blending of English madrigal style with the many voices of today's popular sub-genres...Having previously expanded his forces to 8- and 12-voice choirs in the first four Books, Mr. Harris takes the nonsense refrains of ***When That I Was and a Little Tiny Boy*** to their illogical but quite magical extremes with a 16-part setting of the song's closing line."

When that I was and a little tiny boy, / *With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*  
A foolish thing was but a toy, / *For the rain it raineth every day.*

But when I came to man's estate / *With hey, ho, ...*  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate, / *For the rain, ...*

But when I came, alas! to wive, / *With hey, ho, ...*  
By swaggering could I never thrive, / *For the rain, ...*

But when I came unto my beds, / *With hey, ho, ...*  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads, / *For the rain, ...*

A great while ago the world begun, / *With hey, ho, ...*  
But that's all one, our play is done, / *And we'll strive to please you every day.*



**Jonathan MacMillan**, a resident of Highland Lakes, is a sophomore at Vernon Township High School. He is no stranger to winning composition contests, having won second place in the 2005 New Jersey American String Teachers Association composition contest with *Passacaglia for String Orchestra*. In fact, the orchestra is his primary musical venue: he is concertmaster of the Northern New Jersey Youth Orchestra and principal violist of the Northern New Jersey Regional Orchestra. He has been a member of New Jersey All-State orchestras for several years. Jonathan also plays jazz piano, and the winning choral composition has an accomplished piano accompaniment. Jonathan wins a \$1000 award as Grand Prize Winner. His sponsor for this contest was **Thomas Carlo Bo**, Artistic Director of Opera at Florham. Jonathan says about the piece: “*A Shropshire Lament* was conceived in early March and realized throughout the rest of the month. For me, it is somewhat of an extension of my musical language: the middle section slips away from strict Classical chord structure, opting instead for a more modern language. The rest of the piece, save for some of the piano interludes, is more Classical to Romantic in its structure. Upon reading the preselected poems, I was immediately drawn to Housman’s lines. They evoked emotions of lament for the past. These emotions transferred themselves into a melody in F minor, the parallel of the pastoral F major. After that, the rest just flowed.”

Into my heart an air that kills  
From yon far country blows:  
What are those blue remembered hills,  
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,  
I see it shining plain,  
The happy highways where I went  
And cannot come again.

**Carlos Abril** provides the following extensive notes on his arrangement of Luis Casas Romero’s *El Mambí (The Mambí)*. “My family fled Cuba in 1960, right after Castro’s takeover, and arrived in Miami before I was born. I was raised in a decidedly Cuban household in a transplanted Cuban community known as *el exilio*. I can remember my Abuela (grandmother) playing *El Mambí* before I was even tall enough to reach the piano bench. This Cuban folksong, so haunting, and beautiful, expresses the love our family feels for Cuba. Music was one of our only connections to the motherland, since everything else was left behind. My joy as a music educator has been to pass along many long-forgotten songs to a new generation.

“Born in Camaguey in 1882, **Luis Casas Romero** was well-known and loved as a composer, conductor and flutist in Cuba. His patriotism was evident when he gave up his musical studies at the age of 15 to join the Cuban Liberation Army, also known as the Mambí Army. Inspired by his personal experiences, he wrote *El Mambí* with Sergio Lavilla. Although considered among his most often sung and remembered songs, it is seldom found in print in this country. The woman in the song is a metaphor for the motherland, and the style is that of the *criolla*, characterized as having a Spanish melodic line and African-influenced rhythms.”

Cubana trigueña yo vi  
El Mambí, el Mambí

(An) olive-skinned Cuban woman, I saw ...  
The Mambí, the Mambí



Alla en el año noventa y cinco  
Y por las selvas del Mayarí  
Una mañana dejó el bohío  
Y a la manigua salió el Mambí

Way back in the year '95 [1895]  
And by the jungle of Mayari  
One morning he left (his) hut  
And to the jungle went the Mambi

Una cubana que era mi encanto  
Y a quien la noche llorando vío  
Al otro día con su caballo  
Buscó mis huellas y me siguió

A Cuban girl who was my delight  
And whom the night witnessed cry  
The next day with her horse  
Looked for my footprints and followed me

Aquella niña de faz trigueña  
Y ojos más negros que la maldad  
Unió sus fuerzas a mi fiereza  
Y dió su vida a la libertad

That girl of dark complexion  
And eyes darker than evil  
United her strength with my fierceness  
And gave her life to liberty

