

Ensemble Concert:

2021-10-29 – University of Iowa Choral Collage



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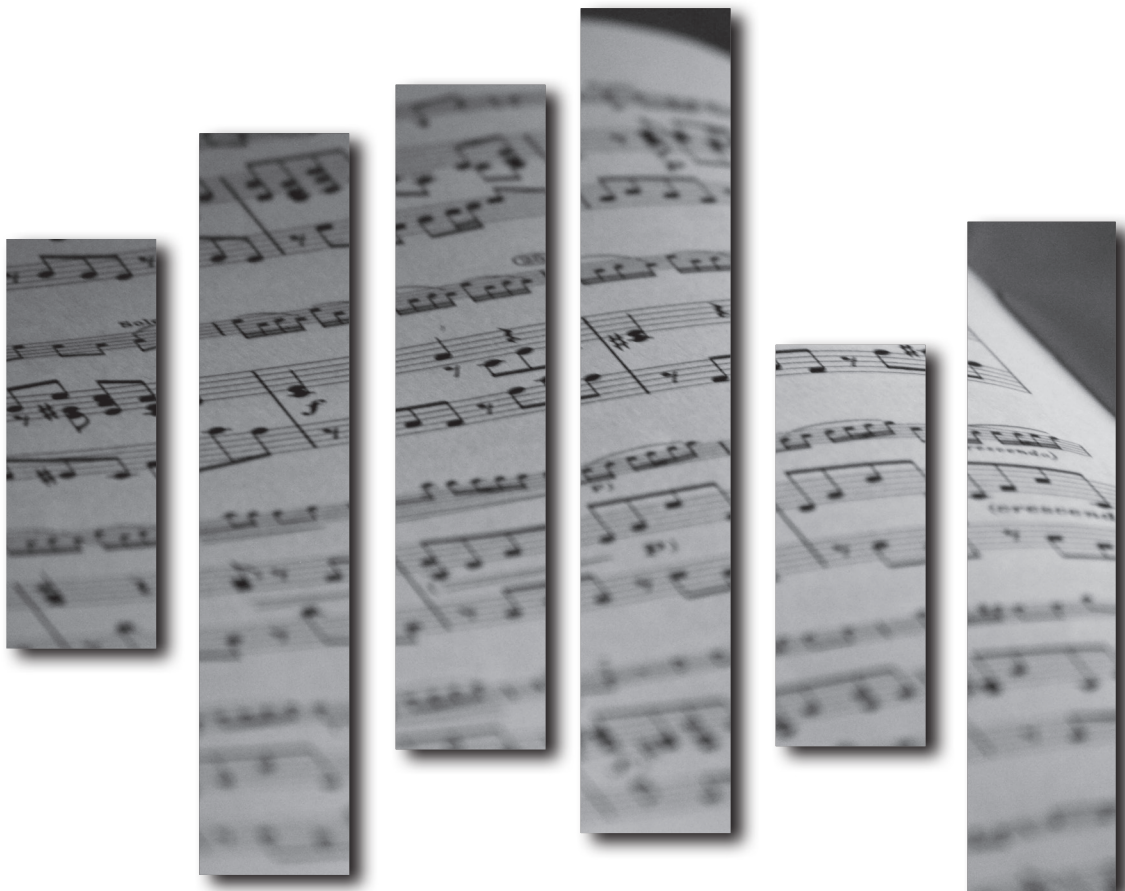


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IOWA

School of Music



ENSEMBLE CONCERT

University of Iowa Choral Collage

Dr. Timothy Stalter, *director of choral activities*

Dr. David Puderbaugh, *assistant director of choral activities*

Friday, October 29, 2021 at 7:30 p.m.

Pre-recorded in Voxman Music Building Concert Hall

University of Iowa Choral Collage

Dr. Timothy Stalter, *director of choral activities*

Dr. David Puderbaugh, *assistant director of choral activities*

PROGRAM

I.

Voxman Chorale

Danielle Bridges, *graduate conductor*

Mariya Akhadjanova, *piano*

Come Unto These Yellow Sands:

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

(text by William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*)

Text:

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands,
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And sweet sprites the burthen bear:
Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la.

