



In Sure and Certain Hope

We Are...

Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

Psalm 92

Salamone Rossi (c. 1570-1630)

Domine, ad adiuvandum me festina

Il Padre G. B. Martini (1706-1784)

Sarah Kuhns, Megan French, Ken Short, Andy Moody

Avinu Malkeinu

Max Janowski (1912-1991)

Leslie Adler

arr. Benjamin Williams

From *In Sure and Certain Hope*

Nicholas White (b. 1967)

How Does the City Sit Solitary? *Marilyn Kitchell*

I Will Lift Up My Eyes

Psalm 90

Charles Ives (1874-1954)

Kiera Casper, Greg Jung

bells, chimes, organ

Light of a Clear Blue Morning

Dolly Parton (b. 1946), arr. Craig Hella Johnson

Kim Williams (Saturday), Lori Cotabish (Sunday)

INTERMISSION

The Thin Place

Robert Nicholls (b. 1965)

Die mit Tränen säen

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

Skylark

Victor Kalinnikov (1870-1927)

I May, I Might, I Must

Martin A. Sedek (b. 1985)

Harmonium Chamber Singers

Nach dir, Herr, verlanget mich

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Sinfonia

Chorus

Soprano Aria *Heather Bucher*

Chorus

Trio: Alto, tenor, bass *Beth Shirley, David Green, John Lamb*

Chorus

Ciaccona

Hold On!

Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

Nancy Watson-Baker, Nancy Bangiola, Lynn Peterson, Laura Winslow, Susan Gepford, Beth Lohner; Jim Branigan, PJ Livesey, Emanuel Meli, Rob Morse

Hope for Resolution

Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

Orchestra- Violin I: Allyson Tomsky, Leslie Parker, Will Downey

Violin II: Rafael Galvan-Herrera, Alex Dadon, Jennifer Eom

Viola: Jennifer Eom

Cello: Terrence Thornhill

Bass: Nate White

Bassoon: Wendy Large

Piano: Joan Tracy

Organ: Chris Hatcher, George Moser

Percussion: Joe Keefe

Bells: Linda Clark, Caitlyn Roper, Will Roper



In Sure and Certain Hope

Program Notes

Music can express both longing and comfort, sometimes simultaneously. There is something in the human spirit that just won't be suppressed. We live in uncertain times, and now, more than ever, we need the arts to help us express our hopes and remind us of our connection to those who have gone before. We live in uncertain times, but so did Schütz, watching his choirs literally killed off in the Thirty Years' War, while he continued composing over 500 sublime works for whatever forces he had. It was uncertain that Ives' eclectic, ahead-of-its-time music would ever even be performed, and uncertain in Bach's time that a child would live to adulthood. And what of the uncertainty of the African American slave experience that gave rise to some of our greatest musical heritage? Whether you believe in organized religion or not, one thing is certain, and that is our capacity to hope. "For each child that's born, a morning star rises and sings to the universe who we are."

Dr. Ysaye M. Barnwell is a native New Yorker now living in Washington, DC where, since 1979, she has performed with Sweet Honey in the Rock. Dr. Barnwell spends much of her time off stage working as a master teacher and choral clinician in cultural performance theory. *We Are...* is a hopeful celebration of new life equating the birth of each child with the dawning of a new day. It was written for Redwood Cultural Work's House Choir, the Boys Choir of Harlem, and MUSE: Cincinnati's Women's Choir.

For each child that's born,
a morning star rises
and sings to the universe
who we are.

We are our grandmothers' prayers.
We are our grandfathers' dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the spirit of God.

We are mothers of courage and fathers of time,
we are daughters of dust and the sons of great vision.
We're sisters of mercy and brothers of love,
we are lovers of life and the builders of nations.
We're seekers of truth and keepers of faith,
we are makers of peace and the wisdom of ages.

We are one.

