



Resilience

March 5 & 6, 2022

Look to this day	Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)
Selig sind die Toten	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)
Der 92 nd Psalm <i>Jennifer Holak, Alyssa Casazza, Holland Jancaitis, Ben Schroeder</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Soleils de Septembre <i>Sarah O'Sullivan</i>	Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)
Aloft (<i>World Premiere- GiveANote</i>)	David Thomson (b. 1963)
The Wellerman (<i>TTBB</i>) <i>John Lamb, Ken Short, Robert Bowden, Matt Onigman, Henry Marinovic</i>	arr. The Wellermen
Still I Rise (<i>SSAA</i>) <i>Alice Allen, Nancy Watson-Baker</i>	Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)
Hope Lingers On	Lissa Schneckenburger arr. Andrea Ramsey (b. 1977)
Ale Brider <i>Lux Onigman, Murray Spiegel, Randi Spiegel</i>	arr. Joshua Jacobson (b. 1948)

INTERMISSION

I Have Longed for Thy Saving Health	William Byrd (1539-1623)
A Survival Plan of Sorts	Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)
Unconquerable Soul* <i>Ted Roper</i>	Barron Brothers (b. 2004)
Invictus* <i>Emilie Bishop, Chelsea Payne</i>	Lux Onigman (b. 2005)
There are No Beaten Paths*	Katie Nieto (b. 2004)

CHAMBER SINGERS

Alchemy* Asher Sheckman (b. 2004)

Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown
PJ Livesey arr. Alice Parker (b. 1925)

Like Barley Bending Kathleen Allan (b. 1989)
Semi-Chorus: Leslie Adler, Rachel Clark, Lux Onigman,
Claudia Sydenstricker, Michele Yurecko

God Bless the Young Folk Carol Barnett (b. 1949)

**2021 Student Winner Live Premiere*

Instrumentalists

Piano: David Davis

Organ: Chris Hatcher

“Look to this day, for yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow is only a vision...but today, well-lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope.”

– Kālidāsa, 4th century

My idea behind this concert was to celebrate that we have emerged still singing and composing and joyful after a year and a half that was full of sadness for choral singers, but also full of life lessons learned and moments of fun, family, creativity and well, resilience.

When I wrote to **Dr. Adolphus Hailstork** to ask for permission to sing *Look to this day*, now out of print (which was kindly granted), and I asked him if he wanted to say anything about it, he responded simply, “Why not check out the text?” This text above is meant to be invoked every morning – and what wisdom! “Look to this day” is set as a theme of four rising pick-up notes, until the very penultimate statement, when the composer accents “Look to THIS day” to emphasize the meaning.

Adolphus Hailstork received his doctorate in composition from Michigan State University, having previously studied at the Manhattan School of Music under Vittorio Giannini and David Diamond, at the American Institute at Fontainebleau with Nadia Boulanger, and at Howard University with Mark Fax. Dr. Hailstork has written numerous works for chorus, solo voice, piano, organ, various chamber ensembles, band, orchestra, and opera, which have been performed by major ensembles around the country. In a wonderful recent video, Dr. Hailstork admitted that setting music for choirs is something he does often. He also credited the excellent opportunities given him growing up in the New York State public school system, having opportunities as a chorister, and having a teacher who performed his compositions for chorus and orchestra. He also explains how although his music is influenced by African-American culture, he is steeped in classical and liturgical traditions. He is currently working on his Fourth Symphony, and A KNEE ON A NECK (tribute to George Floyd) for chorus and orchestra. Dr.

Hailstork resides in Virginia Beach and is Professor of Music and Eminent Scholar at Old Dominion University in Norfolk. <https://www.adolphushailstork.com/>

Text author Kālidāsa was a Classical Sanskrit author who is often considered ancient India's greatest playwright and dramatist. His surviving works consist of three plays, two epic poems, and two shorter poems.

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty.

For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well-lived,
Makes ev'ry yesterday a dream of happiness
And ev'ry tomorrow a vision of hope.

