

Program Order

Reincarnations Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

Mary Hynes  
Anthony O'Daly  
The Coolin

*Harmonium Chamber Singers*

The Lovers Barber

I. Body of a woman *Baritone*  
II. Lithe girl, brown girl *Men, Chamber Singers Women*  
III. In the hot depth of this summer *Women*  
IV. Close your eyes *Chorus, Greg Voinier, Ben Schroeder*  
V. The Fortunate Isles *Chorus, Greg Paradis, Mickey McGrath*  
VI. Sometimes *Baritone*  
VII. We have lost even this twilight *Chorus*  
VIII. Tonight I can write *Baritone*  
IX. Cemetery of kisses *Chorus*

Chamber Orchestra version by Robert Kyr, 2012

Baritone: Greg Voinier (Saturday), Mark Moliterno (Sunday)

INTERMISSION

A Prayer Among Friends (World Premiere) Martin A. Sedek (b. 1985)

*Rachel Clark, Emilie Bishop, Ken Short, Eric Roper*

Coronation Mass, K. 317 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Kyrie *Marilyn Kitchell, Greg Jung*  
Gloria *Laura Winslow, Megan French, Matt Shurts, Ted Roper*  
Credo *Laura Winslow, Megan French, Matt Shurts, Ted Roper*  
Sanctus/Osanna  
Benedictus *Marilyn Kitchell, Beth Shirley, Joe Keefe, John Lamb*  
Agnus Dei *Marilyn Kitchell*  
Dona Nobis Pacem *Marilyn Kitchell, Beth Shirley, Greg Jung, John Lamb*

Violin I: Ruth Zumstein	Violin II: Rebecca Harris	Viola: Jordan Tarantino (violin in Mozart)
Cello: Marnie Kaller	Bass: Jim Buchanan	Harp: Merynda Adams
Flute: Virginia Schulze-Johnson	Oboe: Adrienne Blossey	Clarinet: Dorothy Duncan
Bassoon: Andrea Herr	Horn: Lee Ann Newland, Ann Mendoker	
Trumpet: Andrew Filipone, Thomas Siebenhuhener		Trombone: Kristin Siebenhuhener
Piano: Joan Tracy	Percussion: Adrienne Ostrander	

**Samuel Barber's** career was an early and long-lived success, from his student days at Curtis and being championed by Toscanini, to the constant popularity of the youthful *Adagio for Strings*, until his fall from grace with his opera *Anthony and Cleopatra* in 1966. 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. Barber was never thought of as “avant-garde” in his day, yet he remains one of the greatest composers of the twentieth century, and hindsight is giving his “neo-romanticism” and the near-perfection of many of his works the reverence they deserve.

I was first drawn to the work *The Lovers* in college, when a chorus I was in performed the central movement “We have lost even this twilight.” In looking for a work on which to write my doctoral thesis, I was struck by how Barber didn't seem to be getting much attention in the 1980s, and his later works had been particularly neglected. That, and the amazingly passionate poetry of Neruda, drew me to write my thesis on this work, although, since it called for an 80-piece orchestra, I despaired of ever performing it. I was so thrilled to hear that Oregon-based composer **Robert Kyr** had completed the chamber version first envisioned by the late Lee Hoiby for premiere and recording by the Austin, Texas-based professional chamber choir Conspirare. Conducted by Craig Hella Johnson, Conspirare premiered and recorded this version last summer, releasing an all-Barber CD on the Harmonia Mundi label. We at Harmonium are presenting the second performance and East Coast premiere of this work. It means so much to me that for my 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary with Harmonium, I can conduct this work with a hand-picked orchestra of players who have collaborated with us over the years. After the intense love affair of the first half of the concert, we will need to “go to church” with an exuberant Mozart Mass!