Salamone Rossi, a violinist and composer active in Mantua at the time of Monteverdi, composed path-breaking collections of Hebrew motets and psalms for the synagogue, including *Psalm 92*. He also wrote many instrumental, vocal and secular works for his Christian patrons, such as the

Duke Vincenzo, and was exempted in the liberal renaissance atmosphere of the Mantuan court from wearing the yellow band of the Jew, although he usually proudly used the term “Ebrao” in his own signature. In the synagogue, he was daringly innovative in using the new style of the late Renaissance in his sacred music.

Mizmor shir l'yom hashabat:
 Tov l'hodot ladonai,
 ulzameir l'shimcha elyon.
 L'hagid baboker chasdecha,
 v'emumat'cha baleilot,
 alei asor va'alei navel,
 alei higayon b'chinor.
 Ki simachtani Adonai
 b'fo'olecha, b'ma'asei
 yadecha aranein.
 Ma gad'lu ma'asecha Adonai,
 m'od am'ku machsh'votcha.
 Ish ba'ar lo yeida,
 uchsil lo yavin et zot.
 Bifroach r'sha'im k'mo eisev
 vayatsitsu kol poalei aven
 l'hischam'dam adei ad.
 V'ata marom l'olam Adonai.
 Ki hinei oy'vecha Adonai.
 ki hinei oy'vecha yoveidu
 yitpar'du kol poalei aven.
 Vatarem kireim
 karni, baloti
 b'shemen ra'anan.
 Vatabeit eini b'shurai,
 bakamim alai m'rei'im
 tishmana a znai.
 Tsadik katamar yifrach,
 k'erez bal'vanon yisgeh.
 Sh'tulim b'veit Adonai,
 b'chatsrot Eloheinu yafrichu.
 Od y'nuvun b'seiva,
 d'sheinim v'ra'ananim yih'yu,
 L'hagid ki yashar Adonai,
 Tsuri, v'lo avlata bo.

Sing a song for the Sabbath day:
 It is good to praise the Lord,
 to sing hymns to your name, O Most High;
 to proclaim your steadfast love at daybreak,
 your faithfulness each night
 with a ten-stringed harp,
 with voice and lyre together.
 You have gladdened me
 by your deeds, O Lord;
 I shout for joy at your handiwork.
 How great are your works, O Lord,
 how very subtle your designs.
 A brutish man cannot know,
 a fool cannot understand this:
 though the wicked sprout like grass,
 though all evildoers blossom,
 it is only that they may be destroyed forever.
 But you are exalted, O Lord, for all time.
 Surely, your enemies, O Lord,
 surely, your enemies perish;
 all evildoers are scattered.
 You raise my horn high
 like that of a wild ox;
 I am soaked in freshening oil.
 I shall see the defeat of my watchful foes,
 hear of the downfall
 of the wicked who beset me.
 The righteous bloom like a date-palm;
 they thrive like a cedar in Lebanon;
 planted in the house of the Lord,
 they flourish in the courts of our God.
 In old age they still produce fruit;
 they are full of sap and freshness,
 attesting that the Lord is upright,
 my rock, in whom there is no wrong.

Giovanni Battista Martini was an Italian composer, music theorist and music historian who was internationally renowned as a teacher. Educated by his violinist father, he became an ordained priest in 1729. His school of music in Bologna attracted such pupils as J.C. Bach, Mozart, and Gluck. He was a prolific composer of both sacred and secular music, and his

extensive library became the basis for the Civic Museum and Music Library in Bologna. *Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina*, an exciting setting of another evening psalm text, is filled with driving rhythms and charming short solos, and closes with an “Amen” fugue.

Domine, ad adjuvandum
me festina.

Lord, my God, assist me now,
make haste to help me.

