

**Light**, by Marie Claire Saindon, a Franco-Ontarian composer based in Montréal, is the winning composition of the 2018 Ruth Watson Henderson Choral Composition Competition.

Composer Notes:

Leaping from leaf to leaf, shattering into gold, and scattering gems, light is at the center of our lives. It kisses our eyes, it sweetens our hearts, and it fills the world. Explore the energy, softness, joy, and gratitude of the poem “Light”, by Bengali poet and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore, through this musical adaptation.

*Light, my light, the world-filling light,  
The eye-kissing light,  
Heart-sweetening light!  
Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the center of my life;  
The light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love;  
The sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.  
The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light.  
Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.  
The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,  
And it scatters gems in profusion.  
Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling,  
And gladness without measure.  
The heaven's river has drowned its banks  
And the flood of joy is abroad.*

### ***I Want to Die While You Love Me***

Dr. Rosephanye Dunn Powell serves as Charles W. Barkley Endowed Professor and Professor of Voice at Auburn University. Her compositions have been praised for their rhythmic energy, colorful harmonies, and well-crafted vocal lines.

*I Want To Die While You Love Me* is a setting of a poem by Georgia Douglas Johnson, one of the earliest female African-American playwrights, and an important figure of the Harlem Renaissance.

*I want to die while you love me,  
While yet you hold me fair,  
While laughter lies upon my lips  
And lights are in my hair.  
I want to die while you love me.  
  
And bear to that still bed,  
Your kisses turbulent, unspent  
To warm me when I am dead.  
And never, never see the glory of this day  
Grow dim or cease to be.  
  
I want to die while you love me,  
Oh, who would care to live  
'Til love has nothing more to ask  
And nothing more to give?  
I want to die while you love me.*

### ***Ein Bernelis per Laukeli* (The Young Man Goes Through the Field)**

Lithuanian folksong arranged by Kristina Vasiliauskaitė, born in Vilnius in 1956. She studied musicology and composition at the Lithuanian Academy of Music, graduating in 1980.

*A young man goes through field with light-colored scythe,  
Oh yea, having cut clover will tuck in cap,  
Having tucked in cap lures me young,  
Won't entice me young with that clover,  
Only will entice me young with sweet words.*

**Hello** (from “Quarantine Madrigals”) by Reena Esmail

Composer Notes:

Quarantine Madrigals is a set of short, two-minute madrigals that trace the break from society, the descent into isolation, and the eventual return to one another.

The entire set is designed to be sung by a single singer, of any voice part, recording the parts over themselves.

*Hello, I hear you with every inhale  
I shall sing my love to you.*

**Moon Goddess** by Jocelyn Hagen

Composer Notes:

Enheduanna (born ca. 2300 B.C.) was a moon priestess, the daughter of King Sargon of Agade, who reigned over the world’s first empire, extending from the Mediterranean to Persia. Sargon is the first important leader to emerge from the half-light of prehistory into the full light of a written record. His daughter, Enheduanna, is the first writer, male or female, in history whose name and work have been preserved. Her personal history survives in highly politicized poems, which in their cosmic vision and ethical outrage recall Isaiah. In her poems to the Sumerian goddess of love Inanna, she speaks to a deity who has descended to earth as an ally, as a friend to help her in her need. In the poems’ sensuality, surprising metaphors, and intimacy, they recall Sappho’s poems to her ally Aphrodite. ~A Book of Women Poets, from Antiquity to Now, Ed. By Alike and Willis Barnstone

*O my lady, on hearing your sound, hills and flatlands bow.  
O my lady, guardian of all the great essences, you have picked them up and hung them  
on your hand.  
You are lofty like Heaven. Let the world know! You are wide like the earth. Let the world know!  
You strike everything down in battle.  
O my lady, on your wings  
you hack away the land and charge disguised as a charging storm,  
roar as a roaring storm,  
thunder and keep thundering, and snort with evil winds.  
O primary one, moon goddess Inanna of heaven and earth!  
On your harp of sighs I hear your dirge.  
O my lady, this song has made you great and exalted you.  
O my lady, wife of An, I have told your fury!*

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**Senzeni Na?**, arr. Leon Starker, is a South African anti-apartheid folksong which is commonly sung at funerals, public demonstrations and churches. The influence and popularity of *Senzeni na* in South Africa has been compared to the meaning and importance that the American protest song *We Shall Overcome* has had in the United States.