Perhaps Barber's background as a singer (he recorded his own *Dover Beach* for baritone and strings) influenced the vocal quality of his style, and the fact that half of his works are vocal (songs, opera, or choral). His aunt was the famous contralto Louise Homer. Barber, the son of a doctor, grew up in West Chester, PA, near Philadelphia. He began piano at 6 and wrote his first composition at 7 and first opera at 10. At 14, he was organist at Westminster Presbyterian Church and used his salary for tickets to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski. Also at 14, he became a member of the first class of the newly founded Curtis Institute. At Curtis, Barber was exposed to a talented international roster of teachers, ultimately triple-majoring in piano, voice, and composition with Rosaria Scalero, an Italian violinist who emphasized counterpoint and form. During his 8 years at Curtis, Barber won many prizes including a Pulitzer travelling scholarship and the Prix de Rome. Also at Curtis, Barber met Gian Carlo Menotti, fellow student, composer, and eventual life partner and librettist. He was championed by Toscanini, who premiered the famous *Adagio for Strings* with the NBC Symphony. Barber remained at Curtis as a teacher from 1939 to 1942.

The three songs of *Reincarnations* op.16 (1936-1942) were written for a small madrigal chorus he directed while teaching at Curtis during this time. They are central to Barber's choral output, the culmination of his *a cappella* style before he turned to choral-orchestral textures for *The Prayers of Kierkegaard* and which culminated in *The Lovers*. The three poems are translated by James Stephens from the Irish of blind poet Raftery (1779–1835), the “last of the wandering bards.” The buoyant first half of *Mary Hynes* contrasts with the lilting, tranquil description of Ballylea in the second half, but is clearly related, with a perfect melodic connection between “she is the sky of the sun” and “the blossom of branches.” The contrasting contrapuntal section “she is a rune” is clearly derived from the opening phrase, giving the work strong motivic unity (a stylistic aspect that he develops to the fullest in *The Lovers*). Each part encompasses a ninth every one to three measures, with extreme crescendi and diminuendi in small spaces. The lyricism depicts the woman said to be the most beautiful in all of Ireland.

She is the sky of the sun!  
She is the dart of love!  
She is the love of my heart!  
She is a rune!  
She is above the women of the race of Eve,  
As the sun is above the moon!  
Lovely and airy the view from the hill

That looks down Ballylea!  
But no good sight is good,  
Until by great good luck  
You see the blossom of the branches  
Walking towards you, airily.

1- my darling

*Anthony O'Daly* is a dirge, set with a constant pedal E, canonically, with increasing intensity achieved through crescendo, stringendo, stretto and the relentless E pedal, until arriving at the surprising C major chord, and breaking into descending entrances on a diminished chord to the final "grief" on an open fifth cadence. The whole effect is one of inconsolable grief over the death of Anthony O'Daly, an environmentalist unjustly hanged in the early 1800s.

Since your limbs were laid out  
The stars do not shine!  
The fish leap not out in the waves!  
On our meadows  
The dew does not fall in the morn,  
For O'Daly is dead!  
Not a flow'r can be born!  
Not a word can be said!  
Not a tree have a leaf!  
Anthony! After you there is nothing to do!  
There is nothing but grief!

*The Coolin* ("the fair-haired one") is one of Barber's most expressive and in many ways typical choral works. It contains many textures, from the opening lilting homophony with symbolic harmonic changes (interplay between major and minor), to imitation and duet textures. The pastorale rhythm suggests the call to the countryside, and the languorous quality is appropriate to the sensuous text. A pointillistic texture occurs in the middle section as sopranos sing an ecstatic "ah" melisma which then passes to altos and basses. Meanwhile, the phrases "and an eye," "and a hand," "and a sigh," "and a lip" are tossed between tenor and baritone, depicting the dream-like lovemaking of the poem.

Come with me, under my coat,  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Or wine if it be thy will.  
And we will talk until talk is a trouble too,  
Out on the side of the hill;  
And nothing is left to do,  
But an eye to look into an eye,  
And a hand in a hand to slip;  
And a sigh to answer a sigh;  
And a lip to find out a lip!