The great German composer **Heinrich Schütz** bridged the generation from the Renaissance to the Baroque. He was no stranger to death and hardship as a widower whose creative output spanned the Thirty Years' War. *Selig sind die Toten* comes from *Geistliche Chor-Musik*, a mature collection (1648) that sought to demonstrate to composers the importance of mastering traditional counterpoint. Although conservative, it is boundlessly expressive, more like a madrigal than a motet, with its vivid text painting on "ruhen" (rest), abrupt shifts of mood, and canonic description of "folgen ihnen nach" (follow after them). After an opening that blesses the dead, the joy of resurrection "interrupts" with a great "Ja!" in the baritone--to me, one of the greatest moments in choral music.

Selig sind die Toten, die in dem Herren sterben, von nun an.	Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord from now on.
Ja der Geist spricht: Sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit und ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.	Yea, the Spirit speaks: they rest from their labors and their works follow after them.

Austrian composer **Franz Schubert** was extremely prolific (some 1,500 works). He may be best known for his incredibly expressive Lieder for piano and solo voice (over 600), piano pieces, part songs, and some 40 liturgical compositions (including several masses) known to choral singers. In the summer of 1828, Schubert composed his one and only piece in Hebrew: an excerpt of *Der 92nd Psalm*, set for four-part choir and solo baritone, commissioned by the great Viennese Cantor Salomon Sulzer. Known for his baritone voice, Sulzer served Vienna's Seitenstettengasse Temple for 45 years, starting in 1826. The psalm speaks to how the righteous praise God with singing, and thus flourish into their old age.

Tov l'hodos lAdonoi
ul'zamer l'shim'chaw elyon,

It is good to give thanks to the Lord
and to sing to Your name, O Most High.

L'hagid baboker chasdechaw
ve'emunaws'chaw baleylos.

To declare in the morning Your kindness
and Your faith at night.

Aley awsor va'aley nawvel
aley higawyon b'chinor.

Upon a ten-stringed harp
and upon a psaltery, with speech upon a harp.

Ki simachtani Adonoi b'fo'awlechaw
B'ma'asey yawdechaw araneyn.

For You have made me happy O Lord, with Your work;
I will exult in the works of Thy hands.

Mah gawd'lu ma'asechaw Adonoi
m'od awm'ku machsh'vosechaw.

How great are Your works, O Lord!
Your thoughts are very deep.

Ish ba'ar lo yeydaw
uch'sil lo yawvin es zos.

A boorish man does not know;
neither does a fool understand this.

Bif'roach r'shaw'im k'mo eysev
va-yawtsitsu kol po'aley awven
l'hi-shawm'dawm adey ad.

When the wicked flourish like grass,
and all workers of violence blossom,
only to be destroyed to eternity.

V'ataw mawrom l'olawm Adonoi.

But You remain on high forever, O Lord.

Lili Boulanger was a Parisian-born musical prodigy, with two classical musicians as parents. Before she was five, she accompanied her ten-year-old sister Nadia to classes at the Paris Conservatoire, sitting in on music theory classes and soon after studying organ with Louis Vierne. She also sang and played piano, violin, cello, and harp. She suffered from chronic illness, beginning with a case of bronchial pneumonia at age two that weakened her immune system. In 1912, Boulanger competed in the *Prix de Rome* but during her performance she collapsed from illness. She returned in 1913 at the age of 19 to become the first woman to win the composition prize for her cantata *Faust et Hélène*.

Boulanger composed *Soleils de Septembre*, this choral and piano setting of a poem by Auguste Lacaussade (1817-1897), in 1911 in preparation for competing in the *Prix de Rome*. She uses part of the poem that sets a pastoral text in a slow dreamy haze of triplets and whole tone harmonies, ending with the admonition that spring returns, and “Winter is a sleep and is not death!” What a text for a composer who died at age 24 but lives on in her compositions and the work of her sister Nadia, who went on to become the most renowned composition teacher of the 20th century.

