



## Ecstatic Expectancy Dec. 8 & 10, 2023

Gabriel's Oboe

Ennio Morricone (1928-2020)  
arr. Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)

Maoz Tsur

Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)  
arr. Hugo C. Adler (1894-1955)

Magnificat (*East Coast Premiere*)

Dale Trumbore (b. 1987)

Magnificat (*NJ Premiere*)

Jessica French (b. 1984)

Magnificat

Francesco Durante (1684–1755)  
attr. Pergolesi

*Sarah Murray, NicolePaige Uvenio, Austin Kurbansade, Ted Roper*

### INTERMISSION

Ave Maria

Robert Parsons (c. 1530-1572)

Laetentur coeli

William Byrd (c. 1539-1623)

Summer is gone

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

Ecstatic Expectancy (*NJ Premiere*)

Zanaida S. Robles (b. 1979)

*Reggie Ramekar, Lizzie Engelberth*

*CHAMBER SINGERS*

Kling no klokka!

arr. Gordon Thornett (b. 1942)

A Winter Breviary

Reena Esmail (b. 1983)

1. We Look For You (Evensong) {Raag Hamsadhwani}
2. The Year's Midnight (Matins) {Raag Malkauns}
3. The Unexpected Early Hour (Lauds) {Raag Ahir Bhairav}

As Joseph was a-walking

Ulysses Kay (1917-1995)

King John's Christmas

David Thomson (b. 1963)

*David Thomson*

Adonai

Mark A. Miller (b. 1967)

*PJ Livesey (Friday), Adam Aguanno (Sunday), Dan Greenfield*

Come, O Come, Emmanuel

Miller

## Instrumentalists

Piano: Dave Davis

Organ: Chris Hatcher

Violin: Rebecca Harris Lee, Danielle Sinclair

Viola: Margaret Roberts

Cello: Michael Holak

Oboe: Teddy Love

Percussion: Dan Malloy, Elizabeth Monkemeier, Ben Schroeder

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We wait. In all faith traditions, in all human hearts we hope for better times, and composers through the ages have helped articulate this longing. Many have used the *Magnificat*, Mary's brave response to the Angel Gabriel. We see the promise of the future in a tiny newborn. We wait for the return of the light following the solstice. We wait always for the return of peace. I hope this concert helps you to find your own *Ecstatic Expectancy* in our dedicated community of singers and audience.

Famed Italian composer **Ennio Morricone** was born in 1928 into a musical family in Rome, under Fascist rule. His father, a professional trumpet player, taught him trumpet and other instruments. According to the *New York Times* obituary, "His World War II experiences — hunger and the dangers of Rome as an 'open city' under German and American armies — were reflected in some of his later work...His vast output included atmospheric music for spaghetti westerns in his native Italy and scores for some 500 movies by a Who's Who of directors." *Gabriel's Oboe* is the main theme for the 1986 film *The Mission*. This is one of Morricone's most famous tunes, and he arranged it for orchestra. Soprano Sarah Brightman convinced Morricone to allow her to set lyrics to the theme to create her own song, "Nella Fantasia." This wordless choral version is by **Craig Hella Johnson**, celebrated choral conductor and composer who founded his Grammy-winning ensemble *Conspirare* in 1991.

Based on a traditional Italian Jewish melody notated in an Ashkenazic synagogue in Venice by **Benedetto Marcello**, circa 1723, here is a very classical setting of the famous Hanukkah song *Maoz Tsur*. The great scholar of Jewish music Joshua Jacobson explains:

The Hebrew text of this hymn was written in the 13<sup>th</sup> century by the Italian rabbi Mordecai Ben Isaac HaLevy, whose name can be found in the initial letters of the five stanzas of the poem! The oldest printed source of Chanukah music is a melody for the *Maoz Tsur* hymn, notated by the Italian composer Benedetto Marcello. The story of how an Italian church musician came to publish a synagogue melody is of some interest. On a Chanukah night about 270 years ago, Marcello crossed over from Christian Venice into the Jewish ghetto. He was heading for the great Ashkenazic synagogue, famed for the beautiful music used in its services. Marcello, a successful lawyer and politician, was also a composer of church music and about to begin work on his greatest project, *Estro poetico-armonico*, a musical setting of the first fifty Psalms from the Bible. Like other great artists of his time, he felt the need to base his creative work on that of the ancients. But while his contemporaries based their church music on Gregorian chant, Marcello decided to go further back, to the roots of Psalm singing in ancient Jerusalem. And so Marcello entered the synagogue to hear how the Jews were perpetuating their ancient musical traditions. When he published his Psalm settings in 1724, Marcello prefaced some of his compositions with the Jewish melodies which he had transcribed, the Hebrew

