

Chamber Choir Spring Concert

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor Dr. Eric Schmidt, conductor

Kuei-Jhu Chen, graduate assistant Kameron Kavanaugh, graduate assistant Xiaoyu Zhang, piano

Tuesday, April 22, 2025 Libby Gardner Concert Hall Virtual Venue: https://music.utah.edu/libby-live/index.php 7:30 p.m.

Program

(Please hold applause until the end of each selection and turn off all electronic devices that could disrupt the concert.)

Canticum novum Ivo Antognini

(b. 1963)

Ilumina facem tuam Carlo Gesualdo

(1560-1613)

Jubilate Deo Ivo Antognini

A Drop in the Ocean Ēriks Ešenvalds

(b. 1977)

Intermission

Three Pieces Eric Whitacre

Water Night (b. 1970)

Sing Gently

Little Man in a Hurry

Ballade to the Moon Daniel Elder

(b. 1986)

The Battle of Jericho arr. Moses Hogan

(1957-2003)

Two settings of Walt Whitman Barlow Bradford

Give me Your Splendid, Silent Sun Keep Your Splendid, Silent Sun

Chamber Choir

Dr. Barlow Bradford, conductor Dr. Eric Schmidt, conductor Kuei-Jhu Chen, graduate assistant Kameron Kavanaugh, graduate assistant Xiaoyu Zhang, piano

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Nathalia Alvarez	Alexa Brinkerhoff	Dillan Burnett	Caleb Booth
Heather Christensen	Cagney Lotz	Kuei-Jhu Chen	William Dreyer
Caitlin Corbett	Aubrey MacMillan	Edsel Christensen	Jackson Fowers
Nahal Falahatimarvast	Sage Madsen	Jonah Gray	Ethan Hepworth
Audrey Johnson	Sarah Pierce	Caden Lewis	Ronald Porter Hiatt
Zara Landsted	Karley Swallow	Cole Madsen	Kameron Kavanaugh
Genevieve McGill	Mia Widmar	Will Tepner	Logan Luker
Anna Roelefs	Haley Wood	Enzo Willis	Caleb Martin
Elesa Wiser			Matthew Tang

Song Texts

Canticum novum

Cantate Domino canticum novum
Cantate Domino omnis terra
Cantate Domino
et benedictus nomini ejus:
annuntiate de die in diem salutare ejus

Canticum novum

Sing to the Lord a new song:
Sing to the Lord, all the earth.
Sing to the Lord,
Bless his name:
Show forth his salvation from day to day.

Ilumina facem tuam

Illumina faciem tuam super servum tuum, et salvum me fac in misericordia tua: Domine, non confundar, quoniam invocavi te.

Ilumina facem tuam

Shew thy servant the light of thy countenance: and save me for thy mercy's sake.

Let me not be confounded, O Lord, for I have called upon thee.

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

Jubilate Deo

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.

A Drop in the Ocean

Pater noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum
Adveniat regnum tuum
Fiat voluntas tua sicut in caelo et in terra
Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra
Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem: sed libera
nos a malo
Amen

Lord, make me a channel of your peace Where there is hatred, let me sow love Where there is injury, let me sow pardon Where there is discord, let me sow harmony Where there is error, I may bring truth Where there is doubt, let me sow faith Where there is despair, let me sow hope Where there is darkness, I may bring light Where there is sadness, I may bring joy

Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! Oh, the wings of a dove! I would fly away, I would flee far away and be at rest I would find my place of shelter far from the tempest and storm

Ah, Jesus, you are my God Jesus, you are my spouse Jesus, my life, my love, my all in all My work is nothing but a drop in the ocean, but if I did not put that drop, the ocean would be one drop the less

A Drop in the Ocean

Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Water Night

Night with the eyes of a horse that trembles in the night, Night with eyes of water in the field asleep is in your eyes, A horse that trembles is in your eyes of secret water. Eyes of shadow-water, Eyes of well-water, Eyes of dream-water. Silence and solitude, Two little animals moon-led, Drink in your eyes, Drink in those waters. If you open your eyes, night opens doors of musk, The secret kingdom of the water opens Flowing from the center of the night. And if you close your eyes, A river, a silent and beautiful current, fills you from within, Flows forward, darkens you. Night brings its wetness to beaches in your soul.

