

# CHANTICLEER

## *My Secret Heart*

Saturday, September 17 | Mission Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA  
Sunday, September 18 | St. Francis of Assisi Church, Sacramento, CA  
Wednesday, September 21 | St. Augustine Church, Pleasanton, CA  
Friday, September 23 & 24 | San Francisco Conservatory of Music, San Francisco, CA  
Sunday, September 25 | Osher Marin Jewish Community Center, San Rafael, CA

**Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf, Kory Reid,**  
**Alan Reinhardt, Logan Shields, Adam Ward** – *soprano and alto*  
**Chris Albanese, Brian Hinman, Andrew Van Allsburg** – *tenor*  
**Eric Alatorre, Matthew Knickman, Marques Jerrell Ruff** – *baritone and bass*  
**William Fred Scott**, Music Director

### I.

“I am the Rose of Sharon”  
Poetry from the *Song of Songs*

**Veni, dilecte mi\*** ..... Sebastián de Vivanco (1551 - 1622)  
**Nigra sum** ..... Jehan L'Héritier (c. 1480 - 1551)  
**Osculetur me** ..... Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525 - 1594)  
**Ego flos campi (a 3)** ..... Jacobus Clemens non Papa (c. 1510 - c. 1556)  
**Surge, propera amica mea** ..... Francisco Guerrero (1528 - 1599)

### II.

Poetry by Pierre de Ronsard (1524 – 1585)

**Bonjour mon coeur** ..... Philippe de Monte (1521 - 1603)  
**Ce ris plus doux** ..... Anthoine de Bertrand (c. 1540 - 1581)  
**Le premier jour du mois de May, Madame** ..... de Monte

### III.

"Poems of Love and Loss"  
Poetry by Edith Södergran (1892 - 1923)

**“Hommage à Edith”** ..... Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b. 1963)  
*Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2016 with the support of the Barbro Osher Pro Suecia Foundation*

### IV.

**Go, lovely rose** ..... Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)  
**Ah! May the Red Rose Live Always!** ..... Stephen Foster (1826 - 1864), arr. John Musto  
**Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair\*** ..... Foster, arr. Gene Puerling  
*Solo: Brian Hinman*

**This Marriage** ..... Whitacre

-- INTERMISSION --

V.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>My Blood is Blazing With Desire</b> ..... | Mikhail Glinka (1804 - 1857)                          |
| <b>Behold, darkness has fallen</b> .....     | Sergey Taneyev (1856 - 1915)                          |
| <b>Vocalise</b> .....                        | Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873 - 1943)<br>arr. Elger Niels |

*Solo: Cortez Mitchell*

VI.

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|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <b>Love Songs*</b> ..... | Augusta Read Thomas (b. 1964) |
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**II. "Look out upon the stars, my love..."**

**III. "Love is a beautiful dream."**

**V. "Alas, the love of women! It is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing."**

**VI. "For stony limits cannot hold love out."**

**VII. "All mankind love a lover."**

*Commissioned for Chanticleer, 1997 by*

*Cathy Nicho (for her husband, Raul), Dianne Nolting (for her husband, George Wolter), Bert Dieringer (for his wife, Janna Blanchard), Peter Henschel (for his wife, Kathy), Ron Barrington (for his wife, Christine), Marshall Rutter (for his wife, Terry Knowles),*

*and an anonymous commissioner.*

VII.

*A selection of popular songs to be selected from ...*

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|--|---|
| <b>I'll Follow My Secret Heart</b> ..... | Noël Coward (1899 - 1973), arr. Adam Ward<br><i>Solo: Andrew Van Allsburg</i> |
| <b>It was a lover and his lass</b> ..... | John Rutter (b. 1945)   |
| <b>Les Chemins de l'Amour</b> .....      | Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)<br>arr. Evan Price                              |
| <b>La Vie en Rose</b> .....              | Édith Piaf (1915 - 1963), arr. Price<br><i>Solo: Kory Reid</i>                |
| <b>Love Walked In*</b> .....             | George Gershwin (1898 - 1937)<br>arr. Puerling                                |
| <b>Frankie and Johnny</b> .....          | Trad. American Song<br>arr. Robert De Cormier                                 |
| <b>Somebody to Love*</b> .....           | Freddie Mercury (1946 - 1991)<br>arr. Vince Peterson                          |

*- Program subject to change -*

\* These works have been recorded by Chanticleer, and are available at tonight's performance or online at [www.chanticleer.org](http://www.chanticleer.org)

# Notes & Translations

Program notes by Kory Reid, William Fred Scott, Jace Wittig, Gregory Peebles, and Elena Sharkova

## Veni, dilecte mi – Sebastián de Vivanco (1551-1622)

The walled city of Ávila, in the Spanish province of Castila-Leon, gave rise to three pivotal Renaissance figures: composers Tomás Luis de Victoria, Sebastián de Vivanco, and the Spanish mystic Teresa of Ávila. Separated in age by only three years, Victoria and Vivanco undoubtedly received their earliest musical training from the same teachers. But unlike Victoria, whose career flourished in Rome, Vivanco remained in Spain throughout his life. After tenures at the cathedrals of Lérida and Segovia, he was invited to become Francisco Guerrero's assistant in Seville in 1587. He went so far as to visit the aging master in Seville, but instead accepted the *maestro de capilla* position at Ávila Cathedral. In 1602, Vivanco was appointed to a similar post in Salamanca; he left after less than a year to pursue a professorship at the University of Salamanca, the oldest university in Spain. It was through his connections there that he was able to publish three lavish volumes of his works. Although his music is virtually unknown today, Vivanco was one of the leading composers of his time – a master of counterpoint who imbued his works with deep emotional sentiment.

*Veni, dilecte mi* is scored for eight voices in two four-voice choirs, and is included in a volume of motets the composer dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here, he employs a text from the Song of Songs, a book of the Bible closely associated with the Spanish mystics. This then-controversial sect, led by Teresa of Ávila, reimagined the quasi-erotic poetry present in the Song of Songs as a metaphor for the Church's role as the Bride of Christ. Vivanco's setting gives light to this mystical rapture through lush suspensions and sharply contrasting harmonies between the choirs.

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|---|--|
| Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agro,<br>commoremur in villis.  | Come, my beloved, let us go out into the countryside,<br>let us lodge in the villages.   |
| Mane surgamus ad vineas;<br>videamus si floruit vinea,<br>si flores fructus parturiunt,<br>si floruerunt mala punica;<br>ibi dabo tibi ubera mea. | Let us go up to the vineyards at first light;<br>let us see if the vines are blooming,<br>if the flowers are bringing forth their fruit,<br>if the pomegranates are in blossom.<br>There I will give you my breasts. |
| Mandragoræ dederunt odorem suum,<br>in portis nostris omnia poma,<br>nova et vetera, dilecte mi,<br>servavi tibi.                                 | The mandrakes give forth their fragrance;<br>at our gates are all manner of fruits -<br>new and old – which, my beloved,<br>I have offered up to you.  |

### **Nigra sum – Jehan L’Héritier (c. 1480 - 1551)**

Music may have been the family profession for Jehan L’Héritier. While that statement means little in comparison, say, to the Bachs or even the Couperins (to say nothing of the more modern Trapp Family Singers or even the Jackson Five), at least three members of the L’Héritier family were practicing musicians. And of these three, only Jehan has achieved any notoriety at all—an acclaim seldom reaching beyond those singers and scholars who are eager to bring to light lesser known Renaissance music. There seem to be, in Jehan’s limited output, only two secular madrigals (in what would surely be called the Italian style) and not even a single full setting of the Mass itself. Hardly anything exists other than his four dozen religious motets.