text and music reading from right to left. Marcello used the *Maoz Tsur* melody as the basis for his setting of Psalm 15 (in Italian). **Hugo Chaim Adler**, a cantor from Worcester, MA, and the father of composer Samuel Adler, made this lovely arrangement in a straight-forward homophonic setting.

Maoz Tsur Yeshu'ati,  
lekha na'eh leshabe'ach.  
Tikon beit tefilati,  
v'sham toda nezabe'ach.  
Le'et takhin matbe'ach mitzar hamnabe'ach.

Az egmor beshir mizmor chanukat hamizbe'ach.

Y'vanim nikbetzu alai,  
azai bimei Chashmanim.  
Ufartzu chomot migdalai,  
v'tim'u kol hashmanim.  
Uminotar kankanim na'asa nes lashoshanim.

B'nei vina y'mei shmona kav'u shir ur'nanim.

My Refuge, my Rock of Salvation,  
'tis pleasant to sing Your praises.  
Let our house of prayer be restored  
and there we will offer You our thanks.  
When You have eradicated all those who  
spread hatred over us,  
Then we will celebrate with song  
and psalm the altar's dedication.

The Greeks gathered against me,  
in days of the Hasmoneans.  
They broke down the walls of my towers,  
and defiled all the oils.  
But from the last remaining flask  
a miracle was wrought for the Jews.  
Therefore the sages of the day ordained  
these eight for songs of praise.

Since she won the Harmonium High School Composition Contest almost 20 years ago, **Dale Trumbore's** compositions have been commissioned, awarded, and performed widely in the U.S. and internationally by a diverse group of outstanding ensembles. Trumbore holds a dual degree in music composition and English from the University of Maryland and a M.M. degree in composition from the University of Southern California. As well as being a wonderful composer, Dale is an accomplished writer. She recently published the book *Staying Composed: Overcoming Anxiety and Self-Doubt within a Creative Life*. As well as premiering her student work, *Sing to the Lord* (which is still in her catalogue), Harmonium commissioned *Where Go the Boats?* in 2012 to celebrate the 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our composition contest, and participated in a commission consortium and performed the East Coast premiere of *Glorious, Glorious* in 2015. Dale provides the following program note for *Magnificat*:

Again and again, I find myself drawn to poems and other writings that present a very human perspective on the divine. In Lynn Ungar's poem "Magnificat," she contemplates an apparent contradiction in Mary's words: that magnifying God could in fact mean making God smaller, in the form of a child. Just as the poem turns these words over, finding new meaning each time, the music spins these repeated phrases into new harmonic perspectives. Ungar's poem grounds the traditional Christmas story in minute details like the urgent hunger of an infant. Her text, like all good poems, uses the small, precise, and confined nature of poetry to magnify our humanity.

*Magnificat* was commissioned through the following consortium: The Carson Chamber Singers through the Carson City Symphony Association, led by Richard Hutton (World Premiere); North

Shore Choral Society, led by Julia Davids (Midwest Premiere); Harmonium Choral Society, led by Anne Matlack (East Coast Premiere); and Cantabile Chamber Singers, led by Cheryll Chung (Canadian Premiere). <https://www.daletrumbore.com/>

My soul doth magnify the Lord  
said Mary, under circumstances  
which make it something of a startling  
utterance. Not I accept the will of the Lord.  
Not I bow before the Lord.  
Not even I give thanks to the Lord.  
No, Mary, this young woman,  
presumably unfamiliar with angels  
or divine voices of any kind,  
let alone those pronouncing  
that salvation would grow inside  
her ordinary flesh—this woman  
who may be innocent, but hardly seems naïve—  
says something remarkable.  
My soul magnifies the Lord.  
Who I am, what I do, how I choose  
makes God bigger. As if God  
were to slip between microscope slides  
and appear in never-before-seen detail.  
Which is, of course, exactly  
what happens. Somehow,  
in being magnified God gets small,  
small enough to sleep amongst the straw  
and the scent of farm animals.  
God magnified becomes particular,  
tangible, urgent as a hungry child.  
And Mary, like so many women  
before her and after, puts the baby  
to her breast, where they both grow  
vast in one another's eyes.

