

**FALL CHORAL CONCERT 2**  
**“BE SWIFT TO LOVE”**  
**AND**  
**“FATE”**

Saturday, November 12, 2022  
Concert Hall  
7:30 p.m.

**TREBLE CHORUS**

**DR. MORGAN LUTTIG, CONDUCTOR**  
**CHARLES GETER, IV, PIANO**

**PROGRAM**

The Storm	Lotus Dickey (1911-1989) Arr. Evie Ladin
1. Duett from <i>Stabat Mater</i>	Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)
	<i>Luke Mondia, Violin I</i> <i>Julia Strassner, Violin II</i> <i>Melissa Bonilla-Parra, Viola</i> <i>Noah Nguyen, Cello</i> <i>Lauren Erwin, Bass</i>
Birdsong	Paul Read (b. 1948)
Truth	Andrea Ramsey (b. 1977)
	<i>Jordan Waddell, Djembe</i>
Reel a' Bouche	Arr. Malcolm Dalglish (b. 1952)
Oh Be Swift to Love	Nancy Grundahl (b. 1946)

# UNIVERSITY CHORUS

**DR. MORGAN LUTTIG, CONDUCTOR**  
**SKIP STRADTMAN, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR**  
**ASLAN CHIKOVANI, PIANO**

## PROGRAM

Schicksalslied, Op.54	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Refuge	Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)
<i>Noah Nguyen, Cello</i>	
The Rose	Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)
<i>Skip Stradtman, conductor</i> <i>Luke Mondia, Violin I</i> <i>Julia Strassner, Violin II</i> <i>Melissa Bonilla-Parra, Viola</i> <i>Noah Nguyen, Cello</i>	
In Meeting We Are Blessed	Troy Robertson (b. 1978)
<i>Jordan Waddell, djembe</i>	

*\*77th Program of the 2022 - 2023 Season\**

## NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

### **Be Swift to Love (Treble Chorus)**

The “Triangular Theory of Love” divides the concept into eight types: nonlove, liking, infatuation, empty, romantic, companionate, fatuous and consummate (Robert Sternberg, 1986). Much of treble chorus literature centers around romantic love. However, for tonight’s program we will dive into a few of the non-romantic types of love. In today’s fast-paced world, we may find ourselves quick to judge those around us without knowing their full story. What we see on the outside may not accurately reflect what a person is experiencing internally. Tonight, we challenge ourselves and the audience to lead with compassion in every interaction.

The choir begins by standing in a circular formation around the piano, facing inward. As the storm grows, the ensemble works together through life’s trials, building the strength to stand as individuals and engage the audience (*The Storm*). We continue with love found in grief. In the powerful words of writer Jamie Anderson, “Grief, I’ve learned, is really just love. It’s all the love you want to give, but cannot...Grief is just love with no place to go” (*Stabat Mater*). The painful dissonances and unrelenting tension of this piece speak to the inner turmoil one experiences in the face of grief. The final measures end seemingly without consequence as the singers acknowledge the continuous nature of the grieving process.

The text of the third piece was found inscribed on the wall of a Czechoslovakian concentration camp, describing the unknown beauty of the world from the perspective of a bird who never leaves its nest (*Birdsong*). This piece embodies the hope that love provides when all else is lost. We then transition from the external to internal self-love (*Truth*). The ensemble then transitions from finding love and self-worth from external sources to loving oneself, realizing “you are beautiful, you are enough” (Gardenia Bruce).

In Brené Brown’s *The Power of Vulnerability*, she speaks to the importance of dance as a characteristic of wholehearted living. We explore the notion of love through dance and song in *Reel a bouche*. This joyful piece without words uses the choir as instruments, making music together as passed down through generations. Finally, we leave our audience with the words of our final piece “Be swift to love, and make haste to be kind” (*Be Swift to Love*).

### **Fate (University Chorus)**

Tonight the University Chorus embarks on a journey through the darkest depths to find the blessed communion among friends. Beginning with Brahms’ *Schicksalslied*, we explore a dramatic journey of spirits, heaven, hell, and sacrifice. One may listen for the powerful shift from the heavenly hosts in major, duple, lyrical lines to the fate of humanity below in minor, triple, and marcato. The piece ending is left to audience interpretation through an extended instrumental conclusion.