The original language of the song is Xhosa, which is spoken by 10 million people as a first language and by another 10 million people as a second language. Part of the Nguni group of languages, Xhosa is one of the official languages of South Africa and Zimbabwe

*What have we done (to deserve this strife)?  
We shall meet again in heaven.*

**Gropen**, arr. Gjermund Larsen

(From the score) Gropen is a traditional dancing tune after the fiddler Asbjørn Indahl (1912-1982). The title can be translated as “the dark deep” which refers to the low pitch of the fiddle in the first part of the piece.

“Trailing” – a style of Norwegian folk singing that uses improvised vocal syllables instead of words – is inspired by formulas in fiddle playing.

**Diu, diu, deng** is a Taiwanese folksong arranged by Chinese-American composer Chen Yi. The work was commissioned for *Chanticleer* and published in 1998.

*Going up to the tunnel in the mountain, the water in the cave is dropping down.  
Going up to the tea mountain, enjoy looking at the tea-picking girls.*

### ***Dessus le marché d'Arras***

Orlande de Lassus, known also as Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594) was a towering figure in European Renaissance vocal music. Though Lasso was a Franco-Flemish individual, he served as *maestro di cappella* at the Bavarian court in Munich for 38 years, where his work achieved international notoriety. A prolific composer, Lasso wrote many motets, almost 60 masses, hymns, canticles (over 100 settings of the Magnificat), and many secular works in several languages, including about 150 chansons.

Lasso's *Dessus le marché d'Arras*, a chanson for six voices based on the tune of a popular song, was published in Paris in 1584. Arras was a busy marketplace, and though the music clearly illustrates the hustle and bustle of the place, it leaves room for some flirting romance.

*Near the marketplace in Arras,  
mireli, mirela, bon bas, mireli, mirela, bon bas,  
I met a Spaniard, sentin, senta, sur la bon bas.  
He said to me, "Girl, listen,"  
mireli, mirela, bon bas, mireli, mirela, bon bas,  
"Gold and silver I will give to you,"  
sentin, senta, sur la bon bas. sentin, senta, sur la bon bas.*

### ***Marie Madeleine***

Canadian composer Jeanette Gallant heard "Une petite vache noire" sung by elder family members throughout her childhood. Her arrangement of this folksong, entitled *Marie Madeleine*, includes quintessential elements of the Acadian musical tradition: podorythmie (seated foot-tapping), diddlage (nonsense syllables mimicking the sounds of instruments), and the use of spoons as an instrument. The Acadians are a French-speaking diasporic community largely living in Canada, who endured a series of deportations during colonial times. Gallant writes, "This song is part of my family story. [...] Folksong would remain the only remnant of my father's Acadian past because he not only had to lose his French accent to find work, but was told by a nun from Quebec to stop speaking the Acadian dialect at home because it was a 'low class' form of French. I dedicate this song to my father's memory with love."

*Mary Madeleine your little woolen petticoat,  
Your little checkered skirt, your little fitted petticoat.*

*My father had a little black cow.  
She gave nothing but sour milk.*

*She wanted nothing but to corner me.  
I was obliged to tie her up.*

*One day her cable broke.  
The cow sent me flying.*

*The cow sent me flying.  
Lying on a heap of manure.*

*I was sightly when I got up.  
It took three days to get clean.*

### ***Gondoliera***

Clara Schumann (1819-1896), regarded as one of the most distinguished pianists of the Romantic era, composed piano works, chamber music, choral pieces, and lieder. Many of her compositions were forgotten and unperformed by others until the second half of the 20th century. Her pieces are performed more and more frequently as musicians today continue to place a greater emphasis on performing works written by members of underrepresented communities. *Gondoliera* is written in a flowing 9/8 meter, and swirls through a number of key areas, painting the picture of a romantic, evening Gondola ride.

*Oh, come to me when through the night  
The host of stars wanders,  
Then with us in the moonlight  
The gondola will float over the sea.*

*The air is as soft as love's teasing,  
The golden glow is playing gently,  
The zither plays and draws your heart  
Along with it into joy.*

*Oh, come to me when through the night  
The host of stars wanders,  
Then with us in the moonlight  
The gondola will float over the sea.*

*This is the hour for lovers,  
Oh darling, like me and you,  
So peacefully blue the heavens around,  
The sea is quietly sleeping.*

*And as it sleeps, our glances speak,  
What our tongues would never dare to say,  
Our lips do not retreat,  
And do not resist kisses.*

*Oh, come to me when through the night  
The host of stars wanders,  
Then with us in the moonlight  
The gondola will float over the sea.*

**Tancuj** – Slovak folksong arranged by American composer Carolyn Jennings.

From the score: Imagine yourself at a harvest festival in Eastern Europe. The dancers are dressed in brightly colored costumes. Country fiddles are playing. The dancers whirl about the square as the singers sing this Moravian folksong “Tancuj.”

