

University Chorale Spring Concert 2010
Giselle Wyers, Conductor
Bret Amundson, Assistant Conductor
Hyun-Ja Choi, Pianist and Organist

PROGRAM

I

THULE, PERIOD OF COSMOGRAPHY THOMAS WEELKES (1576-1623)
(being Part One of the whole)

THE ANDALUSIAN MERCHANT
(being Part Two of the whole)

Giselle Wyers and Bret Amundson, *conductors*

JAUCHZET DEM HERREN HEINRICH SCHÜTZ (1585-1672)

Semi Chorus:

Melinda Schlimmer, Aryn O'Haleck, Elizabeth Meyers, Nina Alden,
Elaine Hruby and Bernardica Sculac Stern, Tim Blok,
Greg Starr and Brian Culbertson and Chris Raastad,
Isaiah Lin and Jason Lin

II

CUNCTI SIMUS 14th century Latin song (arr. Eric A. Johnson, b. 1965)

Jason Lin, *tenor*

UNICORNIS CAPTIVATOR OLA GJEILO (b. 1978)

III

LAULUSILD VELJO TORMIS (b. 1930)

LAULU ALGAS VELJO TORMIS (b. 1930)

IV

MID-WINTER WAKING MORTEN LAURIDSEN (b. 1943)

Bret Amundson, *conductor*

CLIMB ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (b. 1962)

Richelle Scanlan, *soprano* / Brian Culbertson, *tenor*

JOSHUA Traditional (arr. Norman Luboff, 1917-1987)

Brian Culbertson and Todd Lien, *tenor soloists*

INTERMISSION

REQUIEM.....MAURICE DURUFLE (1902-1986)

Introit

Kyrie

Domine Jesu Christe

Sanctus

Pie Jesu

Agnus Dei

Lux Aeterna

Libera Me

In Paradisum

Isaiah Lin, *baritone* / Nina Alden, *mezzo soprano* / Hyun-Ja Choi, *organ*

Translations

JAUCHZET DEM HERREN (DOUBLE CHOIR): SCHÜTZ

Psalm 100

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth!

Serve the Lord with gladness;

Come before his presence with rejoicing!

Know that the Lord is God.

He has made us, and not we ourselves,

To be his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,

And into his courts with praise.

Give thanks to him; praise his name!

For the Lord is kind,

And his mercy is everlasting,

And his trust endures for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son

And also to the Holy Spirit

As it was in the beginning, is now and always,

World without end. Amen.

LAULU ALGUS (TORMIS): ESTONIAN

Translation by Kristi Tinkus

Translation created by Kristi Tinkus, University of Washington graduate student in Estonian language study

Listen! One century away there started a song on the beaches of Estonia

In the tongues of mothers, in the minds of fathers it came to us.

In a language that had a tone, in millions of minds, it still lives.

The song started in a dusky time,

This song was born in a humble house and rose.

The weak people listened, this song was good for the soul,

because the story announced that freedom must come for them.

This weak nation woke up and felt a head on their shoulders.

This song will not die.

I went to practice my voice, to sound my voice on a mountain.
to get into a celebratory mood, raising the spirits of the people, tempting friends to dance in the circle.

Friends I know from the eyes, enemies I know from the power of how they act.
The fighting has bored me,
I want to sing my own song.
I want to sing in the tongue of this land. Where my beautiful home is
That place where my first home is, where the ropes of the swing are.

The light haired children run across the meadow.

LAULUSILD (TORMIS):

Text from Kalevala and Estonian folk song

I have a good mind
Take into my head
To start off singing
Begin reciting
Reeling off a tale of kin
And singing a tale of kind.
The words unfreeze in my mouth
And the phrases are tumbling
Upon my tongue they scramble along my teeth they scatter.
Brother dear, little brother
Fair one who grew up with me
Start off now singing with me
Begin reciting with me
Since we have come from two ways!
We seldom get together
And meet each other
On these poor borders
The luckless lands of the North.

Let's strike hand to hand
Fingers into finger-gaps
That we may sing some good things
Set some of the best things forth
For those darling ones to hear
For those with a mind to know
Among the youngsters rising
Among the people rowing.
When I start to sing, to sing, to spin a yarn....

CLIMB (ALEXANDER):
Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay

My falcon to my wrist
Returns
From no high air.
I sent her toward the sun that burns
Above the mist;
But she has not been there.

