

Harmonium

Choral Society

To Everything There is a Season

Saturday, April 27, 2024 at 7:30 pm
Calvary Church, Summit

Sunday, April 28, 2024 at 3 pm
Grace Episcopal Church, Madison

**Funding has been made possible in part by Morris Arts through the New Jersey
State Council on the Arts/Department of State, a Partner Agency of the
National Endowment for the Arts**

The Circle of Time	Ellen Gilson Voth (b. 1972)
<i>Krystiana Machtinger, Tom Howell (Sat.) / Elizabeth Monkemeier, PJ Livesey (Sun.)</i>	
Blessed Be!*	Melanie DeMore
<i>*choralography by PJ Livesey</i>	

Jenny Rebecca	Carol Hall (1936-2018); arr. Clair McElfresh (1931-2013)
Adolescentulus sum ego	William Mundy (c. 1529-1591)
She's Leaving Home	The Beatles; arr. Neil Farrell

September	William Stenhammar (1871-1927)
Light of Late November	Dale Trumbore (b. 1987)
Harvester's Song	Jean Berger (1909-2002)

Summer is gone	Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)
Der Winter kalt	Johannes Eccard (1553-1611)
Hirtenlied (Shepherd's Song)	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Resignation	Florence Price (1887-1953)
catch me	Charlie Leftridge (b. 1988)

INTERMISSION

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Vårvindar friska	trad. Swedish; arr. Sheena Phillips (b. 1958)

Frühlingsjubil (Spring Jubilation)	Joachim Raff (1822-1882)
When Daffodils Begin to Peer	Matthew Harris (b. 1956)
<i>Lizzie Engelberth, David Thomson</i>	

It was a Lover and His Lass*	Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
The Sheep Shearing*	Cecil J. Sharp (1859-1924)
A Sweet Country Life*	Imogen Holst (1907-1984)
<i>*break-out groups</i>	

Sumer is icumen in	anon. Medieval round
Dana-Dana	Lajos Bardos (1899-1986); arr. Fenno Heath (1926-2008)
<i>Ken Short</i>	

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I	Harris

*Since many pieces are short, please refrain from applause until the end of a grouping (***).*

In this Chamber Singers program, I tried to combine the themes of the seasons of life and the seasons of the year. It has been fun to prepare music that ranges from the oldest round in the English language to living composers like Dale Trumbore and the inspiring Melanie DeMore.

Ellen Gilson Voth is a conductor, composer, keyboard artist, and singer. She wrote this first piece after a friend lost a child unexpectedly before birth, and she says “I was reflecting on the different seasons of our lives and how often they do not come in the order we expect. The text from Ecclesiastes seemed just right for this.” Ellen received a doctorate in composition from the Hartt School at the University of Hartford. She also holds a MM degree from Westminster Choir College of Rider University and a BMEd degree from Wheaton College in Illinois. Among her many positions she is still artistic director of the Farmington Valley Chorale. Most recently her *Lands that Draw me Home* was commissioned and premiered by the West Point Glee Club at Eastern ACDA in Providence in February.

Spring,
Summer,
Winter,
Fall...

To ev'rything there is a season
a time to ev'ry purpose under heav'n.

A time to be born and to die,
a time to plant, to reap,
a time to kill and to heal,
a time to break down and build up,
a time to weep and to laugh,
a time to mourn, a time to dance.
A time to embrace, and to refrain,
a time to get, to lose,
a time to keep and to cast away,
a time to rend, to sew,
a time to keep silence and to speak,
a time to love, a time to hate,
a time of war, a time of peace.

He hath made all things beautiful,
In His time.

Melanie DeMore is an Oakland-based singer-songwriter, composer, community musician, and social activist, weaving the fibers of African-American folk music with soulful ballads, spirituals, and her own original music. She has toured extensively, singing at festivals and universities, in coffee houses and concert halls. In addition to her solo work, DeMore facilitates vocal workshops for professional and community-based choral groups and has taught her

program called "Sound Awareness" in schools, prisons, and youth organizations in the US, Canada, Cuba and New Zealand. She is held in high regard for her use of song in healing.
Blessed Be!