Wenn die Sense scharf geschliffen wäre

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

(from Dvořák's collection of *Moravian Duets*, op. 32)

Text:

Wenn die Sense scharf geschliffen wäre,
würde reif der Grummet stehn,
sollte sie den Klee und alle Gräser
hurtig auf der Wiese mäh'n.

Poetic Translation:

An my scythe were whetted sharp and keen,
with the corn and autumn grain,
I would mow the flow'rs that grow between
them;
they for life should plead in vain.

Hei, zarte Gräser, will nach euch nicht fragen,
Hei, zarte Gräser, will nach euch nicht fragen.

Fair, blue-eyed flow'rets, wherefore should I
mourn you?
False, blue-eyed maiden, wherefore should I
scorn you?

Du, mein goldnes Mädchen
kann dir leicht entsagen,
hast ja einen Mann erwählt.

With thy love o'erladen,
with these flow'rs fast fading
I would fain adorn you for your new elected
swain!

(traditional folk text)

Die Taube auf dem Ahorn

(from Dvořák's collection of *Moravian Duets*, op. 32)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Text:

Flog ein Täubchen zum Ackerrain,
wollte picken die Körner ein,
pickte soviel das Kröpfchen faßt,
hielt dann auf einem Ahorn Rast.

Feinsliebchen auch zum Ahorn geht,
an ihrem grünen Tuch sie näht.
Stickt darauf den Kranz und Ring,
weil der Geliebte von ihr ging.

Stickt auch ein Röslein mit hinein,
ließ doch die Welt sie ganz allein.

Poetic Translation:

Down from her nest a wild dove flew
towards a field where the ripe corn grew,
filled her crop, then sought her nest,
high in the willow, there to rest.

There sits and weeps a maid so fair.
Hot tears trill thro' her gold silken hair;
sits and broiders a wreath and two rings.
"Forsaken am I!" she softly sings.

Broiders a rose, and makes sweet moan:
"How could he leave me to die alone!"

(traditional folk text)

VOXMAN CHORALE PERSONNEL

SOPRANO I

Vera Barkosky
Ashley Lesser
Samantha Martin
Lizzie Shockley

SOPRANO II

Gabby Crawley
Savannah Downing
Kayla Hochman
Precious Mago
Hailey Nelson
Sophie Nims
Sarah Walle
Jaysalynn Western
Boy

ALTO I

Emily Busche
Maddy Doucette
Stella Hartman
Jessie Meiers
Rita Ordaz-Varisce
Natalie Poppe
Jacy Pugh
Cheryl Reuben
Nicole Williams
Ana Yam

ALTO II

Bella Alvarado
Izzy Humpal-Pash
Anna Beth Johnson
Alexi Merritt
Julia Pokorny
Jenna Salliman
Hannah
Shelton-Hauck
Grace Vebi
Hannah Vogts

II.

Camerata

Michael Pekel, *graduate conductor*
Mariya Akhadjanova, *piano*

Simple Gifts

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
arr. David L. Brunner

Text:

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

(traditional Shaker text)

The Storm is Passing Over

Charles Albert Tindley (1851-1933)
arr. Barbara W. Baker

Text:

Have courage my soul and let us carry on.
For the night is dark, and I am far from home.
Thanks be to God, the morning light appears.
The storm is passing over, Hallelu.

(text by Charles Albert Tindley)

The Heavens are Telling (from *The Creation*)

Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

Siyeon Kim, *soprano*
Taylor Mayne, *tenor*
Caleb Haselhuhn, *bass*

Text:

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
the wonder of his work displays the firmament.

The day that is coming speaks to the day.

The night that is gone, to following night.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
the wonder of his work displays the firmament.

In all the lands resounds the word,
never unperceived, ever understood.

The heavens are telling the glory of God,
the wonder of his work displays the firmament.

