

CHANTICLEER

Then and There, Here and Now

Saturday, June 9 | St. Isidore Catholic Church, Danville, CA • **Sunday, June 10** | St. John's Lutheran Church, Sacramento, CA
Tuesday, June 12 | Mission Santa Clara, Santa Clara, CA • **Friday, June 15 & Saturday, June 16** | SF Conservatory of Music,
San Francisco, CA

Tim Keeler, Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf†, Alan Reinhardt, Logan Shields, Adam Ward – *countertenor*
Brian Hinman†, Matthew Mazzola, Andrew Van Allsburg – *tenor*
Eric Alatorre†, Zachary Burgess, Matthew Knickman – *baritone and bass*

William Fred Scott – *Music Director*

- Gaude gloriosa**
Surrexit pastor bonus
O Clap Your Hands*
- I.**
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525-1594)
Orlando di Lasso (1530-1594)
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
- Ave verum corpus***
Whispers*
- II.**
William Byrd (c. 1539-1623)
Steven Stucky (1949-2016)
Commission by Chanticleer in 2002, made possible by various individual Chanticleer supporters.
- Nude Descending a Staircase***
Now is the Month of Maying
Stelle, vostra mercè l'ecclse sfere*
- III.**
Allen Shearer (b. 1943)
Thomas Morley (1557-1602) arr. Evan Price
Mason Bates (b. 1977), *from Sirens*
*Commission by Chanticleer in 2008, made possible by The Wallace Alexander Gerbode Foundation,
and The William and Flora Hewlett Foundation Emerging Composers 2007 initiative*
- Il bianco e dolce cigno**
Io son la Primavera
- IV.**
Jacques Arcadelt (1507-1568)
William Hawley (b. 1950)
- Treating Shadows as Solid Things**
Three fragments from the Purgatorio of Dante
- I.** Per tutt'i cerchi del dolente regno
II. Senza vostra domanda io vi confesso
III. Già s'inchinava ad abbracciar li piedi
- Commission funded by Sarah and Howard Solomon in honor of Andrew Solomon and John Habich Solomon.*
- Salve Regina**
- V.**
Antonio de Salazar (1650-1715)

Intermission

I Have Had Singing
Summertime from *Porgy and Bess*

Dúlamán*

In Winter's Keeping*
Járbă, mǎré járbă

Creole Love Call

Bei mir bist du schön*
I Want to Die Easy

Straight Street*

VI.

Steven Sametz (b. 1954)
George Gershwin (1898-1937), arr. Kirby Shaw
Cortez Mitchell, solo
Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)
Matthew Knickman and Zachary Burgess, solos
Jackson Hill (b. 1941)
trad. Hungarian-Romani, arr. Stacy Garrop
Andrew Van Alsburg, solo

VII.

attrib. Duke Ellington (1899-1974),
arr. Harry Frommermann
Sholom Secunda (1894-1974), arr. Brian Hinman
trad. Spiritual, arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw
Matthew Mazzola, solo
J.W. Alexander (1916-1996) and Jesse Whitaker (1920-2006),
arr. Joseph H. Jennings

*These pieces have been recorded by Chanticleer.

†Eric Alatorre occupies *The Eric Alatorre Chair*, given by Peggy Skornia. Brian Hinman occupies the *Tenor Chair*, given by an Anonymous Donor. Gerrod Pagenkopf occupies *The Ning G. Mercer Chair for the Preservation of the Chanticleer Legacy*, given by Ning and Stephen Mercer.

PROGRAM NOTES AND TEXTS

Gaude gloriosa – Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

The Virgin Mary is the focal point for some of the most inspired writing in musical liturgy. Composers from the Middle Ages to the present day have composed countless works – from brief motets to elaborate Masses – in her honor. Full of adoration, reverence, passionate pleas for mercy, and solemn prayers for intercession, the Marian motet was perhaps most perfectly realized in the hands of Renaissance masters from Italy and Spain.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the Italian town from which he took his name. He was *maestro di cappella* at St. Peter's in Rome from 1551-1554 and from 1571 until his death in 1594. His fame as the outstanding representative of the Roman school caused his name to be directly associated with the "strict" style of Renaissance counterpoint used as a pedagogical model by students of nearly every succeeding generation. In *Gaude gloriosa*, Palestrina demonstrates his mastery of these contrapuntal techniques. The meticulous voice-leading and refined dissonance treatment now universally idealized as the "Palestrina style" are pervasive, and the composer infuses this motet with a celebratory spirit.

