

**THEN AND THERE –
– HERE AND NOW**

**Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf†, Kory Reid,
Alan Reinhardt, Logan Shields, Adam Ward – *countertenor*
Brian Hinman†, Matthew Mazzola, Andrew Van Allsburg – *tenor*
Andy Berry†, Zachary Burgess, Matthew Knickman – *baritone and bass***

William Fred Scott – *Music Director*

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|---|-------------|---|
| Surrexit pastor bonus
Gaude gloriosa | I. | Orlando di Lasso (1530-1594)
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
(c. 1525-1594)
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) |
| O Clap Your Hands | | |
| Ave Verum Corpus
Whispers* | II. | William Byrd (c. 1539-1623)
Steven Stucky (1949-2016) |
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Now is the Month of Maying*
Stelle, vostra merce l'ecclse sfere*
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Summertime from <i>Porgy and Bess</i>
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arr. Kirby Shaw |
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In Winter's Keeping *
Járbă, mǎré járbă*
Andrew Van Alsburg, solo

Jackson Hill (b. 1941)
trad. Hungarian-Romani,
arr. Stacy Garrop (b. 1969)

VII.

Creole Love Call

attrib. Duke Ellington (1899-1974),
arr. Harry Frommmermann

Bei mir bist du schön*

Sholom Secunda (1894-1974),
arr. Brian Hinman

I Want to Die Easy

trad. Spiritual, arr. Alice Parker and
Robert Shaw

Matthew Mazzola, solo

J.W. Alexander (1916-1996) and
Jesse Whitaker (1920-2006),
arr. Joseph Jennings

Straight Street*

*written or arranged for Chanticleer

– Program subject to change –

†Andy Berry occupies *The Eric Alatorre Chair* given by Peggy Skornia. Brian Hinman occupies the *Tenor Chair* given by an Anonymous Donor. Gerrod Pagenkopf occupies *The Ning G. Mercer Chair for the Preservation of the Chanticleer Legacy*, given by Ning and Stephen Mercer.

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Program Notes

Surrexit pastor bonus – Orlando di Lasso

To his contemporaries, he was the “Prince of Music,” the “King of Musicians,” the “Divine Orlando.” We speak of Orlando di Lasso, born in the French-speaking province of Hainault in present-day Belgium in 1532. Today it is clear that di Lasso’s compositional voice is recognized as one of the great ones of his time. It was, however, his singing voice that got him abducted no fewer than three times during his childhood. His teens were spent in southern Italy and Rome, where he became choirmaster of the basilica of St. John Lateran in 1551, a position which would be held by Palestrina following his departure in 1554. By 1556 he had entered the service of the Bavarian court at Munich, and there he remained until his death in 1594, working not only as court composer but also in equal demand as a singer. It was in Munich that Lasso was visited by Andrea Gabrieli, who was impressed enough with the court to remain for at least a year. Di Lasso took charge of the ducal chapel in 1563, and, based on a number of *Magnificat* settings, it seems the duke had a preference to celebrate Vespers in a solemn fashion.

A master of all of the major vocal genres of his time – French chanson, Italian madrigal, German lied, as well as Latin Mass and motet – Lasso became the most published composer of the 16th century. His *Surrexit pastor bonus* for five voices is a perfect example of his mastery of the polyphonic motet. The opening ascending interval announces the resurrection of Christ, while fluid descending passages quite literally paint Christ laying down his life. The Easter-tide motet is dominated by a peal of “Alleluias,” (nearly half of the motet is comprised of this section) the voices tumbling over each other, volleying the text back and forth – perhaps a reaction to the absence of “Alleluia” for the entire Lent season.

Surrexit pastor bonus, qui animam suam posuit pro ovibus suis, et pro grege suo mori dignatus est. Alleluia.	The good shepherd has arisen, who laid down his life for his sheep, and for his flock deigned to die. Alleluia.
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Gaude gloriosa – Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

The Virgin Mary is the focal point for some of the most inspired writing in musical liturgy. Composers from the Middle Ages to the present day have composed countless works – from brief motets to elaborate masses – in Her honor. Full of adoration, reverence, passionate pleas for mercy, and solemn prayers for intercession, the Marian motet was perhaps most perfectly realized in the hands of Renaissance masters from Italy and Spain.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the Italian town from which he took his name. He was *maestro di cappella* at St. Peter’s in Rome from 1551-1554 and from 1571 until his death in 1594. His fame as the outstanding representative of the Roman school caused his name to be directly associated with the “strict” style of Renaissance counterpoint used as a pedagogical model by students of nearly every succeeding generation. In *Gaude gloriosa*, Palestrina demonstrates his mastery of these contrapuntal techniques. The meticulous voice-leading and refined dissonance treatment now universally idealized as the “Palestrina style” are pervasive, and the composer infuses this motet with a celebratory spirit.

Gaude gloriosa, super omnes speciosa, Vale, valde decora, et pro nobis semper Christum exora.	Rejoice, glorious one, surpassing all others in beauty, Fare you well, fair Lady, and intercede for us to Christ.
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O Clap Your Hands – Orlando Gibbons

Organist, composer, teacher, and singer, Orlando Gibbons was born into a musical family and was one of the last of a musical dynasty which began with the composers of the Eton Choir Book and ended with the death of Gibbons’s contemporary, Thomas Tomkins. He joined the ranks of the Chapel Royal in 1603 upon

the ascension of James I to the English throne. By 1625, he and Tomkins were senior and junior organists of the Chapel, respectively (positions once held by Thomas Tallis and William Byrd). Gibbons wrote somewhat fewer pieces than many of his predecessors, but they are each exquisite in their detail and technical brilliance.

