
THE CARLETON CHAMBER CHOIR AND THE ST. OLAF CHAMBER SINGERS
PRESENT A

“BRIDGE” CONCERT

KrisAnne Weiss, *mezzo-soprano*

Nikki Melville, *piano*

Nathan Proctor, *piano*

Matthew Olson, *conductor* • Therees Tkach Hibbard, *conductor*

Tuesday, May 3, 2022 | 7:30 P.M.

BOE MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Welcome to our BRIDGE CONCERT - a choral collaboration presented by Carleton Chamber Choir and St. Olaf Chamber Singers. We are delighted to renew this partnership between our college choirs and look forward to regular opportunities to make music together. Our musical offering of these songs from ancient through modern times are being brought to life this evening to engage the mind, inspire the heart, and feed the soul. We hope these universal themes of

joy and peace;

beauty and hope;

faith and mercy;

redemption and renewal

may transcend time and origin to find relevance in our lives today.

Allow our songs and our stories to be received with open hearts and minds and fill your souls with comfort and contentment.

PROGRAM

Carleton Chamber Choir

Super flumina Babylonis

Giovanni Palestrina (1525–1594)

Super Flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus
Dum recordaremur tui, Sion:
In salicibus in medio eius suspendimus organa nostra

*By the rivers of Babylon we sat and wept
When we remembered Zion:
There on the willows we hung our instruments.
—Psalm 136*

Response to Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation

Laura Caviani

from *The Agitators* (Premiering May, 2022)

Carleton’s Jazz professor, Laura Caviani – who also taught previously at St. Olaf College – composed a nine movement composition for the Carleton Choir, Chamber Choir, Jazz Choir, vocal soloists, and Jazz Ensemble titled *The Agitators* which premieres May 20, 2022. Each text source represents voices historically oppressed throughout American History and historical figures who “agitated” society towards equity, including Susan B. Anthony, Paul Wellstone, Sojourner Truth, and Frederick Douglass. This excerpt – a short a cappella movement – sets Frederick Douglass’ response to Abraham Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit: “That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free.”

Context

On the twenty-eighth of January 1862 in Zion Church, Frederick Douglass reassured members of Rochester's African American community as they anxiously waited for President Lincoln to sign the Emancipation Proclamation.

“My Friends: This is scarcely a day for prose. It is a day for poetry and song, a new song. These cloudless skies, this balmy air, this brilliant sunshine, (making December as pleasant as May), are in harmony with the glorious morning of liberty about to dawn upon us. Out of a full heart and with sacred emotion, I congratulate you my friends and fellow citizens, on the high and hopeful condition of the cause of human freedom and the cause of our common country, for these two causes are now one and inseparable and must stand or fall together. We stand today in the presence of a glorious prospect.—This sacred Sunday in all the likelihoods of the case, is the last which will witness the existence of legal slavery in all the Rebel slaveholding States of America.”

Text

These cloudless skies, this balmy air,
the brilliant sunshine are in harmony
with the glorious morning of liberty...
of liberty about to dawn on us.

—Frederick Douglass (1818–1895)

No. 8 “Wenn so lind”

from *Liebeslieder Waltzes*

Wenn so lind

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Und so lieblich schauet,
Jede letzte Trübe fliehet,
Welche mich umgrauet.
Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
Lass sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich,
So treu dich ein anderer lieben.

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

When So Gently

When your eyes so gently
And so fondly gaze on me,
Every last sorrow flees
That had once troubled me,
This beautiful flow of our love,
Do not let it die!
Never will another love you
As faithfully as I.
—Georg Daumer

In the Middle

Dale Trumbore (b.1987)

In the Middle | Dale Trumbore

Ms. Trumbore writes: “Barbara Crooker’s poem *In the Middle* describes the struggle to connect in the rush of ordinary life. In this setting, the piano serves as an unreliable time-keeper, ebbing and flowing as our perception of time does. Sometimes, it pushes us on, frantic; sometimes, the pace relaxes in a moment of peace. The word “time” itself occurs over and over within the piece, serving as a sort of refrain, a reminder to slow down. I first read this poem of Barbara’s last summer, at the beach house where my family has gone since I was very young - an annual trip I’d missed, for one reason or another, for the last three years. There, the poem’s metaphors were made real - a literal hammock in the backyard, a beach just across the street- and it seemed especially important to set this text. It is so easy to forget, in the context of everyday life, that time will ultimately catch up with all of us. There’s no antidote, but in the meantime, we should “take off our watches” more often, finding ourselves “tangled up in love” with another or just with this life, and granting time permission, if not to stop, then to slow.”

Text

In the middle of a life that’s
as complicated as everyone else’s,
struggling for balance, juggling time.
The mantle clock that was my grandfather’s
has stopped at 9:20; we haven’t had time
to get it repaired. The brass pendulum is still,
the chimes don’t ring. One day I look out the window,
green summer, the next, the leaves have already fallen,
and a grey sky lowers the horizon.
Our children almost grown, our parents gone,
it happened so fast.
Each day, we must learn again how to love,
between morning’s quick coffee
and evening’s slow return.
Steam from a pot of soup rises,
mixing with the yeasty smell of baking bread. Our bodies
twine, and the big black dog pushes his great head between;
his tail, a metronome, 3/4 time. We’ll never get there,
Time is always ahead of us, running down the beach, urging
us on faster, faster, but sometimes we take off our watches,
sometimes we lie in the hammock, caught between the mess
of rope and the net of stars, suspended, tangled up
in love, running out of time.