Gloria Patri, et Filio,
et Spiritui Sancto;
sicut erat in principio,
et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

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

Sung in temples and synagogues throughout the world, *Avinu Malkeinu* is **Max Janowski's** famous setting of the last prayer of atonement for Yom Kippur. Janowski was born and formally trained in Berlin. At age 17, first place in an international piano competition won him a professorship at the Mosashino Academy of Music in Tokyo. The war sent Janowski emigrating to the U.S. and he ultimately settled in Chicago and became music director of two large institutions, a synagogue and a Universalist society, for which he wrote hundreds of compositions from piano and organ solos to oratorios and worship services. The string arrangement was commissioned by Mark Trautman for the New Brunswick Chamber Orchestra from Benjamin Williams, a composer in central Mississippi and Assistant Professor of Composition at Mississippi College.

Avinu malkeinu sh'ma kolenu.
Avinu malkeinu chatanu l'faneycha.
Avinu malkeinu chamol aleynu,
v'al olaleynu v'tapeinu.
Avinu malkeinu kaleh dever,
v'cherev v'raav mealeynu.
Avinu malkeinu kaleh chol
tsar umastin mealeynu.
Avinu malkeinu, kotvenu b'sefer
chayim tovim.
Avinu malkeinu, chadesh aleynu
shanah tovah.
Amen.

Our Father, our King, hear our prayer.
Our Father, our King, we have sinned before Thee.
Our Father, our King, have mercy upon us
and upon our children.
Our Father, our King, bring an end to pestilence,
war and famine in our country.
Our Father, our King, cause all hate and oppression
to vanish from the earth.
Our Father, our King, inscribe us for blessing
in the book of life.
Our Father, our King, grant unto us
a year of happiness.
Amen.

Anglican composer **Nicholas White** is currently Director of Chapel Music & Organist at St. Paul's School, Concord, NH. Nicholas was born in London, England, and received his early musical training as a treble chorister. Positions included organ scholar of Clare College, Cambridge; Washington National Cathedral (Assistant Organist & Choirmaster) and Woodley Ensemble (Music Director) in Washington, DC; St. Michael's Church (Organist & Choirmaster),

Dalton School (Choir Director) and Columbia University (Adjunct Organist) in New York City. In 2003, Nicholas founded Tiffany Consort, an ensemble of eight accomplished singers. The group's first CD, "O Magnum Mysterium," was nominated for a Grammy, and the second CD, "In Sure and Certain Hope: Choral Music of Nicholas White," was released in 2006. His work *In Sure and Certain Hope* gave inspiration to this program, and we perform two central movements tonight. The phrase "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life" comes from the Burial Office in the Book of Common Prayer. The composer explains: "the words of the Burial Office, while sorrowfully memorializing the loss of a loved one, are also filled with celebration and optimism for a new beginning." The work was written in 2005 and was originally scored for choir and string ensemble, the version we present tonight. The text *How Does the City Sit Solitary?* calls to mind for me 9/11, and is followed comfortingly by a setting of Psalm 121, *I Will Lift Up My Eyes*.

How Does the City Sit Solitary?

How does the city sit solitary that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow!
She that was great among the nations,
and princess among the provinces.
She weepeth sore in the night,
and her tears are on her cheeks:
among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her.
All her friends have dealt treacherously with her:
they are become her enemies.

I Will Lift Up My Eyes.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
from whence cometh my help?
My help cometh even from the Lord,
who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved,
and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord himself is thy keeper;
the Lord is thy defense upon thy right hand;
so that the sun shall not burn thee by day,
neither the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil;
yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out,
and thy coming in, from this time forth for evermore.

Charles Ives is a truly original and maverick American figure. He grew up in Danbury, CT in a family of successful business people, except for his beloved musician father George, choir and band-director, who greatly encouraged his son, sending him for drum lessons after finding the

five-year-old pounding the piano rhythmically with his fists. George taught his son to respect the power of vernacular music, from the sound of marching bands colliding to hymn singing, camp meetings and the sentimental songs that meant so much to the Civil War veterans. After piano instruction, Ives gravitated to the organ, and beginning at age 14, held a series of positions in Danbury, then Center Church, New Haven (while attending Yale), and later in New York City. He was also an All-American boy, fond of sports, especially baseball.