Blest, Be, Blessed Be the Living Tree.

Blessed Be the Tree of Life
that grows within you and me.

Steady and true,
Rooted in love.
Shelter and peace
Below and above.

Sing to the sky,
Rise from the earth.
Seasons come round again,
Death to rebirth.

Jenny Rebecca is a ballad to a four-day-old baby, by **Carol Hall**, American composer and lyricist best known for writing the Broadway musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas!* Hall wrote it for a friend, and it has been sung by performers ranging from Barbara Streisand to Frederika Von Stade. Arranger **Dr. Clair Thomas McElfresh** was a conductor, composer, performer, teacher, and a founder of Florida International University, and its first choral director.

Jenny Rebecca, four days old
How do you like the world so far?
Jenny Rebecca, four days old,
How do you like the world so far?
Jenny Rebecca, four days old,
What a lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky girl you are.

For you have swings to be swung on;
Trees to be climbed up.
Days to be young on,
Toys you can wind up.
Grass to be lying on,
Sun up above.
Pillows for crying on
When you're in love;
Ponies for riding;
Wind in your hair.

Slides to be sliding on,
Leaves in the air;
Dogs to be caring for;
Love to be giving;
Dreams to be daring for
Long as you're living.

Who can resist the text *Adolescentulus sum ego*? Most translations of this verse are “I am lowly” but a more accurate translation is “I am immature” - in need of understanding and justice! English Renaissance composer **William Mundy** began his career as head chorister of Westminster Abbey, until his voice broke, and later rose to the position of Gentleman of the Chapel Royal where he remained until his death. Mundy’s compositional career spanned the tricky changing rules of religion in the Tudor dynasty. This is an early work, still quite florid in the style of a Marian antiphon, and filled with what historian Charles Burney referred to as “crudities” aka crunchy cross-relations of competing sharps, flats and naturals in different parts.

Adolescentulus sum ego et contemptus; justificationes tuas non sum oblitus. Justitia tua, justitia in aeternum, et lex tua veritas.	I am immature and despised, But I do not forget your commandments. Your justice is eternal, and your law is truth.
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The best teen angst song I could think of to follow this is **The Beatles’ *She’s Leaving Home*** from the 1967 album *Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* as arranged by **Neil Farrell**. Tenor, composer, and arranger, Farrell is one of New York City’s most diversified singers. Having sung in *Pomerium*, the New York Virtuoso Singers, Voices of Ascension, and *Musica Sacra*, he moves from style to style. This arrangement was made for a summer Western Wind workshop, with the bass part originally for viola da gamba.

Wedn’sday morning at five o’clock
As the day begins
Silently closing the bedroom door,
Leaving the note that she hoped would say more,
She goes downstairs to the kitchen
Clutching her handkerchief,
Quietly turning the backdoor key,
Stepping outside, she goes free.

She (we gave her most of our lives)
Is leaving (sacrificed most of our lives)
Home (we gave her everything money can buy).
She’s leaving home after living alone
For so many years.

Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown.
Picks up a letter that's lying there,
Standing alone at the top of the stairs,
She breaks down and cries to her husband,
“Daddy, our baby's gone!”
“Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly?
How could she do this to me?”

She (we never thought of ourselves)
Is leaving (never a thought for ourselves)
Home (we struggled hard all our lives to get by).
She's leaving home after living alone
For so many years.

Friday morning, at nine o'clock
She is far away
Waiting to keep the appointment she made,
Meeting a man from the motor trade.

She (what did we do that was wrong)
Is having (we didn't know it was wrong)
Fun (fun is the one thing that money can't buy).
Something inside that was always denied,
For so many years.

She's leaving home.

Wilhelm Stenhammar was a Swedish composer, conductor, and pianist. He began his career as a lover of German music (Brahms and Bruckner) and later developed a much more Nordic style. His versatile works range from symphonies to Lieder and chamber music. *September* is a setting of Danish poet Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847 – 1885), whose poem in a late romantic style uses the natural world to reflect an inner emotional state.