Sous les tièdes rayons
des soleils de septembre,
le ciel est doux, mais pâle;
et la terre jaunit.
Dans les forêts la feuille

Under these warm rays
of the suns of September,
the sky is soft, but pale;
and the earth turns yellow.
In the forests the leaf

a la couleur de l'ambre;
L'oiseau ne chante
plus sur le bord de son nid.

has the color of amber;
The bird no longer sings
on the edge of its nest.

Du toit des laboureurs
ont fui les hirondelles;
La faucille a passé
sur l'épi d'or des blés;
On n'entend plus dans l'air
des frémissements d'ailes:
Et le merle est muet au fond
des bois troublés.

From the roof of the plowmen
have fled the swallows;
The sickle has passed over
the golden ear of wheat;
One no longer hears
the quivering of wings:
And the blackbird is silent in the depths
of the troubled woods.

Ô changeantes saisons!
Ô lois inexorables!
De quel deuil la nature,
hélas, va se couvrir.
Soleils des mois heureux,
printemps irréparables,
Adieu! Ruisseaux et fleurs
vont tarir et mourir.

O changing seasons!
O inexorable laws!
What mourning nature,
alas, will cover himself.
Suns of happy months,
irreparable spring,
Farewell! Streams and flowers
will dry up and die.

Mais console-toi, terre;
Ô Nature! Ô Cybèle!
L'hiver est un sommeil
et n'est point le trépas!
Les printemps reviendront
te faire verte et belle;
L'homme vieillit et meurt;
toi, tu ne vieillis pas.

But console yourself, earth:
O Nature! O Cybele!
Winter is a sleep
and is not death!
Spring will return
to make you green and beautiful;
Man ages and dies;
earth, you do not grow old.

1- ancient Phrygian Mother of the Gods, a primal nature goddess

As part of Harmonium Choral Society's Giving Tuesday fundraiser for the past several years, donors were able to purchase notes (whole, half, quarter, and eighth) and an in-house composer created a melody that fit the text. Last year's GiveANote piece, *Aloft*, by **David Thomson**, really spoke to me and I saved it for this concert. David has written and recorded three albums of jazz-folk-pop-rock music, arranged songs for vocal groups, soloed and performed with choral groups large and small, arranged music for weddings, church services and other celebrations, and most recently focused on choral music 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, as well as in-home service. He lives in Chatham, NJ with his wife and their empty nest. David explains:

I was very grateful for the opportunity to compose a piece for the Harmonium Choral Society GiveANote fundraiser. When I received the poem "Aloft" [by Jabez Van Cleef],

I almost immediately sat down at the piano and worked out the melody and structure of the first three stanzas in about 30 minutes. The rest of the piece took more like two months to complete. Meeting with Jabez to discuss his sense of the poem's meaning made things a bit clearer for me. It's a dream of escape and freedom – something I think everyone is longing for at the moment. And there's hope, even as we are hiding from the world, that new beginnings are coming – hopefully sooner rather than later.

In that great, expansive space,
Over an empire of air,
Rule the wide-winged birds.

They fly, they fly forever,
Soaring above, silent aloft,
Never touching the toils of earth,
They yearn, they yearn secretly,
For the ballast¹ of solid, granite ground.

I, in the distant invisible night,
Buoyed upwards by the steady lift of air,
Beyond the soft pavement of cloud,
Hear the birds calling
In throaty words, calling.

Throaty words escape from a dream;
A thought, of burrowing toward safety;
A warm and nameless and unknowable
Beginning.

