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Evening Recital Series

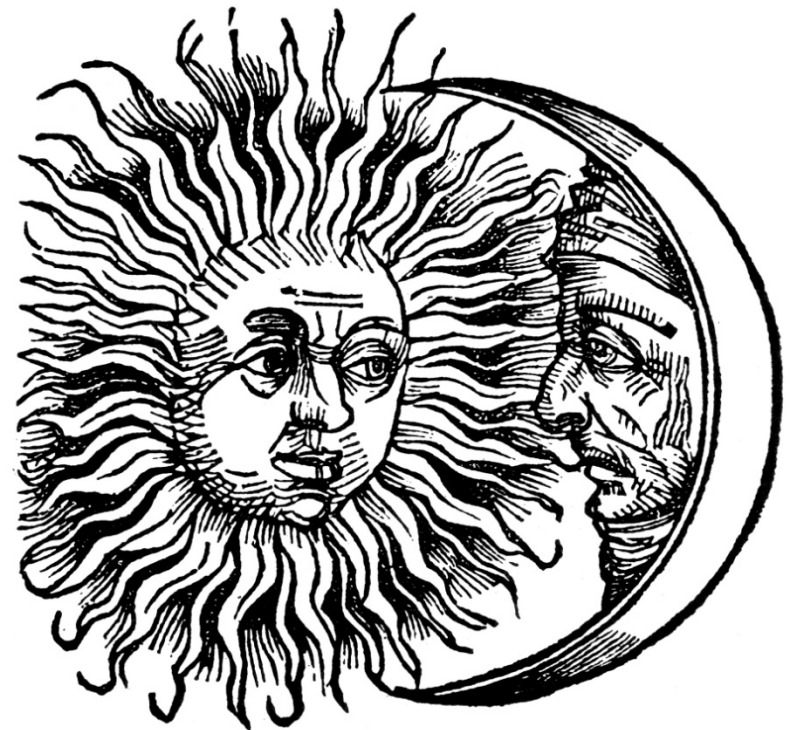
2018–2019 Season

Helen M. Hosmer Hall

Thursday, October 25, 7:30 PM

**Dusk to Dawn**

**Phoenix Club & Hosmer Choir**  
**Nils Klykken, conductor**



## Welcome

On behalf of Phoenix Club and Hosmer Choir, please allow me to welcome you to our concert “Dusk to Dawn.”

As an audience member, you will experience two full cycles of dusk descending into night and night breaking into morning. In order to better understand the connections and patterns between these pieces, we invite you to read the program notes before tonight’s concert, which can be found on page four.

Enjoy,



-Nils Klykken, conductor

## PERSONNEL

### Phoenix Club

Rebecca Farrell, student conductor  
Margaret Rempe, rehearsal piano

Sadie Brock  
Natalie Bunta  
Paige Carter  
Calandra Damouras  
Deanna Dimartino  
Alicia Esposito  
Rebecca Farrell  
Claudia Hovey  
Kayla Kovacs  
Keri Lorenz  
Emma Marhefka

Abigail McCann  
Gabrielle McCormack  
Demetrious McMullen  
Cara Navaretta  
Elizabeth O’Byrne  
Alanna Pinard-Brace  
Brianna Ridler  
Abigail Ryan  
Shannon Stoddard  
Elizabeth Tetlak  
Anna Ziolkowski

