



THE CROSSING

D O N A L D N A L L Y — C O N D U C T O R

In Concert at the Presbyterian Church of Chestnut Hill

Friday

April

25th

2008

8pm

THE CROSSING

Karen Blanchard	Steven Gearhart	Rebecca Siler
Steven Bradshaw	Chris Hodges	Daniel Spratlan
Maren Montalbano Brehm	Vincent Metallo	Erin Westmaas
Heather Cox	Rebecca Oehlers	Rebecca Whitlow
Jeff Dinsmore	Robert Phillips	Shari Alise Wilson
Ryan Fleming	Lourin Plant	Steven Ziegler
	Susan Polack	

Scott Dettra, organ
John Grecia, accompanist
Donald Nally, conductor

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank the congregation and staff of the Presbyterian Church of Chestnut Hill, Music Director Mark Anderson, and Reverend Cindy Jarvis. We're especially grateful at this concert for the invitation to open their Festival of Art and Music, in addition to their undying generosity in offering their church as our home.

2 Our ongoing thanks to Jeff Dinsmore, Rodrigo Mattos, and all our friends at www.BeSeenCommunications.com who continue to take care of us by donating their marketing and graphic talents.

Special thanks for Maren Montalbano Brehm for scheduling/personnel, Rebecca Whitlow for finances, Rob Phillips for stage management/logistics, Shari Alise Wilson for our post-concert receptions, and our friends Beth and Hank Van de Water for generously ensuring those receptions are a success!

We're very grateful to the following for having made financial contributions to help make this concert possible:

Anne Bancroft	Katrine DeAngelo	Assunta R. Perretta
The Blanchard Family	Jeff Dinsmore	Beryl Rogers
Jodi Bohr	Lois and John Dinsmore	Charles Scwab & Co.
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Beryl B. Byles	Gordon W. Lapp	Beth and Hank Van de Water
The Alpin J. and Alpin W.	The Kenneth Leighton Trust, Jo Leighton,	Vera and John Murray Wilson
Cameron Memorial Fund	Chairman; Jeremy Upton, Treasurer	<i>...and the members of The Crossing</i>
Lindsey and Knud Christiansen	Larry Passmore	

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PROGRAM

Triodion (1998) **Arvo Pärt**

Introduction: In the Name of the Father

Ode I: O Jesus the Son of God, Have Mercy upon Us

Ode II: O Most Holy Birth-giver of God, Save Us

Ode III: O Holy Saint Nicholas, Pray to God for Us

Coda: Glory be to the Father

Memento Creatoris (1967)..... **Thea Musgrave**

Crucifixus pro nobis, op. 38 (1962) **Kenneth Leighton**

This performance is generously supported by The Kenneth Leighton Trust

1. *Christ in the Cradle*
2. *Christ in the Garden*
3. *Christ in His Passion*
4. *Hymn*

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INTERMISSION – 15 MINUTES

Canzone 126 di Francesco Petrarca, op. 6 (1967)..... **Lars Johan Werle**

This performance is made possible by a generous gift from The Alpin J. and Alpin W. Cameron Memorial Fund, Kathryn Taylor and Jonathan Sprogell

Three Prayers of Dietrich Bonhoeffer (c. 1996) **Philip Moore**

This performance is generously supported by Beryl B. Byles

1. *Morning Prayers*
2. *Prayers in Time of Distress*
3. *Evening Prayers*

Care Charminge Sleepe (2003) **Tarik O'Regan**

Triodion

Arvo Pärt (b. – 1935), Estonia, living in Berlin

Written for – Neil Cox and Lancing College Choir, London

How we discovered him – One would have to be living under a rock not to have encountered Arvo Pärt's music in the last quarter of the previous century; we gave the Italian premiere of his monumental *Te Deum* and later brought that work, along with his *I am the true vine*, to Philadelphia (We love the space his music requires us to make and the place it requires us to go together).

In this piece – Pärt sets an incomplete canon of odes (three of nine, thus “triodion”) based on canticles from Scripture as prescribed by the Eastern Orthodox Prayer Book. *Triodion* exemplifies Pärt's mature style – the place to which music has led him through a lifetime of experimentation; he began with serialism, was condemned for this by Soviet censors, and as a result, stopped writing while studying Medieval and Renaissance polyphony – music that, still today, heavily influences his well-known style of stark simplicity.