So what is it that inspired Palestrina to base one of his Mass settings on this earlier motet by L’Héritier? Since L’Héritier had a connection at the Vatican (records indicate that he was for a time employed as a musician there), he may have met the young Palestrina. Palestrina may even have heard the choir singing any of a number of motets by the elusive Frenchman, born around 1480 and still setting quill to parchment in the mid-1550s. As other program annotators have quickly discovered, L’Héritier’s music must speak for itself, given the paucity of biographical detail which has survived into the present day. What is unmistakable is that this music speaks with a personal voice at once elegant and profound. Jehan L’Héritier joins the more exuberant traditions of a Josquin (who may have once been Jehan’s teacher) with the more sober and cultivated work of a Palestrina and thus validates his relevance as a transitional figure between the old styles and the new.

Few lines from the Biblical Song of Songs have been as cherished by composers from the Middle Ages onward as have those of *Nigra sum*. Here there lies a clear parallel between the humble handmaiden of the Lord, as the Virgin Mary describes herself, and the “black but comely” daughter of Jerusalem, whose beauty leads the King himself to invite her in. L’Héritier writes for a five-voice choir in this version, which seems to be one of three settings of the same text from his hand. There is a quiet exaltation to the way the lines rise and fall. Even more vivid is the slight frisson of delight with which the youthful girl describes herself as beautiful (*formosa*). The music alternates between passages of simple melisma -- voices tumbling over one another in humble joy -- and austere, inexorable, block chords. This culminates at the moment in which the King seems to take her by the hand and walk, step by step, into his most private chamber (“et introduxit me in cubiculum suum”). After the melodic undulations subside, there is a simple tread to the music. Perhaps there is a hint of hesitation, of blessed hush, as she imagines what her next steps will bring. Could that other comely daughter of Jerusalem have felt the same way when she received her unearthly and amazing news?

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|--|--|
| Nigra sum sed formosa, filia <sup>3</sup> Jerusalem, | I am black but beautiful, oh daughters of Jerusalem, |
| ideo dilexit me Rex,                                 | Therefore the King has delighted in me,              |
| et introduxit me in cubiculum suum.                  | And he has brought me into his chamber.              |

### **Osculetur me – Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525 - 1594)**

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the town from which he took his name. He was Maestro di Cappella at St. Peter's in Rome from 1551-1554 and again from 1571 until his death in 1594. At a moment in musical history in which the church fathers began to decry too much description (ornamentation) and flair (harmonic invention), Palestrina stuck to a musical style based in seriousness and sobriety. His "strict" style of Renaissance counterpoint has been held up as a pedagogical model by students of nearly every succeeding generation. Palestrina achieved a mastery of contrapuntal techniques, meticulous voice leading, and refined treatment of dissonance now universally idealized as the "Palestrina style." This is not to say that Palestrina's music is inexpressive or occasionally daring. In fact, there is a personal and deeply emotional core to all of his sacred works. He wrote in the *prima prattica* style, codified by the treatises of Zarlino, which prioritized the polyphonic form and structure over text.

The text of *Osculetur me*, which sounds quite secular in nature, comes from Song of Songs 1:1-2. The metaphor of two lovers (or a bride and a groom) is used to describe the relationship between the love and blessings of Jesus Christ and the offerings that come from the faithful people of the Church. The polyphony is simple, restrained, and free from ornamental figures. It was most likely intended as vocal chamber music, in which the performing forces would consist of one to two on a single vocal line. Such motets were often sung inside or outside for small devotional services, social gatherings, or festival celebrations of the day.

|                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| Osculetur me osculo oris sui,      | Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth: |
| quia meliora sunt ubera tua vino,  | for your breasts are better than wine,      |
| fragrantia unguentis optimis.      | more fragrant than the best ointments.      |
| Oleum effusum nomen tuum,          | Your name is as oil poured out:             |
| ideo adolescentulae dilexerunt te. | therefore the young have loved you.         |

### **Ego flos campi (a 3) – Jacobus Clemens non Papa (c. 1510 – c. 1556)**

Jacobus Clemens non Papa (so called to distinguish him from Pope Clemens VII and the poet Jacobus Papa, both of whom were his contemporaries) was one of the most prolific composers of the early sixteenth century. Born in the Netherlands, he was especially at home in the idiom of the motet. His writing shows an advanced use of harmonic language as well as an expressiveness of melody directly related to the text.

The text of *Ego flos campi* is found in the second chapter of Song of Songs (2:1-3.) The poetry is especially fascinating because of its amalgam of ideas, thoughts, and metaphors from both the sacred and the profane. It is no accident that Clemens non Papa composed this piece for three voices; one can assume that this pays homage to the Trinity and also allows the chords to remain simple and clean. The compositional style of *Ego flos campi* is very much in the *prima prattica* style, employing pervasive imitation throughout the piece and a steady flowing groove that accentuates the text.

|                                      |  |
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| Ego flos campi et lilium convallium. | I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley. |
| Sicut lilium inter spinas,           | As the lily among thorns,                                |
| sic amica mea inter filias.          | so is my love among the daughters.                       |
| Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum,    | As the apple tree among the trees in the woods,          |
| sic dilectus meus inter filios.      | so is my beloved among the sons.                         |

### **Surge, propera amica mea – Francisco Guerrero (1528 - 1599)**

Although his music is often neglected today, Francisco Guerrero was second in importance only to Victoria during the Spanish Renaissance. A student of Cristóbal de Morales, Guerrero served as chapelmaster at the Seville Cathedral. Unlike Victoria and Morales, Guerrero was also a prolific composer of secular songs, many of which he later re-set with sacred texts (a common practice of the time). The effort and money he dedicated to publishing his music garnered him a certain degree of fame during his lifetime--as far away as South America. His music remained widely performed in the cathedrals of Spain and New Spain for more than two hundred years after his death. Recent years have seen a resurgence of interest in Guerrero's work. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Guerrero spent the majority of his time in Spain and traveled to Italy only briefly. Perhaps because of this, his music is often said to sound quintessentially Spanish when compared to Victoria or Morales, and he set many Spanish texts (as opposed to Victoria, who wrote exclusively in Latin).

