Upcoming Concerts
Events are free unless otherwise noted.

Sunday, October 29
Eastman Bach Cantata Series
BWV 150 and BWV 78
Okawa Tan and Joseph Taff, conductors
Lutheran Church of the Reformation • 3PM

Wednesday, November 1
Eastman Wind Ensemble
Music of Mackey, Husa, and Rivello
Mark Davis Scatterday, conductor
Featuring Doug O’Connor, saxophone
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre • 8PM

Thursday-Sunday, November 2-5
Eastman Opera Theatre Presents:
Monteverdi’s L’incoronazione di Poppea
Paul O’Dette, conductor
Kilbourn Hall • 7:30PM / Sun. 2PM

Monday, November 6
Eastman Wind Orchestra
Music of Corigliano, Persichetti, and Camphouse
Mark Davis Scatterday and William Talley, conductors
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre • 8PM

Information about upcoming Eastman concerts and events can be found at:
www.esm.rochester.edu/concerts/calendar.php

Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre fire exits are located along the right and left sides, and at the back of the hall on each level. In the event of an emergency, you will be notified by the stage manager. If notified, please move in a calm and orderly fashion to the nearest exit.

Restrooms are located on each level of Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre. Our ushers will be happy to direct you to them.

Please note: The use of unauthorized photo-graphic and recording equipment is not allowed in this building. We reserve the right to ask anyone disrupting a performance to leave the hall.

Supporting the Eastman School of Music:
We at the Eastman School of Music are grateful for the generous contributions made by friends, parents, and alumni, as well as local and national foundations and corporations. Gifts and grants to the School support student scholarships, performance and academic facilities, educational initiatives, and programs open to the greater Rochester community. Every gift, no matter the size, is vital to enhancing Eastman’s commitment to excellence. For more information on making a gift, please visit www.esm.rochester.edu/giving or contact the Advancement Office by calling (585) 274-1040. Thank you!

Eastman School of Music/
University of Rochester
Women’s Chorus
Gwendolyn Gassler, conductor

Eastman Chorale
William Weinert and
Ben Johns, conductors

Eastman Repertory Singers
Rayvon T.J. Moore, conductor

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~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman School of Music/
University of Rochester Women's Chorus
Gwendolyn Gassler, conductor
Oliver Brett, pianist

Missa Brevis (1994)
Ramona Luengen
Kyrie (b. 1960)
Sanctus 4'

Agnus Dei from Missa Brevis in C minor (1989)
Imant Raminsh
(b. 1943)
4'

Olivia Youngman-Mihovch, soprano

Artsa Alinu (2008)
Is Israeli pioneer song
arr. Nina Gilbert
2'

I Thank You God (1998)
Gwyneth Walker
(b. 1947)
4'

You Are The New Day (1978)
John David
(b. 1946)
arr. Knight/Lawson
3'

Tota pulchra es from Quatre Motets sur des thèmes grégoriens, Op. 10 (1960)
Maurice Duruflé
(1902-1986)
2'

Nein Geliebter, setze dich from Neue Liebeslieder, Op. 65 (1874)
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
2'

~ INTERMISSION ~

XI.
Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre ir aus Liebe.

No, there's just no getting along with people;
They always make such poisonous interpretations of everything.

If I'm merry, they say I cherish loose urges;
if I'm quiet, they say I am crazed with love.

XIII.
Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
Und das Herz, ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

The little bird rushes through the air,
searching for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart,
on which it can blessedly rest.

XIV.
Sieh, wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

See how clear the waves are
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
you love me back!

XV.
Nachtwild, sie singt so schön,
Wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

The nightingale, it sings so beautifully,
when the stars are twinkling.
Love me, my beloved heart,
kiss me in the dark!

XVIII.
Es bebet das Gesträuche;
gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet die Seele mir,
erschüttert von Liebe,
Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a little bird in flight.
In the same way,
my soul trembles,
overcome by love,
pleasure and sorrow,
as it thinks of you.

- Georg Friedrich Daumer
A small, pretty bird
took flight
into the garden,
there was fruit enough there.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not hesitate,
I would do just as he did.

Malicious lime-twigs
lurked in that place;
the poor bird
could not escape.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would have hesitated,
I would not have done that.

The bird came
into a pretty girl's hand,
and it caused him no pain,
the lucky thing.
If I were a pretty,
small bird,
I would not hesitate,
I would do just as he did.

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.
The lovely glow of this love,
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.

~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman Chorale

Whispers (2002)
Steven Stucky
(1949-2016)
Ellen Robertson, soprano; Megan Graves, alto;
Patrick Kelly, tenor; Keith Klein, bass
Ben Johns, conductor

Walden Pond (1997)
Dominick Argento
(b. 1927)
Jeremy Vigil, pianist
William Weinert, conductor

Eastman Repertory Singers
Rayvon T.J. Moore, conductor

Agnus Dei from *Mass for Four Voices* (1593)
William Byrd
(1543-1623)
3’

Agnus Dei (1597)
Thomas Morley
(1557-1602))
2’

*Liebeslieder Walzer, Op. 52* (1869)
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
20’

JeeHae Ahn and Laurina Ting Hong, pianists
**Missa Brevis**

**Kyrie**

*Kyrie eleison,*  
*Christe eleison,*  
*Kyrie eleison.*

**Sanctus**

*Sanctus Dominus Deus SābāoTH.*  
*Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua,*  
*Hosanna in excelsis.*

**Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.**  
*Hosanna in excelsis.*

**Agnus Dei**

*Agnus Dei,*  
*qui tollis peccata mundi,*  
*miserere nobis.*

*Agnus Dei,*  
*qui tollis peccata mundi,*  
*dona nobis pacem.*

---

**II. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,**  
*heftig angetrieben;*  
*wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,*  
*lernt es unterm Lieben.*