In the first chapter of his book *Arvo Pärt*, Paul Hillier relates silence with the Orthodox mystical prayer of the heart, or *hesychasm*. He writes that such silence is necessary when one aspires to, or attains, a state of “constant watchfulness over heart and mind, [with] an attitude of listening to God.” This is why Pärt, particularly in his later works such as *Triodion*, allows silence to play an almost equal role to the text and the music in a musical language that achieves a remarkable balance through a generosity of time and space – a language in which, Hillier writes, “Each syllable has its note but no syllable is individually noteworthy.”

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Of this language, which the composer long ago labeled ‘tintinnabulation’ as it recalls the ringing of bells, Pärt writes: “Tintinnabulation is an area I sometimes wander into when I am searching for answers—in my life, my music, my work. In my dark hours, I have the certain feeling that everything outside this one thing has no meaning. The complex and many-faceted only confuses me, and I must search for unity. What is it, this one thing, and how do I find my way to it? Traces of this perfect thing appear in many guises—and everything that is unimportant falls away. Tintinnabulation is like this. Here I am alone with silence. I have discovered that it is enough when a single note is beautifully played. This one note, or a silent beat, or a moment of silence, comforts me.”

NOTES AND TEXTS

Introduction

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen

Ode I - O Jesus the Son of God, Have Mercy upon Us.

We do homage to Thy pure image, O Good One, entreating forgiveness of our transgressions, O Christ our God: for of Thine own good will Thou wast graciously pleased to ascend the Cross in the flesh, that Thou mightest deliver from bondage to the enemy those whom Thou hadst fashioned. For which cause we cry aloud unto Thee with thanksgiving; with joy hast Thou filled all things, O our Saviour, in that Thou didst come to save the world.

Ode II - O Most Holy Birth-giver of God, Save Us

Unto the Birth-giver of God let us sinners and humble ones now diligently have recourse; and let us fall down in penitence exclaiming, from the bottom of our souls: O Sovereign Lady, help us, having compassion on us! Show zeal, for we perish with the multitude of our sins; turn not Thy servants away empty; for we have Thee as our only hope. O Most Holy Birth-giver of God, save us.

Ode III - O Holy Saint Nicolas, Pray unto God for Us

A rule of faith and a model of meekness, a teacher of abstinence hath the reality shewn thee unto thy flock; therewithal hast thou acquired: by humility greatness, by poverty riches; O Father hierarch Nicholas, intercede before Christ the God that our souls may be saved.

Coda -

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, both now, and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Orthodox Prayer Book

Memento Creatoris

Thea Musgrave (b. – 1928), Edinburgh Scotland

Written for – the BBC Transcription Service, commissioning it for the Aldeburgh Festival (the Festival founded by Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears, and Eric Crozier), dedicated to Imogen Holst, British composer and conductor and the daughter of Gustav, the composer.

How we discovered her – Musgrave was in Santa Fe in the summer of 1998 and we met her at one of the Santa Fe Chamber Music concerts featuring her works. (We subsequently tried, unsuccessfully, to commission a work from her for the Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia!)

In this piece – Musgrave begins by editing a classic Reformation sermon of Donne, paring it down to a few key phrases that capture the essence of the great preacher and poet’s message: Remember Him – who made you from nothing into something that can never return to nothing – using memory for all that is good (and not for trying to imagine those things that only the Creator knows, such as, what came before Creation!).

Like Donne, Musgrave uses “Remember thy Creator” – two perfectly balanced three-syllable words linked by a foot – as her repetitive device from which springs every idea; her musical setting of the phrase becomes the thread holding together the otherwise largely rhetorical and speech-like phrases, which draw on (as Donne would have) a great variety of inflective and dynamic variations and articulations, capturing the great preacher’s dramatic effect.

Donne’s sermon is heavily laden with Latin, which he translates for his congregation; Musgrave follows suit, seeming to rejoice both in the meaning of the words, and in the astounding words themselves.

Remember thy Creator!

In the days when thou hast light,
in the days when God presents thee many lights,
many means,

[in die; in diebus juventis]

in the days of thy youth of strength
whilst thou art able to do that which thou
purposest to thyself;

[in diebus Electionum tuarum]

in the days of thy choice!

whilst thou art able to make thy choice.

Remember that all these things which thou labourest for
and delightest in were created

made of nothing;

and therefore thy memory looks not far enough back,
if it stick only upon the creature and reach
not to the Creator.

And in that first that he made thee, and then
what he made thee;

He made thee of nothing.

