



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS | THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

For the safety of our audiences, artists, and staff, the School of Music asks that all patrons attending performances follow recent CDC guidance, which calls for everyone to wear face masks indoors. We ask that patrons please not attend any show if they have been exposed to COVID-19 or are feeling unwell. We will refund tickets for any patrons who have been exposed to COVID-19 or are experiencing flu-like symptoms.

University Choirs Fall Showcase

A Cappella Choir Chamber Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Logan Bingham, Kameron Kavanaugh,
Rob Swenson, and Lauren Tian,
graduate assistants
Yanqi Wang, piano

Voci Altissime

Dr. Emily Mercado, conductor

Ashley Judd, graduate assistant and piano

Friday, October 21, 2022

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.)

Ave Verum Corpus

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

Chamber Choir and A Cappella Choir

O Virtus Sapientiae

Hildegard von Bingen (1098–1179)

Ashley Judd, conductor

Canon Coronato

Isabella Leonarda (1620–1704)

arr. Emily Jenkins

Hope is the Thing with Feathers

Susan La Barrs (b.1981)

The Little Road

Moria Smiley (b.1976)

Christopher Bradford, percussion

Voci Altissime

Excerpts from The City and the Sea

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

I. i walked the boulevard, *Kameron Kavanaugh, conductor*

V. little man in a hurry

A Cappella Choir

INTERMISSION

The Hour-Glass

Irving Fine (1914–1962)

Isabel Cossa, Mara Davis, William Dreyer, Meg Johnson, Charlotte Knudson,

Brandon LaBarge, Sage Madsen, and Hannah VonHatten, soloists

I. O know to end as to begin

II. Have you seen the white lily grow

III. O do not wanton with those eyes

IV. Against Jealously

V. Lament

VI. The Hour-Glass

Chamber Choir

Excerpts from Carmina Burana

Carl Orff (1895–1982)

Christopher Bradford, percussion

V. Ecce gratum, *Rob Swenson, conductor*

III. Veris leta facies, *Logan Bingham, conductor*

VII. Floret silva nobilis, *Lauren Tian, conductor*

XXV. O Fortuna

A Cappella Choir and Chamber Choir

Chamber Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Logan Bingham, Kameron Kavanaugh, Rob Swenson, & Lauren Tian,
graduate assistants

Yanqi Wang, piano

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Nathalia Alvarez	Mara Davis	Kayvon Alipour	William Dreyer
Isabel Cossa	Jourdan Elterman	Logan Bingham	Jackson Fowers
Cami DuMond	Charlotte Knudson	Dillan Burnett	Ethan Hepworth
Nahal Falahati	Sage Madsen	Kaden Conrad	Kameron Kavanaugh
Evelyn Gibson	Allie Marsh	Jon Gibson	Ronald Porter Hiatt
Skyley Gutierrez	Emmalyne Parke	Brandon LaBarge	Matthew Tang
Meg Johnson	Zoe Stevens	Caden Lewis	Carl Tensmeyer
Hannah VonHatten	Lauren Tian	Rob Swenson	
		Will Tepner	

A Cappella Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Logan Bingham, Kameron Kavanaugh, Rob Swenson, & Lauren Tian,
graduate assistants

Yanqi Wang, piano

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Rebecca Baker	Mary Andrews	Brayden Beck	Travis Hall
Abbey Casper	Eliza Ballard	Logan Bingham	Kameron Kavanaugh
Patricia Chase	Clara Buchanan	Ricardo Cornejo	Ethan Kendrick
Mishelle Cipriani	Zoe Caldwell	Jonah Gray	Eric Kingston
Clara Mendez	Emery Chamberlain	Isaac Lee	Hanjun Lee
Allison Pierce	Erin Dicks	Skyler Mattix	Logan Luker
Julia Prager	Ameilia Eastland	William Pearce	Vincent Nguyen
Alex Renola	Danielle Hayward	Max Ricks	Caleb Spjute
Anna Roelofs	Audrey Johnson	Rob Swenson	Abraham Zhong
Courtney Sales	Kate Jones	Daniel Watts	
Hallie Steadman	Elissa Jones		
Karley Swallow	Makenna McMullin		
Alyssa Vandenberg	Hannah Olsen		
	Olivia Raines		
	Savannah Squire		
	Jessica Sutherland		
	Lauren Tian		