—Barbara Crooker, from *Radiance*

ST. OLAF CHAMBER SINGERS

Now I Walk in Beauty

Gregg Smith (1931–2016)

Now I walk in beauty
Beauty is before me
Beauty is behind me
Above and below me.
—*Navajo prayer*

Now Shall My Inward Joy Arise

William Billings (1746–1800)

Hallelujah

from *Heavenly Home*

Now Shall My Inward Joy Arise
Now shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
—*Isaac Watts*

William Walker, 1835/arr. Shawn Kirchner

Hallelujah

Hallelujah
And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord. Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at Thy feet

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

—*Charles Wesley*

This Sky

Carlos Cordero (b.1992)

This Sky
This sky where we live
Is no place to lose your wings, so love!

Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!

from *Trois chansons*

Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Dieu ! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grands biens qui sont en elle
Chacun est prest de la louer.
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Toujours sa beauté nouvelle.
Dieu ! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
Par deça, ne dela, la mer
Ne scay dame ne demoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.
C'est un songe que d'i penser:
Dieu ! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

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.
God! but she is fair!
—*Charles D'Orleans*

Lucidity [premiere]

Lucidity

ease me in—
slowly, carefully
ease me back in—
gracefully, seamlessly
ease me into the warmth—
our bountiful chalice
is no longer bitter of salt
but tastes of lilac and sunlight
touch deprived, words ceased;
an insatiable thirst.
ease me, ease me back into lucidity.
—*text by Shae Lime*

Jonathan Thomas Madden

That Which Remains

What we have once enjoyed we can never lose.
A sunset, a mountain bathed in moonlight,
the ocean in calm and in storm—we see these,
love their beauty, hold the vision to our hearts.
All that we love deeply becomes a part of us.
—*text by Helen Keller*

Andrea Ramsey

COMBINED CHOIRS

Fern Hill

John Corigliano (b.1938)

Nikki Melville, *piano*
KrisAnne Weiss, *mezzo-soprano*

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the liting house and happy as the grass was green
The night above the dingle starry
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home
In the sun that is young once only
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams
All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass
And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
Flying with the ricks, and the horses
Flashing into the dark

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden
The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very day
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long
In the sun born over and over
I ran my heedless ways
My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
Before the children green and golden
Follow him out of grace

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand
In the moon that is always rising
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea
—*Dylan Thomas*

PERSONNEL

CARLETON CHAMBER CHOIR

Nathan Proctor '06, *collaborative pianist*

Matthew J. Olson '06, *conductor*

Soprano

Palina Buchanan '22

Sara Liu '22

Marjorie Mitalski '24

Kaitlyn Peterson '24

Sara Shallenberger '25

Alto

Ingrid Anderson '24

Sophie Boileau '24

Helen Du '22

Becca Helmstetter '23 (abroad)

Sophie Hill '25

Tenor

Jimmy Carlson '25

Harald Lundberg '24

Sasha Rapacz '25

Tate Russell '23

Michael Yang '24

Bass

Jonas Bartels '24

John Cramer '23

Ashok Khare '24

Douglas Meeker '24

Kai Weiner '25

Andrew Weller '24

ST. OLAF CHAMBER SINGERS

Therees Tkach Hibbard, *conductor*

Hermione Yim, *collaborative pianist*

Jayden Browne, *student assistant*

Austin Meyer, *student manager*

Sopranos

Laura Albrecht, *San Jose, CA*

Emma Auby, *Monona, WI*

Rachel Dumont, *Brunswick, ME*

Maren Hrivnak*, *Madison, MS*

Olivia Inberg, *Magnolia, TX*

Shae Lime, *Treasure Island, FL*

Blake Ormond, *Chicago, IL*

Alto

Emmy Erickson, *Woodbury, MN*

Daniel Haakenson, *Minneapolis, MN*

Josie Lynn*, *Mechanicsville, VA*

Alexys Sayegh, *Corona, CA*

Emma Silvestri, *Lawrence, KS*

Joanna Thuesen, *Indianapolis, IN*

Hermione Yim, *Hong Kong SAR*

Tenor

Logan Combs*, *Haysville, KS*

Mason DeGrazia, *Iowa City, IA*

Alexander Famous, *Princeton, NJ*

Aidan Kocur, *Fort Worth, TX*

Noah Smith, *Glasgow, KY*

Blake Wieseler, *Yankton, SD*

Bass

Jayden Browne, *Lancaster, PA*

Roan Findley, *Sycamore, IL*

Sean Griswold, *San Clemente, CA*

Nicholas Hinson*, *Tampa, FL*

Christopher Kopits, *Princeton, NJ*

Austin Meyer, *Sioux Falls, SD*

Will McIntyre, *Faribault, MN*

*section leader

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Kathryn Ananda-Owens, *department chair*
David Carter, *department vice-chair*
Barbara Barth, *academic administrative assistant – music*
Lisa McDermott, *academic administrative assistant – music*
Jason Bystrom, *instrument coordinator – music*

FINE ARTS ADMISSIONS

Molly Boes Ganza '08, *associate dean of fine arts recruitment*

MUSIC ORGANIZATIONS AND COLLEGE RELATIONS

Michael Kyle '85, *vice president for enrollment and college relations*
Jean Parish '88, *director of college relations for music organizations*
Terra Widdifield '95, *associate director of music organizations*
Connor Smith, *assistant director of music organizations for audience development*
Sarah Gingerich '11, *assistant director of music organizations for project management*

Courtney Kleftis, *associate librarian for ensembles and performing rights*
Kiernan Bartlett '21, *arts management intern for production and concert management*
Ella Harpstead '21, *arts management intern for marketing and touring*