



Fear Not

December 9th & 10th 2017

The Garden

Fear Not

Ted Roper, Caitlyn Roper, Nicholas Herrick, Rachel Clark

Maringa Krismes

Jesus Christ the Apple Tree

Mickey McGrath

Adam Lay Ybounden

The Garden

Laura Quinn

Prayers from the Heart

Beatus Vir

Anna Macleod, Katie Hendrix, Jake Sachs, Matthew Onigman, Ken Short, Matthew Lee

Completing the Circle

Aleih Neiri

Mercedes Pesceovich

Fear Not, For Behold

Angelus ad Pastores

Friede auf Erden

Gloria from Missa Kenya

Matthew Shurts; Eric Roper, percussion

INTERMISSION

Ne timeas Maria

Salut, Dame Sainte (men)

The Mirthful Heart (women)

John Lamb, bodhran

Fear No More from *Shakespeare Songs (Bk. VI)*

Today the Virgin*

CHAMBER SINGERS

*choralography by Linda Clark & PJ Livesey

Daniel Schreiner (b. 1990)

Sierra Leone, arr. Kitty Fadlu-Deen

Elizabeth Poston (1905-1987)

Carson Cooman (b. 1982)

Bobby McFerrin (b. 1950)

and Roger Treece

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Dale Trumbore (b. 1987)

Chaim Parchi (b. 1947)

arr. Joshua Jacobson

Hans Hassler (1564-1612)

Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951)

Paul Basler (b. 1963)

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Abbie Betinis (b. 1980)

Matthew Harris (b. 1956)

John Tavener (1944-2013)

The Journey

Lully, Lulla, Lullay
Leslie Adler

Philip WJ Stopford (b. 1977)

My Name is Lamiya: Don't Call Me "Refugee"
San José Lavaba
Beth Shirley, Dan Malloy, Jake Sachs

Michael Bussewitz-Quarm (b. 1971)
arr. Thomas Dunn (1925-2008)

The Wild Wood Carol
Eric Roper

John Rutter (b. 1945)

Welcome

Choral Fantasy on a Christmas Hymn
*Semi-Chorus: Jessica Bach, Kimberly Love, Regina McElroy, Peri Munter,
Laura Nolan, Alyssa Casazza, Mariam Bora*

Robert Buckley Farlee (b. 1950)

Funga Alafia (Welcome Song) *audience*
All of Us *from Considering Matthew Shepard*
Nancy Watson-Baker, Sarah Kuhns, Kim Williams

Liberian, arr. Ben Schroeder
Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

Instrumentalists

Piano: Helen Raymaker

Organ: Chris Hatcher

Violins: Ruth Zumstein, Nathan Thomas

Cello: Terrence Thornhill

Oboe: Teddy Love Additional strings: Jessica Bach, violin; Kimberly Love, viola

Percussion Team Leaders: Eric Roper, Michael Sutcliffe

The concept for this concert began as a modern-day lessons and carols. I wanted to show a trajectory from fear to redemption, which is found in the traditional Anglican Lessons and Carols service, but in a modern context including secular texts and many cultures. It was my way of programming relevantly in a time of deep uncertainty and anxiety for many. Of course, once I found so much amazing music, there was no room for actual readings, but I feel that the concept helped me shape the flow of the concert. To assist in the flow, please save applause for the places indicated by *****.

It was after I picked the theme that a search brought me to this amazing title piece, *Fear Not*. **Daniel Schreiner** wrote this work while pursuing an undergraduate degree in Choral/Vocal Music Education at Central Washington University, studying composition with Dr. Elaine Ross. He explains:

I began writing what later became *Fear Not* on the evening of September 11, 2012, the 11th anniversary of the horrific events of 9/11. Given the initial title "...for the victims," the musical fragments came about from the memories and emotions I could recall from that day. As the piece began to develop, however, I began to reflect on other recent events that have brought about similar emotions – natural disasters, conflicts in regions throughout the world, gunmen in communities and schools – so many events that seem to constantly weigh on our hearts and minds. While the start of the piece reflects the uncertainty and anguish of our times, the tone soon shifts to comfort and reassurance with

a voice that calls out “fear not, for I am with you.” With the introduction of the Psalm 23 text, the piece takes on a more personal meaning – the repeated phrase “I will fear no evil...” representing growing strength and reassurance. The piece ends on a peaceful, contented note – while we may feel lost in a world full of danger, evil, and sorrow, we should not be afraid for we are never alone.

Fear not.
Do not be afraid.

Oh Lord, how many are my foes.
Many are rising against me.
Many are saying of my soul
there is no salvation for him in God!

Fear not, for I am with you.
Do not be dismayed,
for I am your God.
I will not fail you,
I'll never leave you.

The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
Although I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil,
for God is with me.
I will fear no danger,
for God is with me.
I will fear no pain,
for God is with me.
I will fear no sorrow,
for God is with me.

The *maringa* was a dance rhythm popular in the 50s and 60s in Sierra Leone, popularized by Ebenezer Calendar, Sierra Leone's most famous song-writer/performer. *Maringa Krismes* is in Krio, with the verse from a traditional Christmas song, the coda from Calendar's “Faya, faya,” and put together with an original opening by the arranger, **Kitty Fadlu-Deen**. She was born in Singapore and is a graduate of University College Dublin and the University of York. She works as a music educator in Sierra Leone, where she lives with her husband. Love of her adopted country's music was inspiration for her co-founding of the Ballanta Academy of Music, Freetown in 1995. She is the author of the book *Milo and All That Jazz*.