O Clap Your Hands was composed by Gibbons on behalf of William Heyther, who was given an honorary Doctor of Music degree at Oxford University in 1622, to fulfill the University's requirement of a 'commencement song' composition from all doctoral candidates. Gibbons was also awarded the Doctor of Music degree on the same day. This splendid anthem has no solo passages, and is therefore what was known as a 'full anthem' in the 17th century. It is composed in eight parts, sometimes all heard together, elsewhere marshalled into two four-part choirs, especially in the second section of the work, where rhythmic drive becomes more intense as the music reaches its climax.

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.
 For the Lord is high, and to be feared: he is the great King upon all the earth.
 He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.
 He shall choose out an heritage for us: even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.
 God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.
 O sing praises, sing praises unto our God: O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.
 For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.
 God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon his holy seat.
 For God, which is highly exalted, doth defend the earth, as it were with a shield.
 Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end.

Ave verum corpus – William Byrd

The conversion of England from the Roman Catholic Church to the Church of England by King Henry VIII (and later Queen Elizabeth I) forced those who wished to practice Catholicism to do so covertly, as penalties included fines, scrutiny, torture or death. All vestiges of the "old religion" were summarily prohibited, including the use of Latin (only English was permitted). In this highly volatile and oppressive atmosphere, Byrd played a dangerous game. Refusing to conform to the new religion, he composed music for use in Catholic services (held secretly in private residences), more often than not in Latin. He managed this rebellion without loss of life or livelihood due to his exemplary musical skill and by frequently dedicating his publications to the Queen. It is widely accepted that Byrd intended his Latin motets for use either in underground Masses or for publications in books for use in homes, much like madrigals.

The four-voice motet, *Ave verum corpus* was published in 1605, in his first collection of *Gradualia*. Rich with imitation, lush suspensions and startling chordal progressions, Byrd provides a moving setting for this plaintive text.

Ave verum corpus	Hail true body,
natum de Maria Virgine,	born of the Virgin Mary,
vere passum,	truly suffering,
immolatum in cruce pro homine:	was sacrificed on the cross for all men.
cuius latus perforatum	From whose pierced side
unda fluxit sanguine.	flowed blood.
Esto nobis praegustatum,	Be a foretaste for us
in mortis examine.	in the trial of death.
O Dulcis, O Pie,	O Sweet, O Merciful,
O Jesu fili Mariae;	O Jesus, Son of Mary.
miserere mei. Amen.	Have mercy on us. Amen.

Whispers – Steven Stucky

Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Steven Stucky was widely recognized as one of the leading American composers of his generation. He wrote commissioned works for many of the major American orchestras and such prestigious organizations as the Chicago Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Carnegie Hall Corporation, as well as Chanticleer. He was long associated with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where he was resident composer from 1988–2009 (the longest such affiliation in American orchestral history).

Commissioned for Chanticleer's 25th anniversary in 2002, *Whispers* was conceived as a companion piece to his "Drop, Drop Slow Tears" which was premiered in 1979. The earlier work is constructed around a reminiscence of the music of Orlando Gibbons. Similarly, "Whispers" recalls fragments of William Byrd's "Ave verum corpus," surrounding those fragments with his own setting of lines from Walt Whitman's *Whispers of Heavenly Death* (1868). Stucky writes:

In both the Whitman and Byrd, thoughts and images of death are so transmuted by the power of great art that the result is not sadness, but instead a kind of mystical exaltation. This is a blessing that we need more than ever in our own time, and one that the superb singing of Chanticleer has delivered to listeners (and composers) for twenty-five years. Inspired as much by Chanticleer's own artistry and style as by Byrd or Whitman, this piece is offered in celebration of those twenty-five wonderful years.

Whispers of heavenly death, murmur'd I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever, flowing,

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses,
Mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm'd sadden'd far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

Walt Whitman

Nude Descending a Staircase – Allen Shearer

A composer, singer and teacher living in San Francisco's East Bay, Allen Shearer teaches voice at UC-Berkeley. Trained in Europe as well as the U.S., he earned diplomas in concert singing and opera at the Akademie Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria as well as a Ph.D. in music at UC-Berkeley. He studied composition in Paris on the Charles Ives Scholarship, and spent a year in Italy on the Rome Prize Fellowship. As a composer, Shearer has received many honors, including the Silvia Goldstein Award, as well as funding from The National Endowment for the arts for several of his works. The witty text of *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which recalls Duchamp's famous painting of the same name, is by X.J. Kennedy, and was written in 1960. Complex rhythms, humorous asides, and surprising textual painting make this an engaging work. "Because I am a singer myself, writing vocal music is a particular pleasure for me. Setting this whimsical poem provides a diversion," says Shearer.

Toe upon toe, a snowing flesh,
a gold of lemon, root and rind,
she sifts in sunlight down the stairs
with nothing on. Nor on her mind.

We spy beneath the banister
a constant thresh of thigh on thigh;
her lips imprint the swinging air
that parts to let her parts go by.

One-woman waterfall, she wears

her slow descent like a long cape
and pausing on the final stair,
collects her motions into shape.