**III. O die Frauen, o die Frauen,**  
*wie sie Wonne tauen!*  
*Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,*  
*wärend nicht die Frauen!*

**IV. Wie des Abends schöne Röte,**  
*möcht’ ich armes Dirne glühn,*  
*Einem, Einem zu gefallen sonder Ende Wonne sprühn.*

**V. Die grüne Hopfenranke,**  
*sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.*  
*Die junge, schöne Dirne,*  
*so traurig ist ihr Sinn!*  
*Du höre, grüne Ranke!*  
*Wie hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?*  
*Du höre, schöne Dirne!*  
*Wie ist so schwer dein Herz?*  
*Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?*  
*Was ist so schwer dein Herz?*  
*Wie höbe sich die Ranke der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?*  
*Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich wenn ihr das Liebste weit?*

---

**Against the stones the stream rushes,**  
*powerfully driven;*  
*those who do not know to sigh there,*  
*will learn it when they fall in love.*

**O women, O women,**  
*how they melt one with bliss!*  
*I would have become a monk long ago if it were not for women!*

**Like the evening’s lovely red,**  
*would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,*  
*to please one, one boy,*  
*and to then radiate bliss forever.*

**The green hops vine,**  
*it winds along the ground.*  
*The young, fair maiden,*  
*so mournful are her thoughts!*  
*You listen, green vine!*  
*Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?*  
*You listen, fair maiden!*  
*Why is your heart so heavy?*  
*How can the vine raise itself when no support lends it strength?*  
*How can the maiden be merry when her sweetheart is far away?*
I Thank You God

I thank You God for most this amazing day;
for the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky;
and for everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes.
I who have died am alive again today. And this is the sun’s birthday;
this is the birthday of life and love and wings;
and of the gay great happening illimitably earth.
How should any human being doubt You?
How should tasting touching hearing seeing breathing
any human merely be doubt You? Unimaginable You?
lifted from the no of all nothing, doubt You?
Now the ears of my ears are awake.
Now the eyes of my eyes are opened.
I thank you God.

- Adapted from “i thank you God for most this amazing day”
  by ee cummings

You Are The New Day

You are the new day.
I will love you more than me and more than yesterday
if you can but prove to me you are the new day.
Send the sun in time for dawn, let the birds all hail morning.
Love of life will urge me say, you are the new day.
I lay me down at night knowing we must pay,
thoughts occur that this night might stay yesterday.
Thoughts that we as humans small could slow worlds and end it all
lie around me where they fall before the new day.
One more day when time is running out for ev’ryone,
like a breath I knew would come I reach for a new day.
Hope is my philosophy, just needs days in which to be,
love of life means hope for me, borne on a new day.
You are the new day.

- Words and Music by John David

IV. Extolling

Sky water.

Lake of light.

Great crystal on the surface of the earth.

Successive nations perchance have drank at, admired, and
fathomed it, and passed away, and still its water is green and pellucid
as ever. Who knows in how many unremembered nations’ literatures
this has been the Castilian Fountain? or what nymphs presided over it
in the Golden Age?

Perhaps on that spring morning when Adam and Eve were driven
out of Eden Walden Pond was already in existence, and even then
breaking up in a gentle springrain and covered with ducks and geese,
which had not heard of the fall. Even then it had clarified its waters
and colored then of the hue they now wear, and obtained a patent of
Heaven to be the only Walden Pond in the world.

- Henry David Thoreau

Liebeslieder Walzer

I.

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust,
die kühl, hat geschleudert
mit dem Blicke
diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Speak, maiden, whom I love
all too much, who hurled into my once
aloof heart,
with only one glance,
these wild, ardent feelings!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen?
Willst du, eine Überfromme,
rasten ohne traut Wonne,
oder willst du, daß ich komme?

Rasten ohne traut Wonne,
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komm nur, du schwarzes Auge.
Komm, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

Will you not soften your heart?
Do you wish to be chaste,
remain without sweet bliss,
or would you like that I come to you?

To remain without sweet bliss,
I would never make such a bitter penance.
So come, dark-eyes,
Come when the stars greet you.
Nein Geliebter, setze dich

No Beloved, do not sit
so close to me!
Do not stare so ardently
at my face!
However much your heart may burn,
suppress your urges,
so that the world will not see
how much we love each other.

- Georg Friedrich Daumer

Whispers

Solo Quartet:

Ave verum corpus, natum
de Maria virgine; vere passum.
Unda fluxit sanguine,
miserere mei.
O dulcis, O pie...

Hail, true body, born of the
virgin Mary, who truly suffered;
with water and blood,
have mercy on me.
O sweet, O holy...

- Traditional Latin

Choir:

Whispers of heav’nly death murmur’d I hear,
Labial gossip of the night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending,
mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers,
tides of a current flowing, forever flowing,
I see, just see skyward, great cloud masses,
mournfully slowly they roll,
silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a halfdimm’d sadden’d faroff star,
Appearing and disappearing.

- Walt Whitman

Walden Pond

I. The Pond

Nothing so fair, so pure lies on the surface of the earth. It is a clear and deep green well, half a mile long, a perennial spring in the midst of pine and oak woods.

It is earth’s eye; looking into which the beholder measures the depth of his own nature; it is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off; a mirror which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected on its bosom still.

There are few traces of man’s hand to be seen. The water laves the shore as it did a thousand years ago. This water is of such crystalline purity that the body of the bather appears of an alabaster whiteness, which, as the limbs are magnified and distorted, produces a monstrous effect, making fit studies for a Michael Angello.

So pure, so fair.