



CHORAL CONCERT

Saturday, March 16, 2019 - 8 p.m.
MEMORIAL CHAPEL

UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS CHAPEL SINGERS
Nicholle Andrews, conductor

Gropen Gjermund Larsen
(b. 1981)

Megan Susuico-Scott, violin

Amor De Mi Alma Randall Stroop
(b. 1953)

She Moved Through the Fair David Mooney
(b. 1964)

Bailey Sako, soprano

Peegeldused tasasest maast Tõnu Kõrvits
(b. 1969)

Kyle Champion, cello

I Love My Love Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

The Blue Bird Charles V. Stanford
(1852-1924)

Anna Caplan, soprano

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One

Healey Willan
(1880-1968)

Rosas Pandan

George G. Hernandez

Alexandra Kuroff, soprano

UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS BEL CANTO
Joseph Modica, conductor
Hyunju Hwang, piano

I Had No Time to Hate

Corey Santelmann
(b. 1991)

Nigra Sum

Pablo Casals
(1876-1973)

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Michael Henagin
(1936-1993)

Ubi Caritas

Hojun Lee
(b. 1972)

Ashley Somers, flute

From Behind the Caravan: Songs of Hâfêz

Abbie Betinis
(b. 1980)

I. we have come

II. suffer no grief

III. closer to the fire

IV. boat people

V. we have come (reprise)

Alireza Tousi, viola
Eric Fortson, hand drum

Soloists:

Hannah Schaffer, Lianna Stockton,
Janay Maisano, Dora Ridgeway,
Brianna Astorga, Ana Martinez,
Victoria Randall-Hallard

PROGRAM NOTES

Gropen

Gjermund Larsen

Gropen is a joyous setting of a tune written by famed Norwegian fiddler Asbjørn Indahl. Instead of typical lyrics, the piece uses tralling: a style of folk singing that uses improvised syllables instead of words. The title also hints at the instrumentation, with a translation of “gropen” meaning dark sheep, referencing the low dark-toned range the fiddle starts in. Collectively, the fiddle accompaniment and a lilting meter based around pulses of three creates an effervescent and irrepressible mood that bursts with energy.

Amor De Mi Alma

Randall Stroop

Amor de Mi Alma is a setting of a Spanish sonnet written by Renaissance poet Garcilaso de la Vega. While he wrote relatively fewer sonnets, their intensity and beauty sets his work apart from many of his contemporaries. *Amor de Mi Alma* is no exception; the profound devotion in the text is treated in a sensitive and brilliant modern interpretation similar to the motets of Monteverdi. Suspensions, cadences that are quickly departed from, and independent voices create a sense of perpetual forward motion fitting of the intensity of the text. Listen for the entrance of the third stanza on the text “all that I have, I owe to you;” the stillness of the preceding section mirrors the break in stanza, while the warmth of the harmonies reflects the reverence of the text.

She Moved Through the Fair

David Mooney

Spoiler alert: as with the Holst piece, *She Moved Through the Fair* doesn't have a happy ending. It too starts very hopefully, but is based on an even older folk song from Ireland. The initially hopeful setting is established with a soloist singing the first verse and warm harmonies upon the entrance of the choir. After the lover's departure, the soprano soloist sings over a humming choir, making the accompaniment more ethereal and supernatural. The effect is confirmed with the lover's return- she “made no din,” because she has returned as a ghost, and while the full accompaniment of the beginning has also returned, it is far more subdued.

