

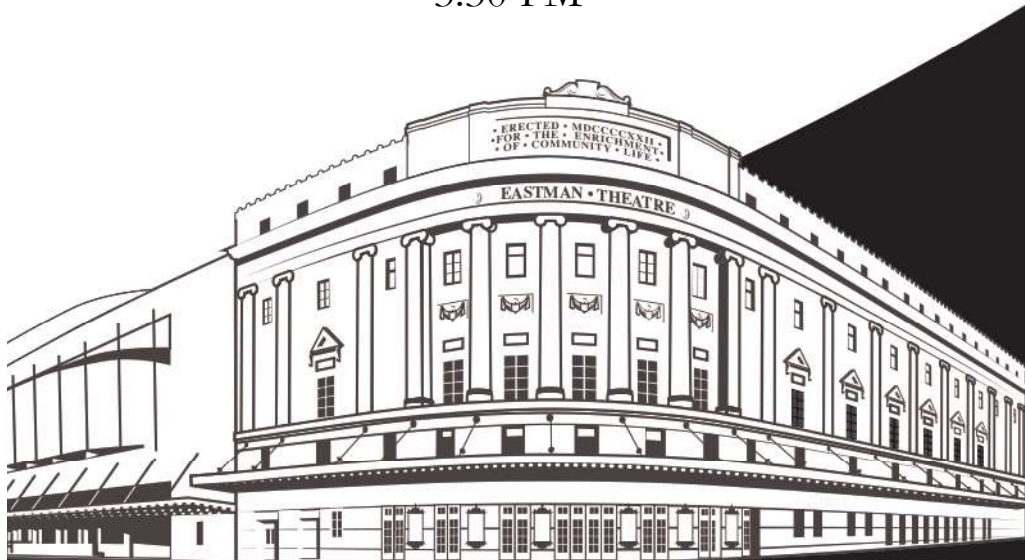
# Eastman/UR Treble Chorus

Rachael Sanguinetti Hayes and  
Philip Silvey, *conductors*

# Eastman Repertory Singers

Hannah Duff and  
Ömer Aziz Kayhan, *conductors*

Saturday, April 13, 2024  
Kilbourn Hall  
3:30 PM



**EASTMAN**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman School of Music / University of Rochester Treble Chorus

Philip Silvey, conductor  
Haniel Anugerah, piano

**I Am Only One** (2002)

**Adolphus Hailstork**  
(b. 1941)  
3'

**The Sweets of Evening** (2006)

**Nico Muhly**  
(b. 1981)  
7'

*Semi-Chorus:*  
Emily Goldner-Morgan  
Alexandra Hartin  
Nikki Honchell  
Mary Reins

Philip Silvey, conductor

**Invitation to Love** (2017)

**Marques L. A. Garrett**  
(b. 1984)  
5'

**Bring Me Little Water, Silvy** (2007)

**Huddie Ledbetter**  
(1888-1949)  
**arr. Moira Smiley**  
(b. 1976)  
3'

Rachael Sanguinetti Hayes, conductor

~ INTERMISSION ~

**Eastman Repertory Singers**

**Si ch'io vorrei morire** (1603)

**Claudio Monteverdi**  
(1567-1643)  
4'

Ömer Aziz Kayhan, conductor

***Le Reniement de St. Pierre*** (ca. 1670)

**Marc-Antoine Charpentier**

(1643-1704)

13'

Ostiarium (doorkeeper), Historicus (narrator): Sofia Mains

Ancilla (maid), Historicus (narrator): Anna Bjerken

Petrus (Peter): Caleb Meyerhoff

Cognatus Malchi (cousin of Malchus): Elijah Gebers

Jesus: Henry Griffin

Historicus (narrator): Ömer Kayhan

Pedro Sperb, theorbo

Ryan Chan, harpsichord

Jennifer Shin, organ

Hannah Duff, conductor

***Chansons de Charles d'Orléans*** (1908)

I. Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder

II. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Emily Kondrat, mezzo-soprano

III. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Sophie Hilger, soprano

Amanda Falls, mezzo-soprano

Kellen Mikesell, tenor

Henry Griffin, baritone

Hannah Duff, conductor

**Claude Debussy**

(1862-1918)

6'

***Der Abend***, Op. 64, No. 2 (1874)

**Johannes Brahms**

(1833-1897)

4'

***Two Worlds*** (from *Five Love Songs*) (1976)

**Randall Thompson**

(1899-1984)

5'

***Music, When Soft Voices Die*** (1907)

**Rebecca Clarke**

(1886-1979)

4'

***Chantez!*** (from *Chansons des Bois d'Amaranthe*) (1900)

**Jules Massenet**

(1842-1912)

2'

Ömer Aziz Kayhan, conductor

Jennifer Shin, pianist

~ **PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS** ~

*program notes by Hannah Duff and Ömer Aziz Kayhan*

***I Am Only One***

I am only one, but still I am one.

I cannot do everything, but still I can do something

and because I cannot do everything,

I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909)

***The Sweets of Evening***

The sweets of evening charm the mind,

Sick of the sultry day;

The body then no more confin'd,

But exercise with freedom join'd,

When Phoebus sheathes his ray.

While all-serene the summer moon

Sends glances thro' the trees,

And Philomel begins her tune,

And Asteria too shall help her soon

With voice of skillful ease.

A nosegay, every thing that grows,

And music, every sound

To lull the sun to his repose;

The skies are colour'd like the rose

With lively streaks around.

Of all the changes rung by time

None half so sweet appear,

As those when thoughts themselves sublime,

And with superior natures chime

In fancy's highest sphere.

Christopher Smart (1722-1771)

***Invitation to Love***

Come when the nights are bright with stars

Or come when the moon is mellow;

Come when the sun his golden bars

Drops on the hay-field yellow.

Come in the twilight soft and gray,

Come in the night or come in the day,

Come, O love, whene'er you may,

And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,

You are soft as the nesting dove.

Come to my heart and bring it to rest

As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief

Or when my heart is merry;

Come with the falling of the leaf

Or with the redd'ning cherry.

Come when the year's first blossom blows,

Come when the summer gleams and glows,

Come with the winter's drifting snows,

And you are welcome, welcome.

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

## Bring Me Little Water, Silvy

Bring me little water, Silvy  
Bring me little water now  
Bring me little water, Silvy  
Ev'ry little once in a while

Bring it in a bucket, Silvy  
Bring it in a bucket now  
Bring it in a bucket, Silvy  
Ev'ry little once in a while

Silvy come a running  
Bucket in my hand  
I will bring a little water  
Fast as I can

Can't you see me coming  
Can't you see me now  
I will bring a little water  
Ev'ry little once in a while

Huddie Ledbetter (1888-1949)

## Si ch'io vorrei morire

Claudio Monteverdi is known today as one of the pioneers of opera. He was a well known choir master and a composer of secular and sacred works. He is considered to be a transitional figure between Renaissance and Baroque eras. *Si ch'io vorrei morire* is a madrigal from his fourth book of madrigals. It is a book of nuance, taking sensuality and desire as its central subjects. The lyrics are taken from the poems of Renaissance court poets Battista Guarana and Tarquato Tasso. Often striking in his madrigals is Monteverdi's proficiency in setting text to music. *Si ch'io vorrei morire* which translates to "Yes, I would like to die" has 3-4 sections, some of which overlap, all decorated with the subtleties and vicissitudes of emotions. Monteverdi's intentions with the title are ambiguous at first. He leads the listener to believe that it is a madrigal of tragedy and depression. However, we learn that it is more playful and sensual in nature. The author longs for the body of his beloved, the deep sighs "Ahi" start on suspensions and overflow as all five voices join in on the rising scale. The words "deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno" ("ah, crush me until I faint!") are offset by one beat, showing the obsessiveness of the author's intentions and creating a disorienting effect on the listener. The final climax contains the words "Ah mouth! Ah kisses! Ah tongue! I say again: Yes, I would like to die!" a full subversion of what we were led to believe in the beginning.