(Text by Gottfried van Swieten)

CAMERATA PERSONNEL

SOPRANO I

Adelaide Brooks
Kate Cannon
Maninoa Courtright
Elli Decker
Rachel Geissel
Maianh Nguyen
Ava Snider
Bella Spurzem
Arrietty Valdez-Lopez
Abby Wagner
Charlotte Wetjen

ALTO

Kit Andrews
Madison Bruce
Niyati Deshpande
Yariana Diaz
Emma Engler
Samantha Fleishman
Molly Higgins
Natalie Kehrli
Eleanor King
Duong Le
Ava Locher
Njeri Mungara
Ngonyo Mungara
Annalyn Poulsen
Caidynce Schwartz
Naomi Sennett
Maya St. Clair
Ashley Xu

TENOR

Will Adams
Cullen Asbery
Logan Croll
Charlie Duffy
Angelo Emrich
Ryne Eyestone
Alexander Feller
Michael Rambousek
David Redhage
Kevin Smith

BASS

Alex Arellano
Jackson Bryant
Will Flack
Justin Hettlage
David Hitchman
Calvin Kotrba
Mitch Larson
Jason Lee
Austen Mattingly
Tylar Meister
Kenneth Nelson
Alex Ohlson
Brennan Plummer
Jasper Rood
Spencer Yost-Wolff

III.

University Choir

Dr. David Puderbaugh, *conductor*
Andrew Kendall, *assistant conductor*
Kyle Coleman, *piano*

A Black Birch in Winter

Gregory W. Brown (b. 1974)

Text:

You might not know this old tree by its bark,
Which once was striate smooth, and glossy dark,
So deep now are the rifts which separate
The roughened surface into flake and plate.
You might not know this old tree by its bark.

Fancy might less remind you of a birch
Than of mosaic columns in a church
Like Ara Coeli or the Lateran,
Or the trenched features of an agèd man.

Still, do not be too much persuaded by
These knotty furrows and these tesserae
To think of patterns made from outside in
Or finished wisdom in a shriveled skin.

You might not know this old tree by its bark,
Which once was striate smooth, and glossy dark,
So deep now are the rifts which separate
the roughened surface into flake and plate.
You might not know this old tree by its bark.

Old trees are doomed to annual rebirth, new compass, greater girth,
And this is all their wisdom and their art
To grow, and not yet come apart.

You might not know this old tree by its bark,
Which once was striate smooth, and glossy dark,
So deep now are the rifts which separate the roughened surface into flake and plate.
You might not know this old tree by its bark.

(text by Richard Wilbur)

What Is this Fragrance

arr. John Cheetham (b. 1939)

Text:

What is this fragrance softly stealing?
Shepherds! It sets my heart astir!
Never was sweetness so appealing,
Never were flow'rs of spring so fair!
What is this wonder all around us filling the air with music light?
Shepherds! Some magic here hath found us!
Never mine ears knew such delight!
There, in a manger with his mother,
Lieth our Savior, born today!
Come away Shepherds; Let none other
Hinder thy coming new away!
What is this fragrance softly stealing?
Shepherds! It sets my heart astir!

(traditional French carol)

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

(from *Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans*, L 99)

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

Kristina Vesta, *soprano*

Grace Johnson, *alto*

Andrew Kendall, *tenor*

Christian Frankl, *bass*

Text:

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain;
Este est plaisant et gentil
En te moing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.
Este revet champs, boise et
fleurs
De sa livree de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs par l'ordon-
nance de nature.
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De nege, vent, pluye et grezil.
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater je parle plein:
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.

Translation:

Winter, you are nothing but a villain;
Summer is pleasant and gentle,
As confirmed by May and April,
Who escort it evening and morning.
Summer clothes the fields, woods, and
flowers
With its garb of greenery
And many other colors,
According to the laws of nature.
But you, Winter, are much too full
Of snow, wind, rain, and hail.
You should be banished into exile.
Without mincing words, I'll speak plainly:
Winter, you are nothing but a villain!

