

PROGRAM

National Anthem

John Stafford Smith

CHORAL ARTISTS

Kyrie Gregorianus

Based on a Gregorian Chant · arr. Michael Scott

Autumn Vesper

Audrey Snyder

Shine on Me

Traditional Spiritual · arr. Rollo Dilworth

7/8 WOMEN'S ENSEMBLE

Non è Tempo

Marco Cara

Homeward Bound

Marta Kenn · arr. Jay Althouse

Bring Me Little Water, Silvy

Huddie Ledbetter · arr. Adam Podd

7/8 HONOR CHOIR

Ma Luia, Luia

Transylvanian Folk Song · arr. Tudor Jarda

Away From the Roll of the Sea

Allister MacGillivray · arr. Stuart Calvert

Song of Miriam

Elaine Hegenberg

WOMEN'S ENSEMBLE

V

Fré O (*Gabe Kronson, soloist*)

Traditional Haitian · arr. Sten Källman

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional Spiritual · arr. Victor C. Johnson

Pirate Song

Tim Y. Jones

MEN'S ENSEMBLE

VI

Adoramus Te

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Flight Song

Kim André Arneson

Rytmus

Ivan Hrusovsky

CONCERT CHOIR

VII

Flower of Beauty

John Clements

Quel Augellin Che Canta

Claudio Monteverdi

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine

Eric Whitacre

(*Srijani Bhattacharya, Leigh Epstein, Anna Pacino, Emmy Savage, Uma Shukla, & Sebastian Yu, soloists*)

CHAMBER SINGERS

VIII

Deep River

Traditional Spiritual · arr. Roy Ringwald

I Can Tell the World

Traditional Spiritual · arr. Moses Hogan

Hear My Prayer *Alumni welcome*

Moses Hogan

CHORAL ARTISTS

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Kyrie Gregorianus

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

Non è Tempo

Now is not the time for waiting,
when the weather is fine and breezy, and
when in an instant, everything can change.

Ma Luia, Luia

I went out of a Thursday morning up to
the meadow, in my pleated skirt; up to the
river, with a sickle at my waist, to a field
of wheat. I bent down to cut a bundle to
finish my sheaf, and go home.

And I found a flower from Eden grown in
the field. I picked it up, blew off the dust,
and put it in my bosom. The flower cried
out; the mountains trembled.

Who would hear it? A shepherd from the
mountain, with many sheep. He took my
hand, and brought me to my mother.

Fré O

O brother, you tell us your sickness and
will not be healed. We are playing the
drums and singing, and weeping.
You are sick—I will tell the others.

Adoramus Te

We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless
Thee, who by Thy Holy Cross hast
redeemed the world. Thou, who hast
suffered death for us, O Lord, O Lord,
have mercy on us.

Flight Song

All we are, we have found in song: you
have drawn this song from us. Songs of
lives unfolding fly overhead, cry overhead:
longing, rising from the song within.

Moving like the rise and fall of wings.
Hands that shape our calling voice on the
edge of answers.

You've heard our cry; you've known our
cry: music's fierce compassion flows from
you. The night is restless with the sounds
we hear, is broken, shaken by the cries of
pain: for this is music's inner voice saying,
yes, we hear you, all you who cry aloud.
And we will fly, answering you: so, our
lives sing, sing wild we will fly, wild in spirit
we will fly. Like a feather falling from the
wing, fragile as a human voice is afraid,
uncertain, alive to love, we sing as love,
yet our flight begins as song.

Rytmus

Hail Eve, you fountain of love.
You are the queen of nobleness.

Flower of Beauty

She is my slender, small love, my flow'r of
beauty fair. From the whiteness of her little
feet to the shining of her hair. More fair
she is than April rain on daffodil or tree:
she is my slender small love, my flow'r of
beauty, she.

I know she walks in the evening down by
the riverside. And the grasses lean to kiss
her robes who soon will be my bride. More
dear to me her little head than earth or
sky or sea! She is my slender small love, my
flow'r of beauty, she.

Quel Augellin Che Canta

That little bird which sings so sweetly
and gaily flies, now from the fir to the
beech tree, and now from the beech to the
myrtle. If he had a human mind, would say:
I burn with love, I burn with love!
But in his heart, he burns indeed and calls
to his beloved, who replies to him: I too am
burning with love! How fortunate you are,
sweet little loving bird!

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine

I.

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine...
tormented by visions of flight and falling,
more wondrous and terrible each than the
last, Master Leonardo imagines an engine
to carry a man up into the sun. And as he's
dreaming the heavens call to him, softly
whispering their siren-song: "Leonardo.
Leonardo, vieni á volare." ("Leonardo.
Leonardo, come fly.") L'uomo colle sua
congiugiate e grandi ale, facciando forza
contro alla resistente aria (A man with
wings large enough and duly connected
might learn to overcome the resistance of
the air).

II.

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine...
as the candles burn low he paces and
writes, releasing purchased pigeons one
by one into the golden Tuscan sunrise. And
as he dreams, again the calling, the very
air itself gives voice: "Leonardo, Leonardo,
vieni á volare." ("Leonardo, Leonardo,
come fly.") Vicina all'elemento del fuoco...
(Close to the sphere of elemental fire...)
Scratching quill on crumpled paper, rete,
canna, filo, carta (net, cane, thread,
paper). Images of wing and frame and
fabric fastened tightly... sulla suprema
sottile aria (... in the highest and rarest
atmosphere).

III.

Master Leonardo Da Vinci Dreams of
His Flying Machine... as the midnight
watchtower tolls, over rooftop, street
and dome, the triumph of a human being
ascending in the dreaming of a mortal
man. Leonardo steels himself, takes one
last breath, and leaps...