After an iconoclastic musical education by his father, Ives found himself at Yale studying with Horatio Parker, a German-trained, conservative and harsh teacher who had no patience for such offerings as Ives' early *Fugue in Four Keys* (the keys being simultaneous!). Nonetheless, Parker gave Ives a solid grounding in harmony, counterpoint and European tradition that he would also integrate into his future compositions.

When he left Yale in 1898, Ives decided to forego a musical career and go into business with the Mutual Life Insurance Company. He composed on his own time, relentlessly and prolifically, without recognition (until decades later). Financially secure, he was able to compose just how he wanted.

Wikipedia describes the impact of his music as follows: "Over time, Ives came to be regarded as an "American Original," combining the American popular and church-music traditions of his youth with European art music, and was among the first composers to engage in a systematic program of experimental music, with musical techniques including polytonality, polyrhythm, tone clusters, aleatoric elements, and quarter tones, foreshadowing many musical innovations of the 20th century."

Ives was quoted as saying to his wife that **Psalm 90** was "the only one of his works that satisfied him." It was written in 1923-24, a relatively late period for Ives, who greatly slowed down after a heart attack in 1918. It sets the psalm expressively and extremely programmatically. It is a microcosm of his eclectic techniques including homophony, bi-tonality, counterpoint, dense dissonant harmonies, tone clusters (up to a 22-part chord), chant, and Protestant hymns, all in the service of painting the text. Organ and random-sounding bells contribute to the atmosphere. The organ maintains a low octave C continuously throughout, perhaps symbolizing God's continual presence.

In the 1930s and 40s, Ives' work, championed by Henry Cowell, Nicolas Slonimsky and others, began to be performed more frequently and garnered recognition. Jan Swafford, writing for the Charles Ives Society, sums it up: "Thus the paradox of Ives's music, echoing his paradoxical person: he could be realistic, comic, transcendent, simple, complex, American, and European, all at the same time."

In a concert about hope, I find it inspiring to recognize the tenacity of a genius that could compose so originally and consistently without encouragement of performance for so long.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place
from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth,

or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction;
and sayest, "Return, ye children of men."
For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past,
and as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood;
they are as a sleep;
in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up;
in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed by thine anger,
and by thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
we spend our years as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are threescore years and ten;
and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
Who knoweth the pow'r of thine anger?
even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Return, O Lord, how long?
and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
Make us glad according to the days
wherein thou hast afflicted us,
and the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
and thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
and establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.
Amen.

Craig Hella Johnson is one of the most influential figures in choral music today. Educated at St. Olaf, Juilliard, the University of Illinois, and Yale, this dynamic conductor and composer founded his Grammy-winning ensemble *Conspirare* in 1991. Johnson also directs the Victoria Bach Festival. A distinctive aspect of Johnson's programming is his signature "collage" style, which marries music and poetry in a seamless blend of sacred and secular, classical and popular,

old and new. Many of these arrangements are now published, including this **Dolly Parton** song, *Light of a Clear Blue Morning*, which I heard performed by Conspirare in a memorial concert at the Oklahoma City bombing site.

It's been a long dark night,
and I've been waiting for the morning.
It's been a long hard fight,
but I see a brand new day a-dawning.
I've been looking for the sunshine
'cause I ain't seen it in so long.
Ev'rything's gonna work out fine.
Ev'rything's gonna be alright,
it's gonna be okay.

I can see the light of a clear blue morning.
I can see the light of a brand new day.
I can see the light of a clear blue morning.
Ev'rything's gonna be alright,
it's gonna be okay.

