

In Te, Domine, speravi Voices Live Forever	Josquin des Prez (c. 1455-1521) Trevor Weston (b. 1967)
Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes Schaffe in mir, Gott, ein rein Herz	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672) Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Since My Tears Home of My Heart	Thomas Morley (1557-1603) C.H.H. Parry (1848-1918)
You Are The New Day	John David (b. 1946) arr. Peter Knight (1917-1985)

INTERMISSION

I am the World	Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)
O Pulse of My Heart <i>Alyssa Casazza</i>	Karen Marrolli (b. 1975)
Era Oscuro	Sephardic, arr. Rob Dietz (b. 1987)
Water	Anders Edenroth (b. 1963)
Berusa Er! (Drink Your Fill)	arr. Sten Källman (b. 1952)
Singkap Siaga <i>Elizabeth Engelberth</i>	Tracy Wong

Originally planned as a concert with a water theme, (which would lead into our environmental theme for June), as I navigated the end of the pandemic’s effects on our choral community, I found myself defining this concert in larger terms, music that helps us “fill the well.” Not only have I included some intense, fun, and amazing new works by favorite contemporary composers, this allowed me to program some of my favorite older compositions to feed our spirits– from Josquin and Schütz to Brahms and Parry. The fact that it is the first concert in which we can see the singers’ (unmasked) faces (since March 1, 2020) has the wellspring of my soul bubbling over!

Josquin is the most famous Franco-Flemish composer of the Renaissance, known for his motets, masses and secular chansons. Whether this motet, *In Te, Domine, speravi*, is sacred (showing hope in God) or secular (showing hope in his noble patron to support him) is not certain, but what is certain is its charm and beauty.

In Te, Domine, speravi
Per trovar pietà in eterno.
Ma in un tristo e obscuro inferno
Fui et frustra laboravi.

In Thee, O Lord, did I hope
To find pity for ever.
But in a sad and dark hell
I was, and suffered in vain.

Rotto e al vento ogni speranza
Veggio il ciel voltarmi in pianto.
Suspìr lacrime m'avanza
Del mio tristo sperar tanto.

Broken and thrown to the wind is all hope.
I have seen heaven turn me to weeping.
Only sighs and tears remain
of my sad, strong hope.

Fui ferito, se non quanto,
Tribulando ad Te clamavi.
In Te, Domine, speravi.

I was wounded, but in my sorrow
I called upon Thee.
In Thee, O Lord, did I hope.

Dr. Trevor Weston's musical education began at the prestigious St. Thomas Choir School in NYC at the age of ten. He received a BA from Tufts University and continued his studies at the University of California, Berkeley where he earned an M A and PhD in music composition. Dr. Weston is currently an associate professor of music at Drew University in Madison, NJ. His many honors include the George Ladd Prix de Paris from the University of California, a Goddard Lieberon Fellowship from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and residencies at the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts and the MacDowell Colony. Weston won the first Emerging Black Composers Project sponsored by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and the San Francisco Symphony. Choral works have been performed by Roomful of Teeth, The Boston Children's Chorus, Washington Chorus, The Manhattan Choral Ensemble and many others, including Harmonium Choral Society. He provides the following notes on this NJ premiere of *Voices Live Forever*:

For many decades, my parents suggested that I set poetry by my grandfather. We do not know what he did for a career in Antigua before he emigrated to the US. He may have been a headmaster or an engineer. My grandfather worked for the post office until his retirement and never discussed his previous career with my father. After my father died, my mother told me that one of my grandfather's poems was a praise poem to FDR for the creation of the social security and the New Deal. Upon further inspection, I found many poems that I considered very interesting, but I waited for the right creative situation. In 2019, the Manhattan Choral Ensemble commissioned me to compose a work for their 20th anniversary celebration publication, *The Many Hills Songbook*. After my mother passed away in late 2019, the text to my grandfather's poem "Voices Live Forever" seemed a fitting memorial to her, my father, grandparents, and all of my deceased relatives whose voices I can still hear from time to time.

The voices of those we knew and loved
remain with us for aye¹.
Though Time might dim the memory of
a face it bore away.

We hear them in the mighty wind
that frets the raging seas.
Or gently whispers in the grass,
Or sings among the trees.

We hear them in the mighty roar
Or in muted tone
of rivers singing o'er their banks,
Or gliding 'round a stone.

We hear them singing in the rain
Now coming o'er the hill.
Their merry chatter in the stream
that flows beside the mill.

We hear them in the varying tones
Of bow, and harp, and lute.
A subtle, sweet, yet potent force
Which charms both man and brute.