Una kam le wi ol joyn
an fo sing Meri Krismes
en Api Nyu Yia.

Let us join together
to sing Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year.

Le wi sing, Meri Krismes
Le wi klap, Meri Krismes
Le wi dans, Meri Krismes
Le wi shek, Meri Krismes
Meri Krismes en Api Nyu Yia.

Let us sing, Merry Christmas,
let us clap, Merry Christmas,
let us dance, Merry Christmas,
let us shake. Merry Christmas;
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Meri Krismes mi no day o,
A tel God tenki mi no day o,
Krismes don kam,
Meri Krismes en Api Nyu Yia.

Merry Christmas, I'm not dead yet,
I thank God I'm not dead yet,
Christmas has come;
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

A traditional Lessons and Carols service begins with a reference to the Garden of Eden and humanity's fall from grace. Often this gorgeous carol, *Jesus Christ the Apple Tree*, by **Elizabeth Poston**, is then sung. Poston was an English composer, pianist, and writer, who was encouraged by both Peter Warlock and Ralph Vaughan Williams when she studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London. At the beginning of World War II she joined the BBC and became director of music in the European Service, and was later the president of the Society of Women Musicians. Poston composed scores for radio and television productions and collaborated with C. S. Lewis, Dylan Thomas, and other writers. The first known publication of the text *The Tree of Life My Soul Hath Seen* was in London's *Spiritual Magazine* in September 1761. This credits "R.H.", most likely Rev. Richard Hutchins, a Calvinist Baptist clergyman, with the text. The song alludes to the apple tree in Song of Solomon, a metaphor representing Christ, and the tree of life in the New Testament, as well as the Genesis Garden of Eden reference.

The tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit, and always green:
The trees of nature fruitless be
Compared with Christ the apple tree.

His beauty doth all things excel:
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the apple tree.

For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought:
I missed of all: but now I see
'Tis found in Christ the apple tree.

I'm weary with my former toil,
Here I will sit and rest awhile:
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the apple tree.

This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the apple tree.

Carson Cooman is an American composer with a catalog of hundreds of works in many forms – from solo instrumental pieces to operas, and from orchestral works to hymn tunes. His music has been performed on all six inhabited continents in venues that range from the stage of Carnegie Hall to the basket of a hot air balloon. As an active concert organist, Cooman specializes in the performance of contemporary music. In *Adam Lay Ybounden*, he sets this anonymous 15th century text (also traditionally found in the beginning of a Lessons and Carols service) with a driving rhythm and mixed meter. It was commissioned by Sewanee: The University of the South, Tennessee, in 2004.

Middle English

Adam lay ybounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter,
Thought he not too long.

And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkès finden,
Written in their book.

Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our Lady,
Abeen heav'nè queen.

Blessed be the time
That apple taken was,
Therefore we moun singen:
Deo gratias!

Modern English

Adam lay constrained,
bound by his sin;
for four thousand winters,
humanity lived with this sin.

It all was because of an apple,
the apple that Adam took,
as clerics have discovered
written in their book

If Adam hadn't eaten the apple,
the apple that he took,
Mary never would have become
Queen of Heaven.

Blessed was that time
when Adam ate the apple;
thus we may sing,
Thanks be to God!

Bobby McFerrin is hands-down the greatest vocal artist around today. Since 1982, he's released about a dozen major CDs, focusing on *a cappella* vocals (both solo and multi-tracked) and collaborations, with classical cellist Yo-Yo Ma and with jazz pianist Chick Corea and others. He has the distinction of begetting not only a phrase, but also a cultural mindset with his most famous recording, "Don't Worry, Be Happy." He appears extensively as a solo artist and as a conductor/singer with many leading symphony orchestras. (credit: Jeff Beshel)

McFerrin creates a fusion of sounds and does things with his voice that few can technically replicate. Co-composer/arranger **Roger Treece** worked with this South African influenced piece,

The Garden, from McFerrin's album "VOCABuLarieS" so that SATB *a cappella* groups could give it a go!

And there was day
And there was night
There was dark
And there was light

There was the earth
There was the sky
And there in the tree
There crawled a lie

There in Eden
There was good
There in the garden
Where the Tree of Life stood

There the snake was
There the pain
And we're tryin' to get back
To the garden again

There was fire
There was rain
There was talk
And there was shame

They were moanin'
They were cryin'
But there still is a glimmer
In the big man's eye

Claudio Monteverdi's compositional style spans the gap between the Renaissance and the Baroque. He defined two different kinds of compositional practices: the *prima prattica*, or old style that was still used for much church music, and the *secunda prattica*, the new style that "considers harmony not commanding but commanded, and makes words the mistress of harmony." *Beatus Vir*, from Monteverdi's great church music anthology, *Selve Morale e Spirituale* (1641), shows the text painting, virtuoso vocal writing and beginnings of a basso continuo characteristic of the *secunda prattica*, and the alternating of soloists, chorus and obligato instruments known as *stile concertato*. It is a dramatic, varied, and cheerful setting of Psalm 112.

