Peace and Love

Eclectic Ensemble
Phoenix Club
Hosmer Choir

Nils Klykken, conductor
ECLECTIC ENSEMBLE
Please refrain from applause until intermission

Myself to myself

Declan Kirby  
(b. 2003)

Lore

TaeJean LaCroix  
(b. 2003)

Elira Mavraj  
(b. 1999)

Abby Swanson  
(b. 1997)

anchor

3:09am
Peace & Love Improvisation

Its Motion Keeps                        Caroline Shaw
                                         (b. 1982)
                                         Tyler Schiavone, viola

Peace upon you, Jerusalem              Arvo Pärt
                                         (b. 1935)

Quiéreme entera                        Ivette Herryman Rodríguez
                                         (b. 1982)
                                         Ivette Herryman Rodríguez, piano

When the Dust Settles                  Mari Esabel Valverde
                                         (b. 1987)
                                         Ivette Herryman Rodríguez, piano

Grow As We Grow                       opb. Ben Platt
                                         (b. 1993)
                                         arr. Leandra Wahlen
                                         (b. 2000)
                                         Leandra Wahlen, conductor

Intermission
HOSMER CHOIR
Please refrain from applause until the end of the program

Steal away
Negro spiritual
arr. François Clemmons
(b. 1945)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Negro spiritual
Field recording (1939)
opb. Clifford Reed, Julia Griffin, Johnnie Mae Medlock
improvised arrangement

We Shall Walk through the Valley
Negro spiritual
arr. Undine Smith Moore
(1904–1989)

When the Dust Settles
Mari Esabel Valverde
(b. 1987)

Curse Upon Iron
Veljo Tormis
(1930–2017)

Marco Ingrassia, tenor
Aidan DeVerna, bass
Elena Mascaro, drum

Because the vast majority of songs we now consider Negro spirituals were composed by persons of African descent before the ratification of the 14th Amendment and the right and recognition of American citizenship, we use the term Negro spirituals to more accurately represent the lives and identities of these composers.
“Myself to myself”

Odin the Alfather sat upon his throne,
He wanted for all things unto him be known,
He gave up his eye, and put spear through his chest
Turned away the other gods, for he knew best.
Magic sings to invoke death.

“Myself to myself”

Christ bore his heart in Gethsemane,
Then was taken by the Pharisees,
Bruised and beaten, nigh to death,
Turned away the apostles help with every breath.
He carried his cross.

“Myself to myself”

From Yggdrasil’s twigs, he hung,
Peering into the dark abyss, magic songs were sung.
On the windy ash he scried, and hearing the old tree groan
He took up the runes, screaming into the unknown
For nine days and nine nights.

“Myself to myself”

Struck through his hands, wrist, and feet,
Spear in his side and his journey near complete,
He felt the pain of all God’s children,
His soul left the world of cruel men.

For three days and three nights.
Transcended back to his throne,
All knowledge has been shown
Before him, realms secrets have been lain
Supremacy through pain

Odin          Jesus

anchor

Grief, pain, loss, despair - the unavoidable themes of the past year and a half. We’ve learned to adapt and cope through this collective trauma as we grieve experiences we never had and loved ones we’ve lost. It’s never been easier to lose sight of hope.

Sometimes moving forward is just not possible, and that is okay. In those moments, it is crucial to identify what keeps your soul anchored. What keeps you going when hope is nowhere to be found? Looking inwards towards your anchor during your darkest of times will teach you how to transform agony into healing.
There is beauty in the difference between our anchors whether it be our personal belief systems, support systems, or how we appreciate the world around us. As you listen to anchor, know that your anchor is part of our song. Each time you hear the word “your” in our song, know that it is referring to what each of us individually define our anchors as and that it does not have one specific meaning. We each define our anchors as the following…

TaeJean: How can I find peace within myself; peace with every action that I chose to do. How can I learn to love myself and love all of the progress that I’m making… no matter how slow, no matter how small.
Elira: acceptance. finding peace and acceptance with the past and using that as a bridge to healing. using daily reflection to ensure that each choice I make brings more peace and love into the world.
Abby: Ale, the inspiration behind this piece. Thank you for always being there for me and being my light.

Healing, growth, peace, and love - all awaits us in what’s to come.

