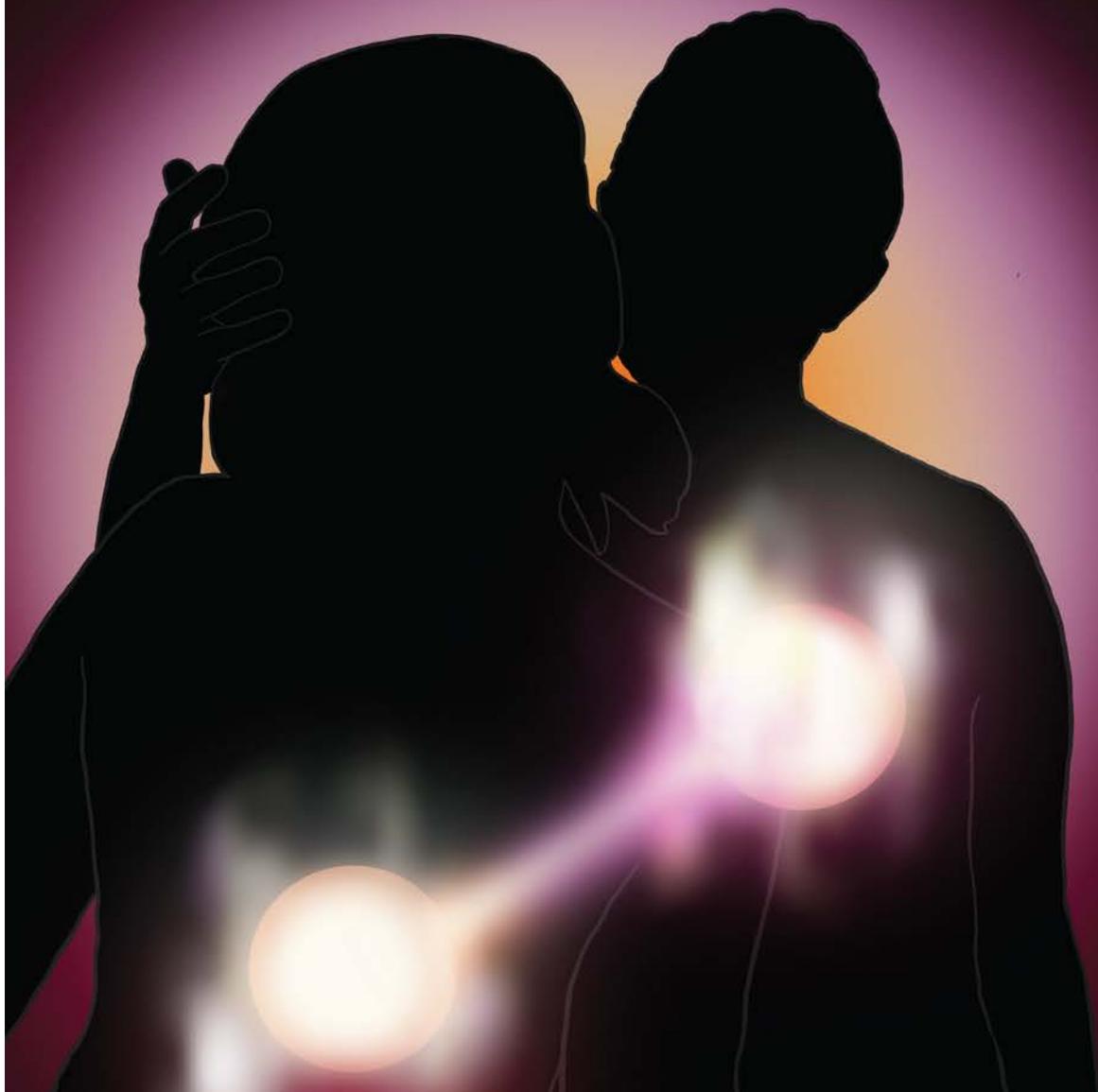


# To Repair



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# TO REPAIR

VIKING CHORUS | TESFA WONDEMAGEGNEHU, *CONDUCTOR*

ST. OLAF CHOIR | ANTON ARMSTRONG, *CONDUCTOR*

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEN'S GLEE CLUB | MARK STOVER, *CONDUCTOR*

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 2022 | 3:30 P.M

*BOE MEMORIAL CHAPEL*

# PROGRAM

## UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEN'S GLEE CLUB

MARK STOVER, *CONDUCTOR*

### Laudes atque Carmina

Albert Stanley

*Laudes atque carmina,  
Nec hodie nec cras,  
Sed omnia per tempora,  
Dum locum habeas,  
Tibi sint dulcissima, O Universitas;  
At hostes Pol, perneciter eant eis korakas.  
O Gloria, Victoria, O decus omnium,  
O salve Universitas Michiganensium,  
Michiganensium.*

— Albert Stanley

May songs and praises to you,  
O University, be sweetest,  
Not just today nor tomorrow,  
But for all time,  
So long as you have the place.  
But may our foes, indeed,  
Go swiftly to the crows!  
O glory, victory, and virtue of everything;  
Prosper, O University of Michigan.

— *Trans. by Charles M. Gayley*

### Christus Resurgens

arr. Michael McGlynn

John Marinan and Carter Krumins, *percussion*

*Christus resurgens ex mortuis, jam non moritur,  
alleluia  
Mors illi ultra non dominabitur alleluia*

Christ has arisen from the dead and dies no more,  
alleluia  
Death will no longer have dominion over Him alleluia  
— *Irish chant*

### Truth

Connor Koppin

“Truth,” said a traveller,  
“Is a rock, a mighty fortress;  
Often have I been to it,  
Even to its highest tower,  
From whence the world looks black.”

“Truth,” said a traveller,  
“Is a breath, a wind,  
A shadow, a phantom;  
Long have I pursued it,  
But never have I touched  
The hem of its garment.”