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum:
in mandatis eius volet nimis.
Potens in terra erit semen eius:

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord:
he shall delight exceedingly in his commandments.
His seed shall be mighty upon earth:

generatio rectorum benedicetur.
Gloria et divitiae in domo eius:
et justitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi.
Exortium est in tenebris lumen rectis:
misericors et miserator et justus.
Jucundus homo qui miseretur et commodat
disponet sermones suos in iudicio:
quia in aeternum non commovebitur.
In memoria aeterna erit justus:
ab auditione mala non timebit.
Paratum cor ejus sperare in Domino
confirmatum est cor ejus:
non commovebitur
donec despiciat inimicos suos.
Dispersit dedit pauperibus
justitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi:
cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.
Peccator videbit et irascetur
dentibus suis fremet et tabescet:
desiderium peccatorum peribit.
Gloria Patri et Filio:
et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio,
et nunc et semper:
et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.
Glory and wealth shall be in his house:
and his justice remaineth forever and ever.
To the righteous a light is risen up in the darkness:
he is merciful and compassionate and just.
Joyful is the man that showeth mercy and lendeth;
he shall order his words with judgement:
for he will not be disturbed in eternity.
The just one shall be in everlasting remembrance:
he shall not fear bad news.
His heart is ready to hope in the Lord;
his heart is steadfast:
he shall not be moved
until he looks down upon his enemies.
He hath distributed and given to the poor;
his justice remaineth forever and ever:
his horn shall be exalted in glory.
The sinner shall see and become angry;
he shall roar through his teeth and waste away:
the desire of the wicked shall perish.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son:
and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning,
is and ever shall be:
world without end.
Amen.

Hailed by *The New York Times* for her “soaring melodies and beguiling harmonies,” **Dale Trumbore’s** compositions have been commissioned, awarded, and performed widely in the U.S. and internationally by a diverse group of outstanding ensembles since she won the Harmonium High School Composition Contest 12 years ago. These include ACDA, ACME, Boston New Music Initiative, Center City Opera Theater, Chanticleer, The Esoterics, Los Angeles Master Chorale, The Master Chorale of Tampa Bay, Northwest Symphony Orchestra, The Singers - Minnesota Choral Artists, VocalEssence and many more. Trumbore is composer-in-residence with Nova Vocal Ensemble (Glendale, CA) and her compositions are published by Boosey & Hawkes and G. Schirmer.

Completing the Circle was commissioned as part of the 2015 “Christmas Past, Christmas Future!” Carol Consortium (16 choirs from California to Baltimore—and Morristown!). *Glorious, Glorious*, which sets to music excerpts from the joyous final scene of Charles Dickens's classic *A Christmas Carol* was the other work in this commission set, and was premiered in NJ by Harmonium (it can be found on the *Spem in Alium* CD). Trumbore always uses poems as her starting point. She explains:

Though Barbara Crooker describes a modern Christmas, there is a timeless, even ancient sense of ritual in the way she depicts the season of Advent, “gathering branches / of green

pine... / making rings of fire / in wax and wood.” The memory of Christmases past can be bittersweet, too, and Crooker alludes to this in the darkness that winter brings: “days of grey / and iron nights.” Ultimately, memories – and Christmas carols themselves – offer us a link to the past as well as a comfort that can be felt even in the darkest nights of winter. *Completing the Circle* is dedicated with gratitude to the sixteen participating choruses of the Christmas Past, Christmas Future! Carol Consortium, who co-commissioned this piece along with *Glorious, Glorious*.

Advent,
with the women, waiting,
gathering branches
of green pine
in the dead of the year,
making rings of fire
in wax and wood;
completing the circle
with calls and cards,
wreathing the children
in cinnamon and choc'late,
stringing berries and corn,
stringing memories,
quilting them tightly,
in winter,
with the days of grey
and iron nights.

Chaim Parchi is a composer, teacher, performer, and artist from a family of Hebrew scribes. Parchi’s music finds its roots in both the Sephardic and Ashkenazic traditions. In 1979, Parchi and his family left Israel so that he could continue his graduate studies at Boston University in Massachusetts. He later became the music director of the Solomon Schechter Day School and began performing and recording Israeli and ethnic Jewish music publicly.

Joshua Jacobson is an acclaimed scholar and conductor and the founding director of the Zamir Chorale of Boston, a world-renowned ensemble specializing in Hebrew music. He has conducted workshops on choral music for various groups, including our collaboration last April with *Kol Dodi* at Oheb Shalom in the Interfaith Concert for Peace. His published editions of Hebrew music have created an invaluable resource for choirs. This Chanukah song, *Aleih Neiri*, is a beautiful celebration of light.

Aleih neiri, aleih haneir,
Haeir chadri, chadri haeir,
Aleih neiri, aleih uz’rach,
L’yeled kat, l’na-ar rach.

Rise up, my light, rise up and shine;
my candles glow with light divine.
See my menorah shining in the night,
for all the children basking in its light.

Aleih neiri, aleih haneir,
Haeir chadri, chadri haeir,

Rise up, my light, rise up and shine;
my candles glow with light divine.