Voci Altissime

Dr. Emily Mercado, conductor

Ashley Judd, graduate teaching assistant and piano

Vivian Aleman

Alyssa Baldwin

Isabella Davalos

Lilli Dukes

Beth Gibbon

Marybeth Groth

Abby Guthrie

Charity Johnston

Tagen Lamar

Skyler Mortenson

Alisha Kae Nielson

Rylee Orr

Julia Prager

Claire Sanderson

Rachel Smith

Emma Swanson

Abirami Tharmarajah

April Thorup

Natalie Vickers

Alia Watanabe

Song Texts

O Virtus Sapientiae

O virtus Sapientie,
que circuiens circuisti,
comprehendendo omnia
in una via que habet vitam,
tres alas habens:
quarum una in altum volat
et altera de terra sudat
et tertia undique volat.
Laus tibi sit, sicut te decet,
O Sapientia.

O strength of Wisdom
who, circling, circled,
enclosing all
in one lifegiving path,
three wings you have:
one soars to the heights,
one distils its essence upon the earth,
and the third is everywhere.
Praise to you, as is fitting,
O Wisdom.
—Hildegard von Bingen

Canon Coronato

Quest'opera mia ti dono col cor
O Madre Maria per pegno d'amor.

Con l'anima divota che dono a te
Del canto la nota consagro al tuo piè.

L'offerta è vile, Maria, lo so,
D'affetto humile un segno sol do.

This work of mine I offer with my heart,
O Mother Mary, as a token of love

With the devoted soul that I give you,
I consecrate at your feet this note in song.

The offering is wretched, Mary, I know
I give but a sign of my humble affection.

Hope is the Thing with Feathers

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.
—Emily Dickinson

The Little Road

The little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay:
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.
—Josephine Preston Peabody

i walked the boulevard

i walked the boulevard
i saw a dirty child
skating on noisy wheels of joy
pathetic dress fluttering
behind her a mothermonster
with red grumbling face
cluttered in pursuit
pleasantly elephantine
while nearby the father
a thick cheerful man
with majestic bulbous lips
and forlorn piggish hands
joked to a girlish whore
with busy rhythmic mouth
and sily purple eyelids
of how she was with child
—e. e. cummings

little man in a hurry

little man
(in a hurry
full of an
important worry)
halt stop forget relax

wait

(little child
who have tried
who have failed
who have cried)
lie bravely down

sleep

big rain
big snow
big sun
big moon
(enter

us)

—e. e. cummings

O know to end as to begin

O know to end, as to begin;
A minute's loss in love is sin.
These honours will the night outwear
In their own pastimes here;
You do our rites much wrong
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The night hath other treasures
Than these, though long concealed,
Ere day to be revealed.
Then know to end, as to begin;
A minute's loss in Love is sin.
—Ben Jonson

Have you seen the white lily grow

Have you seen the white lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Have you tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!
—Ben Jonson

O do not wanton with those eyes

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.
—Ben Jonson

Against Jealousy

Wretched and foolish Jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind :
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were.
Think'st thou that love is help'd by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth.
Seek doubting men to please;
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.
—Ben Jonson

Lament

Slow, slow, fresh fount,
keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is, now,
a withered daffodil.
—Ben Jonson

The Hour-Glass

O but consider this small dust,
here running in the glass,
By atoms moved.
Could you believe that this the body was
Of one that loved?