Following this song of fate, we turn inward (*Refuge*) to explore the internal journey we experience in pursuit of our hopes and dreams. The ensemble wrestles with “my spirit’s gray defeat,” a concept that many of our students admitted to feeling in the face of the challenges of recent years. The power of life’s journey is not in the simple successes, but in the challenge and overcoming of obstacles. We explore this concept through the metaphor of a rose, a flower most beautiful for both its bud and thorns (*The Rose*). We conclude tonight’s performance by rejoicing in the journey made and the joy of human connection through song (*In Meeting We Are Blessed*).

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### The Storm

The clouds are gath'ring fast  
A storm is growing nigh  
How fierce the blast  
To come from up on high

Oh how the storm may roar  
And fearful sights I see  
Oh love will bear me o'er  
Throughout eternity

Oh God thy will be done  
On Earth as up above  
Oh precious holy one  
Send thy redeeming love

Oh how the storm may roar  
And fearful sights I see  
Oh love will bear me o'er  
Throughout eternity

The clouds are gath'ring fast  
A storm is growing nigh  
How fierce the blast  
To come from up on high

How, oh how the storm may roar  
And fearful sights I see  
Oh love will bear me o'er  
Throughout eternity

-Lotus Dickey

### Stabat Mater

Stabat mater dolorosa  
juxta crucem lacrimosa,  
dum pendebat filius.

### The Sorrowful Mother

The sorrowful mother was standing  
beside the cross weeping,  
while the son was hanging.

### Birdsong

He doesn't know the world at all.  
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out  
He doesn't know what birds know best  
Nor what I sing about:  
That the world is full of loveliness.

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass  
And earth is aflood with morning light.  
A blackbird sings upon a bush.  
To greet the dawning after night.  
Then I know how fine it is to live.

Hey, try to open your heart to beauty;  
Go to the woods someday  
And weave a wreath of memory there.  
Then if tears obscure your way  
You'll know how wonderful it is  
Oh how wonderful to be alive.

He doesn't know the world at all  
Who stays in his nest and doesn't go out.  
He doesn't know what birds know best  
Nor what I sing about:  
That the world is full of love, and how fine it is to live.  
Oh how wonderful to be alive.

-Text by An unknown child in the Terezin Concentration Camp, Czechoslovakia

### **Truth**

My roots are earth,  
Muddy river and honeysuckle  
Sturdy and rigid, like farmhouse planks.

I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses  
My dreams climbed endlessly like the kudzu in July.  
I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses  
My dreams climbed endlessly, no fear in sight.

In nature, in naïve youth  
All the forest was possible  
All the pasture was my own,  
My mother told me I was beautiful,  
And I believed her then.  
Why shouldn't I?

There is no doubt in a pond,  
Insecurity does not grow in a meadow,  
It will not sprout beneath the Southern pines.  
It is planted by the boys on the school bus  
Tended by the words of small minds,  
And words may wound you,  
But are they true?

You are beautiful,  
You are enough,  
You must believe in that, believe the truth.  
My roots are earth,  
Muddy river and honeysuckle  
My roots are beautiful,  
My roots are strong.

-Gardenia Bruce

### **Oh Be Swift to Love**

Oh be swift to love  
And make haste to be kind.

## TREBLE CHORUS PERSONNEL

*Morgan Luttig, Director*  
*Emma Mehigan, Graduate Assistant*

### **Soprano 1**

Ada Borer  
Sophia Ellis  
Rainey Hill  
Jenna Johnson  
Toni Shea Nelson  
Alanna Patch  
Aubrey Stuart

### **Soprano 2**

Hailey Beard  
Lizzy Erbach  
Jessie McCraw  
Emma Mehigan  
Jordan Steele

### **Alto**

Taylor Allen  
Madison Gore  
Caroline Lee  
Catherine Mercatante  
Isabella Parker  
EL Ray

## UNIVERSITY CHORUS TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Schicksalslied**

Ihr wandelt droben im Licht,  
Auf weichem Boden, selige Genien!  
Glänzende Götterlüfte  
Rühren euch leicht,  
Wie die Finger der Künstlerin  
Heilige Saiten.

