

**SPRING CHORAL SHOWCASE
“STORM COMIN”**

Monday, March 6, 2023
Concert Hall
7:30 pm

**TENOR BASS CHORUS, TREBLE CHORUS,
UNIVERSITY CHORUS
DR. MORGAN LUTTIG, CONDUCTOR
SKIP STRADTMAN, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR
SARA HORAN, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR
ASLAN CHIKOVANI, PIANO
CHARLES GETER IV, PIANO**

PROGRAM

Storm Comin’	Ruth Moody (b. 1975)
<i>Treble Chorus</i>	
Desert Rain at Midnight	Shane M. Lynch (b. 1975)
<i>Emily Welker, soloist Cas Lisko, speaker University Chorus</i>	
No Time	arr. Susan Brumfield (b. 1957)
<i>Combined Tenors and Basses</i>	
Journeyman’s Song	Braeden Ayres
<i>Tenor Bass Chorus</i>	
Music of Life	B. E. Boykin (b. 1989)
<i>Treble Chorus Sara Horan, conductor</i>	
Fences	André J. Thomas (b. 1952)
<i>University Chorus</i>	

Dies Irae	Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)
<i>Tenor Bass Chorus</i>	
Earth Song	Frank Ticheli (b. 1958)
<i>University Chorus</i> <i>Skip Stradtman, conductor</i>	
Quiet (from “Matilda the Musical”)	Tim Minchin (b. 1975)
<i>Zumanah Kamal, soloist</i>	
Things That Never Die	Lee Dengler
<i>Treble Chorus</i>	
Er Ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen, Op. 12 no. 2	Clara Schumann (1819-1896) arr. Brandon Williams
<i>Treble Chorus</i>	
Dúlamán	Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)
<i>Tate Goldberg, Alexander Allison, Jordan Darnell, soloists</i> <i>Tenor Bass Chorus</i>	
Warrior	Kim Baryluk (b. 1959) chant by Stacey Howse arr. Natasha Blackwood
<i>Jordan Waddell, percussion</i> <i>Combined Sopranos and Altos</i>	
The Storm is Passing Over	arr. Barbara W. Baker (b. 1948)
<i>Combined Choirs</i>	

113th Program of the 2022 - 2023 season

NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

The image of a storm can spark a multitude of emotions: calm, fear, anger, excitement, or discomfort among others. It is in the storms in our life, whether literal or metaphorical, that we discover who we truly are. In these moments when everything is out of our control, we can find our inner essence.

We begin the evening with the call of a coming storm (*Storm Comin'*), followed by a vision of the storm as it passes across the desert in front of us, first distant, then ever closer (*Desert Rain at Midnight*). The piece takes us through a physical manifestation of the storm with body percussion depicting thunder, lightning, and rainfall. As the storm begins to diminish, we realize that we are not safe in our current state, and must return home (*No Time*). On the journey home, we battle both external and internal challenges, facing who society believes us to be and finding who we truly are (*Journeyman's Song*). In this journey of self-realization we experience beauty all around us (*Music of Life*), and begin to live more in the present. In *Fences* University Chorus takes a turn toward the past, battling the storm of the natural world compared to the world changed by humankind. In the words of the poet, Niel Lorenz, "boundaries were not in the plan for sky and ocean, earth and man. Freedom's only ours to share when there are no fences."

The Tenor Bass Chorus takes the themes mentioned in the previous piece and speaks to destroying all freedom and life in *Dies Irae*, meaning "day of wrath." Leaving a "scorned earth cr[ying] out" (*Earth Song*), we find that there may be hope again in music and singing. As in a hurricane, there is an eye of the storm. In the turmoil of this man-made storm, and find a moment of peace in the stillness, blissfully living in the calm within the storm (*Quiet and Things That Never Die*). However, we know we must move forward, facing the other side of the hurricane (*Er ist Gekommen in Sturm und Regen*) and the final battle (*Dúlamán and Warrior*). All choirs join together at the end of the evening's performance with both a celebration and a call to action, always aware of the storms ahead: "have courage my soul, and let us journey on" (*The Storm is Passing Over*).

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Storm Comin'

When that storm comes
Don't run for cover,
Don't run from the comin' storm,
'cause there ain't no use in running.