Gaude gloriosa,	Rejoice, glorious one,
super omnes speciosa,	surpassing all others in beauty,
Vale, valde decora,	Fare you well, fair Lady,
et pro nobis semper Christum exora.	and intercede for us to Christ.

Surrexit pastor bonus – Orlando di Lasso

To his contemporaries, he was the "Prince of Music," the "King of Musicians," the "Divine Orlando." We speak of Orlando di Lasso, born in the French-speaking province of Hainault in present-day Belgium in 1532. Today it is clear that di Lasso's compositional voice is recognized as one of the great ones of his time. It was, however, his singing voice that got him abducted no fewer than three times during his childhood. His teens were spent in southern Italy and Rome, where he became choirmaster of the basilica of St. John Lateran in 1551, a position which would be held by Palestrina following his departure in 1554. By 1556 he had entered the service of the Bavarian court at Munich, and there he remained until his death in 1594, working not only as court composer but also in equal demand as a singer. It was in Munich that Lasso was visited by Andrea Gabrieli, who was impressed enough with the court to remain for at least a year. Di Lasso took charge of the ducal chapel in 1563, and, based on a number of *Magnificat* settings, it seems the duke had a preference to celebrate Vespers in a solemn fashion.

A master of all of the major vocal genres of his time – French chanson, Italian madrigal, German lied, as well as Latin Mass and motet – Lasso became the most published composer of the 16th century. His *Surrexit pastor bonus* for five voices is a perfect example of his mastery of the polyphonic motet. The opening ascending interval announces the resurrection of Christ, while fluid descending passages quite literally paint Christ laying down his life. The Easter-tide motet is dominated by a peal of "Alleluias," (nearly half of the motet is comprised of this section) the voices tumbling over each other, volleying the text back and forth – perhaps a reaction to the absence of "Alleluia" for the entire Lent season.

Surrexit pastor bonus,	The good shepherd has arisen,
qui animam suam posuit pro ovibus suis,	who laid down his life for his sheep,
et pro grege suo mori dignatus est.	and for his flock deigned to die.
Alleluia.	Alleluia.

O Clap Your Hands – Orlando Gibbons

Organist, composer, teacher, and singer, Orlando Gibbons was born into a musical family and was one of the last of a musical dynasty which began with the composers of the Eton Choir Book and ended with the death of Gibbons's contemporary, Thomas Tomkins. He joined the ranks of the Chapel Royal in 1603 upon the ascension of James I to the English throne. By 1625, he and Tomkins were senior and junior organists of the Chapel, respectively (positions once held by Thomas Tallis and William Byrd). Gibbons wrote somewhat fewer pieces than many of his predecessors, but they are each exquisite in their detail and technical brilliance.

O Clap Your Hands was composed by Gibbons on behalf of William Heyther, who was given an honorary Doctor of Music degree at Oxford University in 1622, to fulfill the University's requirement of a 'commencement song' composition from all doctoral candidates. Gibbons was also awarded the Doctor of Music degree on the same day. This splendid anthem has no solo passages, and is therefore what was known as a 'full anthem' in the 17th century. It is composed in eight parts, sometimes all heard together, elsewhere divided into two four-part choirs. The double-choir construction is especially exciting in the second section of the work, where the rhythmic drive and vocal fireworks become more intense as the music reaches its climax.

O clap your hands together, all ye people: O sing unto God with the voice of melody.
For the Lord is high, and to be feared: he is the great King upon all the earth.
He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.
He shall choose out an heritage for us: even the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.
God is gone up with a merry noise: and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.
O sing praises, sing praises unto our God: O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.
For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.
God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon his holy seat.
For God, which is highly exalted, doth defend the earth, as it were with a shield.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end.

Ave verum corpus – William Byrd

The conversion of England from the Roman Catholic Church to the Church of England by King Henry VIII (and later Queen Elizabeth I) forced those who wished to practice Catholicism to do so covertly, as penalties included fines, scrutiny, torture or death. All vestiges of the "old religion" were summarily prohibited, including the use of Latin (only English was permitted). In this highly volatile and oppressive atmosphere, Byrd played a dangerous game. Refusing to conform to the new "Anglican" church, he composed music for use in Catholic services (held secretly in private residences), more often than not in Latin. Byrd may have been playing with fire, as it were, but he was as clever a musical politician as he was a creative musical force. By frequently dedicating his compositions to Queen Elizabeth, he secured her patronage, thus managing his personal rebellion without loss of life or livelihood. It is widely accepted that Byrd intended his Latin motets, as well as his Mass settings, for use in these secret religious services.