But of that nothing he has made thee such a thing as
cannot return to nothing

but must remain forever;

whether happy or miserable,

that depends upon thy remembering thy Creator now,
in the days of thy youth.

Remember thy Creator!

John Donne (1572-1631, England)

A Sermon of Valediction on his Going into Germany

Given at Lincoln’s Inn, April 18, 1619

Preaching on Ecclesiastes xii 1 “Remember
now thy Creator in the days of thy youth”

Crucifixus pro nobis, op. 38

Kenneth Leighton (1929-1988), Wakefield, England; Edinburgh, Scotland

Written for – David Lumsden and the Choir of New College, Oxford

How we discovered him – Leighton is a favorite of The Crossing, especially at Christmas; many of us sang his music together at St. Mark's Church, with Scott playing. During that time, Leighton's widow became interested in our work and she began a supportive correspondence with us that continues today.

In this piece – Leighton shows again how he is both a product of English choral music and yet, in some ways a decidedly un-British composer in his overt, unabashed expressivity; we hear the conflicting influences of his teachers, the English traditionalist Bernard Rose and Italian new-music composer Goffredo Petrassi, which are married into a cohesive, expressive force. In *Crucifixus pro nobis*, we may at first be uncertain in what world we find ourselves, for the music does not sound appropriate to church, nor necessarily to the concert hall. Beginning stark and cold, with an unceasing repetition of an angular, dissonant melody over which the tenor solo laments, the only sure matter is that listener and singer alike are lost. From this first movement of mourning, we are shocked into a swift-moving choral movement in which an on-looking crowd describes Christ's suffering. Leighton's genius lies in the fine line between description and participation and it becomes clear through the music that the crowd carries the pain on themselves, becoming ever more 'ourselves' in the process, till, after several remarkably intimate moments between tenor and choir, the final motet leaves them alone, unaccompanied, and literally singing to their own tears.

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1. Christ in the Cradle

Look, how He shakes for cold!
How pale His lips are grown!
Wherein His limbs to fold
Yet mantle has He none.
His pretty feet and hands
(Of late more pure and white
Than is the snow
That pains them so)
Have lost their candour quite. [candour = whiteness]

His lips are blue
(Where roses grew),
He's frozen everywhere:
All th' heat He has
Joseph, alas,
Gives in a groan; or Mary in a tear.

2. Christ in the Garden

Look, how He glows for heat!
What flames come from His eyes!
'Tis blood that He does sweat,
Blood His bright forehead dyes:
See, see! It trickles down:
Look, how it showers amain! [amain = in full force]
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein.
His very heart
Burns in each part;
A fire His breast doth sear:
For all this flame,
To cool the same
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps a tear.

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3. Christ in His Passion

What bruises do I see!
What hideous stripes are those!
Could any cruel be
Enough, to give such blows?
Look, how they bind His arms
And vex His soul with scorns,
Upon His hair
They make Him wear
A crown of piercing thorns.
Through hands and feet
Sharp nails they beat:
And now the cross they rear:
Many look on;
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a tear.

8 Why did He shake for cold?
Why did He glow for heat?
Dissolve that frost He could,
He could call back that sweat.
Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
Those thorns, which thou didst see,
Those nails, that cross,
His own life's loss,
Why, oh, why suffered He?
'Twas for thy sake.
Thou, thou didst make
Him all those torments bear:
If then His love
Do thy soul move,
Sigh out a groan, weep down a melting tear.

Patrick Cary (c.1624–1657, England)

4. Hymn

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears

Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650, England)

Canzone 126 di Francesco Petrarca, op. 6

Lars Johan Werle (1926-2001) Gävle, Sweden; Gothenburg, Sweden

How we discovered him – When assembling the program for the Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia's Nordic concert (Spring 2001), we came across his spectacular score *trees* – settings of ee cummings poems – and loved the challenges it posed in rehearsal.

In this piece – We first hear Werle imitating the music of Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) – a madrigal style that was the direct descendant of Petrarch's (1304-1374) very early Renaissance canzone. Werle seems to own the style naturally, perhaps owing to his preference for a quieter life; he lived on an archipelago outside Vaxholm and eschewed the bus for the steamer every day, reportedly spending the long trip with a glass of wine in the ship's restaurant, keeping one foot in the past.

