

Taaveti laul nr. 137 (Psalm 137) <i>Estonian</i>	Cyrillus Kreek (1889-1962)
Warum toben die Heiden (Psalm 2)	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)
Warum toben die Heiden (Psalm 2)	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
<i>Laura Quinn, Ali Kramer, Ken Short, Matthew Siebenhuhner</i>	
<i>Mickey McGrath, Caitlyn Roper, Holland Jancaitis, Ben Schroeder</i>	
Chichester Psalms	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
<i>Grace Van Cleef, Lisa Blatt, Nick Herrick, Matthew Lee</i>	
I. Psalm 108, vs. 2; Psalm 100	
II. Psalm 23; Psalm 2, vs.1-4	
<i>Claudia Sydenstricker (Saturday), Charlie Love (Sunday), treble solo</i>	
III. Psalm 131; Psalm 133, vs.1	

INTERMISSION

Déploration sur la mort d'Ockeghem	Josquin des Prez (c. 1450-1521)
These Last Gifts <i>world premiere</i>	William McClelland (b. 1950)
<i>Matthew Onigman</i>	
Curse Upon Iron	Veljo Tormis (b. 1930)
<i>Holland Jancaitis & Ted Roper; Jennifer DeChene, drum</i>	
CHAMBER SINGERS	

Anoj pusėj Dunojėlio <i>Lithuanian</i>	Vaclovas Augustinas (b. 1959)
<i>Gloria Bangiola</i>	
Tykus Tykus <i>Lithuanian</i>	Augustinas
Pūt, vējiņi <i>Latvian</i>	arr. Imant Raminsh (b. 1943)
<i>Rachel Fountain</i>	

Dear Sarah	James Syler (b. 1961)
Lorena	Joseph Webster (1819-1875)
	arr. Jeffrey Douma (b. 1971)

Musica Donum	Tim Lacioano (b. 1993)
<i>Nancy Watson-Baker, Susan Gepford, Matthew Shurts, Andy Moody</i>	
<i>Semi-Chorus: Linda Clark, Anna Roberts, Alyssa Casazza, Beth Shirley,</i>	
<i>Robert Emmerich, PJ Livesey, George Aronson, John Lamb</i>	

Helen Raymaker, piano	Christopher Jennings, organ
Merynda Adams, harp	Phyllis Bitow, percussion

Every March, it seems my concerts somehow end up about peace (and war). It comforts us to know that humankind has struggled with this in every era, reaching back to the Psalmist's question "Why do the nations rage?" In this concert, I draw connections between settings of this psalm throughout the ages. We also draw connections to the folk music of the people – both American and Baltic – and how simple love songs can have deeper meanings as the voice of the nations, and of the loved ones left behind. Finally, Tim Lacio's piece connects a new work to Bernstein's and Josquin's, celebrates music as our gift from the divine, and affirms what we try to do in our support of young composers.

Cyrillus Kreek was one of Estonia's leading composers of the first half of the 20th century. He studied trombone and composition at the Saint Petersburg Conservatory in the years immediately prior to the Russian Revolution, then worked as a music teacher, first in his native Haapsalu (in western Estonia) and later at the Tallinn Conservatory. He was an avid collector of religious folk melodies, which pervade his work (and the first Estonian to use a phonograph to collect folksongs). *Taaveti laul nr. 137*, his setting of Psalm 137, was composed in January 1944 when war and occupation led many people to become prisoners and strangers in their own country, and the ancient psalm had a particular poignancy: 'For there our captors required of us songs, and our tormentors, mirth: "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!" How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land?' As the piece progresses, every "Halleluja" becomes more tortured and dissonant to illustrate this, until the last, which dies away to nothing.

Paabeli jõgede kaldail
istusime meie ja nutsime,
kui mõtlesime Siioni pääle.
Halleluuja!

By the waters of Babylon,
there we sat down and wept,
when we remembered Zion.
Alleluia!

Me riputasime kandleid
säääl remmelga okste külge.
Halleluuja!

On the willows
there we hung up our lyres.
Alleluia!

Need kes meid säääl vangi
viisid ja kes meid ära raiskasid,
nad nõudsid rõõmulaulu meie käest.
Halleluuja!

For there our captors
required of us songs,
and our tormentors, mirth.
Alleluia!

Et laulge meile laulu Siionist!
Halleluuja!

'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'
Alleluia!

Kuidas võime laulda Jehoova
laulu võõra rahva maal?
Halleluuja!