What if the night be black!  
Or the air on the mountain chill!  
Where the goat lies down in her track,  
And all but the fern is still.  
Stay with me, under my coat,  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Out on the hill.

Later in 1942, Barber was drafted into the Army Air Force, which commissioned him to write his Second Symphony. In 1943, Barber and Menotti bought a country home in Mt. Kisco, NY, which they named "Capricorn." The neo-classical *Capricorn Concerto* (1944) is named for this woodland estate, where Barber did most of his composing from the time of his discharge in 1945 until 1974, when they sold it. More Guggenheim fellowships and prestigious commissions followed in the late 40s and 50s, as well as his first major choral-orchestral work, the acclaimed *Prayers of Kierkegaard* for the Koussevitsky Foundation in 1954. Barber's most significant composition in the 50s was his first opera, *Vanessa*, four acts on a libretto by Menotti, produced at the Met in 1958 and winning the Pulitzer Prize. In 1962, Barber won his second Pulitzer, for his *Piano Concerto*, commissioned by his publisher, G. Schirmer, on its centenary, and receiving excellent reviews and performances all over, marking the pinnacle of his success.

Barber's golden career changed drastically with the ostentatious failure of his grand opera *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Commissioned for the opening of the new Met in Lincoln Center, the production included live animals, hundreds of extras, and costumes voluminous enough to smother Leontyne Price. The production dwarfed the music, which seemed to have fallen out of favor in the eyes of critics. Barber retreated to the Italian Alps for five years and composed a song cycle defiantly entitled *Despite and Still*. His commission to write *The Lovers* returned him to circulation in 1971, but he then became ill with cancer, and his output slowed, exacerbated by the sale of Capricorn. He died of cancer in 1981.

**Pablo Neruda** is the pen name of Chilean poet, activist, diplomat and Nobel Peace Prize winner Neftali Ricardo Reyes Basoalto. *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* (Twenty Love Songs and a Song of Despair) (1924) are his youthful and rather erotic poetry. In these poems, the woman is personified by nature, especially weather. Although Neruda, like Picasso, was constantly reinventing himself and became increasingly political and surrealist in his later works, it is these early intensely lyrical and sexual poems which remain his most famous (like Barber's *Adagio*). The translation by W. S. Merwin was published in 1969. Christopher Logue's free translation, *The Man Who Told His Love*, was published in 1958. According to Robert Page, who prepared the Temple University choirs for the premiere, Barber just happened across this translation while browsing at a book counter at a train station in Scarsdale. Barber picked from the twenty poems, chose carefully between both translations, and set them out of order, yet his chosen texts reflect the same progression as Neruda's complete work: intense passion throughout, forebodings of loneliness, and the eventual loss of love.

*The Lovers* was commissioned by Girard Bank, whose directors felt that "if they sponsored a larger-scale composition for a major orchestra from one of America's top composers it would demonstrate 'good corporate citizenship'." (R. Morrison, Academy of London, 2 June 1984). As Richard Morrison, a British reviewer, later summarized:

Not every day is a winner of the Pulitzer Prize—symbol of all-American integrity—linked artistically with someone who carried off both the Stalin Prize for literature and the Lenin Peace Prize... Headlines like "Choral Work Ordered by Bank Uses Red's Poetry about Love," "Barber Defends Use of Red Love Poems," and "Orchestra Offers Love, Love, Love" indicate the briefly scandalous background... in fact, it wasn't until the press picked up the story that anyone in the Bank's 29<sup>th</sup>-storey boardroom realized that the poet whose words Barber intended to set, Pablo Neruda, had recently been the Communist candidate for the Chilean presidency.