Alle de voksende skugger
har vævet sig sammen til en.
Ensom paa himmelen lyser
en stjerne saa straalande ren.
Skyerne have saa tunge drømme,
blomsternes øjne i duggraad svømme,
underligt aftenvinden suser,
suser i linden.

All the growing shadows
have woven themselves into one.
Alone in the sky shines
a star so bright and pure.
The sky has such heavy dreams,
the dew tears flow from flowers' eyes,
and strangely sings the evening breeze,
sings in the linden tree.

In the same way, one of our favorite 21st-century composers, **Dale Trumbore**, sets a poem by Barbara Crocker about the beauty of the waning year and the need to live in the present, *Light of*

Late November. Trumbore's compositions have been commissioned, awarded, and performed widely in the U.S. and internationally by a diverse group of outstanding ensembles since she won the Harmonium High School Composition Contest 22 years ago. We proudly performed the East Coast premiere of *Magnificat* for chorus, strings, and piano in December. Trumbore holds a dual degree in music composition and English from the University of Maryland and a MM degree in composition from the University of Southern California. As well as being a wonderful composer, Dale is an accomplished writer and author of the book *Staying Composed: Overcoming Anxiety and Self-Doubt within a Creative Life*.

Praise the light of late November,
the thin sunlight that goes deep in the bones.
Praise the crows chattering in the oak trees;
though they are clothed in night, they do not
despair. Praise what little there's left:
the small boats of milkweed pods, husks, hulls,
shells, the architecture of trees. Praise the meadow
of dried weeds: yarrow, goldenrod, chicory,
the remains of summer. Praise the blue sky
that hasn't cracked yet. Praise the sun slipping down
behind the beechnuts, praise the quilt of leaves
that covers the grass: Scarlet Oak, Sweet Gum,
Sugar Maple. Though darkness gathers, praise our crazy
fallen world; it's all we have, and it's never enough.

Jean Berger was a German-born pianist, composer, and college professor who composed extensively for choral ensemble and solo voice. Born Arthur Schlossberg in Germany, he fled Nazi persecution to Paris in 1933, where he took the French name Jean Berger. Concert tours as a pianist and conductor took him to the United States, where he ultimately became a US citizen. The rousing *Harvester's Song* is the last of *Six Madrigals* from 1961, on a poem by Elizabethan dramatist George Peele (1559-1597). All six of these set Elizabethan poets with Berger's own modern (1961) stamp on the madrigal, or a *cappella* part-song.

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me;
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

Born to an English mother and a father originally from Sierra Leone, **Samuel Coleridge-Taylor** identified as Anglo-African. He was named for famed poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Coleridge-Taylor was taught violin at a young age and entered the Royal College of Music at 15, studying composition with Charles Stanford. He was particularly known for his three cantatas on the epic 1855 poem *The Song of Hiawatha* by American Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *Summer is gone* was published in 1911. It sets a poem by Christina Rossetti with lush harmonies, subtle variations from strophe to strophe, and romantic extremes of dynamic (loud and soft) expression.

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

Yea, Autumn's chilly self is going,
And winter comes which is yet colder;
Each day the hoar¹-frost waxes bolder,
And the last buds cease blowing.

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

Now we turn to winter, and *Der Winter kalt* by **Johannes Eccard**, a late Renaissance/early Baroque German composer and *kapellmeister*. He was a principal conductor at the Berlin court chapel and wrote almost exclusively vocal works, many of them sacred. This madrigal about winter shows the influence of early study with Orlando di Lasso.

Der Winter kalt ist vor dem Haus,
wo soll ich Armer aus?
In diesem Strauß
tu ich doch nicht erschrecken.
Es kommt die liebe Zeit,
darauf ich harr und beit
gar mit fröhlichem Mut;
es ist der liebe Maienschein,
der mich erfreuen tut.