How shall we sing the Lord's song
in a foreign land?
Alleluia!

Kui mina unustan Sind Jerusalemm,
siis unustagu minu parem käsi end.
Halleluuja!

If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand forget its skill.
Alleluia!

Ja jäägu keel mu suulae külge,
kui ma Sinust ei mõtle.
Halleluuja!

Let my tongue stick to the roof of my mouth,
if I do not remember you.
Alleluia!

Kui ma ei lase Jerusalemm
enese ülimaks rõõmuks saada.
Halleluuja!

If I do not set Jerusalem
above my highest joy.
Alleluia!

Heinrich Schütz's surviving output consists almost entirely of sacred vocal works, although he also wrote organ and secular works. His large-scale resplendent polychoral works show his teacher Gabrieli's Venetian-style influence the most – it was said that on his deathbed Gabrieli passed his composer's ring to the young German. *Psalmen Davids* (Psalms of David) Book 1 was printed in Dresden in 1619 as his Opus 2; it is made up of mostly complete psalms in German translation by Martin Luther. *Warum toben die Heiden* is grand and angry with lots of text painting and concertato alternating of four large choirs versus semi-chorus. It is poignant for a man who spent the middle third of his 87 years dealing with the effects of the Thirty Years' War.

Felix Mendelssohn's double choir setting of *Warum toben die Heiden* was composed in 1843 for the Cathedral Choir in Berlin. He had been hired by King Friedrich Wilhelm IV to develop Berlin as a musical center of culture – a job he took reluctantly, probably to be near his ailing mother. He disliked Berlin and, as a political liberal, distrusted Prussian nobility. Indeed, the job proved unsupported and Mendelssohn managed to wrangle out of all of his duties except those to develop cathedral music and the Berlin cathedral choir. Psalm 2, the first of four motets, was a strange choice for an Advent performance and could possibly have been meant to show his dissatisfaction with the monarchy. Set for two mixed choirs and two quartets, it is in four sections that follow the dramatic trajectory of the psalm text.

Warum toben die Heiden,
und die Leute reden so vergeblich?
Die Könige im Lande lehnen sich auf,
und die Herren ratschlagen miteinander
wider den Herrn und seinen Gesalbten:
Lasset uns zerreißen ihre Bande
und von uns werfen ihre Seile.
Aber der im Himmel wohnt,
lachtet ihrer und der Herr spottet ihrer.
Er wird einst mit ihnen reden in seinem Zorn,
und mit seinem Grimm
wird er sie schrecken.
Aber ich habe meinen König
eingesetzt auf meinem heiligen Berg Zion.
Ich will von einer solchen Weise predigen,
daß der Herr zu mir gesagt hat:
Du bist mein Sohn,
heute hab ich dich gezeuget.
Heische von mir, so will ich dir die Heiden
zum Erbe geben
und der Welt Ende zum Eigentum.
Du sollst sie mit einem
eisernen Zepter zerschlagen;
wie Töpfe sollst du sie zerschmeißen.
So laßt euch nun weisen, ihr Könige,
und laßt euch züchtigen, ihr Richter auf Erden.
Dienet dem Herrn mit Furcht
und freuet euch mit Zittern¹.
Küsst den Sohn, daß er nicht zürne
und ihr umkommet auf dem Wege;
denn sein Zorn wird bald anbrennen.
Aber Wohl allen, die auf ihn trauen.

Ehre sei dem Vater, und dem Sohne,
und dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war von Anfang,

Why do the heathens rage,
and the people waste their breath?
The kings of the earth revolt,
and the rulers conspire with one another
against the Lord and his anointed, saying:
Let us tear their bands asunder,
and cast away their cords from us.
But he who lives in the heavens
laughs at them, and the Lord mocks them.
Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
and with his fierceness
he will scare them straight.
Yet I have enthroned my King
upon my holy mountain of Zion.
I will preach in such a manner
as the Lord has said to me:
You are my Son;
today have I begotten you.
Ask me, and I will give you the heathen
for your inheritance,
and the ends of the earth for your own.
You shall batter them down
with an iron scepter;
like clay pots shall you dash them to pieces.
Now therefore wise up, you kings,
and be chastened, you judges of the earth.
Serve the Lord with fear,
and rejoice with trembling.
Kiss the Son, lest he be angry,
and you perish on the righteous path,
because his wrath is easily ignited.
Blessed are all who put their trust in him.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning,

jetzt und immerdar
und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

is now and forever,
and from eternity to eternity.
Amen.

