University Chorale
David Rayl, Conductor
Meredith Bowen, Assistant Conductor
Judy Kabodian, Pianist

Sopranos
Melissa Arnold
Jocelyn Ascherl
Meredith Bowen
London Durand
Melissa Eisensmith
Michelle Gaunt
Elizabeth Hoard
Caite Lenahan
Tara Metcalf
Siobhan O’Brien
Cristina Puentes
Schyler Sheltrown
Erin Slenk
Hannah Stone

Tenors
Eric Beer
Joseph Caigoy
Joshua Gronlund
Damon Dandridge
Isaac Frishman
David Moul
Jon Oakley
Philip Rice
John Riesen
Evan Snyder
Kyle Zeuch

Altos
Kate Berry
Katie Bethel
Randi Bolding
Hannah Busch
Megan Carnevale
Jessica Glaser
Rachel Kallman
Barbara Lamont
Danielle Ogden
Andrea Ramsey
Ann Marie Theis
Jenna Washburn
Annie Weiss

Basses
David Baldwin
Peter Boylan
Derrick Fox
Jeremiah Garrigues-Cortelyou
Darius Gillard
Harry Greenleaf
Dwight Jilek
Nick Kreider
Zachary Niedzwiecki
Adrian Sanchez
Joel Tranquilla
Brandon Ulrich
Frank Watkins

Unless otherwise noted, tickets are $10 for adult, $8 for senior and free for student with ID and those under 18. A $2.50 restoration fee added if purchased through Wharton Center. For more information, visit www.music.msu.edu or our Music Events Line at (517) 355-3345.

State Singers
Jonathan Reed, Conductor
Dwight Jilek, Assistant Conductor
Joel Tranquilla, Assistant Conductor

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Tuesday, October 23, 2012, 7:30 p.m.
Plymouth Congregational Church
State Singers

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Dwight Jilek, Assistant Conductor
Joel Tranquilla, Assistant Conductor
Judy Kabodian, Pianist

The Call of Wisdom
Will Todd (b. 1970)

Coronation Anthem No. 4
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
1. Let thy hand be strengthened
2. Let justice and judgement
3. Alleluia!

Be music, night
Bradley Ellingboe (b. 1958) Dwight Jilek, conductor

The Making of the Drum
Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)
1. The Skin
2. The Barrel of the Drum
3. The Two Curved Sticks of the Drummer
4. Gourds and Rattles
5. The Gong-Gong
   Kelsey Tamayo, marimba
   Bakara Nkenge-Hinds and Zach Lindquist, soloists

Feller from Fortune
arr. Harry Somers (1925-99)
   trad. Newfoundland
   Joel Tranquilla, conductor

Intermission

State Singers

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Sopranos
Kelsey Rose Andridge
Leah Brzyski
Vanessa Caswell
Deanna Christy
Aerial Doucet
Stephanie Duve
Mary Garner
Susan Halstead
Kylie Hartford
Kate Hyne
Maura McGlynn
Lena Miles
Bakara Nkenge-Hinds
Sarah Omby
Judy Pagryzinski
Sydney Rostar
Lindsay Snyder
Addy Sterrett
Alina Tamborini

Alto
Ashlee Asbury
Alexa Bennett
Chelsea Bolas
Sarah Bryski
Kate DeYoung
Sarah Fernandez
Laine Foster
Emily Hanka
Julia Krohn
Cathie Pierce-Winters
Abbie Reifel
Haley Schmidt
Alexa Thomas
Diana Xu

Tenor
Eric Figura
Michael Finney
Thomas Kindlinger
Zach Lindquist
Dylan Marzolino
Marcus McGuire
Brooke Pallas
Joel Tranquilla

Bass
Seth Burk
Duncan Cooper
Tyler Frisbie
Kyle Ivester
Dwight Jilek
Tyler Martin
Parks Payton
Aaron Petrovich
Mark Schenfisch
Brandon Smith
You should have been banished into exile.
Without any flattery, I shall speak my mind:
‘Winter, you are nothing but a wretch.’

Three Nocturnes
I. Stars (Sarah Teasdale)
   Alone in the night on a dark hill
   With pines around me
   Spicy and still,
   And a heaven full of stars
   Over my head, white and topaz
   And misty red;
   Myriads with beating
   Hearts of fire that aeons
   Cannot vex or tire;
   Up the dome of heaven
   Like a great hill,
   I watch them marching
   Stately and still, and I know that I
   Am honored to be Witness
   Of so much majesty.

II. Lightly stepped a yellow star (Emily Dickinson)
   Lightly stepped a yellow star
   To its lofty place,
   Loosed the Moon her silver hat
   From her lustral face.
   All of evening softly lit
   As an astral hall—
   “Father,” I observed to Heaven,
   “You are punctual.”