The composer has a great deal of text to cover, and so the lilting opening music (the mood of devotion and the pain of unrequited love) pays close attention to text inflection, as if the singers were simply speaking in a musical manner, albeit, expressively harmonized. However, Werle is a modernist, and this look back in style can only satisfy for a time. When the poet moves from an idealization of perfection (Petrarch's Laura), to a contemplation of death (as a release from such pain into the glory of memory), the music takes on a more fractured quality. Textures shift about; simple harmonies are juxtaposed with spoken words; clusters, glissandos (slides), and nearly every imaginable and virtuosic use of the voice are employed. Werle gives the singers instructions like "strangled," "from nothing," "no lower!" and "intense!" The effect is like being in waves, the listener lifted, dropped, or slowly tumbled to see from a different angle, and always with attention to the text. Indeed, within this more modern language, the music seems to try to find its way back to the earlier simplicity, but the text (as the poet buries himself, releases himself into nature, and hopes that memory will now act on his beloved) will not let it, as if the words and the music are in conflict; the former wanting to jump, jest, scream, sigh, and die in modernism and the latter wanting to capture bittersweet beauty within more nostalgic musical structures.

It comes as no surprise then, following the climactic moment, "Here Love rules," that we should find ourselves back in the Monteverdian textures of the opening, full of nostalgia and yet hope, and in Werle's masterful hands, full of unsentimentalized love. This is a remarkable feat for a setting of a masterpiece of literature on love and beauty; and the composer's command of the subject is confirmed in his decision to assign the final lines to a speaker, as Petrarch addresses his own poem with the hope it will find its audience, as it has for over 600 years.

NOTES AND TEXTS

Chiare, fresche et dolci acque,
ove le belle membra
pose colei che sola a me par donna;
gentil ramo, ove piacque
(con sospir' mi rimembra)
a lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
erba e fior, che la gonna
leggiadra ricoverse
co l'angelico seno;
aere sacro, sereno,
ove Amor co' begli occhi il cor m'aperse:
date udienza insieme
a le dolenti mie parole estreme.

S'egli è pur mio destino
(e 'l cielo in ciò s'adopra,)
ch'Amor quest'occhi lagrimando chiuda,
qualche grazia il meschino
10 corpo fra voi ricopra,
e torni l'alma al proprio albergo ignuda.
La morte fia men cruda
se questa spene porto
a quel dubbioso passo;
ché lo spirito lasso
non poria mai in piú riposato porto
né in piú tranquilla fossa
fuggir la carne travagliata e l'ossa.

Tempo verrà ancor forse
ch'a l'usato soggiorno
torni la fera bella e mansüeta,
e là 'vella mi scorse
nel benedetto giorno,
volga la vista disiosa e lieta,
cercandomi; e, o pietà!,
già terra in fra le pietre
vedendo, Amor l'inspiri
in guisa che sospiri

Clear, sweet fresh water
where she, the only one who seemed
woman to me, rested her beautiful limbs:
gentle branch where it pleased her
(with sighs, I remember it)
to make a pillar for her lovely flank:
grass and flowers which her dress
lightly covered,
as it did the angelic breast:
serene, and sacred air,
where Love pierced my heart with eyes of beauty:
listen together
to my last sad words.

If it is my destiny
(and heaven works towards this,)
that Love should close these weeping eyes,
let some grace bury
my poor body amongst you,
and the soul return naked to its place.
Death would be less cruel
if I could bear this hope
to the uncertain crossing:
since the weary spirit
could never in a more gentle harbor,
or in a quieter grave,
leave behind its troubled flesh and bone.

Perhaps another time will come,
when the beautiful, wild, and gentle one
will return to this accustomed place,
and here where she glanced at me
on that blessed day
may turn her face yearning and joyful,
to find me: and, oh pity!,
seeing me already earth
among the stones, Love will inspire her
in a manner such that she will sigh

NOTES AND TEXTS

sí dolcemente che mercé m'impetre,
e faccia forza al cielo,
asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

Da' be' rami scendea
(dolce ne la memoria)
una pioggia di fior' sopra 'l suo grembo;
ed ella si sedea
humile in tanta gloria,
coverta già de l'amoroso nembo.
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
qual su le trecchie bionde,
ch'oro forbito e perle
eran quel dí a vederle;
qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde;
qual con un vago errore
girando pareva dir: "Qui regna Amore."

Quante volte diss'io
allor pien di spavento:
"Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso!"
Cosí carco d'oblio
il divin portamento
e 'l volto e le parole e 'l dolce riso
m'aveano, e sí diviso
da l'immagine vera,
ch'í dicea sospirando:
"Qui come venn'io, o quando?",
credendo esser in ciel, non là dov'era.
Da indi in qua mi piace
quest'erba sí, ch'altrove non ho pace.