Hayom lichag agil es'mach,
Aleih neiri, aleih uz'rach.

On Chanukah we celebrate and sing;
our prayers rise, our melodies take wing.

Aleih neiri, aleih haneir,
Haeir chadri, chadri haeir,
Aleih neiri, aleih maher,
Al rov nisim saper, saper.

Rise up, my light, rise up and shine;
my candles glow with light divine.
While candles burn, come tell us the tale
of God's great wonders in the land of Israel.

Aleih neiri, aleih haneir,
Haeir chadri, chadri haeir,
Al Macabi b'oz nil'cham,
Geireish oyeiv gaal haam.

Rise up, my light, rise up and shine;
my candles glow with light divine.
Come hear the story of Judah Maccabee,
the mighty hero who set our people free.

Hans Leo Hassler was the most distinguished German organist of his time, and a fine composer of both sacred and secular choral works. Born in Nuremberg, he was among the first German composers to study in Venice, and to combine Italian influence with traditional German compositional style. The charming Christmas motet *Angelus ad Pastores* begins in *stile antico* with flowing points of imitation, while the joyful "Alleluia" shows more of the rhythmic Venetian influence. Think how fearful the shepherds must have been, and how they were transformed by the reassurances of the angels!

Angelus ad pastores ait:
annuntio vobis gaudium magnum,
quia natus est vobis
hodie Salvator mundi.
Alleluia.

The angel said to the shepherds:
"I bring you tidings of great joy,
for the Savior of the world
has been born to you today."
Alleluia.

Fear not audience! This is not the twelve-tone **Schönberg** but the late-romantic style of his early years. The music pushes Romantic-era chromatic harmony to its limits and points towards the future when he would actually break the bonds. Written in 1907, perhaps the composer still believed in the possibility of peace on earth when he set the poem by C. F. Meyer, which expresses the hope that ever since the angels sang "peace on earth" at Christ's birth, the earth has been striving towards justice over violence. Born Jewish, Schönberg converted first to Roman Catholicism and later to Protestantism, finally returning to Judaism in 1933, as Hitler rose to power. Although it uses Christian imagery, *Friede auf Erden* expresses a universal message of peace. The music, although still tonal, is extremely complex in terms of harmony and counterpoint and developed a reputation of being impossible to perform. Because of this, Schönberg wrote a chamber orchestra accompaniment "intended to support only in case of intonation problems," which was used in the not-highly-successful first performance by the Vienna Philharmonic Choir in 1911. By 1923, beaten down by the atrocities of World War I and his own struggles for recognition, Schönberg wrote to conductor Herman Scherchen after a Frankfurt performance that he no longer believed in the possibility of peace on earth – or perfect unaccompanied intonation!

"Peace on Earth" is an illusion, as I know today, because when I composed it in 1907, I thought this pure harmony to be possible among human beings, and even was convinced that I could not exist without persisting in the demand that the pitch of notes should be

invariably maintained.

Still later, Schönberg's student Anton Webern, who considered it a sublime work, was able to stage successful unaccompanied performances with his workers' choir *Freie Typographie*, and the instrumental parts are now seldom used. Generations of university and pro-am choirs take up the challenge of finding harmony (in all senses of the word) in a challenging environment, possible.

Da die Hirten ihre Herde
Ließen und des Engels Worte
Trugen durch die niedre Pforte
Zu der Mutter mit dem Kind,
Fuhr das himmlische Gesind
Fort im Sternenraum zu singen,
Fuhr der Himmel fort zu klingen:
"Friede, Friede auf der Erde!"

As the shepherds left their flocks
And bore the angel's words
Through the low gate
To the mother with her child,
The heavenly host set forth
Into starry space to sing,
Heaven set forth to ring:
"Peace, peace on Earth!"

Seit die Engel so geraten,
O wie viele blut'ge Taten
Hat der Streit auf wildem Pferde,
Der geharnischte, vollbracht!
In wie mancher heil'gen Nacht
Sang der Chor der Geister zagend,
Dringlich flehend, leis verklagend:
"Friede, Friede auf der Erde!"

Since the time of the angels' counsel,
Oh how many bloody deeds
Has strife on its wild horse,
Perpetrated for those who rage!
During how many holy nights
Has the choir of spirits apprehensively sung,
Urgently pleading, gently complaining:
"Peace, peace on Earth!"

Doch es ist ein ew'ger Glaube,
Daß der Schwache nicht zum Raube
Jeder frechen Mordgebärde
Werde fallen allezeit:
Etwas wie Gerechtigkeit
Webt und wirkt in Mord und Grauen
Und ein Reich will sich erbauen,
Das den Frieden sucht der Erde.

Yet it is an eternal belief
That the weak will not forever
Fall to the predation of every
Impudent murderous gesture:
Something like justice
Weaves and knits in murder and horror
And a realm wants to be built
That seeks out peace on Earth.

Mählich wird es sich gestalten,
Seines heil'gen Amtes walten,
Waffen schmieden ohne Fährde,
Flammenschwerter für das Recht,
Und ein königlich Geschlecht
Wird erblüht mit starken Söhnen,
Dessen helle Tuben dröhnen:
"Friede, Friede auf der Erde!"