Si, ch'io vorrei morire,  
ora ch'io bacio, amore,  
la bella bocca del mio amato core.

Ahi, car' e dolce lingua,  
datemi tanto umore,  
che di dolcezza  
in questo sen' m'estingual!

Ahi, vita mia, a questo bianco seno,  
deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno!  
Ahi, bocca! Ahi, baci! Ahi, lingua!  
Torn' a dire:  
Si, ch'io vorrei morire!

Maurizio Moro

*Yes, I would like to die,  
now that I'm kissing, sweetheart,  
the luscious lips of my darling beloved.*

*Ah! dear, dainty tongue,  
give me so much of your liquid  
that I die of delight  
on your breast!*

*Ah, my love, to this white breast  
ah, crush me until I faint!  
Ah mouth! Ah kisses! Ah tongue!  
I say again:  
Yes, I would like to die!*

translations by Charles Marshall

## Le Reniement de St. Pierre

Drawing text from all four gospels, *Le Reniement de St. Pierre* recounts St. Peter's denial of Christ through a short and impassioned drama featuring five-part chorus, soloists, and continuo in the style of an Italian oratorio as inspired by Carissimi. Against a backdrop of the Mount of Olives set by chorus, organ, and theorbo, Jesus informs his disciples that they "shall all be offended for my sake this night," cueing a barrage of disagreement from Peter and the rest of the disciples. In our rendition, the listener will begin to hear the harpsichord as the instrument of Peter's indignation, appearing when he insists on his loyalty, and later, during his three denials. Charpentier represents Jesus's character with a 3/2 meter that appears both when admonishing Peter to put away his sword on the Mount of Olives and in the final chorus, when looking at Peter, cueing Peter's remembrance of Jesus's prophecy. The pace of the narrative gains intensity with each repeated denial, until a jarring first-inversion D Major chord interrupts the c minor of Peter's last denial. The final chorus features some of Charpentier's most dramatic and agonized counterpoint as Peter weeps bitterly ("flevit amare") over his own betrayal.

Cum cœnasset Jesus et dedisset discipulis suis corpus suum ad manducandum et sanguinem suum ad bibendum, exierunt simul in montem Oliveti. Tunc dixit illis Jesus:

[Jesus]: "Omnes vos scandalum patiemini in me, in hac nocte. Scriptum est enim: percutiam pastorem, et dispergentur oves gregis."

Respondens autem Petrus, ait illi:

"Et si omnes scandalizati fuerint in te, nunquam ego scandalizabor."

[Jesus]: "Amen dico tibi, Petre, quia in hac nocte, antequam gallus cantet, ter me negabis."

[Petrus]: "Ah! Domine! Etiam si oportuerit me mori tecum, non te negabo."

Similiter et omnes discipulis dixerunt:

"Non te negabimus."

Ecce Judas unus de duodecim venit, et cum eo turba multa cum gladiis et fustibus irruerunt in Jesum, et tenuerunt, quod videntes discipuli ejus fugerunt. Et Petrus extendens manum, exemit gladium suum et percussit servum pontificis auriculam ejus amputavit. Cui dixit Jesus:

*When Jesus had dined and he had given them his body to eat and his blood to drink, they went out together to the mount of Olives. Jesus said to them:*

*[Jesus]: "You will all be offended for my sake, this night. For it is written: I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered."*

*But Peter, replying, said to him:*

*"Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended."*

*[Jesus]: "Verily I say unto thee, Peter, that this night, before the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice."*

*[Peter]: "Ah! Lord! Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee."*

*Likewise all the disciples said*

*"We will not deny thee."*

*Lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves ran up to Jesus and held him, and seeing this, the disciples fled. And Peter stretched out his hand and drew his sword and struck a servant of the high priest and cut off his ear. Jesus said to him:*

“Converte, Petre, gladium tuum in locum suum: calicem quem dedit mihi Pater, non vis ut bibam illum?”