**Jessica French** is an award-winning composer specializing in choral music, both sacred and secular. As a soprano, Jessica is a section leader at St. James Cathedral in Seattle, and sings with Choral Arts Northwest, where she was composer-in-residence for the 2021-2022 season. Jessica received her foundational training in music at the Madeleine Choir School in Salt Lake City. She received a B.M. degree in organ performance from Indiana University Jacobs School of Music and a M.M. degree in organ performance from Yale University. Jessica has a rare ability called synesthesia, in which various senses are linked to one another, mainly in the form of colors associated with notes, timbres, and words. She is composer-in-residence at Saint Thomas Fifth Ave (NYC) and a contributor to *Carols for Choirs 6*. Jessica's awards include the ASCAP Plus Award, the 2020 AGO/ECS Publishing Award in Choral Composition, and most recently, The

American Prize in the professional shorter choral works division for "We Are Held" for SATB choir and guitar (November 2023).

This *Magnificat* (and *Nunc Dimittis*, which we will perform in March) was originally written for treble voices and organ in 2013, and a version for SATB choir and organ was written in 2019. It has been sung by various choirs across the globe including St. Paul's, London. The composer explains:

In composing this setting, my musical language was highly influenced by my synesthesia (the association of colors with notes and words). For example, when I think of Mary, I imagine her cloaked in a deep blue, which is why I have written a B-flat for the treble entrance in the *Magnificat*—a pitch that, for me, matches the same color. Throughout this service, there are frequent shifts of key center, and these changes highlight various themes in the text and the colors I associate with them. <https://www.jessicafrench.net/>

My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.  
For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his handmaiden.  
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath magnified me,  
and holy is his Name.  
And his mercy is on them that fear him  
throughout all generations.  
He hath showed strength with his arm.  
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seat,  
and hath exalted the humble and meek.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things,  
and the rich he hath sent empty away.  
He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel,  
as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost;  
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,  
world without end.  
Amen.

Although he was the most distinguished of Neapolitan 18<sup>th</sup>-century *opera buffo* composers and also wrote instrumental works, **Francesco Durante's** fame rests on his church music and his considerable reputation as a teacher. Indeed he taught the great Pergolesi, to whom this *Magnificat* was long attributed. The first movement, *Magnificat anima mea*, combines the ancient chanting tone for the Magnificat with driving rhythms in the strings and bouncy dance-like baroque melismas. Beginning in the soprano, the chant is passed to alto, soprano, tenor, soprano, alto/soprano, and bass. *Et misericordia* is set for soprano, then alto solos with violin duet over continuo. Syncopation, suspensions, and descending lines characterize this section,

which leads right into full chorus and strings at *Fecit potentiam* with its dramatic descending runs tone-painting the word “dispersit.” The descending lines of the *Deposuit potentes* fugue subject portray the “putting down of the mighty,” while the dramatic rest near the end of the movement may represent “the rich being sent away empty.” *Suscepit Israel* is a charming duet for tenor and bass soloists with violin. The driving rhythms of *Sicut locutus* propel us into the last movement, which starts with a grand homophonic *Gloria*. This leads us into a recapitulation of the *Magnificat* chant theme, appropriately at the words *sicut erat in principio* (“as it was in the beginning, is now”-- a musical pun that few composers, including Bach, could resist), combined with a new “amen” melisma.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum;  
et exsultavit spiritus meus  
in Deo salutari meo.  
Quia respexit  
humilitatem ancillae suae.  
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam  
me dicent omnes generationes.  
Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est,  
et sanctum nomen ejus.  
Et misericordia ejus a progenie  
in progenies timentibus eum.  
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo;  
dispersit superbos  
mente cordis sui.  
Deposuit potentes de sede,  
et exaltavit humiles.  
Esurientes implevit bonis  
et divites dimisit inanes.  
Suscepit Israel puerum suum,  
recordatus misericordiae suae.  
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,  
Abraham et semini ejus in saecula.

