Program

Portions of this concert Conducted by Melissa Williams are in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music Degree.

Sing A Mighty Song Daniel E. Gawthrop

Come, Ye Sons of Art Henry Purcell [1659-1695]
Alli Frandrup, solo
Martha Lindberg, Elly Stahl, oboe
Melissa Williams, conductor

She Walks In Beauty Eric William Barnum
Text by George Gordon Noel Byron (1788-1824)

Tournez, Tournez! Z. Randall Stroope
Adapted from “Chevaux de Bois” by Paul Verlaine
Terry Lillis, percussion

The University Chorale
Rodney Urtel, conductor
Clare Chapman, accompanist

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Ascendit Deus Peter Philips (c. 1565-c. 1635)
(sung in Latin)
God is ascended amid jubilation,
And the Lord to the sound of the trumpet.
Alleluia!

Melissa Williams, conductor

Quatre Motets (Op. 10) Maurice Durufle [1902-1986]
(sung in Latin)

Ubi caritas
Where there is charity and love, God is there.
The love of Christ has gathered us together.
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.
Let us revere and love the living God
And from a sincere heart, let us love one another. Amen.
Wholly beautiful art thou, Mary and the stain of original sin is not in thee.
Your vestments are shining white as snow and your face is like the sun.
Thou glory of Jerusalem, Thou joy of Israel, Thou honor of our people.

You are Peter and upon this rock I shall build my church.

Let us pray before him bending, and the sacrament revere:
Ancient patterns have their ending, now a new observance here.
Faith provides our affirmation when feeble senses fail.

Behold: the waves murmur,
and the leaves and bushes quiver in the morning breeze,
And above the green branches the fair birds
are singing sweetly, and the east smiles.

The dawn already appears,
Mirrored in the sea;
And the light frost beads upon
And gilds the lofty mountains.

O lovely, fair dawn –

Quietly let us sing, silence hinders the moon’s path.
Little star, bring a sweet greeting, let it reach her.
Chime in to our song. Kindly awake her.

Listen as our breeze surrounds her with the rich sounds of love.
Let her quietly hear our tender song through her open window.
Kindly awake her.

Quietly let us sing, slumber softly if you like.
It would suffice to be sounding only in her dreams.
Let us call her quietly. Kindly awake her.

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