Un día triste cayó a mi lado  
Su hermoso pecho sangrando ví  
Y desde entonces fué más ardiente  
Cuba adorada mi amor por ti  
Y desde entonces fué más ardiente  
Cuba adorada mi amor por ti

One tragic day she fell by my side  
I saw her beautiful chest bleeding  
And from that moment it became more ardent,  
Beloved Cuba, my love for you  
And from that moment it became more ardent,  
Beloved Cuba, my love for you

Cubana trigueña mi amor, el Mambí

An olive-skinned woman, my love; the Mambi

**Blake Alphonso Higgs**, better known as **Blind Blake**, was the best-known goombay/calypso performer in the Bahamas from the 1930s to the 1960s. His *Run, Come, See Jerusalem* is a storytelling ballad and rowing song commemorating the wreck of the ship *Pretoria* in 1929. Such a ballad is a way of commemorating and immortalizing the victims, and honoring them by remembering them in song. The soloist tells most of the story, while the chorus comments on the action and interjects ("Oh, my God") rather like a Greek chorus commenting on the action.

It was nineteen hundred and twenty-nine.

*Run, come, see, run, come, see.*

I remember that day pretty well, nineteen hundred and twenty nine.

*Run, come, see Jerusalem.*

My God, they were talkin' 'bout a storm in the Island. / *Run*

My God, what a beautiful mornin'.

They were talkin' 'bout a storm in the Island. / *Jerusalem*

My God, there were three sails leavin' from the harbor. / *Run*

With the mothers and children on board

they were bound for the Island of Andros. / *Jerusalem*

My God, they were the Ethel and the Myrtle an' the Pretoria. / *Run*

And the Myrtle was bound for French Creek,

the Ethel was bound for Spanish Creek. / *Jerusalem*

My God, the Pretoria was alone on the ocean, / *Run*

Dashing from side to side in the waves

The Pretoria was alone on the ocean. / *Jerusalem*



My God, then a big sea built upon the starboard, / *Run*  
(My God, what wind and waves.)

Well, a big sea built upon the starboard. / *Jerusalem*

My God, then the first sea hit the Pretoria, / *Run*  
And the children came a grabbing for their mothers. / *Jerusalem*

My God, well, it sent her head down to the bottom, / *Run*  
And the captain came a running for the tiller.  
It sent her head down to the bottom. / *Jerusalem*

My God, there were thirty-three souls on the water, / *Run*  
Swimming and praying to their Daniel,  
God, thirty-three souls on the water / *Jerusalem*

My God, now George Brown, he was the captain. / *Run*  
My God, now the children, come pray.  
Come, witness your judgment. / *Jerusalem*

***The Sidewalks of New York*** has music and lyrics by **James W. Blake** and **Charles B. Lawlor**. The song was originally written in the 1890's, and was used as a presidential campaign theme in the 1920's. It has been performed by the likes of Mel Torme and many others. It looks at a New York City childhood through a rather rosy glow of nostalgia. We invite you to sing along with the refrain!

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop  
On a summer's evening, we formed a merry group.  
Boys and girls together, We would sing and waltz  
While Tony played the organ on the sidewalks of New York.

[PLEASE JOIN US IN SINGING THE REFRAIN]

*East Side, West Side, All around the town,  
The tots sang "Ring around Rosie," "London Bridge Is Falling Down."  
Boys and girls together, Me and Mamie O'Rorke,  
We tripped the light fantastic, On the sidewalks of New York.*

That's where Johnny Casey, and little Jenny Crowe,  
with Jakey Krouse the baker (who always had the dough);  
Pretty Nellie Shannon with her fellow fresh from Cork,  
First picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York. / *East Side*

Things have changed since those times: some are up in "G." [doing well]  
Others they are wand'ers. But they all feel just like me:  
They would part with all they've got could they but once more walk  
With their best girl and have a twirl On the sidewalks of New York. / *East Side*



**Lee Kesselman** has been Director of Choral Activities at the College of DuPage in Glen Ellyn, a suburb of Chicago, since 1981. He is founder and director of the New Classic Singers professional choral ensemble, who gave the Illinois premiere of Elliot Levine's *Cantata of the Animals* (commissioned by Harmonium). He is active as a pianist, clinician, adjudicator and music director for opera and musical theater. He has taught on the faculty of the Choral Music Experience Institute for Teacher Training since its inception in 1986.

Kesselman provides the following notes: "Robert Burns (1759-1796) penned the words to this famous song using an old Scots tune. While the song has become one of the most familiar in our culture, oft used for ushering in the new year, it remains a heartfelt air, extolling enduring friendship and waxing nostalgic over the passage of time. Born in Alloway to poor farmer parents, Burns became Scotland's most famous poet, loved and revered for his songs and satires. Burns himself spoke the language of Ayrshire and the language of *Auld Lang Syne (The Days of Long Ago)* carries a most beautiful color when pronounced in Scots."