As funny as this all may seem, Barber's choice of Neruda was based on his attraction (literary and emotional, not political) to a slim volume of youthful love poetry which actually pre-dates Neruda's Communist affiliation. It is doubtful that Barber, who always sought unusual and interesting texts for his vocal works, chose Neruda for political shock value, yet the potential scandalousness of the text's eroticism could not have been lost on Barber, and, in fact, he seems to have rather enjoyed it. Robert Shaw found himself excusing nuns and others who found the text "personally offensive" from a 1975 Atlanta Symphony Orchestra performance:

After initial but more than cosmetic study of Samuel Barber's *The Lovers*, there is no doubt in my mind that musically and textually this will be understood and heard as an enormously sensitive expression—

lyric, tender, mature and autumnal—of apparently physical aspects, but, in reality, the prevailing deeper “introspects” of male-female love. In the total atmosphere of both text and music, I find a rare earthly beauty and exceptional and pure love, though I admit to questioning after first glance the “specificity” of one or two phrases and their possible acceptance by a Thursday night audience. (Letter to the Atlanta Symphony Chorus, Jan. 30, 1975)

In *The Lovers*, Barber not only sets the poetry, he interprets it. Neruda’s themes of intense love and inevitable painful loss are explored through the violently changing moods of the cycle. The exotic orchestra has more than a supporting role, as motives develop symbolic meaning. Barber’s greatly varied vocal textures also distinguish the work. Interplay of homophony and polyphony, pairings of voice parts, coloristic use of the chorus, times when the text is clearly declaimed and times when it is deliberately obscured, are all techniques which are used sparingly but eloquently with a sense of balance and subservience to the poetry.

The Prelude to *The Lovers* serves as a concise introduction to the great variety of motives, meters and orchestrations that will recur throughout the work. The “body of a woman” motive which is central to the first vocal movement is the subject of the most development, while the “we have lost” theme opens the movement like a far-off fanfare, foreshadowing the end of the relationship in its very beginning. This segues right into the first baritone movement “**Body of a woman**” a relentlessly rhythmic and complexly orchestrated movement, almost like a “mad song.”

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,  
You look like a world, lying in surrender.  
My rough peasant’s body digs in you,  
And makes the son leap from the depth of the earth.  
I was alone—like a tunnel, the birds fled from me,  
And night swamped me with its crushing invasion.  
To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,  
Like an arrow in my bow, a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance falls and I love you.  
Body of skin, of moss, of eager and firm milk.  
Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!  
Oh the roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and sad!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.  
My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road!  
Dark river-beds where the eternal thirst flows  
And weariness follows, and the infinite ache.

The men sing most of the second movement “**Lithe girl, brown girl**” (the women are wordless), a dance-like mixed meter with some chromaticism and *rubato* sections.

Lithe<sup>1</sup> girl, brown girl,  
The sun that makes apples,  
And stiffens the wheat,  
And splits the thongweed,  
Made your body with joy.

Your tongue like a red bird  
Dancing on ivory,  
Your lips with the smile of water.

You stretch out your arms  
And the sun grabs  
At the loose black coils  
Of your hair  
As if water were falling.

Tantalize the sun if you dare,  
It will leave  
Shadows that match you everywhere.  
Lithe girl, brown girl,  
Lithe girl, brown girl,  
Nothing draws me towards you,  
And the heat within you  
Beats me home  
Like the sun at high noon.  
Knowing these things,  
Perhaps through knowing these things  
I seek you out.  
Ah! Listening for your voice  
Or the brush of your arms against wheat  
Or your steps among poppies  
Grown under water.

1- flexible/supple

The women answer with “**In the hot depth of this summer**,” a languorous slow movement with lots of colorful instrumental solos. This poem is less specifically male than the others, while nature is a metaphor for the relationship; in this hot, sensuous, post-love-making atmosphere, there are forebodings of trouble (“The morning is close, storm-filled. Clouds shift: white rags waving goodbye.”)

In the hot depth of this summer  
The morning is close, storm-filled.  
Clouds shift: white rags waving goodbye,  
Shaken by the frantic wind as it goes.  
And as it goes the wind throbs over us  
Whom love-making has silenced.