Peegeldused tasasest maast

Tõnu Kõrvits

Peegeldused tasasest maast uses no Estonian text, and no readily recognizable Estonian folk melodies, yet it is still very distinctly Estonian. Large intervals layered on top of one another create a unique soundscape that is at once spacious and intense, mimicking the space of an open plain, while extended techniques in the cello towards the end form shadowy mysterious shapes in the distance. Against

a comparatively more still choir, the plaintive melodies of the cello and power of the larger harmonies capture the awe of the space. The role of nature, archaic feel of the lack of text, and intensity that harken to the folk music of Estonian so that the traditions permeate the texture of the piece without ever being explicitly cited.
I Love My Love
Gustav Holst

I Love My Love is deceptively sweet. The melody and text of a folksong of Southwestern England that collected in the early twentieth century, during a resurgence of interest and national pride that fueled celebrations of folk songs. The setting reflects this celebration of English culture with the inclusion of the madrigal traditions. Rich harmonies and text depictions heighten the effects of the lyrics: full and loud harmonies abound at the lover's rage over finding his beloved locked up; and the fixated rocking of the sopranos and altos suggest an unsettled mental state. In the end, the tenors and bases return to save their beloved in what would be a sweet ending if not for the repeated rocking: the bride has gone insane.

The Blue Bird

Charles V. Stanford

The peaceful setting of Mary E. Coleridge's poem- written by Irish composer CV Stanford- perfectly suits the meditative text. Stanford draws the listener into the Coleridge's journey of a blue bird over the quiet beauty of a lake. The soaring soprano line over the rich harmonies of the rest of the ensemble mimics the bird, but also invites the listener to imagine the feeling of drifting far above a cold still lake.

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One

Healey Willan

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One is unique on our program for sharing text with Bel Canto's piece *Nigra Sum*. The text is an excerpt of a dialogue between two lovers taken from the Old Testament's Song of Songs. In the Catholic tradition, this love is reimagined as an allegory for God's love for the Church and its disciples, and while this segment references neither Church nor God, the composer Willian was a well-known Anglo-Canadian composer of sacred music of the twentieth century. The division of pulse around the text instead of meter, the carefully controlled dissonance, and abundance of full harmonies all hearken to the English hymn tradition in a beautiful modern setting.

Rosas Pandan

George G. Hernandez

Spanish colonization of Indonesia in the 16th century brought the musical language of Spain to the Philippines, and was then absorbed into the local tradition. *Rosas Pandan* therefore uses a similar harmonic language to our own Western tradition and is full of syncopations and twisty chromatic melodies of the Spanish

musical tradition. But the upbeat tempo and text are fully Filipino, and describe a traditional folklore of a goddess descending from the mountains. The exciting a capella arrangement features percussive elements meant to mimic the racing heart or excited footsteps and drive the piece to an exciting end.

I Had No Time to Hate

Corey Santelmann

I Had No Time to Hate is a twenty first century version of the madrigals of Monteverdi and other Renaissance masters. There are sections of homophony, with all voices singing in the same rhythm, that are juxtaposed against polyphony, with all voices swelling in independent lines that highlight the polarities of the text. And just as in the work of Monteverdi, radical breaks from expected harmonies add weight to the text. The piece shimmers with sharp sonorities at the strife of not having time for life, before subduing to flowing realizations that “the little toil of love... was large enough.”

Nigra Sum

Pablo Casals

Nigra Sum is also takes lyrics from the Old Testament’s Song of Songs, and even borrows from the same stanzas. It is study in how very different two takes of the same text can arise from different perspectives. Cellist Pablo Casals comes from a very different perspective than church director and English man Willian. Delicately arching melodies soar with the hope that the cold winter of the first portion of the song may finally be over, and joyful celebration of the arrival of spring is filled with warmth. It matters little which metaphor Casals depended on; the love present is unmistakable.

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Michael Hennagin

Heart We Will Forget Him is a breakup song, but as it was written by the notable choral composer Michael Hennagin and sets Emily Dickinson’s timeless text, there’s little angst and instead more contemplation and longing. Flowing harmonies and upward striving melodies speak to the determination to forget, but it is not long before the parts fragment into a dialogue mirroring the dialogue between the heart and the head. The parts end in an open harmony instead of unison; in the end, we are left to wonder how successful the speaker is.

