



Song of the Open Road

March 3rd & 4th, 2018

Teomehe-laul *Serf's Song* (men)
Er ist gekommen (women)

Veljo Tormis (b. 1930)
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Te Quiero
Dan Malloy, Emilie Bishop

Alberto Favero (b. 1944)
arr. Liliana Cangiano (1951-1997)

The Drinking Gourd
Bes Inshafat bi Jamal

arr. André J. Thomas (b. 1952)
Alex T. Favazza, Jr. (b. 1987)

Before Too Long
Jocelyn Keefe

Mark Miller (b. 1967)

Night, Sleep, Death and the Stars
I am Loved as I Love

Daniel Gawthrop (b. 1949)
Jeffrey Douma (b. 1971)

Be It Therefore Resolved
Pages from *Kindling*
Ain't That News

Joan Szymko (b. 1957)
Elizabeth Alexander (b. 1962)
Stephen Hatfield (b. 1956)

INTERMISSION

Innsbruck ich muss dich lassen
A Clear Midnight
The Old Ship of Zion
Linda Clark, Matthew Lee

Heinrich Isaac (1450-1517)
Ezra Donner (b. 1986)
arr. K. Lee Scott (b. 1950)

CHAMBER SINGERS

Song of the Open Road

Miller

Soloists (in order of initial appearance): Eric Roper, Rachel Clark, Laura Quinn, PJ Livesey, Matt Shurts, Emily Wolper, Ben Schroeder, Holland Jancaitis
Additional Ensemble: Nancy Watson-Baker, Kathy Earle, Emilie Bishop, Alyssa Casazza, Jake Sachs

Orchestra:

Violin I: Nancie Lederer
Cello: Terrence Thornhill
Flute: Kris Lamb
Horn: Anne Mendoker

Violin II: Nathan Thomas
Bass: James Buchanan
Oboe: Oscar Petty
Trumpet: Charles Bumcrot

Viola: Marcus Stevenson
Piano: Helen Raymaker
Clarinet: Dorothy Duncan
Organ: Chris Hatcher

Timpani: Jim Thoma
Harp: Merynda Adams

Glockenspiel/Percussion: Joe Keefe
Additional Percussion: Michael Sutcliffe

In my attempt to continue to program relevantly (which I began with December's *Fear Not* theme), I turned to Mark Miller's uplifting *magnum opus*, *Song of the Open Road*, when I realized it had actually been 10 years since we performed it. The last time the concert focused on peace, a theme which I realize runs through almost all of my programs, and we paired it with Vaughan Williams' moving *Dona Nobis Pacem*. This concert we explore what I have called "the journey," which includes the search for our best selves as well as the search for meaning in a time of deep uncertainty. So many of these works are contemporary, and we see that composers are also struggling to better the world through their creative art, beginning with the importance of the texts they set. These texts range from the lyricism of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* to the simplicity of a Shaker song: "I am loved as I love, I am blessed as I bless, no more or less will be given to me..."

The musical nature of Walt Whitman's poetry is evident in the fact that no poetry has been set to music more often than his. Mark Miller believes passionately that music can change the world. He also believes in Cornell West's quote that "Justice is what love looks like in public." His dream is that the music he composes, performs, teaches and leads will inspire and empower people to create the beloved community.

A thread of social justice (and hope!) also runs through this selection of music. Thank you for joining us on this journey. Live performance is like nothing else, and we would not exist without you, our loyal audience!

Teomehe-laul (*Serf's Song*) sets a sad poem that speaks of a poor man who longs to escape his hard life, even if to heaven. **Veljo Tormis** is one of the most prominent creative personalities in Estonian music. His works, especially in the field of choral music, are characterized by extraordinarily sensitive and careful treatment of folklore. His father was a choral director and organist, and Tormis began his early musical education at the Tallinn Music School, but was interrupted by World War II and illness. In 1949, he entered Tallinn Conservatory and continued his studies at the Moscow Conservatory (1951-1956). After teaching music for a number of years, by 1969 he was supporting himself exclusively as a composer. From that time until his retirement in 2000, Tormis composed over 500 choral songs, as well as instrumental works, film scores and opera. Despite the censorship of several of his more politically provocative works in the late 1970s and 1980s, he remained an incredibly celebrated composer, and is regarded as one of the great contributors to 20th century choral repertoire.

