

*The time of plenty, and knowing no hardship,
O death how bitter you are
If a man is thinking of all his prosperity and accomplishment.
O death, how bitter you are.
O death, how welcome you are
For one who is in need, who is weak, who is aged,
Who knows only weariness, and who has no hope for the days ahead.
O death, how welcome you are.
—Wisdom 41:1-4*

The Journey of Death to Life

- [12] *MUSICIANS WRESTLE EVERYWHERE*^{3:47}BERN HERBOLSHEIMER (b. 1948)
World premiere, sung in memory of Mary Ann Bisio

*Musicians wrestle everywhere; all day among the crowded air,
I hear the silver strife, some say it is the spheres at play!
Of vanished dames and men!
Some think the place where we, with late, celestial face,
Please God, shall ascertain!
—Emily Dickinson*

- [13] from *GRIEF TO GLORY*
LOVE IN GRIEF^{4:15}F. MELIUS CHRISTEANSEN (1871-1955)
*O love so brief, so brief appearing within a summer day,
As rapture in a temple whose colonnades are clay.
O love and loved in sorrow lie follow and forlorn,
While God prepares the morrow.
The endless wedding morn.
—Oscar Overby*

The Journey from Endings to New Beginnings

- [14] *O KNOW TO END AS TO BEGIN*^{3:59}IRVING FINE
*O know to end as to begin. A minute's lost in love is sin.
You who do our rites much wrong
In seeking to prolong these outward pleasures
The night hath other treasures than these,
Though long concealed, ere day to be revealed.
—Ben Jonson*

- [15] *VOICEDANCE II*^{3:12}GREG JASPERSE (b. 1968)

School of Music
University of Washington Seattle, Washington

2006
5-30

Presents

TRANSFIGURED

Music for the Journey of Life

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
CHAMBER SINGERS

Dr. Geoffrey Boers, *conductor*
Heather MacLaughlin Garbes, *assistant*

7:30 PM
May 30, 2006
MEANY THEATER

Journey from Day to Night

[1] from *THE HOURGLASS* ^{1:57}
HAVE YOU SEEN THE WHITE LILY GROW..... IRVING FINE (1914-1962)
Have you seen the white lily grow, before rude hands have touched it?
Have you seen the fall of the snow before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver or swan's down ever?
Have you tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so far, so soft, so sweet is she!
 —Ben Jonson

[2] *O NATA LUX*..... ^{3:23} THOMAS TALLIS (c. 1505-1585)
O Light born of Light, Jesus, redeemer of the world,
With loving-kindness deign to receive the praise and prayer of your
supplicants.
You who once deigned to be clothed in flesh for the sake of the lost,
Grant us to be members of your blessed body.

[3] *TWELFTH NIGHT*..... ^{4:25} SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981)
No night could be darker than this night, no cold so cold.
As the blood snaps like a wire, and the heart's sap stills, and the year seems
defeated.
O never again it seems will green things run,
or sky birds fly, or grass exhale its humming breath,
powdered with pimpurnels from this dark lung of winter.
No night could be darker than this night, yet here are lessons from the final
mile of pilgrim kings,
The mile still left when all have reached their tether's end,
that mile where the Child lies hid.
For see, beneath the hand, the earth already warms and glows,
For men with shepherd's eyes there are sings in the dark,
the turning stars, the lamb's returning time.
For see, out of this utter death is born again, his birth our Savior,
From terror's equinox he climbs and grows across our blood—
The sun of heaven, and the Son of God.
 —Laurie Lee

[4] *ABENDLIED*..... ^{3:15} JOSEPH RHEINBERGER (1839-1901)
Stay with us, for the evening is quickly upon us, and the day is past and over.

[5] comments, G. Boers ~4'

The Journey through Life

[6] *A CITY CALLED HEAVEN*..... ^{4:02}..... art. JOSEPHINE POELINITZ
 Lorraine Burdick & Adam Burdick, *soloists*

[7] *PILGRIMS' HYMN*..... ^{3:41}..... STEPHEN PAULUS (b. 1949)
Even before we call on your name to ask you, O God,
When we seek for the words to glorify you, you hear our prayer.
Unceasing love, O unceasing love, surpassing all we know.
Even with darkness closing us in, we breathe your name,
And through all thee days that follow so fast, we trust in you.
Endless your grace, O endless your grace, beyond all mortal dream.

[8] *THE STORM IS PASSING OVER*..... ^{3:13}..... art. BARBARA BAKER

[9] *NOT ONE SPARROW IS FORGOTTEN*..... ^{2:17}..... art. WILLIAM HAWLEY
Not one sparrow is forgotten, e'en the raven God will feed;
And the lily of the valley from His bounty hath its need.
Then shall I not trust Thee, Father, in Thy mercy have a share?
And through faith and prayer, my mother, merit Thy protecting care?
 —Shaker Hymn

Heather MacLaughlin Garbes, *conductor*

[10] *FINALLY ON MY WAY TO YES*..... ^{8:35}..... ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (b. 1962)
 Tess Altiveros, *soloist*

Finally on my way to yes, I bump into all the places where I said no to my life
All the unintended wounds, the red and purple scars, those hieroglyphs of
pain
Carved into my skin, my bones, those coded messages
that send me down the wrong street
Again and again, where I find them, the old wounds,
the old mis-directions, and I lift them
One by one, close to my heart, and I say holy, holy.
 —Pesha Gertler

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The Journey of Life to Death

[11] *O TOD, WIE BITTER BIST DU*..... ^{9:39}..... MAX REGER (1873-1916)
O death, how bitter you are
If a man is thinking of all the good days,