Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood’s land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And let go of my mother’s hand?
Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

And nothing to search for, nothing
To beware of,
Only to dream, lightly and gently,
Not to notice the changes of time,
For the second time a child!

Oh, do show me the road back,
The dear road to childhood’s land!
In vain I search for happiness,
Around me is a desolate shore!

Choral Showcase
2017–2018 Season
410th Concert
Sunday 25 February 2018
Dalton Center Recital Hall
1:00 p.m.

COLLEGIATE SINGERS
Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor

CANTUS FEMINA
Dee Gauthier, Conductor

UNIVERSITY CHORALE
Kimberly Dunn Adams, Conductor

“Reincarnations and Awakening”

COLLEGIATE SINGERS

And As It’s Going… (World Premiere)
(Winner of the Western Michigan University Large Ensemble Competition and written for the Western Michigan University Collegiate Singers)

And as it’s going often at love’s breaking,
The ghost of first days came again to us,
The silver willow through window then stretched in,
The silver beauty of her gentle branches.
The bird began to sing the song of light and pleasure
To us, who fears to lift looks from the earth,
Who are so lofty, bitter and intense,
About days when we were saved together.

Soloists: Dewey Boltz and Elizabeth Eighmy

Johannes Brahms
1833–1897
ed./arr. James McCullough
poet: Klaus Groth

O wüsst’ ich doch den Weg zurück Opus 63, Number 8
Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood’s land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And let go of my mother’s hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

Austin McWilliams, Conductor

Edvard Grieg
1843–1907

Ved Rondane Opus 33 (sung in Norwegian)
Now I see the same mountains and valleys,
As those I, in my young childhood, saw,
And the same wind cools my heated brow,
And gold lies on the snow, as before it lay.

Johannes Brahms
1833–1897
ed./arr. James McCullough
poet: Klaus Groth

O wüsst’ ich doch den Weg zurück Opus 63, Number 8
Oh, if I only knew the road back,
The dear road to childhood’s land!
Oh, why did I search for happiness
And let go of my mother’s hand?

Oh, how I long to be at rest,
Not to be awakened by anything,
To shut my weary eyes,
With love gently surrounding!

Austin McWilliams, Conductor
There is a childlike voice, which speaks to me,  
And makes me thoughtful, but still full of joy.  
With childhood memories is this speech blended;  
It streams over me, so I can barely understand.

Yes, life streams over me, as it streamed,  
When under the snow I saw the green straw.  
I dream now, as once I always dreamed,  
When such mountains I saw in the blue air.  
I forget the day’s stress, as once I forgot it,  
When I, towards night, a glimmer of sun did see.  
I will well find a house, that will shelter me,  
As the sun, home for the night, will light my way.

Soloist: Margaret Mooney  
Victoria Jackson, Conductor

**Scot Hanna-Weir**/  
**Bruno Ruviaro**  
poet: Paul Laurence Dunbar

**Sympathy (I know why the caged bird sings)**  
I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;  
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars  
And they pulse again with a keener sting—  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore;  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer that he sends from his heart’s deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings!

Soloist: Katie Short  
Audience, Cell Phones

**Gaetano Donizetti**  
1797–1848  
arr. Scott Gilmore

**CANTUS FEMINA**  
**Servants’ Chorus from Don Pasquale**  
Can you believe all this running in circles!  
Ding, ding here, Dong, dong there.  
Without a chance to stop and catch our breath.  
But, it’s a rich house, with pots of money,  
That flow like honey; it’s a free lunch!  
After dinner there’s always drama.  
The curtain rises: time for the show.  
The first says, the husband: Stay home this evening.  
The other says the wifey: Just watch me go!  
The huffing grumpus provokes a rumpus,  
But little wifey packs quite a punch…pow!  
Enter the nephew, useless and lazy…feeds off the  
Geezer and drives him crazy.  
The little mistress fires off the bombshells.  
Meanwhile the husband tiptoes on eggshells.
Enchantment
A song of enchantment I sing me there, in a green, green wood, by the waters fair. Just as the words came up to me I sang it under the wild wood tree. Widershins turned I, singing it low, watching the birds come and go. No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen under the thick thatched ranches green. Twilight came...the planet of Evening’s silver flame by darkening paths I wondered through thickets trembling with drops of dew. But the music is lost and the words are gone of the song I sang as I sat alone. Ages and ages have fallen on me on wood and pool and the elder tree.