Muudel on sängid ja muudel mängid,
mul ei sängi, mul ei mängi,
mure minul on ja teomehe hool,
ei neist pääse kuskile poole.

Others have beds and others have games,
I have neither a bed nor a game,
trouble I have and a bondman's¹ care,
no escape from them.

Kui mina vaeneke väsind olen,
kus ma selle koorma panen?
Mure panen musta parre pääl,
hoole heidan õrre pääle.

When I, poor me, get tired,
where shall I lay this burden?
Trouble I set on the black beam,
care I cast on the perch.

Homnikul, tilluke, jälle teole,
väeti, härra välja pääle, -
mure tuleb parrelt põue taas,
hool see jookseb õue kaasa.

In the morning, bond again for me, the tiny,
the wee me, [again] onto my master's field.
Trouble comes back into my bosom,
care runs along into the yard.

Oi jumal, jumaluke,
viska alla vinnakõied,
et ma üles taeva teomeheks saaks
Maarja loole, Looja maale.

Oh, Lord, dear Lord,
throw down some hoisting ropes
so I could enter the heavenly bond,
make hay for Maria in the Creator's realm.

1- serf/slave

The women follow with a passionate art song by **Clara Wieck Schumann**, who was a child prodigy and preeminent pianist of the 19th century. She married composer Robert Schumann with whom she kept a joint marriage diary. In it, Robert conveyed his desire to compose a joint collection of songs with Clara based on Friedrich Rückert's poetic cycle *Liebesfrühling* (*Love's Springtime*). Clara struggled to give Robert four songs on his birthday in 1841, including ***Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen***. Dr. Brandon Williams, assistant professor of choral music and choral music education at Rutgers, has arranged this beautiful work for SSA chorus. He holds degrees from Western Illinois University (B.A.), the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign (M.M.E.), and Michigan State University (D.M.A.), where he was awarded the prestigious University Enrichment Graduate Fellowship Award.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain,
my anxious heart beat against his.
How could I have known, that his path
should unite itself with mine?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

He came in storm and rain,
he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain,
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine, on any road.

Te Quiero is a well-known South American song of political importance: although it seems like a simple love song, it took on significance as a song of political resistance. María Guinand, editor for the *earthsongs* series *Música de Latinoamérica*, explains:

Te Quiero is an original song from the Argentinian composer of popular music, **Alberto Favero**. He sets to music a moving poem of Mario Benedetti, one of the best known poets from Uruguay. Benedetti, whose works include a vast collection of poems, novels, and tales, always writes in a very clear and expressive manner. His solidarity with the Latin American people and the sincerity with which he expresses the social, political, and economic problems of the continent have won him world-wide recognition. The music of Alberto Favero is vivid and expressive, particularly in the setting of this poem, where melody and text achieve a perfect unity. The choral arrangement by **Liliana Cangiano**, one of the most talented choral arrangers of popular songs in Argentina, gives new dimension to this work.

Si te quiero es porque sos
mi amor, mi cómplice y todo
y en la calle codo a codo
somos mucho más que dos.

If I adore you it is because you are
my love, my intimate friend, my all;
and in the street, arm and arm,
we are so much more than two.

Tus manos son mi caricia,
mis acordes cotidianos
te quiero porque tus manos
trabajan por la justicia.

Your hands are my caress,
my daily affirmations.
I adore you because your hands
work for justice.

Tus ojos son mi conjuro
contra la mala jornada
te quiero por tu mirada
que mira y siembra futuro.

Your eyes are my lucky charm
against misfortune.
I adore you for your gaze
that looks to and creates the future.

Tu boca que es tuya y mía
tu boca no se equivoca
te quiero porque tu boca
sabe gritar rebeldía.

Your mouth is yours and mine,
your mouth is never mistaken;
I adore you because your mouth
knows how to cry out for rebellion.

Y por tu rostro sincero
y tu paso vagabundo
y tu llanto por el mundo
porque sos pueblo te quiero.

And for your sincere face
and wandering spirit
and your weeping for the world-
because you are the people, I adore you.

Y porque amor no es
aureola ni cándida moraleja
y porque somos pareja
que sabe que no está sola.

