



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS | THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Chamber Choir Spring Concert

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Kuei-Jhu Chen, Kameron Kavanaugh,
and Rob Swenson, graduate assistants

Yanqi Wang, piano

Tuesday, April 23, 2024

Libby Gardner Concert Hall

Virtual Venue: <https://music.utah.edu/libby-live/index.php>

7:30 p.m.

Program

(Please turn off all electronic devices that could disrupt the concert.)

Alleluia Ivo Antognini (b. 1963)

Those Tender Words

Jubilate Deo

Meg Johnson, Sage Madsen, Dillan Burnett and Porter Hyatt, vocal quartet

Alchemy Donald M. Skirvin (b. 1936)

1. Living Gold
2. Cups of Fire
3. Jewelled Blaze
4. O Beauty

Intermission

About Life Christopher Bradford (b. 1996)

Spring

The Death Bed

The First Lover

For Kem and Carolyn arr. Barlow Bradford (b. 1960)

The Wind Beneath My Wings

Homeward Bound

Amazing Grace

Isabel Cossa, soloist

Chamber Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor

Kuei-Jhu Chen, Kameron Kavanaugh, and Rob Swenson, graduate assistants

Yanqi Wang, piano

Soprano

Nathalia Alvarez

Isabel Cossa

Caitlin Corbett

Nahal Falahatimarvast

Evelyn Gibson

Audrey Johnson

Meg Johnson

Anna Roelofs

Alto

Mara Davis

Jourdan Elterman

Nadia Englund

Sage Madsen

Allie Marsh

Aubrey McMillan

Zoe Stevens

Karley Swallow

Tenor

Kayvon Alipour

Dillan Burnett

Kuei-Jhu Chen

Edsel Christensen

Jonah Gray

Caden Lewis

Rob Swenson

Will Tepner

Enzo Willis

Bass

William Dreyer

Jackson Fowers

Jonathan Gibson

Ethan Hepworth

Porter Hyatt

Kameron Kavanaugh

Caleb Martin

Porter Reynolds

Matt Tang

Tiago Weir

Orchestra

Violin I

Kasia Sokol-Borup, concertmaster

John Allen

Emily Day-Shumway

Leslie Henrie

Rosalie McMillan

Kristiana Matthes

Violin II

Marcel Bowman, principal

Rebekah Blackner

Melissa Draper

Kathy Langr

Mary Otterstrom

Kerstin Tenney

Viola

Rebecca Suelzle, principal

Abby Chandler

Jack Johnson

Mallory Todd

Cello

Lauren Posey, principal

Ambryn Bowman

Monika Bowman

Jonathan Lee

Bass

Justin Morgan, principal

Matthew Shumway

Flute:

April Clayton

Oboe:

Luca Florin

Clarinet:

Henry Caceres

Erin Voellinger

Bassoon:

Brian Hicks

Horn:

Larry Lowe

Steve Park

Trumpet:

Travis Peterson

Bass Trombone:

Craig Moore

Harp:

Julie Keyes

Percussion:

Robert Oldroyd

Aiden Smith

Song Text & Translation

Alleluia

Alleluia

Those Tender Words

Those tender words we said to one another
Are stored in the secret heart of heaven.
One day, like the rain, they will fall and spread,
And their mystery will grow green over the world.

—Rumi

Jubilate Deo

Jubilate Deo universa terra.
Psalmum decite nomini eius.
Venite, et audite, et narrabo vobis,
omnes qui timetis Deum
quanta fecit Dominus animae meae,
alleluia.

-Psalm 65

Shout to God

Shout to God, all those on earth.
Sing a psalm to his name.
Come and listen, and I shall tell
all those that fear the Lord
what great things he hath done for my
soul,
alleluia

Living Gold

I lift my heart as spring lifts up
A yellow daisy to the rain;
My heart will be a lovely cup
Altho' it holds but pain.

For I shall learn from flower and leaf
That color every drop they hold,
To change the lifeless wine of grief
To living gold.

—Sara Teasdale

Cups of Fire

Hibiscus flowers are cups of fire,
(Love me, my lover, life will not stay)
The bright poinsettia shakes in the wind,
A scarlet leaf is blowing away.
A lizard lifts his head and listens
Kiss me before the noon goes by,
Here in the shade of the ceiba hide me
From the great black vulture circling the sky.

Jewelled Blaze

My forefathers gave me
My spirit's shaken flame,
The shape of hands, the beat of heart,
The letters of my name.
But it was my lovers,
And not my sleeping sires,
Who gave the flame its changeful
And iridescent fires;
As the driftwood burning
Learned its jewelled blaze
From the sea's blue splendor
Of colored nights and days.