-Octavio Paz

Sing Gently

May we sing together,
Always,
May our voice be soft,
May our singing be music for others,
And may it keep others aloft.
Sing gently, always, Sing gently as one.
May we stand together,
Always,
May our voice be strong,
May we hear the singing, always,
And may we always sing along.
Sing gently, always, Singing gently as one.

Little man in a hurry

little man (in a hurry full of an important worry) halt stop forget relax

wait

(little child who have tried who have failed who have cried)

lie bravely down

sleep

big rain big snow big sun big moon (enter

us)

-e. e. cummings

Ballade to the Moon

On moonlit night I wander free, my mind to roam on thoughts of thee. With midnight darkness beckoning my heart toward mystic fantasy:

Come, dream in me!

How beautiful, this night in June, And here, upon the velvet dune; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The path lies dark before my sight, And yet, my feet with pure delight trod onward through the blackened vale beneath the starry sky so bright.

O, share thy light!

These woods, their weary wanderer soon in awe and fearful wonder swoon; I weep with joy beneath the moon.

And as the darkened hours flee, my heart beats ever rapidly. Though heavy hang my eyes with sleep, my singing soul, it cries to thee:

Come, sing with me!

The twinkling sky casts forth its tune— O, must I leave thy charms so soon? I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The Battle of Jericho

Joshua fit the Battle, yes, the Battle of Jericho; Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho and the walls come tumbling down.

Talk about your kings of Gideon,
(Go on you can talk about,)
Talk about your men of Saul,
(Go on, yes, you can talk about him,)
But none like good old Joshua at the Battle of Jericho.
That mornin'

Right up to the walls of Jericho, He marched with spear in hand. "Go blow that ramhorn!" Joshua cried. 'Cause the battle am in my hand.

God, almighty, then the
Lamb, ram, sheephorn, begin to blow and the trumpet
begins to sound.
(Battle, Battle, oh Lord, yes, shout)
Joshua commanded the children to shout!
(Battle, Battle, oh Lord, yes, shout)
And the walls come a tumblin' down.

Oh Lord, you know that Joshua fit the Battle, yes, the Battle of Jericho; (Joshua, Battle, He fought the Battle, Battle,) The walls come tumbalin' down.

—Traditional Spiritual

Give me Your Splendid, Silent Sun

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-dazzling,

Give me autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,

Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,

Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape,

Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving animals teaching content,

Give me nights perfectly quiet, and I looking up at the stars;

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturb'd,

Give me a perfect child, give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural domestic life;

Give me to warble spontaneous songs, reliev'd recluse by myself, for my own ears only;

Give me solitude,

Give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!

—Walt Whitman

Keep Your Splendid, Silent Sun

Keep your splendid silent sun,

Keep your woods O Nature, and the quiet places by the woods;

Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your corn-fields and your orchards,

Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields, where the Ninth-month bees hum;

Give me faces and streets!

Give me these phantoms incessant and endless along the trottoirs!

Give me interminable eyes!

Give me women!

Give me comrades and lovers by the thousand!

Let me see new ones every day! Let me hold new ones by the hand every day!

Give me such shows!

Give me the streets of Manhattan!

Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!

Give me the shores and the wharves heavy-fringed with black ships!

O such for me! O an intense life! O full to repletion and varied!

The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel, for me!

The saloon of the steamer! The crowded excursion for me! The torchlight procession!

People, endless streaming with strong voices, passions, pageants,

Manhattan streets; with their powerful throbs, with the beating drums as now

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus, and light of the sparking eyes;

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

-Walt Whitman

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