*Dance and turn and spring lightly  
Voices cheerful ring nithly.  
While the bonfires burn brightly,  
We will dance and turn lightly.*

*Tra la la...*

*People dancing together  
Never mind the cold weather  
For the fire is still burning brightly  
As we dance and turn lightly.*

### ***She Walks in Beauty***

Composer Toby Hession was only 20 years old in 2017 when he won the inaugural VCM foundation Composition Competition with *She Walks in Beauty* with lyrics by Lord Byron (1788-1824). With an extremely rich harmonic style, full of colors, lush, expressive lines, and a sense of expansiveness

*She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heav'n to gaudy day denies.*

*One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.*

*And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent.*

*A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!*

**Jauchzet dem Herren**, SWV 36 (Rejoice in the Lord, all ye lands), part of the well-known *Psalmen Davids*, is a setting of Psalm 100 by the great German composer Heinrich Schütz, arguably the most important German composer before Johann Sebastian Bach. Schütz is at his finest here, particularly using the Venetian polychoral style he studied with Giovanni Gabrieli.

*Shout for joy to the Lord, all the world  
Serve the Lord with gladness;  
Come before His presence with rejoicing.  
Know that the Lord is God.  
It is He who made us and not we ourselves;  
We are His people, the sheep of His pasture.  
Enter His gates with thanksgiving  
And into His courts with praise;  
Give thanks to Him, give praise to His name.  
For the Lord is good,  
And His mercy is everlasting  
And His Truth endures for ever and ever.  
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,  
As it was in the beginning, is now and every shall be,  
World without end. Amen.*

**I himmelen** (In Heaven's Hall), based on a Swedish folk chorale from Shattungbyn is presented here in a setting by Swedish composer Karin Rehnkvist. The work calls for four "kulning" soloists. Kulning is an archaic style of singing/calling, still used in Swedish folk music, traditionally employed outdoors, to call for animals or to communicate with other people over long distances.

*In heaven's hall where God the Lord resides  
What utter joy what pleasure there where happiness abides  
And here we, now face to face where God eternal fills the space,  
The Lord of Hosts.*

*In heaven's hall what crystal purity  
Not even the sun in clarity can shine as bright as He,  
Who is the sun that never sets, it never even darkened gets  
He is the Lord of Hosts.*

*In heaven's hall the blessed gather there.  
And there the saints and angel wear a sheen and haloed hair!  
My soul, your soul shall ever be enriched for all eternity  
By God, the Lord of Hosts*

**I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes** – Adolphus Hailstork

Born in 1941, Dr. Adolphus Hailstork is a celebrated American composer with studies at Howard University, the Manhattan School of Music, and Michigan State University. He also attended the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, France, where he was a student of the legendary Nadia Boulanger.

**I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes**, written in memory of the great composer and arranger Undine Smith Moore, is a cantata for tenor solo, SATB chorus, and orchestra published in 1997. The work consists of three movements, which are settings of psalms 121, 13, and 23. Only the first movement is presented tonight.

*I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,  
From whence cometh my help?*

*My help cometh surely from the Lord,  
Maker of heaven and earth.*

*He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber nor sleep.*

*The sun will not smite thee by day,  
Nor the moon by night.*

*The Lord shall preserve thee from evil:  
The Lord shall preserve thy soul!*

**Short Is Time** – Forrest Pierce

Composer Notes:

Short is Time is a meditation on the ending of things—beautiful things, difficult things, treasured things, and things whose loss may bring about the opportunity for needed change. A great clock ticks—our every action may make the difference in the outcome, and we are called to respond with clarity, kindness, patience, and persistent dedication. "Soul, fulfill thy week," Christina Rossetti insists. Time grows short, and our shared future is one breath away—let's enter it, together.

**Rotaļa (Round Dance)** – Part of *Neslēgtais gredzens (The Unclosed Ring)* and written by Juris Karlsons in 1982, *Rotaļa* is a setting of a poem by Janis Rainis (1865-1929), widely considered as Latvia's greatest poet. This fast-paced, demanding work, full of rapid melodic turns, spoken parts, and many clusters, is also a song-and-dance game, with singers and dancers form in a circle taking turns moving ...to the middle! This song is commonly used to celebrate the arrival of springtime, after the long cold Latvian winter.

*Vidu! To the middle!  
One came, the other went,  
One lets go, another waves, vidu!  
The outstretched hand is not yet grabbed,  
You already swing along in a circle, vidu!  
Freely, freely the days spin,  
Hither, thither, part and join your hands,  
Further joining, further swaying, vidu!  
Freely, freely swirl around!*