When that rain falls,
Let it wash away
Let it wash away, that fallin' rain,
Those tears and the trouble.

When those lights flash
You hear that thunder roar
Will you listen to that thunder roar
And let your spirit soar?

When that love calls
Will you open up your door?
You gotta stand on up and let it in,
You gotta let love through your door

Desert Rain at Midnight

From *Paradiso* by Durante degli Alighieri (ca. 1265-1321)

<i>Ed ecco intorno, di chiarezza pari, Nascere un lustro sopra quel che v'era,</i>	And lo! All 'round about of equal brightness Arose a lustre over what was there,
<i>si che la vista pare e non par vera,</i>	So that the sight seems real and unreal,
<i>si movien lumi, scintillando forte</i>	Lights were in motion, brightly scintillating
<i>Ben m'accors'io ch'elli era d'alte lode, Però ch'a me venìa "Resurgi e Vinci"</i>	Well was I 'ware it was of loft laud, Because there came to me, "Arise and conquer!"

No Time

Traditional Camp Meeting Songs

Rise, oh, fathers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Oh, I really do believe that just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Rise, oh, mothers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh, 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 ye well, for I'm on my journey home.
Sistes, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.

Journeyman's Song

By Braeden Ayres

I set out to follow that which calls all journeymen,
But the path I traveled left me lost, alone again.
Mountains, rivers, valleys, will I ever get to rest?
Feel the anxious pounding in my head and in my chest:

I will not be enslaved to this loneliness!
I will look on the world in its loveliness!
I will find myself stronger for all of my trials!

I feel lost and hungry, not for food, but in my soul,
And I should be stronger, I should play the rugged role.
"Men should be the strongest, never showing any pain!
Hide the anxious pounding, lock your heart up with a chain!"

My will is unbending!
Soon my journey will see its long sought ending!
I will cross mountains capped with snowfall,
I will fight through the rivers rage,
Undeterred by the hottest desert,
I'll continue; turn the page...
Someday soon...

Music of Life

By George Parsons Lathrop (1851-1898)

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard.
Music is in all growing things.

Music is in all growing things.
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.
If poet from the vibrant strings
Of his poor heart a measure flings.
Music is in all growing things.

Laugh not, that he no trumpet blows,
Music is in all growing things, music,
It may be that Heaven hearts and knows,

His language of low listenings.
Music, music is in all living things.

Fences

By Niel Lorenz

The day the universe was born,
Mountains rose and starts were torn
From the wo-ven cloth of time,
And there were no fences.

Boundaries were not in the plan
For sky and ocean, earth and man,
Freedom's only ours to share
When there are no fences.

In photographs from far in space,
Earth and oceans have their place,
A graceful blanket, blue and green,
And there are no fences.

But man forgot somewhere in time,
The earth's not yours, or theirs, or mine,
And for children yet to be,
There must be no fences.

Borders, Boundaries, Walls and Wire,

Burn a soul,
Burn a soul,
Burn a soul
With freedoms fire hope is born
When we decide there shall be no fences.

Today's the day we can decide
To mend the fabric we divide,
A seamless cloth of you and me,
Without any fences!

Borders, Boundaries, Walls and Wire
Burn a soul with freedom's fire,
Hope is born when we decide
There shall be no fences!

Dies Irae

Traditional Hymn, attr. Thomas de Celante (1190-c. 1255)

Dies Irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Day of wrath, day that will
Dissolve the world into burning coals,
As David prophesied with the Sibyl.
How great trembling there will be,
When the judge comes
To strictly sentence all!
Merciful Lord Jesus,
Grant them rest.

Earth Song

By Frank Ticheli

Sing, Be, Live, See...

This dark stormy hour,
The wind, it stirs.
The scorched earth
cries out in pain.

O war and power,
You blind and blur.
The torn heart
Cries out in pain.

But music and singing
Have been my refuge,
And music and singing
Shall be my light.

A light of song
Shining strong: Alleluia!
Through darkness, pain, and strife, I'll
Sing, Be, Live, See...

Peace.