Se tu avessi ornamenti quant'ài voglia,
potresti arditamente
uscir del bosco, e gir in fra la gente.

so sweetly she will obtain mercy for me,
and have power in heaven,
drying her eyes with her lovely veil.

A rain of flowers descended
(sweet in the memory)
from the beautiful branches into her lap,
and she sat there
humble amongst such glory,
covered now by the loving shower.
A flower fell on her hem,
one in her braided blonde hair,
that was seen on that day to be
like chased gold and pearl:
one rested on the ground, and one in the water,
and one, in wandering vagary,
twirling, seemed to say: 'Here Love rules'.

Then, full of apprehension,
how often I said:
'For certain she was born in Paradise!'
Her divine bearing
and her face, her speech, her sweet smile
captured me, and so separated me,
with such lack of thought,
from the true likeness
that I would say, sighing:
'How did I come here, and when?'
believing I was in heaven, not there where I was.
Since then this grass
has so pleased me, nowhere else do I find peace.

Song, if you had as much beauty as you desire,
you could boldly
leave this wood, and go among people.

Three Prayers of Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Philip Moore (b. – 1943), London

Written for – Equinox, an English chamber choir singing contemporary music

How we discovered him – Moore has written a great amount of church music that many of us have sung together at Saint Mark's Church on Locust Street

In this piece – We hear the voice of Bonhoeffer, struggling with many issues; the plight of his fellow prisoners, the harshness of the Nazi camps, the role of the Church and religion in giving meaning to these conditions, and indeed, the role of Christianity in a world such as he found himself, facing inevitable martyrdom for following his own conviction that one must act if one is to truly do as Christ did. Just a few months after penning these prayers, Bonhoeffer wrote to a friend:

"What is bothering me incessantly is the question of what Christianity really is, or indeed who Christ really is, for us today. The time when people could be told everything by means of words, whether theological or pious, is over, and so is the time of inwardness and conscience—and that means the time of religion in general. We are now moving toward a completely religionless time; people as they are now simply cannot be religious any more. Even those who honestly describe themselves as 'religious' do not in the least act up to it, and so they presumably mean something quite different by 'religious.'"

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This is the world which produced these prayers at Christmas of 1943, the year Philip Moore was born, a war-time baby born into the chaos of a London still digging out from The Blitz and facing an uncertain outcome to the war. Perhaps this explains the very personal response to the prayers – at times quiet and prayerful or resigned, at other times exclamatory, jubilant or desperate. Moore, who has for over twenty years been organist/choirmaster at Yorkminster, jumps effortlessly back and forth from polyphony with shifting modes, to straightforward dramatic chordal writing; the final prayer evolves seamlessly from solo to four-part fugal writing in a mournful 5/8 meter, culminating in a simple chorale: poignantly, the great German hymn, *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*.

1. Morning Prayers

O God, early in the morning do I cry unto Thee.

Help me to pray, and to think only of Thee.

I cannot pray alone.

In me there is darkness, But with Thee there is light.

I am lonely, but Thou leavest me not.

I am feeble in heart, but Thou leavest me not.

I am restless, but with Thee there is peace.

In me there is bitterness, but with Thee there is patience;

Thy ways are past understanding, but

Thou knowest the way for me.

O heavenly Father, I praise and thank Thee

For the peace of the night. I praise and thank Thee for this new day.

I praise and thank Thee for all Thy goodness and faithfulness throughout my life.

Thou hast granted me many blessings:

now let me accept tribulation from thy hand.

Thou will not lay on me more than I can bear.

Thou makest all things work together for good for Thy children.

Lord Jesus Christ Thou wast poor and in misery, a captive and forsaken as I am.

Thou knowest all man's distress;

Thou abidest with me when all others have deserted me;

Thou dost not forget me, but seekest me.

Thou willest that I should know Thee and turn to Thee.

Lord, I hear Thy call and follow Thee;

Do Thou help me.

Chiefly do I remember all my loved ones,

my fellow-prisoners, and all who

in this house perform their hard service.

Lord have mercy,

restore me to liberty,

and enable me so to live now,

that I may answer before Thee and before the world.

Lord, whatever this day may bring,

Thy Name be praised.

2. Prayers in Time of Distress

O Lord God, great is the misery that hath come upon me;
my cares would overwhelm me;
I know not what to do.