### Hosmer Choir

Gianna Tucci, student conductor  
Margaret Rempe, rehearsal piano

|                    |                     |                            |                       |
|--------------------|---------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cary Abramson      | Jazmín Durán García | Emma Matusovich            | Alex Salazar          |
| Dea Ahlgrim        | Ryan Ellingsworth   | Kayla Mauk                 | Salvatore Sanfilippo  |
| Emily Allen        | Ava Fisher          | Elizabeth McFarland-Porter | Geoffrey Schermerhorn |
| Tyler Allen        | Darius Fuller       | Crystal Miller             | Matthew Schlicht      |
| Olivia Avery       | Brianna Gerhardt    | Ethan Moore                | Christian Serrecchia  |
| Matthew Bahr       | Matthew Goetz       | Sydney Mulloy              | Ryanne Solinsky       |
| Ashlyn Barnes      | Sara Goldman        | Yannis Ng                  | Alyssa Sposato        |
| Amanda Bink        | Ryan Gordona        | Thomas Nguyen              | Ronald St John        |
| Jake Bradford      | Haven Gotham        | Mariah Nissen              | Naomi Steele          |
| Allison Budd       | Hannah Grabowski    | Christina Pace             | Samantha Stern        |
| Kathryn Burke      | Gianna Grigalonis   | William Paddock            | Kristina Strang       |
| Olivia Capozzi     | Peter Gruner        | Caitlin Pendleton          | Maura Sullivan        |
| Halie Carden       | Jacob Hernandez     | Allison Perham             | Elyssa Thompson       |
| Christian Castro   | Maggie Hess         | Jason Perregaux            | Monica Trummer        |
| Madonna Champagne  | Ryan Horncastle     | Kathryn Pierce             | Gianna Tucci          |
| Collin Cook        | Rachel Howard       | Cooper Pokrentowski        | Matthew Varden        |
| Connor Cook        | Danielle Hughes     | Keaton Poore               | Jasmin Villatoro      |
| Emily Cooke        | Ben Johnson         | Rishi Ramsingh             | Jesse Viteri          |
| Alexandra Cuomo    | Fiona Lambert       | Elizabeth Reese            | Emma Vos              |
| Peter Curtis       | Matthew Lampel      | Phoebe Reuther             | Leandra Wahlen        |
| Meaghan Deasey     | Patricia Leuschen   | Andrew Richardson          | Emily West            |
| Brittany DeLuca    | Erin Logan          | Amanda Rizzo               | Justin Wheeler        |
| Amanda DiBartolo   | Kathryn Lyubomirsky | Steven Rodriguez           | Maurice Williams      |
| Jillian DiBennardo | Ryan MacCarthy      | Nicholas Rondinelli        | Brett Worden          |
| Grace Donofrio     | James Malone        | Anna Rosen                 | Liam Zaffora-Reeder   |
| Paul Dougall       | Seth Marshall       |                            |                       |
|                    | Rebecca Matte       |                            |                       |

Éjszaka (Sándor Weöres)

*Rengeteg tövis: csönd.  
Én csöndem: szívem dobogása...  
Éjszaka.*

A lot of thorns: silence.  
I'm silent: my heart beating...  
Night.

My Lord, what a mornin' (Negro Spiritual/Burleigh)

My Lord, what a mornin',  
My Lord, what a mornin',  
Oh, my Lord what a mornin'  
When de stars begin to fall,  
When de stars begin to fall.

Done quit all my worl'ly ways  
Jine dat hebbently ban',  
Done quit all my worl'ly ways  
Jine dat hebbently ban'.

Oh! My Lord what a mornin',  
My Lord, what a mornin',  
Oh, my Lord what a mornin'  
When de stars begin to fall,  
When de stars begin to fall.

Phoenix Club

*Please refrain from applause until intermission*

*Magnificat a 8*

Giovanni Gabrieli  
(1554/1557–1612)

Daniel O'Herien, trombone  
Justin Laurenceau, trombone  
Shea Callahan, trombone  
Joshua Mantegna, bass trombone  
Rebecca Farrell, conductor

*Ave maris stella*

Guillaume DuFay  
(c. 1397–1474)

Joshua Chien, trombone  
Joshua Mantegna, bass trombone

*"Suite" de Lorca*

Einojuhani Rautavaara  
(1928–2016)

I. *Canción del jinete*  
II. *El Grito*  
III. *La luna asoma*  
IV. *Malagueña*

Jazmín Duran García, speaker

Morning

Meredith Monk  
(b. 1942)

Kayla Kovacs, Gabrielle McCormack, Demetrious McMullen,  
Emily Petralia, and Shannon Stoddard, voice  
Deanna DiMartino, wineglass

In the morning

Free improvisation inspired by recordings  
of the Davis Sisters & Sweet Honey in the Rock

*Intermission*

## Hosmer Choir

*Please refrain from applause until the end of the program*

from *All-Night Vigil*  
*Bogoróditse Āevo*

Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873–1943)

My love dwelt in a Northern land

Edward Elgar  
(1857–1934)

Gianna Tucci, conductor

Night

György Ligeti  
(1923–2006)

North Country Dawn

Christopher Gainey  
(b. 1981)

*World Premiere*

My Lord, what a mornin’

Negro Spiritual  
arr. H.T. Burleigh  
(1866–1949)

*Pasan caballos negros  
y gente siniestra  
por los hondos caminos  
de la guitarra.*

Black horses  
and sinister people  
travel the deep roads  
of the guitar.

*Y hay un olor a sal  
y a sangre de hembra,  
en los nardos febriles  
de la marina.*

And there’s a smell of salt  
and of female blood  
in the fevered tuberose  
of the shore.