The four-voice motet, *Ave verum corpus* was published in 1605, in his first collection of *Gradualia*. Rich with imitation, lush suspensions and startling chordal progressions, Byrd provides a moving setting for this plaintive text.

Ave verum corpus	Hail true body,
natum de Maria Virgine,	born of the Virgin Mary,
vere passum,	truly suffering,
immolatum in cruce pro homine:	sacrificed on the cross for all men:
cuius latus perforatum	From whose pierced side
unda fluxit sanguine.	flowed blood.
Esto nobis praegustatum,	Be a foretaste for us
in mortis examine.	in the trial of death.
O Dulcis, O Pie,	O Sweet, O Merciful,
O Jesu fili Mariae;	O Jesus, Son of Mary.
miserere mei. Amen.	Have mercy on us. Amen.

Whispers – Steven Stucky

Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Steven Stucky was widely recognized as one of the leading American composers of his generation. He wrote commissioned works for many of the major American orchestras and such prestigious organizations as the Chicago Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Carnegie Hall Corporation, as well as Chanticleer. He was long associated with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where he was resident composer from 1988–2009 (the longest such affiliation in American orchestral history).

Commissioned for Chanticleer’s 25th anniversary in 2002, *Whispers* was conceived as a companion piece to his “Drop, Drop Slow Tears” which was premiered in 1979. The earlier work is constructed around a reminiscence of the music of Orlando Gibbons. Similarly, “Whispers” recalls fragments of William Byrd’s “Ave verum corpus,” surrounding those fragments with his own setting of lines from Walt Whitman’s *Whispers of Heavenly Death* (1868). Stucky writes:

In both the Whitman and Byrd, thoughts and images of death are so transmuted by the power of great art that the result is not sadness, but instead a kind of mystical exaltation. This is a blessing that we need more than ever in our own time, and one that the superb singing of Chanticleer has delivered to listeners (and composers) for twenty-five years. Inspired as much by Chanticleer’s own artistry and style as by Byrd or Whitman, this piece is offered in celebration of those twenty-five wonderful years.

Whispers of heavenly death, murmur’d I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever, flowing,

I see, just see skyward, great cloud-masses.
Mournfully slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing,
With at times a half-dimm’d sadden’d far-off star,
Appearing and disappearing.

Walt Whitman

Nude Descending a Staircase – Allen Shearer

A composer, singer and teacher living in San Francisco’s East Bay, Allen Shearer teaches voice at UC-Berkeley. Trained in Europe as well as the U.S., he earned diplomas in concert singing and opera at the Akademie Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria as well as a Ph.D. in music at UC-Berkeley. He studied composition in Paris on the Charles Ives Scholarship, and spent a year in Italy on the Rome Prize Fellowship. As a composer, Shearer has received many honors, including the Silvia Goldstein Award, as well as funding from The National Endowment for the arts for several of his works. The witty text of *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which recalls Duchamp’s famous painting of the same name, is by X.J. Kennedy, and was written in 1960. Complex rhythms, humorous asides, and surprising textual painting make this an engaging work. “Because I am a singer myself, writing vocal music is a particular pleasure for me. Setting this whimsical poem provides a diversion,” says Shearer.

Toe upon toe, a snowing flesh,
a gold of lemon, root and rind,
she sifts in sunlight down the stairs
with nothing on. Nor on her mind.

We spy beneath the banister
a constant thresh of thigh on thigh;
her lips imprint the swinging air
that parts to let her parts go by.

One-woman waterfall, she wears
her slow descent like a long cape
and pausing on the final stair,
collects her motions into shape.

X.J. Kennedy

Now is the Month of Maying – Thomas Morley, arr. Evan Price

Thomas Morley had the rare privilege of seeing most of his works published while he lived. Why? In the England of Elizabeth I, the license to print and publish works was granted to few. One of the holders of that license was William Byrd. When Byrd's monopoly on publishing expired in 1596, his industrious and clever pupil, Morley, applied for the license; after two years of waiting, Morley finally received the license. While Byrd published primarily sacred works, Morley focused his efforts in a surge of secular music. His madrigals could be sung in a casual setting as easily as they could be in a more formal one. A paradigm of the English madrigal, *Now is the Month of Maying* is perhaps one of Morley's most famous compositions, even though it (like a number of Morley's other works) is based on an Italian canzonet by Orazio Vecchi. Passages of joyful homophony are interspersed with trademark "fa-la-la" polyphony, creating an ebullient and effervescent song that happily welcomes the return of spring and its "lustier" activities.