And I believed the second traveller;  
For truth was to me  
A breath, a wind,  
A shadow, a phantom,  
And never had I touched  
The hem of its garment.

“Truth from whence the world looks black.”  
— *Stephen Crane*

### Veni Creator Spiritus

Timothy C. Takach

*Veni, Creator Spiritus,  
mentes tuorum visita,  
imple superna gratia  
quae tu creasti pectora.*

*Gloria Patri et Filio,  
Natoque qui a mortuis  
surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
in saeculorum saecula.  
Amen.*

— *Rabanus Maurus*

Come, Creator Spirit,  
visit the minds of your own people,  
fill with grace from above  
the hearts that you have created.

Glory be to the Father and also to the Son,  
begotten, who from the dead  
has risen, and to the Comforter Holy Spirit,  
for ages upon ages.  
Amen.

— *Trans. by Anne Groton*

## Die Rose Stand Im Tau

*Die Rose stand im Tau,  
es waren Perlen grau;  
Als Sonne sie beshienen,  
wurden sie zu Rubinen.*

— Friedrich Rückert

Robert Schumann  
ed. Kurt Stone

The rose was moist with dew,  
Grey pearls in early dawn.  
When sunlight fell upon them,  
All the pearls turned to rubies.

— *Trans. by Kurt Stone*

## The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

As it fell on one holy-day,  
As many be in the year,  
When young men and maids together did go  
Their matins and mass to hear,

Little Musgrave came to the church-door —  
The priest was at private mass —  
But he had more mind of the fair women  
Then he had of Our Lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green,  
Another was clad in pall,  
And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife,  
The fairest amongst them all.

Quoth she, "I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,  
Full long and many a day." —  
"So have I loved you, fair ladye,  
Yet never word durst I say." —

"But I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry,  
Full daintily it is dight;  
If thou'lt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,  
Thou'st lig in my arms all night."

With that beheard a little tiny page,  
By his lady's coach as he ran.  
Says, "Although I am my lady's foot-page,  
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man."

Then he's cast off his hose and shoon,  
Set down his feet and ran,  
And where the bridges were broken down  
He bent his bow and swam.

"Awake! awake! thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life!  
Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry  
Along with thy own wedded wife!"

He callèd up his merry men all:  
"Come saddle me my steed;  
This night must I to Bucklesfordberry,  
For I never had greater need."

But some they whistled, and some they sung,  
And some they thus could say,  
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew:  
"Away, Musgrave, away!"

"Methinks I hear the threstle-cock,  
Methinks I hear the jay;  
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn,  
Away, Musgrave, away!"

"Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave,  
And huggle me from the cold;  
"Tis nothing but a shepherd's boy  
A-driving his sheep to the fold."

By this, Lord Barnard came to his door  
And lighted a stone upon;  
And he's pull'd out three silver keys,  
And open'd the doors each one.  
He lifted up the coverlet,  
He lifted up the sheet:

"Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrave,  
And put thy clothès on;  
It shall ne'er be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man."

"I have two swords in one scabbard,  
They are both sharp and clear;  
Take you the best, and I the worst,  
We'll end the matter here."

The first stroke Little Musgrave struck,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard struck,  
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.

"Woe worth you, woe worth, my merry men all,  
You were ne'er born for my good!  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand  
When you saw me wax so wood?"

"For I have slain the fairest ladye  
That ever wore woman's weed,  
Soe I have slain the fairest ladye  
That ever did woman's deed.

"A grave, a grave," Lord Barnard cried,  
"To put these lovers in!  
But lay my lady on the upper hand,  
For she comes of the nobler kin."

— *Anonymous (from The Oxford Book of Ballads)*

Benjamin Britten

## The Turtle Dove

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Jordan Lippert, *tenor*

Fare you well my dear I must be gone  
And leave you for a while  
If I roam away I'll come back again  
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear  
Though I roam ten thousand miles

So fair though art my bonney lass  
So deep in love as I  
But I never will prove false to the bonney lass I  
love  
Till the stars fall from the sky my dear  
Till the stars fall from the sky

The sea will never run dry my dear  
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun  
But I never will prove false to the bonney lass I love  
Till all these things be done my dear  
Till all these things be done

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove  
He doth sit on yonder high tree  
A-making a moan for the loss of his love  
As I will do for thee my dear  
As I will do for thee

— *English folk song*

## The Word Was God

Rosephanye Powell

Bryan Iljames, *assistant conductor*

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.  
The same was in the beginning with God.  
All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.  
— *Rosephanye Powell*

## MLK

U2

ft. The Friars

Sleep  
Sleep tonight  
And may your dreams  
Be realized

If the thundercloud  
Passes rain  
So let it rain  
Rain down on me  
— *Bono (U2)*

## We Shall Overcome

Uzee Brown Jr.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,  
We shall overcome someday,  
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe that  
We shall overcome someday.

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,  
We are not afraid today;  
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe that  
We shall overcome someday.

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,  
We shall overcome someday,  
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe that  
We shall overcome someday.

We shall overcome someday!

— *Civil rights anthem*

# ST. OLAF CHOIR (SOPRANOS AND ALTOS)

ANTON ARMSTRONG, *CONDUCTOR*

Elsa Buck, collaborative pianist

## Lift Thine Eyes (*Elijah*)

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

*Sung in loving memory of Sigrid Johnson*

Lift thine eyes,  
O lift thine eyes to the mountains,  
whence cometh help.

Thy help cometh from the Lord,  
The Maker of heaven and earth.

He hath said, thy foot shall not be moved.  
Thy Keeper will never slumber.

— *Psalm 121:1-3*

## Psalm 23

Franz Schubert

*Gott ist mein Hirt,  
Mir wird nichts mangeln,  
Er lagert mich auf grüne Weide;  
Er leitet mich an stillen Bächen:  
Er labt mein schmachthendes Gemüt,  
Er führt mich auf rechtem Steige,  
Zu seines Namens Ruhm.*

God is my shepherd,  
I will want for nothing more.  
He lays me down on green pasture;  
He leads me by quiet brooks;  
He restores my languishing spirit;  
He leads me on the right path  
For the honor of his name.