*Surge, propera amica mea* is a six-part motet, divided into two sections. The second soprano line serves as the *cantus firmus* in the piece, singing "Veni, sponsa Christi" ("Come, Bride of Christ"), which anchors the harmony and weaves a sacred thread into the secular story sung by the other vocal parts. This *cantus firmus* descends by a step each time it is sung in the *prima pars*, eventually hitting the fourth below the tonic. In the *secunda pars*, that same lower fourth begins the movement and ascends back to the starting note of the piece. This chant serves not only as a rising/falling textual tool for Guerrero's idea of "flight," but also illustrates how ingeniously he tips his hat to the past, utilizing sacred chant as a foundation for his composition.

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| Surge, propera amica mea,<br>columba mea, formosa mea, et veni.  | Rise up, my love,<br>my dove, my fair one, and come.  |
| Iam enim hiems transit,<br>imber abiit et recessit.  | For now, the winter has passed,<br>the rain is over and gone.   |
| Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra,<br>tempus putationis advenit.  | Flowers appear on the earth,<br>the time of pruning is at hand.   |
| Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra;<br>figus protulit grossos suos;<br>vineae florentes dederunt odorem suum. | The voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land;<br>the fig tree puts forth its green figs;<br>the vines with their blooms give forth a good smell. |
| Surge, propera amica mea,<br>speciosa mea, et veni.  | Rise up, my love,<br>my beautiful, and come.  |

## **Bonjour mon coeur – Philippe de Monte (1521 - 1603)**

### **Le premier jour du mois de May, Madame – de Monte**

The impact of Pierre de Ronsard on the literary scene of Western Europe is hard to overlook, although not much of Ronsard is read, or taught, any more. Known even in his own time as the “Prince of Poets,” he was the chief among the French Renaissance group of poets known as “La Pléiade.” Ronsard was a true son of France, although his studies and the occasional work assignment, took him away from his native country on several occasions. Born in a family manor in the Vendôme region, he died there sixty-one years later, honored by kings, decorated with honors and feted throughout Europe.

In a striking coincidence, Ronsard, Montaigne, Cervantes and Shakespeare are practically contemporaries: all four of these trail-blazing writers were born in the first part of the sixteenth century. In fact, Shakespeare and Cervantes both died in the same year, 1616. What Cervantes created in the picaresque novel, Shakespeare did in his great dramas. (Don Quixote and Falstaff are not that far apart, perhaps.) Shakespeare’s love poetry, especially as found in the Sonnets, may be every bit as deep as Ronsard’s, but Ronsard is frequently the more bawdy and overstated of the two. And the great essays of Montaigne stand in a niche all by themselves. No one before or since has excelled in that vein to nearly that extent.

Three of Ronsard’s more clever poems are set here by composers whose names are almost forgotten. Cross-pollination between English madrigals and French *chanson*, however, is hard to miss. There is a certain Morley-esque verve in Philippe de Monte’s setting of *Le premier jour de May, Madame*. The Month of Maying holds court on both sides of the English Channel, it would seem!

Philippe de Monte was a prolific writer in small forms. It has been said that he wrote more madrigals than any other composer of his time, although publishing being what it was in those days, such a statement is difficult to verify. That he was peripatetic can hardly be doubted: born in Flanders, he studied in Italy (not surprising in his time), worked in England, composed in France, took a post in the court of the Hapsburg Maximilian II, and died in Prague. There are over 1100 madrigals to his credit, as well as some forty settings of the Mass, and over two hundred sacred motets.

*Bonjour mon Coeur* is one of Ronsard’s most frequently used poems. The poem delights in a certain coyness: is the speaker apologizing to his mistress for having left her for a time, or is he bragging that his nearness to the King has made him more desirable than ever? In the same way that Shakespeare claims “never say that absence seemed my flame to qualify,” here the speaker says “I would rather die than have you say that my affections were as ice-cold as a rock. I had to follow the king.” De Monte’s cadences assure us of a happy ending, as do Ronsard’s words, “Let riches, position and honor perish. I would give them up anyway, for you, my sweet and beautiful goddess.”

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| Bonjour mon coeur, bonjour ma douce vie      | Greetings my heart, greetings my sweet life, |
| Bonjour mon oeil, bonjour ma chère amie!     | Greetings my eye, greetings my dear beloved, |
| Hé! Bonjour ma toute belle,                  | Ah! Greetings my all-lovely,                 |
| Ma mignardise, bonjour                       | My tasty morsel, hello                       |
| Mes délices, mon amour,                      | My delight, my love,                         |
| Mon doux printemps, ma douce fleur nouvelle, | My sweet spring, my sweet young flower,      |
| Mon doux plaisir, ma douce colombe,          | My sweet pleasure, my sweet pigeon,          |
| Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle!         | My sparrow, my gentle dove!                  |
| Bonjour ma douce rebelle.                    | Greetings, my sweet rebel.                   |
| Je veux mourir si plus on me reproche,       | I’d rather die if people still reproach me   |
| que mon service est plus froid qu’une roche. | That my service is colder than a stone.      |

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| De t’avoir laissée, maîtresse,             | I had to leave you, mistress,            |
| Pour aller suivre le Roi,                  | To follow the King,                      |
| Mendiant je ne sais quoi,                  | Begging for something,                   |
| Que le vulgaire appelle une largesse,      | Which the common folk call a “hand-out.” |
| Plutôt périsse honneur, court et richesse, | Let honor, position and riches perish,   |
| Que pour les biens jamais je te relaisse,  | I would give them up anyway for you,     |
| Ma douce et belle déesse.                  | My sweet and beautiful goddess.          |

### Le premier jour du mois de May, Madame – de Monte

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|--|---|
| Le premier jour du mois de May, Madame,<br>Dedans le coeur je sentis vos beaux yeux,<br>Bruns, doux, courtois, rians, délicieux<br>Qui d'un glaçon feraient naître une flamme, | On the first day of May, my lady,<br>Within my heart I felt your lovely eyes,<br>Brown, sweet, courteous, laughing, delicious,<br>Which with a glance started a fire.         |
| De leur beau jour le souvenir m'enflamme,<br>Et par penser j'en deviens amoureux.<br>O de mon coeur les meurtriers bienheureux,<br>Votre vertu je sens jusques en l'âme,       | The memory of their lovely light burns me<br>And in thinking of it I've fallen in love with them,<br>Those sweet murderers of my heart!<br>I feel your worth down in my soul; |
| Yeux qui tenez la clef de mon penser,<br>Maîtres de moi qui pûtes offenser,<br>D'un seul regard ma raison toute émue,  | Those eyes which hold the key to my thoughts,<br>My masters, who can with a single look<br>Overwhelm my deeply-affected reason  |
| Ah! Que je suis de votre amour époint,<br>Las je devais, vais jouir de votre vue<br>Plus longuement ou bien ne vous voir point.  | Oh! How I am stabbed by love for you.<br>Alas! I must enjoy the sight of you<br>For longer, or else see you no more.  |

### Ce ris plus doux – Anthoine de Bertrand (c. 1540 - 1581)

The work of Anthoine (sometimes, Antoine) de Bertrand is much less known than that of Philippe (sometimes, Filippo) de Monte. He is believed to have been born in Fontanges, in the Auvergne region of France, in 1540, although some records indicate an earlier birthdate of 1530. Like de Monte and others, he was influenced by the Italian madrigals of his time. There is a unity and compactness to his work, which makes its greatest effect with short-lined melismatic passages, off-the-beat syncopations and delicate word-painting.