Her talons are not cold; her beak
Is closed upon no wonder;
Her head stinks of its hood, her feathers reek
Of me, that quake at the thunder.

Degraded bird, I give you back your eyes forever, ascend now whither you are tossed;
Forsake this wrist, forsake this rhyme;
Soar, eat ether, see what has never been seen; depart, be lost,
But climb.
this piece has two solo singers TBD

CUNCTI SIMUS (LET US ALL SING TOGETHER) BY ERIC A. JOHNSON
14th century anonymous text

Translation:

*Let us all sing together:
Ave Maria.*

When the Virgin was alone
behold, an Angel appeared.
Gabriel he was named
and he was sent from heaven.

And with radiant face he declared,
(listen, dearest ones!)
Behold, you will conceive, Mary.
Hail Mary.

Behold, you will conceive, Mary
(Listen, dearest ones!)
and you will bear a son.
Hail Mary.

You will bear a son
(Listen, dearest ones!)
and will call him Jesus Christ.
Hail Mary.

MID WINTER WAKING (ENGLISH)

Poetry by Robert Graves

-Stirring suddenly from long hibernation,
I know myself once more a poet
Guarded by timeless principalities
against the worm of Death,
this hillside haunting:
And presently dared open both my eyes.
O gracious, lofty, shame against from under,
Back-of-the- mind-land clouds like towers;
And you, sudden warm airs that blow
before the expected season of new blossom,
while sheep still gnaw at roots and lamb-less go.
Be witness that on waking, this mid-winter
I found his hand in mine laid closely
who shall watch out the spring with me.
We stand in silence all around us
but found no winter anywhere to see.

UNICORNIS CAPTIVATOR

The Unicorn is captured,
It is presented to the royal court
in the hunter's snare;
creeping, it freed itself from the pole;
because it is wounded, it heals itself
with the viper's venom.

Sing Alleluia
to the dying lamb;
Sing Alleluia,
Cry Alleluia
to the victorious Lion.

Life returns to the wounded Pelican
after miserable death
in its nest for the sins of the world.
The Phoenix's light is burnt out,
the ancient sins of the world
are utterly consumed by flame.

The Hydra enters the crocodile,
deprives it of its entrails, kills it,
and comes back alive.

Three days long
the lion slept till the King
awakened it with a roar.

– Anonymous, Engelberg Codex 314

I. Introit

Rest eternal grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

To you praise is meet, God, in Zion,
and to you vows are made in Jerusalem.
Listen to my prayer;
unto you all flesh shall come.

II. Kyrie

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

III. Domine Jesu Christe

Free the souls of all the faithful
dead from punishment in the inferno,
and from the deep lake
Deliver them from the lion's mouth,
lest the abyss swallow them up,
lest they fall into darkness.
But may the standard bearer St. Michael
present them in holy light,
as once you promised to Abraham
and his seed.
Sacrifices and prayers to you,
Lord, we offer with praise.
Receive them for the souls of those
whom today we commemorate.
Make them, Lord,
to pass from death to life,
as once you promised to Abraham
and his seed.

IV. Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy
Lord God of Sabaoth.
Filled are heavens and earth
with your glory.
Hosanna in the highest
Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

V. Pie Jesu

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest,
rest everlasting.

VI. Agnus Dei

Lamb of God,
who removes the sins of the world,
grant them rest,
rest everlasting.

VII. Lux æterna

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,
with thy saints everlasting,
because you are merciful.

Rest eternal
grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

VIII. Libera me

Deliver me, Lord,
from eternal death
on that dreadful day,
when heavens and earth shall move,
when you come to judge
the world through fire.

I am made to tremble, and to fear,
at the destruction that shall come,
and also at your coming wrath.
when heavens and earth shall move.

That day, day of wrath,
calamity and misery,
great and exceedingly bitter day,
when you come to judge
the world through fire.

Rest eternal
grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

IX. In Paradisum

May the Angels lead you into Paradise;
at your coming

may the martyrs receive you,
and conduct you
into the holy city, Jerusalem.

May the chorus of Angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, once a pauper,
eternally may you have rest.

