



APRIL 19, 2021
7:30 PM

JEREMY LANDIG, DIRECTOR
GWEN HOLST, ACCOMPANIST
 ST. CHARLES BORROMEO CONVOCATION HALL

PROGRAM

Two movements from Baroque masterworks:

Domine fili unigenite from *Gloria in D Major*..... Antonio Vivaldi
 Crucifixus from *Mass in B minor*..... Johann Sebastian Bach

Two Emily Dickinson settings:

A Light Exists in Spring Karen Ball
 The Moon is Distant from the Sea David N. Childs

Two pairs of Robert Frost settings:

From *Frostiana* Randall Thompson
 3. Come In
 5. A Girl's Garden
 2. The Pasture
 6. Stopping By Woods on A Snowy Evening

Two elegies:

The Silver Swan Jens Klimek
 Marie Christensen, Lenette Lee, Michael Awotwi, Joe Meskin, *quartet*
 Rest Ralph Vaughan Williams

Two folk songs from Newfoundland:

Feller from Fortune Arr. Harry Somers
 Heave Away Arr. Stephen Hatfield

Two encouragements:

High Hopes Panic! At the Disco
 Kylei Smith, Joe Meskin, Alex Schedel, *soloists* Arr. Mister Tim
 Irish Blessing David Conte

CHAMBER CHOIR MEMBERS

SOPRANO

Aneta Antol
Marie Christensen
Vanessa Hall
Lenette Lee
Marissa Kmetty
Morgan Mendiola
Haley Marchewka
Deborah Olusoji

ALTO

Claudia Danowski
Danika Eustaquio
Morgan Giuffre
Kyra Savage
Kylei Smith
Jasmin Torres Aguillon

TENOR

Michael Gabriel Awotwi
Tyler Richart
Lukas Roy

BASS

Justin Cordero
Jason Napper
Joe Meskin
Axel Moreen
Alex Schedel

TRANSLATION & PROGRAM NOTES

DOMINE FILI UNIGENITE

Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.

Lord Jesus Christ, only-begotten son.

CRUCIFIXUS

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
Sub Pontio Pilato:
passus, et sepultus est.

He was crucified for us
under Pontius Pilate:
He suffered, and was buried.

TWO EMILY DICKINSON SETTINGS:

A LIGHT EXISTS IN SPRING

A Light exists in Spring
Not present on the Year
At any other period -
When March is scarcely here

A Color stands abroad
On Solitary Fields
That Science cannot overtake
But Human Nature feels.

It waits upon the Lawn,
It shows the furthest Tree
Upon the furthest Slope you know
It almost speaks to me.

Then as Horizons step
Or Noons report away
Without the Formula of sound
It passes and we stay -

A quality of loss
Affecting our Content
As Trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a Sacrament.

THE MOON IS DISTANT FROM THE SEA

The Moon is distant from the Sea -
And yet, with Amber Hands -
She leads Him - docile as a Boy -
Along appointed Sands -

He never misses a Degree -
Obedient to Her eye -
He comes just so far - toward the Town -
Just so far - goes away -

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand -
And mine - the distant Sea -
Obedient to the least command
Thine eye impose on me -

TWO PAIRS OF ROBERT FROST SETTINGS:

COME IN

As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music - hark!
Now if it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more

In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went -
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars;
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked;
And I hadn't been.

A GIRL'S GARDEN

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden,
Her father said, to plough;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load.

And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,
And even fruit trees

And yes, she has long mistrusted
That a cider apple tree
In bearing there to-day is hers,
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village
How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right,
She says, "I know!

It's as when I was a farmer-"
Oh, never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.

THE PASTURE

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long. - You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long. - You come too.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

TWO ELEGIES:

THE SILVER SWAN

The silver Swan, who, living, had no Note,
 when Death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
 Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
 thus sang her first and last, and sang no more:

“Farewell, all joys! O Death, come close [to] mine eyes!
 More Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than
 Wise.”

attributed to Orlando Gibbons

REST

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
 Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
 Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
 With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
 She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
 Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
 Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;

With stillness that is almost Paradise.
 Darkness more clear than noon-day holdeth her,
 Silence more musical than any song;
 Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
 Until the morning of Eternity
 Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
 And when she wakes she will not think it long.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Exploring the Local Food System	Tuesday, April 20 – 11 am Webex
The Future of the Circular Economy	Wednesday, April 21 – 1 pm Webex
Talkback: The Romancers	Thursday, April 22 – 9:30 pm Vimeo
Spring Cabaret	Tuesday, April 27 – 7:30 pm Online
NC: Senior Capstone Exhibition - Zoom Reception	Thursday, April 29 – 7 pm Zoom
Jazz Band Concert	Thursday, April 29 – 7:30 pm Online

PHILIP LYNCH THEATRE



THE ROMANCERS

APRIL 22 - 25

For show times & to purchase streaming links visit the [PLT Box Office](#) online

Rostand a French poet and dramatist is perhaps best known for his 1897 play “Cyrano de Bergerac.” In his play “The Romancers,” Rostand uses satire to examine the sentimentalism and escapism of Romantic literature of his times. As the play begins, it is revealed that there are two men who are neighbors, but their relationship is not good. Their land is divided by a big wall, played by a non-speaking actor. One man is father to the beautiful Sylvette; the other is father to the handsome Percinet. They are madly in love, and their father’s do not like it one bit. They desire to have their love unite their families. Will their fathers destroy their union or will love conquer all in this quick-paced, witty romantic romp?

PERFORMING ARTS SERIES



AIONIOS TRIO

MONDAY APRIL 26 • 7:30P

[Live Streaming](#)

Join the Aionios Trio for an amazing and inspiring evening of chamber music by Fauré, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and others. Established in 1998 at Northwestern University, this piano trio has delighted and amazed audiences throughout the Chicagoland area with their pristine performances of some of the greatest music from the Western canon. “Aionios” is the Greek word for everlasting.