Bertrand was quite taken with the poetry of Ronsard. He seems to have positioned himself as a member of the "inner circle" of the city of Toulouse, where he surrounded himself with other poets and composers, political figures and painters who reveled in the poetic genius of their Parisian colleague. Bertrand's first book of *chansons* based on poetry of Ronsard, "*Premier Livre des Amours de P. de Ronsard, 1578*," was dedicated to the Bourbon Charles III. Although Bertrand himself suggested, in the dedication, that this would be the first of several such collections, only two seemed to have been published.

*Ce ris plus doux* is a sweet piece, as its title might imply. The poet/lover delineates the beauty of his sweetheart. "The smile is sweeter than a bee's honey, the teeth are a double-row of diamonds, the lips are crimson, the voice would waken even the dead." The voices of Ronsard and de Bertrand are seductive, not death-defying. Only once does the music escape the bounds of decorum, as the poet suggests that the enchantment of "her sweet voice" makes even the woods jump for joy.

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| Ce ris plus doux que l'œuvre d'une abeille,<br>Ces doubles lis doublement argentés,<br>Ces diamants à double rang plantés<br>Dans le corail de sa bouche vermeille,     | This smile, sweeter than a bee's honey<br>These teeth like two silvery ramparts,<br>These diamonds planted in double rows<br>In the coral of her crimson lips,               |
| Ce doux parler qui les mourants éveille,<br>Ce chant qui tient mes soucis enchantés<br>Et ces deux cieux sur deux astres entés,<br>De ma déesse annoncent la merveille. | This sweet speech which re-awakens souls,<br>This song which holds my fears enchanted<br>And these two heavens above two stars,<br>Announce the miracle which is my Goddess. |
| Du beau jardin de son printemps riant<br>Naît un parfum qui même l'Orient<br>Embaumerait de ses douces haleines.  | From the beautiful garden of her youthful springtime<br>Is born a perfume, which heaven at all times<br>Would perfume with its sweet breath.                                 |
| Et de là sort le charme d'une voix<br>Qui tout ravis fait sauteler les bois<br>Planer les monts et monter les plaines.  | And from thence issues the magic of a voice<br>Which makes the woods, completely charmed, jump for joy<br>Flattens mountains and raises up the plains.                       |



### “Hommage à Edith” – Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b. 1963)

Finnish composer Jaakko Mäntyjärvi studied English and Linguistics at the University of Helsinki and is currently employed as a translator and computer system manager at The English Centre Helsinki, a private translation company. As a composer, the multi-faceted Finn describes himself as an eclectic traditionalist: eclectic in that he adopts influences from a number of styles and periods, fusing them into his own idiom; traditionalist in that his musical language is based on a classical approach and uses the resources of modern music only sparingly. Over the years, the music of Mäntyjärvi has had an honored place in Chanticleer’s repertoire. *Die Stimme des Kindes*, the eerie *Canticum Calamitatis Maritimae*, and Mäntyjärvi’s setting of Longfellow’s poem, *The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls*, quickly became audience favorites. We are proud to be premiering *Hommage à Edith* this season with the support of the Osher Pro Suecia Foundation.

Mäntyjärvi’s harmonic palette is immediately recognizable: it encompasses both extended harmonies (7ths, 9ths, sharp 11ths) and diminished chords. A deep appreciation for text painting is present throughout, evidenced by his creation of an organic ebb and flow between written and musical spheres. The work is cast in three movements, each movement a setting of a poem by the profound and enigmatic Edith Södergran. Mäntyjärvi’s music allows the listener a share in her powerful perspectives on love. Södergran lost her father to tuberculosis when she was a teenager, and contracted the disease herself a year later. She lived the rest of her life fighting the debilitating illness, weathering waves of self-doubt and depression until her death in 1923, when she was thirty-one years of age.

Mäntyjärvi writes,

*Södergran’s poetry was groundbreaking for her time, being unrhymed and in free verse and focusing on experiences of the individual, often with Futurist and Symbolist flavors. Much of her writing is dominated by a melancholy mood, probably because of her awareness of her terminal condition. Although initially her work was regarded as scandalously unconventional and difficult to understand, she was championed in public by several established authors. However, her true merit has only really been recognized in recent decades. Her poems are frequently quoted and have been set to music by numerous composers.*

#### **Den skönaste guden**

Mitt hjärta är det skönaste i världen.  
Det är heligt.  
Vem som än ser det  
må återstråla av dess glans.  
Mitt hjärta är lätt som en fågel,  
sprödare format ting fanns ej på jorden.  
Jag offerar det  
åt en okänd gud.  
Guden högst uppe i molnen -  
mina vingar bära mig dit -  
den skönaste guden  
inför vilken allt är stoft.  
Jag skall återvända  
med ett skimmer kring min panna -  
ingen skall se något annat  
än natt och gud.

#### **The most beautiful god**

My heart is the most beautiful in the world.  
It is holy.  
Whoever sees it  
may shine reflecting its splendor.  
My heart is as light as a bird,  
there is no more delicately formed thing on earth.  
I offer it up  
to an unknown god.  
The god high up in the clouds -  
my wings bear me up there -  
the most beautiful god  
before whom all is dust.  
I shall return  
with a shimmer around my forehead -  
and none shall see anything  
but night and god.

### **Gudarnas lyra**

Var finnes väl lyran  
av silver och elfenben,  
den gudar förlänat  
de dödligas stam?  
Den är ej förlorad,  
ty eviga gåvor  
av tiden ej nötas,  
i eld ej förgås.

Men kommer en sångare,  
som märkts utav ödet,  
han hämtar den åter  
ur bortglömda valv.  
Och när han den strängar,  
då vet hela världen  
att gudarna leva  
på oanad höjd.

### **Till Eros**

Eros, du grymmaste av alla gudar,  
varför förde du mig till det mörka landet?  
[När flickebarnen växa till  
bliva de utestängda från ljuset  
och kastade i ett mörkt rum.]  
Svävade icke min själ som en lycklig stjärna  
innan den blev dragen i din röda ring?  
Se, jag är bunden till händer och fötter,  
känn, jag är tvungen till alla mina tankar.  
Eros, du grymmaste av alla gudar:  
jag flyr icke, jag väntar icke,  
jag lider endast som ett djur.

### **Lyre of the gods**

Where is that lyre  
of silver and ivory  
that the gods have entrusted  
to this mortal race?  
It is not lost,  
for eternal gifts  
shall not be worn by time,  
nor destroyed in fire.

But when a singer comes  
marked by destiny,  
he shall recover it  
from long-forgotten vaults.  
And when he strums it,  
the whole world shall know  
that the gods live  
on ineffable heights.