And because our love is
neither famous nor naive,
and because we are a couple
that knows we are not alone.

Te quiero en mi paraíso,

I want you in my paradise,

es decir que en mi país
la gente viva feliz
aunque no tenga permiso.

which is to say, in my country;
I want the people to live happily
even though they aren't allowed to.

André J. Thomas is an American composer and conductor who currently serves as a professor of music at Florida State University and the artistic director for the Tallahassee Community Chorus. Thomas earned degrees from Friends University (B.M. 1973), Northwestern University (M.M. in Piano Performance 1976), and University of Illinois (D.M.A. 1983). During his time at Friends University, Thomas sang under the direction of Jester Hairston. Hairston noticed Thomas's lack of enthusiasm for spirituals and gospel music and pulled Thomas aside to speak about it. Hairston explained how the "dialect was not a sign of inferiority but an accommodation for sounds that were not part of African speech." This led to the writing of Thomas's important book: *Way Over in Beulah Lan': Understanding and Performing the Negro Spiritual*.

The Drinking Gourd, however, is not a spiritual, but a 20th century folksong first published in 1928. The following explanation comes from <http://www.followthedrinkinggourd.org> – a cultural history.

The *Drinking Gourd* song was supposedly used by an Underground Railroad operative to encode escape instructions and a map. These directions then enabled fleeing slaves to make their way north from Mobile, Alabama to the Ohio River and freedom. Taken at face value, the "drinking gourd" refers to the hollowed out gourd used by slaves (and other rural Americans) as a water dipper. But here it is used as a code name for the Big Dipper star formation, which points to Polaris, the Pole Star, and North. In the ensuing 80 years, the *Drinking Gourd* played an important role in the Civil Rights and folk revival movements of the 1950s and 1960s, and in contemporary elementary school education. Much of the *Drinking Gourd's* enduring appeal derives from its perceived status as a unique, historical remnant harkening back to the pre-Civil War South – no other such map songs survive. But re-examining the *Drinking Gourd* song as history rather than folklore raises many questions. And the *Drinking Gourd* as it appears in roughly 200 recordings, dozens of songbooks, several award-winning children's books and many other places is surely not "traditional." The signature line in the chorus, "for the old man is awaitin' for to carry you to freedom," could not possibly have been sung by escaping slaves, because it was written by Lee Hays eighty years after the end of the Civil War.

Nonetheless, it is an important song as it has resonated with audiences, and helped teach generations about the Underground Railroad.

Follow the drinking gourd,
Follow the drinking gourd,
For the old man is a-waitin' for to carry you to freedom,
If you follow the drinking gourd.

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinking gourd.
The river bank will make a very good road,

The dead trees will show you the way.
Left foot, peg foot, traveling on,
Follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinking gourd.
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.
Where the great river meets the little river,
Follow the drinking gourd.

Alex T. Favazza, Jr. is a native of Tennessee and a church musician, composer, and doctoral student in choral conducting at Florida State University, studying conducting and composition with Dr. André J. Thomas. He explains:

The text for *Bes Inshafat bi Jamal* is an original poem by Raneen Sfeir. ... I asked her to write a poem in Arabic that captured the theme of new beginnings, redemption and healing. At this time in our people's history we need respect and unity more than ever. I wanted to capture the spirit of regeneration and reconciliation.

The first section is mysterious and somewhat unsettled, the middle section, "how beautifully it healed," presents a sweet major key theme, and the final section seeks to reconcile the two ideas ("let us proceed with love.") We would like to thank Noga Beer for her help with the Arabic pronunciation.

Al nar tahreq wa tamhi al 'ams	Fire burns and erases yesterday;
Al bizra tanmou wa taktub al ghad	a seed grows and writes tomorrow.
Al nar shawahat al ard	Fire scarred the earth,
bes inshafat bi jamal	but how beautifully it healed.
Al-awasif moumkin an teejee	Storms may come,
bes khalina nataqadum m'aan bilhub	but let us proceed with love.

