Phoenix Club
Men’s Ensemble

Phoenix Club
Rebecca Reames, conductor

La Mia Stella (2015)  
Ivo Antognini  
(b. 1963)

Shannon Stoddard, piano

From the composer:
The sun is shining on a beautiful morning, while I peacefully read the newspaper. A photograph catches my eye of a boat with three hundred Africans on board. I read the caption: unfortunately, many of them will not arrive alive on the shores of Lampedusa, in the Mediterranean Sea. I stare attentively at the picture, and among the many distraught faces one stands out above the rest, a child with wide eyes, hands holding tight on the arms of an adult. I am moved, and I feel a duty to do something for this poor creature.

La mia stella is dedicated to him and to all those that are forced to flee from their homeland in hopes of finding, after long and frightening journeys, a better life.

Nyota yangu means “My star” in the Swahili language, spoken by tribes of the eastern coast of Africa.
Se teco vive il cor
(from the opera *Radamisto*, 1720)

G. F. Handel (1685–1759)
ed. Betsy C. Weber

Katherine Smith, piano
Makenzie Cuozzo and Aniko Nagy, dancers

Duet: Zenobia and Radamisto

Since my heart is alive, dearest, because of your fidelity,
my heart is no longer troubled.

I could go to my grave, I can hardly stand.
All is going dark around me, I can hardly stand.

Ubi Caritas et Amor (2008)

Eriks Esenvalds (b. 1977)

Holden Maiorana, student conductor

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Christ's love has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.
And may we love each other with a sincere heart.

Where charity and love are, God is there.
As we are gathered into one body,
Beware, lest we be divided in mind.
Let evil impulses stop, let controversy cease,
And may Christ our God be in our midst.

Where charity and love are, God is there.
And may we with the saints also,
See Thy face in glory, O Christ our God:
The joy that is immense and good,
Unto the ages through infinite ages. Amen.
Do not look toward the eastern mountain
Look instead toward the western mountain.
Look up to the heights, and down to the depths of the mountain
Toward the places of wealth, the pure treasure of the dharma.
Do not look toward the eastern mountain
Look instead toward the western mountain
For this is the root place, the cooper-colored paradise of Guru Rinpoche.
Do not look to the hills of India,
Instead look to the place of pure treasure and excellent perception,
A place of future accomplishment for sentient beings.
May we be prosperous!

(The underlying meaning is that one should not look to the past [the East, where the sun has already risen], but instead look to the future [the West, where the sun has not yet set]. One should do good and build a profound spiritual practice.)

Lift Up the Name of the Lord (2015)  
John Helgen  
(b. 1956)

Allison Cranmer, keyboard  
Geoffrey Snow, drum set
Men’s Ensemble
Nils Klykken, conductor

Pikse litaania
Veljo Tormis
(1930–2017)

Peter Curtis, tenor
Chris Sarkis, baritone
Joe Geraci, bass drum
Nils Klykken, conductor

De profundis
Arvo Pärt
(b. 1935)

Aaron Raymer, organ
Joe Geraci, percussion
Nils Klykken, conductor

Psalm 23
Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Daniel Conroy, piano
Cameron Hance, conductor

Phoenix Club & Men’s Ensemble

He’ll Make a Way
Byron J. Smith
(b. 1960)

Kaylee Tasber, voice part
Ryan Blunt, piano
Julian Eichholz, double bass
Geoffrey Snow, drum set
Nils Klykken, conductor
“Piske litaania”
by Ain Kaalep on the motifs of folklore

Pour, Thunder, pour

We’ll sacrifice an ox for you
with two horns,
with four hoofs
for the sake of ploughing,
for the sake of sowing

Look, Thunder,
how the earth yearns for you,
the earth so dry
and hard and full of cracks
the ploughing has hardened
the sowing has rifted,
our land

Thunder, chase
a small shower over the sky
just a little baby-cloud
to let us look up
in hope
for some raindrops to start dripping
on our land

