

The Swarthmore College Department of Music and Dance presents the

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE GARNET SINGERS
and the
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE CHORUS
Joseph Gregorio, director

Saturday, May 5, 2018 | 3:00 PM | Lang Concert Hall

As a courtesy to the performers, composers, and other listeners, please silence all electronic devices.

PROGRAM

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE GARNET SINGERS

Music of Swarthmore Composers

| | | |
|---|--------------------------------|---|
| <i>Oh!</i> | Joshua Mundinger, <i>piano</i> | Rachel Hottle '18 |
| <i>There's a certain Slant of light</i> | | Lili Tobias '19 |
| <i>more</i> | | Mindy Cheng '18 |
| <i>Towers</i> | Shelby Billups, <i>soloist</i> | Asher Wolf '18 |
| <i>Ice Seventeen</i> | | Branch Freeman '20 |
| <i>Goodnight My Love</i> | | Harry Revel (1905-1958) arr. Joseph Gregorio |
| <i>Etz Chayim / Tree of Life</i> | Joshua Mundinger, <i>piano</i> | Thomas Whitman '82 |

~ Intermission ~

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE CHORUS

Sun, Stars, and Sea

Trois mélodies, L 81

I. La mer est plus belle

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Joshua Munding, *piano*

Alma Redemptoris Mater

Gregorian chant; ca. 13th cent.

Alma Redemptoris Mater

Peter Philips (ca. 1560-1628)

Вечер (Evening), Op. 27 no. 2

Sergei Taneyev (1856-1915)

Hymne au Soleil (Hymn to the Sun)

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Andrew J. Kim, *conductor*

Joshua Munding, *piano*

Mindy Cheng, *soloist*

Off-stage chorus: Maya Kikuchi *and* Cindy Lim, *soprano*; Shelby Billups *and* Ruth Elias, *alto*;

Lucas Brooks *and* Lili Tobias, *tenor*

Thy Eternal Summer

Joseph Gregorio

Lullabye

Billy Joel
arr. Philip Lawson

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ob!

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
Thou’st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

There’s a certain Slant of light

There’s a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons—
That oppresses like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes—

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us—
We can find no scar,
But internal difference—
Where the Meanings are—

None may teach it—Any—
’Tis the seal Despair—
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air—

When it comes, the Landscape listens—
Shadows—hold their breath—
When it goes, ’tis like the Distance
On the look of Death—

— Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

more

more than a mirrored pond
tiled mosaic and glass pebble

more than mango blossoms
spitted pits aligned like a beating heart

more than hearty broth
moon bobbing in salted sky

more than skyless cranes
a bird borne towards the sun

more than life
beneath the mantle of my tissue-skin
between curled lava sinew and shelled bone

an island tongue in a vast word

— Maya Kikuchi ‘20

Towers

pace pater – requiescat in pace pater

two fall slowly
rain lines carving
pace pater
pay attention
draw the curtains
empty ashtrays
swept through gutters
rain lines carving
pay attention
to your breathing
pay attention
to your breathing
pay attention
to your breathing
lay down

rain lines carving heavy on his chest
pace pater – requiescat in pace pater

crack your fibers
wet your insides
feed your skin to
hungry insects
two fall slowly
blood from temples
waning daylight
towers drenched in sky

*I soak in the soot that rains from a lonesome pine when the lightning strikes
I bend in streams where the water hollows its chosen wind*

*Shake – shake like a streetlight’s pole that ebbs and flows against concrete tides
Take notice of where you are standing now – better watch the time*

recognize that this place will not be this way forever
recognize that it will not be this way ever again
our father is dead
rain lines carving heavy on his chest
pace pater – requiescat in pace pater

Goodnight My Love

Goodnight my love,
The tired old moon is descending.
Goodnight my love,
My moment with you now is ending.
It was so heavenly,
Holding you, close to me;
It will be heavenly
To hold you again in a dream.
The stars above
Have promised to meet us tomorrow.
Till then my love,
How dreary the new day will seem.
So for the present, dear,
We'll have to part,
Sleep tight, my love,
Goodnight, my love,
Remember that you're mine,
Sweetheart.

