

THE WALDEN SCHOOL

Young Musicians Program

Choral Concert – *You are no stranger here*

Sarah Riskind, *conductor*

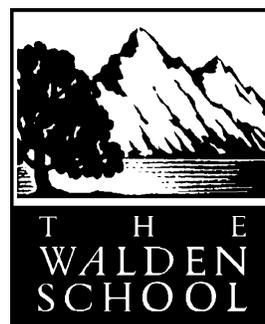
Friday, August 3, 2018

7:30 pm

Louise Shonk Kelly Recital Hall

Dublin School

Dublin, New Hampshire



Tonight's concert is dedicated to James and Gilian Athey.

*You are no stranger here
To the high, lonely field, to the high lonely field
And blessed time alone, ah, sweet blessed time alone.
– Carol Thomas Downing*

...your lakes and mountains knew me well...

Full Chorus

Exsultate Justi
The Negro Speaks of Rivers

Ludovico da Viadana (c. 1560-1627)
Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

Nate May, *piano*

High Chorus: Brian Fancher, conductor

Jambo

Teddy Kalanda Harrison (b. 1951)
arr. Jacob Narverud (b. 1986)

Anika Garg, *soloist*
Dennis K. Sullivan II., *djembe*

...hard winter and late blooming spring...

No Time

Traditional Camp Meeting Song
arr. Susan Brumfield

Maya Engenheiro, *soloist*
Sabrina Lu, *piano*

Treble Chorus

Walk, Children, Walk

African-American Spiritual
arr. Rollo Dilworth (b. 1970)

Gabriel Sternberg, *piano*

Student Chorus
Bawo Thixo Somandla

Mxolisi Matyila (1938-1985)
arr. Sidumo Nyamezele

...they sang, you are no stranger here...

Low Chorus
When Music Sounds
Dravidian Dithyramb

Andrew Bobker, *piano*
Dennis K. Sullivan II, *doumbek*

Joseph Gregorio (b. 1952)
Victor Paranjoti (1906-1967)

Full Chorus
Requiebros (from Manchas Sonoras)
Vindo

Andrew Bobker, *mouth harp*
Jack Bettigole, *vocal percussion*

Modesta Bor (1926-1998)
Reinis Sējāns (b. 1984)

INTERMISSION

Chamber Singers
Alla Cazza

Rondes

Dennis K. Sullivan II, *frame drum*

Anonymous (c. 1500)

Folke Rabe (1935-2017)

...eyes that hold your gaze awhile...

I Beheld Her, Beautiful as a Dove

Content Desir

Brian Fancher, *conductor*

Healey Willan (1880-1968)

Claudin de Sermisy (c. 1490-1562)

Elder Chorus
Lirum, Bililirim

Come Close the Curtains

Francesca Hellerman, *conductor*

...your night stars called me up...

Ruby Landau-Pincus, *conductor*

Rossino Mantovano (fl. 1505-1511)

David Hogan (1949-1996)

Full Chorus
Hymne au Soleil

Francesca Hellerman, *soloist*
Nate May & Andrew Bobker, *piano*

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

...sweet blessed time alone...

Walden

Carol Thomas Downing (b. 1952)

arr. Loretta Notareschi

Helen Feng, Romir Srivastava, Jackie Carson,
Isadora Knutsen, Sasha Paris-Carter, and Gabriel Sternberg, *soloists*
Noah Stein, *violin*
Nate May, *piano*

Exsultate Justi

Exsultate justi, in Domino;
rectos decet collaudatio.
Confitemini Domino in cithara;
in psalterio decem chordarum psallite illi.
Cantate ei canticum novum;
bene psallite ei in vociferatione.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just; praise befits the upright.
Give praise to the Lord on the harp; sing to him with the psaltery, the instrument of ten strings.
Sing to him a new canticle, sing well unto him with a loud noise.

– Psalm 33: 1-3

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

– Langston Hughes

Jambo

Jambo bwana. Habari gani? Mzuri sana.
Wageni mwakaribishwa Kenya yetu. Hakuna matata.

Hello mister, how are you? Very fine.
Visitors are welcome in our country. There are no worries.

Kenya nchi nzuri, sote nchi ya maajabu.
Nchi yenye amani. Kenya wote, Keyna yetu.

A beautiful country, all a land of wonders.
A peaceful country. All Kenya, our Kenya.
– Teddy Kalanda Harrison

No Time

Rise, oh fathers, rise.
Let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing
In that morning.

Oh I really do believe that
Just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing
In that morning.

Rise, oh mothers, rise, ...

Walk, Children, Walk

Walk, children, walk.
Don't get weary.

Walk/Sing/Shout together, children, don't you get weary.
There's a great camp meetin' in the promised land.