Gradually it will take shape,
Carrying out its holy office,
Forging weapons without danger,
Flaming swords for justice,
And a regal lineage
Will blossom with strong sons,
Whose bright tubas resound:
"Peace, peace on Earth!"

Paul Basler, 1993-94 Fulbright Senior Lecturer in music at Kenyatta University (Nairobi, Kenya), is currently professor of music at the University of Florida (1995-96 Teacher of the Year). One of the most performed composers of his generation, and the recipient of many grants, Basler is also

an accomplished horn player. *Gloria* is the 2nd mvt. of the *Missa Kenya*. Basler explains:

Missa Kenya was written in June 1995 for the University of Florida Concert Choir. The concept of writing a Mass had been occupying my thoughts on and off for the past 14 years, and my residency in Kenya helped bring the work forward, giving it form and stylistic, tonal integrity. Much of the music and gestures owe their existence to East African choral traditions, fusing together Kenyan musical styles with references to late 20th century American “classical” music – creating a “synthesis” of sorts between two musical cultures. In many ways, this is my gift to the warm, loving friends I left behind in Nairobi. It is a work of great celebration colored with a bit of Catholic mysticism.

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,
goodwill to all people.
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.

Tomás Luis de Victoria was the most prolific and well-known composer of 16th century Spain. He was sent to Rome to prepare for the priesthood, and fell under the influence of Palestrina. A large part of his life was spent as priest and musician for dowager Empress Maria, widow of the Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian II, in a convent in Madrid. His works, which include many masses, motets, and liturgical settings, are known for their mystical fervor. *Ne timeas Maria* sets the Angel Gabriel’s annunciation text in seamlessly flowing points of imitation that rise and fall exquisitely. The word “ecce” is well set-out like a little trumpet call, while the moment in the middle when the angel informs her “and he shall be called” is set apart by being homophonic, followed by text painting in the rising intervals that set the word “altissimi” (“highest”).

Ne timeas Maria,
invenisti enim gratiam apud Dominum:
ecce concipies in utero et paries filium,
et vocabitur Altissimi Filius.

Fear not, Mary,
for you have found favor with the Lord:
behold, you shall conceive and bring forth a son,
and he shall be called the Son of the Most High.

Francis Poulenc was a child of Paris and a mixture of eclectic influences. His cosmopolitan, cultured mother taught him piano beginning at age five, while his provincial father was a devout Roman Catholic. His musical training began with the Spanish pianist Ricardi Vines, who introduced him to Satie, the surrealist Jean Cocteau, and Stravinsky. By the time he was 17, he became part of an avant-garde group of young composers dubbed “Les Six” – Poulenc, Auric, Durey, Honegger, Milhaud and Tailleferre – who sought clarity and emotional restraint in their compositions. A turning point in Poulenc’s life came in the summer of 1936 when he received news that his close friend, musician Pierre-Octave Ferroud, had been killed in a car accident. Retreating to a pilgrimage site at Rocamour, with its statue of the Black Virgin, affected him both emotionally and spiritually. For the rest of his life, Poulenc was inspired by his rediscovered religious fervor, and turned more and more to sacred music. Poulenc said he thought his sacred choral music represented “the best and most genuine part” of himself. *Salut, Dame Sainte* is the first movement of the *Quatre petites prières de Saint François d’Assise (Four Little Prayers of St. Francis of Assisi)* for men’s voices, published in 1949. These motets are intimate, and include high levels of dissonance alternating with sweet and diatonic moments, chosen to illuminate the emotional impact of the text.

Salut, Dame Sainte,
reine très sainte, Mère de Dieu,
O Marie qui êtes vierge perpétuellement,
élue par le très saint Père du Ciel,
consacrée par Lui
avec son très saint Fils bien aimé
et l’Esprit Paraclet,
vous en qui fut et demeure
toute plénitude de grâce et tout bien!
Salut, palais; salut, tabernacle;
salut, maison; salut, vêtement;
salut, servante; salut, mère de Dieu!
Et salut à vous toutes, saintes vertus,
qui par la grâce
et l’illumination du Saint Esprit,
êtes versées dans les cœurs des fidèles et,
d’infidèles que nous sommes,
nous rendez fidèles à Dieu.

Hail, holy Lady,
queen most holy, Mother of God,
O Mary, who art a virgin perpetually,
chosen by the most holy Lord of Heaven,
consecrated by him
with his most holy well-beloved Son
and the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete¹:
thou in whom was and remains
all fullness of grace and all goodness!
Hail, palace; hail, shrine;
hail, house; hail, clothing;
hail, serving woman; hail, Mother of God!
And hail to all of you, holy virtues,
which by the grace
and illumination of the Holy Ghost
are poured into the hearts of the faithful and,
from being unfaithful as we are,
render us faithful to God.