1- stability

Some unexpected things got us through the pandemic - maybe family Zooms, sourdough starter, or perhaps...sea shanties? What does this have to do with resilience? It makes me happy! Luckily, after the group **The Wellermen** made a TikTok version of *The Wellerman* that went viral, they made the sheet music, arranged by Nathan Evans (a 26-year-old postman and aspiring musician from outside Glasgow), available for purchase with proceeds donated to the Marine Conservation Society. According to *The Guardian*, the rediscovered song, which has a 'cheerful energy', was likely written by a teenage sailor or shore whaler in New Zealand in the 1830s. A "Wellerman" was an employee of the Sydney-based Weller Brothers' shipping company, which from 1833 was the major supplier of provisions – such as the "sugar and tea and rum" of the shanty's refrain – to whaling stations on New Zealand shores. The whalers' wistful eye on a future date "when the tonguin' is done/We'll take our leave and go" refers to the practice of stripping blubber from beached whales to render into oil.

For a full write-up, you can visit John Archer's New Zealand folksong website at: https://www.folksong.org.nz/soon_may_the_wellerman/, which was written in 1998 and suddenly exploded in 2021.

There once was a ship that put to sea,
The name of that ship was the Billy of Tea,
The winds blew up, her bow dipped down,
O blow, my bully¹ boys, blow.

Refrain:

Soon may the Wellerman come,
To bring us sugar and tea and rum,
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore,
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

Refrain

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her,
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
When she dived down low.

Refrain

No line was cut, no whale was freed,
The Captain's mind was naught of greed,
But he belonged to the whaleman's creed,
She took the ship in tow.

Refrain

For forty days, or even more,
The line went slack, then tight once more,
All boats were lost, there were only four,
But still that whale did go.

Refrain

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on,
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone,
The Wellerman makes his regular call,
To encourage the captain, crew, and all!

Refrain

1- fine; jolly

Dr. Rosephanye Powell has been hailed as the most performed and published African-American woman composer of choral music internationally. She holds degrees from Florida State University (DM in vocal performance, University Fellow), Westminster Choir College, and Alabama State University. Dr. Powell served on the faculties of Philander Smith College (AR) and Georgia Southern University prior to her arrival at Auburn University in 2001. Recent commission and premiere highlights include: *With What Shall I Come* (SATB), composed for the St. Olaf Choir 2015 Winter Tour in celebration of the 25th anniversary of Dr. Anton Armstrong, conductor, and premiered at Carnegie Hall; *Why We Sing* (TTBB), composed for the 2014-2015 touring season of *Cantus* Vocal Ensemble; and *The Cry of Jeremiah*, a four-movement sacred work for narrator, chorus, organ, and orchestra, commissioned by the American Guild of Organists, premiered at Lincoln Center (May 2014). An accomplished singer and voice professor, Dr. Powell's research has focused on the art of the African-American spiritual, the art songs of William Grant Still, and voice care concerns for voice professionals. She travels the country and internationally presenting lectures and serving as a workshop clinician, conductor, and adjudicator for honor choirs, choral workshops, and festivals. In 2009, Dr. Powell received the "Living Legend Award" presented by the California State University African Diaspora Sacred Music Festival in Los Angeles. <http://rosephanyepowell.com/>

Dr. Powell described *Still I Rise* in a recent CHORAL JOURNAL (March 2020) as a piece particularly meaningful to her.

Still I Rise is a song that was commissioned by VOX Femina Los Angeles and Dr. Iris S. Levine, music director. When Dr. Levine approached me with her idea for the project, she shared that the choir wanted a work of women from a perspective of strength. Immediately, I knew that I wanted to set Maya Angelou's poem *Still I Rise*. Because of my love for the poem, I composed feverishly and very quickly, completing the first draft within a matter of hours. Unfortunately, I was denied permission to set the poem by Dr. Angelou's representative. So I took the inspiration received from the poem and wrote my own lyrics. *Still I Rise* is an anthem in salute to the strength of women who persevere through life's many and diverse difficulties, including sickness, physical and emotional abuse, rape, incest, prejudice, abandonment, and more. It is a charge to view life's disappointments, setbacks, and inequalities as opportunities to become stronger. This song is especially meaningful to me because of the women's choruses that have made it their choir anthem that is sung yearly. I have been overwhelmed by the number of women from around the world who have sent me photos or informed me of their *Still I Rise* tattoos, while sharing stories of how the song encouraged or sustained them at low points in their lives.