“**Close your eyes**” has a chiasmic form, AA1, BCB, A1. It begins and ends with an erotic lullaby, sung by tenors and basses. In the center of the movement, the tender mood is interrupted by a portentous weather report which builds to an ominous climax foreshadowing the destruction of the relationship.

Close your eyes wherein the slow night stirs,  
Strip off your clothes. (O frightened statue!)  
Like new-cut flowers your arms, your lap as rose.

Close your eyes wherein the slow light stirs,  
Breasts like paired spirals,  
Lap as rose, and rosy shadows in your thighs.  
The slow night stirs within your eyes,  
My quiet one.

Rainfall. From the sea a stray gull.  
The rain walks barefoot through the street.

Leaves on the trees are moaning like the sick.

Though the white bee has gone  
That part of me the world calls soul  
Still hums and the world is not so wide  
I cannot hear its bell  
Turn in the spirals of grey wind.  
My quiet one. Strip off your clothes.  
My quiet one.

The fifth movement, “**The Fortunate Isles**” is marked “flowing, like a barcarolle.” It is an atmospheric piece, setting the scene adrift on the ocean with its relentlessly repetitive up and down motives. It is in ABA form, with the A section over a G pedal, while the B section “drifts” rather aimlessly through several tonal areas. The orchestration is filled with lots of solos and coloristic effects.

Drunk as drunk on turpentine<sup>1</sup>  
From your open kisses,  
Your wet body wedged  
Between my wet body and the strake<sup>2</sup>  
Of our boat that is made out of flowers,  
Feasted, we guide it— our fingers  
Like tallows<sup>3</sup> adorned with yellow metal—  
Over the sky’s hot rim,  
The day’s last breath in our sails.  
Pinned by the sun between solstice  
And equinox, drowsy and tangled together  
We drifted for months and woke  
with the bitter taste of land on our lips,  
Eyelids all sticky, and we longed for lime  
And the sound of a rope  
Lowering a bucket down its well.  
Then we came by night to the Fortunate Isles,  
And lay like fish  
Under the net of our kisses.

1- turpentine

2- planks forming the side of a vessel

3- waxy substance used to make candles

The sixth movement, “**Sometimes**” is shockingly brief, evoking a mood of paranoia with a constant ostinato, staccatos, small motivic cells and the use of Stravinsky-like wind and piano textures.

Sometimes it’s like  
You are dead  
When you say nothing.

Or you heard things I say,  
and could not be bothered to reply.

And your eyes, sometimes,  
Move outside of you,  
Watching the two of us, yes,  
As if after you turned to the wall,  
Somebody’s kisses stopped your mouth.

“**We have lost even this twilight**” is the central movement emotionally, and opens with the first motive heard in the Prelude. Counterpoint shifts towards homophony as the mood intensifies and the voices come together to clearly declaim climactic moments, only to dissipate back into chaos and do it again.

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.

The final baritone solo movement, “**Tonight I can write**” has the freest formal structure, giving it the feeling of a long accompanied recitative, and tying together motives from the previous movement and the following movement. There is text painting in the orchestrations and harmony, and the climax comes when the baritone gives words to the motive we have been hearing, “Love is so short, forgetting is so long.”

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
Write, for example: “The night is starry  
And the blue stars shiver in the distance.”  
The nightwind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
I loved her and sometimes she loved me too.  
Through nights like this I held her in my arms.  
I kissed her so many times under the infinite sky.

She loved me, sometimes I loved her too.  
How could one not have loved her great staring eyes?  
Tonight I can write the saddest lines.  
To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.  
What does it matter that my love could not keep her?  
The night is starry and she is not with me.  
This is all. Far away someone is dreaming. Far away.  
The same night that makes the same trees white.

We, of that time, are no longer the same.  
I no longer love her, it is true, but how much I loved her!



Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.  
Her voice, her bright body, her infinite eyes.  
I no longer love her, it is true, but maybe I love her...  
Love is so short, forgetting is so long.  
Even though this be the last pain that she cause me  
And these the last verses that I write for her.