I- also translated as "zithers" (a play on words)

In an era when only Europeans were taken seriously as conductors and classical musicians, **Leonard Bernstein** became the quintessential American conductor. Born in Lawrence, MA, he studied piano despite his father's opposition. After graduating Harvard, where he studied with Walter Piston, he attended the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia where he studied piano, conducting and composition, and was awarded the only "A" grade in conducting that his teacher Fritz Reiner ever gave. As a composer of both stage and concert works, he struggled to be taken seriously by each genre, even as he gained fame and popularity. His famous Carnegie Hall broadcast debut in 1943 when (as a young assistant conductor) he was asked to substitute for principal conductor Bruno Walter with just a few hours' notice, is the stuff of legend, and was the beginning of an in-demand career. From 1958 to 1969, Bernstein served as the principal conductor of the New York Philharmonic, during which time he conducted the orchestra for the *Young People's Concerts* television series.

Bernstein's longtime assistant Jack Gottlieb provided the cover notes for *Chichester Psalms*:

Every summer the Cathedral of Chichester in Sussex, England, joins choral forces with its neighbors, Winchester and Salisbury, to provide a music festival. (Chichester has a great musical tradition, going back to its famed organist-composer of the early 17th century, Thomas Weelkes.) For its 1965 Festival, Leonard Bernstein was commissioned to write these *Psalms*, which were completed on May 7, 1965. The world premiere took place on July 15, 1965 in New York, with the composer conducting the New York Philharmonic and the Camerata Singers, Abraham Kaplan, conductor. The first performance of the original version, as conceived for all-male choir, was heard on July 31, 1965, at Chichester.

The first movement starts with an opening chorale-like statement of Psalm 108, using the interval of a 7th which is important throughout the work (and all of Bernstein – many of us define the minor 7th with the tune "Somewhere" from *West Side Story*). This is followed by a joyful, dancelike setting of Psalm 100 in 7/4 meter. The second movement begins with a simple, lyrical solo for boy soprano or alto, accompanied by harp, depicting the young psalmist, David. The folk-like melody is repeated by the women in canon, and then interrupted dramatically by the men with "why do the nations rage?" The dichotomy of peace and war continues when the two psalms overlap – the men still threatening softly in the distance, the women "blissfully unaware of the threat" (as noted by the composer). The third movement begins with an instrumental meditation as the introduction to a comforting song. In a 1965 letter to the dean of Chichester Cathedral, Bernstein described this movement thus: "Begins with orchestral prelude based on the opening chorale, whose assertive harmonies have now turned to painful ones. There is a crisis; the tension is suddenly relieved, and the choir enters humbly and peacefully singing Psalm 131, complete, in what is almost a popular song (although in 10/4 time!). In this atmosphere of humility, there is a final chorale coda, (Ps. 133, v.1), a prayer for peace."

It seems the dean had actually asked for a "hint of *West Side Story*" in the work, and Jack Gottlieb (*Working with Bernstein*, Amadeus Press, 2010) explains how all three movements borrow from stage works. Psalms 108 and 100 (mvt. 1) both use material from an abandoned attempt to set music to Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

Movement 3 tune for Psalm 133 was a 'War Duet' in *Skin*, a tune which could not escape our mischievous name for it as 'Hawaiian Palms.' Movement 2 begins with a truncated version of an act 1, scene 1 song cut from *West Side Story* called 'Mix.' This was to have been sung by the Jets, and became the basis for the diatribe of Psalm 2. When Anita sings "We'll have our private little mix tonight" in the brilliant quintet from *WSS*, she gives a new twist to the cut number. In the movie version, as gangs get ready to mix it up in the Rumble, there is a building in the background with the word WAR painted on it in large letters. As the camera moves closer, the

background exposes the full word to be WAREHOUSE. The Psalmist may ask, 'why do the nations rage?' so as to question 'what are the Jets and Sharks doing in an English cathedral?' The reply, alas, is that warfare between teenage gangs is a microcosm of warring nations. That the composer was able to blend both of these wildly contrasting theater numbers into a fused setting with Hebrew words is a wonder to behold. (JG)

I. Psalm 108, vs. 2; Psalm 100

Urah, hanevel, v'chinar!
A'irah shaḥar!

Awake, psaltery and harp:
I will rouse the dawn!