*Und wall' ich auch im Todesschatten Thale;  
So wall' ich ohne Furcht:  
Denn du beschüttest mich.  
Dein Stab und deine Stütze  
Sind mir immerdar mein Trost.*

And if I wander in the valley of death's shadow,  
Thus I will go without fear:  
For you protect me;  
Your rod and your staff  
Are my comfort for evermore.

*Du richtest mir ein Freudenmahl  
Im Angesicht der Feinde zu:  
Du salbst mein Haupt mit Oele,  
Und schenkst mir volle Becher ein.  
Mir folget Heil und Seligkeit  
In diesem Leben nach.  
Einst ruh' ich ewge Zeit,  
Dort in des Ew'gen Haus.*

You prepare a joyous meal for me  
In the presence of my foes;  
You anoint my head with oil  
And fill my cup.  
Health and happiness will follow me  
The rest of this life;  
Some day I will rest for eternity,  
There, in his eternal home.

— *Franz Schubert*

— *Trans. Moses Mendelssohn*

## Nigra Sum

Pablo Casals

I am black, I am black, but comely,  
Daughters of Jerusalem;  
The King hath rejoiced in me,  
The King hath brought me into His very own  
chambers.

Lo, for the winter is past and gone,  
And the rain is over and gone,  
Lo, the winter, lo, winter's gone,  
The rain, the rain is over, is over and gone,  
Lo, winter's past and gone.

He spoke unto me:  
Rise up, my fair one, and come away,  
Rise up, my fair one, arise, my love.

The flow'rs appear on the earth, on the earth,  
The flow'rs appear on the earth, on our earth,  
And the time of renewal is come.  
Alleluia.

— *Kenneth Sterne*

## John Saw Duh Numbuh

arr. André J. Thomas

Oh, John saw, John saw duh numbuh  
Comin up on high  
John saw duh numbuh  
John saw duh numbuh dat no man could numbuh (x3)  
Comin up on high

John saw duh hundred and forty four thousan', (x3)  
Comin up on high

Tell John not to call duh roll till I git dere, (x3)  
Comin up on high

John saw duh numbuh dat no man could numbuh  
Comin from the east  
Comin from the west  
Comin from the north  
Comin from the south  
Comin up on high.

Oh, John saw, John saw duh numbuh  
Oh, comin up on high

— *Text drawn from the African American spiritual,  
"John Saw Duh Numbuh"*

## INTERMISSION

### VIKING CHORUS, ST. OLAF CHOIR (TENORS AND BASSES), UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEN'S GLEE CLUB MARK STOVER, CONDUCTOR

#### To Repair

Tesfa Yohannes Wondemagegnehu

Tesfa Wondemagegnehu, *preacher*; John Marinan, *percussion*; Will Rand, *piano*

#### I. Truth

America, it is to thee,  
Thou boasted land of liberty,—  
It is to thee I raise my song,  
Thou land of blood, and crime, and wrong.

Chained on your blood-bemoistened sod,  
Cringing beneath a tyrant's rod,  
Stripped of those rights which Nature's God  
Bound to a petty tyrant's nod.

Bequeathed to all the human race,  
Because he wears a paler face.

—*Text drawn from "America" by James Monroe Whitfield*

#### II. Investment

Lo . . . the rich loam is Black like his hands.  
The baby I hold in my arms is a Black baby.  
Today the coalman brought me coal.  
sixteen dollars a ton is the price I pay for coal.--  
Costly fuel . . . though they say:  
If it is buried deep enough and lies hidden long enough  
'Twill be no longer coal but diamonds. . . .

Jesus,  
My black Baby looks at me.  
His eyes are like coals,  
They shine like diamonds.

— *Text drawn from "Black Baby" by Anita Scott Coleman*

### III. Resilience

I rise, I wake! I rise

The right to make my dreams come true,  
I ask, nay, I demand of life,  
Nor shall fate's deadly contraband  
Impede my steps, nor countermand;  
Too long my heart against the ground  
Has beat the dusty years around,  
And now at length, I rise, I wake!  
And stride into the morning break!

I rise, I wake! I rise.

— Text drawn from "Calling Dreams" by Georgia Douglas Johnson

### IV. Renewal

Liberty

God don't want no part-time soldiers,  
God's gonna set this world on fire.

All you sinners gonna turn up missin' one of these days, Hallelujah

God's gonna set this world on fire,  
For it will be a refiner's fire,  
When God sets this world on fire

For every act of cruelty you've done,  
For every groan which you have from him wrung,  
For every infamy by him endured,  
He will you all repay, be thou assured

Liberty,  
Lukongo!

We're gonna climb Jacob's ladder one of these days, Hallelujah  
We are climbing Jacob's ladder, Soldiers of the cross.

— Text drawn from the Negro spiritual "God's Gonna Set This World on Fire"; "America" from Race Rhymes by Carrie Williams Clifford; and the term lukongo, discussed in the following section

**\*Choir and audience together hum "Amazing Grace" and conclude in unison**

# PROGRAM NOTES & POETRY

by Dan Walden, University of Michigan

Tesfa Wondemagegnehu

## To Repair

When we ask what it means to repair, we should be clear about the terms of the question. The work of repair is carried out in the aftermath of a breaking. Repair is not restoration: we do not seek to bring back something as it was in the past. Indeed, when we consider the project of community repair in the United States, we are often dealing with communities whose memory is not of wholeness and health but of violent dispossession, dehumanization, and enslavement. In asking about repair, then, we look at the present and toward the future: what do the people who live in this country with us need to be whole? Time runs in only one direction: we cannot unbreak a limb or uncut a wound. But bones can be set and wounds can be stitched and bandaged, and with time and care a person can heal both without and within, as long as life remains. That caveat is a heavy one. So many are not alive who ought to be: dead from police violence, from uninvestigated murders, from AIDS complications and lack of healthcare. Their deaths are part of what needs repairing: the gaps where their lives should be are wounds in their families and communities that demand our care and attention. The word “reparations” in the present day sounds radical, and perhaps it is — but we should ask ourselves why. What is radical about giving people and communities, ravaged and traumatized by centuries of alternating exploitation and neglect, the things that they need to heal? This sounds radical only because we in the United States do not ordinarily permit ourselves to ask the simple question that gets to the root of the problem. Tesfa asks it with this work: what do our communities need, and what do we as Americans need, to repair?