*La muerte  
entra y sale  
y sale y entra  
la muerte  
de la taberna.*

Death  
enters and leaves,  
and leaves and enters  
the death  
of the tavern.

## Bogoróditse Āevo (Slavonic Hail Mary)

*Богородице Дево, радуйся,  
благодатная Марие, Господь с тобою.  
Благословена ты в женах,  
и благословен плод чрева твоего,  
яко Спаса родила еси души наших.*

Rejoice, virgin mother of God,  
Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you.  
Blessed are you among women,  
and blessed is the fruit of your womb,  
for you have borne the Savior of our souls.

Translation by Barry Johnston

## My love dwelt in a Northern land (Andrew Lang and Edward Elgar)

My love dwelt in a Northern land.  
A dim tower in a forest green  
Was his and far away the sand  
And gray wash of the waves were seen  
The woven forest boughs between:

And through the Northern summer night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, silverwhite,  
Came gleaming through the forest gray,  
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft that month we watched the moon  
Wax great and white o’er wood and lawn  
And wane, with waning of the June,  
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,  
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle gray.  
I know not if, the boughs between,  
The white deer vanish ere the day:  
The grass above my love is green,  
His heart is colder than the clay.

## II. EL GRITO

*La elipse de un grito,  
va de monte  
a monte.*

*Desde los olivos,  
será un arco iris negro  
sobre la noche azul.*

*¡Ay!*

*Como un arco de viola,  
el grito ha hecho vibrar  
largas cuerdas del viento.*

*¡Ay!*

*(Las gentes de las cuevas  
asoman sus velones)*

*¡Ay!*

## III. LA LUNA ASOMA

*Cuando sale la luna  
se pierden las campanas  
y aparecen las sendas  
impenetrables.*

*Cuando sale la luna,  
el mar cubre la tierra  
y el corazón se siente  
isla en el infinito.*

*Nadie come naranjas  
bajo la luna llena.  
Es preciso comer  
fruta verde y helada.*

*Cuando sale la luna  
de cien rostros iguales,  
la moneda de plata  
solloza en el bolsillo.*

## IV. MALAGUEÑA

*La muerte  
entra y sale  
de la taberna.*

## II. THE SCREAM (THE CRY)

The ellipse of a cry  
sighs from hill  
to hill.

Rising from the olive trees,  
it appears as a black rainbow  
upon the azure night.

Ay!

Like the bow of a viol,  
the cry causes the long strings  
of the wind to vibrate.

Ay!

(The people of the caves  
hold out their oil lamps.)

Ay!

## III. THE MOON RISES

When the moon comes out  
the bells fade away  
and impenetrable paths  
appear.

When the moon comes out,  
the ocean covers the earth  
and the heart feels itself  
island in the infinite.

No one eats oranges  
under the full moon.  
Better to eat fruit  
green and icy.

When the moon  
of a hundred equal faces comes out,  
the silver coins  
weep in the pocket.

## IV. MALAGUEÑA

Death  
enters, and leaves,  
the tavern.

## Program Notes

Dusk:

The compositions that open both halves of the program were composed for Catholic and Orthodox Vespers (evening prayer) services. With the coming of darkness, these pieces depict assurances of safety and salvation. The *Magnificat* (also known as the Cantic of Mary) captures the words attested to Mary after she became aware of her pregnancy of Jesus and the promise of redemption. Both Dufay and Rachmaninoff's settings of *Ave maris stella* and *Bogoróditse Devo* are prayers that ask Mary to protect the souls of the faithful.

Night:

That which was unimaginable under the waking sun becomes manifest in moonlight. The four poems Rautavaara selects in "*Suite*" de Lorca depict four terrifying scenes of death and horror under a blood-red Spanish moon. Conversely, Elgar and Lang's text depicts a fleeting romance that occurs over a month of moonrises and moonsets.

Ligeti's setting of Sándor Weöres's poem *Éjszaka* (Night), begins with a layering of voices on the text *rengeteg tövis* (a lot of thorns) using only the white notes on a piano in order to create tonal clusters and rising musical tension. Suddenly, the music pivots on the word *csönd!* (silence!), leaving behind the cluster of white keys for the pentatonic collection of black. The soprano narrator oscillates between these two worlds of white and black notes, as she finally gives way to sleep and consonance in the depth of night.