Ministri ergo Judæorum comprehenderunt et ligaverunt Jesum, et cum duceretur ad principium sacerdotum sequebatur eum Petrus a longe usque in atrium pontificis. Quem cum vidisset Ostiaria dixit ei:

[Ostiaria]: “Numquid et tu ex discipulis hominis istus es?”

[Petrus]: “O mulier! Non sum. Non novi hominem.”

Et introductus est Petrus in domum. Cum sederet ad ignem cum servis et ministris, ut calefaceret se, alia serva ait illi:

[Ancilla]: “Et tu cum Jesu Nazareno eras?”

[Petrus]: “O mulier, non eram, non novu hominem.”

Tunc interrogavit eum cognatus ejus cuius abscidit auriculam, dicens:

[Cognatus Malchi]: "Nonne te vidi in horto cum eo? Nonne tu percussisti Malchum? Vere tu eras."

[Ostiaria, Ancilla]: "Nonne tu Galileus es? Vere tu es."

"Nam et loquela tua manifestum te facit. Tu es discipulis hominis istus."

[Petrus]: "Non sum. Vere non eram. Nescio quid dicitis."

Et continuo gallus cantavit. Tunc respexit Jesus Petrum et recordatus est Petrus verbi Jesu, et egressus foras, flevit amare.

from the Latin Vulgate Bible

*“Peter, put away your sword. Do you not wish me to drink the cup that my Father has given me?”*

*Therefore the soldiers of the Jews took Jesus and bound him and led him to the chief priests. Peter followed at a distance, even to the house of the bishop. A doorkeeper saw him and said to him:*

*[Ostiaria]: “Are you not also a disciple of that man?”*

*[Peter]: “O woman! I am not. I do not know the man.”*

*And Peter entered the house. As he sat by the fire with the servants and soldiers to warm himself, another servant said to him:*

*[Ancilla]: “Were you also with Jesus of Nazareth?”*

*[Peter]: “O woman, I was not! I do not know the man.”*

*Then a relation of the one whose ear he had cut off questioned him:*

*[Relation of Malchus]: “Did I not see you in the garden with him? Did you not cut off Malchus’ ear? Surely it was you.”*

*[Ostiaria and Ancilla]: “Aren’t you a Galilean? Surely you are.”*

*“Even your accent gives you away. You are a disciple of that man.”*

*[Peter]: “I am not. Surely I was not. I don’t know what you are talking about.”*

*And immediately the cock crew. Then Jesus looked at Peter and Peter remembered the words of Jesus, and he went out, and wept bitterly.*

translations from the  
Choral Public Domain Library

*With thanks to Paul O’Dette for his time and expertise coaching the Charpentier.*

## **Chansons de Charles d’Orléans**

Composed in 1908, *Trois Chansons* offers a smorgasbord of colors and images ranging from delight and breathless infatuation to the sound of drums in a dream to a winter bluster many Rochesterians will well understand. In “Dieu! Qu’il la fait bon regarder,” Debussy sets delicate triplets against fluttery eighths and sixteenths, simultaneously presenting the narrator’s vision of perfect romance and nervousness of their affection. As if drifting into sleep while imagining their love, the story continues with a dream of drums, articulated by the chorus, summoning a sleeper to go a-Maying (“Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin Sonner pour s’en aller au may”). The final tableaux contrasts winter’s windy storms, represented by fragments of rapid ascension from piano to forte, with summer’s pleasantness, represented by the sweet homophony of solo quartet.