Ubi Caritas

Hojun Lee

The text of *Ubi Caritas* is a fragment of a reading used in the Mass. Lee’s setting highlights the contemplative aspects of the text and with steadily climbing hopeful lines, and it is a reflection on love. The first half of the piece is a rumination on seven words: where there is charity and love, there is God (ubi caritas et amor, deus

ibi est), and is propelled by rolling piano part and serene flute dialogue with the choir. It continues to build to the completion of the text at “Love has gathered us into one,” (congregavit nos in unum) with a declamatory nature and a revelatory key change capture that the joy of community.

From Behind the Caravan: Songs of Hāfez

Abbie Betinis

The timeless beauty of the poems of Hāfez-e Shīrāzī are the heart of this piece. Hāfez remains an influential Persian poet from the fourteenth century, and the composer says of his poems: “I was particularly drawn to these four poems because of the elegant way they depict longing... longing for Truth, longing for Reason, longing for Kindness, love and – always – longing for the Beloved.” The four movement work remains true to many elements of Persian music, from the use of the traditional Oud, to Persian scale fragments, to text sung in Farsi.

Each movement has a unique character, but the longing for love and the beyond weaves all the movements together. Listen for repetition of text in each movement that effectively captures the tone of each. The first movement frequently returns to the text “we have come” (amade-im) and is driven by active rhythms and a pulsing percussion part. It is a call to the journey through longing and love, and fittingly starts with a call and response structure of a soloist to the ensemble. The second movement- suffer no grief (qa makhor)- is a somber counterpart to the first movement. Highly independent melodic lines imitate the tangle of grief, but are soothed by warm and full harmonies that reflect the speakers desire to suffer no grief. The third movement features fire (a tash), which is imitated with leaping lines in the voice and fueled by the active string melodies in between, capturing the joy of dancing to thank God. Movement four centers on the repeated arise (barkhiz), which is juxtaposed against the image of boatpeople. Collectively, it creates the image of the “shipwrecked” struggling against the weight of the sea and of loss. But the transcendent emergence of the Beloved provides a measure of peace before a subdued end. The final movement recalls the first again, marking the return to the beginning and end of the piece.

It is rare in this context to hear or perform music so different from that of the western classical tradition we are used to. But exposure to and awareness of another society’s musical, cultural, and philosophical values is important in its contribution to a deeper understanding and respect of another culture- and is even more important when Iranian culture is subject to frequent unfounded misconceptions in our society. Listen for these differences in the unique soundscape; but more importantly, enjoy the beauty and the power of the piece.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Amor De Mi Alma (You are the Love of My Soul)

Randall Stroop

I was born to love only you;
My soul has formed you to its measure;
I want you as a garment for my soul.

Your very image is written on my soul;
Such indescribable intimacy
I hide even from you.

All that I have, I owe to you;
For you I was born, for you I love,
For you I must die, and for you
I give my last breath.

She Moved Through the Fair

David Mooney

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind.
And my father wont slight you for your lack of kine."
And she laid a hand on me, and this she did say:
"It will not be long, love, till our wedding day."

She went away from me, and she moved through the fair.
And fondly I watched her go here and go there.
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

She stole through the twilight, and on to the morn,
Her footsteps rang silent in barley and corn,
She glanced o'er her shoulder and smiled through the mist,
But she vanished before me, her sweet lips unknissed.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in,
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
She put her arms 'round me and this she did say;
"It will not be long, love, will our wedding day."

I Love My Love

Gustav Holst

Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands and thus replied she:

"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've ruined me;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

"With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine;
With roses lilies, daises, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Just as she there sat weeping, her love, he came on land,
Then hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

She said "My love don't frighten me, are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am retuned to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

So now these two are married and happy may they be.
Like turtle doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea:
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

The Blue Bird

Charles V. Stanford

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O're it, as I looked, there flew across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed, it caught his image as he flew.

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One

Healey Willan

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;
For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear upon the earth;

the time of the singing of birds is come.

Rosas Pandan

George G. Hernandez

Here is Rosas Pandan, coming from the mountains
To be with all of you in celebrating o the festivity.
This song is my only possession,
The legacy from my forefathers.
Song that is ancient, that is the pride of our mountains.