X.J. Kennedy

Now is the Month of Maying – Thomas Morley, arr. Evan Price

Thomas Morley had the rare privilege of seeing most of his works published while he lived. Why? In the England of Elizabeth I, the license to print and publish works was granted to few. One of the holders of that license was William Byrd. When Byrd's monopoly on publishing expired in 1596, his industrious and clever pupil, Morley, applied for the license; after two years of waiting, Morley finally received the license. While Byrd published primarily sacred works, Morley focused his efforts in a surge of secular music. His madrigals could be sung in a casual setting as easily as they could be in a more formal one. A paradigm of the English madrigal, *Now is the Month of Maying* is perhaps one of Morley's most famous compositions, even though it (like a number of Morley's other works) is based on an Italian canzonet by Orazio Vecchi. Passages of joyful homophony are interspersed with trademark "fa-la-la" polyphony, creating an ebullient and effervescent song that happily welcomes the return of spring and its "lustier" activities.

Now is the month of Maying when merry lads are playing.
Fa la la la la la la la!
The spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at winter's sadness
Fa la la la la la la la!
Each with his bonny lass upon the greeny grass
Fa la la la la la la la!
And to the bagpipes' sound the nymphs tread on the ground.
Fa la la la la la la la!
Fie, then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la!
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak. Shall we play barley break?
Fa la la la la la la la!

Stelle, vostra mercé l'eccese sfere – Mason Bates

Virginia-born Mason Bates enjoys an internationally acclaimed career that thrives on ingenuity, surprise and variety. Moving easily between the worlds of "standard" classical music – works for chorus, orchestra, chamber ensembles – and electronica, Bates is busy with commissions from the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the Chicago Symphony, where he was appointed the Mead Composer-in-Residence in 2010. Two years later he was the recipient of the Heinz Award for Arts and Humanities. Spanning from classical concert halls to the clubs and lounges where he DJs electronica, his music has been described by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as "lovely to hear and ingeniously constructed." Recent compositions for Chanticleer include the choral song cycle, *Sirens*, "Observer from the Magellanic Cloud," a free arrangement of Peter Gabriel's "Washing of the Water," and most recently, "Drum-Taps," a joint commission from Chanticleer and the Kennedy Center.

His choral song cycle *Sirens*, commissioned by Chanticleer in 2009, explores the beautiful, seductive, and ominous nature of these mythical creatures on the ancient island of Circe. In regards to *Sirens*, Bates says:

Perhaps one thinks of lyrical, melodic music coming from the sirens, but this song cycle casts a wide net in exploring seduction music. Sirens do not always involve danger, and in fact sometimes they are personified as pure, heavenly beings emanating harmonious music. Pietro Aretino's 16th century [Italian] sonnet, a poem to one's beloved in one breath, pays homage to the stars (*Stelle vostra mercé l'eccese sfere*), each of which is blessed with a lovely siren atop it.

Stelle, vostra mercé l'ecclse sfere
 Dette del Ciel Sirene hanno concesso
 A lei non solo in belle note altere,
 Come titol gradito, il nome istesso,
 Ma de le lor perfette armonie vere
 Con suprema dolcezza il suono impresso
 Ne le sue chiare e nette voci: ond'ella
 Quasi in lingua de gli Angioli favella.

Stars, thanks to you the lofty spheres,
 called from the heavenly Sirens, who granted
 to her not only in beautiful varied notes
 the name itself as a lovely title,
 but from their perfect true harmonies
 with sublime sweetness imprinted the sound
 of their clear voices, so that she speaks
 almost in the language of angels.

*Pietro Aretino, translated by Casey
 Breves*

Il bianco e dolce cigno – Jacques Arcadelt

While little is known about Jacques Arcadelt's early life, he was one of the *oltremontani*, the group of Franco-Flemish composers imported "over the Alps" to glorify the wealthy courts and chapels of Italy. Most likely from present-day Belgium, he moved to Italy as a young man, and was in Florence by the late 1520s, affording him at least the opportunity to meet, if not to work with, Philippe Verdelot, one of the earliest madrigalists. (Arcadelt would certainly model his mature compositional style after Verdelot.) In the late 1530s he moved to Rome where he obtained an appointment with the Papal Choir at St. Peter's Basilica, and eventually became a member of the Sistine Chapel, where he was appointed *magister puerorum* (director of the boys choir), remaining there until 1551. The same year saw the publication of no fewer than four books of his madrigals. The first of these collections went through 45 editions, becoming the most widely-reprinted collection of madrigals of the time. He left Italy in 1551 to return to France, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Arcadelt's legacy rests largely on his more than 200 Italian madrigals, composed early on in his career. With his contemporaries, Verdelot and Costanzo Festa, Arcadelt set the style for a generation of madrigal composers. Stylistically his madrigals are melodious and simple in structure, singable, and built on a clear harmonic basis, usually completely diatonic. The music is often syllabic, and while it sometimes uses repeated phrases, is almost always through-composed (as opposed to the contemporary French chanson, which was often strophic). His madrigals best represent the "classic" phase of development of the form, with their clear outline, four-part writing, refinement, and balance. The simple clarity of his style would influence later composers like Palestrina and Cipriano de Rore.

Undoubtedly Arcadelt's "greatest hit," *Il bianco e dolce cigno* is a jewel of musical simplicity contrasted with poetic eroticism, declaimed in direct homophony until the poem's final lines about "death," which are rendered in rhapsodic waves of counterpoint.