Dawn:

Meredith Monk's *Morning* and Christopher Gainey's *North Country Dawn* both depict the natural world at dawn. The repetitive yet varied nature of the voices in Monk's piece evoke a singular bird's song over the drone of the wineglass. In *North Country Dawn*, Gainey takes the red-winged blackbird's call and transposes it down three octaves, which serves as the harmonic basis for the composition. The birdcalls Gainey sourced for this composition are field recordings from the North Country.

Morning:

Our morning pieces stem from the African-American tradition. *In the morning when I rise* is a traditional gospel piece. Tonight's performance is freely improvised based off of recordings of Sweet Honey in the Rock and the Davis Sisters' performances. *My Lord, what a mornin'* is an early arrangement of the Negro Spiritual melody of the same name. Both of these pieces develop complexity in meaning when examined from their aural roots. Removed from its written form the sound of the word "morning" becomes a homophone: it can express the idea of "morning," as in the time of day, "mourning" as in (grief), or "mourning" as the practice of seeking the "mourner's bench" for mercy, as found in various Christian traditions.

-Program notes by Rebecca Farrell, Nils Klykken, and Gianna Tucci

## Texts and Translations

### Magnificat (Luke 1:46–55)

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>1 Magnificat, anima mea, Dominum</i>   | 1 My soul doth magnify the Lord,  |
| <i>2 et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo, salutari meo.</i>   | 2 and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  |
| <i>3 Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.</i> | 3 For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:<br>for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. |
| <i>4 Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen eius,</i>                                | 4 For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.   |
| <i>5 et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies timentibus eum.</i>                                 | 5 And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.   |
| <i>6 Fecit potentiam in brachio suo, dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.</i>                         | 6 He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.                         |
| <i>7 Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles;</i>  | 7 He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.   |
| <i>8 esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes.</i>   | 8 He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.   |
| <i>9 Suscepit Israel puerum suum recordatus misericordiæ suæ,</i>                                     | 9 He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;   |
| <i>10 sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini eius in sæcula.</i>                      | 10 As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.  |
| <i>11 Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:</i>   | 11 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;   |
| <i>12 Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.</i>                  | 12 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.  |

King James Bible (1611)

### Ave maris stella (plainsong Marian hymn)

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>Ave, maris stella,<br/>Dei Mater alma,<br/>Atque semper Virgo,<br/>Felix caeli porta.</i>    | Hail, star of the sea,<br>loving Mother of God,<br>and also always a virgin,<br>Happy gate of heaven.   |
| <i>Sumens illud Ave<br/>Gabrielis ore,<br/>Funda nos in pace,<br/>Mutans Evæ nomen.</i>         | Receiving that Ave<br>from Gabriel's mouth<br>confirm us in peace,<br>Reversing Eva's name.             |
| <i>Solve vincla reis,<br/>Profer lumen caecis,<br/>Mala nostra pelle,<br/>Bona cuncta posce</i> | Break the chains of sinners,<br>Bring light to the blind,<br>Drive away our evils,<br>Ask for all good. |

*Monstra te esse matrem  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.*

Show yourself to be a mother,  
May he accept prayers through you,  
he who, born for us,  
Chose to be yours.

*Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.*

O unique virgin,  
Meek above all,  
Make us, absolved from sin,  
Gentle and chaste.

*Vitam praesta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collaetemur.*

Keep life pure,  
Make the journey safe,  
So that, seeing Jesus,  
We may always rejoice together.

*Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.*

Let there be praise to God the Father,  
Glory to Christ in the highest,  
To the Holy Spirit,  
One honor to all three. Amen.

Translation by Allen H. Simon

### “Suite” de Lorca (Frederico García Lorca)

#### *I. CANCION DEL JINETE*

#### I. SONG OF THE HORSEMAN

*Córdoba.  
Lejana y sola.*

Cordoba.  
Far off and solitary.

*Jaca negra, luna grande,  
y aceitunas en mi alforja.  
Aunque sepa los caminos  
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.*

A black horse, a round moon,  
there are olives in my pack.  
Although I know the roads  
I will never get to Cordoba.

*Por el llano, por el viento,  
jaca negra, luna roja.  
La muerte me está mirando  
desde las torres de Córdoba.*

Across the plain, into the wind,  
a black horse, a red moon.  
Death is staring at me  
from the towers of Cordoba.

*¡Ay qué camino tan largo!  
¡Ay mi jaca valerosa!  
¡Ay, que la muerte me espera,  
antes de llegar a Córdoba!*

Oh, how long is the road!  
Oh, how brave is my horse!  
Oh, see how death is waiting for me,  
before I get to Cordoba!

*Córdoba.  
Lejana y sola.*

Cordoba.  
Far off and solitary.