(text by Charles, Duke of Orléans; transl. ©
2007, earthsongs)

UNIVERSITY CHOIR PERSONNEL

SOPRANO

Corgan Ball
Ella Bishop
Rebecca Burton
Alix Bushard
Mackenzie Gleason
Emma Graening
Lauren Kundel
Madison Law
Callie Skillman
Yaxin Sun
Kristina Vesta

ALTO

Maddy Daley
Eva Fisk
Lauren Hagar
Jenna Herting
Grace Johnson
Olivia-Margaret
Manaligod
Darcy Mergens
Amber Pierce
Allison Wright

TENOR

Christian Brandt
Kade Ferchen
Scott Griffin
Luke Heying
Noah Jedlicka
Asa Kelley
Andrew Kendall
Grant Lenz
John Mendelin
Matthew Peterson
Michael Sauer
Dylan Schutjer

BASS

Andrew Bryant
Kyle Coleman
Ethan Elsbernd
Christian Frankl
Kreg Godfrey
Jack Hinman
John Loos
Jarod Martens
Will Meiners
Zach Ring
Tiger Slowinski
Sam Strathearn
Casey Walker
Jarrett West

IV.

Kantorei

Dr. Timothy Stalter, *conductor*
Kreg Godfrey, *assistant conductor*
Kyle Coleman, *piano*

Ave verum corpus

William Byrd (1543-1623)

Text:

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro ho-
mine:

Cujus latus perforatum, unda fluxit san-
guine.

Esto nobis praegustatum mortis examine:
O Dulcis! O pie, O Jesu fili Mariae,
Miserere mei.

Translation:

Hail true Body, born of Mary the Virgin:
Truly suffering, sacrificed on the Cross for
man.

Whose side when pierced flowed with water
and blood.

Be to us a foretaste in death's agony.
O sweet! O loving, O Jesus son of Mary,
Have mercy on me.

Two excerpts from *Spanisches Liederspiel* Op. 74, 1849

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

No. 5 "Es ist verraten"

Text:

Daß ihr steht in Liebesglut,
Schlaue, läßt sich leicht gewahren,
Denn die Wangen offenbaren,
Was geheim im Herzen ruht.

Stets an Seufzern sich zu weiden,
Stets zu weinen statt zu singen,
Wach die Nächte hinzubringen
Und den süßen Schlaf zu meiden:
Das sind Zeichen jener Glut,
Die dein Antlitz läßt gewahren,
Und die Wangen offenbaren,
Was geheim im Herzen ruht.

Daß ihr steht in Liebesglut,
Schlaue, läßt sich leicht gewahren,
Denn die Wangen offenbaren,
Was geheim im Herzen ruht.

No. 5 "It cannot be concealed"

Translation:

That you are glowing with passion,
O sly ones, can easily be seen,
For your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

Ever revelling in sighs,
Ever weeping instead of singing,
Spending wakeful nights
And avoiding sweet sleep—
These are the signs of that passion
Your countenance reveals,
And your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

That you are glowing with passion,
O sly ones, can easily be seen,
For your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

Liebe, Geld und Kummer halt' ich
Für am schwersten zu verhehlen,
Denn auch bei den strengsten Seelen
Drängen sie sich vor gewaltig.
Jener unruhvolle Mut
Läßt zu deutlich sie gewahren,
Und die Wangen offenbaren,
Was geheim im Herzen ruht.

Love, money and grief are to me
The hardest to conceal,
For even with the sternest souls
They force themselves to the surface.
Your restless mood
Betrays them too clearly,
And your cheeks reveal
The secret of your heart.

(text by Emanuel von Geibel; translation
© Richard Stokes, author of *The Book
of Lieder*, published by Faber, provided
by courtesy of Oxford Lieder, www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

No. 9 "Ich bin geliebt"

Text:

Mögen alle bösen Zungen
Immer sprechen, was beliebt:
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

Schlimme, schlimme Reden flüstern
Eure Zungen schonungslos,
Doch ich weiss es, sie sind lüstern
Nach unschuld'gem Blute bloss.
Nimmer soll es mich bekümmern,
Schwätzt so viel es euch beliebt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