Il bianco e dolce cigno
 cantando more, ed io piangendo
 giung' al fin del viver mio.
 Stran' e diversa sorte,
 ch'ei more sconsolato
 ed io moro beato.
 Morte che nel morire
 m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.
 Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
 di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

The white and sweet swan
 dies singing, and I, weeping,
 reach the end of my life.
 Strange and different fate,
 that he should die disconsolate
 while I die blessed.
 [I die] a death which in dying
 fills me full of joy and desire.
 If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,
 I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

Giovanni Giudiccioni

Io son la Primavera – William Hawley

William Hawley is a versatile and prolific composer whose works have been commissioned by such widely varied groups as the Seattle Choral Company, the Dale Warland Singers, the Aspen Music Festival, and the New London Singer. The New York native studied at Ithaca College and the California Institute of Arts. Although initially a composer of avant-garde instrumental music, Hawley's love of poetry led to his eventual place as one of his generation's leading vocal composers. His *Io son la Primavera*, from *Six Madrigals*, originally composed for Chanticleer in 1986, blends the madrigalian style of Monteverdi with 20th century compositional techniques. The madrigal begins with cascading descending lines in the upper voices, lush with warm cluster chords, accompanied by interjections from the basses. An equally lyric middle section becomes more impassioned, as little cupids aim their arrows at lovers. The opening strains return, but instead of spring's inviting welcome, the text now warns the listener that spring won't last forever...

<p style="text-align: center;">Io son la Primavera, Che lieta, o vaghe donne, a voi ritorno Col mio bel manto adorno Per vestir le campagne d'erbe e fiori E svegliarvi nel cor novelli a mori. A me Zefiro spira, A me ride la terra, e'l ciel sereno; Volan di seno in seno Gli Amoretti vezzosi a mille. Chi armato di stral, di chi faville. E voi ancor gioite, Godete al mio venir tra rise e canti; Amate i vostri amanti Or che'l bel viso amato april v'infiora; Primavera per voi non torna ognora.</p>	<p>I am Spring who gladly, lovely women, returns to you with my beautiful, embellished mantle to dress the countryside in greenery and flowers and to arouse in your hearts new loves. For me Zephyr sighs, for me the earth laughs, as do the serene heavens; from breast to breast fly the charming Amoretti by the thousands armed with arrows and with torches. And you, again delighted, take pleasures in my coming amidst laughing and song; love your lovers now, while April adorns lovely faces with flowers; Spring for you will not return forever.</p>
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*Torquato Tasso, translated by William
 Hawley*

Drei Männerchöre, Op. 45 - Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)

Von den Türen
Traumlicht
Fröhlich im Maien

Richard Strauss is best remembered today as the composer of strikingly original orchestral tone poems and operas that continued and extended the groundbreaking changes to harmonic language and musical structure made by Richard Wagner. Strauss also wrote little-known works for the male singing-societies of Germany, including these *Drei Männerchöre*, composed for the Cologne Männergesangverein in 1935. Though written after the height of his prowess as an operatic and symphonic composer, these pieces exemplify Strauss's masterful command of his musical language and his great sensitivity in setting the poetry of the great German Romantic poet Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866).

Von den Türen (“*At the Gates*”) is a metaphorical journey through the life of one man, from his early struggle for wealth and love to his final resting place. *Traumlicht* (“*Dreamlight*”) paints an almost impressionistic vision of light and dreams, while *Fröhlich im Maien* (“*Joyous in May*”) is a strophic romp, treating the listener to a number of unexpected harmonic detours and calling on everyone to “dance, joyous in May.”

Von den Türen

<p>Ich habe geklopft an des Reichtums Haus; man reicht mir 'nen Pfennig zum Fenster heraus. Ich habe geklopft an der Liebe Tür;</p>	<p>I knocked at the house of Wealth; they handed me a penny through the window. I knocked at Love's door;</p>
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da standen schon fünfzehn andre dafür.	fifteen others were already standing there.
Ich klopfte leis' an der Ehre Schloß;	I knocked softly at the castle of Honor;
hier tut man nur auf dem Ritter zu Roß.	here they only open for the knight on horseback.
Ich habe gesucht der Arbeit Dach;	I sought Labor's floor;
da hört' ich drinnen nur Weh und Ach!	inside there I heard only "woe" and "alas!"
Ich suchte das Haus der Zufriedenheit;	I sought the house of Contentment;
es kann't es niemand weit und breit.	far and wide, no one knew of it.
Nun weiß ich noch ein Häuslein still,	Now I know of another quiet, little house,
wo ich zuletzt anklopfen will.	where I want to knock at last.
Zwar wohnt darin schon mancher Gast,	True, some guests already dwell there,
doch ist für Viele im Grab noch Rast.	but for the Many, there is still rest in the grave.

Traumlicht

Ein Licht im Traum hat mich besucht,	A light visited me in my dream,
es nahte kaum und nahm die Flucht.	it barely came near before taking flight.
Der Blick ist tief hier eingesenkt,	The image is here deeply embedded,
den, als ich schlief, du mir geschenkt.	that which you sent me as I slept.
Hell dämmert mild am Tage wach,	Even in my waking hours, your luster
O Nachtgebild', dein Glanz mir nach.	shines brightly upon me, O nocturnal image.
Komm oft, o Stern, in meiner Ruh'!	Come often, O star, during my rest!
Dir schließ' ich gern die Augen zu.	For you, I gladly close my eyes.
Hell dämmert mild ein Licht im Traum	I often see the bright light of my dream
am Tage mir nach.	during the day.
Komm oft, o Stern, in meiner Ruh'!	Come often, O star, during my rest!
Dir schließ' ich gern die Augen zu.	For you, I gladly close my eyes.