The last movement, “**Cemetery of kisses**” is in many ways the simplest, a choral dirge in the spirit of *Anthony O'Daly*. The vocal texture is mostly paired women's voices and men's (SA/TB) and the harmony is fairly static, mostly f minor. It begins with the only *a cappella* moment in the work, then moves into a colorful orchestration that both supports the vocal lines and recalls motives of past movements. The central contrapuntal section “O farther than anything” is the same tune as “love is so short.” The musical depiction of the text “forsaken” is perfect, as the work does not end happily.

Cemetery of kisses, there is still fire in your tombs,  
Still the fruited boughs burn, pecked at by birds.  
Oh the bitten mouth, oh the kissed limbs,  
Oh the hungering teeth, oh the entwined bodies,  
Oh the mad coupling of hope and force  
In which we merged and despaired.  
This was our destiny and it was the voyage of our longing.  
And in it all our longing fell, in us all was shipwreck!  
It is the hour of departure, the hard cold hour  
That night enforces on all timetables.  
Forsaken like the wharves at dawn.  
Oh farther than everything! Oh farther than everything!  
It is the hour of departure. Forsaken!

A few notes by Robert Kyr:

When Craig Hella Johnson asked me to create a new version of Samuel Barber's *The Lovers* for baritone, chamber chorus and chamber orchestra, I was overjoyed. First I consider *The Lovers* to be one of the few choral-orchestral masterworks of the twentieth century. Moreover, I had always felt that it would receive many more performances in a smaller version that is better suited to the sublime intimacy of Neruda's poetry.

Barber created *The Lovers* during the years when his longtime romantic and domestic partnership with Gian Carlo Menotti was deteriorating (1969-71), and he was still haunted by the failure of *Anthony and Cleopatra* at the Metropolitan Opera House (1966). His life experience is reflected in the despair of Neruda's poetic exploration of love (both erotic and spiritual) and its loss, which might also relate to his romance with Valentin Herranz, to whom the work is dedicated and who suggested the text to him.

When you hear the music, imagine the anguish of its composer as he faced these difficulties and gradually became overwhelmed by his unconscious wounds and vulnerabilities, which further stoked the fires of love gone wrong. And into this toxic brew, mix his suffering the societal prejudice against homosexuality, as well as his worsening alcoholism.

Given this context, one better understands why Barber chose Neruda's passionate song of despair, and why the music connects us so vividly to a situation that no one can escape. In some sense, our greatest loves remain with us equally and always—those we kept and lost. In this regard, Barber's musical approach to the text helps us heal our losses for the purpose of more fully experiencing the totality of love in all of its joys and sorrows.

In light of this understanding, I have strived to create a more playable and affordable version of Barber's masterpiece without sacrificing any of its spiritual intensity—much more than the orchestration, it is an entirely new version of the work. While I have not changed a single note or rhythm of the vocalists, the instrumental

music has been radically transformed: the sound of a gargantuan eighty-piece ensemble has been morphed into a fifteen-player chamber orchestra. This sonic magic act is intended to give a stronger presence to the sensuality and intimacy of Neruda's visionary poetry.

The new version is dedicated to Craig Hella Johnson, David Farwig, and to the memory of Lee Hoiby, who was a devoted champion of Barber's music.

**Robert Kyr** is professor of composition and theory at the University of Oregon where he is music chair of the composition department, and director of the renowned Oregon Bach Festival Composers Symposium ([www.iwagemusic.com](http://www.iwagemusic.com)) as well as the Music Today Festival. Kyr graduated from Yale *summa cum laude* in 1974 and continued his education at the Royal College of Music in London, and at Dartington Summer School for the Arts, where he studied with Sir Peter Maxwell Davies. Kyr completed his Master of Arts at the University of Pennsylvania in 1978, studying with George Rochberg and George Crumb. In 1989, Kyr received his Ph.D. from Harvard University, where he studied with Donald Martino and Earl Kim. Kyr has composed twelve symphonies, three chamber symphonies, three violin concerti, and numerous works for vocal ensembles of all types.