Hari'u l'Adonai kol ha'aretz.
Iv'du et Adonai b'simḥa
Bo'u l'fanav bir'nanah.
D'u ki Adonai Hu Elohim.
Hu asanu, v'lo anaḥnu.
Amo v'tson mar'ito.
Bo'u sh'arav b'todah,
Ḥatzeirotav bit'hilah,
Hodu lo, bar'chu sh'mo.
Ki tov Adonai, l'olam ḥas'do,
V'ad dor vador emunato.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all you lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
Come before His presence with singing.
Know that the Lord, He is God.
He made us, and we are His.
We are His people and the sheep of His pasture.
Come unto His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise.
Be thankful unto Him and bless His name.
For the Lord is good, His mercy everlasting
And His truth endures to all generations.

II. Psalm 23; Psalm 2, vs.1-4

Adonai ro'i, lo eḥsar.
Bin'ot deshe yarbitseini,
Al mei m'nuḥot y'nahaleini,
Naf'shi y'shovev,
Yan'heini b'ma'aglei tzedek,
L'ma'an sh'mo.
Gam ki eilech
B'gei tsalmavet,
Lo ira ra,
Ki Atah imadi.
Shiv't'cha umishan'techa
Hemah y'naḥamuni.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
He leads me beside the still waters,
He restores my soul,
He leads me in the paths of righteousness,
For His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk
Through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
For You are with me.
Your rod and Your staff
They comfort me.

Lamah rag'shu goyim
Ul'umim yeh'gu rik?
Yit'yatz'vu malchei eretz,
V'roznim nos'du yaḥad
Al Adonai v'al m'shiḥo.
N'natkah et mos'roteimo,
V'nashlichah mimenu avoteimo.
Yoshev bashamayim
Yis'ḥak, Adonai
Yil'ag lamo!

Why do the nations rage,
And the people imagine a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together
Against the Lord and against His anointed.
Saying, let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.
He that sits in the heavens
Shall laugh, and the Lord
Shall have them in derision!

Ta'aroach l'fanai shulchan
Neged tzor'rai
Dishanta vashemen roshi
Cosi r'vayah
Ach tov vaḥesed

You prepare a table before me
In the presence of my enemies,
You anoint my head with oil,
My cup runs over.
Surely goodness and mercy

Yird'funi kol y'mei hayai
V'shav'ti b'veit Adonai
L'orech yamim.

Shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

III. Psalm 131; Psalm 133, vs.1

Adonai, Adonai,
Lo gavah libi,
V'lo ramu einai,
V'lo hilachti
Big'dolot uv'niflaot
Mimenu.
Im lo shiviti
V'domam'ti,
Naf'shi k'gamul alei imo,
Kagamul alai naf'shi.
Yahel Yis'rael el Adonai
Me'atah v'ad olam.

Lord, Lord,
My heart is not haughty,
Nor my eyes lofty,
Neither do I exercise myself
In great matters or in things
Too wonderful for me to understand.
Surely I have calmed
And quieted myself,
As a child that is weaned of his mother,
My soul is even as a weaned child.
Let Israel hope in the Lord
From now and forever.

Hineh mah tov,
Umah na'im,
Shevet aḥim
Gam yaḥad

Behold how good,
And how pleasant it is,
For brethren to dwell
Together in unity.

Nymphes des bois, also known as *La Déploration de Johannes Ockeghem*, is a lament composed by **Josquin des Prez** on the occasion of the death of his predecessor, Johannes Ockeghem, in February 1497. The piece, based on a poem by Jean Molinet and including the funeral text *Requiem Aeternam* as a *cantus firmus*, is in five voices. In the first of its two parts, Josquin cleverly mimics the contrapuntal style of Ockeghem. This chanson is one of Josquin's best-known works, and often considered one of the most haunting and moving memorial works ever penned (Willem Elders, 2013). In the final section of the chanson, Josquin returns to his own style of counterpoint with a clear canonic imitation in the tenors, as he calls out to all of his fellow composers to also lament the death of their great teacher.

Requiem eternam dona eis Domine
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant unto them eternal rest, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Nymphes des bois, déesses des fontaines,
Chantres experts de toutes nations,
Changez vos voix tant clères et haultaines
En cris trenchans et lamentations.
Car Atropos, très terrible satrape,
A vostre Ockeghem atrappé en sa trappe,
Vraiy trésorier de musique et chief d'oeuvre,
Doct, élégant de corps et non point trappé.
Grant dommaige est que la terre le coeuvre.