## I. Truth

Confession is the spiritual counterpart to a medical diagnosis: we cannot heal properly unless we know what is wrong. For many, confession is the archetype of autobiography because the narrative of a life, and of our life together, begins with the narrative of our sin.

The words of Thomas Jefferson give voice to the bad American conscience: we have long known of the moral rot at our country’s heart. James Monroe Whitfield’s indictment of America comes out first as a cry and then as a hymn before pausing at the false-ringing, unresolved “liberty.” The tune of colonial patriotism cannot be sustained: the “blood and crime and wrong” that stain our history need to be confessed and confronted. Heptametric measures bring urgency and excess to Whitfield’s accusations until the chorus pulls back into restrained and icy harmony, while the unruly piano that undergirds them does not forget.

America, it is to thee,  
Thou boasted land of liberty,—  
It is to thee I raise my song,  
Thou land of blood, and crime, and wrong.  
From whence has issued many a band  
To tear the black man from his soil,  
And force him here to delve and toil;  
Chained on your blood-bemoistened sod,  
Cringing beneath a tyrant's rod,  
Stripped of those rights which Nature's God  
Bequeathed to all the human race,  
Bound to a petty tyrant's nod,  
Because he wears a paler face.  
Was it for this, that freedom's fires  
Were kindled by your patriot sires?  
Was it for this, they shed their blood,  
On hill and plain, on field and flood?  
Was it for this, that wealth and life  
Were staked upon that desperate strife,  
Which drenched this land for seven long years  
With blood of men, and women's tears?  
When black and white fought side by side,  
Upon the well-contested field,—  
Turned back the fierce opposing tide,  
And made the proud invader yield—

When, wounded, side by side they lay,  
And heard with joy the proud hurrah  
From their victorious comrades say  
That they had waged successful war,  
The thought ne'er entered in their brains  
That they endured those toils and pains,  
To forge fresh fetters, heavier chains  
For their own children, in whose veins  
Should flow that patriotic blood,  
So freely shed on field and flood.  
Oh no; they fought, as they believed,  
For the inherent rights of man;  
But mark, how they have been deceived  
By slavery's accursed plan.  
They never thought, when thus they shed  
Their heart's best blood, in freedom's cause  
That their own sons would live in dread,  
Under unjust, oppressive laws:  
That those who quietly enjoyed  
The rights for which they fought and fell,  
Could be the framers of a code,  
That would disgrace the fiends of hell!  
Could they have looked, with prophet's ken,  
Down to the present evil time,  
Seen free-born men, uncharged with crime,

Consigned unto a slaver's pen,—  
 Or thrust into a prison cell,  
 With thieves and murderers to dwell—  
 While that same flag whose stripes and stars  
 Had been their guide through freedom's wars  
 As proudly waved above the pen  
 Of dealers in the souls of men!  
 Or could the shades of all the dead,  
     Who fell beneath that starry flag,  
 Visit the scenes where they once bled,  
     On hill and plain, on vale and crag,  
 By peaceful brook, or ocean's strand,  
     By inland lake, or dark green wood,  
 Where'er the soil of this wide land  
     Was moistened by their patriot blood,—  
 And then survey the country o'er,  
     From north to south, from east to west,  
 And hear the agonizing cry  
 Ascending up to God on high,  
 From western wilds to ocean's shore,  
     The fervent prayer of the oppressed;  
 The cry of helpless infancy  
     Torn from the parent's fond caress  
 By some base tool of tyranny,  
     And doomed to woe and wretchedness;  
 The indignant wail of fiery youth,  
     Its noble aspirations crushed,  
 Its generous zeal, its love of truth,  
     Trampled by tyrants in the dust;  
 The aerial piles which fancy reared,  
     And hopes too bright to be enjoyed,  
 Have passed and left his young heart seared,  
     And all its dreams of bliss destroyed.  
 The shriek of virgin purity,  
     Doomed to some libertine's embrace,  
 Should rouse the strongest sympathy  
     Of each one of the human race;  
 And weak old age, oppressed with care,  
     As he reviews the scene of strife,  
 Puts up to God a fervent prayer,  
     To close his dark and troubled life.  
 The cry of fathers, mothers, wives,  
     Severed from all their hearts hold dear,  
 And doomed to spend their wretched lives  
     In gloom, and doubt, and hate, and fear;  
 And manhood, too, with soul of fire,  
 And arm of strength, and smothered ire,  
 Stands pondering with brow of gloom,  
 Upon his dark unhappy doom,  
 Whether to plunge in battle's strife,  
 And buy his freedom with his life,  
 And with stout heart and weapon strong,  
 Pay back the tyrant wrong for wrong,  
 Or wait the promised time of God,  
     When his Almighty ire shall wake,