Fröhlich im Maien

Blühende Frauen,	Blossoming young women,
lasset euch schauen	let yourselves be seen
fröhlich im Tanze	dancing joyously
unter dem Kranze!	under the wreath!
<i>Tanzet zu zweien</i>	<i>Dance in pairs</i>
<i>unter Schalmeyen,</i>	<i>to the sound of shawms [wind instruments],</i>
<i>tanzet am Reihem</i>	<i>dance in rows,</i>
<i>fröhlich im Maien!</i>	<i>joyous in May!</i>
Prüfende Kenner,	The demanding connoisseurs!
kommet, ihr Männer,	Come, you men,
sehnet die klaren	see the bright
Bilder sich paaren.	figures couple off.
<i>Tanzen zu zweien...</i>	<i>Dance in pairs...</i>
Freut euch, ihr Alten,	Rejoice, you elders,
junger Gestalten!	in the youthful figures!
Wie ihr gesprungen,	As you once did leap,
springen die Jungen.	so now the young ones leap.
<i>Tanzen zu zweien...</i>	<i>Dance in pairs...</i>
Junge und schöne	Young and beautiful
Töchter und Söhne,	daughters and sons,

Enkel nicht minder and grandchildren no less
reizend als Kinder. charming than children.

Tanzen zu zweien... *Dance in pairs...*

Junges Gelichter, Young rascals,
ihr seid nicht Richter; you are not judges;
Jünglinge, wählet, Young men, choose
eh' es euch fehlet! before you miss out!

Tanzet zu zweien... *Dance in pairs...*
(Tra la la...) (Tra la la...)

Salve Regina – Antonio de Salazar

For many years, historians and musicologists have assumed that Salazar was born in Spain, perhaps in Seville, but there are no records of his early life and training. What is sure is this: in 1679, at age 29, he began his tenure as *maestro de capilla* at the Puebla Cathedral, located halfway between Veracruz and Mexico City. Puebla Cathedral was the wealthiest and most prominent cathedral in the New World, with a large choir of fourteen boys and twenty-eight men and numerous instrumentalists. In 1688, he was then appointed to the same position at the Mexico City Cathedral. Salazar was a great master of contrapuntal technique, unifying his works with recurring motives rather than with imitation. His style is unusually conservative, with transparent textures, subtle contrast, and very few touches of word painting.

Salazar's *Salve Regina*, scored for eight voices in two choruses, begins in an unhurried, leisurely fashion with the unmistakable reference to the *Salve Regina* chant melody from the Roman rite. Only gradually picking up in momentum, the excitement begins at the words "spes nostra" ("our hope") with more florid writing for the voices, followed by back-and-forth homophonic exclamations of "ad te clamamus" ("to the we cry!"). Breathless, broken phrases characterize "ad te suspiramus" ("to thee we sigh"), while sighing motives and suspensions paint "gementes et flentes" ("weeping and mourning"). The most florid and joyous section arises at Salazar's rapid-note runs at the mention of Jesus. In the closing moments of the composition, Salazar sets the sighs of "Oh" with full, slow sonorities, and unhurried, consonant descents on each tender word, "Oh gentle, Oh loving, Oh kind Virgin Mary." Furthermore, he takes his time, separating each exclamation from the next by inserting long, expansive rests. The silence is as powerful as the sung sonorities.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!	Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!
Ad te clamamus, exsules filii Hevae, ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes, in hac lacrimarum valle.	To you we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to you we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Eja ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.	Then, most gracious advocate, turn your eyes of mercy toward us.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis, post hoc exsilium, ostende, O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.	And after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Oh compassionate, loving, sweet Virgin Mary.

I Have Had Singing – Steven Sametz

Steven Sametz is professor of music and Director of Choral Activities at Lehigh University, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. After completing his undergraduate studies at Yale University and the Hochschule für Musik in Frankfurt, Germany, he received his Masters of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Dr. Sametz is active as a conductor, editor and composer whose works have been performed all over the world.

Originally written for the Berkshire Choral Festival, a summer amateur music festival, *I Have Had Singing* paraphrases lines taken from Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield, Portrait of an English Village*. In 1961, Blythe traveled to the north of England interviewing farmers, plowmen, blacksmiths – people whose stories dated back to the early 20th century. One subject, given the name Fred Mitchell in the book, was an 80-year old horseman who told his story of working a bleak, infertile land in a life filled with little joy. In the midst of his story, he stopped and said, "But there was always singing; the boys in the field, the chapels were full of singing. I have had pleasure enough; I have had singing."

The singing. There was so much singing then and this was my pleasure, too.
We all sang: the boys in the field, the chapels were full of singing, always singing.
Here I lie. I have had pleasure enough. I have had singing.

Summertime – George Gershwin, arr. Kirby Shaw

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn, the son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, and grew up in Manhattan's Lower East Side, where he was exposed to influences from Yiddish, Eastern European, Russian, and African-American cultures. His musical career began at fifteen, when he got a job as a "plugger," a pianist who sat in the music publisher's shop and banged out the latest tunes to encourage passersby to come in and buy. By the time he was 18, Gershwin was already writing songs, and in less than ten years, had contributed songs to nearly three dozen musicals and revues. His last show of 1924, *Lady, Be Good*, with its jazzy, pulsating music set to lyrics by his brother Ira, helped shoot him to stardom at the age of just 26.