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Hannah Smith, Ridgefield, WA
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Sola Yun, Mukilteo, WA

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Ann Trigg, Issaquah, WA
Marcia Welk, Kiev, Ukraine
Anne Wolken, Mukilteo, WA

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Tim Blok, *Section Leader*, Lynden, WA
Brian Culbertson, *Section Leader*, Oak Harbor, WA

Marc Horan-Spatz, Bellingham, WA
Todd Lien, Taipei, Taiwan
Garrett MacCracken, Tualatin, OR
Adam Quillian, Olympia, WA
Bryce Smith, Auburn, WA
Javin Smith, Seattle, WA
Casey Smith, Spokane, WA
Greg Starr, Seattle, WA
Ben Swarner, *Concert Chair*, SeaTac, WA

BASS

Desmond Cheng, Hong Kong
Loc Hua, Olympia, WA
Ryan Hyde, *Section Leader*, Mukilteo, WA
Isaiah Lin, Redmond, WA
Jason Lin, *Baltic Tour Chair*, Honolulu, HI
Drew Pearson, Stanwood, WA
Billy Ray, Mount Vernon, WA
Max Minzer, Kletnya, Russia
Lars Myren, Kirkland, WA
Chris Raastad, Tumwater, WA
Kevin Womac, Olympia, WA

SPECIAL THANKS

Richard Karpen, chair of the School of Music
Doug Mathews, SoM General Administrator
Claire Peterson, SoM Program
Geoffrey Boers, Director of Choral Studies
University of Washington Voice Faculty
Carole Terry
Meany Theater for the Performing Arts
Tom Burke
Laney McClain
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Elaine Hruby and Bernardica Sculac Stern, Tim Blok,
Greg Starr and Brian Culbertson and Chris Raastad,
Isaiah Lin and Jason Lin

Psalm 100

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth!	Give thanks to him; praise his name!
Serve the Lord with gladness;	For the Lord is kind,
Come before his presence with rejoicing!	And his mercy is everlasting,
Know that the Lord is God.	And his trust endures for ever and ever.
He has made us, and not we ourselves,	Glory be to the Father and to the Son
To be his people and the sheep of his pasture.	And also to the Holy Spirit
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,	As it was in the beginning, is now and always,
And into his courts with praise.	World without end. Amen.

II.

CUNCTI SIMUS..... 14th century Latin song (arr. Eric A. Johnson, b. 1965)

Jason Lin, *tenor*

Let us all sing together:
Ave Maria.

When the Virgin was alone
behold, an Angel appeared.
Gabriel he was named
and he was sent from heaven.

And with radiant face he declared,
(listen, dearest ones!)
Behold, you will conceive, Mary.
Hail Mary.

Behold, you will conceive, Mary
(Listen, dearest ones!)
and you will bear a son.
Hail Mary.

You will bear a son
(Listen, dearest ones!)
and will call him Jesus Christ.
Hail Mary.

UNICORNIS CAPTIVATOR..... OLA GJEILO (b. 1978)

The Unicorn is captured,
It is presented to the royal court
in the hunter's snare;
creeping, it freed itself from the pole;
because it is wounded, it heals itself
with the viper's venom.

Sing Alleluia
to the dying lamb;
Sing Alleluia,
Cry Alleluia
to the victorious Lion.

Life returns to the wounded Pelican
after miserable death
in its nest for the sins of the world.
The Phoenix's light is burnt out,
the ancient sins of the world
are utterly consumed by flame.

The Hydra enters the crocodile,
deprives it of its entrails, kills it,
and comes back alive.

Three days long
the lion slept till the King
awakened it with a roar.

– *Anonymous, Engelberg Codex 314*

III.

LAULUSILD VELJO TORMIS (b. 1930)

I have a good mind
Take into my head
To start off singing
Begin reciting
Reeling off a tale of kin
And singing a tale of kind.
The words unfreeze in my mouth
And the phrases are tumbling
Upon my tongue they scramble along my teeth
they scatter.
Brother dear, little brother
Fair one who grew up wit me
Start off now singing with me
Begin reciting with me
Since we have come from two ways!

We seldom get together
And meet each other
On these poor borders
The luckless lands of the North.

Let's strike hand to hand
Fingers into finger-gaps
That we may sing some good things
Set some of the best things forth
For those darling ones to hear
For those with a mind to know
Among the youngsters rising
Among the peopleg rowing.
When I start to sing, to sing, to spin a yarn...

LAULU ALGAS..... V. TORMIS

Listen! One century away there started a song on the beaches of Estonia
In the tongues of mothers, in the minds of fathers it came to us.
In a language that had a tone, in millions of minds, it still lives.

The song started in a dusky time,
This song was born in a humble house and rose.
The weak people listened, this song was good for the soul,
because the story announced that freedom must come for them.