Quiet (from Matilda the Musical)

By Tim Minchin

Have you ever wondered, well I have,
About how when I say, say, red, for example,
There's no way of knowing if red
Means the same thing in your head
As red means in my head
When someone says red?

And how if we are traveling
At almost the speed of light,
And we're holding a light,
That light would still travel away from us
At the full speed of light?

Which seems right in a way,
But I'm trying to say... I'm not sure...
But I'm wondering inside my head,
I'm not just a bit different from some of my friends...
These answers that come into my mind unbidden...
These stories delivered to me fully written...

And when everyone shouts - they seem to like shouting -
The noise in my head is incredibly loud,
And I just wish they'd stop, my dad and my mum,
And the telly and stories would stop just for once.

I'm sorry - I'm not quite explaining it right,
But this noise becomes anger, and the anger is light,

And it's burning inside me would usually fade,
But it isn't today, and the heat and the shouting,
And my heart is pounding, and my eyes are burning,
And suddenly everything, everything is...

Quiet...

Like silence, but not really silent...
Just that still sort of quiet
Like the sound of a page being turned in a book,
Or a pause in a walk in the woods.

Quiet...

Like silence, but not really silent...
Just that nice kind of quiet,
Like the sound when you lie upside down in your bed.
Just the sound of your heart in your head...

And though the people around me,
Their mouths are still moving,
The words they are forming
Cannot reach me anymore.

And it is quiet...
And I am warm...
Like I've sailed
Into the eye of the storm...

Things That Never Die

Charles Dickens (1812-1870)

The pure, the bright, the beautiful that stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The streams of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid a brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,

The sorrow of a contrite heart;
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for ev'ry hand must find some work to do,
Lose not a change to waken love.
Be firm and just and true,
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam from thee on high,
And angel voices say to thee;
These things can never die.

Er Ist Gekommen

By Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866), trans. Richard Stokes

<i>Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Ihm schlug beklommen Mein Herz entgegen. Wie konnt' ich ahnen, Daß seine Bahnen, Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?</i>	<i>He came In storm and rain; My anxious heart Beat against his. How could I have known That his path Should unite itself with mine?</i>
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<i>Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Er hat genommen Mein Herz verwegen. Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine? Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.</i>	<i>He came In storm and rain; Audaciously He took my heart. Did he take mine? Did I take his? Both drew near to each other.</i>
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<i>Er ist gekommen In Sturm und Regen, Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen. Der Freund zieht weiter; Ich seh' es heiter; Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.</i>	<i>He came In storm and rain. Now spring's blessing has come. My friend journeys on, I watch with good cheer; For he shall be mine wherever he goes.</i>
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Dúlamán

Irish Folk Song

<i>Dúlamán na binne buí, dúlamán Gaelach</i>	Seaweed of the yellow peaks, Gaelic seaweed
<i>Dúlamán na farraige, Dúlamán Gaelach “A ‘nion mhín ó! Sin anall na fir shuiri!”</i>	Seaweed of the ocean, Gaelic seaweed. O gentle daughter, here come the woo- ing men.
<i>“A mháthair mhín ó! Cuir na roithleán go dtí mé!”</i>	O gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me!

Rachaidh me chun ‘luir leis a’ dúlamán Gaelach	I would go to the tailor with the Gaelic seaweed.
“Ceannódh bróga daor’,” arsa’ dúlamán Gaelach.	“I would buy expensive shoes,” said the Gaelic seaweed
Bróga breátha dubha ar a’ dúlamán Gaelach.	Beautiful black shoes has the Gaelic seaweed.
‘Bairéad agus triús a’ dúlamán Gaelach.	A beret and trousers has the Gaelic seaweed.
Tá ceann buí óir ar a’ dúlamán Gaelach	There is a yellow gold head on the Gaelic seaweed.
Tá dhá chluais mhaol’ ar a’ dúlamán Maorach.	There are two blunt ears on the stately seaweed.

Warrior

By Kim Baryluk

Way-o hey-o hey o hey
Hey ya hey, hey ya hey

I was a shy and lonely girl - with the heavens in my eyes
And as I walked along the lane - I heard the echoes of her cries

I cannot fight, I cannot a warrior be;
It’s not my nature nor my duty.
It is the womanhood in me.