His only full-length opera, *Porgy and Bess*, had its beginnings in a novel called *Porgy* by American author DuBose Heyward, in which the title character is a beggar in Catfish Row, a slum in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1926 Gershwin read the novel and was inspired to collaborate with Heyward to create a truly American opera that would cross musical lines. In order to write *Porgy and Bess*, Gershwin lived for several weeks with the Gullah Negroes on the waterfront in Charleston, South Carolina. Finally, in 1935, just two years before Gershwin's untimely death at age thirty-nine, the opera debuted, receiving mixed reviews. The initial run lasted only 124 performances – not even enough to make up its original investment – and has remained somewhat controversial, even through a film version and several revivals.

Easily the most famous number from *Porgy and Bess*, *Summertime* takes place at the opening of the opera, sung by the character Clara as a languid lullaby to her baby. In Kirby Shaw's arrangement, the arching solo vocal line is accompanied by a jazzy choral underpinning with frequent interjections. Between the two verses, an extended improvisational section recalls the rhapsodical skat stylings of artists like Ella Fitzgerald.

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your mama's good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornin's you're gonna rise up singing
then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But till that morning, there's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by.

DuBose Heyward

Dúlamán – Trad. Irish, arr. Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)

Dublin-born Michael McGlynn, who cites traditional and medieval music as his chief inspirations, is best known as the composer for and director of the highly successful vocal ensemble Anúna, which he founded in 1987. His works have been widely recorded by Anúna and performed by hundreds of choirs worldwide, including Chanticleer (“Dúlamán” appears on the Chanticleer albums *A Portrait* and *Wondrous Love*, his arrangement of “Stille Nacht” can be heard on the group’s *Christmas with Dawn Upshaw*, and “Agnus Dei” is featured on *And on Earth, Peace: A Chanticleer Mass*).

McGlynn shares the following thoughts about his setting of *Dúlamán*, a popular Irish text:

This traditional Irish text tells of a marriage involving the king of seaweed. Texts such as this were sung by people as they gathered seaweed from the barren west coast of Ireland. It was then laid on the land, and eventually this land was used for planting crops.

A nión mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí	Oh gentle daughter, here come the wooing men,
A mháithairin mhín ó cuir na roithléan go dtí mé.	Oh gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me.

Refrain

Dúlamán na binne buí Gaelach	Gaelic seaweed of the yellow peaks,
Dúlamán na farraige	Seaweed from the ocean,
Dúlamán na binne buí Gaelach	Gaelic seaweed of the yellow peaks.

Rachaidh mé chun 'lúir leis a' dúlamán Gaelach,	I would go to Dore with the Gaelic seaweed
Ceannódh bróga daor' arsa dúlamán Gaelach.	“I would buy expensive shoes,” said the Gaelic seaweed.

Bróga breátha dubh' ar a' dúlamán Gaelach,	The Gaelic seaweed has beautiful black shoes
Bearéad agus triús ar a' dúlamán Gaelach.	The Gaelic seaweed has a beret and trousers.

A 'nión mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí	Oh gentle daughter, here come the wooing men,
A mháithairin mhín ó cuir na roithléan go dtí mé.	Oh gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me.

Tá ceann buí óir ar a' dúlamán Gaelach,	There is a yellow gold head on the Gaelic seaweed,
Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar a' dúlamán Maorach.	There are two blunt ears on the Gaelic seaweed.

Translation by Michael McGlynn

In Winter’s Keeping – Jackson Hill

Jackson Hill, born in Birmingham, Alabama, was a Morehead Scholar at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where he earned his Ph.D. in musicology. He studied Buddhist liturgical music in Japan on a Fullbright at the Chishaku-In in Kyoto, and has made a specialty of Japanese traditional music. Since 1968 Hill has taught at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where he is Presidential Professor of Music.

In Winter’s Keeping was composed for Chanticleer in 2001 and employs a number of sonic and stylistic devices reminiscent of Japanese traditional music: pentatonic harmony; passages limited to the 13 notes of the *kumoijoshi* kyoto tuning; vocal slides, portamentos, and ornamentation suggestive of Buddhist chant; as well as textures that define a sense of *stasis* and suspended time. The composer treats the syllables of the Japanese text at times as abstract sounds and at other times as highly inflected symbols and visual images, subject to elaborate, descriptive word-painting.

When Emperor Tenji asked his own court to express an opinion about which season was most beautiful, spring or autumn, Princess Nukata answered with one of the finest poems collected in the 7th-century *Manyoshu* anthology.

Fuyo-go-mori	Long hidden deep in winter's keeping,
Haru sarikureba	Spring bursts forth from its slumber.
Naka-zarishi	The once-silent birds
Tori mo kinakinu	Commence their song.
Saka-zarishi	The incipient buds
Hana mo sakeredo	Now bloom in bright array.
Yama o shigemi	Yet in the hills the growth is so thick with trees
Irite mo torazu	Our delights are out of reach.
Kusabukami	So thick the weedy grass
Torite mo mizu	We cannot find the flowers to pick them.
Akiyama no	But in the hills in the autumn-time
Konocha o mite wa	We gaze upon the rich-colored foliage.
Momichi o ba	The leaves of brightest gold
Torite so shinofu	Longingly we take for picking.
Aoki o ba	The stubborn leaves that are still green
Okite so nageku	Regretfully we leave behind.
Soko shi urameshi	There is a melancholy in our delight:
Akiyama so are wa	Oh, the beauty of the golden hills!