Pour, Thunder, pour

We’ll sacrifice an ox for you
with a high back
with a broad chest

You’ve never had an ox like this one before

Pour, Thunder, pour
for the sake of ploughing
for the sake of sowing

Thunder, you’ve never
been cruel to us
you’ve always been good
to us and to the land
we’re not sorry
to sacrifice an ox for you
if you would take to listen
to our prayers

Pour, Thunder, pour
We’ll sacrifice an ox for you
Pour, Thunder, pour
Come roaring
from far
cracking once

Come roaring
from far
cracking twice
come drop drop
drop drop drop drop

then crash
right by the ear
crash
so that everyone would get a fright
so that black things should fall
down from black hands

and so that a clear heart laugh inside
when all the water
will start
pouring down
from the sky
all
of the sudden

Pour, Thunder, pour

Is it too much to ask
for a little land
for a little meadow

Pour, Thunder, pour

Pour so Thunder, that we and the land
will get enough

Pour, Thunder, pour

The meadows will tell you
when it’s enough

Then chase the black cloud away
to a large swamp
to a high hillock
to the big woods

The need of the swamp is bigger
the need of the hillock is higher
the need of the woods is bigger

Mild weather
honeyed air
for us the ploughers sowers pickers
Dear Thunder
holy Thund
keep your meadows
give our rye
good roots
good heads
good corns

Pour, thunder, pour
we’ll sacrifice an ox for you
with a white blaze on his forehead
with a huge black tail

Translated by Terje Treiman

Psalm 130 (129)

[A Song in steps]
From the depths, I have cried out to you, O Lord;
Lord, hear my voice. Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of my supplication.
If you, Lord, were to mark iniquities, who, O Lord, shall stand?
For with you is forgiveness; and because of your law, I stood by you, Lord.
My soul has stood by his word.
My soul has hoped in the Lord.
From the morning watch, even until night, let Israel hope in the Lord.
For with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.
And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Psalm 23

God is my Shepherd,
I will lack nothing.
He keeps me in a green pasture
And leads me by quiet streams;
He refreshes my fainting courage.
He leads me on the right paths
To the honor of His Name.
And although I wander
In the valley of the shadow of death,

Yet I wander without fear,
For You protect me,
Your rod and staff are always my comfort.
You prepare joyous meal for me
In front of my enemies;
You anoint my head with oil,
And give me an overflowing cup,
Blessing and happiness
Will follow me in this life,
And one day I will rest forever
There in the house of the Eternal.
Phoenix Club

Lauren Behan
Sarah Blumenthal
Allison Brault
Kimberly Casey
Allison Cranmer
Cassandra DeBellis
Brittany DeLuca
Hannah Gaither
Kristen Grajek
Giana Grigalonis
Lindsay Heck
Lauren Henry
Claudia Hovey
Imani Isaac
Elisia Ivey
Kayleigh Junz
Andrea Lussier
Holden Maiorana
Alyssa Maneely
Demetrious McMullen
Sophia Morelli
Rachel Nunneker
Christina Pace
Chelsea Perticone
Margaret Rempe
Allets Schicker
Katherine Smith
Shannon Stoddard
Kaylee Tasber
Kaitlyn Tripp
Samantha Twing
Kerin Wehmeyer
Chadia Williams
Keqi Zhao
Men’s Ensemble

Tenor 1
Connor Atkinson
Christian Castro
Yuk Ho Derek Fok
Zachary Heffler
Ben Lewandowski
William Paddock

Tenor 2
Zachary Balquin
Dominick Bonsignore
Daniel Conroy
Samuel Conti
Peter Curtis
Cameron Hance
Matthew Keating
Gia Huy Le
Jack Lynch
Dalton Peek

Baritone
Joshua Andre
Brian Brancato
Zachary Huebsch
Alejandro Jimenez
Kyle Rowland
Chris Sarkis
Craig Smith
Taran Velders
Jared Wentrick

Bass
Francisco Avila
Aaron Barnett
Jack Danielsen
Aidan Elwell
Joe Geraci
Kevin Larsen
Joseph Lombardi
Thomas Loomis
James Malone