Its Motion Keeps: The Southern Harmony #98 (1835)

My days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres;

Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And still I must launch through endless deeps

Peace upon you, Jerusalem (Psalm 122)

I rejoiced that they said to me,
“Let us go to the house of Yahweh.”
At last our feet are standing at your gates, Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is built as a city, in one united whole,
There the tribes go up, the tribes of Yahweh,
For Israel to give thanks to the name of Yahweh.
For there are set the thrones of judgement,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, prosperity for your homes!
Peace within your walls, prosperity in your palaces!
For love of my brothers and my friends I will say, Peace upon you!
For love of the house of Yahweh our God
I will pray for your well-being.
When the Dust Settles: Amir Rabiyah

You opened your arms for the forgotten ones
the discarded & misunderstood
you showed them a mother’s love
enveloped them in a delicate
and powerful embrace, beautiful star
when the dust settles, we’ll always remember
how you showed us how to fight
even while the jagged blade of sorrow
pressed on us, to fight
ceaselessly, to tend to one another
You said, when the dust settles
I hope my girls will be okay
You cried out from the cells of Attica
and outside Stonewall’s battered streets
Do you hear me? Are you listening?
How many more have to die?
your heart bigger than any cage
even in the midst of so much loss
you remind us to dream
to hold tomorrow between our lips
we deserve to kiss without fear
to grow old
to sway our hips
to wear what we wish
to relish in the pleasure of our bodies
the seeds you planted continue to grow
into blooming song
when the dust settles, we will raise our voices
just as you have always done, in glorious proclamation
we will let everyone know—
We are still here!
We are still here!

Grow As We Grow: Ben Platt

You say there's so much you don't know
You need to go and find yourself
You say you'd rather be alone
'Cause you think you won't find it tied to someone else

Who said it's true,
That the growing only happens on your own?
They don't know me and you

I don't think you have to leave
If to change is what you need
You can change right next to me
When you're high I'll take the lows
You can ebb and I can flow
And we'll take it slow
And grow as we go, ooh
Grow as we go, ooh

You won't be the only one
I am unfinished, I've got so much left to learn
I don't know how this river runs
But I'd like the company through every twist and turn

Who said it's true,
That the growing only happens on your own?
They don't know me and you

You don't ever have to leave
If to change is what you need
You can change right next to me
When you're high I'll take the lows
You can ebb and I can flow
And we'll take it slow
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh

I don't know who we'll become
I can't promise it's not written in the stars
But I believe that when it's done
We're gonna see that it was better
That we grew up together

Tell me you don't wanna leave
'Cause if change is what you need
You can change right next to me
When you're high I'll take the lows
You can ebb and I can flow
And we'll take it slow
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh
And grow as we go, ooh
Steal Away: Negro Spiritual

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
steal away, steal away home,
Ah ain’t got long to stay here!

Mah Lawd He calls me,
He calls me by duh lighnin’,
duh trumpet sounds within mah soul,
Ah aint got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
steal away, steal away home,
Ah ain’t got long to stay here!
Green trees abending,
poor sinner stands atremblin’,
duh trumpet sounds within mah soul,
Ah aint got long to stay here.

Motherless Child: Negro Spiritual

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Lord, lord, I ain’t got long to stay here.

Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air,
Lord, lord, I ain’t got long to stay here.

Sometimes I feel like I haven’t got a friend,
Lord, lord, I ain’t got long to stay here.

We Shall Walk Through the Valley: Negro Spiritual

We shall walk through the valley in peace,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.
If Jesus, himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no trials there,
There will be no trials there.
If Jesus, himself shall be our leader,
We shall walk through the valley in peace.
Curse Upon Iron: Veljo Tormis (English translation by Heli Kopti, Leena Mai Liivet, Ruth Veskimets, and Roman Toi)

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Flesh consuming, bone devouring,
spilling blood, devouring virtue!
Whiter comes your cruel cunning,
haughtiness so overbearing?
Fie upon you, evil iron!
Your beginnings reek of malice.
You have risen from villainy.

From above the earth appeared
fiery maidens in the heavens,
heavily with milk aladen,
spilling milk upon the marshes.

Black, the liquid from one maiden,
turning into ductile iron.
White milk flowing from the other,
tempered steel from this arising.
From the third a crimson liquid,
cursed, rusty ore created.

Then a wolf came running hither,
bear arambling over yonder,
Footprints stirring in the swampland
traces from the swamp arising
giving rise to iron seedlings,
in the shadows of the wolf prints
in the traces of the bear tracks.

