



**SCHOOL OF MUSIC**

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS | THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

# University Choirs Fall Showcase

## A Cappella Choir Chamber Choir

**Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor**

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

Yanqi Wang, piano

## Voci Altissime

**Dr. Emily Mercado, conductor**

Alan Chavez, graduate teaching assistant and accompanist

Thursday, October 19, 2023

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.)*

Shadow River Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)

Stavasi il mio bel Sol Maddelena Casulana (1544–1590)

Raagi Thandheera arr. Sheena Phillips and Smith Vishveshwara

*Alan Chavez, percussion*

No Time arr. Susan Brumfield

### Voci Altissime

The White Moon Eugene Butler (b. 1935)

The New Moon Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)

### A Cappella Choir

Pater Noster Vytautas Miškinis (b. 1954)

"Erbarme dich unser," from *Vier Geistliche Gesänge* Wolfram Buchenberg (b. 1962)

*Meg Johnson, soloist*

Stabat Mater Will Todd (b. 1970)

*Nahal Falahatimarvast, soloist*

### Chamber Choir

Of Crows and Clusters Norman Dello Joio (1913–2008)

Come to Me, My Love Norman Dello Joio

A Jubilant Song Norman Dello Joio

*Isabel Cossa, soloist*

### A Cappella Choir and Chamber Choir

# Voci Altissime

Dr. Emily Mercado, conductor

Alan Chavez, graduate teaching assistant and piano

Rachel Allred	Theresa Fassler	Emily Schmuckal
Aryanna Becerra	Beth Gibbon	Sasha Southwick
Emerson Bergenfield	Victoria Holden	Emma Swanson
Emerald Clayton	Emilee Knell	Lillian Wang
Isabella Davalos	Ella Nelson	Katherine Wentworth
Dorian Dillon	Alisha Nielson	Makenna Wilkinson
Sadie Dunford	Tianna Olive	

# A Cappella Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

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

Yanqi Wang, piano

<b>Soprano</b>	<b>Alto</b>	<b>Tenor</b>	<b>Bass</b>
Caroline Annan	Elizabeth Anderson	Cody Bailey	Scott Bigler
Rylee Bass	Mary Andrews	Kuei-Jhu Chen	Caleb Booth
Hadley Blackwell	Becky Baker	Ricardo Cornejo	Tristan Eizinger
Abbey Casper	Karina Briggs	Tate Flint	Max Huang
Patricia Chase	Clara Buchanan	Jonah Gray	Kameron Kavanaugh
Hope Ferguson	Zoe Caldwell	Ethan Kendrick	Logan Luker
Eva Frey	Erin Dicks	Eric Kingston	Ian McGill
Lilian Gobler	Millie Eaton	Isaac Lee	Michael Murray
MaryBeth Groth	Erin Hardy	Will Pearce	Eric Pearson
Ester Harris	Kathleen Keith	Sam Royce	Caleb Spjute
Mia James	Cagney Lotz	Jiajin Su	Daniel Stohs
Genevieve McGill	Rachel Madsen	Rob Swenson	Kyle Tinker
Aubree Mullins	Dawn Marie Wells	Daniel Watts	James VanDam
Molly Olsen	Julia Miller		
Olivia Raines	Nia Peterson		
Courtney Sales	Sarah Pierce		
Alyssa Vandenberg	Malia Samoy		
Lily Winsett	Suzy Smith		
Elesa Wiser	Savannah Squire		
	Sydney Swiderski		
	Kiya Warren		
	Mia Widmar		

# Chamber Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

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

Yanqi Wang, piano

## **Soprano**

Nathalia Alvarez  
Isabel Cossa  
Caitlin Corbett  
Nahal Falahatimarvast  
Evelyn Gibson  
Audrey Johnson  
Meg Johnson  
Anna Roelofs

## **Alto**

Mara Davis  
Jourdan Elterman  
Nadia Englund  
Skyley Gutierrez  
Sage Madsen  
Allie Marsh  
Aubrey McMillan  
Zoe Stevens  
Karley Swallow

## **Tenor**

Kayvon Alipour  
Dillan Burnett  
Kuei-Jhu Chen  
Edsel Christensen  
Caden Lewis  
Rob Swenson  
William Tepner  
Enzo Willis

## **Bass**

William Dreyer  
Jackson Fowers  
Ethan Hepworth  
Porter Hyatt  
Kameron Kavanaugh  
Caleb Martin  
Porter Reynolds  
Matt Tang

# Song Texts

## Shadow River

A stream of tender gladness,  
Of filmy sun, and opal tinted skies;  
Of warm midsummer air

that lightly lies  
In mystic rings,  
Where softly swings  
The music of a thousand wings  
That almost tones to sadness.

Mine is the undertone;  
The beauty, strength, and power of the land  
Will never stir or bend at my command;  
But all the shade  
Is marred or made,  
If I but dip my paddle blade;  
And it is mine alone.

Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,  
A bubble in the pearly air I seem  
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream  
Of clouds of snow,  
Above, below,  
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,  
As twilight drifts to even.  
For others Fame  
And Love's red flame,  
And yellow gold: I only claim  
The shadows and the dreaming.