1- Holy Spirit (advocate/helper)

Reviewed as “most audacious ... edgy and thrilling,” the music of **Abbie Burt Betinis** has been heard in some of the finest concert halls in the United States, and is enjoying growing acclaim abroad. She has been commissioned by more than 40 music organizations including the

American Suzuki Foundation, Cantus, The Dale Warland Singers, and The Schubert Club. She holds degrees from St. Olaf College and the University of Minnesota, and has done post-graduate work at the European American Musical Alliance in Paris, where she studied harmony and counterpoint in the tradition of Nadia Boulanger. A McKnight Artist Fellow, Betinis has also received grants and awards from the American Composers Forum, ASCAP, The Jerome Foundation, and The Minnesota Music Educators Association. A three-time cancer survivor, Abbie lives in Saint Paul, MN. Abbie explains the inspiration for *The Mirthful Heart*:

Since 2001, I've been writing an annual carol to send in my family's Christmas card – a family tradition begun by my great-grandfather Bates Burt in 1922, and passed through my great uncle Alfred Burt. In 2012, I surely read over a hundred Christmas and winter poems looking for just the thing I wanted to say to friends and family – a year which, for the United States, brought divisive politics, devastating natural disasters, and tragic shootings. On a personal note, I lost three influential women and role-models in my life: my grandmother, my great-aunt, and my godmother. These hardships make me wonder how we – the living – make sense of life, despite this tragic world. What propels us, indeed, compels us to keep going, even when it's so hard to make sense of loss? I think Grace Fallow Norton, born in Northfield, MN in 1876, provides an answer in this poem from 1914. Her words inspire me to believe that, even in a dreary world, it's possible – if indeed also absurd – to hold this “strange carnival” of joy in our hearts.

Without, a city's whirling dust,
A city's alley-wall;
Without, a bleak, pale strip of sky.
Within, high festival.

Without, no greeting on the street,
From the hurrying crowd no smile.
Within, my heart's bold pageant moves
In glorious solemn file.

Noel, noel, noel, noel...

There was no call for revel.
Day, who summons us each morn,
Came forth in dreariest garb and blew
No gala herald-horn.

But slave of day I am not -- nay,
Her mistress still, I wield
The crystal sceptre of my mood,
Bearing my dream's white shield.

Exultant, rapture-flooded, mad
With mystic inner mirth,
My heart holds her strange carnival

Unseen of all the earth.

Noel, noel, noel, noel...

Composer **Matthew Harris** lives in New York City, where he works as a musicologist. He studied at The Juilliard School, New England Conservatory and Harvard University, and has received numerous grants and awards. His six books of *Shakespeare Songs* are justifiably popular with choruses. Harmonium has performed them in various concerts, as well as his major cantata *Oceanic Eyes*, and commissioned and premiered his major Christmas oratorio, *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, in 2002. Matthew also serves as a judge for our High School Composition Contest. *Shakespeare Songs* are a *cappella* musical settings of the lyrics to songs in Shakespeare's plays, in styles ranging from modern madrigal to a little bit of jazz and rock. Book VI was premiered in 2009 by The Voce Chamber Singers in Virginia. Harris says, "**Fear No More** is an elegy which describes death so soothingly, it almost becomes a lullaby." At the end of this piece, Harris quotes himself: the lullaby section of "You Spotted Snakes" (which we recently sang at Halloween) as a soothing benediction. The text is from *Cymbaline*.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must ¹
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure² rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign³ to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear⁴ thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation⁵ have;
And renowned be thy grave!

1- "the king, teacher, and doctor must"

2- condemnation

- 3- co-sign (signing up to the same fate)
- 4- to leave alone
- 5- the ultimate end (death)

Following the opposite of Schönberg's path, English composer **John Tavener** shifted from twelve-tone music towards a "holy minimalism" after converting to Russian Orthodox Christianity in 1977. He began traveling frequently to Greece and began to refer to his music as "icons in sound." He is famous for the exotic Eastern Orthodox mysticism that infused his many choral works; his *Song for Athene* was sung at the funeral of Princess Diana. Composer John Rutter described Tavener as having the "very rare gift" of being able to "bring an audience to a deep silence." *Today the Virgin* was premiered in December 1989 by the Choir of Westminster Abbey. It varies refrains ending with progressively longer "alleluias" with verses alternating the voice of Mary (sopranos) and Joseph (tenors).

Today the Virgin comes to the cave
To give birth to the Word eternal:

Refrain:

Rejoice, O World,
With the Angels and the Shepherds
Give glory to the Child!
Alleluia!

Mary my wife, O Mary my wife!
What do I see?
I took you blameless before the Lord
From the priests of the Temple.
What do I see?

Refrain

Joseph the Bridegroom,
O Joseph the Bridegroom!
Do not fear.
God in his mercy has come down to earth,
He takes flesh in my womb
For all the world to see.

Refrain

Mary, my Bride,
O Mary my Bride,
What do I see?
You, a virgin giving birth.
Strange mystery!

Refrain

Warned by the Angel we believe
That Mary gives birth inexplicable
To the infant, Christ, our God.

Refrain

In the darkest part of the Christmas story, Herod, in his jealousy, orders the death of all babies in Bethlehem (the “Slaughter of the Innocents”) so as to thwart the prophecy of a great King’s birth, thus paralleling in the New Testament the slaughter of the firstborns by Pharaoh. The text of *Lully, Lulla, Lullay* (known as the “Coventry Carol”) comes from a nativity play that was one of the Coventry Mystery Plays, originally performed by the city's guilds, from the 14th century onwards. **Philip WJ Stopford’s** setting is simple and haunting, written for the glorious acoustic of St. Anne’s, Belfast, where he was director of music from 2003 to 2010, the youngest Anglican cathedral organist at the time. He has also worked at Truro, Canterbury, and Chester Cathedrals, and since January 2016, has been director of music at Christ Church, Bronxville.