Ohoi wretched child of bogland,
born of rust and milk of maidens!
Tell me who made you so angry!
Who set you to evil doings?

Death came riding through the marshes,
plague along the wintry byways,
til they found the iron seedlings
resting in the lowly swampland,
Finding seedling steel in swampland
rusty iron in a boghole.

Then great death began to utter,
killer plague began intoning,
in a pinegrove on a hillside,
in a field behind the village,
Far beyond the farmer’s granges.

Here will be the fateful forging!
Here a furnace I will fashion,
mighty fanning bellows anchor!

Here I’ll set the iron boiling!
Blast the rusty ore to flaming!
Pound the iron full of fury!

Iron quaked and iron quivered,
quaked and quivered, tossed and trembled,
when he heard the call for fire,
heard the iron’s angry summons.

Ohoi cursed, evil iron!
Then you were not high and mighty,
not so mighty, not so haughty,
when you slumbered in the swampland

New steel and iron,
transformed into precise
evil, powerful killers
armed with automated guiding devices,
armed with nuclear warheads
useless against all defenses
from destruction, from extinction,
ever part of God’s creation.”

Knives, spears, axes,
halbreds, sabres,
slings, tomahawks, boomerangs,
bows and arrows, rocks and clubs,
claws and death, sand and salt,
dust and tar, napalm and coal.

Innovations, far-reaching, technical,
electronical, ultimate…

Ready to fly in any direction,
Droned the old man on the oven
groaned the greybeard from the furnace:

“Iron stretches out like tallow,
dripping down like oozing spittle,
flowing from the blazing furnace,
flowing from the blazing furnace,
sweeping from the scalding fire.

Yet the iron, soft and gentle,
must be toughened, must be tempered,
turned into steel defiant.

“Get the spittle from a serpent!
Bring the venom from a viper!
Iron would not harbor evil,

if it had no serpent spittle
had no murky viper venom.”
Droned the old man on the oven,
groaned the greybeard from the furnace:

“Shelter us, Supreme Creator!
Grant us safety, God Almighty,

Changing eras, modern deities.
Cannons, airplanes, tanks, armed warfare.
Cannons, tanks, airplanes

so that mankind will not perish,
future children be protected
PERSONNEL

Eclectic Ensemble

Luke Connolly
Grace Donofrio
Declan Kirby
TaeJean LaCroix
Elira Mavraj
Aidan Sherwood
Brandon Smith
Abbigail Swanson

Phoenix Club

Ashlyn Barnes
Sai Barnes
Helena Blackwell
Hanna Cozzolino
Andrea Dempsey
Amanda DiBartolo
Jacquelyn Dixon
Courtney Dunn
Jessica Felber
Nicolette Filiberto
Mekayla Fountaine
Hannah Gerber
Riley Hill
Rebecca Matte
Kayla Mauk
Katherine McAuliffe
Crystal Miller
Megan Privatera
Sarah Reynolds
Esther Richardson
Anna Rosen
Zara Smith
Emily Stark
Hali Wack
Leandra Wahlen
Amanda Zehr

Hosmer Choir

Danielle Albrecht
Amelia Arguelles
Drew Autote
Adam Beiter
Alyssa Bonfardeci
Mal Brewster-Holland
Frankie Brown
John Calandra
Kaitlyn Cavallo
Sophia Condon
Holy DeJesus
Aidan DeVerna
Jack Digena
Josh Dorney
Ruth Dwan
Maddie Fish
Abigail Garrison
Eddie Hayes
Lindsay Hebert
Cassidy Herendeen
Kennedy Hutchins
Marco Ingrassia
Jack Jiang
Alandra Kunz
Stephanie Lamb
Alec Lee
Karleigh MacMillan
Gabby Maresco
Douglas McAuliffe
Maddy Mergl
Hailey Morgan
Gabe Morris
Zana Northrop
Emily Oldfield
John Oswald
Kayla Outman
Cory Patrick
Olivia Pierotti
Jimmy Quagliaroli
Mia Rodriguez
Johanna Saint-Vil
David Salce
Eli Shibley
Hannah Sywulski
Liam Van Buren
Duncan Van Schaick
Haleigh Vescio
Sarah Wake
Maia Weiss
Alyssa Wilks
Zoe Williamson