The cold winter is before the house,
where should I, poor soul, venture forth?
By these boughs
I am not frightened.
The dear time is coming,
which I await and anticipate
even with cheerful courage;
it is the dear May-shine,
which cheers me up.

In both Eccard's and Mendelssohn's pieces, summer and spring must be invoked in order to get through the winter! German Romantic **Felix Mendelssohn's** *Hirtenlied (Shepherd's Song)* (from *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 88, No. 3) portrays a pastoral scene in which the wintry weather is an obstacle to love, assuaged by the remembrance of summer. It is a late work in the composer's short life. "The most natural music of all occurs when four people go out together in the woods or in a boat, and carry the music with them and inside them!" (Mendelssohn, 1839).

O Winter, schlimmer Winter,
Wie ist die Welt so klein!
Du drängst uns all' in die Täler,
In die engen Hütten hinein.

O winter, awful winter,
How small is the world!
You crowd us all into the valleys,
Into the tight little cabins.

Und geh' ich auch vorüber
An meiner Liebsten Haus,
Kaum sieht sie mit dem Köpfchen
Zum kleinen Fenster heraus.

And if I should go over
To my sweetheart's house,
She hardly looks with her little head
Through the tiny window.

Und nehm ich's Herz in die Hände
Und geh' hinauf ins Haus:
Sie sitzt zwischen Vater und Mutter,
Schaut kaum zu den Äuglein heraus.

And if I should take heart in hand
And go up into the house,
She sits between father and mother
And hardly opens her little eyes.

O Sommer, schöner Sommer,
Wie wird die Welt so weit!
Je höher man steigt auf die Berge,
Je weiter sie sich verbreit't.

O summer, lovely summer,
How wide becomes the world!
The higher one climbs up the mountains,
The farther it broadens itself.

Und stehest du auf dem Felsen,
Traut' Liebchen! ich rufe dir zu.
Die Halle sagen es weiter,
Doch Niemand hört es als du.

And if you stand on the cliff,
Dear sweetheart! I call to you.
The echoes repeat it,
Though no one hears it as you do.

Und halt' ich dich in den Armen
Auf freien Bergeshöh'n:
Wir seh'n in die weiten Lande,
Und werden doch nicht geseh'n.

And should I hold you in my arms
On open mountain heights:
We will see into the wide lands,
But not be seen ourselves.

Florence Price's *Resignation* is a reflection on the end of a hard life, and a longing for heaven, showing the influence of the spiritual. Born into a middle-class family in Little Rock, Arkansas, Price attended New England Conservatory, one of the few conservatories to admit African-Americans at that time. She returned to Arkansas, married and began to raise a family, composing songs, short pieces, and music for children. In 1927 she moved to Chicago, divorced her abusive husband, and began to compose larger works as well. Price was the first black woman to have her music played by a major American orchestra when the Chicago Symphony performed her *Symphony in E Minor* in 1933. She sketched or finished four symphonies, wrote songs setting to music poems by Langston Hughes and Paul Laurence Dunbar, and became well-known for her arrangements of spirituals. Her works are finally receiving acclaim and performances.

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
I've struggled and toiled in the sun
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
would break on a work that is done.
My Master has pointed the way,
he taught me in prayer to say:
"Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."

I hunger, yet I shall be fed.
My feet, they are wounded and dragging;
My body is tortured with pain.
My heart, it is shattered and flagging¹,
What matter, if Heaven I gain?
Of happiness once I have tasted;
'twas only an instant it paused.
Tho' brief was the hour that I wasted,
forever the woe that it caused.
I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there;
they're waiting for me to come
where mansions are bright and fair.