Robert Nicholls is music director at First Presbyterian Church, Evansville, IN. Mr. Nicholls sang as a choir boy under Simon Preston at Westminster Abbey, and later with the Choir at St. John's College under the direction of Christopher Robinson. Each summer, he and I work together with a dedicated core of faculty at St. Stephen's Church in Wilkes-Barre, PA, for the Royal School of Church Music King's College Course for children and adults. Robert writes:

The Thin Place was written for a three-church choir concert. My colleague Rev. Kevin Scott Fleming had recently taken the church youth group to Iona and was exploring Celtic spirituality and his Scottish heritage. We had collaborated on a number of anthems in the past, and *The Thin Place* was born. The music opens with an effect of texture, the same word rhythm in all parts offset by a single beat to create a wash of sound representing the stillness of night and infinite distance of the night sky before the first hint of light rising in the east. A rich sequence of chords illustrates the joining of saints mortal and immortal in the setting moon and rising sun. Sunlight bursts over the horizon and twilight is gone until the end of the day. The sublime stillness returns and all is one in a trinity of holy eternity that coalesces in a moment of quiet beauty.

In the moment between darkness and dawn, when all is still and calm,
Heav'n and earth are one, held in God's eternal arms.
The saints of old now commune, 'twixt rising sun and setting moon,
And in that fleeting, nourishing womb, all is one.
The dawn grows, and heav'n withdraws into the light,
Not gone but consumed into the brightness,
Hidden behind the flame of God's eternal love, waiting to be revealed once more.
In the moment between darkness and dawn, when all is still and calm, all is one.

Heinrich Schütz brought the new Italian style of his teacher Gabrieli back to Germany, and was also influenced by the 16th century Flemish school. As well as large-scale many-choired choral works, he composed smaller, but no less profound, works for the reduced forces necessitated by the devastation of the Thirty Years' War. Schütz's surviving output consists almost entirely of sacred vocal works, although he wrote organ and secular works as well. The motet *Die mit Tränen säen* is a middle period work (SWV 378) published in *Geistliche Chor-Musik* in 1648, a collection of German motets in 5-6 parts, some in the more modern concertato style with continuo, but most, like this, purely choral. Schütz wanted to show other composers the importance of mastering traditional counterpoint before attempting the new style. He shows a huge range of expression and text-painting, from the long, languorous suspensions of the "weeping" opening in contrast to the rhythmic impetus of the joyful "Freuden" sections.

Die mit Tränen säen,
werden mit Freuden ernten.
Sie gehen hin und weinen
und tragen edlen Samen,
und kommen mit Freuden
und bringen ihre Garben.

They that sow in tears
shall reap in joy.
They go out with weeping,
bearing precious seed,
and come back in joy,
bearing their sheaves.

Victor Sergeevich Kalinnikov belongs to a group of Russian composers centered around the Moscow Synodal School and its famed choir in the first two decades of the 20th century. *Musica Russica* editors provide the following note about *Skylark*: "Along with fellow 'Synodals' Katal'sky, Chesnokov, Nikolsky and Shvedov, Kalinnikov wrote sacred as well as secular works of textural richness, timbral variety and colorful harmonic writing, coupled with subtlety and delicacy of expressive means."

Na sontse tiomniy les zardell,
v doline par beleyet tonkiy,
i pesniu ranniuyu zapell
v llazuri zhavoronok zvonkiy.

The dark forest gleams red with the sun's rays,
a gentle mist whitens the valley,
and the lark's morning song
rings out in the azure sky.

On gollosisto s vishini
poyot, na sollnishke sverkaya:
"Vesna prishlla k nam mollodaya,
Ya zdes poyu prihod vesni.

From the heights in resounding tones
he sings, glimmering in the sun:
"Young spring has come to us,
I'm here to sing of her arrival!"

Zdes tak lehko mne, tak radushno,
tak bespredelno, tak vozdushno;
ves Bozhiy mir zdes vizhu ya.
I sllavit Boga pesn moya!

I am so light and joyful here,
in the boundless, airy skies;
from here I see God's entire world.
And with my song I praise him!