Wood-nymphs, goddesses of the fountains,
Skilled singers of all nations,
Change your voices so clear and proud
To sharp cries and lamentation.
For Atropos¹, terrible satrap²,
Has caught your Ockeghem in her trap,
The true treasurer of music and master,
Learned, handsome and by no means stout.
Great pity that the earth should cover him.

Acoustrez vous d'habits de deuil,
Josquin, Pierson, Brumel, Compère,
Et plourez grosses larmes d'oeil,
Perdu avez vostre bon père.

Clothe yourselves in mourning,
Josquin, Pierson, Brumel, Compère,
And weep great tears from your eyes,
For you have lost your good father.

Requiescant in pace.
Amen.

May they rest in peace.
Amen.

- 1- the Fate whose role was to cut the thread of human life with her shears
- 2- ruler

Michigan-born composer and pianist **William McClelland** currently lives in New Jersey. His music has been performed and commissioned by organizations throughout North America including Cerddorion Vocal Ensemble, Vox Humana, C4: The Choral Composer/Conductor Collective, William Appling Singers & Orchestra, Quintet of the Americas, and others. He has collaborated on a number of works with author Ian Frazier as well as on projects with visual artists Vitaly Komar and Alex Melamid. He has been the recipient of grants and awards from Meet the Composer, ASCAP, the Aaron Copland Fund, Dance Theater Workshop, the Four Freedoms Awards, Vassar College, and others. His recording of choral works on Albany Records, *The Revenge of Hamish*, performed by William Appling Singers & Orchestra, has received international acclaim.

About *These Last Gifts*, McClelland writes: “My piece is a setting of Robert Fitzgerald’s translation of an elegiac poem by the Latin poet Gaius Valerius Catullus (84-54 BC). The poem spoke powerfully to me as it addresses the premature death of a brother, something I experienced myself. It was on a journey to Bithynia, what is today a part of northwestern Turkey, that Catullus visited the grave of his brother and wrote this remarkable elegy.”

By strangers’ coasts and waters, many days at sea,
I came here for the rites of your unworlding,
Bringing for you, the dead, these last gifts of the living
And my words—vain sounds for the man of dust.
Alas, my brother, you have been taken from me.
You have been taken from me,
By cold chance turned a shadow, and my pain.
Here are the foods of the old ceremony,
Appointed long ago for the starvelings under earth:
Take them: your brother’s tears have made them wet;
And take into eternity my hail and my farewell.

Veljo Tormis (notes by Tiia Järg) is one of the most prominent creative personalities in Estonian music. His works, especially in the field of choral music, are characterized by extraordinarily sensitive and careful treatment of folklore. In addition to Estonian folk songs (“Estonian Calendar Songs” 1967), Tormis became more and more interested in the folk music of neighboring kinsmen (“Livonian Heritage” 1970, “Votic Wedding Songs” 1971).

In 1972, the composer finally wrote down the choir poem *Curse Upon Iron*, which became a jubilee present for the Tallinn Chamber Choir, which first performed the song in Tartu on May 6, 1973 with conductor Arvo Ratassepp. Some other choirs started to perform it as well; it was sung in Finland, Hungary, America and Russia. It has also been recorded and has been the basis of a TV film and music video.

The musical material of this particular piece is similar to a folk melody in its structure. Ostinato gives the work magic and suggestive power. Devices derived from traditional folklore have been united with the expressive means of contemporary choir technique. Tormis’ protest against the destructive powers of iron is especially effective because of the primeval nature of the work.

Everything created by man may turn against man himself if he starts using his creation without attention to ethics. According to folk wisdom, knowledge about the essence and creation of things will give people power over them. Tormis turns to Finnish incantations. The incantation to iron, from the 9th rune of “Kalevala,” serves as the basis for the text. In several of his works, Tormis has reminded his contemporaries of everlasting moral values from the distant past. Tormis is suggesting that when people become alienated from primeval truths, it

finally ends in disaster, not so much for the individual as for the nation. He stresses the necessity for preserving the continuity of sovereign cultures in many of his works (“Forgotten Peoples,” “Estonian Ballads”). A man can survive in the era of machines only when life’s ethical norms are sacred to him.

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Ohoi evil, cursed iron!
Flesh consuming, bone devouring,
Spilling blood, devouring virtue!
Whither comes your cruel cunning,
Haughtiness so overbearing?

Fie! upon you, evil iron!
Your beginnings reek of malice.
You have risen from villainy!

From above the earth appeared
Fiery maidens in the heavens,
Heavily with milk a-laden,
Spilling milk upon the marshes.