Gloria Patri, et Filio,  
et Spiritui Sancto.  
Sicut erat in principio,  
et nunc, et semper:  
et in saecula saeculorum.  
Amen.

My soul doth magnify the Lord;  
and my spirit hath rejoiced  
in God my Savior.  
For he hath regarded  
the lowliness of his handmaiden.  
For behold, from henceforth,  
all generations shall call me blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath magnified me:  
and holy is his Name.  
And his mercy is on them that fear him  
throughout all generations.  
He hath shewed strength with his arm.  
He hath scattered the proud  
in the imagination of their hearts.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seat,  
and hath exalted the humble and meek.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things,  
and the rich he hath sent empty away.  
He remembering his mercy  
hath holpen his servant Israel.  
As he promised to our forefathers,  
Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost.  
As it was in the beginning,  
is now, and ever shall be:  
world without end.  
Amen.

Tudor composer **Robert Parsons** wrote music using both English and Latin texts. This contrapuntal five-part *Ave Maria* was admired by 18<sup>th</sup>-century historian Charles Burney and is thought to date from the period of Marian reaction (1553-8) rather than pre-Reformation. Long polyphonic lines and points of imitations ebb and flow under a chant-like treble line. It includes one of the most ecstatic “Amen”s in English choral music. Parsons became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1563. He died in 1572 when he drowned at Newark, an area historically prone

to flooding by the River Trent. His coveted vacancy in the Chapel Royal was filled by William Byrd.

Ave Maria, gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum;  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui.  
Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with thee;  
blessed art thou among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.  
Amen.

**William Byrd** was one of the most distinguished and successful composers of the Tudor era, and we celebrate the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death this year. Before becoming a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, Byrd was organist of Lincoln Cathedral. He managed to remain a devout Catholic without persecution throughout the Elizabethan period, writing for “both sides,” i.e. Latin motets (used for private chapel worship) and in English. In 1575, Tallis and Byrd secured a royal patent for the printing and distribution of part-music. When Byrd died, the Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal noted the passing of “a Father of Musick.” The five-voice motet *Laetentur coeli* is a setting of the Processional Respond for Advent Sunday from Tallis and Byrd’s first publication, *Cantiones Sacrae* (1589). It sets a text from Isaiah and Psalm 7 with intimate counterpoint and text painting.

Laetentur coeli,  
et exultet terra.  
Jubilate montes laudem,  
quia Dominus noster veniet,  
et pauperum suorum miserebitur.  
Orietur in diebus,  
tuis justitia et abundantia pacis.

Let the heavens be glad  
and let the earth rejoice.  
Let the mountains be joyful with praise,  
because our Lord will come,  
and will show mercy to his poor.  
In your days,  
justice and abundance of peace shall arise.

Born to an English mother and a father originally from Sierra Leone, **Samuel Coleridge-Taylor** identified as Anglo-African. He was named for famed poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. There were many keen musicians in the extended family and Coleridge-Taylor was taught violin at a young age. At 15, he went to the Royal College of Music, studying composition with Charles Stanford. He achieved such success that he was referred to by white New York musicians as the "African Mahler" when he had three tours of the United States in the early 1900s, including an invitation to visit the White House from Theodore Roosevelt. He was particularly known for his three cantatas on the epic 1855 poem *The Song of Hiawatha* by American Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *Summer is gone* was published in 1911. It sets a poem by Christina Rossetti with lush harmonies, subtle variations from strophe to strophe, and romantic extremes of dynamic (loud and soft) expression.

Summer is gone with all its roses,  
Its sun and perfumes and sweet flowers,  
Its warm air and refreshing showers:  
And even Autumn closes.

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,  
And winter comes which is yet colder;  
Each day the hoar<sup>1</sup>-frost waxes bolder,  
And the last buds cease blowing.