I was a lost and angry youth - there were no tears in my eyes.
I saw no justice in my world - only the echoes of her cries.

I cannot fight, I cannot a warrior be;
It is my nature - not my duty.
It is the womanhood in me.

I am an older woman now - and I will heed my own cries
And I will a fierce warrior be - ‘til not another woman dies

The Storm is Passing Over

Traditional

Have courage my soul and let us journey on,
Though the night is dark and I am far from home.
Thanks be to God the morning light appears.

The storm is passing over, Hallelu.

UNIVERSITY CHORUS PERSONNEL

Morgan Luttig, conductor
Skip Stradtman, assistant conductor
Angus Durham, teaching assistant

Soprano

Victoria Aguilar
Olivia Alarcon
Ella Boyd
Pradnya Desurkar
Katie Grace Dockery
Ella Fauson
Gabriella Gaston
Amy Hopkins
Reese Hunter
Teandra Jackson
Zumanah Kamal
Denise Kan
Samantha Lynch
Annabelle Morrison
Rachel Plowman
Grace Pruitt
Elham Shabani
Ally Skelton
Meredith Taylor
Cassidy Thompson
Shelby Webb
Emily Welker

Tenor

Andrew Caster
Kearis Cook
Evan Darden
Alfredo Dittrich
Alvin Finch
Wes Fowler
Myles Jordan
Macy McClurg
Robert Niemira
Liam Ravita
Dave Sims
Michael Stokes
Skip Stradtman
Kenvelle Taylor

Alto

Hiraku Abe
Paige Beville
Rosemary Caldwell
Haley Gall
Madison Gore
Sarah Wheldon Hall
Alex Holmquist
Annika Karkkainen
Faith Kirkland
Castiel Lisko
Sara Lowery
Catherine Mercatante
Haley Mitchell
Rylee Nicely
Isabella Olguin Summers
Anna Parul
Jordan Rambo
E.L. Ray
Ruthie Sommer
Elizabeth Spaulding
Victoria Woolfolk

Bass

Daniel Del Valle
Angus Durham
Sean Griffis
Patrick Hampton
Ryan Johnston
Harrison Knapp
Spencer Kongchan
Aidan Magouyrk
Christian Martin
James McGalliard
Heath McWaters
Lucas Oosthuizen
Jordan Waddell-Smith

TREBLE CHORUS PERSONNEL

Morgan Luttig, conductor
Sara Horan, assistant conductor
Emma Mehigan, teaching assistant

Soprano 1

Ada Borer
Grace Dell
Sophia Ellis
Jenna Johnson
Maddie Ritch

Soprano 2

Hailey Beard
Kaylie Gaggiani
Rainey Hill
Emma Mehigan

Alto

Cameron Frazier
Madison Gore
Hayley Green
Sara Horan
Margaret Litwin
Sarah Martin
EL Ray

TENOR BASS CHORUS PERSONNEL

Morgan Luttig, conductor
Angus Durham, teaching assistant

Tenor

Alexander Allison
Jordan Darnell
Shawn Flack
Tate Goldberg
Joshua Nover
Darian Polke
Thomas Sagona
Kenvelle Taylor

Bass

Cody Brooks
Evan Darden
Angus Durham
Aidan Magouyrk
Christian Martin
Mason McCool
Heath McWaters
August Mewes
Dyllon Ravenell
Alex Wilson

UPCOMING EVENTS

Faculty Recital Series: Piano
Monday, March 20
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

University Choirs Spring Concert I
Thursday, March 23
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Scenic Ventures
Sunday, March 26
3:00 p.m., Bryant Jordan Hall

Spring Faculty Composition Recital
Saturday, April 1
7:30 p.m., Recital Hall

2 o'clock Jazz Concert
Tuesday, April 4
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

ONE NIGHT ONLY
Tuesday, April 4
7:30 p.m., Bryant-Jordan Hall

2 o'clock Jazz Concert
Tuesday, April 4
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Wind Ensemble and Trombone Choir Concert
Thursday, April 6
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

Faculty Recital: Benjamin Crofut, double bass
Tuesday, April 11
6:30 p.m., Recital Hall

Jazz Ensemble Concert
Tuesday, April 11
7:30 p.m., Concert Hall

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