I Had No Time to Hate

Corey Santelmann

I had not time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love; but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.

Nigra Sum

Pablo Casals

A am very dark, but comely,
O daughters of Jerusalem,
Therefore the King loved me,
and brought me into his chamber.
And he said to me:
Arise my love, and come:
for now the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.

The flowers have appeared in our land,
the time of pruning is come. Alleluia!

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Michael Henagin

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave,

I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! Lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Ubi Caritas

Hojun Lee

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Christ's love has gathered us into one.

From Behind the Caravan: Songs of Hâfez

Abbie Betinis

I. we have come

We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory ... we have come.
For shelter from ill-fortune ... we have come.

Traveling along love's journey, from the borders of nothingness,
Now into states of being, all this way ... we have come.

O ship of grace, where is thy anchor of forbearance?
For in the ocean of generosity, immersed in sin ... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your wooden kherqe, for we, from
behind the caravan, with fire sighing "ah!" ... we have come

II. suffer no grief

Joseph, forsaken, shall return to Canaan.

Suffer no grief.
From the thorny stalks of family grief, one day, a rose garden.
Suffer no grief ...

If you desire the Way and plant your pilgrim foot in the desert,
then if the mighty Arabian thorn makes reproofs,
Suffer no grief ...

Suffer no grief, suffer no grief, O heart.
Back to reason, comes his distraught head.

Suffer no grief ...

O heart, despairing heart, O! O! Suffer no grief ...

There is no road that has to end.

CHAPEL SINGERS

III. closer to the fire

Last night I saw the angels beating at the door of the tavern,
The clay of Adam they shaped, and into the mould they cast it.

The churches war among themselves, forgive them;
When they cannot see the truth, the door of the fable they beat.

Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!

Thanks be to God, for between me and Him, peace chanced,
Sufis, dancing, cast their cups of thankfulness!

Fire, Fire! Oh! Oh!

IV. boat people

My heart falls from grasp! Come to my cry, for God's sake;
O the pain that Love's hidden mystery should be disclosed!

Arise, arise ... O breeze ...

To ease the pain of the world, give by these words:
With friends, give kindness; with enemies, courtesy.

Shipwrecked are we, O fair breeze, arise!
So that, again, we may behold the face of the Beloved.

Behold ...!

V. we have come (reprise)

We, to this door, seeking neither pride nor glory ... we have come.
For shelter from ill-fortune ... we have come.

Hâfez, throw off your wooden kherqe, for we, from
behind the caravan, with fire sighing "ah!" ... we have come

Soprano

Paula Cevallos Crespo '20
Anna Caplan '19
Trinity Hall '22
Tiffany Johnson '17, '19
Alexandra Kuroff '19

Alto

Alexia Benson '21
Kristine Llanderal '20
Micaela MacAraeg '22
Mariah Powell '21
Bailey Sako '22

Tenor

Michael Esquejo '21
Jackson Keene '22
Jesse Russell '19
Caleb Snyder '22
James Still '21

Bass

Brian Begg '21
Timothy Cunningham '22
Denis Grijalva '21
Connor Licharz '20
Isaiah Solares '21

Graduate Choral Assistants

Chloe Jasso
Gabi Martinez
Jacob Pohlsander
Zoe Petersen

BEL CANTO

Soprano 1

Anna Forgét '21
DeAnza Arroyo '21
Olivia Serb '20
Ashley Somers '20
Lianna Stockton '22
Meriam Shams '20

Alto

Hailey Aguirre '21
Sawyer Backman '21
Janay Maisano '21
Gianna Pitesky '22
Dora Ridgeway '22

Hannah Schaffer '22
Mariah Thompson '21

Soprano 2

Elizabeth Accomando '22
Brianna Astorga '20
Maggie Eronymous '20
AnaMarie Evans '22
Alyssa Fejeran '21
Rhegan Leshner '20
Ana Martinez '22
Kylie Pastor '20
Victoria Randall-Hallard '21

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