Zur Verleumdung sich
verstehet nur,
Wem Lieb' und Gunst
gebrach,
Weil's ihm selber elend gehet
Und ihn niemand minnt und mag.
Darum denk' ich, dass die Liebe,
Drum sie schmähn, mir Ehre giebt;
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

No. 9 "I am loved"

Translation:

Let all evil tongues
Always say what they like:
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

Wicked, wicked rumour
Your tongues whisper mercilessly,
But I know they are merely
Hungry for innocent blood.
Never shall it worry me—
Gossip as much as you want;
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

Slandering is the only thing that's
understood
By the one who has missed out on love
and affection,
Since he himself is so wretched
And no one woos and wants him.
That's why I think that love,
Which they revile, gives me honour;
Whoever loves me I love back
And I know that I am loved.

Wenn ich wär' aus Stein und Eisen,
Möchtet ihr darauf bestehn,
Dass ich sollte von mir weisen
Liebesgruss und Liebesflehn.
Doch mein Herzlein ist nun leider
Weich, wie's Gott uns Mädchen giebt,
Wer mich liebt, den lieb' ich wieder,
Und ich weiss, ich bin geliebt.

If I were made of stone and iron,
You might insist
That I should reject
Lover's greeting and lover's plea.
But my little heart is now unfortunately
Tender, as God grants us maidens;
Whoever loves me I love back,
And I know that I am loved.

(text by Emanuel von Geibel; transl., Eric
Sams, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder,
www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

KANTOREI PERSONNEL

SOPRANO

Karissa Burkhardt
Veena Kappaganthu
Siyeon Kim
Mikayla Liu
Avery Nabholz
Aurora Navarro
Maddison Smith

ALTO

Brie Bevans
Danielle Bridges
Majesty Constable
Sophia Davis
Emma Gostonczik
Lydia Kasap
Brennan Martinez
Maegan Neil

TENOR

Nathan Brown
Brandon Burkhardt
Foo Chen Gui
Andrew Kendall
Taylor Mayne
Michael Sauer
Colin Wilson
Kelby Yoder

BASS

Zach Brecht
Kyle Coleman
Dom Cravero
Kreg Godfrey
Sean Harken
Caleb Haselhuhn
Michael Pekel
Andrew René
Brady Welch
Mitchell Widmer

UPCOMING EVENTS

For the most up to date listing of concerts and recitals, please visit arts.uiowa.edu.

All events are FREE unless otherwise indicated.

View livestreamed concerts at music.uiowa.edu/livestream.

OCTOBER

2021

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-------------------------------|--------------|
| 31 | 3:00 p.m. | Iowa Percussion Fall Concert | Concert Hall |
| 31 | 7:30 p.m. | Tuba/Euphonium Studio Recital | Recital Hall |
| 31 | 7:30 p.m. | Composers Workshop I | Concert Hall |

NOVEMBER

2021

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|---|---|
| 01 | 7:30 p.m. | Guest Artist Recital: Ensemble Dal Niente | Concert Hall |
| 03 | 7:30 p.m. | Gold Combo Concert | Recital Hall |
| 03 | 7:30 p.m. | Dalí Quartet | Concert Hall |
| 07 | 1:30 p.m. | Piano Sundays at the Old Capitol: UI Rising Piano Stars | Old Capitol Museum |
| 07 | 3:00 p.m. | Band Extravaganza | Xtream Arena |
| 09 | 7:30 p.m. | Saxophone Quartet Recital | Recital Hall |
| 10 | 7:30 p.m. | University of Iowa Trombone Choir | Stark Opera Studio |
| 12 | 7:30 p.m. | Fall Opera: <i>Three Decembers</i> | Coralville Center for the Performing Arts |
| 13 | 3:00 p.m. | Faculty Recital: Nicole Esposito, <i>flute</i> ; Greg Hand, <i>harpichord</i> | Organ Hall |
| 13 | 7:30 p.m. | Fall Opera: <i>Three Decembers</i> | Coralville Center for the Performing Arts |
| 13 | 7:30 p.m. | Ulowa Combo Concerts | Recital Hall |

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