Though I have been wounded, aching heart full of pain.
Still I rise, yes, still I rise.
Jus' like a budding rose, my bloom is nourished by rain.
Haven't time to wonder why, though fearful I strive.
My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my courage arrives.

Still I rise as an eagle, soaring above ev'ry fear.
With each day I succeed, I grow strong an' believe
That it's all within my reach;
I'm reaching for the skies,
Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise.
Yes, it's all within my reach;
I'm reaching for the skies,
Yes, still I rise.

Gentle as a woman; tender sweet are my sighs.
Still I rise, yes, still I rise.
Strength is in my tears and healing rains in my cries.
Plunging depths of anguish, I determine to strive.
My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my courage arrives.

Though you see me slump with heartache;
Heart so heavy that it breaks.
Be not deceived I fly on bird's wings, rising sun, its healing rays.
Look at me, you see a woman;
Gentle as a butterfly.
But don't you think, not for one moment, that I'm not strong because I cry.

Hope Lingers On, originally performed by the folk group Low Lily and written by **Lissa Schneckenburger**, is arranged here by **Andrea Ramsey**, who describes it as a heartfelt, timely, and determined call for optimism. Raised in a small town in Maine and now living in Vermont, Schneckenburger grew up with music. She began playing fiddle at the age of six, inspired by her parent's interest in folk music. In 2001, she graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music with a degree in contemporary improvisation. She has been performing and teaching music around the world ever since. Dr. Andrea Ramsey enjoys an international presence as a composer, conductor, scholar, and music educator. Before leaping into full-time composing and guest conducting, she held positions at The Ohio State University and the University of Colorado Boulder. An award-winning composer with approximately 100 works to date, she believes strongly in the creation of new music. A native of Arkansas, Andrea has experienced in her own life the power of music to provide a sense of community, better understanding of our humanity, and rich opportunities for self-discovery. We had the privilege of Zooming with her one Sunday night during the pandemic, and she told us she first heard a version of this song from Paris on the A Cappella app on Instagram. Then she got the permission from Schneckenburger, and now choruses can enjoy this anthem of persistence. <https://www.andreamsey.com/>

My mother, when love is gone,
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

My father, when peace is gone,
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

Refrain:

I will not hate,
And I will not fear,
In our darkest hour,
Hope lingers here.

My sister, when equality's gone,
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

My brother, with tolerance gone
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

Refrain

My love, when honor is gone,
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

My country, when justice is gone,
In our darkest hour hope lingers on.

Refrain

Joshua R. Jacobson, founder and director of the Zamir Chorale of Boston, holds a bachelor's degree in music from Harvard College, a masters in choral conducting from the New England Conservatory, a doctor of musical arts from the University of Cincinnati, and a doctor of humane letters *honoris causa* from Hebrew College. He served 45 years as professor of music and director of choral activities at Northeastern University and was also visiting professor and senior consultant in the School of Jewish Music at Hebrew College. He has made it his life's work to promote, perform and make accessible Jewish choral music of all periods and styles.

In 1992, Joshua Jacobson prepared a joint concert with Zamir and the renowned Klezmer Conservatory Band, for which he arranged the Yiddish song *Ale Brider*. The text is an adaptation of a poem by Morris Winchevsky (1856-1932) entitled "Akhdes" ("Unity") published in 1890 in a monthly journal of Yiddish culture. In the 1920s, the folklorized song was published by A. Litvin in a Yiddish newspaper. Litvin noted that the song "was the most popular folk song that was sung in the old country." Please join us in the "oy oy oy" refrains!

Refrain:

Oy yoy yoy yoy yoy yoy,
Oy yoy yoy yoy yoy yoy...

Un mir zainen ale brider,
Un mir zingen freylekhe lider,
Un mir haltn zikh in eynem
Azelkhes iz nito bay keynem.