And smite the oppressor in his wrath,  
 And hurl red ruin in his path,  
 And with the terrors of his rod,  
     Cause adamantine hearts to quake.  
 Here Christian writhes in bondage still,  
     Beneath his brother Christian's rod,  
 And pastors trample down at will,  
     The image of the living God.  
 While prayers go up in lofty strains,  
     And pealing hymns ascend to heaven,  
 The captive, toiling in his chains,  
     With tortured limbs and bosom riven,  
 Raises his fettered hand on high,  
     And in the accents of despair,  
 To him who rules both earth and sky,  
     Puts up a sad, a fervent prayer,  
 To free him from the awful blast  
     Of slavery's bitter galling shame—  
 Although his portion should be cast  
     With demons in eternal flame!  
 Almighty God! It is this they call  
     The land of liberty and law;  
 Part of its sons in baser thrall  
     Than Babylon or Egypt saw—  
 Worse scenes of rapine, lust and shame,  
     Than Babylonian ever knew,  
 Are perpetrated in the name  
     Of God, the holy, just, and true;  
 And darker doom than Egypt felt,  
 May yet repay this nation's guilt.  
 Almighty God! thy aid impart,  
 And fire anew each faltering heart,  
 And strengthen every patriot's hand,  
 Who aims to save our native land.  
 We do not come before thy throne,  
     With carnal weapons drenched in gore,  
 Although our blood has freely flown,  
     In adding to the tyrant's store.  
 Father! before thy throne we come,  
     Not in the panoply of war,  
 With pealing trump, and rolling drum,  
     And cannon booming loud and far;  
 Striving in blood to wash out blood,  
     Through wrong to seek redress for wrong;  
 For while thou'rt holy, just and good,  
     The battle is not to the strong;  
 But in the sacred name of peace,  
     Of justice, virtue, love and truth,  
 We pray, and never mean to cease,  
     Till weak old age and fiery youth  
 In freedom's cause their voices raise,  
 And burst the bonds of every slave;  
 Till, north and south, and east and west,  
 The wrongs we bear shall be redressed.

— James Monroe Whitfield, "America"

## II. Investment

Before anything else, to be human is to be born of other humans. We are invested from birth and before with the hopes, the anxieties, the sorrows, and the very bodily substance of those who beget and bear us. This continual investment, flowering, and reinvestment is the life story of any people — what, then, does that mean for people whose care and cultivation of their children happens under the constant threat of state violence? They send children out into the world: the melodic line asks Jesus to walk with them and is answered immediately by the “motherless child.” The words of Anita Scott Coleman ask us what will happen to this black baby whose skin is like coal, the “costly fuel” that, if buried and hidden, will “be no longer coal, but diamonds,” flung into the sky by the ascending piano line like the Star of Bethlehem that marks the way to salvation. The cries to Jesus draw equally from spiritual and from Vic Mensa’s “16 Shots,” building to a crescendo that is at once prayer and plea and indictment: who walked with Laquan McDonald or Trayvon Martin or Tamir Rice? All were babies once, in whom parents invested their love. Perhaps their eyes, too, shone like diamonds.

The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.  
Today I set him in the sun and  
Sunbeams danced on his head.  
The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.  
I toil, and I cannot always cuddle him.  
I place him on the ground at my feet.  
He presses the warm earth with his hands,  
He lifts the sand and laughs to see  
It flow through his chubby fingers.  
I watch to discern which are his hands,  
Which is the sand. . . .

Lo . . . the rich loam is black like his hands.  
The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.  
Today the coal-man brought me coal.  
sixteen dollars a ton is the price I pay for coal.--  
Costly fuel . . . though they say:  
-- If it is buried deep enough and lies hidden long enough  
‘Twill no longer be coal but diamonds. . . .  
My black baby looks at me.  
His eyes are like coals,  
They shine like diamonds.

— Anita Scott Coleman, “Black Baby”

## III. Resilience

The resilience of Black communities is much admired by members of the press. What they usually praise under this name is the willingness to bear countless indignities and abuses in relative silence; those who claim their dignity out loud without any conditions rarely win such applause. And yet, as the rising in both voices and lyrics suggests, such dignity in the end is irrepressible. The words of Georgia Douglas Johnson — “ask, nay...demand of life” “the right to make [her] dreams come true,” — will brook no opposition. The black baby’s musical theme returns to extend this demand on behalf of future generations as it descends to confront the weight of history: “Too long my heart against the ground / Has beat the dusty years around,” until “at last” it turns its gaze to the future to “stride into the morning break,” toward a future higher and brighter than anything we can imagine.

The right to make my dreams come true,  
I ask, nay, I demand of life,  
Nor shall fate’s deadly contraband  
Impede my steps, nor countermand;

Too long my heart against the ground  
Has beat the dusty years around,  
And now at length I rise! I wake!  
And stride into the morning break!

— Georgia Douglas Johnson, “Calling Dream”

## IV. Renewal

The time to repent is always now. Too many are suffering; too many are dead. “Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child,” says scripture. “If thou afflict them in any way, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.” The cries of the oppressed begin this last movement. What will the justice of God work on a country whose regime of police violence churns out widows and orphans by the thousands only to grind them up again to fuel the engines of capitalism? The powers of the earth sing “Liberty” to justify themselves: their liberty, they say, excuses all this blood. It’s too late: judgment is here, and “God’s gonna set this world on fire.” The words of the apocalyptic spiritual and the music of Bach warn us against our hypocrisy: “God don’t want no part-time soldiers.” The incipit to Bach’s chorale was put onto the gate of the Buchenwald concentration camp: we know precisely where legal regimes of deliberate cruelty lead, and what we are complicit in if we fail to oppose it. Such sinners, say the chorus, will turn up missing, and as each is snatched away they can no longer sing: all that remains is the wreckage of their works. Handel furnishes the music for the judgment, when the “refiner’s fire” comes and the world is made clean. What will be lost when the fire burns away impurity and sin? Poet Carrie Williams Clifford warns us in collaboration with the chords of “Walking in the Snow” by Run the Jewels that every wrong will be reckoned. “He will you all repay: be thou assured!” There is a chance to repent even now, says the preacher. We have given account and our hearts must be changed. “Liberty” reasserts itself, but it has been exposed as an idol. In 1739, a group of enslaved Africans rebelled, setting fire to the plantations that were centers and engines of their enslavement and shouting *Lukango* (“freedom”), in their native Kikongo language: that cry takes over the whole chorus, and the heptameters of the first movement return with their

structure reversed and the tables flipped, building to an ecstatic resolution. Freedom means that we all get to climb Jacob's Ladder after passing through the fire that judges us and scours us clean: liberation of the Kindom leads us to the Kingdom. What follows is wordless hymnody to the grace that comes from beyond us and holds the world in being. The work of repair needs all of us and more: it needs the grace that is more than we can be, that takes us up in its song and transfigures us until all that remains is the Love that, as St. Paul writes, will be all in all.