We hear their voices everywhere
That's bound by sea and skies.
Their breath is in the air we breathe,
Their echo never dies.

1- always

Heinrich Schütz marries the Renaissance Italian style (having studied with Giovanni Gabrieli in Venice) with the emerging German Baroque. In *Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes*, published in 1648 and dedicated to the choir of St Thomas in Leipzig, each phrase of Psalm 19 is expressively painted with attention to the words, and the textures range from whimsical to grand.

Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes,
und die Feste verkündigt seiner Hände Werk.
Ein Tag sagt's dem andern,
und eine Nacht tut's kund der andern.
Es ist keine Sprache noch Rede,
da man nicht ihre Stimme höre.
Ihre Schnur gehet aus in alle Lande,
und ihre Rede an der Welt Ende.
Er hat der Sonnen eine Hütten
in derselben gemacht;
und die selbige gehet heraus
wie ein Bräutigam aus seiner Kammer
und freuet sich, wie ein Held zu laufen den Weg.

The heavens declare the glory of God
and the firmament proclaims his handiwork.
One day tells it to another
and one night notifies another.
There is neither language nor speech
so that their voice is not heard.
Their measuring line goes out into all lands
and their speech to the ends of the world.
In them he has set
a tabernacle for the sun,
which goes forth
like a bridegroom out of his chamber,
and, like a hero, rejoices to run its course.

Sie gehet auf an einem
Ende des Himmels
und läuft um bis wieder an dasselbige Ende,
und bleibt nichts
vor ihrer Hitz' verborgen.

It rises from one
end of the heavens
and runs about to the same end again,
and nothing remains
hidden from its heat.

Ehre sei dem Vater, und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heil'gen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang,
jetzt und immerdar
und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
and also to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning,
is now and always,
and from eternity to eternity.
Amen.

Vocal and choral works represent a third of the great 19th-century German composer **Johannes Brahms'** output. His mentor Robert Schumann encouraged young composers to study vocal polyphony. Composed around 1860, the motet *Schaffe in mir, Gott, ein rein Herz* is divided into three sections, each corresponding to a verse from Psalm 51. The first movement is based on a canon between the soprano and bass at the octave in augmentation (slower). The middle movement is a chromatic fugue set to the words "cast me not away from your countenance" with more inverted and augmented counterpoint, tightly overlapping to create a conflict between major and minor. The third movement brings comfort in a lilting rhythm, and more canons at the 7th between the tenors and basses, then echoed in the treble voices. In closing tenors and basses return with a new canon, which gives way to a joyful fugue based on the motet's opening theme. Despite the very technical compositional/counterpoint techniques just described, the work is perceived by the listener as expressive and romantic rather than pedantic, as a prayer for inspiration.

Schaffe in mir, Gott, ein rein Herz,
und gib mir einen neuen, gewissen Geist.
Verwirf mich nicht von deinem Angesicht
und nimm deinen heiligen Geist nicht von mir.
Tröste mich wieder mit deiner Hilfe,
und der freudige Geist erhalte mich.

Create in me, O God, a clean heart,
and give me a new, assured spirit.
Cast me not away from your countenance
and take not your Holy Spirit from me.
Comfort me again with your help,
and may the joyful spirit sustain me.

Thomas Morley was an English composer, theorist, editor and organist of the Renaissance, and the foremost member of the English Madrigal School. In this madrigal, the scorned lover asks his tears to flow copiously and "distill" his broken heart.

Since my tears and lamenting,
false love breed thy contenting,
still thus to weep for ever,
these fountains shall persever.
Till my heart, grief-brimfilled,
Out alas, be distilled.

Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry was an influential 19th-century English composer, probably best known today for his setting of William Blake's poem *Jerusalem* and the coronation anthem *I Was Glad*. After attempting a career in insurance, Parry worked on Grove's original *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* and became professor of composition and musical history at the Royal College of Music. He was also professor of music at the University of Oxford from 1900 to 1908. Parry's influence as a teacher was profound, including among his students Ralph Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, Frank Bridge, and John Ireland. ***Home of My Heart*** is No. 4 of *Eight Four-Part Songs* (London, 1898). This is the only work of the eight by poet and essayist Arthur Christopher Benson (1862–1925), a contemporary of Parry's, who is best known for the words to the British patriotic song *Land of Hope and Glory*. The poem expresses a longing for the beloved by using nature imagery of roses, moon, and pine.