1- weak

In a similar way, *catch me* calls for us to live in the moment. The composer also wrote the text and explains, "This poem is an invocation, perhaps, to lost love or love yet to be found. The removed subject enables the reader or singer to anonymously superimpose their story. In this way, 'catch me' exemplifies and celebrates the ephemeral nature of both the speaker and the subject." Having grown up on a small farm in southwestern Minnesota, **Charlie Leftridge** spent much of his childhood intrinsically involved in nature and the rural church, gaining a deep-seated love for both natural aesthetics and hymnody. Leftridge received a MM in music composition from the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Prior to that, he studied at Concordia College and Dickinson State University. Currently, he serves as the director of operations for the Mankato Symphony Orchestra and as the director for the Minnesota State University, Mankato, University Chorale.

o, catch me, catch me in my youth e'er passing—
leave not a single breath in want of mem'ries.
for when my form—long since—the grass has taken,
the dew shall only sing exultant silence

Claudio Monteverdi's nine books of madrigals document the transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque. He himself defined two different kinds of compositional practices, the *prima prattica*, or old style that was still used for much church music, and the *secunda prattica*, the new style that "considers harmony not commanding but commanded, and makes words the mistress of harmony." *O primavera* is from his third book of madrigals, and sets a poem by Giovanni Battista Guarini. It equates springtime with youth, and begins cheerfully extolling the happy new flowers and loves, only to mourn that the poet's youth has not returned, and lives only in memory.

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno,
bella madre de' fiori,
d'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;

Oh Spring, youth of the year,
lovely mother of the flowers,
of new grass and new loves;

tu ben lasso ritorni,
ma senza i cari giorni
de le speranze mie;
tu ben sei quella ch'eri pur dianzi
si vezzosa e bella.
Ma non son io
quel che già un tempo fui,
sì car' a gl'occhi altrui.

regrettably, you come back
without the dear days
of my hopes;
you are, that not long ago
was so blithe and beautiful.
But I am no longer
whom I used to be,
so dear to others' eyes.

Sheena Phillips, composer, choral director, and singer, was born in Britain, studied at Cambridge, and lived and sang in Edinburgh for 10 years. In 2000 she moved to Columbus, Ohio, then lived in London from 2014 to 2022. She is now back in Ohio and directs several choirs there. Much of her composing is inspired by traditional music, poetry, and the natural world. She provides the following program notes:

Vårvindar friska (Spring breezes) is one of a number of songs traditionally sung on April 30th, a festival known in Sweden as *Valborgsmassafton (Walpurgisnight)*. It marks the end of winter and the beginning of spring. Its roots go back to pagan times, when fires would be lit to ward off evil spirits. Today there are still big bonfires, fireworks, choral singing, and other festivities.

Vårvindar friska leka och viska
lunderna om likt älskande par.
Strömmarna ila, finna ej vila,
förran i havet störtvägen far.
Klappa mitt hjärta, klaga och hör;
vallhornens klang bland klipporna dör.
Strömkarlen spelar- sorgerna delar
vakan kring berg och dal.

Brisk spring breezes play and whisper
through the grove like an infatuated couple.
Brooklets are dashing without rest
until they rush into the sea.
Beat fast my heart, cry out, listen;
the sound of the shepherds' horns fades among the rocks.
The river god is playing- sorrows are swirling
all around hill and dale.

German-Swiss composer and pedagogue **Joachim Raff** is most famous for his piano, symphonic and chamber works, but has a significant number of choral works: 50 for unaccompanied chorus, and 17 choral-orchestral works. The exuberant and picturesque *Frühlingsjubel (Spring Jubilation)* (Op. 198, No.1) comes from a collection of ten songs composed between 1860 and 1874 on texts by the popular poet/philosopher Alfred Muth (1839-1890).

Frühling ist da,
Tralalala!
Tanzen und Springen
Will noch gelingen,
Winter, ade,
Schnee nun und Weh!

Spring is here,
Tralalala!
Dancing and leaping about
Shall be possible,
Adieu, winter,
Snow now and woe!

Süß in dem Baum
Rauscht es wie Traum,
Vöglein und Winde
Kommen geschwinde,
Winter, ade,
Thränen und Weh!

Sweetly in the tree
[The wind] rustles like a dream,
Little birds and winds
Come quickly,
Adieu, winter,
Tears and woe!