Black, the liquid from one maiden,
Turning into ductile iron.
White milk flowing from the other,
Tempered steel from this arising.
From the third a crimson liquid,
Cursed, rusty ore created.

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Ohoi evil, cursed iron!
Then you were not high and mighty,
Not so mighty, not so haughty,
When you slumbered in the swampland,
When you suffered in the marshes.

Fie upon you, evil iron!
Your beginnings reek of malice.
You have risen from villainy!

Then a wolf came running hither,
Bear a-rambling over yonder.
Footprints stirring in the swampland,
Traces from the swamp arising
Giving rise to iron seedlings
In the shadows of the wolf prints,
In the traces of the bear tracks.

Ohoi wretched child of bogland,
Born of rust and milk of maidens!
Tell me who made you so angry!
Who set you to evil doings?

Death came riding through the marshes

Plague along the wintry byways,
Til they found the iron seedlings
Resting in the lowly swampland.

Then great death began to utter,
Killer plague began intoning:
In a pinegrove on a hillside,
In a field behind the village,
Far beyond the farmer's granges.
Here will be the fateful forging!
Here a furnace I will fashion,
Mighty fanning bellows anchor!

Here I'll set the iron boiling!
Blast the rusty ore to flaming!
Pound the iron full of fury!

Iron quaked and iron quivered,
Quaked and quivered, tossed and trembled,
When he heard the call for fire,
Heard the iron's angry summons.

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Then you were not high and mighty,
Not so mighty, not so haughty!
Moaning in the blazing furnace,
Whining under beating anvils.

Droned the old man on the oven
Groaned the greybeard from the furnace:
"Iron stretches out like tallow,
Dripping down like oozing spittle,
Flowing from the blazing furnace,
Seeping from the scalding fire."

Yet the iron, soft and gentle,
Must be toughened, must be tempered,
Turned into steel defiant.

"Get the spittle from a serpent!
Bring the venom from a viper!
Iron would not harbor evil,
If it had no serpent spittle
Had no murky viper venom."

Droned the old man on the oven,
Groaned the greybeard from the furnace:
"Shelter us, Supreme Creator!
Grant us safety, God Almighty..."

Changing eras, modern deities.
Cannons, airplanes, tanks, armed warfare.

Cannons, tanks, airplanes.

...So that mankind will not perish,
Future children be protected...

New steel and iron,
Transformed into precise evil,
Powerful killers
Armed with automated guiding devices,
Armed with nuclear warheads
Useless against all defenses.

...From destruction, from extinction,
Ever part of God's creation."

Knives, spears, axes,
Halberds², sabers,
Slings, tomahawks, boomerangs,
Bows and arrows, rocks and clubs,
Claws and teeth, sand and salt,
Dust and tar, napalm and coal.

Innovations, far-reaching, technical,
Electronic, ultimate...

Ready to fly in any direction,
Stay undeflected, striking target forcefully.
Annihilate, knocking out of action,
Obliterate, render hopelessly impotent.
Killing, killing with iron, steel!

Steel and iron, chromium,
Titanium, uranium, plutonium
And multitudes of elements with iron.

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Sword, begetter of all warfare!
Golden guardian of the swamp ore,
Steel that's kith³ and kin to evil.

Fie upon you, evil iron!
You and I are from the same seed,
From the same earth we have sprouted.

From the same good soil we harken,
You and I, we share this planet,
Bound to share the earth together,
Earth that will us all recover,
Earth enough for all, forever.

1- exclamation of disgust

2- a combined spear and battle-ax

3- friends

Vaclovas Augustinas, composer and choral conductor, graduated from the Lithuanian Academy of Music and since 1992 has been director of the famous Vilnius-based chamber choir Jauna Muzika, who premiered *Anoj pusėj Dunojėlio* in 2006. The simple and beautiful tune is a traditional Lithuanian song that the composer learned as a child from his father. Augustinas' compositional approach blends traditional tonal harmony and imitative polyphony with more contemporary techniques, including overtone singing and improvisation.