—E. Pauline Johnson (1861–1913)

## Raagi Thandheera

Raagi thandheera bhikshake?	Have you brought millet for alms?
Yogyaraagi bhogyaraagi,	Become deserving, become happy,
Bhaagyavantharaagi neevu	Become fortunate!
Annadhaanava maduvaraagi	Become people who give food,
Annachhatrava nittavaraagi	Become people who set up a place of offering,
Anyavaartheya bittavaraagi	Become people who give up gossiping,
Anudhina bhajaneya maaduvaraagi	Become ones who sing hymns daily.
Gurugalaseve maaduvaraagi	Become the ones who serve the guru,
Guruvige baaguvanthavaraagi	Become ones who show respect to their teacher,
Karekare samsara needuvaraagi	Become people who relinquish the material world
Purandara Vitthalana sevipiraagi	Become ones who honor Puurandara Vitthala

(Carnatic devotional song)

## Stavasi il mio bel Sol

Stavasi il mio bel Sol bel Sol assiso	My beautiful Sun was sitting in the sun,
Che par altri non trova,	that finds no equals,
E l'un e' l'altra prova	(though now one and then the other tries),
Sciolt' il biondo crin d'op del paradiso,	Loosening his blond hair, golden like
Si specciava nel viso del mio Sole,	heaven,
Et in quel specchi'e in quello	he mirrored himself in the face of my Sun,
Si rivedea si bello	and in that mirror
Ch'al mio Sole pareva d'esser il sole et al sole	he reflected himself so beautiful,
il mio Sole.	that it seemed to my Sun to be the sun.

—Gregorio Strozzi (1615–1687)

## No Time

Rise, oh fathers, rise.  
Let's go meet Him in the sky.  
For we'll hear the angels singing  
In that morning.  
Yes I really do believe that  
Just before the end of time  
We will hear the angels singing  
In that morning.

No time to tarry here,  
No time to wait for you,  
No time to tarry here  
For I'm on my journey home.

Brothers, oh fare you well,  
Brothers, oh fare you well,  
Brothers, oh fare you well,  
For I'm on my journey home.

(Traditional camp meeting songs)

## The White Moon

The white moon  
Gleams in the wood;  
From every branch  
There comes a voice  
Beneath the bower ...

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  
Star-bedecked ...

Exquisite hour.

—Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

## 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 Teasdale (1884–1933)

## Pater Noster

Pater noster, qui es in caelis,  
sanctificetur nomen tuum;  
Adveniat regnum tuum.  
Fiat voluntas tua  
sicut in caelo et in terra.  
Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie,  
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra,  
sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.  
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem;  
sed libera nos a malo.  
[Quia tuum est regnum  
et potentia et gloria  
in saecula saeculorum]  
Amen.

Our Father, which art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name;  
thy kingdom come;  
thy will be done,  
in earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive them that trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation;  
but deliver us from evil.  
[For thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory,  
for ever and ever.]  
Amen.

## Erbarme dich unser

Erbarme dich unser, o Herr,  
denn wir haben gesündigt.

Have mercy on us, O Lord,  
for we have sinned.

Gott, sei mir gnädig  
nach deiner Huld,  
tilge meine Frevel nach  
deinem reichen Erbarmen!  
Wasch meine Schuld von mir ab  
und mach mich rein von meiner Sünde!  
Denn ich erkenne meine bösen Taten,  
meine Sünde steht mir immer vor Augen.  
Gegen dich allein habe ich gesündigt;  
ich habe getan, was dir missfällt.

God, be merciful to me  
according to your lovingkindness,  
blot out my iniquities  
according to your rich mercy!  
Wash my guilt away from me  
and cleanse me from my sin!  
For I recognize my evil deeds,  
my sin is always before my eyes.  
Against you alone have I sinned.  
I have done what you dislike.

Erschaffe mir, Gott, ein reines Herz  
und einen festen Geist  
erneuere in meinem Innern!  
Verwirf mich nicht vor deinem Angesicht,  
deinen heiligen Geist nimm nicht von mir!

Create for me, O God, a pure heart  
and a steadfast spirit,  
renew within me!  
Do not reject me from your face,  
do not take your holy spirit from me!

Mach mich wieder froh mit deinem Heil  
Mach mich froh! Mach mich froh!  
In willigem Geiste mache mich stark!

Make me happy again with your salvation.  
Make me happy! Make me happy!  
In a willing spirit make me strong

Herr, öffne mir die Lippen  
und mein Mund wird  
deinen Ruhm verkünden.

Lord, open my lips  
and my mouth will  
proclaim your glory.

O Herr, erbarme dich unser.

O Lord, have mercy on us.

(Psalm 51:3–6, 12–14, and 17)



## Stabat Mater

Stabat mater dolorosa  
juxta Crucem lacrimosa,  
dum pendebat Filius.

O quam tristis et afflicta  
fuit illa benedicta,  
mater Unigeniti!

Quis non posset contristari  
Christi Matrem contemplari  
dolentem cum Filio?

At the cross her station keeping,  
stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
close to her Son to the last.

O how sad and sore distressed  
was that Mother, highly blest,  
of the sole-begotten One.

Can the human heart refrain  
from partaking in her pain,  
in that Mother's pain untold?

—trans. Edward Caswall (1814–1878)  
(13th-cent. Latin hymn)

## Come to Me, My Love (originally titled "Echo")

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again tho' cold in death:  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

—Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)



## **A Jubilant Song**

O! Listen to a jubilant song!

The joy of our spirit is uncaged,  
it darts like lightning!  
My soul it darts like lightning!

For we sing to the joys of youth,  
and the joy of a glad light-beaming day.

Our spirit sings a jubilant song that is to life full of music,  
a life full of concord, of music, a life full of harmony.

We sing prophetic joys, of lofty ideals,  
We sing a universal love awaking in the hearts of men.

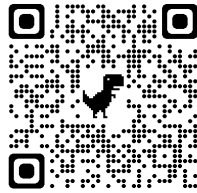
O! to have life, a poem of new joys,  
to shout, dance, exult, and leap.  
O! to realize space and flying clouds,  
O! to realize space, the sun and moon,  
O! to be rulers of destiny and of life.

—Adapted from A Song of Joys by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

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