Nahe und fern
Leuchtet der Stern;
Mädchen und Buben
Schnell aus den Stuben:
Tralalala,
Frühling ist da!

Near and far
The star shines;
Maidens and lads,
Come quickly out of your abodes:
Tralalala,
Spring is here!

Composer **Matthew Harris** studied at The Juilliard School, New England Conservatory, and Harvard University, and has received numerous grants and awards. He currently teaches at Brooklyn College and New York City College of Technology, CUNY. Matthew has also been a judge for Harmonium's High School Choral Composition Contest the longest - 22 years! We commissioned and premiered his *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, recently giving its 20th anniversary performance. His six books of "Shakespeare Songs" are justifiably popular with choruses. *When Daffodils Begin to Peer* is from Book IV (1996) and *Where the Bee Sucks* is from Book VI (2010) and is in my opinion, some rock and roll!

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds,
O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tir-ra-ly-ra chants,
With heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

Madrigals and part songs were really meant for small groups to sing for fun, so we break into three groups for a set of these. **Thomas Morley** was the foremost member of the English Madrigal School. His famous song on a Shakespeare text, *It was a Lover and His Lass*, celebrates the spring, the May, and lots of "hey nonny nonny" going on!

It was a Lover and His Lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime.
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Cecil J. Sharp was a musician, teacher, lecturer, and avid collector and preserver of British folk songs (over 5,000) and folk dances. *The Sheep Shearing* from *Novello's Part-Song Book* of 1908 is his SATB arrangement of a folksong "collected in Somerset."

How delightful to see,
In these evenings in Spring,
The sheep going home to the fold:
The master doth sing,
As he views ev'rything,
And his dog goes before him where told.

The sixth month of the year,
In the month called June,
When the weather's too hot to be borne,
The master doth say,
As he goes on his way:
"Tomorrow my sheep shall be shorn."

Now as for those sheep,
They're delightful to see;
They're a blessing to a man on his farm.
For the flesh it is good,
It's the best of all food,
And the wool it will clothe us up warm.

Now the sheep they are all shorn,
And the wool carried home,
Here's a health to our master and flock;
And if we should stay,
'Til the last goes away,
I'm afraid 'twill be past twelve o'clock.

Imogen Holst, British composer, arranger, conductor, teacher, musicologist, and festival administrator, was the only child of the composer Gustav Holst. *A Sweet Country Life* is a Gloucestershire folksong collected by Cecil Sharp, and arranged by Holst in 1937, celebrating the rural summer in a romanticized way.

A sweet country life is most pleasant and charming,
All for to walk abroad on a fine summer's morning,
Bright Phoebus did ashine and the hills was adorning
As Molly she sat a-milking on a fair summer's morning.

No fiddle nor flute nor hautboy¹ nor spinet²
Is not to be compared to the lark nor the linnet³.
Down as I did lie all among those green rushes,
'Twas then I did hear the charms of the blackbirds and thrushes.

1- oboe

2- an early version of a harpsichord

3- a small brownish Old World finch

A manuscript of *Sumer is icumen in* is now in the British Museum, originally found at Reading Abbey, making this 13th-century manuscript the oldest example of English polyphony extant. The two-part bass ostinato under a four-part canon, or *rota*, describes the various things that happen in the summer, from the blooming woods to the breeding animals.

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed
and bloweth med
and springth the wde nu
Sing cuccu

Summer has arrived,
Loudly sing, cuckoo!
The seed is growing
and the meadow is blooming,
and the wood is coming into leaf now,
Sing, cuckoo!

Awe bleteth after lomb
lhouth after calve cu
bulluc sterteth
bucke verteth
murie sing cuccu

The ewe is bleating after her lamb,
the cow is lowing after her calf;
the bullock is prancing,
the stag cavorting,
Sing merrily, cuckoo!

Cuccu cuccu
Wel singes thu cuccu
ne swik thu naver nu

Cuckoo, cuckoo,
You sing well, cuckoo,
never stop now.

