



School
of
Music
University
of
Washington

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

The University Chorale

Spring Concert

Geoffrey Boers, *director*
Evin Lambert, *assistant director*

with special guests

Kentridge High School
Concert Choir

Anthony Giles, *conductor*

June 5, 1997 8 pm Meany Hall

DATE 13,061
CASS 13,062
13,063

C46
1997
6-5

DAT

ID 1

Richte Mich, Gott
Op. 78, No. 2

3:48

I. This page,
Cass 13,062-A

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Judge Me, O God, and plead my cause against unholy nations.
 O Lord, save me from the unjust and evil people.
 For Thou art my God in whom I take my strength,
 why is it Thou reject me?
 Lord, why let me go sadly in the way of my enemies?
 Send out Thy light, and send out Thy truth,
 Let them now lead me unto Thy holy mountain,
 unto Thy holy dwelling place.
 Then I will go unto the altar of God with joy, and grace.
 I will praise Thee with harp and lyre, O my God.
 Why are you cast down, O my soul, why are you restless within me?
 Hope in God!
 I again shall praise my Lord and God.

ID 2

Schicksalslied 15.10
Op. 54

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Kim Davenport, piano

Song of Fate

Ye tread on pathways of light, through fields eternal,
 spirits beyond the skies.
 Tenderly, balmy breezes fan your calm brows,
 As the artist's fingers sweep over the holy harp strings.
 Free from grief as the slumbering infant, heavenly spirits live.
 Chaste enshrined as a bud that is opening,
 Purely blooms their soul always.
 And their celestial vision serenely gazes on everlasting light.

To us it is not given to find repose here on earth.
 They vanish, they falter, our suffering brothers;
 Blindly from hour to hour they are driven,
 Like spray of the cataract recklessly plunging down,
 to doubt and darkness below.

II. This page, Cass 13,062-B

Kentridge High School Concert Choir

Anthony Giles, conductor

ID 4

Song of the Salish Chief 1986 28:03 Peter Bjerring

- I. "Where we once hunted..."
- II. "Yea, we are not all sons..."
- III. "Red roots and yellow weeds..."
- IV. "But there were nights..."
- V. "Like dolphin our kindred came..."
- VI. "The trail of darkness..."

Jestyn Cummings, *Narrator*; Deanna Overby, *piano*; Emily Kurc, Dan Buonadonna, *percussion*; Anna White, *flute*; David Couch, *string bass*; Jeff Waldon, *tenor*.

Where once we hunted white men have built many long houses. But they move as uneasy as mice within them. They have made slaves from waterfalls and magic from the souls of rocks.
 They are stronger than grizzlies, but their slaves bully them, and they are chickadees in council.
 Some of you say 'give us time, we will grow wise and invent peace.' Others set 'The sun slides into the saltchuck: we must follow the redman into the trail of darkness.'

II.

Yea, we are not all sons of the same brown Asia tribe:
 My fathers, roaming ever eastward, crossed Bering,
 made human half the world.
 Your fathers, whitening over Europe, and ever westering,
 circled back to us, bringing us your woes, clasped in your totems,
 carved in those powers of lead and steel.
 We had not known, unknowing had not lacked, yet from the knowing needed.

II. cont.

Before the tall ships tossed their shining tools to us,
my uncle was our carpenter. With saw of flame he laid the cedars
low: split the sweet-smelling planks with adze of jade,
bowed them his way with steam and thong,
shaped the long wind silvered house
where fifty of my kin and I lived as warm as bear.
He hollowed the great canoes we rode the gulf in safe as gulls.
My uncle had a Guarding Power with Brother Wood.

III.

Red roots and yellow weeds entwined themselves
within our women's hands, coiled to those baskets darting
with the grey wave's pattern, or the wings of dragonflies, you keep
in your cities now, within glass boxes.
Now they are art, white man's taboo.
But once they held sweet water.

Salmon was bread. When the tide of thimbleberries
the first silver back threshed in our dipnets
my father's drum called all the village.
The red flesh flaked steaming from the ceremonial spit.
My father chanted thanks to the Salmon power and everyone in
turn tasted bird-like.

We young men ran to the water.
The bows of our canoes returning were flecked like mica.
With flying fingers the women split the shiny ones,
hung them on cunning cedar racks,
so that our friends, the air and sun,
might seal the good oils for the winter's storing.
Salmon was bread.

IV.

But there were nights we returned from the mountains
with deer on our shoulders, or from the still coves with ducks.
Then all the longhouses made music, there was roasting of spicy
roots, there were sweet small plums, the green shoots of vines, and lily
bulbs that grew for us unprompted.
It was not till your time, sir I saw a Salish go hungry.
There was more, a something I do not know-
a way of life that died for yours to live.

We gambled with sticks, and storms, and wives, but we did not
steal.

The chief, my father, spoke only to the people what was true.
When there was a quarrel he made us unravel it with reason,
or wrestle weaponless on the clean sand.
We kept no longhouses for warriors, we set no state over others.
Each had his work, and all made certain each was fed.
It was a way-

Sometimes a young man would be many months thinking,
alone in the woods as a heron,
and learning the powers of the creatures.
When I was young I lay and watched the little grey doctor,
the lizard, I studied his spirit, I found his song,
when I was chief, I carved him on my house post.
I took the red earth and the white and painted his wisdom.