Water Women
We do not want to rock the boat, you say, mistaking our new poise for something safe.

We smile secretly at each other, sharing the reality that for some time we have not been in the boat.

We jumped or were pushed or fell and some leaped overboard.

Our bodies form a freedom fleet, our dolphin grace is power.

Twilight’s Ease
Trees like black lace across the Western sky,
A quiet star glimmers up above.
As the day comes to an end, it’s time to settle down and remember the people that we love.
Let go of work and worry, let go of what you want.
Let go of disappointments of memories that haunt.
Let troubles fade just like the sun. Embrace the twilight’s ease, And dream tomorrow’s promise of beauty, hope and peace.
Sometimes, when darkness falls, we’re lonely and afraid.
We weep for the suffering, lost and poor.
When you put your hand in mine, a hope stirs deep within And we share the light that is our core.
In silence there’s an answer, in quiet, there’s a rest.
In the dark of letting go we face the test.
There is peace within the space we make to know our part.
There’s a joy that rises in our hearts.

Always Keep This Close
This piece reflects on how singing together creates strong bonds amongst singing friends.
Always keep this close and you’ll never need more, your world is here with the familiar voices that linger in the air and all those hearts that have learned to beating time with each other.
You make more than music here. No notes are as connected as the souls that sing them and no soul is happier than when she is surrounded by her sisters.
Even when you leave this does not leave you,
She is the sky of the sun,
She is the dart
Of love,
She is the love of my heart,
She is a rune,
She is above
The women of the race of Eve
As the sun is above the moon.

Lovely and airy the view from
the hill
That looks down Ballylea;
But no good sight is good until
By great good luck you see
The Blossom of the Branches
walking towards you
Airily.

Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine,
The fish leap not out
In the waves.
On our meadows the dew
Does not fall in the morn,
For O'Daly is dead:
Not a flower can be born,
Not a word can be said,
Not a tree have a leaf;
Anthony, after you
There is nothing to do,
There is nothing but grief.

Come with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine if it be thy will;
And we will talk until
Talk is a trouble, too,
Out on the side of the hill,
And nothing is left to do,
But an eye to look into an eye
And a hand in a hand to slip,
And a sigh to answer a sigh,
What if the night be black
And the air on the mountain
chill,
Where the goat lies down in her
track
And all but the fern is still!
Stay with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat
Out on the side of the hill.

when you are lost just listen and you will always find your way home.
It is impossible for something to go from your life
without first becoming part of who you are.
You are another, I am you, we are one.

UNIVERSITY CHORALE

Samuel Barber
1910–1981

Reincarnations Opus 16

I.
Mary Hynes
She is the sky of the sun,
She is the dart
Of love,
She is the love of my heart,
She is a rune,
She is above
The women of the race of Eve
As the sun is above the moon.

II.
Anthony O'Daly
Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine,
The fish leap not out
In the waves.
On our meadows the dew
Does not fall in the morn,
For O'Daly is dead:
Not a flower can be born,
Not a word can be said,
Not a tree have a leaf;
Anthony, after you
There is nothing to do,
There is nothing but grief.

III.
The Coolin
Come with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine if it be thy will;
And we will talk until
Talk is a trouble, too,
Out on the side of the hill,
And nothing is left to do,
But an eye to look into an eye
And a hand in a hand to slip,
And a sigh to answer a sigh,
What if the night be black
And the air on the mountain
chill,
Where the goat lies down in her
track
And all but the fern is still!
Stay with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat
Out on the side of the hill.

Latvian Folksong
arr. Arijs Skepasts

Es gulu, gulu
I sleep and in my dream I see
My beloved, he doesn’t speak to me.
I sit by the window and cry,
I see my beloved saddle a horse.
He rides and waves his hat to me.
Goodbye, my sweetheart.

Soloists: Lexi Galla, Holli Slamka, and Isabel Abbott

Ted Hearne
b. 1982

Privilege

V.
we cannot leave
this land of our ancestors
on this earth
we are being killed by the
monster
on this earth
shuku shuku (the sound of the
train)
i want to get on the train
to get on the train in the morning
i want
oh mother, it’s leaving me
behind!