God's gonna set this world on fire  
One of these days  
God's gonna set this world on fire  
One of these days, Hallelujah  
One of these days

God don't want no part-time soldiers  
God don't want no part-time soldiers

We're gonna climb, climb Jacob's Ladder  
We're gonna climb, climb Jacob's Ladder  
One of these days, Hallelujah  
We're gonna climb, climb Jacob's Ladder  
We're gonna climb, climb Jacob's Ladder  
We are climbing Jacob's Ladder  
Soldiers of the cross.  
— *Negro spiritual, "God's Gonna Set This World on Fire"*

America is not another name for opportunity  
To all her sons! Nay, bid me not be dumb —  
I will be heard. Christians, I come  
To plead with burning eloquence of truth  
A brother's cause; ay, to demand, forsooth,  
The manhood rights of which he is denied;  
Too long your pretense have your acts belied.  
What has he done to merit your fierce hate?  
I charge you, speak the truth; for know, his fate  
Irrevocably is bound up with yours,  
For good or ill, as long as time endures.  
Torn from his native home by ruthless hands,  
For centuries he tilled your fruitful lands,  
In shameful, base, degrading slavery;  
Your humble, patient, loyal vassal, he —  
Piling your coffers high with magic gold,  
Himself, the while, like cattle bought and sold.

When devastating war stalked through the land,  
And dangers threatened you on every hand,  
These sons whose color you cannot forgive.  
Did freely shed their blood that you might live  
A nation, strong and great. And will you then  
Continue to debase, degrade, condemn  
Your loyal children, while with smiling face  
You raise disloyal ones to power and place?  
Is race or color crime, that for this cause  
You draft against the Negro unjust laws?  
Is race or color sin that he should be  
For these things treated so outrageously?  
O, boastful, white American, beware!  
It is the handiwork of God you dare  
Thus to despise and He will you repay

With generous measure overflowing, yea,  
For all the good which in his life you've  
wrought.  
For helpful deed, or kindly, loving thought —  
For every act of cruelty you've done,  
For every groan which you have from him  
wrung.  
For every infamy by him endured,  
He will you all repay, be thou assured!  
Not here alone ere time shall cease to be,  
But likewise There, through all eternity.  
— *Carrie Williams Clifford, "America" from Race Rhymes*

*Lukango*: a Kikongo word shouted during the 1739 Stono Rebellion. Scholar Henry Louis Gates wrote this about the uprising, "They paraded down King's Highway, according to sources, carrying banners and shouting, 'Liberty!' — *lukango* in their native Kikongo, a word that would have expressed the English ideals embodied in liberty and, perhaps, salvation.

# BIOGRAPHIES



Born and raised in Memphis, with an impressive collection of opinions on barbecue, **Tesfa Wondemagegnehu** learned early on from one of his mentors that “excellence is never an accident.” It is achieved by exploring and freely disseminating the blessings bestowed upon each of us. Through the love and dedication of music teachers with whom he has studied and an abundance of grit and determination, Tesfa has risen to be one of the most sought-after conductors and educators in the country and is on the cutting edge of music-related social justice movements throughout the United States. He summarizes his work in this simple doctrine: “We must be willing to walk through the fire while embracing and practicing unconditional and unrelenting care for one another. The rest is noise!”

Tesfa has been taught and inspired by all of his students throughout his career. His favorite student/teacher, daughter Aida Hope, born in 2017, is influencing him daily with new developments, all the while wrapping him around her tiny finger. It is still to be determined whether she will be a world-famous singer, a renowned conductor, the intergalactic compassionate ruler of the universe, or the ultimate grill master, but nevertheless, she will be fierce.

American Public Media’s Vaughn Ormseth has this to say about Tesfa: “He believes choral music transformed his life, saved him, so his passion for it is on a cellular level. He loves the formal tradition of the art form, but plugs his own kind of electricity directly into it. He has a millennial’s impatience with systems.” And so, with music’s undeniable power and potential to save lives and the impatience to wait for others to make change, Tesfa will continue to transform the world with his vision of abundant education, justice, joy and Grace.



**Anton Armstrong**, Tosdal Professor of Music at St. Olaf College, became the fourth conductor of the St. Olaf Choir in 1990. He is a graduate of St. Olaf College and earned advanced degrees at the University of Illinois and Michigan State University. He is editor of a multicultural choral series for Earthsongs Publications and co-editor (with John Ferguson) of the revised St. Olaf Choral Series for Augsburg Fortress Publishers. In June 1998, he began his tenure as founding conductor of the Oregon Bach Festival Stangeland Family Youth Choral Academy.

In January 2006, Baylor University selected Anton Armstrong from a field of 118 distinguished nominees to receive the Robert Foster Cherry Award for Great Teaching and spent February–June 2007 in residency at Baylor University as a visiting professor. In October 2009, he received the Distinguished Alumni Award from Michigan State University. In June 2013, Dr. Armstrong received the Saltzman Award from the Oregon Bach Festival. The festival’s highest honor, the Saltzman Award is bestowed upon individuals who have provided exceptional levels of leadership to the organization. Dr. Armstrong is a highly sought-after clinician and guest conductor, and works with many of the world’s most prestigious organizations and ensembles.