Princess Nukata, Translation by Jackson Hill

Járbă, măré járbă – trad. Hungarian-Romani, arr. Stacy Garrop

The folk music of Eastern Europe, filled with dance rhythms and the unique harmonic language of its native country, is rich and varied. The Romani people comprise a large portion of the present-day population in Serbia, Hungary, and Romania, and have contributed to the canon of folk music in each country they inhabit. Their songs often tell of daily life – simple, charming, or otherwise. The folk song, *Járbă, măré járbă*, comes from the Romani people in Hungary, and has been recorded by many popular gypsy artists and ensembles, including Gothart, Zoltán Horváth, Finisterrae Tatri & Walkin Brass, and Luminescent Orchestríi.

Award-winning composer, arranger, and professor Stacy Garrop arranged this popular tune for Chanticleer in 2014. Garrop, a Chicago-based composer and San Francisco Bay Area native, composes and arranges for choirs, singers, chamber ensembles, and orchestras. Her choral works have been performed around the United States and she has received commissions from the Fromm Music Foundation, the Barlow Endowment, the Detroit and Albany Symphonies, and the Kronos Quartet, among others.

Járbă, măré járbă, más dusjé ákásză,	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home
dá nu pot, kă ám zsurát.	but I cannot, because I have sworn not to.
Măré járbă, vergyé járbă nu mă pot dusjé ákásză!	Tall grass, green grass, I cannot go home!
O métsz māmá dă pîn szát, áj lăszát kulyibá gală,	My mother has left the village; she left the hut empty,
Inpunzîtă, ingurzîtă dá-j plynă dă szărăšjijé,	adorned with leaves but full of poverty.
Măré járbă, vergyé járbă nu mă pot dusjé ákásză!	Tall grass, green grass, oh I cannot go home!
Járbă, măré járbă, más dusjé ákásză,	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home,
dá nu pot, kă ám zsurát.	but I cannot, because I have sworn not to.

Creole Love Call – attrib. Duke Ellington, arr. Harry Frommermann

Although commonly attributed to and made famous by Duke Ellington, the wordless melody of *Creole Love Call* had been written years before it was presented to Ellington by his then-saxophonist, Rudy Jackson, claiming it was his own composition. Ellington recorded the song with the famous singer Adelaide Hall in 1927, a recording that catapulted both performers to international fame. Ellington was granted the

publishing rights as the composer of “Creole Love Call” the following year. Enter Joe “King” Oliver. Also a prominent bandleader, as well as cornetist and composer – not to mention the mentor of Louis Armstrong – Oliver had already recorded a strikingly similar tune with his own Jazz Creole band (with then-clarinetist Rudy Jackson!) in his “Camp Meeting Blues” as early as 1923. Incensed by the blatant plagiarism, Oliver attempted to sue Ellington for royalties and composer credit, but the lawsuit was dropped due to problems with Oliver’s original paperwork. (Oliver’s poor business skills would undercut his success throughout his career, most notably passing up a gig at New York City’s famous Cotton Club, a gig that, ironically, Duke Ellington would take in his stead.) Not surprisingly, Rudy Jackson was fired because of the incident.

The arrangement of “Creole Love Call” heard in this program was performed by the pre-World War II German vocal ensemble, the Comedian Harmonists. Inspired by jazz-influenced vocal groups in the United States, unemployed actor Harry Frommermann sought to create a similar ensemble in Germany. The five singers and one pianist became one of the most successful international close-harmony all-male musical groups in Europe in the late 1920s, performing a wide variety of folk, classical, and popular songs. The hallmark of the Comedian Harmonists was its members' ability to blend their voices together so that the individual singers could appear and disappear back into the vocal texture. The ensemble’s success was short-lived, however, as the rise of Naziism in Germany caused the group to eventually disband (three of the members were of Jewish descent).

This clever arrangement, created by Frommermann, treats all of the voices as instruments. Five soloists sing as a variety of big band instruments, including trumpets, trombones, clarinets – even Hawaiian guitars! – while the rest of the ensemble “accompanies” on the piano.

Bei mir bist du schön – Sholom Secunda, arr. Brian Hinman

Written in 1932, "Bei mir bistu shein" was originally part of a Yiddish musical comedy called *Men Ken Lebn Nor Men Lost Nisht* (“I Would If I Could”) by Abraham Bloom, with music by Sholom Secunda and lyrics by his writing partner, Jacob Jacobs. With the show lasting just one season on the stage, and after years of peddling with no takers to produce it again, Secunda and Jacobs finally decided to sell the rights to a publisher – a rather respectable fate in the Yiddish theater. Secunda and Jacobs received just \$30 for their song, which they split evenly. Shortly after the sale, a then-little-known trio called the Andrews Sisters recorded a newly adapted English-language version of the song, now called "Bei mir bist du schön," with lyrics by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin. It became the Andrews Sisters' first major hit, earning them a gold record, the first ever to a female group. Even Americans unfamiliar with Yiddish bought the song in droves. Undaunted by the title, they requested the recording or sheet music using such approximations as "Buy Me a Beer, Mr. Shane" or "My Mere Bits of Shame." However it was pronounced, the song was a world-wide success.

And as for Secunda losing out on over \$350,000 in royalties, “It bothered everyone else more than it bothered me.” Fortunately for him, though, in 1961, the copyright on "Bei mir bist du schön" expired, reverting ownership to Secunda and Jacobs. They immediately signed a contract with Harms, Inc., this time Secunda negotiating for himself the full percentage of the composer's royalties.