### **To Eros**

Eros, thou cruelest of all gods,  
why did you lead me to this dark land?  
[When little girls grow up,  
they are shut out of the light  
and cast into a dark room.]  
Did not my soul sparkle like a happy star  
before it was drawn into thy red circle?  
Behold, I am bound hand and foot;  
know, I am slave to my thoughts.  
Eros, thou cruelest of all gods:  
I do not fly, I do not wait,  
I merely suffer like an animal.

**Go, lovely rose – Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)**

An accomplished composer, conductor and lecturer, Eric Whitacre has received composition awards from ASCAP, the Barlow International Composition Competition, the American Choral Directors Association, and the American Composers Forum. In 2001, he became the youngest recipient ever awarded the coveted Raymond C. Brock commission by the American Choral Directors Association; commercially, he has worked with such luminaries as Barbra Streisand and Marvin Hamlisch. In the last ten years, he has conducted concerts of his choral and symphonic music in Japan, Australia, China, Singapore and much of Europe. He has collaborated with dozens of American universities at which he regularly conducts seminars and lectures with young musicians. He received his M.M. in composition from the Juilliard School of Music, where he studied composition with Pulitzer Prize-winner John Corigliano.

*Go, lovely rose* was composed when Whitacre was twenty-one years old and a student at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. This piece exhibits pandiatonicism, a harmonic device which utilizes notes within a diatonic scale (without chromatic notes) to create dissonant chords that would become the trademark of Whitacre's later compositions. The text is a poem by the Elizabethan poet Edmund Waller.

Go, lovely rose  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! That she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

**Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway! – Stephen Foster (1826 - 1864), arr. John Musto**

John Musto's take on Stephen Foster's essentially simple song is typical of this Brooklyn-born composer at his best. There is a sincerity of approach to the text, a thorough knowledge of counterpoint and an appreciation of the power of dissonances, all wrapped up in music that is easily accessible and yet provocative. Repeated hearings bring great rewards with Musto's music, as substantiated by his numerous professional awards and concert appearances. During his distinguished career he has won two Emmys, two CINE awards, and was a Pulitzer Prize finalist for his orchestral song cycle *Dove sta amore*. Chanticleer audiences may be familiar with *Five Motets*, a work which he composed for the group in 2001.

Over the course of Foster's six verses, Musto turns what might seem to be a rather plain song-with-accompaniment into a richly textured choral work in *Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway!* Even so, certain things that seem typical of Foster never change. For instance, the calm, lyrical gait implies a gentle lullaby. The closeness of the harmonic writing draws the listener into the sound-world of a post-Civil War parlor. Musto's closer involvement with the text is ever at work, however. The "tune" is transposed and transformed -- superseded by harmonic figurations and an imitative density which mirrors the poem's existential sadness and even outrage. The repeated "Why? Why?" becomes central to Musto's setting and we realize that those repetitions are as central to this arrangement as anything else. The question "Why must the innocent hide their heads?" begins to lodge itself more firmly in the listener's ears – and heart. The disarming simplicity of Foster re-asserts itself at the very end. The bits of the piano introduction which Musto has used as a ritornello between the verses have helped us to turn inward with a kind of bittersweet calm. We are left with that lingering sense of "Why?" which is far more unsettling than the simpler, "Oh, too bad..."

Ah! May the red rose live alway  
to smile upon earth and sky!  
Why should the beautiful ever weep?  
Why should the beautiful die?

Lending a charm to every ray,  
that falls on her cheeks of light.  
Giving the zephyr kiss for kiss,  
and nursing the dewdrop bright.

Long may the daisies dance the field,  
frolicking far and near!  
Why should the innocent hide their heads?  
Why should the beautiful die?

Spreading their petals in mute delight,  
when morn in its radiance breaks.  
Keeping a floral festival  
till the night-loving primrose wakes.

Lulled be the dirge in the cypress bough  
that tells of departed flowers!  
Ah! That the butterfly's gilded wing  
fluttered in evergreen bowers!

Sad is my heart for the blighted plants.  
Its pleasures are aye as brief.  
They bloom at the young year's joyful call,  
and fade with the autumn leaf.

### **Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair – Foster, arr. Gene Puerling**

Stephen Foster's ethereal *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* was written in 1854, just a year after his failed marriage to Jane McDowell. It is widely accepted that the "Jeanie" in the song refers to his ex-wife and his constant love and admiration for her, including her physical beauty. Despite the song's modern popularity, the sheet music of this song did not benefit Foster during his lifetime. He collected just over \$200 in royalties for the first few years after it was published. Due to financial hardship, he sold the rights to *Jeanie* and other songs to sustain himself. After his death in 1864, the copyright renewals went to his wife Jane and his daughter Marion.

The late Gene Puerling was a master arranger and director in the field of vocal jazz, and his signature style can be heard in arrangements written for and performed by the Hi-Lo's, Singers Unlimited, the Manhattan Transfer, and Chanticleer, among others. Although Puerling did not receive formal music instruction in his youth, he became a professional working musician at the age of seventeen and displayed monumental skill in blending contemporary pop, calypso, barbershop, and musical theater styles into his arrangements over the course of his musical career. This arrangement showcases Puerling's typical kaleidoscope of harmonies, which serve as underpinnings to the haunting melody.

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,  
borne like a vapor on the summer air.  
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,  
happy as the daisies that dance on her way.

Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,  
many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er.

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,  
floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.  
I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,  
never more to find her where the bright waters flow.

### **This Marriage – Whitacre**

*This Marriage*, which sets a beautiful love poem by the 13<sup>th</sup> century Persian poet Mevlana Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi, was composed in 2005 as a gift to Whitacre's wife, soprano Hila Plitmann, on the occasion of their seventh wedding anniversary. The song is simple and sweet. With only one exception the vocal lines are doubled throughout – soprano with tenor, alto with bass – a musical marriage, as it were. All of the chords are in root position, which support a strong harmonic foundation that moves in parallel motion. The rhythmic flow is constantly dictated by the text and the poem ends with a wordless, and otherworldly, sigh of joy, "I am out of words to describe how spirit mingles in this marriage."

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.  
May it be sweet milk,  
like wine and halvah.  
May this marriage offer fruit and shade  
like the date palm.  
May this marriage be full of laughter,  
our every day a day in paradise.  
May this marriage be a sign of compassion,  
a seal of happiness here and hereafter.  
May this marriage have a fair face and a good name,  
an omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.  
I am out of words to describe  
how spirit mingles in this marriage.

### **My Blood is Blazing with Desire – Mikhail Glinka (1804 - 1857)**

Mikhail Glinka is most known for his epic opera *Ivan Susanin* (originally titled *A Life for the Tsar*) and his many symphonic compositions. His songs and romances for solo voice and small ensembles are beloved by singers and audiences for their charm and the seeming simplicity of the beautiful and graceful melodies. Glinka's stylized simplicity resembles that of Schubert, hiding the mastery of artistic detail behind the unpretentious façade of a salon impromptu.