Schicksallos, wie der schlafende  
Säugling, atmen die Himmlischen;  
Keusch bewahrt  
In bescheidener Knospe  
Blühet ewig  
Ihnen der Geist,  
Und die seligen Augen  
Blicken in stiller,  
Ewiger Klarheit.

Doch uns ist gegeben  
Auf keiner Stätte zu ruhn;  
Es schwinden, es fallen  
Die leidenden Menschen  
Blindlings von einer  
Stunde zur andern,  
Wie Wasser von Klippe  
zu Klippe geworfen,  
Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

### **Song of Destiny**

Ye move up yonder in light,  
On airy ground, o blessed spirits!  
Radiant winds ethereal  
O'er you play light,  
As the fingers inspired that wake  
Heavenly lyre-chords.

Free from Fate, like the slumbering  
Suckling, breathe the immortals.  
Pure, unsullied,  
In bud that enfolds  
It blooms for aye,  
The flower of their spirit.  
And the eyes of the blessed  
Gaze in tranquil  
Brightness eternal.

But to us is it given  
In no abiding place to dwell;  
We vanish, we stumble,  
We suffering, sorrowing mortals  
Blindly from one  
Brief hour to another,  
Like water from boulder  
To boulder flung downward,  
Year by year to the dark Unknown below.

## Refuge

From my spirit gray defeat,  
From my pulses flagging beat,  
From my hopes that turned to sand  
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,  
From my own fault's slavery,  
If I can sing, I still am free.

For with my singing I can make  
A refuge for my spirit's sake,  
A house of shining words, to be  
My fragile immortality.

-Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

## The Rose

The lily has a smooth stalk,  
Will never hurt your hand;  
But the rose upon her briar  
Is lady of the land.

There's sweetness in an apple tree,  
And profit in the corn;  
But lady of all beauty  
Is a rose upon a thorn.

When with moss and honey  
She tips her bending briar,  
And half unfolds her glowing heart,  
She sets the world on fire.

-Christina Georgina Rossetti

## In Meeting We Are Blessed

We are met together,  
And in meeting we are blessed.  
Peace in coming and in going,  
peace in labor and in rest.

Hold on, dear brother!  
Hold on, dear sister!  
Hold on to me.

You're not alone and you never more will be.  
I will be with you and I will carry you with me.  
Friendship endures, and surely we will prove it's not ourselves,  
But our bodies that move.

-R. Gatsnahos after Donne

## UNIVERSITY CHORUS PERSONNEL

*Morgan Luttig, Director*  
*Skip Stradman, Assistant Conductor*  
*Angus Durham, Graduate Assistant*

### **Soprano**

Victoria Aguilar  
Missy Campbell  
Chloe Cater  
Grace Dell  
Pradnya Desurkar  
Kylie Grossie  
Amy Hopkins  
Reese Hunter  
Teandra Jackson  
Zumanah Kamal  
Denise Kan  
Samantha Lynch  
Olivia Moore  
Kaylie Moschetto  
Bethany Peppers  
Rachel Plowman  
Jessica Santoro  
Emily Steinbach  
Railey Sullivan  
Meredith Taylor  
Emily Welker

### **Alto**

Hiraku Abe  
Paige Beville  
Rosemary Caldwell  
Lauren Chumbley  
Ella Fauson  
Cameron Frazier  
Haley Gall  
Miranda Gonzales  
Madison Gore  
Hayley Green  
Annika Karkkainen  
Faith Kirkland  
Castiel Lisko  
Samantha Lynch  
Isabella Olguin Summers  
Sarah Martin  
Gwen Merrill  
Rylee Nicely  
Anna Parul  
Jordan Rambo  
Jenna Richardson  
Emily Trotter  
Ruthie Sommer  
Donna Smith  
Kila Stephens  
Caroline Wright

### **Tenor**

Alex Allison  
Andrew Caster  
Kearis Cook  
Alvin Finch  
Macy MClurg  
Darian Polke  
Liam Ravita  
Michael Stokes  
Skip Stradman  
Kenville Taylor

### **Bass**

Cody Brooks  
Evan Darden  
Angus Durham  
Spencer Kongchan  
Aidan Magouyrk  
Christian Martin  
James Mcgalliard  
Heath Mcwaters  
Jordan Waddell-Smith  
Sam Powell  
Alex Wilson