Refrain:

Lully, lulla, lully, lulla,
By, by, lully, lullay.
Lully, lulla, thou little tiny child,
By, by, lully, lullay.

O sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day?
This poor youngling, for whom we sing
By, by, lully, lullay.

Refrain

Herod, the king, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day.
His men of might in his own sight,
All young children to slay.

Refrain

That woe is me, poor child for thee,
And ever morn and day.
For thy parting neither say nor sing,
By, by, lully, lullay.

Refrain

In the continuation of the Biblical story, the Holy Family is warned in a dream to flee from Herod, and spend time as refugees in Egypt. This inspired me to include the piece from the *Child*

Refugee Awareness Consortium, My Name is Lamiya: Don't Call Me "Refugee," by **Michael Bussewitz-Quarm**, a New York-based composer, conductor, and educator. Some of Michael's most recent works include *The Road That Has No End*, commissioned by the Huntington Choral Society, and the *Requiem Dies Magna*, premiered in September by Long Island Voices and Sound Symphony under Michael's direction. Last year, the Harmonium Chamber Singers premiered *I'll Fly Away* in April, and the full group presented the world premiere of *The Rainy Day* this past June. Currently, Michael is working on *The Great American Choral Reef* to be premiered on Earth Day 2019. Michael also is active in advocating for the transgender community.

As for the *Child Refugee Awareness Consortium*, Michael writes:

The project started for me by wanting to give a voice to child refugees and wanting to spread the word that there are millions of children without homes who have lost everything. When I was ready to form a consortium, I thought back to this poem I saved on my computer. I contacted the publisher, Betty, who lives in California. She was very excited about the project and was committed to helping me locate Lamiya, who now lives in Baku, but she didn't know where. She reached out to her contact in Paris who has connections to the journalist field in Baku (Azerbaijan's capital, where Lamiya was located with her family at nine years old), and incredibly, they located her. 50% of the commission is going to Lamiya, which Betty has delivered herself, traveling to Baku.

Michael wants choirs to insert names of refugees in their own community as well as the ones he suggests, and we have used Maxi, Lona, and Mohammed, children in a Syrian family who live in Morris County and are sponsored by RAMP. We also honor Kwadzo from Togo, who we learned about from Cantor Joel Caplan in Caldwell.

My life, my destiny
Has been so painful, please don't call me "refugee."
My heart aches, my eyes cry,
I beg of you, please don't call me "refugee."

It feels like I don't even exist in the world,
As if I'm a migrant bird far away from my land
Turning back to look at my village.
I beg of you, don't call me "refugee."

Oh, the things I've seen during these painful years,
The most beautiful days I've seen in my land,
I've dreamed only about our house.
I beg of you, don't call me "refugee."

San José Lavaba is an arrangement by **Thomas Dunn** of a *villancico* from Soria in north-central Spain. It is a "domestic" carol in which Mary and Joseph work together to care for the baby, while bemoaning the hardship of life. The excitement of the nativity is over, and they are about to move on without the angel. The chorus imitates the strumming of guitars and tambourines,

while the soloists carry the story. Dunn was a prominent American musician/editor known for his performances of Baroque music. He is considered an important figure in the development of the 20th century early music revival and adoption of historically informed performance practices in the United States, and served as music director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston from 1967 until 1986. In his later years, he concentrated on composing and arranging, working through his publisher *Cantate Press* of Denville, NJ (John Floreen).

San José lavaba,
La Virgen tendía,
y el Niño lloraba de frío que hacía.
Calla hijo mío, que ya bajará,
un angel del cielo y te acallará.
San José le dijo a Gila:
¿Gila, como no has venido?
A bailar con los pastores
al son del tamborillo.

Saint Joseph was washing,
the Virgin was hanging the clothes out to dry,
and the baby was crying because of the cold there.
Hush, my boy, there will come down
an angel from heaven to comfort you.
Saint Joseph says to Gabriel:
"Gabriel, why have you not come
to dance with the shepherds
to the sound of the little drum?"

Sir John Rutter is an English composer, choral conductor, editor, arranger, and icon of the choral world. He studied music at Clare College, Cambridge, where he was a member of the choir and then director of music from 1975 to 1979. In 1974, Rutter visited the United States to premiere his *Gloria* in Omaha, NE; it has become a favorite of Americans ever since. In 1981, he founded his own choir, the Cambridge Singers, who perform and record many of his works. In 1980, he was made an honorary Fellow of Westminster Choir College, Princeton, and in 1988, a Fellow of the Guild of Church Musicians. In 1996, the Archbishop of Canterbury conferred a Lambeth Doctorate of Music upon him in recognition of his contribution to church music. Rutter also works as an arranger and editor, most notably (in his youth) of the extraordinarily successful *Carols for Choirs* anthology series. "I often think the text makes the music," Rutter once said at a Chorus America conference. *The Wild Wood Carol* is extracted from *The Wind in the Willows*, a musical entertainment based on the children's book by Kenneth Grahame. It focuses on the humble setting and weary journey with a plaintive modal melody.