Regarded as a leading conductor and pedagogue in the U.S. and abroad, Professor **Mark Stover** shares his passion for people and building community through pursuing the highest levels of artistry. Since September 2018, he has served as associate director of choirs at the University of Michigan where he conducts the Men’s Glee Club and the University Choir, teaches conducting, and serves as conductor of the Michigan Youth Chamber Singers.

Professor Stover came to Ann Arbor from Northfield, Minnesota, home of St. Olaf College, where he served on the music faculty as conductor of the St. Olaf Chapel Choir (SATB) and Viking Chorus (TTBB) while teaching conducting and a new course he designed, titled Music and Social Justice. Both of these choirs have regularly appeared in the annual St. Olaf Christmas Festival, a tradition held for over a century and regarded around the world as one of the great music festivals of the season. Professor Stover led the Chapel Choir, Viking Chorus, and the Festival Mass Choir of over 400 voices in the St. Olaf Christmas Festival presented at Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis at the 2017 National Convention of the American Choral Conductors Association (ACDA).

Since 2018, he has conducted the Together In Hope Choir and now holds the role as artistic director for the Together In Hope Project. This work has led to performances throughout Rome, including opening the 17th Annual International Festival of

Sacred Music and Art at the Papal Basilica St. Paul Outside the Walls. In July of 2022, Stover will lead the Together In Hope Choir and TrondheimSolistene in the world premiere of “The Stranger” (composed by Kim André Arnesen to raise global awareness about refugees and displaced persons) at the Trondheim International Olavsfest, the largest annual cultural event in Norway. Additionally, Stover served for multiple seasons as the artistic director of Magnum Chorum, a semi-professional choral ensemble of over 60 voices based in Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Professor Stover holds degrees from St. Olaf College and Luther Seminary, where he studied conducting and choral repertoire under the mentorship of Dr. Anton Armstrong and Dr. Paul Westermeyer. In addition to his professorial role at the University of Michigan, he is currently pursuing a doctorate of musical arts degree at Michigan State University, studying with Dr. David Rayl, Dr. Sandra Snow, and Dr. Jonathan Reed.



**Bryan Anthony Ijames**, a native of North Carolina, is currently a doctor of musical arts in conducting pre-candidate at the University of Michigan and will serve as assistant conductor of the University of Michigan Mens’ Glee Club’s for the 2021–2022 academic year. Prior to coming to Michigan, Bryan was the director of choral activities for five years at the Park Vista Community High School. His previous conducting experience includes The Ebony Chorale in Palm Beach, Florida and the Genesis Gospel Choir in High Point, North Carolina. In addition to conducting, Mr. Ijames regularly performs as a tenor soloist and is a former member of the semi-professional ensemble Expressivo. He holds degrees from Eastern Kentucky University, High Point University, and Mississippi State University, and he is an active member of the American Choral Directors Association, the National Association of Negro Musicians, the National Association for Music Education, and Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia Fraternity.



**Joshua Marzan** is a pianist, opera coach, and chamber musician based in Ann Arbor. He is a staff pianist at the University of Michigan School of Music, Theatre, and Dance, working with the choral conducting, voice, winds, brass, and percussion departments. He plays in countless rehearsals, lessons, studio classes, guest master classes, recordings, performances, degree recitals, and many more projects with students, faculty, and staff members for the last eight years.

An active performer outside of the University of Michigan, he gives concerts and recitals with many local musicians, including members of the Ann Arbor Symphony Orchestra and Detroit Symphony Orchestra. A frequent audition and competition pianist, he plays for organizations such as the Southeast Michigan Flute Association, Detroit Youth Symphony Orchestra, William C. Byrd Young Artist Competition, George Shirley Competition, Verdi Opera Theatre, Michigan Opera Theatre, and the Metropolitan Opera Regional and District competitions.

Before coming to Michigan, he completed an M.M. and G.D. in collaborative piano at the New England Conservatory and a B.M. in piano performance at Virginia Commonwealth University. He has also attended Music Academy of the West and Tanglewood Music Center as a vocal piano fellow and served on faculty at the Castleton Festival. In 2017, he graduated with a D.M.A. in collaborative piano from the University of Michigan, studying with Martin Katz.

# UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEN'S GLEE CLUB

MARK STOVER, *CONDUCTOR*

## TENOR

Robert Bakal  
Rajiv Bharadwaj  
Reilly Buckley  
Kyle Coon  
Fengjin Cui  
Sam Dickman  
Alex Forrest  
Derek Glaser  
Jack Kernan  
Nicholas Kolenda  
Carter Krumins  
Jordan Lippert  
Patrick Lovelace  
Mark Mackela  
Brad O'Brien  
Leo Parikshak  
Nicholas Ragon  
T-Bone Rehwoldt  
Jack Riley  
John Serra  
Alex Sobeck  
Major Stevens  
Brenton Svacha  
Jeremy VandenHout  
Paul Vander Woude  
Daniel Walden  
Kevin Yan

## BASS

Joshua Cho  
Cole Christians  
Joseph Dooley  
Jacob Emmelot  
Daniel Fidler  
Jack Gagnon  
Dominic Gaines  
Daniel Hannapel  
Donovan Jewell  
Matthew Lichtinger  
Jonathan Lin  
John Marinan  
Doug McClure  
Duncan McConaughey  
Arthur Mengozzi  
Corey Miles  
Denaly Min  
Robert Miner  
Joseph Negen  
Michael Ngan  
Josh Partridge  
Joe Restivo  
Craig Rettew  
Jess Schmidt  
TJ Striblen  
Evan Weissburg

# ST. OLAF CHOIR

## ANTON ARMSTRONG, CONDUCTOR

### SOPRANO I

Emma Auby, *Monona, Wis.*  
\*Elsa Buck, *Rosemount, Minn.*  
Maren Hrivnak, *Madison, Miss.*  
Kayli Keim, *Millersburg, Ohio*  
•Shae Lime, *Treasure Island, Fla.*  
Veronica McClennen, *Atlanta, Ga.*  
Ileana Sanchez, *Woodbury, Minn.*  
Meredith Wallace, *New York, N.Y.*