And in his mistress' flame playing like a fly,
Turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death as life unblest,
To have't expressed,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.
—Ben Jonson

Ecce gratum

Ecce gratum
et optatum
Ver reducit gaudia,
purpuratum
florete pratum,
Sol serenat omnia,
iam iam cedant tristia!
Estas redit,
nunc recedit
Hyemis sevitia.
Iam liquescit
et decrescit
grando, nix et cetera,
bruma fugit,
et iam sugit,
Ver Estatis ubera;
illi mens est misera,
qui nec vivit,
nec lascivit
sub Estatis dextera.
Gloriantur
et letantur
in melle dulcedinis
qui conantur,
ut utantur
premio Cupidinis;
simus jussu Cypridis
gloriantes
et letantes
pares esse Paridis.

Behold the pleasant
and longed-for
spring brings back joyfulness,
violet flowers
fill the meadows,
the sun brightens everything,
sadness is now at an end!
Summer returns,
now withdraw
the rigors of winter. Ah!
Now melts
and disappears
ice, snow, and the rest,
winter flees,
and now
spring sucks at summer's breast:
A wretched soul is he
who does not live
or lust
under summer's rule. Ah!
They glory
and rejoice
in honeyed sweetness
who strive
to make use of
Cupid's prize;
At Venus' command
let us glory
and rejoice
in being Paris' equals. Ah!

Veris leta facies

Veris leta facies
mundo propinatur,
hiemalis acies
victa iam fugatur,
in vestitu vario
Flora principatur,
nemorum dulcisono
que cantu celebratur

Flore fusus gremio
Phoebus novo more
risum dat, hoc vario
iam stipate flore
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans in odore;
certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.

Cytharizat cantico
dulcis Philomena,
flore rident vario
prata iam serena,
salit cetus avium
silve per amena,
chorus promit virginum
iam gaudia millena.

The merry face of spring
turns to the world,
sharp winter
now flees, vanquished;
bedecked in various colors
Flora reigns,
the harmony of the woods
praises her in song. Ah!

Lying in Flora's lap
Phoebus once more
smiles, now covered
in many-colored flowers,
Zephyr breathes
nectarscented breezes.
Let us rush to compete
for love's prize. Ah!

In harp-like tones sings
the sweet nightingale,
with many flowers
the joyous meadows are laughing,
a flock of birds rises up
through the pleasant forests,
the chorus of maidens
already promises a thousand joys. Ah!

Floret silva nobilis

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus? Ah!
hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?
Floret silva undique,
nah mime gesellen ist mir wê.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
wâ ist min geselle also lange?
der ist geriten hinnen,
owî, wer soll mich minnen?

The noble woods are burgeoning
with flowers and leaves,
Where is the lover
I knew? Ah!
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me? Ah!
The woods are burgeoning all over,
I am pining for my lover,
The woods are turning green all over,
why is my lover away so long? Ah!
He has ridden off,
Oh woe, who will love me? Ah!

O fortuna

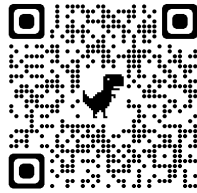
O Fortuna,
velut Luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.
Sors immanis
et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus,
vana salus
semper dissolubilis,
obumbrata
et velata
michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
fero tui sceleris.
Sors salutis
et virtutis
michi nunc contraria
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
Hac in hora
sine mora
corde pulsum tangite;
quod per sortem
sternit fortem,
mecum omnes plangite!

O Fortune,
Like the moon
You are changeable,
ever waxing
and waning.
Hateful life,
first oppresses,
and then soothes
as fancy takes it;
poverty,
and power
it melts them like ice.
Fate - monstrous
and empty,
you whirling wheel,
you are malevolent,
well-being is in vain
and always fades to nothing,
shadowed
and veiled
you plague me too;
now through the game
I bring my bare back
To your villainy.
Fate is against me
in health
and virtue,
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
pluck the vibrating strings;
since Fate
strikes down the strong man,
everyone weep with me!

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our upcoming events.

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