1- from the Old English word for 'old age appearance' (i.e. frost that resembles white hair/beard)

**Dr. Zanaida Stewart Robles** is an award-winning Black American female composer, vocalist, and teacher. She is a fierce advocate for diversity and inclusion in music education and performance. Born, raised, and educated in Southern California on the occupied lands of the Gabrielino-Tongva people, she is in demand as a composer, vocalist, clinician and adjudicator for competitions, festivals, and conferences related to choral and solo vocal music. Published by Stewart Robles Music, Music Spoke, E.B. Marks Music, Pavane Publishing, and Stainer and Bell, Robles' music has been performed by professional ensembles, community choirs, educational institutions, and churches worldwide. Dr. Robles holds a D.M.A. degree from the USC Thornton School of Music, a M.M. degree from CSU Northridge, and a B.M. degree from CSU Long Beach; she is a graduate of the Los Angeles County High School for the Arts.

*Ecstatic Expectancy* was commissioned by St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral, Seattle for the 2021 "O" Antiphons Liturgy, a procession with lessons and carols structured around the seven "O" Antiphons, which also form the basis of the hymn *O Come, O Come Emmanuel*. The text is from Psalm 85, verse 10, with phrases from J.M. Neale's translation of *Veni Emmanuel*. The work fuses her energized, contrapuntal, soulful, rhythmically driven style with a clarity characteristic of Anglican Church music. <https://zanaidarobles.com/>

Rejoice!

Mercy and truth have met together;  
righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Wisdom from on high;  
Lord of might;  
Branch of Jesse's tree;  
Key of David;  
Dayspring;  
Desire of nations.

*Kling no klokka!* is one of the most traditional Norwegian Christmas carols, with lyrics by one of the most famous poets from the northern part of Norway, Elias Blix (1836-1902). This arrangement by British composer and retired music therapist **Gordon Thornett** was made for the Boys' Choir at Trondheim Cathedral in Norway, and now forms a regular part of their Christmas repertoire. As a keen choral singer, Thornett has written several new settings of Christmas texts, which have been performed by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra Chorus (of which he is a long-standing member) and other choirs across the globe.

Kling no klokka!  
Ring og lokka

Chime now the bell!  
Let it ring and coax



frå tusen tårn!  
Tona om frelsa!  
Kalla og helsa  
med fred Guds born!

from a thousand towers!  
Sounding about salvation!  
Call and greet  
with peace the children of God!

Englar kveda:  
høyr den gleda som her er hend!  
Ljoset er runne, livet er vunne:  
ein Frelsar send.

Angels sang:  
hear the joy that took place here!  
The light has risen, life has been won:  
a Savior has been sent.

Sæle stunder,  
store under og løyndoms skatt!  
Møyi vart moder,  
Gud vart vår broder  
i Jolenatt.

Salvation moments,  
great miracle and secret treasure!  
Virgin became mother,  
God became our brother  
on Christmas night.

Sjå, det dagast,  
snart det lagast til høgtid ny!  
Då skal oss klokka  
leikande lokka  
til helg i sky.

See, the day breaking,  
soon the making of a new feast!  
Then the bell  
will playfully coax us  
toward a holiday up high.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Glory to God in the highest!

Indian-American composer **Reena Esmail** works between the worlds of Indian and Western classical music, and brings communities together through the creation of equitable musical spaces. Esmail's work has been commissioned by numerous ensembles including the Los Angeles Master Chorale, Kronos Quartet, Imani Winds, San Francisco Girls Chorus, Juilliard415, and Yale Institute of Sacred Music. She is the Los Angeles Master Chorale's 2020-2023 Swan Family Artist-in-Residence, and Seattle Symphony's 2020-21 Composer-in-Residence. Esmail holds degrees in composition from The Juilliard School (B.M.'05) and the Yale School of Music (M.M.'11, M.M.A.'14, D.M.A.'18). She received a Fulbright-Nehru grant to study Hindustani music in India. Her doctoral thesis, entitled *Finding Common Ground: Uniting Practices in Hindustani and Western Art Musicians*, explores the methods and challenges of the collaborative process between Hindustani musicians and Western composers, which is exemplified in *A Winter Breviary*. The composer explains:

This set of three carols, on new texts by poet Rebecca Gayle Howell, traces a journey through the solstice, the longest night of the year. The texts follow the canonical hours of Evensong, Matins and Lauds, and the music maps onto Hindustani raags for those same hours (Raag Hamsadhwani, Malkauns and Ahir Bhairav). This set is a meeting of cultures, and of the many ways we honor the darkness, and celebrate the return of light.  
<https://www.reenaesmail.com/>

### 1. We Look For You (Evensong) {Raag Hamsadhwani}

Eventide, our single star,  
One looking star, this night.