Composer and conductor **Martin A. Sedek** is an emerging voice in the world of choral and orchestral music. He was educated at Berklee College of Music in Boston (B.M. Composition) where he founded and conducted the 80-voice Berklee Concert Choir, and Montclair State University (M.M.) where he studied composition and choral conducting. Martin has studied composition with Robert Livingston Aldridge, Ting Ho, and Andrew List, and conducting with David Callahan, William Weinert, Craig Hella Johnson, and Heather J. Buchanan. He is currently the Music Director and Conductor of the Choral Art Society of NJ in Westfield and is on the choral and theory faculties at Montclair State University's Cali School of Music, where he serves as Assistant Director of Choral Activities and Visiting Professor of Music Theory & Conducting. Martin is an award-winning composer of choral and orchestral music, receiving awards from the Kalistos Ensemble, Ithaca College School of Music Choral Composition Contest, and Society of Composers International. Martin sings professionally throughout the NY/NJ area, and maintains a private teaching studio ([www.martysedekmusic.com](http://www.martysedekmusic.com)). Martin is extremely grateful to Anne Matlack and Harmonium for having fostered his passion for choral art. Anne has been gracious in her time and energy in offering podium time, lessons and feedback, and premieres of new works. *A Prayer Among Friends*, with a beautiful and fitting text chosen by Anne, was written for this 25th anniversary occasion as a token of appreciation for Dr. Anne and her guidance and inspiration over the years.

Among other wonders of our lives,  
we are alive with one another,  
we walk here in the light of this unlikely world  
that isn't ours for long.  
May we spend generously  
the time we are given.  
May we enact our responsibilities  
as thoroughly as we enjoy our pleasures.  
May we see with clarity,  
may we seek a vision that serves all beings,  
may we honor the mystery surpassing our sight,  
and may we hold in our hands  
the gift of good work  
and bear it forth whole,  
as we were borne forth by a power we praise  
to this one Earth, this homeland of all we love.

The *Krönungsmesse* (German for “Coronation Mass”) (Mass No. 15 in C major, KV 317; sometimes Mass No. 16) is one of the most popular of **Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's** 17 extant settings of the Ordinary of the Mass, one of five in C major. It is a *Missa brevis* in some ways, fulfilling the requirements of brevity (although longer than some), but also the first of a more “symphonic” type of mass with a larger orchestration (although typical of Salzburg masses, no violas) including horns, trumpets and two oboes; we have substituted flute for first oboe in this performance, and feel that Mozart would have understood!

The *Coronation Mass* was completed on March 23, 1779 in Salzburg. Mozart had just returned to the city after 18 months of fruitless job hunting in Paris and Mannheim, and his father Leopold got him a job as court organist and composer at Salzburg Cathedral. The mass was premiered there on Easter Sunday, April 4, 1779. There is dispute over the reason for its nickname—possibly it was performed in 1791 for the coronation of Leopold II as King of Bohemia.

The *Kyrie*, *Gloria* and *Credo* all begin emphatically in C major with an almost military rhythm. The tripartite *Kyrie* features joyful soprano and tenor solos. The *Gloria* is exciting and solo quartets pop in and out for contrast. The *Credo* has a *perpetuo moto* sixteenth note figuration in the strings that recurs in rondo form. The *Et incarnatus est* section provides a particularly eloquent contrasting slow section. The *Sanctus* and *Osanna* are majestic and cheerful, respectively, and the *Benedictus* quartet is a lovely, lilting allegretto. The last movement is also in three sections, the lovely *Agnus Dei* solo (similar to the Countess’s aria *Dove sono* from *Le nozze di Figaro*) followed by a *Dona Nobis Pacem* that recalls the opening *Kyrie*, and then an even more exuberant choral coda.

### **Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison,  
Christe eleison,  
Kyrie eleison.

Lord have mercy,  
Christ have mercy,  
Lord have mercy.

