

Program

Alle psallite anonymous (13th century)
Resounding loudly, sing with heart devoted to God. Alleluia.

Otče naš Russian/Bulgarian; arr. N.N. Kedrov
Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Al Monte Suspiros Francisco Xavier Ortiz de Alcala (fl. 1750)
ed. by Craig H. Russell

Jill Anderson, Meredith Brammeier, Katherine Arthur, Judith Dunlore, soloists
Jennifer Sayre, harp

To the mountains go sighs, to the desert grief
To the sea anguish, to Calvary moans.
Oh, Oh! What can it be? It's that the sweetest, the kindest,
The most loving of mothers is in agony and dying
Oh, oh, oh! What agony! Oh, she is dying, oh, she is expiring!

Three trios for Women's Voices Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Triolett (Little trio)

The Night folds its wings, the zither whispers a chord.
Lips gladly dispense with words.
Silently, the songs praise you, dear Night, true love hears.

Lied (Song)

In my garden the carnations with their purple stars
must now all fade, since you are far away.
In my hearth the flames that I tended so happily
dwindled into a heap of ashes, since you are far away.
The world is spoiled for me, neither flowers nor stars greet me,
my heart has long been dead, since you are far away.

Spruch (Saying)

If your own worldly thoughts confuse you,
Cast your glance toward eternal Heaven above,
Where the stars are fixed and never wander.

Two Eastern Pictures Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

from a poem of Kalidasa

Spring ... Summer

Jennifer Sayre, harp

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)

Psalm 84:1-4

How lovely are your dwellings, O Lord.
My soul longs for the courts of the Lord.
My heart exults in the living God.

Blessed are they that make Thy house their dwelling, to all eternity they praise Thee!
Our God loves mercy and truth and gives grace and glory to all who walk purely.

Intermission

Three Greek folksongs Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Jill Anderson, soprano and Jennifer Sayre, harp

Le Reveil de la mariée (Song to the bride)

Wake up, my little partridge, open your wings to the morning.
Your three little beauty spots have set my heart aflame.
See the golden ribbon that I bring you to tie around your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come and let's be married!

La-bas, vers l'église (Yonder, towards the church)

Yonder, towards the church of Ayio Sidero
The church, oh blessed Virgin, of Saint Costandino,
There are gathered together in infinite numbers all the bravest people in the world

Quel gallant m'est comparable (What gallant can compare to me?)

What gallant can compare to me, among those that you see pass by?
Tell me, Madame Vassiliki?

See hanging on my belt pistols and a sharp sword.... And it's you that I love!

Petites Voix Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

La petite fille sage (The good little girl)

The good little girl came home from school with her basket.
She set the table and then washed up without getting her apron wet!
If her little brother is asleep, she will sit down to watch the evening star.

Le chien perdu (Lost dog)

Who are you, unknown one? Who are you, lost dog?
Maybe you'd like me to scratch you behind your ears?
Sweet little dog lying on the pavement.

En rentrant de l'école (Coming home from school)

Coming home from school on a lonely path,
I saw the moon, round and brilliant in the sky.
Coming home from school on a lonely path,
Have you ever seen the owl that flies and the sweet nightingale?

Le petit garçon malade (The little sick boy)

The little sick boy closes his tired eyes and lays his hands on the sheets.
His mother opens the window upon a May evening.
He hears the others playing on the sidewalk and weeps silently.

Le hérisson (The hedgehog)

When Papa found a hedgehog, he brought him to the house.
We gave him warm milk in a little dish.
When we left the kitchen, he poked out his mischievous head and lapped it up.

Mata Del Anima Sola Antonio Estévez (1916-1971); arr. Alberto Grau

Poetry by Alberto Torrealba

Vicki L. Ewart, Ana Maria Raposo-Silva, Arlene Stone, soloists

Tree of the lonely soul, wide opening of the riverside –
Now you will be able to say: Here slept Cantaclaro.
The night, tired mare, shakes her mane and black tail above the riverside:
And, in its silence, your ghostly heart is filled with awe.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree *Poetry by William Yeats* Eleanor Daley (b. 1955)

The Log Driver's Waltz Wade Hemsworth (1916-2002); arr. Ron Small

Gabriella Welch, soloist

maggie & milly & molly & may *Poetry by e.e.cummings* Joan Szymko (b. 1957)