*[Editor's Note: We have included "translations" of a few obscure words in brackets. While it makes the text look odd, we thought that you in the audience would appreciate it. We have enjoyed finding out what everyone has been singing about on New Year's Eve all these years!]*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of o' lang syne [days of long ago]?

*For auld lang syne my dear, For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes [hillsides],  
And pou'd the gowans [pulled the daisies] fine,  
But we've wander'ed mony a weary foot Sin auld lang syne. / *For auld ...*

And here's a hand my trusty fiere [chum], And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught [swig]  
For auld lang syne! / *For auld ...*

### **Harmonium's Ninth Annual New Jersey High School Student Composition Contest**

Believing this contest "fills a niche in Music Education in the state of New Jersey" and "offers clear goals for musically talented students to strive towards, introduces them to artistic peers and musical mentors, and for the winners, provides a financial incentive and a much-coveted CD recording by the Chorus," the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation has funded this contest for the last 8 years. We are now seeking funding from other sources and would love to hear your ideas!

This year's judges were **Anne Matlack**, the Artistic Director of Harmonium, organist, flutist and frequent choral adjudicator; **David Sampson**, member and Composer-in-Residence emeritus of the Colonial Symphony, whose commissioned work *Jersey Rain* Harmonium premièred with the Masterwork Chorus and Colonial Symphony in 2002; **Ted Corson**, composer and former Harmonium bass with a musical typesetting and arrangement business; **Jason Tramm**, Rutgers conducting faculty member and Chorus



Master of the New Jersey State Opera; **Edie Hill**, Minnesota composer whose composition *There is No Age* Harmonium commissioned in celebration of our 25th anniversary and premiered last June and on our Italy tour; and **Matthew Harris**, Manhattan musicologist and composer whose *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, another Harmonium commission, was a sellout when we premiered it in 2002. All contestants, not just the winners, receive written comments from the judges; and early registrants were given the opportunity for one-on-one tutoring in composition with **Johnathan Reale**, Harmonium tenor and contest coordinator, who is also a vocal ensemble composer and arranger.

As well as our wonderful Grand Prize Winner, **Jonathan MacMillan**, we'd like to recognize and honor Composition Contest Runner-up **Julian Cartwright**, a senior honors student at Summit High School, who will receive \$250 for his composition *Memory*. His teacher-sponsor was **Wayne Mallette**. Julian is an award-winning triple-threat as composer, violinist and guitarist. He has performed with the Juilliard Pre-College Symphony and Orchestra. Julian is also violinist in the Summit High School "Hilltop Quartet" which was selected for the 22nd Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center Young Artist Program, ASTA NJ Quartet competition and the NJEA National Staff development Council competition. Several of Julian's string pieces have won awards including performances by the Juilliard Pre-College orchestra, at the MENC National Convention, the ASTA NJ composer's composition contest and more. Julian has participated in composition programs at Tanglewood and the Cleveland Institute of Music.

Honorable Mentions go to Califon resident **Brenton Partridge**, a sophomore at Voorhees High School in Glen Gardner, for his composition *An Ancient Air*; and **Matthew C. Brown**, a junior at Jackson Memorial High School, for his composition *Music, When Soft Voices Die*.

Brenton, a high school honors student, participates in his school band on mallet percussion, jazz band on piano, string ensemble on viola, and pit orchestra on keyboards. His composition *Feeling Jazzy* was performed by his middle school jazz band in 2004. Interested in pursuing engineering as a career, Brenton is also on the fencing team, in math club and astronomy club, and is webmaster for his class. His teacher-sponsor was **Richard McIntyre**.

Matthew recently came to classical music through his guitar teacher Aaron Leone who encouraged him to turn to classical guitar, and music theory studies at school which he found he had a knack for. *Music, When Soft Voices Die* was his first vocal composition. His teacher-sponsor was **Mary Fran Chase**.

We hope to continue with our 10th anniversary contest next year if we can secure funding. Check our website in the fall for details, deadlines, and poetic texts. Tell a young composer you know!

### ***Did you catch the excitement?***

Harmonium was featured on NPR's *All Things Considered* in January thanks to alto Michelle Mercer's piece on choral music and happiness. It became the most emailed story of the month of January! If you missed it, you can find a link to the story on our website: [www.harmonium.org](http://www.harmonium.org).