

A Cappella Choir Spring Concert

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Kuei-Jhu Chen, Kameron Kavanaugh, and Rob Swenson, graduate assistants Yanqi Wang, piano

Friday, April 19, 2024 Libby Gardner Concert Hall Virtual Venue: https://music.utah.edu/libby-live/index.php 7:30 p.m.

Program

(Please turn off all electronic devices that could disrupt the concert.)

Gloria Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

I. Gloria

II. Laudamus te

III. Domine Deus

IV. Domine Fili unigenite

V. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei

VI. Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris

Genevieve McGill, soprano soloist

Inrermission

Of Crows and Clusters Norman Dello Joio

(1913-2008)

Horizon Peter Louis Van Dijk

(b. 1953)

Jonah Gray, tenor soloist

The White Moon Eugene Butler

(b. 1935)

The New Moon Ēriks Ešenvalds

(b. 1977)

The Music of Living Dan Forrest

(b. 1978)

A Cappella Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor Kuei-Jhu Chen, Kameron Kavanaugh, and Rob Swenson, graduate assistants Yanqi Wang, piano

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Abbey Casper	Ashley Mock	Cody Bailey	Caleb Booth
Alyssa Vandenberg	Becky Baker	Daniel Watts	Caleb Spjute
Amanda Toone	Cagney Lotz	Ethan Kendrick	Eric Pearson
Aubree Mullins	Danielle Hayward	Eric Kingston	Ian McGill
Caroline Annan	Dawn Marie Wells	Isaac Lee	James VanDam
Elesa Wiser	Elizabeth Anderson	Jonah Gray	John Allen
Emerson Bergenfield	Erin Dickes	Kuei-Jhu Chen	Kameron Kavanaugh
Eva Frey	Erin Hardy	Ricardo Cornejo	Kyle Tinker
Genevieve McGill	Jones Elissa	Rob Swenson	Logan Luker
Hadley Blackwell	Kathleen Keith	Ryan Witt	Michael Murray
Hope Feguson	Kiya Warren	Sam Royce	Sam Tremea
Madilyn Farmer	Malia Samoy	Tate Flint	Scott Bigler
MaryBeth Groth	Mary Andrews	Will Pearce	Stefan Larson
Mia James	Mia Widmar		Tiago Weir
Molly Olsen	Millie Eaton		Tristan Eizinger
Patricia Chase	Nia Peterson		
Rachel Allred	Rachel Madsen		
Sadie Dunford	Rebekah Guerra		
	Sara Pierce		
	Sasha Southwick		

Savannah Squire Sydney Swiderski Tatum Mapes Zoe Caldwell

Song Texts

Gloria

Glória in excélsis Deo et in terra pax homínibus bonæ voluntátis.

Laudámus te, benedícimus te, adorámus te, glorificámus te, grátias ágimus tibi propter magnam glóriam tuam, Dómine Deus, Rex cæléstis, Deus Pater omnípotens.

Dómine Fili Unigénite, Iesu Christe, Dómine Deus, Agnus Dei, Fílius Patris, qui tollis peccáta mundi, miserére nobis; qui tollis peccáta mundi, súscipe deprecatiónem nostram. Qui sedes ad déxteram Patris, miserére nobis.

Quóniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dóminus, tu solus Altíssimus, Iesu Christe, cum Sancto Spíritu: in glória Dei Patris.

Gloria

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to people of good will.

We praise you,
we bless you,
we adore you,
we glorify you,
we give you thanks
for your great glory,
Lord God, heavenly King,
O God almighty Father.

Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of The Father, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us; you take away the sins of the world, receive our prayer; you are seated at the right hand of the Father have mercy on us.

For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are the Lord, you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Of Crows and Cluster

Two old crows sat on a fence rail Thinking of effect and cause Of weeds and flowers And nature's laws One of them muttered, one of them stuttered One of them stuttered, one of them muttered Each of them thought far more than he uttered One crow asked the other crow a riddle: The muttering crow asked the stuttering crow "Why does a bee have a sword to his fiddle?" "Bee-cause," said the other crow ("Bee-cause,) BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB-cause," Just then a bee flew close to their rail: --"B117777777777777777777777777777777777 Zzzzzzzzzzzzz ZZZZZZZZZ." And those two black crows turned pale And away those crows did sail Why? BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB-cause," BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB-cause," Zzzzzzzzzzzzz ZZZZZZZZZ."

The Music of Living

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely, Teach me to sing the words to your song. I want to feel the music of living; And not fear the sad songs, But from them make new songs Composed of both laughter and tears.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely,
Teach me to dance to the sounds of your world.
I want to move in rythem with your plan.
Help me to follow your leading
To risk even falling
To rise and keep trying,
For you are leading the dance.

Giver of life, Creator of all that is lovely, Teach me to sing the words to your song.

Horizon

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.
Small moon, Hai! Young moon,
When the sun rises you must speak to the Rain,
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb,
O speak to her, that I may drink, this little thing ...
She will come across the dark sky:
Mighty Raincow, sing your song for me

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.
O Star, Hai! Hunting Star,
When the sun rises you must blind with your light
The Eland's eyes,
O blind his eyes, that I may eat, this little thing ...
He will come across the red sands:
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me,

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes, they'll come a-hunting,
For they are hungry and thirsty.
They will come across the waters:
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships,
And they will show us new and far horizons.
And they came, came across the waters:
Gods in galleons, bearing bows of steel,
Then they killed us on the far horizon.

— Peter Louis van Dijk

The White Moon

The white moon gleams in the wood; From every branch comes a voice

O my love.

The pond reflects, Shimmering mirror, The silhouette of the dim willow Where the wind laments ...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

Vast and tender An appeasement seems to lower From the firmament.

O Exquisite hour.

The white moon gleams in the wood; O my love.

- Paul Verlaine

The New Moon

Day, you have bruised and beaten me, As rain beats down the bright, proud sea, Beaten my body, bruised my soul, Left me nothing lovely or whole— Yet I have wrested a gift from you, Day that dies in dusky blue:

For suddenly over the factories
I saw a moon in the cloudy seas—
A wisp of beauty all alone
In a world as hard and gray as stone—
Oh who could be bitter and want to die
When a maiden moon wakes up in the sky?

— Sara Teastale

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