It was true we saw threats and marvels in all that moved
but we had no god whose blood must be drunk,
nor a hell for our enemies, these white men brought us.

V.

Like dolphin our kindred came, arching over the waves.
My father stood on the house roof, threw down cloaks of marten
and mink, white rugs of the wild goat's wool, tossed down for the
catching, red capes of the cedar bark,
and root mats brown as the last cloud in the sun's down-going,
the men made jokes, there was squirrel chatter of women.
After, at the tide's full brim, they danced.
And my father put on the great-eyed mask of his power.
With his secret kelp whistle spoke out words as he swayed.
My uncle held his drum close to a tidepool,
rubbed the skin cunningly with his hands,
made the downy whoosh of the owl in the night.

A shaman drew frog talk from cockle shells
hidden in the pool of his fingers.
The old men sand of the great chiefs that had been, their song dying
as the wind then swelling, as the carved rattles clacked,
as the shell hoops spoke to the ritual sticks,
once there was silence no one stirred,
I heard the beating of my heart.

One and one.
Then like an arrow's thud one beat of the drum,
and suddenly all the drums were thunder,
and everyone leaped singing and surging,
surging in the last dance.
That was my first potlatch.

VI.

In those days we drank only our sounds.
We gave and were given to.
But when your fathers took our food and left us little coins,
and when your shamans took our songs and left us little hymns,
the music of the potlatch stopped.

When the strangers came to build in our village
I had two sons. One died black and gasping with smallpox.
To the other the traders sold a flintlock.
My son gave the gun's height in otter skins.
He could shoot deer now my arrows fainted to reach.

One day he walked into the new whiskey house
your fathers built for us. He drank its madness, he had the gun,
he killed his cousin my brother's first-born...
The strangers choked my son with a rope.
From that day there was no growing in my nation.
I had a daughter. She died young, and barren
from the secret rot of a sailor's thighs.

Red roots and yellow weeds...

When the measles passed from our village
there were ninety to lift into the burial grove.
But the loggers had felled our trees there was only the cold earth,
and nine men left to dig. The doctor set fire to the longhouses and
the carvings. My cousins paddled me over the Sound to sit alone by
their smokehouse fire, for I, their chief, was blind.
One night I felt with shuffling of feet the beach trail.
I walked into the salt water,
I walked down to the home of the Seal Brother...
Peace to my cousins, comfort and peace.
-Earle Birney

INTERMISSION

III. This page, Cass 13,063-A

105
The e Promise of Living 5:46 Aaron Copland
106 Stomp Your Foot 3:26 (1900-1990)
from *The Tenderland*

107 Domardansen 1:57 Bengt Hallberg

Join the dance, it's the dance of the judge. Form a circle that keeps on
turning. If they dreamed of a lover in the night, Domardansen.

IV.

108
Mata del Anima Sola 4:10 Antonio Estévez
The night, tired mare, shakes her mane and the black tail above the
riverside; and, in its silence, your ghostly heart is filled with awe.

109
Duerme Negrito 3:05 Atahualpa Yupanqui
arr. Emile Solé

Sleep, little black one, your mama's in the fields, little one, sleep.
She's going to bring quail for you, she's going to bring fresh fruit for
you, she's going to bring pork for you, she's going to bring many things.
And if the black one doesn't go to sleep, the white devil will come
and...ZAP! he'll eat your little foot *chica bú*; hurry *chica bú*.
Sleep little black one, your mama's in the fields, little one, sleep.
She's working hard, working, yes,
working and they don't pay her, working yes,
working and she's coughing, working yes,
for her sweet little black one, yes.

1010
Kasar mie la gaji 5:17 Alberto Grau
The earth is tired.

1011
Salseo 3:54 Oscar Galián

University Chorale

Sopranos

Lucy Brown
Kimberly Davenport
Amanda Gauthier
Karen Gleason
Kandis Griff
Dena Grossenbacher
Laura Haney
Sool-Lim Lee
Alyson Panichi
Ann Risenmay
Carmen Sammy
Hong-Ha Truong
Jendi Watso
Samara Wolcott

Tenors

Spencer Arnot
Ken Cecka
Chip Diamond
Joe Dyvig
Sam Lai
Evin Lambert
Steve McCollum
Carlos Moreno
Dieter Rice
Seth Whelan
Vince Velie

Altos

Diane Brandt
Hee-Won Chung
Essie Fine
Carley Francis
Carla Guedelhofer
Laura Hamm
Susie Philipsen
Danielle Rangel
Tonya Surface
Irmela Wagner
Kathe Wicks

Basses

Russell Allison
Anthony Balducci
Brian Chapman
Andrew Dolphin
John Duwors
Kevin Gausepohl
Joe Hawkins
Thomas Lumley
Felik Paulus
John Wu
Daniel Zucker

Upcoming UW Choral events:

University Chorale Summer Concert - Aug 9, Kane 110, 8 pm

To request disability accommodations, contact the Office of the ADA Coordinator at least ten days in advance of the event. 543-6450 (voice); 5443-6452 (TDD); 685-3885 (fax); access@u.washington.edu (e-mail)