I thank you God for most this amazing day  
(Poem by E. E. Cummings)  
Eric Whitacre

Unicornis captivator  
(sung in Latin)  
Ola Gjelto

The unicorn is captured. It's presented to the royal court in the hunter's snare;  
Creeping, it freed itself from the pole;  
Because it's wounded, it heals itself with the viper's venom.  
Sing Alleluia to the dying lamb;  
Sing Alleluia, Cry Alleluia to the victorious Lion.

Sure On This Shining Night  
(Poem by James Agee)  
Morten Lauridsen

The Concert Choir  
David Dickau, conductor  
Vonnie Elker, accompanist

Program

Kasar Mie La Gahi (African)  
(sung in an African dialect)  
Alberto Grau

The earth is tired.

Alleluia  
Andrew Miller

The Sweetheart of the Sun  
Eric William Barnum

Witness  
arr. Jack Halloran

The University Chorale  
Andrew Miller, conductor  
Amy Chin, accompanist

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Sento nel core  
(sung in Italian)  
Alessandro Scarlatti (1649-1725)

I feel in my heart a certain sorrow  
Which goes on disturbing my peace;  
There shines a torch which inflames my soul:  
If it is not love, it will be love [soon].

Tyler Bush, tenor; Gayle Depuydt, piano

Venetianisches Gondellied  
Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

When through the Piazzetta  
Night breathes her cool air,  
Then, dearest Ninetta,  
I'll come to thee there.  
Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
I'll know thee afar.  
As Love knows, though clouded,  
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling  
Some gay gondolier,  
I'll whisper thee, trembling,  
Our bark, love, is near.  
Now, now, while there haver  
those clouds o'er the moon,  
'Twill waft thee safe over  
yon silent Lagoon.

Abigail Knott, mezzo-soprano; Vonnie Elker, piano
Psalm 75
Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck (1562-1621)
*(sung in French)*

O Lord God, to thee be praise forevermore, to the ends of the earth, while we sing unceasingly the great deeds which thou hast wrought.

In hora ultima
Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594)
*(sung in Latin)*

At the final hour all will pass away: trumpet, flute, and harp, jokes, laughter, dancing, singing, and harmony.

I Have Longed for Thy Saving Health
William Byrd (1542-1621)

Life Has Loveliness to Sell
David C. Dickau

Sing a Song of Sixpence
Arr. John Rutter

The Chamber Singers
David Dickau, conductor

Le Secret
Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
*(sung in French)*

I want the morning not to know the name that I told to the night; in the dawn wind, silently, may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim the love that I hid from the morning, and (bent over my open heart) to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget the secret I told to the day, and to carry it away with my love in the folds of its pale robe!

Toni Adedeji, bass; Gayle Depuydt, piano

Au bord de l’eau
Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
*(sung in French)*

Everything is changing and time keeps passing, but love remains the same. To sit together on the bank of the stream that passes, to see it pass; Together, when a cloud floats in space, to see it float; When a cottage chimney is smoking on the horizon, to see it smoke; If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance, to absorb its scent; To hear at the food of the willow, where water murmurs, the water murmurs; Not to notice, while this dream lasts, the passage of time, But to feel deep passion only to adore each other, Not to care at all about the world’s quarrels, to ignore them. And alone, together, facing all that grows weary, not to grow weary; To be in love while all passes away, never to change!

Samantha McCune, soprano; Vonnie Elker, piano

Four Choruses from the Requiem, K. 626
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
*(sung in Latin)*

1. *Dies irae*

Day of wrath, that day shall dissolve the world into embers, as David prophesied with the Sybil. How great the trembling will be, when the judge shall come, the rigorous investigator of all things!

2. *Rex tremendae*

King of terrifying majesty, who freely saves the saved: Save me, fount of pity.

3. *Lacrimosa*

O how tearful that day, on which the guilty shall rise from the embers to be judged. Spare them then, O God.

4. *Benedictus and Osanna (Chamber Singers)*

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

Der Gang zum Liebchen
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
*(sung in German)*

The moon shines down; I should again return to my beloved. How is it for her? Ah, woe, she despairs and laments that she will never see me in this life again.

The moon went down. I hurried very quickly. I hurried so that no one would abduct my beloved; You little doves coo; you little breezes whir, so that no one may abduct my beloved.