I.  
Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder  
La gracieuse bonne et belle;  
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle  
Chascun est prest de la louer.  
Qui se pourroit d’elle lasser?  
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder  
La gracieuse bonne et belle!  
Par de ça ne de là, la mer  
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle  
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.  
C’est ung songe que d’i penser:

II.  
Quant j’ai ouy la tabourin  
Sonner, pour s’en aller au may,  
En mon lit n’en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;  
En disant: il est trop matin  
Ung peu je me rendormiray:

Quant j’ay ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s’en aller au may,  
Jeunes gens partent leur butin;  
De nonchaloir m’acointeray  
A lui je m’abutineray  
Trouvé l’ay plus prouchain voisin;

Quant j’ay ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s’en aller au may  
En mon lit n’en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

*God! But she is fair,  
Graceful, good and beautiful.  
All are ready to praise  
Her excellent qualities.  
Who could tire of her?  
Her beauty is ever new.*

*God! but she is fair,  
Graceful, good and beautiful!  
Nowhere does the sea look on  
So fair and perfect  
A lady or maiden.  
Thinking on her is but a dream.*

*When I heard the tambourine  
All us to go a-Maying,  
I did not let it frighten me in my bed  
Or lift my head from my pillow,  
Saying, “It is too early,  
I will go back to sleep.”*

*When I heard the tambourine  
Call us to go a-Maying,  
Young folks dividing their spoils,  
I cloaked myself in nonchalance,  
Clinging to it  
And finding the nearest neighbour.*

*When I heard the tambourine  
Call us to go a-Maying,  
I did not let it frighten me in my bed  
Or lift my head from my pillow.*

III.  
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.  
Esté est plaisant et gentil,  
En tesmoing de May et d'Avril  
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

Esté revest champs,  
Bois et fleurs,  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs,  
Par l'ordonnance de Nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plain  
De neige, vent, pluye et grezil ;  
On vous deust bannir en exil.  
Sans point flater, je parle plain,  
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.

Charles Duc d'Orléans (1394-1465)

*Winter, you're naught but a rogue.  
Summer is pleasant and kind,  
As we see from May and April,  
Which accompany it evening and morn.*

*Summer, by nature's order,  
Blothes fields,  
Woods and flowers  
With its livery of green  
And many other hues.*

*But you, Winter, are too full  
Of snow, wind, rain and sleet.  
We must send you into exile.  
I'm no flatterer and I speak my mind.  
Winter, you're naught but a rogue.*

translations by Faith J. Cormier

Sehe, wer aus  
des Meeres krystallner Woge  
Lieblich lächelnd dir winkt!  
Erkennt dein Herz sie?  
Rascher fliegen die Rosse.  
Thetys, die göttliche, winkt.

Schnell vom Wagen herab in ihre Arme  
Springt der Führer.  
Den Zaum ergreift Cupido.  
Stille halten die Rosse,  
Trinken die kühlende Flut.

Auf dem Himmel herauf  
mit leisen Schritten  
Kommt die duftende Nacht;  
ihr folgt die süsse Liebe.  
Ruht und liebet!  
Phöbus, der Liebende, ruht.

Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805)

*Behold the one who beckons you,  
Sweetly smiling,  
from the sea's crystalline wave!  
Does your heart recognize her?  
Faster fly the steeds;  
Thetys, the divine one, beckons.*

*The driver leaps quickly  
From the chariot into her arms.  
Cupid seizes the reins;  
The steeds stand still  
Drinking at the cooling stream.*

*Ascending in the sky  
With quiet steps  
Comes the fragrant night;  
Sweet love follows.  
Rest and love!  
Phoebus, the loving one, rests.*

translations by Paine/Jefferis

## Der Abend

Brahms had found great success in choral writing with his *Requiem* and his work as a women's chorus conductor. He composed frequently for both a cappella and accompanied choral settings. Opus 64: *Drei Quartette*, was written in two installments. The first movement "An die Heimat" was composed in 1864, a full ten years before the second and third movements. Originally, all three were intended for solo SATB voices, however most modern performances are in choral settings. We present to you, movement two, "Der Abend," ("The Evening"). The text is borrowed from Friedrich Schiller, one of Germany's most important playwrights, and contains elements of Greek mythology. The piano writing elegantly paints the slow and distant galloping of the horses and the flight of Apollos' (Phoebus') chariot as they move the heavens and travel to their subsequent rest. The diminishing note values in the piano from quarter notes, to rising eighth note scales and arpeggios to cascading triplets are all in close relation to the vigor of the poetry. Brahms takes us on a mythological journey.