— Mack Gordon (1904-1959)

Etz Chayim / Tree of Life

אֲשֶׁר־יֵאָדָם מֵצֵא חֵכְמָה וְאָדָם יִפְיֵק תְּבוּנָה
כִּי טוֹב סְהֵרָה מִסְחָר־כֶּסֶף וּמִתְרוּץ תְּבוּאָתָהּ
יִקְרָה הִיא מִפְנֵי־יָם וְכֹל־חֶפְצֶיהָ לֹא יִשְׁוּוּ־בָהּ
אֲרֹךְ יָמִים בְּיָמֶיהָ בְּשִׂמְאוֹלָהּ עֵשֶׂר וְכָבוֹד
דְּרָכֶיהָ דִּרְכֵי־נֹעַם וְכֹל־נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹם
עֵצ־חַיִּים הִיא לַמְחַזְקִים בָּהּ וְתִמְכֶּיהָ מְאֹשֶׁר

*Happy is the person who finds wisdom,
the person who attains understanding.
Her value in trade is better than silver,
her yield, greater than gold.
She is more precious than rubies;
all of your goods cannot equal her.
In her right hand is length of days;
in her left, riches and honor.
Her ways are pleasant ways, and all her paths,
peaceful.
She is a tree of life to those who grasp her,
and whoever holds on to her is happy.*

— Proverbs 3: 13-18

Translation adapted from *Tanakh:
The Holy Scriptures* (© 1985
The Jewish Publication Society)

Trois Mélodies

I. La mer est plus belle
Que les cathédrales,
Nourrice fidèle,
Berceuse de râles,
La mer sur qui prie
La Vierge Marie !

Elle a tous les dons
Terribles et doux.
J'entends ses pardons
Gronder ses courroux.
Cette immensité
N'a rien d'entêté.

Oh ! si patiente,
Même quand méchante !
Un souffle ami hante
La vague, et nous chante :
« Vous sans espérance,
Mourez sans souffrance ! »

Et puis, sous les cieux
Qui s'y rient plus clairs,
Elle a des airs bleus,
Roses, gris et verts...
Plus belle que tous,
Meilleure que nous !

*The sea is more beautiful
Than cathedrals,
Faithful caretaker,
Lullaby of death-rattles,
The sea over which prays
The Virgin Mary!*

*It has all gifts
Terrible and sweet.
I hear its pardons
Scolding its wrath.
This vastness
Has nothing stubborn about it.*

*Oh! so patient,
Even when mischievous!
A friendly breath haunts
The wave, and sings to us:
"You without hope,
Die without suffering."*

*And then, under the
Brighter, laughing skies,
The sea puts on blue,
Pink, gray, and green airs...
[The sea] more beautiful than all,
Better than us!*

— Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)
Translated by Joseph Gregorio
and Laurence Gregorio

Alma Redemptoris Mater

*Alma redemptoris Mater,
quae pervia caeli porta manes,
Et stella maris,
succure cadenti surgere qui curat populo:
Tu quae genuisti,
natura mirante,
tuum sanctum Genitorem:
Virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ab ore sumens illud Ave,
peccatorum miserere.*

*Loving Mother of the Redeemer,
who remain the accessible Gateway of Heaven,
and Star of the Sea,
give aid to a falling people that strives to rise.
O Thou who begot thy holy Creator,
while all Nature marveled,
Virgin before and after
receiving that "Ave" from the mouth of Gabriel,
have mercy on sinners.*

— Marian Antiphon at Compline
Translation by Ron Jeffers

Вечер (Evening)

Зари догорающей пламя
Рассыпало по небу искры,
Сквозит лучезарное море;
Затих по дороге прибрежной
Бубенчиков говор нестройный,
Погонщиков звонкая песня
В дремучем лесу затерялась,
В прозрачном тумане мелькнула
И скрылась крикливая чайка.
Качается белая пена
У серого камня, как в люльке
Заснувший ребенок. Как перлы,
Росы освежительной капли
Повисли на листьях каштана,
И в каждой росинке трепещет
Зари догорающей пламя.

*The flame of the fast-fading sunset
has scattered its sparks 'cross the sky.
The radiant sea is transparent;
the dissonant clanging of cart bells
along the seaside highway falls silent.
The ringing songs of the muleteers
lose their way in the thick forest.
In the limpid fog a noisy seagull
flittered and disappeared.
The white sea-foam rocks to and fro
by the grey rocky shore, like a sleeping
child in a cradle. Like pearls,
the fresh drops of dew
hang on the leaves of the chestnut tree;
and in every droplet there shimmers
the flame of the fast-fading sunset.*

— Yakov Polonsky (1819-1898)
Translation by Vladimir Morosan

Hymne au soleil (Hymn to the Sun)

Du soleil qui renaît bénissons la puissance ;
Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour.
Couronné de splendeur, il se lève, il s'élançe.
Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.

Sept coursiers qu'en partant le Dieu contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon de leur brûlante haleine.
O Soleil fécond, tu parais !

Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts, ses bois épais,
La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais
Des vapeurs du matin sort brillant de rosée.
Du soleil qui renaît célébrons la puissance.