Of all the girls I've known – and I've known some –
until I first met you, I was lonesome.
And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
and this old world seemed new to me.
You're really swell, I have to admit you
deserve expressions that really fit you.
And so I've racked my brain, hoping to explain
all the things that you do to me!
Bei mir bist du schön, please let me explain
Bei mir bist du schön means you're grand
Bei mir bist du schön, again I'll explain

It means you're the fairest in the land
I could say "bella, bella", even "sehr wunderbar."
Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are!
I've tried to explain, bei mir bist du schön
So kiss me and say you understand.
Bei mir bist du schön, you've heard it all before
but let me try to explain.
Bei mir bist du schön means that you're grand
Bei mir bist du schön, it's such an old refrain
and yet I should explain.
It means I am begging for your hand!

I Want to Die Easy – trad. Spiritual, arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

From the *Ainsworth Psalter* of 1618, one of the earliest song books to appear in the American colonies, on through the collection of *Southern Harmony* from the 1850s, and into the vast collection of hymnals of every color, stripe and denomination available today, one can see that Americans of every race and creed have never been ashamed to express their affirmation of deep faith through the medium of song. Conductor Robert Shaw's and Alice Parker's countless arrangements of folk songs, spirituals, and hymns – in every language and style – remain popular with choruses today not only because of their immediacy and appeal but also due to the singability, the simple sophistication of the harmonies and counterpoint, the desire to communicate to “scholar and civilian” alike. Written for a tenor soloist with accompanying chorus, *I Want to Die Easy* is exemplified by a slow, relaxed tempo, “easy” swung triplets in the repeated interjections of the chorus, and a slow build-up to a corporate cry for salvation near its end. This is clearly the song of a slave who has toiled in the fields and is ready to enter over into the next world.

I want to die easy when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want to die easy when I die.

I want to see my Jesus when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want to see my Jesus when I die.

I want to go to heaven when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want go to heaven when I die.

Straight Street – James Woodie Alexander and Jesse Whitaker, arr. Joseph Jennings

Over its 40-year history, several pieces stand out as quintessential “Chanticleer” songs: “Shenandoah,” “Dúlamán,” certainly Biebl’s “Ave Maria.” *Straight Street* could easily be included on this list. Introduced to the ensemble by Joseph Jennings in the 1980s, at a time when Chanticleer was beginning to incorporate different genres of music into its repertory, “Straight Street” was originally the creation of JW Alexander and Jesse Whitaker, two members of the classic gospel ensemble, the Pilgrim Travelers. Dubbed “gospel’s first showmen,” the Pilgrim Travelers were formed in Houston in the late 1930s, one of several traveling gospel ensembles in the United States, but their immensely popular percussive foot tapping (which ended up being mic’d) and solid lead vocals set them apart as one of the most popular and successful. Their wild church performances saw them running off stage and up the aisles in order to, in the words of JW Alexander, “pull the sisters out of their seats.” Between 1947 and 1956, the Pilgrim Travelers recorded over one hundred sides on Specialty Records. Recorded in 1955, “Straight Street” proved to be one of the group’s most significant recordings, embodying both the walking-in-rhythm sound and spiritual essence that were so unmistakably the soul of the Pilgrim Travelers. During their reign, they influenced such singers as Ray Charles, Lou Rawls and Sam Cooke.

Well, I used to live up on Broadway
Right next to a old liar's house
My number was self righteousness
Had very little guide of mouth
So I moved, I had to move
And I'm living on Straight Street now.

One day my heart got troubled
All about my dwelling place
I saw the Lord 'round my settlement
And He told me to leave that place
So I moved, I had to move
And I'm living on Straight Street now.

Oh since I moved, I'm really living
I got peace within.
I thank the Lord for ev'ry blessing
I'm glad I found new friends.

Before I moved over here
Let me tell you how it was with me
Old Satan had me bound up
And I had no liberty
So I moved, I had to move
And I'm living on Straight Street now.

Keep Your Hand on the Plow – trad. Spiritual, arr. Joseph Jennings

The songs we know as spirituals are generally thought of as religious music, but they represented much more to the people who created them. Often, the slaves used their music as a vehicle for resistance, subversion, and rebellion. “Steal Away” may have been a signal for secret meetings, Crossing Jordan and going to Canaan could indeed mean dying, but it could also mean crossing the Ohio River and entering a free state. So too does *Keep Your Hand on the Plow* contain these secret messages. Yes, it's steady beat and driving rhythm make it a useful accompaniment to a hard, repetitive job like hoeing cotton, but in realizing that “the Plow” is another name for the Big Dipper that points to the North Star, it becomes encouragement to head north. The text “If you want to get to heaven let me tell you how...” could have been a slave preacher explaining a way to escape. Even if it was not signaling a specific service, or an immediate escape plan, singing this song while working in the fields would have been a reminder that there *is* something better, and people *do* make it there.

In the course of his extended tenure with Chanticleer, Joseph Jennings' arrangements have become popular favorites with audiences worldwide. “Keep Your Hand on the Plow” is an example of his ability to inject the vocal freedom inherent in the Southern Baptist tradition into the structure of classical music.

Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
Paul and Silas locked in jail,
Didn't have no one to go their bail.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
Mary wore three links of chain
Ev'ry link was in my Jesus name.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!

When the storms come raging high,
You suffer wrong and you can't tell why.

Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
Keep on plowing, don't you tire,
Ev'ry round goes higher and higher.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!

I told you once, and I'll tell you again,
You can't get to heaven drinking gin.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
If you want to get to heaven let me tell you how,
Just keep your hand on the gospel plow.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!
Got my hand on the gospel plow,
Wouldn't take nothin' for my journey now.
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!