We're all brothers,
And we sing happy songs.
We stick together;
such a thing you will not find anywhere else.

Refrain

Un mir zainen ale eynik	We're all united,
Tzi mir zainen fil tzi veynik	whether we are many or a few.
Un mir libn zikh dokh ale	And we do love each other,
Vi a khosn mit a kale.	like the groom with the bride.

Refrain

Un mir zainen freylekh munter,	And we are jolly and cheerful;
Zingen lider tantsn unter.	we sing songs and are dancing,
Un mir zainen ale shvester,	And we're all sisters, too,
Azoy vi Rukhel, Rus, un Ester.	like Rachel, Ruth and Esther.

Refrain

Add'l English Verse* (**Audience Sing the Bolded Text**)

We've got masks that hide our faces,

(Oy yoy, hide our faces)

Spread apart in 3-foot spaces.

(Oy yoy yoy)

But our songs will heal our sorrows,

(Oy yoy, heal our sorrows)

For there's hope in all tomorrows.

(Oy yoy yoy)

Refrain

*lyrics by PJ Livesey, 2/14/22

William Byrd was a distinguished Tudor composer who was organist of Lincoln Cathedral and became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal upon the death of Robert Parsons. 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. ***I Have Longed for Thy Saving Health***, however, is actually a 20th-century choral adaptation of a piece that Byrd originally wrote for the virginal (a keyboard instrument of the harpsichord family). Byrd called the piece *Pavanne The Earl of Salisbury* and it revolves around the characteristic quarter-eighth-eighth beat for that dance. In the 1930s, British-Canadian organist Alfred Whitehead (1887-1974) took Psalm 119:174-175 and applied it to this piece. The text appropriately speaks of longing for health so that we can sing praise!

I have longed for thy saving health, O Lord;
Thy law is my delight, O Lord.
O let my soul live, and it shall praise Thee,
and Thy judgements shall help me.

You may have noticed that one of my favorite contemporary composers is **Melissa Dunphy**. Born and raised in Australia, Melissa immigrated to the United States in 2003 and has since become an award-winning and acclaimed composer specializing in vocal, political, and theatrical music. She first came to national attention in 2009 when her large-scale choral work *The Gonzales Cantata* was on MSNBC's *The Rachel Maddow Show*. Dunphy has a PhD in music composition from the University of Pennsylvania. She currently teaches composition at Rutgers University and is also active in Philadelphia as a sound and lighting designer, actor, theater owner, and podcaster (The Boghouse). Since reading really got me through last year, I was drawn to *A Survival Plan of Sorts*, which was commissioned by the Susquehanna University Chamber Singers (Amy Voorhees, conductor). I love the poem by poet Amanda Lovelace, who grew up reading and writing down at the New Jersey Shore. Amanda is the author of several bestselling poetry titles, including her celebrated "women are some kind of magic" series as well as her "you are your own fairy tale" trilogy. <https://www.melissadunphy.com/>

raid your library.
read everything
you can get your
hands on
& then
some.

go on,
collect words
& polish them up
until they shine
like starlight
in your
palm.

make words
your finest weapons—
a gold-hilted¹ sword
to cut your
enemies
 d
 o
 w
 n.

1- golden handle

Since we could not perform the student compositions last June, we are thrilled to do so now, and so happy to have had the young composers come to rehearsals to give us insight and inspiration.