Anoj pusėj Dunojėlio pievelė žaliavo grėbė pulkas mergužėlių grėbdamos dainavo.	On the other bank of the river a meadow grew green; several virgins were raking grass and they sang while they worked.
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Nedainuokit, mergužėlės, tų gaudžių dainelių. Negraudinkit man širdelės jaunam kareivėliui.	“Do not sing, my virgins, these doleful songs. Do not sadden my heart,” said a young soldier.
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Gul kareivėlis pašautas nuo karės pašautas, stovi juodbėris žirgelis kamanoms pamautas.	There lay a dead soldier shot in the battle; there also stood his black steed with his bridle still on.
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Eik, žirgeli juodbėrėli, ką aš pasakysiu. Aš ant tavo kamanėlių laiškelį rašysiu.	Come, black steed, I shall tell you something. On your little bridle I will write a letter.
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Tykus Tykus ("Quietly Quietly") was completed in May 2010 and premiered in October 2010 by the chamber choir Brevis. It was awarded first prize from over eighty submissions at the 2010 Lithuanian national competition for choral compositions. This piece is based on a Lithuanian folk tune about a young lad on a horse (a common theme in Lithuanian folklore) who seduces a young lady and, instead of marrying her, moves away to the battle.

Tai tykus bernelis, Tai tykus raitelis, Tai tykiai privilioj Mergelę klėtėlėn.	What a quiet lad, what a calm rider, how quietly he enticed away a maiden into the granary.
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Žalią rūtų vainikėlį	Green rue ¹ crown
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Tai tykiai nuėmė Rūtų vainikėlį, Tai tykiai numovė Aukselio žiedelį.	How calmly he took away her maidenhood, how quietly he worked off her golden ring.
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Bernelis pabudo, Nelaimę pajuto - An žirgelio sėdo, Ir vainelę jojo.	But suddenly he awaked and sensed danger - took a horse and moved away to the battle.
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1- a national herb of Lithuania, often associated in folk songs with virginity and maidenhood

Pūt, vējiņi is one of more than one million documented Latvian folksongs. It became the unofficial national hymn of Latvia during almost fifty years of Soviet occupation after World War II, when sacred music was banned. The song helped Latvians maintain their national identity during this period. To this day, they become very emotional when singing the song, frequently performed in the Latvian summer song festivals, involving a massed choir of nearly 25,000 singers and more than 100,000 spectators in a stadium built expressly for choral singing (notes from the publisher). **Imant Ramiņš** was born in Latvia and emigrated to Canada at an early age, studying at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, the Akademie Mozarteum (Salzburg), the University of British Columbia and the University of Toronto. He is the founding conductor of the Prince George Symphony, Aura Chamber Choir and Nova Children's Choir. As a composer, he is especially known for his choral works and has received many commissions and awards including the Canadian Choral Conductors National Choral Award (1990, 1994). He is known for his lush textures and melodic sense.

Pūt, vējiņi, dzen laiviņu, Aizden mani Kurzemē. Kurzemiece man solīja Sav' meitiņu malējiņ'! Solīt sola bet nedeva, Teic' mani lielu dzērājiņu'.	Blow, wind, sail my boat, send me to Kurzeme. A woman from Kurzeme promised me her daughter as a bride. She promised, but did not fulfill the promise, called me a drunkard.
Kuru krogu es izdzēru, Kam noskrēju kumeliņ'?	Where is the tavern where I drank too much, at which I lost my horse?
Pats par savu naudu dzēru, Skrēju savu kumeliņu.	I drank with my own money, and rode my own horse.
Pats precēju līgaviņu Tēvs, māmiņa nezināj'!	I married the maiden without her dad or mom knowing.

James Syler was born in Hyde Park, NY and raised in New York and Florida. He received a Bachelor of Music degree from Northern Illinois University in 1983 and a Master of Music degree from the University of Miami in 1988. In 1991, he continued his studies at the University of Texas at Austin, where he has been on the faculty since 2001. Equally at ease with modern and traditional techniques, his compositions have been noted for their lyricism and drama. His compositional interests move between orchestral, wind ensemble, choral and chamber forms. Syler has developed a personal style that is eclectic, energetic and innovative, yet able to communicate with diverse audiences. His works have been performed nationally and internationally and he has won numerous awards and commissions.

Dear Sarah is a dramatic SATB and piano setting of a Civil War letter written by Major Sullivan Ballou to his wife. Ballou was a young lawyer from Rhode Island who died at the first Battle of Bull Run, just one week after writing this letter. The music is warm and poignant; it alternates between the writer's voice and the reader's voice through interweaving male and female voices. It was completed in 1998 and commissioned by Canto Spiritus Chorus, San Antonio Choral Society and Palm Beach Atlantic College.

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. And lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more...

I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter... how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the Revolution. And I am willing - perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life, and to pay that debt...

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but

Omnipotence can break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly with all those chains to the battle field.