Gonna walk and never tire.
There's a great camp meetin' in the promised land.
– Traditional Spiritual

Bawo Thixo Somandla

Bawo, Thixo Somandla,
Buyinton' ubugwenxa bam?
Azi senzen' ebusweni beNkosi,
Bawo, Thixo Somandla?

Azi senzeni na?
Azi senzeni na?
Azi senzeni Nkosi yam,
Sigqibana nje!
Emhlaben'
Sibuthwel' ubunzima
Sibuthwel' ubunzima
Bawo, Thixo Somandla.

Mayedlule lendebe,
Mayedlule lendebe,
Azi senzeni Nkosi yam,
Sigqibana nje!

Ndnesingqala
Enhliziyweni yam
Ndisolokho ndisitsho "Mngci!
Ayidlule lendebe,
Bawo, Thixo Somandla."

No time to tarry here,
No time to wait for you,
No time to tarry here
For I'm on my journey home.

Brothers, oh fare ye well,
Brothers, oh fare ye well,
Brothers, oh fare you well,
For I'm on my journey home.

Sisters...

– Traditional Camp Meeting Songs

Father, God Omnipotent,
What is my transgression?
What wrong have we done you, O Lord,
Father, God Omnipotent?

What have we done?
What have we done?
What have we done, my Lord,
That we kill each other like this!
In [this] world
We are loaded with troubles,
We are loaded with troubles,
Father, God Omnipotent.

Let this cup pass from us,
Let this cup pass from us,
What have we done, my Lord,
That we kill each other like this!

I have an unceasing sob
In my heart,
I keep saying "Truly!
May this cup pass from us,
Father, God Omnipotent."
– Mxolisi Matyila

When Music Sounds

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face,
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
And from Time's woods break into distant song
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

– Walter de la Mare

Alla Cazza

Alla cazza, alla cazza,
Su, su, su, su, su ognun se spazza.
A questa nostra cazza,
Venite volentieri,
Con bracchi e con levrieri,
Chi vuol venir si spazza.
Con aspettar il giorno.
Suona il corno, o capo di cazza,
e spazza, spazza, spazza.

Te qui Balzan, te qui, Lion,
Te qui Fasan, te qui, Falcon,
Te qui Tristan, te qui, Pizon,
Te qui Alan, te qui, Carbon.
Chiama li bracchi dal monte, babbion!
Te qui Pezolo, te qui, Spagnolo,
Abbi buon occhio al capriolo.
A te, Augustino, a te, Pasalingua.
Vide la, vide la, vide la.
A spalla, a spalla, pigliala,
Che li cani non la strazza.

I Beheld Her, Beautiful as a Dove

I beheld her, beautiful as a dove,
rising above the waterbrooks;
and her raiment was filled
with perfume beyond all price.

Even as the springtime was girded with rosebuds
and lilies of the valley.

To the hunt,
Come on, everyone hurry!
Come gladly to our hunt with pointers and hounds.
Whoever wants to come must hurry.
Don't wait for daybreak.

Sound the horn, master of the hunt, and hurry!

Over here, Balzan, Lion, Fasan, Falcon, Tristan,
Pizon, Alan, Carbon!

Call the hounds from the mountain, you blockhead!
Now you, Pezolo and Spagnolo, have a keen eye for
the deer!
It's yours, Augustino, and yours, Pasalingua!
Look there.
Take it on your shoulders so that the dogs cannot tear it.
– Anonymous

Who is this that cometh
up from the desert
like a wreath of sweet smoke
arising from frankincense and myrrh?

– From 8th-century Marian Responsories

Content Desir

Content désir qui cause ma douleur,
heureux savoir qui mon travail reforce,
O fort amour, qui m'a rendu sans force,
donnez secours à ma peine et langueur.

Pleasant desire which is the cause of my pain,
Happy knowledge which increases my distress,
O Mighty Love, which has left me powerless,
Bring succor to my misery and languor.

Lirum Bililirim

Lirum bililirim lirum lirum
De si soni la sordina!
Tu m'intendi ben, Pedrina,
Ma non già per el doverum.

Le ses agn che t'vo mi ben,
E che t' son bon servidor,
Ma t' aspet ch'il so ben ,
Ch'al fin sclopi per amor.
Deh non da plu tant dolor,
Tu sa ben che dis il virum.

Lirum bililirim lirum lirum
Ah, sound now the muted viol!
You understand me well, Pedrina,
but not now out of duty.

I've loved you now for six long years,
and a faithful servant I've been to you,
but you're waiting, and well I know it,
for me to swell and burst with love.
Ah, stop causing me such pain,
you know well that I speak the truth.