*My Blood is Blazing with Desire*, here arranged for a choir of mixed voices, was written in 1838, after Pushkin's poetic setting of *The Song of Songs*, and employs sultry chromaticism as the calling card of the passionate Orient. General Orientalism is fused seamlessly here with another convention – a ballroom waltz--which only enhances the song's allure.

|                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| В крови горит огонь желанья,   | My blood is blazing with desire,       |
| Душа тобой уязвлена,           | My stricken soul for you does pine.    |
| Лобзай меня: твои лобзанья     | Oh, kiss me now! Your kisses' fire     |
| Мне слаще мирра и вина.        | Is sweeter far than myrrh and wine.    |
| Склонись ко мне главою нежной, | Incline your head to me but softly     |
| И да почию безмятежный,        | And tamed, I'll linger with you calmly |
| Пока дохнет веселый день       | Until the cheerful light of day        |
| И двинется ночная тень.        | Chases the gloom of night away.        |

### **Behold, darkness has fallen – Sergey Taneyev (1856 - 1915)**

Sergei Taneyev was a pupil of Tchaikovsky and his close friend, but one could hardly find two men more different in personality, creative approach to music and, subsequently, creative output. "I play Bach gladly," Tchaikovsky wrote, "but I do not recognize in him (as some do) a great genius. Handel has for me a fourth-rate significance..." Taneyev, on the other hand, had a strong affinity for music of the High Renaissance, the Late Baroque and Viennese Classicism. "The path of Palestrina, Lasso, Bach and Handel divided and ventured northeastward in Taneyev's works," wrote the Russian musicologist Boris Asafiev.

Tchaikovsky and Taneyev also differed in their opinion concerning the role inspiration and intuition play in creative work. Tchaikovsky believed that the beginning of any creative process lay in an intuitively found image, born in a moment of inspiration, whereas Taneyev asserted that an observant mind and minutely detailed work should precede (if not replace) inspiration. "It is true that creativity does not exist without inspiration, but in creative moments a man does not produce something that is entirely new; he simply combines what already exists in him and what he had acquired while studying and working," he wrote in a letter to Tchaikovsky. Taneyev "lived and worked immersed in a world of ideas and abstract concepts," writes Asafiev.

Indeed, Taneyev, both as a person and as a composer, avoided raw emotionalism and spontaneity of expression. So it is not surprising that in Taneyev's musical language the dominant place belonged to polyphony. Therein he found the means for expressing both his aesthetical views and his personality. He tried to find the forms that would reflect the general laws of reason and express the eternal and enduring principles of human existence. According to Taneyev, only polyphony, with its unpersonified and supranational principals and devices that did not rely on transient emotions, would give the composer a real opportunity to express the universal as opposed to the subjective; only counterpoint provided "the precise, simple and almost algebraic method" that the composer may use in his search for subjective truth. Finally, technically speaking, only "counterpoint gave each voice the opportunity to produce a melodic line, thus extracting the most out of the musical texture."

Taneyev's finest compositions – his cantatas *John of Damascus* and *At the Reading of a Psalm*, as well as his numerous choruses – pay tribute to the success of his intellectual approach to composing. His greatest works are unified by a sincere (and characteristic) endeavor to express high aspirations by rising above the feelings of individuals to principles that are universal. Sergey Taneyev wrote thirty-seven secular a cappella choruses and a number of vocal ensembles that are often performed as choruses. *Behold, darkness has fallen* is one of the choruses from his monumental cycle of twelve choral poems, op. 27, composed on the text of Yakov Polonski (1819-1898). The cycle is considered the pinnacle of Taneyev's choral output.

|                          |                                   |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Посмотри, какая мгла     | Behold, darkness has fallen       |
| в глубине долин легла!   | In the depths of the valleys.     |
| Под ее прозрачной дымкой | Under their transparent haze      |
| в темном сумраке раки    | In slumbering twilight            |
| тускло озеро блестит.    | A lake shimmers.                  |
| Посмотри, какая мгла     | Behold, darkness has fallen       |
| в глубине долин легла!   | In the depths of the valleys.     |
| Бледный месяц невидимкой | Behold, a pale, homeless moon,    |
| в тесном сонме сизых туч | Moves invisibly through the skies |
| без приюта в небе ходит  | Among the host of grey clouds,    |
| и, сквозя на все наводит | Glazing everything                |
| фосфорический свой луч.  | With its phosphorescent light     |
| Посмотри какая мгла      | Behold, darkness has fallen       |
| в глубине долин легла!   | In the depths of the valley.      |

### **Vocalise – Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873 – 1943), arr. Elger Niels**

Sergei Rachmaninoff composed in a period of Russian romanticism which began in the 1880s and lasted until the Communist takeover in 1917. In terms of choral music, it was a time when dozens of Russian composers, from such prominent figures as Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov to lesser-known “choral specialists” such as Kastalsky, Chesnokov, Gretchaninoff, and Nikolsky, focused their creative energies on texts drawn from the Russian Orthodox liturgy.

By the first decade of the twentieth century, Rachmaninoff was spending his summers at the secluded Ivanovka estate, which was owned by his uncle, Alexander Satin. It is believed that he drew much inspiration from this peaceful and bucolic landscape, which allowed him to escape the demands of urban life and concentrate on the compositional demands facing him during the year. **Vocalise**, Opus 34, No. 14, consists of a wordless soprano melody (sung on a vowel selected by the performer) superimposed on a hushed and dense choral texture, rife with rich, Romantic harmonies. The ebb and flow of this dialogue is tremendous, for it depicts the versatility and restraint that is prevalent in much of Rachmaninoff’s music. The beauty lies entirely in the soundscape; the absence of words creates an expressive sonic experience that creates tension and release for the listener. The piece was originally written for piano and voice, serving as the final song in the series. Due to its instant success, Rachmaninoff arranged it for orchestra and voice, as well as for orchestra alone.

**Love Songs – Augusta Read Thomas (b. 1964)**

Augusta Read Thomas held teaching posts at Eastman School of Music and Northwestern University before settling at her current post of Professor of Composition at University of Chicago. Today, she is in high demand as a composer, receiving ample opportunities during her tenure as Composer-in-Residence for the Chicago Symphony from 1997-2006. Thomas's *Concerto for Orchestra* was commissioned and premiered by that orchestra under the direction of Pierre Boulez in 1998. Her chamber opera *Ligeia*, commissioned and premiered by Mstislav Rostropovich and the Evian Festival in 1994, won the International Orpheus Prize, and has been presented at the Spoleto Music Festival in Italy and the Aspen Music Festival in Colorado.

*Love Songs*, commissioned by Chanticleer, treats the group as an ensemble of 12 soloists; the five movements sung in this program are from a set of seven famous epigrams about love, each of which provides a springboard for more extended experiments in choral texture. *Love Songs* appears on Chanticleer's *Colors of Love* album, which won a Grammy for Best Small Ensemble Performance in 1999.