This weak nation woke up and felt a head on their shoulders.
This song will not die.

I went to practice my voice, to sound my voice on a mountain.

to get into a celebratory mood, raising the spirits of the people, tempting friends to dance in the circle.

Friends I know from the eyes, enemies I know from the power of how they act.
The fighting has bored me,
I want to sing my own song.
I want to sing in the tongue of this land. Where my beautiful home is
That place where my first home is, where the ropes of the swing are.
The light haired children run across the meadow.

*Translation created by Kristi Tinkus, graduate student in
Estonian language study, University of Washington*

IV.

MID-WINTER WAKING.....MORTEN LAURIDSEN (b. 1943)

Bret Amundson, *conductor*

-Stirring suddenly from long hibernation, I know myself once more a poet Guarded by timeless principalities against the worm of Death, this hillside haunting: And presently dared open both my eyes. O gracious, lofty, shame against from under, Back-of-the- mind-land clouds like towers; And you, sudden warm airs that blow	before the expected season of new blossom, while sheep still gnaw at roots and lamb-less go. Be witness that on waking, this mid-winter I found his hand in mine laid closely who shall watch out the spring with me. We stand in silence all around us but found no winter anywhere to see.
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Poetry by Robert Graves

CLIMB..... ELIZABETH ALEXANDER (b. 1962)

Richelle Scanlan, *soprano* / Brian Culbertson, *tenor*

My falcon to my wrist Returns From no high air. I sent her toward the sun that burns Above the mist; But she has not been there. Her talons are not cold; her beak Is closed upon no wonder;	Her head stinks of its hood, her feathers reek Of me, that quake at the thunder. Degraded bird, I give you back your eyes forever, ascend now whither you are tossed; Forsake this wrist, forsake this rhyme; Soar, eat ether, see what has never been seen; depart, be lost, But climb.
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Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay

JOSHUA Traditional (arr. Norman Luboff, 1917-1987)

Brian Culbertson and Todd Lien, *tenor soloists*

INTERMISSION

REQUIEM.....MAURICE DURUFLE (1902-1986)

Isaiah Lin, *baritone* / Nina Alden, *mezzo soprano* / Hyun-Ja Choi, *organ*

Introit

Rest eternal grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

To you praise is met, God, in Zion,
and to you vows are made in Jerusalem.
Listen to my prayer;
unto you all flesh shall come.

Kyrie

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

Domine Jesu Christe

Free the souls of all the faithful
dead from punishment in the inferno,
and from the deep lake

Deliver them from the lion's mouth,
lest the abyss swallow them up,
lest they fall into darkness.

But may the standard bearer St.
Michael
present them in holy light,
as once you promised to Abraham
and his seed.

Sacrifices and prayers to you,
Lord, we offer with praise.
Receive them for the souls of those
whom today we commemorate.

Make them, Lord,
to pass from death to life,
as once you promised to Abraham
and his seed.

Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy
Lord God of Sabaoth.
Filled are heavens and earth
with your glory.

Hosanna in the highest
Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Pie Jesu

Merciful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest,
rest everlasting.

Agnus Dei

Lamb of God,
who removes the sins of the world,
grant them rest,
rest everlasting.

Lux aeterna

May eternal light shine on them, Lord,
with thy saints everlasting,
because you are merciful.

Rest eternal
grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

Libera me

Deliver me, Lord,
from eternal death
on that dreadful day,
when heavens and earth shall move,
when you come to judge
the world through fire.

I am made to tremble, and to fear,
at the destruction that shall come,
and also at your coming wrath.
when heavens and earth shall move.

That day, day of wrath,
calamity and misery,
great and exceedingly bitter day,
when you come to judge
the world through fire.

Rest eternal
grant them, Lord,
and may perpetual light shine on them.

In Paradisum

May the Angels lead you into Paradise;
at your coming
may the martyrs receive you,
and conduct you
into the holy city, Jerusalem.

May the chorus of Angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, once a pauper,
eternally may you have rest.

THE UNIVERSITY CHORALE

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Bret Amundson, *assistant conductor*

Hyun-Ja Choi, *pianist and organist*

SOPRANO

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Caitlin Tierney, Phoenix, AZ

Sola Yun, Mukilteo, WA

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Ann Trigg, Issaquah, WA

Marcia Welk, Kiev, Ukraine

Anne Wolken, Mukilteo, WA

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