~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman School of Music / University of Rochester Women’s Chorus
Philip Silvey, conductor
Nils Klykken, graduate assistant
Hyoungjin Kim, accompanist

~ Her Voice Carries ~

Women’s College Alma Mater
Julia Rogers & Clara Hoffman
Class of 1916
2’

Canzonette a tre
Claudio Monteverdi
Il mio martir
Hor care canzonette
Son quest’i crespi crini
Ellen Robertson, Megan Graves, Kelly Whitesell, trio
Nils Klykken, conductor

Two poems by Louisa May Alcott
Philip E. Silvey
Pathless Sky
I Would Be
6’

Notes Upon the Breeze
Chris Lastovicka
I. How Birds Sing
Kelly Whitesell, soloist
8’
II. Drops in the Bucket
Michael Perry, violin
Jiaqi Sun, violin
Emily Lewis, viola
Hyugrai Kim, cello
Spencer Jensen, bass
III. Distance

He’ll Make A Way
Byron J. Smith
b. 1960
4’

~ INTERMISSION ~
I Hate and I Love  
Dominick Argento  
b. 1927

I. I hate and I love  
II. Let us live, my Clodia, and let us love  
III. Greetings, miss, with nose not so small  
IV. My woman says she will be no one’s  
V. Was it a lioness from the mountains of Libya  
VI. You promise me, my dearest life  
VII. Wretched Catullus, put an end to this madness  
VIII. I hate and I love

James Petrello III  
and Charley Gillette, percussionists

At the Round Earth’s Imagined Corners  
Charles H.H. Parry  
(1848-1918)

6’

Before I Go My Way  
Peter Hamlin  
(b. 1951)

Benjamin Magruder, viola  
6’

Valiant-for-Truth  
Ralph Vaughan Williams  
(1872-1958)

5’

Il mio martir
Monteverdi

Il mio martir tengo celat’ al cuore.
Se lo dimostri ohimè puoco mi giova.

Tutto ne causa quest’iniquo Amore
Ch’in hora e in pinto il mio martir rinova.

Nessun cred’il mio mal se non ch’il prova.

I keep my suffering hidden in my heart.
If you reveal it, alas, little would it help me.
The cause of all my pain is this unjust Love
that continuously renews my suffering.

No, one believes my pain until he himself feels it.

Therefore if no one believes my suffering
I am wounded, alas, and it goes unseen,
this mortal ache bears witness to it.

Hor care Canzonette

Hor care conzonette, sicuramente andrete
Lisa tamente cantando et sempre ringraziando
Chi vi vora a scoltare baciandoli le man, senza parlare.

Dolce mie Canzonette,
andrete pur solette,
E sempre ringraziando chivi andara cantando,
E se perdon vorete de vostri errori, lo dirori, lo dimandarete.

Now dear Canzonets, 
surely you will go happily singing
and always thanking those
who will wish to listen to you
kissing their hands in sign of gratitude,
without speaking.

My sweet Canzonets, 
you will go alone, though,
and always thanking those
who will sing you your music,
and if you desire forgiveness
for your errors,
you need only ask for it.