*"The wonderful sound-world — created by the unique and beautiful color of their 12 sublime voices — allied to their abundance of technical skill makes Chanticleer my favorite ensemble. Love Songs is a 15-minute score made up of seven songs composed specifically for this sound of their individual, extraordinary voices. Each of the men has at least one small solo which was precisely imagined and composed for his specific vocal color. The texts, all classic love poems, are set in a variety of ways ranging from lyrical to humorous to sensuous. I hope you enjoy the pieces because they were loads of fun for me to compose!"*

— Augusta Read Thomas

**II. "Look out upon the stars, my love..."**

**III. "Love is a beautiful dream."**

**V. "Alas, the love of women! It is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing. "**

**VI. "For stony limits cannot hold love out."**

**VII. "All mankind love a lover."**



### **I'll Follow My Secret Heart – Noël Coward (1899 - 1973), arr. Adam Ward**

Nobody could turn a phrase like Noël Coward. He is surely considered to be one of the more witty, idiosyncratic and memorable English composers of the twentieth century. At the forefront of his popularity, of course, were the thirty-seven stage plays and nine musicals. The mention of *Bitter Sweet*, *Conversation Piece*, *Private Lives* or *Blithe Spirit* is bound to conjure a smile from lovers of his timeless romantic comedies. ***I'll Follow My Secret Heart*** is arguably the most popular song from *Conversation Piece*, which opened at His Majesty's Theatre in London in February of 1934. The all-star cast included Coward himself and the versatile French actress Yvonne Printemps.

Coward, never shy, talked about the difficulties he encountered in the composition of this, the most well-known song of the show:

*"I poured myself a large whisky and soda... and sat gloomily envisaging everyone's disappointment and facing the fact that my talent had withered and that I should never write any more music until the day I died. ... I switched off the light at the door and noticed that there was one lamp left on by the piano. I walked automatically to turn it off, sat down, and played "I'll Follow My Secret Heart" straight through in G flat, a key I had never played in before."*

Adam Ward, who is in his eleventh year singing countertenor with Chanticleer, adds his own words to Coward's. "The song is sung by the female protagonist who being set up for marriage, only to secretly fall in love with the man making the arrangements. In this version we hear a truncated recitative which facilitates the swap from the perspective of the original female character to that of the male soloist. Regardless of context or gender, the song is a statement of honesty to one's self while patiently waiting for true love to transpire."

No matter what price is paid  
What stars may fade above,  
I'll follow my secret heart  
Till I find love

Don't be afraid I'll betray you  
And destroy all the plans you have made.  
But even your schemes must  
Leave room for my dreams.  
So when all I owe you is paid,  
I'll still have something of my own,  
A little prize that's mine alone

I'll follow my secret heart  
My whole life through  
I'll keep all my dreams apart  
Till one comes true.

No matter what price is paid  
What stars may fade above,  
I'll follow my secret heart  
Till I find love

**It was a lover and his lass – John Rutter (b. 1945)**

One of the most performed of living composers, John Rutter has made the choral idiom his life's work and artistic home. From 1975 to 1979 he was Director of Music at Clare College, whose choir he directed in a number of broadcasts and recordings. After resigning from the Clare post to allow more time for composition, he formed the Cambridge Singers as a professional chamber choir primarily dedicated to recording, and now divides his time between composition and conducting. In 2002 his setting of Psalm 150, commissioned for the Queen's Golden Jubilee, was performed at the Service of Thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

*It was a lover and his lass* (text by one Will Shakespeare!) is a ditty that spins circles around the playful and exhilarating relationship between two lovers. The accompaniment's lightly swung rhythms provide contrast to the buoyant melody which itself is jolly, crisp and instantly appealing.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny,  
How that life was but a flower  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny,  
For love is crown'd with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**Les Chemins de l'Amour – Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963), arr. Evan Price**

French composer and pianist Francis Poulenc was a member of Les Six, a group of composers working in Paris in the first part of the twentieth century. Poulenc eschewed the daring harmonic language of many of his contemporaries (he once wrote, “I think there is room for new music which doesn’t mind using other people’s chords”). He found, instead, a musical language that is easily recognizable in his numerous compositions, most notably his songs and choral music. The desire to compose for a cappella chorus came to Poulenc after hearing a performance of Monteverdi madrigals presented by Nadia Boulanger. His a cappella output runs the gamut from light “entertainment” to religiously fervent motets, reflecting the dichotomy of Poulenc’s own profound spirituality and *bon vivant* proclivities.

Bay Area resident Evan Price has arranged Poulenc’s *Les Chemins de l'Amour* for Chanticleer, often utilizing voices to portray accompaniment and melodic textures. He states,

*I first became acquainted with **Les Chemins de l'Amour** several years ago when it was added to the repertoire of my long-time band, The Hot Club of San Francisco. We performed it far and wide as part of our original score for the 1928 silent film, “The Fall of the House of Usher.” Consequently, my dominant association with the piece is somewhat more macabre than was the composer’s intention and, given the task of scoring it for Chanticleer, I had to learn the piece anew. Traditionally performed as a soprano solo with piano accompaniment, this setting has more of the feel of a piece of chamber music with the melody and accompaniment shared among the voices. In particular, the bass section has to occupy many roles—from singing the melody to mimicking a pianist’s left hand.*

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| Les chemins qui vont à la mer<br>Ont gardé de notre passage,<br>Des fleurs effeuillées<br>Et l'écho sous leurs arbres<br>De nos deux rires clairs.<br>Hélas! des jours de bonheur,<br>Radiieuses joies envolées,<br>Je vais sans retrouver traces<br>Dans mon cœur. | The paths that lead to the sea<br>have kept, of our passing-by,<br>flowers with fallen petals<br>and the echo, beneath their trees,<br>of both our bright laughs.<br>Alas! of the days of happiness,<br>radiant joys now flown,<br>I wander without finding their trace again<br>in my heart. |
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| Chemins de mon amour,<br>Je vous cherche toujours,<br>Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus<br>Et vos échos sont sourds.<br>Chemins du désespoir,<br>Chemins du souvenir,<br>Chemins du premier jour,<br>Divins chemins d'amour. | Paths of my love,<br>I still seek you,<br>lost paths, you are no more<br>and your echoes are hollow.<br>Paths of despair,<br>paths of memory,<br>paths of the first day,<br>divine paths of love. |
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| Si je dois l'oublier un jour,<br>La vie effaçant toute chose,<br>Je veut, dans mon cœur, qu'un souvenir repose,<br>Plus fort que l'autre amour.<br>Le souvenir du chemin,<br>Où tremblante et toute éperdue,<br>Un jour j'ai senti sur moi<br>Brûler tes mains. | If one day I have to forget him,<br>life effacing everything,<br>I wish, in my heart, that one memory should remain,<br>stronger than the other love.<br>The memory of the path,<br>where trembling and utterly bewildered<br>one day, upon me, I felt<br>your hands burning. |
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**La vie en Rose – Édith Piaf (1915 - 1963), arr. Price**

The Édith Piaf classic, *La Vie en Rose*, is perhaps one of the most beloved and charming French “torch songs” of the twentieth century. Piaf wrote and commissioned pieces of music that romanticized her rough upbringing and her life in the streets, boasting passionate and empowering lyrics which emphasize her inner fortitude.