Senke, strahlender Gott,  
Die Fluren dürsten  
Nach erquickendem Tau,  
Der Mensch verschmachtet,  
Matter ziehen die Rosse,  
Senke den wagen hinab.

*Let it sink, radiant God  
The fields thirst  
For refreshing dew;  
The people languish,  
The steeds are weary-  
Let the chariot sink down!*

## Two Worlds

Commissioned in 1976 for the Rocky Ridge Music Center, *Two Worlds* is part of Randall Thomspson's *Five Love Songs* set. The text is taken from the final two stanzas of Edmund Waller's "Of the Last Verses in the Book" otherwise known as "Old Age". The poet himself was known for his political prowess and his refined language. Randall Thompson (1899-1984) was an esteemed American composer known for his contributions to choral music, blending traditional European choral techniques with American folk influences to create a distinctive and enduring musical legacy. *Two Worlds* is a meditation on the passing of life, a reminiscing on one's years, and a discovery of the passage to the eternal home.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er,  
So calm are we, when passions are no more:  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness, which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home:  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

## ***Music When Soft Voices Die***

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979) was a pioneering British-American composer and violist whose works have gained increasing recognition for their innovative style and expressive depth. Clarke's compositions, which span chamber music, orchestral pieces, and songs, often reflect her keen understanding of the emotional complexities of the human condition. Clarke reminisces to Christopher Johnson, who cataloged her works during her lifetime, that this work was composed in 1907, which according to Johnson, explains strong stylistic connections between *Music, when soft voices die* and her teacher Sir Charles Stanfords' choral writing, especially *Bluebird*. The text is taken from Percy Bysshe Shelley, a poet at the height of English Romanticism. Clarke draws us closer to the endurance of the senses and memories is Shelley's writing. The music responds to specific words in the poem. "Vibrates" is repeated twice in diminishing rhythms, "quicken" moves the music forward, and "slumber" decays the entire structure down to its smallest subdivisions.

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

## ***Chantez!***

Similar to the Brahms, Massenet's *Chantez!* from "Songs from the Amaranth Woods" was composed for solo SATB voices, but also lends itself nicely to a larger medium. Massenet was proud of the piece and often played and conducted it in the last decade of his life. The title refers to a type of tree commonly known as the Purpleheart, cherished for its deep violet color. The final movement is a climax to the five-movement work, a joyous celebration of spring, life and love and an invitation to sing of the divine beauty. The original text in German is by aesthetics professor Oskar Freiherr von Redwitz translated by Marc Legrand into French. The work opens with an F-pedal, followed by a held C-Minor seventh chord, a most celebratory and vibrant choral sound accompanied by a gushing piano. The frequent declamation "Chantez!" translated as "Sing!" should not be taken as an imperative but rather a rambunctious call to join the overflowing need and desire to do so.

Chantez tout à votre loisir,  
Petits oiseaux aux voix légères,  
Chantez les splendeurs printanières,  
Chantez l'amour et le plaisir!

Lorsque vous chanteriez encore  
Des milliers de soirs et d'aurores,  
Vous n'auriez pas assez chanté  
L'œuvre divine et sa beauté.

French translation  
by Marc Legrand

*Sing everything at your leisure,  
Little birds with light voices,  
Sing the splendors of spring,  
Sing of love and pleasure!*

*If you were to sing  
Thousands of evenings and dawns,  
You wouldn't have sung enough  
The divine work and its beauty.*

English translation  
by David Arkell



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