Sing O the wild wood, the green holly,
The silent river and barren tree;
The humble creatures that no man sees:
Sing O the wild wood.

A weary journey one winter's night:
No hope of shelter, no rest in sight.
Who was the creature that bore Mary?
A simple donkey.

And when they came into Bethlem town
They found a stable to lay them down;
For their companions that Christmas night,
An ox and an ass.

And then an angel came down to earth
To bear the news of the Savior's birth;
The first to marvel were the shepherds poor,
And sheep with their lambs.

Choral Fantasy on a Christmas Hymn by **Robert Buckley Farlee** has always been a favorite of mine, combining the traditional chorale-tune “Von Himmel hoch” (From Heaven Above) with a jazzy, happy setting to turn wailing into dancing. It seems appropriate to pay homage to the 500th anniversary of the Reformation with this modern chorale-motet. We feature some of our “young-uns” (high school trebles) in the semi-chorus. Robert Buckley Farlee is associate pastor and director of music at Christ Lutheran Church in Minneapolis. He serves on the worship editorial staff at Augsburg Fortress Publishers and was deeply involved in the recent publication of *Evangelical Lutheran Worship*, the new book of worship for the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America.

Look, look, dear friends, look over there!
What lies within the manger bare?
Who is that lovely little one?
The baby Jesus, God's dear Son.

You have turned my wailing into dancing;
You have put off my sackcloth and clothed me with joy.
Therefore my heart sings to you without ceasing;
O Lord my God, I will give you thanks forever.

My heart for very joy now leaps;
My voice no longer silence keeps;
I too must join the angel throng¹
To sing with joy his cradlesong:

"Glory to God in highest heav'n,
Who unto us his Son has giv'n."
With angels sing in pious mirth:
A glad new year to all the Earth!

1- crowd

Funga Alafia is a type of traditional welcome dance. The language is Yoruba, and “Alafia” is a greeting like “hello” with the meaning of “good health” or “peace” (like “shalom”). “Funga” (sometimes spelled “Fanga”) is the dance. “Ashe” (pronounced “ah-shay”) is a basic force emanating from the Creator that unites all living and non-living things. **Ben Schroeder** is a member of the bass section and church musician who has been a Harmonium composer/arranger since being named High School Composition Contest 3rd prize winner in the first year of the contest. We commissioned him to write a movement of our *Robert Louis Stevenson Suite* in 2012; he is always willing to help out in a pinch! We hope you will sing along as we come together to celebrate what unites us and how music makes communities stronger.

Funga alafia (ashe, ashe).
Ikabo, elegua (ashe, ashe).

Hello, welcome.
We've come to greet you.

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 is also conductor emeritus of the Victoria Bach Festival. In 2013, he became music director of the Vocal Arts Ensemble of Cincinnati, and in 2015, he won a Grammy for *Conspirare's The Sacred Spirit of Russia* recording. 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. He provides the following notes:

This piece, *All of Us*, comes from a concert length work I composed called *Considering Matthew Shepard*. As a stand-alone piece, it can be used in a wide variety of contexts. At its core, it is intended to be a jubilant call to remember the inherent value and radiance in every living being, indeed, in every aspect of Creation. It is a song of celebration – raising up the voices of all of us, with special attention to those in our world who have been marginalized, mistreated, or simply not seen. I have a vision of a huge tent where we are all welcomed – at first the solo trio is proclaiming in Gospel style, followed by the choir; then the upright chorale and later... the solo trio imitating the three oboes in a Bach cantata movement dancing within the Gospel framework. I was inspired to compose the full concert length work to pay tribute to a young gay man, Matthew Wayne Shepard, whose heartbreaking death in 1998 pierced the hearts of countless people around the world. May your singing of *All of Us* come from the heart and may it be a vibrant declaration of love, celebration, and deep respect for all beings.

What could be the song?
Where begin again?
Who could meet us there?
Where might we begin?
From the shadows climb,
Rise to sing again;
Where could be the joy?
How do we begin?

Never our despair,
Never the least of us,
Never turn away,
Never hide our face;
Ordinary boy,
Only all of us,
Free us from our fear,
Only all of us.

Only in the Love.
Love that lifts us up,

Clear from out the heart
From the mountain's side,
Come creation come,
Strong as any stream;
How can we let go?
How can we forgive?
How can we be dream?

Out of heaven, rain,
Rain to wash us free;
Rivers flowing on,
Ever to the sea;
Bind up every wound,
Every cause to grieve;
Always to forgive,
Only to believe.

Most noble Light, Creation's face,
How should we live but joined in you,
Remain within your saving grace
Through all we say and do.
And know we are the Love that moves
The sun and all the stars?
O Love that dwells, O Love that burns
In every human heart.

(Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up!)

This evergreen, this heart, this soul,
Now moves us to remake our world,
Reminds us how we are to be
Your people born to dream;
How old this joy, how strong this call,
To sing your radiant care
With every voice, in cloudless hope
Of our belonging here.

Only in the Love,
Only all of us...
(Heaven: wash me...)
All of us, only all of us.
What could be the song?
Where do we begin?
Only in the Love,
Love that lifts us up,
All.

