

THE CHAMBER SINGERS

SOPRANO
Kristin Bush
Emily Cedergreen
Channing Daniel
Erica Erland
Barbie Glenn
Annaliese Gorne
Michelle Gray
Kari Hailey
Kristie Halverson
Sara Hanson
Katie Schefter

TENOR
Peter Blue
Christopher Campbell
Gary Cannon
Yoon Cho
Jordan Kellogg
Steven McCollum
Gary Panek
Steve Thoreson
Mark Walters
Eun Ho Yang

ALTO
Merlyn Ahern
Leah Berman
Hee Won Chung
Ann Clements
Annie Douglass
Rachel Erland
Kelley Esvelt
Alicia Gianni
Kelly O'Halloran
Carole Schaub
Hannah Scott
Kathe Wicks

BASS
Chris Balducci
Brett Bartlett
Dean Bennett
Nic Bone
Yeong Hoi Cha
Robert Hendrickson
Jeff Horenstein
Nick Huffman
Heeil Kang
Lenn Kranking
Eric Viegas



School
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University
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DAT - 13,746
CDS - 13,747
13,748

University of Washington
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

C435
2000
5-30

Presents

THE CHAMBER SINGERS
Geoffrey Boers, *conductor*

*Everyone Sang: Late Twentieth
Century American Music*

May 30, 2000 8:00 PM Meany Theater

CD 13,747

1 COMMENTS - G. BOERS

PROGRAM

2 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER (2:00)

3 EVERYONE SANG (1991) (5:35)..... DOMINICK ARGENTO

SONGS OF NATURE:

4 WATER NIGHT (1996) (5:07)..... ERIC WHITACRE

5 EVENSONG (1990) (6:00)..... STEPHEN PAULUS

6 IO SON LA PRIMAVERA (1996) (3:11)..... WILLIAM HAWLEY

7 CHANSONS DES ROSES (1993)..... MORTEN LAURIDSEN

Amy Boers, Piano (15:30)

- 1. *En Une Seule Fleur*
- 2. *Contre Qui, Rose*
- 3. *De Ton Rêve Trop Plein*
- 4. *La Rose Complete*
- 5. *Dirait-on*

8 COMMENTS - BOERS

9 VAANILAU (1967) (6:06)..... VELJO TORMIS

INTERMISSION

(THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER... See Track 2..... art. DAVE BARDUHN)

CD 13,748

EARLY AMERICAN SONGS

- 1 CAMPTOWN RACES..... (2:50)..... art. JACK HALLORAN
- 2 SHENANDOAH..... (3:45)..... ARR. JAMES ERB
- 3 CINDY..... (4:39)..... art. MACK WILBERG
Kristi Halverson, Amy Boers, piano
- 4 ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE..... (4:27)..... art. GENE PUERLING
- 5 ELIJAH ROCK..... (3:40)..... art. MOSES HOGAN
- 6 PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME..... (2:49)..... KEITH HAMPTON

Texts and Translations

EVERYONE SANG, text by Siegfried Sassoon

Everyone suddenly burst out singing; and I was filled with such delight as
prisoned birds must find in freedom, winging wildly across the white orchards
and dark green fields; on; on; out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted, and beauty came like the setting sun. My
heart was shaken with tears, and horror drifted away... O but everyone was a
bird; and the song was wordless; and the singing will never be done.

IO SON LA PRIMAVERA, text by Torquato Tasso

I am spring who gladly, lovely women, returns to you with my beautiful,
embellished mantle to dress the countryside in greenery and flowers and to
arouse in your hearts new loves.

For me Zephyr sighs, for me the earth laughs, as do the serene heavens; from
breast to breast fly the charming Amoretti by the thousands, armed with arrows
and with torches. And you, again delighted, take pleasure in my coming amidst
laughing and song; love your lovers now, while April adorns lovely faces with
flowers:

Spring for you will not return forever.

CHANSONS DES ROSES, text by Rainier Maria Rilke

1. It is we perhaps, who proposed that you replenish your bloom.
Enchanted by this charade, your abundance dared.

You were rich enough to fulfill yourself a hundred times over in a single
flower, such is the state of one who loves...but you never did think
otherwise.

2. Against whom, rose, have you assumed these thorns? Is it your too
fragile joy that forced you to become this armed thing?

But from whom does it protect you, this exaggerated defense? How
many enemies have I lifted from you who did not fear it at all? On the
contrary, from summer to autumn you wound the affection that is given
you.

3. Overflowing with your dream, flower filled with flowers, wet as one who
weeps, you bow to the morning.

Your sweet powers which still are sleeping in misty desire, unfold these
tender forms joining cheeks and breasts.

4. I have such awareness of your being, perfect rose, that my will unites you
with my heart in celebration.

I breathe you in, rose, as if you were all of life, and I feel the perfect
friend of a perfect friend.

5. Abandon surrounding abandon, tenderness touching tenderness... Your
oneness endlessly caresses itself, so they say; self-caressing through its
own clear reflection.

Thus you invent the theme of Narcissus fulfilled. So they say...

JAANILAU: SONG FOR ST. JOHN, text traditional

Come out, look at Jaani*, Jaani has bushy hair... then barley will grow
intricately, then oats will grow angularly.

Jaani came crossing croplands and walked along the golden barrens, brought
along abundant fortune, for the herd he brought good fortune. Milk in buckets
deeply laden, hefty hundred weights of butter, rye in lapfuls he did haul, oats a
plenty hoisted. Jaani, jaanika.

*St. John's Day is celebrated at mid summer, wishing for good crops.