


THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CHORAL SOCIETY & ORCHESTRA PRESENTS

How
can I
keep
from
singing?



Friday, April 11, 1997 at 8 p.m.

Lehman Auditorium

Eastern Mennonite University

PROGRAM

How Can I Keep From Singing?

Quaker folk hymn, arr. Alice Parker

Susan Gutshall, soloist

Mass No. 2 in G Major, D. 167

Franz Schubert

Kathryn Gardner, soprano; John Windett, tenor; Larry Hoover, baritone

The year 1815, when Schubert was just 18 years old, was the most musically prolific of his brief life. He produced 145 incomparable art songs, two symphonies, a string quartet, two piano sonatas and other works for solo piano. He wrote a great deal of sacred vocal music, including his Second and Third Masses.

Schubert wrote the Second Mass in just six days, and it was performed soon after at the Liechtental Church in Vienna, where he had sung as a boy.

When he died at age 31, the world lost a composer of great imagination with an unsurpassed gift of melody, richly evident in the Mass No. 2 in G Major.

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te, benedicimus te
adoramus te, glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Pater omnipotens,
Domine Fili unigenite,
Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
filius Patris,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus,
tu solus Dominus,
tu solus altissimus,

Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace
to men of good will.
We praise you, we bless you,
we adore you, we glorify you.
We give thanks to you
for your great glory.
Lord God, heavenly king,
Father almighty,
Lord, the only-begotten son,
Jesus Christ,
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,
Who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
For only you are holy,
only you are Lord,
only you are most high,

cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria
Dei Patris. Amen.

with the Holy Spirit in the glory
of God the Father. Amen.

Credo

Credo in unum Deum,
Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem coeli et terrae,
visibilium omnium et invisibilium.
In unum Dominum, Jesum Christum,
Filium Dei unigenitum,
ex Patre natum,
ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero,
genitum non factum,
con substantialem Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt,
qui propter nos homines
et nostram salutem
descendit de coelis.
Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die
secundum scripturas,
et ascendit in coelum,
sedet ad dexteram Patris,
et iterum venturus est cum gloria
judicare vivos et mortuos,
cujus regni non erit finis.
Credo in Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre et Filio procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur,
qui locutus est per prophetas.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum
...mortuorum,
et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

I believe in one God,
the Father almighty,
maker of heaven and earth,
of all that is visible and invisible.
In one Lord, Jesus Christ,
only begotten Son of God,
born of the Father
before all generations.
God from God, light from light,
true God from true God,
begotten, not made,
of one substance with the Father,
by whom everything was made,
who for us men
and our salvation
descended from heaven.
And became incarnate by the Holy Ghost
of the Virgin Mary and was made man.
He was also crucified for us
under Pontius Pilate,
suffered and was buried.
And the third day he rose again
according to the scriptures,
and ascended into heaven,
sitting on the right hand of the Father,
and he will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead,
whose kingdom shall have no end.
I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the Lord and life-giver,
who proceeds from the Father and the Son,
who with the Father and the Son
together is adored and glorified,
who spoke through the prophets.
I acknowledge one baptism
for the remission of sins,
...of the dead,
and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth,
pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Osanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.
Osanna in excelsis.

Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
misere nobis.
Dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,
who takes away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Grant us peace.

INTERMISSION

Songs From the Emerald Isle

Ireland has given the world songs of great beauty and poignancy. *The Minstrel Boy* tells of bravery in battle; *Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye*, the story of a soldier returning from the war. *My Gentle Harp* is a wistful plea to "show the world in chains and sorrow how sweet thy music still can be." Finally, *The Gypsy Rover* is a happy tale of love.

The Minstrel Boy

Arr. Alice Parker

Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye - *paired*

Arr. Parker

My Gentle Harp

Londonderry Air, arr. Parker

The Gypsy Rover

Arr. Robert De Cormier

Dwight Miller, baritone; Mary Kay Adams, flute

Beryl Garver and Amy Robertson, pianists

Opus 52 is a group of eighteen Liebesliederwalzer, or love-song waltzes, composed in 1868-69 on texts from G. F. Daumer's *Polydora*. In 1874 Brahms composed fifteen more, the Neue Liebesliederwalzer, Opus 65.

Op. 52, No. 18

A tremor's in the branches, a bird has brush'd his pinions through yonder tree.
And thus my heart within me through all its depths is trembling;
In love and joy and sorrow I think of thee.

Op. 52, No. 15

Nightengale, thy sweetest song sounds when night is darkling.
Kiss me, oh, my heart's delight when no star is sparkling in darkness.

Op. 52, No. 13

Bird in air will stray afar, seeks a sheltered bower;
So the heart a heart must find ere its life can flower.

Op. 65, No. 14

Now, ye Muses, be hush'd! Ye've sought to tell, but how vainly
of the sorrow and joy swaying a fond lover's heart;
Ye the heart's cruel wounds cannot heal from Love's barbed arrow:
But his torments to assuage, that only ye kind ones can do.

Op. 52, No. 12

Locksmith, ho! a hundred padlocks! Bring me padlocks, padlocks great and small!
For the sland'rous lips with them I'll fasten, I will fasten once for all!

Op. 65, No. 7

From yon hills the torrent speeds, and the rain ne'er ceases.
Would that I might give to thee hundred thousand kisses!

Songs and Hymns of America

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need

Old southern hymn, arr. Virgil Thomson

Paraphrase of Psalm 23

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

Spiritual, arr. Philip A. Herbert

Beth Harter, soloist; Mary Kay Adams, flute

Hark, I Hear the Harps Eternal

Traditional hymn, arr. Alice Parker

Deborah Mongold, soloist

Bow Down Low

Shaker song, arr. David Bridges

This gentle song captures the rhythm of "sweep(ing) the Lord's house clean."

Simple Gifts - omitted

Shaker tune, arr. René Clausen

Pat Dellett, soloist

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,
and when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'twill be in the valley of love and delight.
When true simplicity is gained,
to bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
to turn, turn will be our delight
till by turning, turning we come 'round right.

This We Know (The words of Chief Seattle)

Ron Jeffers

This we know. The earth does not belong to us; we belong to the earth.
This we know. All things are connected like the blood that unites one family.
Whatever befalls the earth, befalls the children of earth.
This we know. We did not weave the web of life, we are merely a strand in it.
Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves.
This we know.

The Promise of Living (From *The Tender Land*)

Aaron Copland

Beryl Garver and Amy Robertson, pianists

The text in part:

The promise of living with hope and thanksgiving
is born of our loving our friends and our labor.
The promise of growing with faith and with knowing
is born of our sharing our love with our neighbor.
The promise of living, the promise of growing
is born of our singing in joy and thanksgiving.

How Can I Keep From Singing?

Quaker folk hymn, arr. Alice Parker

Peg Martin, soloist

The text in part:

My life flows on in endless song; above earth's lamentation
I hear the real though far off hymn that hails a new creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife, I hear that music ringing;
It sounds an echo in my soul: How can I keep from singing?