Next to me, the sparrow hen,  
Two pilgrims small and bold.  
Dusking hour, that lonely hour  
The sky dims blue to grey.  
Our forest road will fade,  
We look for You.  
Pines glisten wet with sleet,  
She looks with me,  
We look for You.  
Fog falls in  
So close, my breath,  
She looks with me,  
We look for You:  
Great Silent One Unseen,  
We look for You.  
Eventide, our single star,  
One looking star, this night.  
We look for You,  
Forgiving light, our guide.

## **2. The Year's Midnight (Matins) {Raag Malkauns}**

The longest night is come,  
A matins<sup>1</sup> for beasts, they low, they kneel,  
O, their sleep, their psalm sung.  
A matins for trees, they slow, they stem,  
O, their reach, their psalm won.  
Hush, hush,  
Can I hear them?  
Can I hear what is not said?  
Hush, hush,  
Can I hear You?  
Ev'ry need met.  
To light, the path is dark,  
Our star has gone.  
Beneath my feet a year of leaves fallen, frozen, done.  
I walk these woods,  
The longest night is come,  
Above me, the sparrow,  
She brings our new seed home.  
Brown true sparrow,  
Take tomorrow home.

1- morning prayer/song

## **3. The Unexpected Early Hour (Lauds) {Raag Ahir Bhairav}**

Praise be! Praise be!  
The dim, the dun<sup>1</sup>, the dark withdraws

Our recluse morning's found.  
The river's alive  
The clearing provides  
Lie down, night sky, lie down.  
I feel the cold wind leaving, gone,  
I feel the frost's relief.  
My tracks in the snow can still be erased  
In us, the sun believes.  
Winter is, Winter ends,  
So the true bird calls.  
The rocks cry out  
My bones cry out  
All the trees applaud.  
Ev'ry hard thing lauds.  
Lie down, night sky, lie down.  
I know the seeding season comes,  
I know the ground will spring.  
My fate is not night  
I don't need to try  
Behold! The dawn, within.  
Horizon lights across my thoughts,  
Horizon lines redraw.  
Inside of my throat a rise of the gold  
Inside my chest I thaw.  
Winter is, Winter ends,  
Nothing stays the same.  
The moon strikes high,  
The sun strikes high and  
Now I hear your name:  
Earth's Untired Change.  
Praise be! Praise be!  
The unexpected early hour  
grows the good light long.  
Our darkness ends,  
O mercy sun,  
Trust can warm us all.  
Begin again, again, again,  
O may our day begin!

1- brownish-grey color

Another distinguished Black composer, **Ulysses Kay** began his education in the public school system of Tucson, AZ. He earned a B.A. in music from the University of Arizona and entered the Eastman School of Music as a student of Howard Hanson and Bernard Rogers. He was also a student of Paul Hindemith at the Berkshire Music Center and at Yale University. Following a three-year tour with the United States Navy, Kay received an Alice M. Ditson Fellowship for work at Columbia University. He is the recipient of numerous awards including Rome Prizes for

residence at the American Academy in Rome (1949-50 and 1951-52), a Fulbright Scholarship to Italy (1950-51), and a grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In 1958, Kay was a member of the first delegation of American composers to visit the Soviet Union in the Cultural Exchange Program sponsored by the United States State Department. Kay worked for Broadcast Music, Inc., and as distinguished professor at Lehman College of the City University of New York. After two decades teaching there, he retired to New Jersey. He and his wife Barbara are buried in the columbarium at St. Paul's, Englewood. Kay's setting of this well-known medieval English text, *As Joseph was a-walking* (*The Cherry Tree Carol*), demonstrates many hallmarks of his style, including modal harmonies, imitation, and text painting.