The 2021 3rd Place Composition Winner was **Barron Brothers**, setting William Ernest Henley's poem "Invictus" and calling the choral work *Unconquerable Soul*. Barron is now a senior at

Hopewell Valley High School. He is a member of his school's concert and jazz bands, and the Princeton Boychoir. Barron started composing when he was 10 and taught himself basic music theory. His sponsor was Fred Meads.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

We were happy to announce a tie for First Runner-Up in 2021. Runner-Up **Lux Onigman** also used Henley's poem (listed above) to compose their piece *Invictus*. Lux is now a senior at Morristown High School and will attend Smith College in the fall. Lux sings in several choirs including New Jersey Youth Chorus, HaZamir International Jewish Teen Choir, and Harmonium itself! They participated in a virtual Young Women Composers Camp (now "Wildflower Composers Camp") and the solo voice piece they wrote for that program was purchased by the National Youth Rights Association to display on their website. Their sponsor was Dave Schlossberg. Lux explains:

Last year, when I began to set "Invictus," sea shanties had just become a major trend. Throughout the world, people felt the need for a simple melody and a steady beat where everyone could join in on the chorus. They grew our sense of community and kept us going strong enough to stay resilient on those long, hard, isolating voyages with no end in sight. "Invictus" is a story of struggling through endless adversity and becoming all the stronger for it. As we all continue to navigate these difficult waters, it can feel like we're trapped in an unwanted story; but, as the sea shanties have shown, traveling through the internet and crossing seas faster than they ever have before, we have music, hope, and (of course), resilience. No matter how long this voyage takes, I, too, am the captain of my soul.

Katie Nieto was tied for First Runner-Up in 2021 for her setting of Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem *There are No Beaten Paths*. Katie is a performer and composer who specializes in musical

theatre and is currently a senior at Kinnelon High School. She is planning to attend Berklee College of Music in the fall of this year. Katie has participated in county, region, and statewide ensembles (including the New Jersey All State Mixed Chorus) since she was in 6th grade and has ranked in the top five as a Soprano 1 on multiple occasions. She has also performed in various productions in Off-Broadway theatres in NYC, as well as Paper Mill Playhouse's New Voices Conservatory since 2019. As a music director and arranger, Katie has worked with the Breaking Barriers Theater Company on their production of *Spring Awakening* and various cabarets. As a composer, she just finished writing the book, lyrics, and score for her first original musical, and has since premiered it as an industry reading. She would like to thank Harmonium for this incredible opportunity and sponsor Lisa Wichman for her continued support of all her artistic endeavors.

There are no beaten paths to Glory's height,
There are no rules to compass¹ greatness known;
Each for himself must cleave a path alone,
And press his own way forward in the fight.
Smooth is the way to ease and calm delight,
And soft the road Sloth chooseth for his own;
But he who craves the flower of life full-blown,
Must struggle up in all his armor dight²!
What though the burden bear him sorely down
And crush to dust the mountain of his pride,
Oh, then, with strong heart let him still abide;
For rugged is the roadway to renown,
Nor may he hope to gain the envied crown,
Till he hath thrust the looming rocks aside.

1- comprehend
2- adorned

Our 2021 Grand Prize-Winning piece, *Alchemy*, was composed by **Asher Sheckman**. Asher (also 2020's Runner-Up) is a senior at Cranford High School. He is a self-taught pianist, bassist, guitarist, drummer, arranger, and composer. He plays percussion in his school's concert and marching band, and also participates in the concert choir, madrigal choir, jazz band, musicals, and a *cappella* group. Recently, he has decided he will be studying composition at Berklee College of Music. Music is his source of joy, and he loves to share that joy with others in any way he can.

Of *Alchemy*, Asher writes:

[The piece] is heavily inspired by the text of the same name. Its gentle rubato reflects the delicacy of a daisy, while the triumphant yet expressive harmony symbolizes overcoming grief and withstanding the rain. The text carries a much-needed sentiment for the state of the world today.

I lift my heart as spring lifts up
A yellow daisy to the rain;

My heart will be a lovely cup
Altho' it holds but pain.

For I shall learn from flower and leaf
That color every drop they hold,
To change the lifeless wine of grief
To living gold.