Home of my heart, when wilt thou ope
Thy silent doors to let me in?
What! not one glimpse to quicken hope
Of all that I aspire to win?
So near, and yet so oft denied!
The roses on my trellis throw
Their heedless scent from side to side,
Yet will not whisper what they know.

The yellow moon that hangs and peers
Amid the icy horns on high,
Leans to the list'ning earth, yet fears
To tell the secret of the sky.
O pines that whisper in the wind,
When ling'ring herds from pasture come,
Breathe somewhat of your steadfast mind,
The hour is yours: yet ye are dumb.

Sweet answering eyes, you too have learned
The secret that you will not tell,
I should have known it, but you turned
That moment, and the lashes fell.
Home of my heart, why stand so cold
And silent? there is mirth within:
The sun sinks low, the day is old,
Oh, let the baffled wand'rer in!

This arrangement of ***You Are The New Day*** from The King's Singers' 25th anniversary publication is a Harmonium favorite and seems especially appropriate here. Welsh rock musician **John David** wrote the original words and music in 1978 for his band *Airwaves* after a bad breakup and in discouragement over the state of world. (Despite the fears expressed "hope is my philosophy.") The British television and film music arranger **Peter Knight** did a lot of arranging

for the British *a cappella* group The King's Singers. (He also worked with The Moody Blues and became famous for his rich lush orchestration for "Nights in White Satin.").

You are the new day.

I will love you more than me
And more than yesterday
If you can but prove to me
You are the new day.
Send the sun in time for dawn,
Let the birds all hail the morning.
Love of life will urge me say,
You are the new day.

When I lay me down at night
Knowing we must pay,
Thoughts occur that this night might
Stay yesterday.
Thoughts that we as humans small
Could slow worlds and end it all
Lie around me where they fall
Before the new day.

One more day when time is running out
For ev'ryone,
Like a breath I knew would come I reach for
a new day.
Hope is my philosophy,
Just needs days in which to be,
Love of life means hope for me,
Borne on a new day.
You are the new day.

You may have noticed **Melissa Dunphy** is a favorite contemporary composer of mine. Born and raised in Australia, she immigrated to the United States in 2003 and has since become an award-winning and acclaimed composer specializing in vocal, political, and theatrical music. Her choral work *What do you think I fought for at Omaha Beach?* won the Simon Carrington Chamber Singers Composition Competition and has been performed nationally by ensembles including Grammy Award-winning Chanticleer, Cantus, and the St. Louis Chamber Chorus, and by Harmonium's Chamber Singers last June. She holds a PhD in music composition from the University of Pennsylvania, 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). Recently her chamber opera *Alice Tierney* was premiered at Oberlin. *I am the World* was commissioned by BBC Radio 3 and first performed by the BBC Singers, on March 8, 2022 at Temple Church, London. The program marked International Women's Day with a live

broadcast of music by leading women composers of the 21st century. The text is by Dora Sigerson Shorter.

I am the song, that rests upon the cloud;
I am the sun:
I am the dawn, the day, the hiding shroud,
When dusk is done.

I am the changing colours of the tree;
The flower uncurled:
I am the melancholy of the sea;
I am the world.

The other souls that, passing in their place,
Each in their groove;
Out-stretching hands that chain me and embrace,
Speak and reprove¹.

"O atom of that law, by which the earth
Is poised and whirled;
Behold! you hurrying with the crowd assert
You are the world."

Am I not one with all the things that be
Warm in the sun?
All that my ears can hear, or eyes can see,
Till all be done.

Of song and shine, of changing leaf apart,
Of bud uncurled:
With all the senses pulsing at my heart,
I am the world.

One day the song that drifts upon the wind
I shall not hear;
Nor shall the rosy shoots to eyes grown blind
Again appear.

Deaf, in the dark, I shall arise and throw
From off my soul,
The withered world with all its joy and woe,
That was my goal.

I shall arise, and like a shooting star
Slip from my place;
So ling'ring see the old world from afar
Revolve in space.

And know more things than all the wise may know
Till all be done;
Till One shall come who, breathing on the stars,
Blows out the sun.

1- to scold gently or with kindly intent

Composer, conductor, and prolific singer-songwriter **Karen Marrolli** is the director of music ministries at Central United Methodist Church in Albuquerque, NM. She holds a DMA in choral conducting from Louisiana State University. She earned a BM in music theory and composition and an MM in choral conducting and sacred music from Westminster Choir College in Princeton. She wrote the text and music of *O Pulse of My Heart* as an homage to traditional Irish love ballads.