Before Too Long was the first piece we ever commissioned from **Mark Miller**, in 1999. It is based on a simple poem text by Alena Synkova contained in the book *I Never Saw Another Butterfly: Children's Drawings and Poems from Terezin Concentration Camp 1942-1944*. The editors noted:

This poem was preserved in manuscript in pencil on a scrap of yellowed paper. On the other side is the inscription 'Alena Synkova' in ink. Alena Synkova was born in Prague on September 24, 1926, and deported to Terezin on December 22, 1942. She returned home after the liberation.

In the summer of 2002, we actually performed it in Terezin and other places on our Eastern European tour, then at Eastern Division ACDA conference in 2010, as well as in numerous Outreach Chorus middle school shows – maybe the hardest audiences of all!

Mark 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 his Bachelor of Arts in Music from Yale University and his Master of Music in Organ Performance from Juilliard. Other works Harmonium has premiered include *The Quality of Mercy* (2004), *Come, O Come, Emmanuel* (2013) and the violin, cello, clarinet, and piano orchestration of *I Believe* (2014) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UIw66le1GLo>. Mark is also a judge for our high school student composition contest. (Visit our website for more information—deadline March 15.)

I'd like to go away alone
Where there are other, nicer people,
Somewhere into the far unknown,
There, where no one kills another.

Maybe more of us,
A thousand strong,
Will reach this goal
Before too long.

Born in Fort Wayne, IN, **Daniel Gawthrop** was inspired to compose by his high school choir director, Mary Miller, and his first organ teacher, Vincent Slater. He attended Michigan State University from 1967 to 1968, where he majored in organ, continuing those studies in northern Germany while serving in the Navy. He later attended Brigham Young University, from 1971 to 1973, where he changed his major to composition. Daniel Gawthrop is an active composer and has received over one hundred commissions from individuals and institutions. His best-known choral work is the lovely *Sing Me to Heaven*, with words by his wife, poet Jane Griner. Although he has written hundreds of choral works, he also composes for solo voice, organ, orchestra, and ensembles. He has been commissioned and performed by some of the most prestigious choirs and musical organizations, including the American Choral Directors Association, Chorus America and the American Guild of Organists.

Night, Sleep, Death and the Stars was commissioned by the Alexandria Choral Society (Alexandria, VA), and published in 1993. Gawthrop adapted texts by Walt Whitman into a powerful piece about the soul's final journey. He recently wrote to me:

I am the sort of composer who finds the music in the words and, as a result, I need to find words that “sing” to me in order to do my best work. Walt Whitman wrote a great number of very singable lines and I have chosen some of them to set to music in this piece. I hope and intend that the notes will deepen and enhance the meaning of these poetic thoughts for listeners and singers alike.

After the dazzle of day is gone,

only the dark, dark night shows to my eyes the stars;
after the clangor of organ majestic,
or chorus, or perfect band,
silent, athwart¹ my soul, moves the symphony true.

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
away from books, away from art,
the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,
pondering the themes thou lovest best,
night, sleep, death and the stars.

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—
from the keep of the well-closed doors,
let me be wafted.
Let me glide noiselessly forth;
with the key of softness unlock the locks—
with a whisper, set ope the doors, O Soul.
Tenderly, be not impatient.
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh.
Strong is your hold, O love.)

Our life is closed, our life begins,
the long, long anchorage we leave,
the ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.

1- across

Jeffrey Douma is the director of the Yale Glee Club and a professor of choral conducting at the Yale School of Music. He is the founding director of the Yale Choral Artists and serves as artistic director of the Yale International Choral Festival. He earned a Bachelor of Music degree from Concordia College (Moorhead, MN) and holds both Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees in conducting from the University of Michigan. Douma has appeared as guest conductor throughout the world, and choirs under his direction have appeared across the world. An advocate of new music, Douma established the Yale Glee Club Emerging Composers Competition as well as the Fenno Heath Award, and has premiered new works by such composers as Bright Sheng, Dominick Argento, Ned Rorem, Lee Hoiby, and James MacMillan. He provides the following notes:

Although not as widely known, *I am Loved as I Love* is similar in both sentiment and musical construction to *Simple Gifts*. My arrangement of the tune was composed for the 2007-2008 Yale Glee Club, and is dedicated to my then five-year-old daughter, who expressed a preference for it upon discovering a collection of Shaker songs on the family

piano. The simplicity and elegance of the ideas expressed by the poetry seem particularly fitting for a young child, but no less so for us grownups. The syllable “tn” in the sopranos and altos is meant to evoke the sound of a hammer dulcimer.