Sing cuccu nu
Sing cuccu

Sing, cuckoo, now;
Sing, cuckoo!

Lajos Bárdos, student of Kodály, composer, music teacher, and choir director, was one of the most influential figures in 20th-century Hungarian music. Before international music was as easy to come by as it is today, Yale Glee Club director Fenno Heath made this arrangement for the Glee Club - it was very popular and always sung at breakneck speed!

Hej, igazítsad jól a lábod',
Tíz farsangja, hogy már járod.

Hey, pay attention to your feet,
You've been dancing at the carnival since ten.

Refrain:

Haj dana-dana-dana, dana-dana danajdom! Hey, sing-song, let's dance!

Hej, ez a kislány atyámfia,
Szereti az apám fia.

Hey, this young girl is my wife,
She loves my father's son – that's me!

Refrain

Hej, a szívemnek nagy a búja,
Te légy rózsám orvoslója.

Hey, my heart is very sad,
Come, sweetheart, nurse it back to health.

Refrain

Hej, ne okoskodj, ne halogass,
Házasodjál, ne válogass.

Hey, don't be a smart-aleck, don't procrastinate,
Just get married, don't be picky.

Refrain

Hej, ne tekintsd, hogy rongyos vagyok,
Kilenc gyermek apja vagyok.

Hey, don't think I'm worn out,
I'm the father of nine children.

Refrain

Hej, nem aludtam csak egy szikrát,
Eltáncoltam az éjszakát.

Hey, I didn't sleep even a little bit,
I've been dancing all night.

Where the Bee Sucks, There Suck I

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
After summer merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Thank you for joining us to celebrate the circle of time. We look forward to seeing you in June to celebrate bravery and another crop of young composers and this year, poets.



The Chamber Singers April 2024

Sopranos

Leslie Adler
Nancy M. Bangiola
Linda Clark
Lizzie Engelberth
Krystiana Machtinger
Regina McElroy
Reggie Ramekar

Altos

Emilie Bishop
Camille Bourland
Alyssa Casazza
Clara Gong
Elizabeth Monkemeier
Sarah Murray

Tenors

Peter J. Livesey
Steve McCarthy
Matthew Onigman
Ken Short
David Thomson

Basses

Christopher Hatcher
Tom Howell
John Lamb
Dan Malloy
Ted Roper
Ben Schroeder

The Harmonium Chamber Singers are 24 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 and DMA choral conducting degrees from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. Dr. Matlack is celebrating her 34th 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 in the summer of 2015 and will be in residence at Wells Cathedral in the summer of 2024. 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 Morris Arts Outstanding Professional in the Arts Award.

for the birds...a swan song

PATRICIA RUGGLES, mezzo
SÁNDOR SZABÓ, keyboard ELINA LANG, cello
SETH RUGGLES HILER, artist



*Featuring works about birds by
Purcell, Finzi, Ravel, Casals, Barber*

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 2024 at 7PM
Grace Church
4 Madison Avenue, Madison NJ

All donations to be given to the NJ Audubon Society
For more information, please email patriciaruggles@yahoo.com

Our 45th Season!

Harmonium

Choral Society

Dr. Anne Matlack, Artistic Director

Be Brave

An eclectic program of global repertoire celebrating the fierceness of the creative artist and the spoken word, with the winners of the 27th annual High School Composition Contest and our collaboration with Her Words teen arts group. Featuring works by Purcell, Halley, Barnwell and more.

Saturday, June 1, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, June 2, 3 p.m.

**Morristown United Methodist Church
50 South Park Place, Morristown**

**Single ticket day of: \$40 regular; \$35 students & teachers.
Single ticket in advance: \$30 regular; \$25 students & teachers.
(Advance sale ends at 11:59 pm on May 31)**



If you have accessibility needs, questions, or concerns, please contact us at least two weeks prior to the performance at (973) 538-6969 or manager@harmonium.org.

Visit us at harmonium.org.

Funding has been made possible in part by funds from Morris Arts through the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State, a Partner Agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.