– Anonymous

Come Close the Curtains of Your Eyes

Come close the curtains of your eyes
And I will sing you lullabies
Of stars and moons and suns that rise
And planets in their play

For God at night
Unlocks the skies
To little folk who close their eyes
And they shall ride a cloud that flies
Along the milky way

So draw the curtains of your eyes
And I will sing you lullabies
For God has leaned from Paradise
And closed the gates of day

– Pauline Avery Crawford

Hymne au Soleil

Du soleil qui renaît bénissons la puissance.
Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour.
Couronné de splendeur, il se lève, il s'élance.
Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.
Sept coursiers qu'en partant le Dieu contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon de leur brûlante haleine.

O soleil fécond, tu parais!
Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts, ses bois épais,
La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais,
Des vapeurs de matin sont brillants de rosée.

Let us bless the power of the reborn sun.
With all the universe let us celebrate its return.
Crowned with splendor, it rises, it soars.
The waking of the earth is a hymn of love.
Seven rushing steeds that the God scarcely holds back
Ignite the horizon with their scorching breath.

Oh, vivid sun, you appear!
With its fields in bloom, its mountains, its thick forests,
The vast sea set ablaze by your fires,
The universe, younger and fresher,
With morning vapors are glistening with dew.
– Casimir Delavigne

Walden

Audience members are invited to sing along on the italicized phrases as the piece progresses.

The first time that I came to you
Long summer road
Your lakes and mountains knew me well
Stream and leaf and stone
Your night stars called me up, they sang
You are no stranger here
To the high, lonely field, to the high lonely field
And blessed time alone, ah, sweet blessed time alone.

Hard winter and late blooming spring
Long summer road
The smell of thunder rolling in
Stream and leaf and stone
The heavy clouds seem lost and low
You are no stranger here
To the high, lonely field, to the high lonely field
And blessed time alone, ah, sweet blessed time alone.

Garden bed and old woodpile
Long summer road
Eyes that hold your gaze awhile
Stream and leaf and stone
A broken heart's prerequisite:
You are no stranger here
To the high, lonely field, to the high lonely field
And blessed time alone, ah, sweet blessed time alone.

– Carol Thomas Downing

Young Musicians Program Chorus
Sarah Riskind, conductor

Soprano 1	Alto 1	Tenor 1	Bass 1
Jack Bettigole	Lucas Blohm	Seth Brenzel	Nate May
Erin Cameron	Eliza Brown	Charlie Dees	Alex Christie
Helen Feng	Kika Charles-Pierre	Gabriel Sternberg	Malcolm Gaines
Henry Horst	Cara Haxo	Tillman Giannella	Graham Lazorchak
Sky Macklay	Francesca Hellerman		Arturo Orso
Sasha Paris-Carter	Isadora Knutsen		Chris Peterson
Charles Ryland	Sabrina Lu		Ekke Ruutopold
Romir Srivastava	Katie Martin		Moshe Shulman
Maude Weber			Noah Spore
Soprano 2	Alto 2	Tenor 2	Bass 2
Jackie Carson	Maya Engenheiro	Ben Adler	Andrew Bobker
Cashel Day-Lewis	Liam Fissell	Terry Greene	Loring Catlin, Jr.
Sarah Doenmez	Nina Kindrachuk	Julian Hofstetter	Ansel Chang
Anika Garg	Felix Mattick	Emil Napier	Brian Fancher
Ruby Landau-Pincus	Lila Meretzky	Noah Stein	Daniel Felsenfeld
Talia Leach	Hunter Schwegler	Dennis Sullivan	Douglas Hertz
Marco Roberts	Anna Severtson		Matthew Kaminski
Akhil Srivastava	Grace Sun		Nick Sasmatzoglou
			Otto Vogel

pages 6-7 of the festival program book for the full 2018 Concert Series schedule.

ABOUT THE WALDEN SCHOOL

The Walden School, founded in 1972, is a summer music school, camp, and festival offering programs that emphasize creativity and community, specifically through the study of composition, musicianship, improvisation, and choral singing. In residence on the beautiful campus of the Dublin School in Dublin, New Hampshire, Walden provides an inspiring retreat-like environment ideal for creative music making.

The Walden School's 2018 programs include the Young Musicians Program for students ages 9 to 18, and the Creative Musicians Retreat for adults. The School's Concert Series showcases free public performances by renowned artists and ensembles that work closely with program participants.

The Walden School has twice been awarded a Chamber Music America/ASCAP Adventurous Programming Award, has won a New Music Educator Award from the American Music Center (now New Music USA), has been a finalist for the National Arts and Humanities Youth Program Award, and in 2017, was awarded a Ewing Arts Award. The Walden School is the successor organization to the Junior Conservatory Camp. The Walden School is a 501(c)3 organization, supported by major foundations, corporations, and hundreds of generous individual donors. For more information about The Walden School, visit our website at www.waldenschool.org.

P.O. Box 432, Dublin, New Hampshire, 03444
(603) 563-8212
concerts@waldenschool.org