I am loved as I love, I am blessed as I bless,
No more or less will be given to me.
The measure I meet will be measured again,
For justice is a law unto all the same.

Then let my efforts all be to love,
And bless and strengthen every one.
Wherever I am called, whatever I can do,
Shall be done in the name of the good and true.

Joan Szymko is a composer and choral conductor who has led choirs in the Pacific Northwest for over 25 years, and has a significant body of choral work, especially replete with literature for women’s voices. The American Choral Directors Association recognized her contribution to the choral art by awarding her the prestigious Raymond W. Brock Memorial Commission in 2010. She explains of *Be It Therefore Resolved*:

This poem by Kim Stafford found its way to me by way of a singer in my community chorus. She passed it on to me knowing how I am always on the lookout for powerful and transformative texts for my compositions. Stafford had disseminated this poem on the internet in 2005. The title, “Friend: Download this Free Proclamation for Local Use,” immediately piqued my interest. When I first sent the poem to David Simmons, director of the Congressional Chorus, for consideration as a commission text, it was without realizing that legislative resolutions are written in the same format—a happy coincidence! I resonate deeply with Stafford’s theme of hopelessness met with personal resolve. I am a composer and conductor who has answered the call to use words and sounds to open hearts while providing a platform for community; a place where the singer can openly express compassion and feel his/her own emotional vulnerability.

Whereas the world is a house on fire;
Whereas the nations are filled with shouting;
Whereas hope seems small,
sometimes a single bird on a wire
left by migration behind.
Whereas kindness is seldom in the news
and peace an abstraction
while war is real;
Whereas my words are all I have;
Whereas my life is short;
Whereas I am afraid;
Whereas I am free—
despite all fire and anger and fear;
Be it therefore resolved a song shall be my calling—

a song not yet made shall be vocation
and peaceful words the work
of my remaining days.

Elizabeth Alexander grew up in the Carolinas and Appalachian Ohio, the daughter of a piano teacher and a minister/prison warden. Her love of words nearly eclipses her love of music – a passion reflected in her more than 100 songs and choral works, which have received thousands of performances worldwide. A recent McKnight Composition Fellow, she has also received awards and fellowships from the Jerome Foundation, New Music USA, Minnesota State Arts Board, New York Council on the Arts, Wisconsin Arts Board, National Orchestral Association, International League of Women Composers, and American Composers Forum. She studied composition with Steven Stucky, Jack Gallagher, Yehudi Wyner and Karel Husa, receiving her doctorate in music composition from Cornell University. *Pages* is a stand-alone movement from a larger work called *Kindling: Small Reflections on a Limitless Faith*, which was commissioned by the First Unitarian Universalist Church of Houston as a cantata based on its *Six Sources*. A daunting task, she finally created *Kindling*

not as a manifesto about ultimate truth, but as a collection of small reflections on how experience, heritage, and inspiration can cultivate a faith of integrity, service, and joy... For me, the reading of a newspaper brings many emotions in quick succession: joy, fear, sorrow, inspiration, and pain. I brought this shifting emotional terrain into *Pages*, along with the patient, perseverant steps of many visionary souls.

On the pages of the morning paper,
People rebuild shattered schools,
People restore lifeless lakes,
People knit reconciliation out of promise and pain,
And sing to the deathly ill and the newly born.
Constitutions are still being written,
Slaves are still being freed,
Truces are still being forged.
We finish our breakfasts and roll up our own sleeves.

Stephen Hatfield, a native of Canada's Pacific Coast, has lived most of his life in the rain forests of Vancouver Island, where his father is blood brother to the legendary Kwaguitl chief Jimmy Sewid. He is a recognized leader in multiculturalism and musical folklore, an interest which informs many of his compositions. He explains:

The title of *Ain't That News* is a tribute to the superb Staple Singers, who sang a piece by that name, not otherwise quoted in this chart. The opening seven measures are an adaptation of an old Paul Robeson 78 that has always moved me. The rest of the piece is original material intended to pay homage to both the black church and black pop music, just one of the many genres that owes its soul to the spiritual.