O Beauty

The sun was gone, and the moon was coming
Over the blue Connecticut hills;
The west was rosy, the east was flushed,
And over my head the swallows rushed
This way and that, with changeful wills.
*I heard them twitter and watched them dart
Now together and now apart*
Like dark petals blown from a tree;
The maples stamped against the west
Were black and stately and full of rest,
And the hazy orange moon grew up
And slowly changed to yellow gold
While the hills were darkened, fold on fold
To a deeper blue than a flower could hold.
Down the hill I went, and then
I forgot the ways of men,
For night-scents, heady, and damp and cool
Wakened ecstasy in me
On the brink of a shining pool.

O Beauty, out of many a cup
You have made me drunk and wild
Ever since I was a child,
But when have I been sure as now
That no bitterness can bend
And no sorrow wholly bow
One who loves you to the end?
And though I must give my breath
And my laughter all to death,
And my eyes through which joy came,
And my heart, a wavering flame;
If all must leave me and go back
Along a blind and fearful track
So that you can make anew,
Fusing with intenser fire,
Something nearer your desire;
If my soul must go alone
Through a cold infinity,
Or even if it vanish, too,
Beauty, I have worshipped you.

Let this single hour atone
For the theft of all of me.

Spring

The sides of the hill were brown, but violet buds had started
In gray and hidden nooks o'erhung by feathery ferns and heather,
And a bird in an April morn was never lighter-hearted
Than the pilot swallow we saw convoying sunny weather,
And sunshine golden, and gay-voiced singing-birds into the land;
And this was the song--the clear, shrill song of the swallow,
That it carolled back to the southern sun, and his brown winged band,
Clear it arose, "Oh, follow me--come and follow--and follow."

A tender story was in his eyes, he wished to tell me I knew,
As he stood in the happy morn by my side at the garden-gate;
But I fancy the tall rose branches that bent and touched his brow,
Were whispering to him, "Wait, impatient heart, oh, wait,
Before the bloom of the rose is the tender green of the leaf;
Not rash is he who wisely followeth patient Nature's ways,
The lily-bud of love should be swathed in a silken sheaf,
Unfolding at will to summer bloom in the warm and perfect days."

So silently sailed the early sun, through clouds of fleecy white;
So stood we in dreamy silence, enwrapped in a tender spell;
But the pulses of soft Spring air were quickened to fresh delight,
For I read in his eye the story sweet, he longed, yet feared to tell;
It spoke from his heart to mine, and needed no word from his mouth,
And high o'er our heads rang out the happy song of the swallow;
It cried to the sunshine and beauty and bloom of the South,
Exultingly carolling clear, "Oh, follow me--oh, follow."

—Marietta Holley

The Death Bed

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied--
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed--she had
Another morn than ours.

—Thomas Hood

The First Lover

As o'er the vessel's side she leant,
She saw the swimmer in the sea
With eager eyes on her intent,
"Come down, come down and swim with me."

So weary was she of her lot,
Tired of the ship's monotony,
She straightway all the world forgot
Save the young swimmer in the sea

So when the dusky, dying light
Left all the water dark and dim,
She softly, in the friendly night,
Slipped down the vessel's side to him.

Intent and brilliant, brightly dark,
She saw his burning, eager eyes,
And many a phosphorescent spark
About his shoulders fall and rise.

As through the hushed and Eastern night
They swam together, hand in hand,
Or lay and laughed in sheer delight
Full length upon the level sand.

"Ah, soft, delusive, purple night
Whose darkness knew no vexing moon!
Ah, cruel, needless, dawning light
That trembled in the sky too soon!"

—Laurence Hope

The Wind Beneath My Wings

It must have been cold there in my shadow
To never have sunlight on your face
You were content to let me shine, that's your way
You always walked a step behind

So I was the one with all the glory
While you were the one with all the strength
A beautiful face without a name for so long
A beautiful smile to hide the pain

Did you ever know that you're my hero
And everything I would like to be?
I can fly higher than an eagle
For you are the wind beneath my wings

It might have appeared to go unnoticed
But I've got it all here in my heart
I want you to know I know the truth, of course I know it
I would be nothing without you

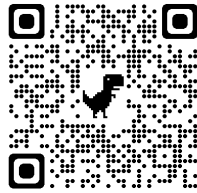
Did you ever know that you're my hero
And everything I would like to be?
I can fly higher than an eagle
For you are the wind beneath my wings
'Cause you are the wind beneath my wings

Fly, fly, fly.
Wind Beneath My Wings.
Fly, fly, fly.
Fly high.

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