Martin A. Sedek is a graduate of Berklee College of Music (B.M. in composition) and holds a master's degree in composition from the Cali School of Music at Montclair State University, where he is currently on the choral and theory faculties. An avid orchestral and choral composer

and conductor, Marty also works as a music educator and has been a proud member of Harmonium since 2004, managing our High School Choral Composition Contest for the past two years. This is the premiere performance of *I May, I Might, I Must*, written in 2010 as part of a collection of cheerful part songs on themes of joy, hope, drinking and merriment.

If you will tell me why the fen¹
appears impassable, I then
will tell you why I think that I
can get across it if I try.

1- Marsh

Nach dir, Herr, verlangst mich BWV 150 (*For Thee, O Lord, I long*) is an early Lutheran choral cantata by **Johann Sebastian Bach**, from either the late Arnstadt (1707) or early Weimar (1708-9) period. Its sparse orchestration (strings and bassoon) and the independence and prominence of the chorus make it an ideal cantata for a choral program. Bach makes extensive use of choral fugues and imitation, often shifting the tempo and character of the music within movements very quickly to accommodate a new musical idea with each successive phrase of text. Ton Koopman provides the following for Wikipedia:

The *sinfonia* and the opening choral movement are both based on the motive of an octave leap followed by five descending half steps. This chromatic figure, sometimes dubbed the “lamento bass,” has been utilized by composers as early as Monteverdi as a musical representation of anguish, pain, and longing. Movement five is one of only a handful of vocal trios to be found in Bach’s oeuvre, as well as the only movement in the cantata in the major mode, shifting from B minor to D major. The final movement is a *chaconne* built on a ground bass that goes through a series of modulations. Johannes Brahms adapted the theme of this closing movement for the Finale of his *Symphony No. 4*.

The sighing motives and the long melismas which go nowhere on the word “straiten” (striving) show the anguish of mortal life, while the repetitive ground bass line depicts God’s eternal presence, much as the low C does in Ives’ *Psalm 90*.

Chorus

Nach dir, Herr, verlangst mich.
Mein Gott, ich hoffe auf dich.
Laß mich nicht zuschanden werden,
daß sich meine Feinde nicht freuen über mich.

Lord, I long for you.
My God, my hope is in you.
Let me not be brought to ruin,
so that my enemies will not rejoice over me.

Soprano Aria

Doch bin und bleibe ich vergnügt,
obgleich hier zeitlich toben
Kreuz, Sturm und andre Proben,
Tod, Höll, und was sich fügt.
Ob Unfall schlägt den treuen Knecht,

Indeed, I am and remain content,
although at the moment here may rage
wrath, storms and other trials,
death, hell, and what is theirs.
Though misfortune strike the faithful servant,

Recht ist und bleibet ewig Recht.

justice is and remains eternally just.

Chorus

Leite mich in deiner Wahrheit
und lehre mich;
denn du bist der Gott, der mir hilft,
täglich harre ich dein.

Lead me in your Truth
and teach me,
for you are the God who helps me;
I await you daily.

Trio

Zedern müssen von den Winden
oft viel Ungemach empfinden,
oftmals werden sie verkehrt.
Rat und Tat auf Gott gestellet,
achtet nicht, was widerbellet,
denn sein Wort ganz anders lehrt.

Cedars must, from the winds,
often feel much hardship;
oftentimes they will be knocked down.
Words and deeds set before God
heed not what howls against them,
for His Word teaches quite otherwise.

Chorus

Meine Augen sehen stets zu dem Herrn;
denn er wird meinen Fuß
aus dem Netze ziehen.

My eyes gaze always toward the Lord;
for He will pull my foot
out of the net.

Ciaccona

Meine Tage in den Leiden
endet Gott dennoch zur Freuden;
Christen auf den Dornenwegen
führen Himmels Kraft und Segen.
Bleibet Gott mein treuer Schatz,
achte ich nicht Menschenkreuz.
Christus, der uns steht zur Seiten,
hilft mir täglich sieghaft streiten.