### **Gloria**

Gloria in excelsis Deo  
et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis.  
Laudamus te,  
benedicimus te,  
adoramus te,  
glorificamus te,  
gratias agimus tibi propter magnam  
gloriam tuam.  
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,  
Deus Pater omnipotens.  
Domine Fili Unigenite, Jesu Christe,  
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.  
Qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis;  
qui tollis peccata mundi,  
suscipe deprecationem nostram.  
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,  
miserere nobis.  
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,  
tu solus Dominus,  
tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe,  
cum Sancto Spiritu:  
in gloria Dei Patris.  
Amen.

Glory be to God on high  
and on earth peace,  
To men of good will..  
We praise thee.  
We bless thee.  
We worship thee.  
We glorify thee.  
We give thanks to thee  
for thy great glory.  
O Lord God, heavenly King,  
God the Father almighty.  
O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ.  
O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.  
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us.  
Thou that takest away the sins of the world,  
receive our prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father,  
have mercy upon us.  
For Thou only art Holy.  
Thou only art the Lord.  
Thou only, O Jesus Christ, art Most High.  
With the Holy Ghost:  
in the glory of God the Father.  
Amen.

## **Credo**

Credo in unum Deum,  
Patrem omnipotentem,  
factorem cæli et terræ,  
visibílium omnium et invisibílium.  
Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum,  
Fílium Dei Unigenitum,  
et ex Patre natum ante omnia sæcula.  
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,  
Deum verum de Deo vero,  
genitum, non factum,  
consubstantialem Patri:  
per quem omnia facta sunt.  
Qui propter nos homines et propter  
nostram salutem descendit de cælis.  
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto  
ex Maria Virgine,  
et homo factus est.  
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis  
sub Pontio Pilato;  
passus, et sepultus est,  
Et resurrexit tertia die,  
secundum Scripturas,  
et ascendit in cælum,  
sedet ad dexteram Patris.  
Et íterum venturus est cum gloria,  
iudicare vivos et mortuos,  
cuius regni non erit finis.  
Et in Spiritum Sanctum,  
Dominum et vivificantem:  
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit.  
Qui cum Patre et Fílio  
simul adoratur et conglorificatur:  
qui locutus est per prophetas.  
Et unam, sanctam, catholicam  
et apostolicam Ecclesiam.  
Confiteor unum baptisma  
in remissionem peccatorum.  
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum,  
et vitam venturi sæculi.  
Amen.

## **Sanctus/Osanna**

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.  
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.  
Osanna in excelsis.

## **Benedictus**

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Osanna in excelsis.

I believe in one God,  
the Father, the Almighty,  
maker of heaven and earth,  
of all that is seen and unseen.  
I believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,  
the only Son of God,  
eternally begotten of the Father,  
God from God, Light from Light,  
true God from true God,  
begotten, not made,  
of one Being with the Father,  
through him all things were made.  
For us and for our salvation  
he came down from heaven.  
By the power of the Holy Spirit  
he became incarnate from the Virgin Mary,  
and was made man.  
For our sake he was crucified  
under Pontius Pilate;  
he suffered death and was buried.  
On the third day he rose again  
in accordance with the Scriptures;  
he ascended into heaven  
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.  
He will come again in glory  
to judge the living and the dead,  
and his kingdom will have no end.  
I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the Lord, the giver of life,  
who proceeds from the Father and the Son.  
With the Father and the Son  
he is worshiped and glorified:  
He has spoken through the Prophets.  
I believe in one holy catholic  
and apostolic Church.  
I acknowledge one baptism  
for the forgiveness of sins.  
I look for the resurrection of the dead,  
and the life of the world to come.  
Amen.

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.

**Agnus Dei/Dona Nobis Pacem**

Agnus Dei,  
qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei,  
qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,  
who taketh away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us.

Lamb of God,  
who taketh away the sins of the world,  
grant us peace.