On m' journey now Mount Zion,
no you don't take a-nothin'
on the journey now.

Well my momma climbed the mountain,
little higher ev'ry year.
She called down from the mountain,
"Mighty pretty up a-here!"
You can breathe so easy on the other side.
Now ain't that news?

Better git off y' chair,
run up the stairs,
keep your arms open wide!

Well I'm gonna climb the mountain,
Gonna make it to the top.
Gonna climb me the mountain,
I ain't never gonna stop!
It'll be so easy,
I won't cry no more,
now ain't that news?

Better git off y' chair,
run up the stairs,
and open up the door!

Isn't that some news?
Isn't that some real good news!

The first thing that came to mind when searching for a Renaissance song about a journey was this beloved tune, *Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen* by the Franco-Flemish composer **Heinrich Isaac**. The melody was later used in a Lutheran chorale, *O Welt, ich muß dich lassen*, and *In allen meinen Taten*, which Johann Sebastian Bach used in several cantatas. This setting uses Isaac's first setting with the melody in the soprano part for verses 1 & 3, and another version with the *cantus firmus* imitatively set in two tenor/alto parts (with a bass line and soprano descant) for verse 2.

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen,
ich fahr dahin mein Straßen,
in fremde Land dahin.
Mein Freud ist mir genommen,
die ich nit weiß bekommen,
wo ich im Elend bin.

Innsbruck, I must leave you;
I will go my way
to foreign land[s].
My joy has been taken away from me,
that I cannot achieve
while being abroad.

Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen,
das ich allein tu klagen
dem liebsten Buhlen mein.
Ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen

I must now bear great sorrow
that I can only share
with my dearest.
Oh love, hold poor me

im Herzen dein erbarmen,
dass ich muss von dannen sein.

[and] in your heart compassion
that I must part from you.

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,
dein tu ich ewig bleiben,
stet, treu, der Ehren fromm.
Nun muss dich Gott bewahren,
in aller Tugend sparen,
bis dass ich wieder komm.

My consolation: above all other women,
I will forever be yours,
always faithful, in true honor.
And now, may God protect you,
keep you in perfect virtue,
until I shall return.

A Clear Midnight is a delicate, silence-filled setting of part of the same Walt Whitman text used by Daniel Gawthrop. **Ezra Donner** is an American composer, conductor, pianist, and teacher. He holds degrees from Indiana University and the University of Michigan and serves as music director at The Birmingham Temple in Farmington Hills, MI.

This is thy hour O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,
away from books, away from art,
the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,
pondering the themes thou lovest best,
night, sleep, death and the stars.

K. Lee Scott is one of America's foremost composers of music for the church. His hymns are found in eight hymnals and his 300 published compositions include anthems, hymns, works for solo voice, organ, brass, and major works. Scott received two degrees in choral music from The University of Alabama School of Music and has served as adjunct faculty for there as well as The University of Alabama at Birmingham Department of Music and Samford University School of Music. He has traveled extensively as guest conductor and clinician throughout the United States, and to Canada and Africa. *The Old Ship of Zion* is a wonderful arrangement of the traditional spiritual in which the soul's journey to heaven is depicted on a ship.

Refrain:

I'm noways weary, I'm noways tired,
O glory, Hallelujah!
Just get me to the kingdom
when the world is all on fire.
O glory, Hallelu.

'Tis the old ship of Zion, Hallelujah.
She has carried many thousands, Hallelujah.

Refrain

She is sailin' in the mornin', Hallelujah.
King Jesus is her captain, Hallelujah.

Refrain

I am goin' to see my loved ones, Hallelujah.
They are waitin' by the river, Hallelujah.