As Joseph was a-walking,  
he heard an angel sing,  
this night shall be born  
our heav'nly King.

He neither shall be born  
in housen nor in hall,  
nor in the place of Paradise,  
but in an oxen stall.

He neither shall be clothed  
in purple nor in pall<sup>1</sup>,  
but all in fair linen  
as were babies all.

He neither shall be rocked  
in silver nor in gold,  
but in a wooden cradle  
that rocks upon the mould<sup>2</sup>.

He neither shall be christened  
in white wine nor in red,  
but with fair spring water  
with which we were christened.

1- ornate robe

2- ground/earth

**David Thomson** has written and recorded three albums of jazz-folk-pop-rock songs, soloed and performed with choral groups large and small, and most recently focused some of his free time on choral composition. A graduate of Drew University, he has owned Thomson Piano Works, a full-service piano business, since 1986 - specializing in full grand piano restorations and sales of restored instruments, as well as in-home service. He lives in Chatham with his wife and their empty nest. He explains:

*King John's Christmas*, from the book of poems *Now We Are Six* (1927) by A.A. Milne, was a family favorite from my father's childhood as well as my own. I came from a

family of wind players and my mother played piano. So, in 2005, I decided my Christmas present to them would be to set the poem for voice (my brother Martin), flute (me), oboe (brother Geoffrey), alto recorder (Dad), and piano (Mom). The results were mixed. We had one decent rehearsal but Dad didn't show up for the performance. Martin sang the part so beautifully I was inspired to rearrange it for chorus, and went on to write choral settings for five more of A.A. Milne's poems. Now that it is finally in the public domain I'm thrilled that Dr. Anne Matlack decided to include it in this year's concert. King John was not a good man, but he wasn't all bad. And one cannot help but root for anyone whose deepest desire is as simple a pleasure as a bouncing rubber ball.

<http://www.davidthomsonmusic.net/>

King John was not a good man,  
He had his little ways.  
And sometimes no one spoke to him  
For days and days and days.  
And men who came across him,  
When walking in the town,  
Gave him a supercilious<sup>1</sup> stare,  
Or passed with noses in the air—  
And bad King John stood dumbly there,  
Blushing beneath his crown.

King John was not a good man,  
And no good friends had he.  
He stayed in ev'ry afternoon...  
But no one came to tea.  
And, round about December,  
The cards upon his shelf,  
Which wished him lots of Christmas cheer,  
And fortune in the coming year,  
Were never from his near and dear,  
But only from himself.

King John was not a good man,  
Yet had his hopes and fears.  
They'd given him no presents now  
For years and years and years.  
But every year at Christmas,  
While minstrels stood about,  
Collecting tribute from the young  
For all the songs they might have sung,  
He stole away upstairs and hung  
A hopeful stocking out.

King John was not a good man,  
He lived his life aloof;

Alone he thought a message out  
While climbing up the roof.  
He wrote it down and propped it  
Against the chimney stack:  
“TO ALL AND SUNDRY <sup>2</sup> —NEAR AND FAR—  
F. CHRISTMAS IN PARTICULAR.”  
And signed it not “Johannes R.”  
But very humbly, “JACK.”

“I want some crackers,  
I want some candy;  
I think a box of chocolates  
Would come in handy;  
I don't mind oranges,  
I do like nuts!  
And I SHOULD like a pocket-knife  
That really cuts.  
And, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,  
Bring me a big, red india-rubber ball!”

King John was not a good man,  
He wrote this message out,  
And gat<sup>3</sup> him to his room again,  
Descending by the spout.  
And all that night he lay there,  
A prey to hopes and fears.  
“I think that's him a-coming now,”  
(Anxiety bedewed his brow.)  
“He'll bring one present, anyhow—  
The first I've had in years.”

“Forget about the crackers,  
Forget about the candy;  
I'm sure a box of chocolates  
Would never come in handy;  
I don't like oranges,  
I don't want nuts,  
And I HAVE got a pocket-knife  
That almost cuts.  
But, oh! Father Christmas, if you love me at all,  
Bring me a big, red india-rubber ball!”