III. …Thou motive of the stars! (Walt Whitman)
   O vast Rondure, swimming in space
   Cover’d all over with visible power and beauty,
   Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,
   Unspeakable high processions of sun and moon and countless stars
   above.
   O Thou transcendent,
   Light of the light, shedding forth universes thou centre of them,
   Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving,
   Thou moral, spiritual fountain—affection’s source—thou
   reservoir,
   Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
   That, circling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
   Across the shapeless vastnesses of space.

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Pärismaalase lauluke (An Aboriginal Song)   Veljo Tormis (b. 1930)
Solfeggio   Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)
Taaveti laul Nr. 137 (Psalm 137)   Cyrillus Kreek (1889-1962)
Come, Said My Soul   Andy Francis (b. 1986)
   Meredith Bowen, conductor

Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans   Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
I.   Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder!
II.   Quant j’ai ouy le tabourin
III.   Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain
   Meredith Bowen, soprano; Barbara Lamont, mezzo soprano;
   Kyle Zeuch, tenor; Joel Tranquilla, bass

Three Nocturnes   Dan Forrest (b.1978)
I.   Stars
II.   Lightly stepped a yellow star
III.   …Thou motive of the stars
   Michael Armendariz; Tia Harvey; Luke Kikopoulos; Ben Mapes;
   percussion

Twa Tanbou   Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982)
The Making of the Drum

1. The Skin
First the goat must be killed and the skin stretched.
Bless you, four footed animal, who eats rope,
Skilled upon rocks, horned with our sin;
Stretch your skin, stretch it tight, tight on our hope,
We have killed you
To make a thin voice that will reach further than hope,
Further than heaven, that will reach deep down to our gods
Where the thin light cannot leak, where our stretched hearts cannot leap.
Cut the rope of its throat, skilled destroyer of goats;
Its sin spilled on the washed gravel,
Reaches and spreads to devour us all.

2. The Barrel of the Drum
For this we choose wood of the tweduru tree:
Hard duru wood with the hallow blood that makes a womb in this silence.
We hear the wounds of the forrest; we hear the sounds of therivers;
Vowels of reedlips, pebbles of consonants, underground dark of the continent.
You dumb adom wood will be bent, will be solemnly bent,
Belly rounded with fire, wounded with tools that will shape you.
You will bleed, cedar dark, when cut you; speak, speak, when we touch you.

3. The Two Curved Sticks of the Drummer
There is a quick stick grows in the foorest,
Blossoms twice yearly with out leaves;
Bare white branches crack, like lightning in the harmatan
But no harm comes to those, to those who live nearby.
This tree, the elders say, will never die.
From this stripped tree, snap quick sticks for the festival.
It is wood, heat-hard as stone, as stone is toneless as a bone.

4. Gourds and Rattles
Calabash trees, Calabash trees’ leaves do not clash;
Bear a green gourd, burn copper in the light, crack open seeds that rattle.
Blind underground the rat’s dark saw-teeth bleed the wet root,
Snap its slow long drag of time, its grit, its flavour;
Turn the ripe leaves, turn the ripe leaves sour.
Clash rattle sing gourd; never leave time’s dancers weary like this tree.
And mocks music, that makes our music.

5. The Gong-Gong
God is dumb until the drum speaks.
The drum is dumb until the gong-gong leads it.
Walk us through the humble dead to meet the dumb blind drum,
Where Odomankoma speaks.

Taaveti laul Nr. 137 (Psalm 137)
By Babylon’s waters, we sat and wept, when we remembered Zion. Alleluia.
On the willows there we hung up our lyres. Alleluia.
For there our captors required of us songs, and our tormentors, mirth. Alleluia.
They said: “Sing us one of the songs of Zion!” Alleluia.
How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a foreign land? Alleluia.
If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its skill! Alleluia.
Let my tongue stick to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember you. Alleluia.
If I do not set Jerusalem above my highest joy! Alleluia.

Come, Said My Soul (Walt Whitman)
Come, said my soul,
Such verses for my body let us write, (for we are one),
That should I after death invisibly return,
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,
(tallying earth’s soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves.)
Ever with pleas’d smile I may keep on,
Ever and ever yet the verses owning—as, first, I here and now,
Singing for soul and body, set to them my name

Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans
I. Lord! How fair she is to see,
This gracious, good, and beauteous lady.
For all the great virtues that are in her,
Everyone is ready to praise her.
Who could tire of her? Her beauty always reveals itself.
On neither side of the sea do I know any lady or maiden
Who is so perfect in all virtues.
It is a dream even to think about her.

II. When I heard the drum sounding,
to call everyone to the May festivities
As I lay in bed I was not disturbed,
nor lifted my head from the pillow.
I said: ‘I shall go back to sleep for a little.
Let the young people share out their prizes from the festivities.
Coolness will be my friend and companion.
I have found him to be closer to me than other people’s company.’

III. Winter, you are nothing but a wretch.
Summer is pleasant and gracious.
As its heralds, April and May,
bear witness with every evening and morning.
Summer clothes the fields, woods, and flowers
In its livery of green and many other colors by nature’s command.
But you, Winter, are too full of snow, rain, wind, and sleet.