O God, be gracious unto me and help me.
Grant me strength to bear what Thou dost send,
and let not fear rule over me.

As a loving Father take care of my loved ones,
my wife and children.

O merciful God, forgive me all the sins I have committed against Thee,
and against my fellow men.

I trust in Thy grace and commit my life into Thy hands.

Do with me as seemeth best to Thee, and best for me.

Whether I live or die, I am with Thee, and Thou art with me, my God.

Lord I wait for Thy salvation, and for Thy Kingdom.

3. Evening Prayers

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O Lord my God, I thank Thee that Thou
hast brought this day to a close;

I thank Thee that Thou hast given me peace in body and in soul.

Thy hand has been over me and has protected and preserved me,

Forgive my puny faith, the ill that I this day have done,
and help me to forgive all who have wronged me.

Grant me a quiet night's sleep beneath Thy tender care.

And defend me from all the temptations of darkness.

Into Thy hands I commend my loved ones,

and all who dwell in this house;

I commend my body and soul.

O God, Thy holy Name be praised.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906-1945, Germany),
Written at Tegel, Christmas 1943 for his fellow prisoners
from *Letters and Papers in Prison*, trans. Reginald H. Fuller

Care Charminge Sleepe

Tarik O'Regan (b. – 1978), London

Written for – Tim Brown and the Chapel Choir of Clare College, Cambridge (dedicated to Robin Holloway)

How we discovered him – We heard Simon Carrington conduct Yale's Schola Cantorum in O'Regan's *The Ecstasies Above* in Miami last spring, just after they gave the world premiere in New Haven (our own Steven Gearhart and Erin Westmaas sang in this premiere)

In this piece – O'Regan shows why he is among Britain's leading young composers, with a flood of choral commissions in the past few years. The work demonstrates an ear for texture, an understanding of vocal colors, and an ability to achieve subtle drama from the use of expanding ranges. Capturing the quiet nature of the poem's spirit – as well as the many soft sounds of its words – the work, written for ten voices in two choirs, draws on choral chant, solos that emerge from the texture, and shifting dominance between the two choirs that fade in and out of focus, as if falling asleep. Still, the climax does not miss the ecstasy of the poem's last line, before bringing the short motet to a unison close.

Care-charminge Sleepe, thou Easer of all woes,

Brother to Death, sweetly thy selfe dispose.

On this afflicted wight; fall like a Cloud, [wight = creature]

In the gentle Showres; give nothing to it Loud,

Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,

And as a Purlinge streame, thou son of Night, [purlinge = sound of rippling water]

Pass by his troubled senses; singe his pain, [singe = sing]

Like hollow murmuring wind or Sylver raine;

Into thy selfe gently, oh, gently slide,

And kiss him into Slumbers like a Bride.

John Fletcher (1579-1625, England)

Come.

Season Highlights...

The Celan Project: Four works based on poetry of Paul Celan, including three commissioned premieres

Featured composer: Bo Holten, famed Swedish composer and conductor, including his *First Snow, A time for everything, In nomine* (based on the music of the 16th-c. composer John Tavener), and *Rain and Rush and Rosebush*

A work for women's choir by our friend, 2007 Pulitzer-prize-winner, **David Lang**.

Joby Talbot's Path of Miracles: an hour-long choral cantata depicting the journey of medieval pilgrims to Santiago, Spain, the resting place of St. James. – A tremendous new piece of absolutely epic scope.

Hear.

Sunday, January 4 - 4:00 PM

Bo Holten: A time for everything

Erhard Karkoshka: Variationen mit Celan-Gedichten III

David Lang: I want to live

Bo Holten: First Snow

Paul Spicer: Four Carols for Dark Times

David Shapiro: The Celan Project

John Kennedy: Someday

Saturday, May 9 - 8:00 PM

Joby Talbot: Path of Miracles

Friday, May 22 - 8:00 PM

Bo Holten: In nomine

Kirsten Broberg: The Celan Project

Petr Eben: Bilder der Hoffnung

Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen: Four Madrigals from the Natural World

Peter McGarr: Dreaming England

Stephen Stucky: Whispers

Friday, June 5 - 8:00 PM

Jackson Hill: Voices of Autumn

Bo Holten: Rain and Rush and Rosebush

Arvo Pärt: I am the true vine

John McCabe: Scenes in America Deserta

Kile Smith: The Celan Project

Now.

Mark your Calendars and reserve your tickets online: www.crossingchoir.com/tickets