The mem'ries of blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me... but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar, that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me, it will whisper your name.

But, O Sarah! if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights... always, always, and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for me, for we shall meet again...

We follow this with an arrangement of the Civil War song *Lorena*, first published in 1857 and very popular with both Confederate and Union soldiers who longed to be reunited with their sweethearts. Although it sounds like a folksong, it was actually composed in 1856 by **Joseph P. Webster**, to a poem by the Rev. Henry D.L. Webster. Joseph Webster is perhaps best known as the composer of "In the Sweet By and By." This arrangement was composed for the Yale Glee Club, who first performed the piece in 2009. **Jeffrey Douma** is the Director of the Yale Glee Club and a Professor of Choral Conducting at the Yale School of Music. He is the founding Director of the Yale Choral Artists and serves as Artistic Director of the Yale International Choral Festival. He earned a Bachelor of Music Degree from Concordia College (Moorhead, MN) and holds both Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees in Conducting from the University of Michigan. Douma has appeared as guest conductor throughout the world and choirs under his direction have appeared across the world. An advocate of new music, Douma established the Yale Glee Club Emerging Composers Competition as well as the Fenno Heath Award, and has premiered new works by such composers as Bright Sheng, Dominick Argento, Ned Rorem, Lee Hoiby, and James MacMillan.

I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on, nor heed life's bitter storm."

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.
But my heart beats on as warmly now,
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never bend so low
As down affection's cloudless sky.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than you ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prosper'd well --
But then, 'tis past, the years are gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! nor heed life's bitter storm."

Tim Laciano is a conductor and composer currently pursuing a master's degree in conducting at the University of Michigan under Jerry Blackstone. Tim is a graduate of Yale College, where he studied conducting with Jeffrey Douma and Toshiyuki Shimada. At Yale, he served as the music director of the Davenport Pops

Orchestra, an undergraduate assistant conductor, accompanist, and section leader for the Yale Glee Club, and a frequent theatre music director and orchestrator. Tim has worked for the Williamstown Theatre Festival and the College Light Opera Company and is currently an accompanist for the University of Michigan Department of Musical Theatre. He is the recipient of the Yale Glee Club's Fenno Heath Award for New Yale Songs and the Yale Music Department's Bach Society Prize, as well as a two-time winner of the Harmonium Choral Society Composition Contest.

Musica Donum was commissioned by the Yale Alumni Chorus for the final concert of the second Yale International Choral Festival, which took place in New Haven in June 2015. The composer explains:

With this piece, I wished to create a reflection on the universal power of choral music. In order to celebrate the long history and tradition of choral music, I chose to utilize three different sets of text. Two of these have origins in the Renaissance: the opening two lines of a poem by Jean Molinet used by Josquin in his exquisite *La Déploration de Johannes Ockeghem* (1497) and an anonymous text, *Musica Dei donum optimi*, set by Orlando de Lassus (1576) and many other composers since. At the suggestion of a current member of the Yale Alumni Chorus, the third set of text was submitted by Yale alumni singers through social media and compiled by Jeffrey Douma, music director of the YAC, and myself. The resulting work incorporated all the singers of the festival in its double choir format, and, I hope, honors the unique communal experience of choral singing that events and organizations like the Yale International Choral Festival, the Yale Alumni Chorus, and Harmonium Choral Society embody. I am thrilled that Dr. Matlack has given this piece a new life beyond its initial use and is presenting it as intended once again as a companion piece to Bernstein's remarkable *Chichester Psalms*. I am deeply indebted to Harmonium for fostering in me a passion for choral music and for encouraging countless young composers through their annual high school composition contest.

Nymphes des bois, déesses des fontaines, Chantres experts de toutes nations...	Nymphs of the forest goddesses of the fountains, Skilled singers of all nations...
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Musica Unius donum optimi trahit homines, trahit deos: Musica truces mollit animos tristesque mentes erigit. Musica vel ipsas arbores et horridas movet feras cunctisque solatia prestans.	Music, the gift of the supreme One, draws men, draws gods; music makes savage souls gentle and uplifts sad minds; music moves the trees themselves and wild beasts, affording solace to all.
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We have the words
Shattering glass
We meet again
Filling spaces
You hear the sound but you cannot tell from where it has come or where it is going
It grows and grows

Amici usque ad aras	Continuing friendship until death
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Wonderment
And I keep singing
Songs of home
Begin and cease, and then again begin

Nymphes des bois, O chant'encore!	Nymphs of the forest, sing again!
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