### SOPRANO II

India Bock, *Seattle, Wash.*  
Abigail Davis, *Cordova, Tenn.*  
Taylor Dirks, *DeKalb, Ill.*  
Abby Engbrecht, *Faribault, Minn.*  
Caroline Flaten, *Prior Lake, Minn.*  
Olivia Inberg, *Magnolia, Texas*  
Emma May, *Minneapolis, Minn.*  
•Paige Romero, *Frisco, Texas*  
Lily Scott, *Elgin, Okla.*

### ALTO I

Laura Albrecht, *San Jose, Calif.*  
Josie Lynn, *Mechanicsville, Va.*  
Hannah Paulson, *Woodstock, Ill.*  
Sarah Shapiro, *Wilmette, Ill.*  
Emma Silvestri, *Lawrence, Kan.*  
\*Maddie Smoot, *Longmont, Colo.*  
Joanna Thuesen, *Indianapolis, Ind.*  
Sophie Vogel, *Stillwater, Minn.*

### ALTO II

Caroline Alessi, *Stillwater, Minn.*  
Synneva Bratland, *Northfield, Minn.*  
Maria Coughlan, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
Jessica Horst, *Excelsior, Minn.*  
Alexis Johnston, *Wheaton, Ill.*  
Audrey Lane-Getaz, *Northfield, Minn.*  
Ashlyn May, *Anza, Calif.*  
Mila New, *Eagan, Minn.*  
•Courtney Talken, *Pleasant Hill, Mo.*

### TENOR I

Julian Colville, *Ipswich, Mass.*  
•Logan Combs, *Haysville, Kan.*  
Logan Cyr, *Minneapolis, Minn.*  
Kyle Dacon, *Garland, Texas*  
William Fecko, *State College, Pa.*  
Cullen Hauck, *Northfield, Minn.*  
Mark Jesmer, *DeKalb, Ill.*  
Noah Smith, *Glasgow, Ky.*

### TENOR II

\*Mason DeGrazia, *Iowa City, Iowa*  
Alexander Famous, *Princeton, N.J.*  
Caleb Griffiths, *Edina, Minn.*  
Aidan Kocur, *Fort Worth, Texas*  
Aaron Looney, *Bridgewater, Va.*  
Jake Olson, *Lake Elmo, Minn.*  
•Samuel Rivera, *Windsor, Conn.*  
Richie Spahn, *DeKalb, Ill.*  
Blake Wieseler, *Yankton, S.D.*

### BASS I

James Faulkner, *Edgewood, Ky.*  
Nicholas Hinson, *Tampa, Fla.*  
Ethan Jones, *Alna, Maine*  
Christopher Kopits, *Princeton, N.J.*  
Seng Lor, *Maplewood, Minn.*  
Chris Martin, *Berkeley, Calif.*  
William McIntyre, *Faribault, Minn.*  
\*Austin Meyer, *Sioux Falls, S.D.*  
•Eugene Sandel, *Browns Mills, N.J.*

### BASS II

Jayden Browne, *Lancaster, Pa.*  
Peter Hoffman, *Walla Walla, Wash.*  
Elijah Leer, *Northfield, Minn.*  
David McGowan, *Nichols, Iowa*  
Cees Postema, *Fargo, N.D.*  
Noah Root, *Burnsville, Minn.*  
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Evan Strong, *Fairfax, Va.*  
Aedan Thornton, *Maple Grove, Minn.*  
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\*Section leader

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Connor Smith, *assistant director of music organizations for audience development*  
Sarah Gingerich '11, *assistant director of music organizations for project management*  
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Kiernan Bartlett '21, *arts management intern for production & concert management*  
Ella Harpstead '20, *arts management intern for marketing & touring*

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Lisa McDermott, *academic administrative assistant*  
Jason Bystrom, *instrument coordinator*

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Sean Tonko, *associate director of event operations*  
Rebecca Beam '18, *assistant director of production*

# VIKING CHORUS

## TESFA WONDEMAGEGNEHU, CONDUCTOR

Cameron Hubbard, *student assistant*

### TENOR I

Evan Heller, *North Liberty, Iowa*  
Jonah Leland, *Waunakee, Wis.*  
Oliver Lew, *Dallas, Pa.*  
Bella Marek, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
Elijah Ojo, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
Peter Wilson, *Decorah, Iowa*  
•Boon Yang, *St. Paul, Minn.*

### TENOR II

Bennett Capra, *Prior Lake, Minn.*  
Ryan Kiser, *Ely, Iowa*  
•Rand Matheson, *St. Michael, Minn.*  
William New, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
Alexander Perez, *Houston, Texas*  
Joey Richards, *Monticello, Minn.*  
William Selkey, *Brookfield, Wis.*  
Aidan Warrington, *Rochester, Minn.*

### BASS I

Raine Amundson, *Iron River, Wis.*  
Caleb Berrios, *Kingston, N. Y.*  
Matthew Blake, *Iowa City, Iowa*  
Max Clark, *La Crosse, Wis.*  
Paul Freelove, *Pillager, Minn.*  
Paul Goff, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
Jacob Henke, *West Des Moines, Iowa*  
•Aidan Kocian, *League City, Texas*  
Christopher Kretzmann, *Highlands Ranch, Colo.*  
Garrett Marr, *Roseville, Minn.*  
Thomas McCarthy, *Albuquerque, N.M.*  
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Matthew Oberlander, *Fort Collins, Colo.*  
Lucas Pierce-Ralph, *Minneapolis, Minn.*  
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Zachary Richard, *Medina, Minn.*  
AJ Veninga, *Eden Prairie, Minn.*  
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### BASS II

Benjamin Egger-Torke, *Indianapolis, Ind.*  
Gavin Groshel, *St. Paul, Minn.*  
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