Fair boy, your eyes, they haunt my soul
As the moon haunts the night.
The stars all fall at the sound of your voice.
The mountains sigh at your sight.

Is tu mo ghra, I love you,
A chuisle mo chroí. O pulse of my heart.

No flame can rival the fire of my love,
No canyon was ever so deep.
My soul sings your song through endless night;
Your voice, it haunts my sleep.

No rose is so sweet, no meadow so fair,
No star is more radiant above.
Until death lay me down beneath your shade,
You always shall be my love.

Fair boy, your eyes, they haunt my soul:
A ghost that never shall part.
I wander in starlight, awaiting your call,
O pulse of my heart.

A native of Ithaca and graduate of Ithaca College, Los Angeles composer/arranger and vocal percussionist **Rob Dietz** seeks to bring the exciting sounds and textures cultivated by the world of contemporary *a cappella* into a context that can be easily performed by traditional choruses. *Era Oscuro* was commissioned by The Betsy A Cappella Festival (Miami) as part of their initiative to foster the creation of more Spanish-language choral music. Says Dietz:

In looking for material to adapt, I found this beautiful melody from the Sephardic Jewish tradition that I felt would lend especially well to a contemporary re-harmonization. The words tell the story of a person being visited at night by an ex-lover, which in my

interpretation begins mysteriously, before exploding into a more up-tempo, angry feel, accompanied by interconnecting hand clap rhythms.

Era oscuro,
Como la medianoche,
Cuando la luna esclareciendo estaba.
Todo callado, todo 'staba en silencio,
Como la nube en la oscuridad.

It was dark,
Like midnight,
When the moon was rising.
All was quiet, all was silent,
Like the cloud in the darkness.

“Miserable, ¿por que venis ahora?
¿A recordarme de lo que yo pasí?
¿A recordarme de toda la mi vida?”
Estas palabras yo le hablé.

“You miserable man, why have you come now?
To remind me of what I’ve gone through?
To remind me of my life in its entirety?”
These words I spoke to him.

The acclaimed *a cappella* quintet *The Real Group*’s **Anders Edenroth** has written and published many original songs and arrangements of well-known standards, constantly exploring the development of new vocal textures and the integration of vocal percussion and rhythmic effects. Born in Stockholm, Edenroth’s youthful music studies had a strong focus on choir singing. After studying at The Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm, since 1989 he has been a full-time singer performing with *The Real Group* in more than 40 countries and recording 20 albums, many of which he also produced.

Edenroth is deeply interested in environmental conservation. He writes in the introduction to ***Water*** (dedicated to the National Youth Choirs of Great Britain): “a poetic and philosophical perspective on the transparent matter so essential to the survival of every living creature. Some of us take it for granted, others perish from lack of it.” The work makes creative use of tuned water bottles.

Water...

In the mind of a melting snowman,
in the sound from a whistling kettle,
in the gently alighting crystal of ice,
in the dewdrops of a colorful petal.

To live, everyone must have water,
to give not to deny each other,
to bring from source to mouth
just like the food of love from a nursing mother.

Sweet as an angel’s kiss,
salt as her falling tears
droplets in patience wearing away
the mountain of time for billions of years.

In the shape of a cloud evolving,
in the gleam when your skin perspires,

in the curse of a lost and foundering ship,
in the silent face Narcissus¹ admires.

To kill, for in a global battle,
to chill well in a plastic bottle,
to find between air and earth
both cold and wet says Aristotle.

Mild as mermaid's song,
wild when the oceans roar,
never been born and never been buried,
infinite waves caressing the shore.

1- Greek mythological figure who rejected all romantic advances, eventually falling in love with his own reflection in a pool of water, staring at it for the remainder of his life.

Berusa Er! (Drink Your Fill) is arranged by another Swede, **Sten Erik Källman**, saxophonist, percussionist, singer, composer, and arranger. He began his musical training in the Congregationalist Church as a singer and classical flute player. At the age of eighteen he lived in Haiti for one year and discovered for himself the richness and complexity of the culture in one of the world's poorest countries. After completing his music studies at the University of Gothenburg where he is now a professor of world music, he began his career as a freelance musician. He has returned to Haiti several times to study, work, and tour. He has made it his priority to embrace the music of Haiti and Scandinavia, seeking the crossroads where all cultures meet, and introducing Haitian music to the west through his choral arrangements. *Berusa Er's* text was a Haitian translation of the *Song of Songs* by Haitian pastor Pouris Jean Baptiste, which after meeting with Kallman was then translated into Swedish and set in a Haitian Carnival style. We will sing it in English!