*La Vie en Rose* is inspired by an amorous moment in 1944 when Piaf locked eyes with a young American. This piece is lauded as a true lovers’ anthem, literally translated as “life in pink,” which reminds us all to alter our perspectives and view anew the romance and beauty that color our everyday life.

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| Des yeux qui font baisser les miens,<br>Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,<br>Voilà le portrait sans retouche<br>de l’homme auquel j’appartiens. | Eyes that gaze into mine,<br>A smile that is lost on his lips,<br>That is the untouched portrait<br>Of the man whom I belong. |
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| Quand il me prend dans ses bras<br>Il me parle tout bas,<br>Je vois la vie en rose.<br>Il me dit des mots d’amour,<br>Des mots de tous les jours,<br>Et ça me fait quelque chose. | When he takes me into his arms<br>He speaks to me softly,<br>And I see life through rose-colored glasses<br>He speaks words of love to me,<br>They are everyday words,<br>And they do something to me. |
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| Il est entré dans mon cœur<br>Une part de bonheur<br>Dont je connais la cause.<br>C’est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie,<br>Il me l’a dit, l’a juré pour la vie. | He has entered into my heart<br>A bit of happiness<br>That I know the cause of.<br>It’s only him for me, and me for him, for life,<br>He told me, he swore to me, for life. |
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|---|--|
| Et dès que je l’aperçois<br>Alors je sens en moi<br>Mon cœur qui bat. | As soon as I notice him<br>I feel inside me<br>My heart beating. |
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| Des nuits d’amour à ne plus en finir<br>Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place<br>Des ennuis, des chagrins, s’effacent<br>Heureux, heureux à en mourir. | Endless nights of love<br>Bring great happiness<br>The pain and bothers fade away<br>Happy, so happy I could die. |
|--|---|

**Love Walked In – George Gershwin (1898 - 1937), arr. Puerling**

The first half of the twentieth century saw American popular music flourish and take the world by storm. Access to records and record-players allowed worldwide listeners to hear the latest hits, ushering in an era dominated by the great songwriters and lyricists from the 1920s in Tin Pan Alley through the Broadway and Hollywood musicals of the 1950s. The brightest stars of this era (George Gershwin, Harold Arlen, Duke Ellington, Cole Porter, and Irving Berlin, among several others) are credited with creating and contributing to the Great American Songbook – a generally agreed-upon collection of the most popular and memorable songs of the era. Today, jazz and popular musicians simply call these songs “standards.” George and his older brother, Ira, were known as a dynamic and highly intelligent duo that worked symbiotically. Ira was known as an expressive lyricist and George was known for his musical offerings.

In *Loved Walked In*, Puerling’s harmonic language can be described as elegant and smooth, but undeniably complex. The jazz harmonies often employ major sevenths, ninths, elevenths, and thirteenths as the voices become more distant and spread. The homophonic nature of the piece allows for the chords in close harmony to settle and shimmer as suspensions and dissonances stress certain words or ideas.

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away  
Love walked right in and brought my sunniest day  
One magic moment and my heart seemed to know that my heart said hello  
Though not a word was spoken

One look, and I forgot the gloom of the past  
One look and I had found my future at last  
One look and I had found a world completely new  
When love walked in with you

**Frankie and Johnny – Trad. American Song, arr. Robert De Cormier**

In 1899, a murder in St. Louis became the subject for one of America's top folksongs, also referred to as a murder ballad. *Frankie and Johnny* depicts Frankie Baker's indignation when she found out her lover, Albert Britt, was being unfaithful to her. This infidelity led Frankie to find a gun and shoot Albert at a boardinghouse for retribution. The factual details surrounding the murder case are quite cloudy: some people were convinced that Frankie was a victim of ongoing domestic violence, others thought that she was just tired of "working the streets" for her lover. Some just thought they had had a particularly nasty argument.

Rumor has it that Albert Britt's parents had kindly requested one of the early songwriters to use an alias for Albert to protect the family from future social hardship. *Frankie and Johnny* has been recorded by a myriad of notable artists such as Sam Cooke, Elvis Presley, Guy Lombardo, and Johnny Cash. It continues to be a popular story, and one easily adapted to various musical genres.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers  
Lordy, how they could love.  
Swore to be true to each other  
Just as true as the stars above.  
He was her man,  
But he was doing her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner.  
Just for a bucket of beer  
And when she got there,  
She asked that bartender,  
"Has my ever loving Johnny been here?  
He was my man, but he's been doing me wrong."

Bartender: "I don't want to cause you no trouble,  
I don't want to tell you no lie,  
But I saw your man 'bout an hour ago,  
a lovin' Nellie Bly.  
If he's your man, he's been doing you wrong."

Frankie went down to the hotel  
Walked right up to the door  
And underneath her fancy dress  
She had Johnny's forty-four.  
He was her man  
But he was doing her wrong.

When Johnny first saw Frankie  
For the back door he did scoot  
Frankie pulled that forty-four gun,  
Went root-ta-toot, toot-ta-toot, toot.  
She shot her man  
'Cause he was doing her wrong

Johnny: "Turn me over easy,  
Roll me over slow,  
Turn me on my left side,  
So my heart won't overflow.  
I was her man,  
But I was doing her wrong."

This story has no moral  
This story has no end  
This story only goes to prove  
That there ain't no good in men.

Frankie: "They'll do you wrong,  
Just as sure as you born."

**Somebody to Love – Freddie Mercury (1946-1991), arr. Vince Peterson**

*Somebody to Love* was first heard on Queen's 1976 album, *A Day at the Races*; it was the hit single of the album, eventually hitting the number 2 spot on the UK single charts. It is also one of the most ubiquitously played and most popular songs that Queen is known for. Freddie Mercury admitted that he drew much of his musical inspiration from Aretha Franklin, which allowed him to inject multiple gospel flavors into some of his pieces. The band multi-tracked several voice parts in the recording studio to emulate a 100-voiced gospel choir, an effect that accentuates the imploring quality for love that Mercury desired for the song. Vince Peterson arranged an intricate and dense vocal chart for Chanticleer in 2011 and, since its debut, it has been loved and requested by audiences worldwide.

Can anybody find me somebody to love?  
Each morning I get up I die a little  
Can barely stand on my feet  
Take a look in the mirror and cry  
Lord what you're doing to me  
I have spent all my years in believing you  
But I just can't get no relief, Lord!  
Somebody, somebody  
Can anybody find me somebody to love?

I work hard every day of my life  
I work 'til I ache my bones  
At the end I take home my hard earned pay all on my own  
I get down on my knees and I start to pray  
'Til the tears run down from my eyes, Oh!  
Somebody, somebody  
Anybody find me somebody to love?

Everyday!  
I try and I try and I try  
But everybody wants to put me down  
They say I'm goin' crazy  
They say I got a lot of water in my brain  
I got no common sense  
I got nobody left to believe  
Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Got no feel, I got no rhythm  
I just keep losing my beat  
I'm OK, I'm alright  
Ain't gonna face no defeat  
I just gotta get out of this prison cell  
One day I'm gonna be free, Lord!

Find me somebody to love  
Can anybody find me somebody to love?