My days of suffering
God will yet end in joy;
Christians upon the thorny pathways
usher in Heaven's power and blessing.
If God remains my faithful beloved,
I heed not mankind's cruelty.
Christ, who stands by our side,
helps me daily fight to victory.

Moses Hogan was born in New Orleans on March 13, 1957. A graduate of The New Orleans Center for Creative Arts (NOCCA) and Oberlin Conservatory of Music in Ohio, he also studied at New York's Juilliard School of Music and Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. Hogan served as an Artist in Residence of Music at Dillard University in New Orleans and as Artistic Director of the internationally acclaimed Moses Hogan Chorale. Hogan's contemporary settings of spirituals, original compositions and other works have been revered by audiences and praised by critics including The New York Times and Gramophone Magazine. Although he died at a tragically young age in February 2003, he lives on in his wonderful arrangements, which have become staples in the repertoires of high school, college, church, community and professional choirs worldwide. This gospel song, *Hold On!*, eloquently speaks to hoping in the most difficult of circumstances: "Just keep yo' hand on de plow...just hold on!"

Nora, Nora, let me come in;
de door's all fastened an' de winders pinned!

Just keep yo' hand on de plow,
an' you hold on, yes, you gotta hold on!

Nora said, "You lost yo' track,
you can't plow straight an' keep a lookin' back."

Well, my brother, hold on!
Yes, you gotta hold on!

If you wanna get to heaven, let me tell you how:
Jus' a keep yo' hand on de gospel plow.

If dat plow stay in yo' hand,
land you straight in de promised land.

Well, my sister, hold on!
Yes, you gotta hold on!

Mary had a golden chain,
an' every link spelled my Jesus' name.

Keep on climbin' an' don't you tire,
'cause ev'ry rung goes higher and higher!

Paul Caldwell and **Sean Ivory** have been working together for many years to make fabulous arrangements of spirituals and other multi-cultural music (Harmonium performed their version of *Go Where I Send Thee* in 2002 and *John the Revelator* in 2005). They began arranging music together spontaneously in the early 1990s when they were both working with a community-based youth choir in Grand Rapids, MI. Their musical partnership was further cultivated from 1993 to 1997 during summers spent together at the American Boychoir School in Princeton, NJ. Sean currently directs the Grand Rapids Symphony Youth Chorus, and is also the choral director at Forest Hills Central High School and an affiliate artist with the Youth Choral Theater of Chicago. Paul is Artistic Director of the Youth Choral Theater of Chicago. They provide the following notes about *Hope for Resolution*: "In its juxtaposition of a European chant melody and an anti-apartheid song from South Africa, this piece is a celebration of diversity. The arrangement reflects our respect for divergent musical styles and points us towards our innate (though sometimes neglected) potential for peaceful coexistence."

Of the Father's love begotten,
E'er the worlds began to be.
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the Ending He.

Of the things that are, that have been,
and that future years shall see,
evermore and evermore.

Oh, that birth, forever blessed,
when the virgin, full of grace,
by the Holy Ghost conceiving,
bare the Savior of our race.
And the babe, the world's redeemer,
first revealed his sacred face,
evermore and evermore.

O ye heights of heav'n, adore him,
Angel hosts his praises sing,
Pow'rs, dominions, bow before him,
And extol our God and King.
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
ev'ry voice in concert ring
evermore and evermore.

Thula sizwe, ungabokhala,
uJehovah wakho uzokunqobela.
Inkululeko, sizoyithola,
uJehovah wakho uzokunqobela.

Nation, do not cry.
Jehovah will protect us.
We will attain freedom.
Jehovah will protect us.

Please join us NEXT WEEK, Sunday March 11 at 3 p.m. when you can hear us perform this piece **with** our sponsored Neighborhood House Children's Chorus and the Intermediate Choir of the acclaimed New Jersey Youth Chorus. Bring the whole family for this free community concert celebration.