Oh your love is so sweet,
My sister and my bride,
Your love much lovelier than wine,
Your balm more delicate than any perfume.

Your lips are dripping with nectar, my love,
Milk and honey hide 'neath your tongue,
And your garments are fragrant like Lebanon.

In your orchard of plenty
The pomegranates are growing.
Henna, spikenard and saffron,
And cal'mus cinnamon the finest of spices.

You're the fountain of the garden,
A well of clear and cool water,
With streams flowing from Lebanon.

Refrain:

Come drink your fill,
Oh lovers, drink so deeply,
Come drink so deeply,
Be drunk with love.

I slept and I was dreaming,
My heart was awoken,
My beloved is knocking,
My handsome friend who makes me shake and quiver.

Open for me my sister,
My darling dove so perfect.
My head is glist'ning with dew
And my locks are dripping with the drops of midnight.

I rise up to receive my beloved,
With myrrh my hands are dripping.
Through all my fingers run liquid myrrh,
My heart is pounding with passion.

Refrain

Dr. Tracy Wong hails from Malaysia and is a choral conductor, music educator, composer, vocalist, and pianist. She currently resides in Ontario, Canada where she is the assistant professor of choral studies at the University of Western Ontario. She holds a DMA and MM in choral conducting from the University of Toronto. She provides the following notes:

Singkap Siaga was commissioned in 2020-21 by Sonic Timelapse Project and members of its Conductors Commission Club. As a partner composer of the Project, I had the immense privilege of reading and absorbing the content submitted by the choral communities in Canada who were experiencing the global COVID-19 pandemic. This piece is based on my reflections of these submissions, as well as my own experiences. I drew inspiration from the almost-extinct Malay tradition of shadow puppet theatre and its music - Wayang Kulit Kelantan. I remember learning how to make these puppets in school in Malaysia. This artform reminded me how light and shadow are equal in beauty, thus shifting my perspective of “shadow” and “darkness” having negative connotations. I have been drawn to a scene in the show where the Dewa Panah (two Arrow Gods), one good and one evil, descend from the sky and battle each other. Neither wins. Life goes on in a balance.

The piece is 5% text and 95% vocables, based on the pre-existing vocal equivalent of the stylings and tone of the traditional instruments used in the Wayang Kulit Kelantan shadow

puppet theatre practice – gong, dak, ding, dong, tsak, tsng. The rhythmic elements and patterns are also inspired by the music accompanying the Dewa Panah scene.

Singkap = to open, to reveal, quick change

Siaga = ever ready

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## **The Chamber Singers 2022-2023**

### Sopranos

Leslie Adler

Nancy Bangiola

Linda Clark

Elizabeth Engelberth

Krystiana Machtinger

Chelsea Payne

Sally O'Sullivan

### Altos

Emilie Bishop

Camille Bourland

Alyssa Casazza

Regina McElroy

Jenna Miller

Sarah Murray

### Tenors

Nicholas Herrick

Holland Jancaitis

PJ Livesey

Stephen McCarthy

Matthew Onigman

Ken Short

David Thomson

### Basses

Chris Hatcher

Tom Howell

John Lamb

Dan Malloy

Ted Roper

Ben Schroeder

The Harmonium Chamber Singers are 26 of the most advanced members of Harmonium Choral Society, a 100-voice auditioned community choir of singers ranging in age from 15 to 80, including a large number of music educators. Harmonium is dedicated to performing a diverse repertoire at a high artistic level, and to increasing community appreciation of choral music through concerts, education and outreach. Harmonium has sponsored major commissions, musicianship workshops, and an annual High School Student Choral Composition Contest; toured internationally; and sung for prestigious music conventions. The Chamber Singers specialize in unaccompanied repertoire with special emphasis on the Renaissance and contemporary works.

Artistic Director since 1987, Dr. Anne Matlack holds a BA in music from Yale University and MM & DMA choral conducting degrees from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Dr. Matlack is celebrating her 33<sup>rd</sup> year as organist/choirmaster at Grace Episcopal Church in Madison, where she directs a full program of children and adult choirs and a concert series, Grace Community Music. Grace Church and Harmonium singers joined to serve as Choir-in Residence at Winchester Cathedral, UK, in the summer of 2015. Dr. Matlack is past president of the New Jersey Board of the American Choral Directors Association, where she has served as Repertoire and Resources Chair for Community Choirs for many years. She is the 2003 recipient of the Arts Council of the Morris Area's Outstanding Professional in the Arts Award.