The grandmother of the choral world, and the founder and artistic director of Melodious Accord, **Alice Parker** is a graduate of the Juilliard School and Smith College. Parker (who recently celebrated her 96th birthday) is well-known for her musical arrangements for the Robert Shaw Chorale and has composed a wide variety of wonderful musical compositions. Her music is frequently heard at conferences and conventions, and she is often found at the intersection of teacher, composer, and singer. She writes:

I believe that melody is the foundation of human music-making, and that song issuing from one human throat is the essential first-step to a musical life. I am fascinated with the combination of words and music; therefore I have concentrated on choral and vocal works, using the very best texts that I can find. I am a devotee of folk songs from many cultures, as well as the rediscovery of Christian hymns from many centuries. Melodies which last teach me about the nature of melody itself, and I never tire of composing, arranging, conducting and teaching from these ever-flowing sources.

Alice Parker provides the following note:

Come O Thou Traveler Unknown stands at the top of Charles Wesley's career as a hymn-poet. His recasting of the story of Jacob's struggle with the angel in Genesis 32 takes eleven verses, only four of which are here used. The mood is wonderfully reflected in this stark shape-note tune (VERNON).

Come, O Thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art Thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me,
I hear Thy whisper in my heart.
The morning breaks, the shadows flee:
Pure, universal Love Thou art.
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

Kathleen Allan is an accomplished soprano, composer, and conductor. She is the artistic director and conductor of the Amadeus Choir of Greater Toronto and the artistic director of Canzona, Winnipeg's professional Baroque choir. Her compositions have been commissioned, performed, and recorded by ensembles throughout the Americas and Europe and have been featured at two World Symposiums on Choral Music. She holds a degree in composition from the University of British Columbia and a master's degree in conducting from Yale University. Commissioned by the Vancouver Chamber Choir and the BC Girls' Choir, *Like Barley Bending* combines Sara Teasdale's "Like Barley Bending" with a poem called "Life" (written by 10-year-old Katu Teruaki) and was inspired by a collaboration during a choir tour to Japan in 2009. <https://www.kathleenallan.com/>

Like barley bending
In low fields by the sea,
Singing in hard wind
Ceaselessly.

Like barley bending
And rising again,
So would I, unbroken,
Rise from pain;
So would I, unbroken,
Rise again;
I would rise like barley bending.

Like barley bending
In low fields by the sea,
So would I softly,
Day long, night long,
Change my sorrow
Into song.

Someday a man will die.
What will happen if I die?
When I think about it with my eyes closed,

I'm scared and begin to shake,
But I can't do anything now.

When I grow up
I'll make a machine
Which will help man never die.

Carol Barnett creates audacious and engaging music both for traditional instrumentation and for cross-pollinations, such as a mass accompanied by a bluegrass band or a duet for steel pan and organ. A force in the Minnesota music scene since 1970, her work has been funded by multiple regional and national organizations and published through major houses. Carol is a charter member of the American Composers Forum and a graduate of the University of Minnesota. She was composer-in-residence with the Dale Warland Singers from 1992 to 2001 and taught composition at Augsburg College from 2000 to 2015. *God Bless the Young Folk* was commissioned by VocalEssence in 2008 for the Talented Tenth Apprentice Program. The Talented Tenth concept was espoused by black educator and author W.E.B. Du Bois and is now a program that supports the teaching of American History. Appropriately, Barnett chose to adapt verses from two Du Bois poems for this piece. <https://www.carolbarnett.net/>

God Bless the Young Folk seemed the most appropriate way to end this concert as we celebrate these young composers who made beauty in the midst of a most difficult year.

God bless the young folk,
they that seek and seldom find
and yet ceaselessly do seek
some Truer, Better Thing.
These are they, O Lord,
who open up the hidden ways,
for the ways of the young are wide,
and their souls hunger after God.

If you do not lift them up,
they will pull you down.
There must be teachers,
and teachers of teachers.

Students! The 2022 25th Anniversary NJ High School Choral Composition Contest (on the theme of Open Hearts) is now open, with scores due March 21!

Visit: <http://www.harmonium.org/contestguidelines> TODAY!

YOU could win up to \$1,000 and have your composition performed in our June concert.

Beginners welcome! ALL students receive constructive feedback from our judges.