King John was not a good man—  
Next morning when the sun  
Rose to tell a waiting world  
That Christmas had begun,

And people seized their stockings,  
And opened them with glee,  
And crackers, toys and games appeared,  
And lips with sticky sweets were smeared,  
King John said grimly: "As I feared,  
Nothing again for me!"

"I did want crackers,  
I did want candy;  
I know a box of chocolates  
Would come in handy;  
I do love oranges,  
I did want nuts.  
I haven't got a pocket-knife—  
Not one that cuts.  
And, oh! if Father Christmas had loved me at all,  
He would have brought a big, red india-rubber ball!"

King John stood by the window,  
And frowned to see below  
The happy bands of boys and girls  
All playing in the snow.  
A while he stood there watching,  
And envying them all ...  
When through the window big and red  
There hurtled by his royal head,  
And bounced and fell upon the bed,  
An india-rubber ball!

AND OH, FATHER CHRISTMAS,  
MY BLESSINGS ON YOU FALL  
FOR BRINGING HIM  
A BIG, RED,  
INDIA-RUBBER BALL!

- 1- haughty
- 2- 'To everyone'
- 3- got

**Mark Andrew Miller** has been composer-in-residence for Harmonium since 1998. He serves as assistant professor of church music at Drew Theological School and is a lecturer in the practice of sacred music at Yale University. He also is the minister of music at Christ Church in Summit. Since 1999, Mark has led music for United Methodists and others around the country, including directing music for the 2008 General Conference. His choral anthems are best sellers for Abingdon Press and Choristers Guild, and his hymns are widely published. Mark received a B.A. in music from Yale University and a M.M. in organ performance from Juilliard. Harmonium has premiered many of his works including *Before Too Long* (1999);

*The Quality of Mercy* (2004); *Song of the Open Road* (2008/rev. 2018); *Come, O Come, Emmanuel* (2013); the violin, cello, clarinet, and piano orchestration of *I Believe* (2014); *The Children of All Others* (2019); and *Love Will Rise Again* (2022).

The moving setting of *Adonai*, dedicated to Rabbis Leah and Perry Berkowitz, originates from a short youth musical Laurie Zelman and Mark wrote about the journeys of the apostle Paul. This song comes when Paul and Silas are in jail awaiting their fate.

Adonai,  
I sing your name in every circumstance,  
I rejoice though my feet are bound,  
my spirit still can dance.

*Refrain:*

Adonai, Ancient One,  
One who is, and is to come,  
Adonai, Holy One,  
One who is, and is to come.

Adonai,  
I sing your name though darkness covers me,  
I rejoice though my heart is sore,  
yet in you my soul is free.

*Refrain*

Adonai,  
I sing your name  
and pray for my release,  
I rejoice though I am in chains,  
in you I will find peace.

*Refrain*

On this 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of commissioning *Come, O Come, Emmanuel*, we are pleased to present a revised version with strings. Mark explains:

The text for this hymn is originally written in Latin from the 9<sup>th</sup> century and the tune is said to be of French origin in the 14<sup>th</sup> century. It is probably the most well-known hymn sung in Christian churches during the season of Advent, the four weeks preceding Christmas. I always enjoy setting “ancient” texts to new music, and in this case, I use the refrain from the original hymn as the climax for both the choir and audience to sing together:

**Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.**



Come, O come, Emmanuel,  
ransom captive Israel,  
that mourns in lonely exile here,  
'til the love of God appears.

O Come, thou wisdom from on high,  
order all things far and nigh.  
To us the path of knowledge show,  
teach us in her ways to go.

O Come, thou Dayspring,  
come cheer our spirits by thine advent here,  
lift the gloomy clouds of night,  
death's dark shadows give flight.

Rejoice! O Israel!  
Emmanuel shall come to thee, Israel.

Come, thou wisdom from on high,  
order all things far and nigh.

Come, thou key of David, come,  
open wide our heavenly home.

Come, thou Dayspring,  
come cheer our spirits by thine advent here,  
lift the gloomy clouds of night,  
death's dark shadows put to flight.

Rejoice! Rejoice!  
Emmanuel shall come to thee, O Israel.

Come, rejoice, O Israel,  
come, rejoice, O come,  
rejoice!