*We bless the power of the reborn sun;
We celebrate its return with all the universe.
Crowned in splendor, it rises up, it launches itself.
The awakening of the earth is a hymn of love.*

*Seven steeds that, in parting, the god barely holds back
Set the horizon alight with their searing breath.
O fecund Sun, you appear!*

*With its fields in flower, its mountains, its thick woods,
The vast sea embraced by your fires,
The universe younger and fresher
Leaves the vapors of the morning shining with dew.
We celebrate the power of the reborn sun.*

— Casimir Delavigne (1793-1843)
Translation by Joseph Gregorio
and Laurence Gregorio

Thy Eternal Summer

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

— William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Lullabye

Goodnight, my angel, time to close your eyes,
and save these questions for another day.
I think I know what you've been asking me.
I think you know what I've been trying to say.
I promised I would never leave you,
and you should always know
wherever you may go, no matter where you are,
I never will be far away.

Goodnight my angel, now it's time to sleep,
and still so many things I want to say.
Remember all the songs you sang for me
when we went sailing on an em'rald bay.
And like a boat out on the ocean,
I'm rocking you to sleep.
The water's dark and deep inside this ancient heart,
You'll always be a part of me.

Goodnight my angel, now it's time to dream,
and dream how wonderful your life will be.
Someday your child may cry,
and if you sing this lullabye,
then in your heart there will always be a part of me.
Someday we'll all be gone but lullabies go on and on.
They never die; that's how you and I will be.

— Billy Joel

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE CHORUS and GARNET SINGERS

Soprano

Deb Bergstrand
Mindy Cheng *•§
Zaina Dana
Alyssa Davis
Diana Garcia
Colette Gerstmann •
Clare Grundstein *
Jennifer Guo •
Xia Headley
Maya Kikuchi
Ainsley Knox
Cindy Lim
Amy McColl
Emma Novak
Janelle Pichardo Reyes
Rebecca Regan *
Josephine Ross *
Jaime Schwartz
Elizabeth Shin
Mia Shoquist *
Emily Uhlmann
Evelien van Gelderen
Julia Welbon

Alto

Safia Bashir
Shelby Billups *
Salima Bourguiba
Veronica Chua *
Lauri Cielo
Sonja Dahl •
Ruth Elias *

(Alto, continued)

Rebecca Ford *•
Emma Giordano •
Rachel Hottle *•§
Emma Mogavero
Ariel Overoff
Rachel Pomerantz
Rebecca Posner-Hess *
Ellen Sassé
Josephine Thrasher *
Will Wang
Tiffany Wang
Xinyu Xu
Shiqiao Yin

Tenor

Zachary Arestad *
Lucas Brooks
Navdeep Maini
Rajiv Potluri *
Kazuatsu Shimizu
Lili Tobias *
Andy Tran *
Ben Warren *§
Christina Webster
Gene Witkowski *
Robert (Bobby) Zipp •

Bass

Omar Camps-Kamrin *
Calvin Chan
Allan Gao
Reuben Gelley Newman

(Bass, continued)

Kei Imada
Deondre Jordan °*
Paul Joslin
Connor Keane
Andrew J. Kim *•§
Elijah Kissman •
Hyong Hark Lee
Xihao Luo
Temba Mateke
Nathaniel Peters *•
Moses Rubin
Jaydeep Sangha
Nate Truman •
Zachary Weiss
David Wible
Asher Wolf *•
George Woodliff-Stanley *•
Zechen Zhang •

Assistant conductor

Andrew J. Kim

Rehearsal pianist

Joshua Mundinger •

| |
|---|
| ° Setup assistant * Member of Garnet Singers • Graduating senior § Section leader |
|---|

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

James Blasina
Bernadette Dunning
Donna Fournier
Emily Frey
Laurence Gregorio
Jenny Honig
Nancy Jantsch

Chandra Moss-Thorne
Michael Johns
Deondre Jordan
Rajiv Potluri
Desta Pulley
Clara Rottsohlk
Olivia Sabee

Janis Siegel
Dan Ward
Jill Ward
Julia Welbon
Tom Whitman
Ilene Wong

Interested in auditioning for the Swarthmore College Choirs?

Chorus (open to students, faculty, staff, and members of the community)
and Garnet Singers (open to students co-enrolled in Chorus)
hold auditions at the start of each semester.

For more information, please e-mail Joseph Gregorio (jgregor5@swarthmore.edu).

Swarthmore College Choirs on Facebook and SoundCloud:

www.facebook.com/SwarthmoreCollegeChoirs
www.soundcloud.com/SwarthmoreCollegeChoirs

Music and Dance at Swarthmore College:

www.swarthmore.edu/music | www.swarthmore.edu/dance-program
www.facebook.com/SwarthmoreMusic | www.facebook.com/SwarthmoreCollegeDanceProgram