Refrain

Mark Miller: *Song of the Open Road* (notes by the composer): If I am writing with music and words I inevitably begin with the words first. The musical choices I make are always informed by the words, so I am very careful in choosing texts. In this case, the poetry of Walt Whitman had been “working” on me for many years, so I took the leap with creating a musical setting of one of his great works, “Song of the Open Road.” Right off I knew I couldn't set the entire text (a straight-through reading is twenty minutes), so the first and perhaps most difficult task was deciding what I should NOT set to music. In fashioning these excerpts I have made my best attempt at preserving what I felt was the spirit of Whitman's poem. The imagery and feeling of the poem “Song of the Open Road” is a good reflection of how Whitman viewed 19th century America: large, bold, expansive, energetic, alive, full of possibility and potential, filled with all different kinds of people bringing with them their experiences and hopes. I wanted to capture this broad, sweeping vision in the music of the opening theme that is carried first by the French horn, then by the baritone and soprano soloists. Whitman's no-nonsense approach to journeying on the open road comes through when he writes “henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,” - there will be no more postponing or complaining! I enjoyed setting this passage to a syncopated jaunty tune marked with rhythmic and harmonic surprises. Whitman loves to make lists. He creates inventories of people and their professions, he reels off activities and categories until the page overflows with his signature prose. In the music I sought to capture the urgency of his writing when I composed what I thought of as a spinning wheel of notes, played with almost mechanical precision churning out the same motif. This goes on as the choir sings through the lists (“listen! I will be honest with you...” and “let the paper remain on the desk unwritten.”) The poem is full of the mystery and beauty of things unknown. At times it reads more like holy scripture, asking us to deny the material pleasures of society in order to truly live for what is real in Whitman's eyes. At many points Whitman uses the French word “Allons!” (“Let's go!”). He wants us to keep moving, not stopping too long in any one place. Musically speaking, we also do not stop for long at any one place - although there is a moment before the closing movement for an all-out ballad (“Allons! the road is before us! It is safe - I have tried it...”), there are no discrete movements: the piece is meant to be performed without stopping. In the end the poem is a travelling song. The poet, full of bravura and confidence ready to take to the road, suddenly shows vulnerability in the form of an unguarded question. “Will you come travel with me? Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?” After all this, we realize the journey of a lifetime is made meaningful when we don't travel it alone. Ultimately the music does not resolve - I opted for the final notes to linger on the dominant chord so we might reflect on the sweet surprise of the poet's intimate and open-ended invitation to us.

(Poetry Foundation): Along with Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman is regarded as one of America's most significant 19th-century poets. Born on Long Island, Whitman grew up in

Brooklyn and received limited formal education. His occupations during his lifetime included printer, schoolteacher, reporter, and editor. Whitman's self-published *Leaves of Grass* was inspired in part by his travels through the American frontier and by his admiration for Ralph Waldo Emerson. This important publication underwent eight subsequent editions during his lifetime as Whitman expanded and revised the poetry and added more to the original collection of twelve poems. Emerson himself declared the first edition was "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed."

Critics and readers alike, however, found both Whitman's style and subject matter unnerving. According to *The Longman Anthology of Poetry*, "Whitman received little public acclaim for his poems during his lifetime for several reasons: this openness regarding sex, his self-presentation as a rough working man, and his stylistic innovations." A poet who "abandoned the regular meter and rhyme patterns" of his contemporaries, Whitman was "influenced by the long cadences and rhetorical strategies of Biblical poetry." Upon publishing *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman was subsequently fired from his job with the Department of the Interior. Despite his mixed critical reception in the U.S., he was favorably received in England, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne among the British writers who celebrated his work.

During the Civil War, Whitman worked as a clerk in Washington, DC. For three years, he visited soldiers during his spare time, dressing wounds and giving solace to the injured. These experiences led to the poems in his 1865 publication, *Drum-Taps*, which includes "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," Whitman's elegy for President Lincoln. After suffering a serious stroke in 1873, Whitman moved to his brother's home in Camden, NJ. While his poetry failed to garner popular attention from his American readership during his lifetime, over 1,000 people came to view his funeral.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road
Healthy, free, the world before me
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

You road I enter upon and look around,
I believe you are not all that is here,
I believe that much unseen is also here.

I inhale great draughts¹ of space,
The east and the west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

Allons²! whoever you are come travel with me!

Traveling with me you find what never tires.

Listen! I will be honest with you,
I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes,
These are the days that must happen to you;
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd,
You hardly settle yourself to satisfaction
Before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles
And mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive
You shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread
Their reach'd hands toward you.

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe- I have tried it- my own feet have tried it well-
Be not detain'd!

Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten,
And the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court,
And the judge expound³ the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?
Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?

1- drafts

2- "Let's go"

3- explain in detail

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