Now is the month of Maying when merry lads are playing.
Fa la la la la la la la!
The spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at winter's sadness
Fa la la la la la la la!
Each with his bonny lass upon the greeny grass
Fa la la la la la la la!
And to the bagpipes' sound the nymphs tread on the ground.
Fa la la la la la la la!
Fie, then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la la la la!
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak. Shall we play barley break?
Fa la la la la la la la!

Stelle, vostra mercè l'eccelse sfere – Mason Bates

Virginia-born Mason Bates enjoys an internationally acclaimed career that thrives on ingenuity, surprise and variety. Moving easily between the worlds of "standard" classical music – works for chorus, orchestra, chamber ensembles – and electronica, Bates is busy with commissions from the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the Chicago Symphony, where he was appointed the Mead Composer-in-Residence in 2010. Two years later he was the recipient of the Heinz Award for Arts and Humanities. Spanning from classical concert halls to the clubs and lounges where he DJs electronica, his music has been described by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as "lovely to hear and ingeniously constructed." Recent compositions for Chanticleer include the choral song cycle, *Sirens*, "Observer from the Magellanic Cloud," a free arrangement of Peter Gabriel's "Washing of the Water," and most recently, "Drum-Taps," a joint commission from Chanticleer and the Kennedy Center.

His choral song cycle *Sirens*, commissioned by Chanticleer in 2009, explores the beautiful, seductive, and ominous nature of these mythical creatures on the ancient island of Circe. In regards to *Sirens*, Bates says:

Perhaps one thinks of lyrical, melodic music coming from the sirens, but this song cycle casts a wide net in exploring seduction music. Sirens do not always involve danger, and in fact sometimes they are personified as pure, heavenly beings emanating harmonious music. Pietro Aretino's 16th century [Italian] sonnet, a poem to one's beloved in one breath, pays homage to the stars (*Stelle vostra mercè l'eccelse sfere*), each of which is blessed with a lovely siren atop it.

Stelle, vostra mercè l'eccelse sfere	Stars, thanks to you the lofty spheres,
Dette del Ciel Sirene hanno concesso	known as the heavenly Sirens,
A lei non solo in belle note altere,	not only granted their name itself
Come titol gradito, il nome istesso,	as a lovely title, they even imprinted,
Ma de le lor perfette armonie vere	the sound of their perfect harmonies
Con suprema dolcezza il suono impresso	with sublime sweetness
Ne le sue chiare e nette voci: ond'ella	on her clear voices, so that she speaks
Quasi in lingua de gli Angioli favella.	almost in the language of angels.

Il bianco e dolce cigno – Jacques Arcadelt

While little is known about Jacques Arcadelt's early life, he was one of the *oltremontani*, the group of Franco-Flemish composers imported "over the Alps" to glorify the wealthy courts and chapels of Italy. Most likely from present-day Belgium, he moved to Italy as a young man, and was in Florence by the late 1520s, affording him at least the opportunity to meet, if not to work with, Philippe Verdelot, one of the earliest madrigalists. (Arcadelt would certainly model his mature compositional style after Verdelot.) In the late 1530s he moved to Rome where he obtained an appointment with the Papal Choir at St. Peter's Basilica, and eventually became a member of the Sistine Chapel, where he was appointed *magister puerorum* (director of the boys choir), remaining there until 1551. The same year saw the publication of no fewer than four books of his madrigals. The first of these collections went through 45 editions, becoming the most widely-reprinted collection of madrigals of the time. He left Italy in 1551 to return to France, where he spent the remainder of his life.

Arcadelt's legacy rests largely on his more than 200 Italian madrigals, composed early on in his career. With his contemporaries, Verdelot and Costanzo Festa, Arcadelt set the style for a generation of madrigal composers. Stylistically his madrigals are melodious and simple in structure, singable, and built on a clear harmonic basis, usually completely diatonic. The music is often syllabic, and while it sometimes uses repeated phrases, is almost always through-composed (as opposed to the contemporary French chanson, which was often strophic). His madrigals best represent the "classic" phase of development of the form, with their clear outline, four-part writing, refinement, and balance. The simple clarity of his style would influence later composers like Palestrina and Cipriano de Rore.

Undoubtedly Arcadelt's "greatest hit," *Il bianco e dolce cigno* is a jewel of musical simplicity contrasted with poetic eroticism, declaimed in direct homophony until the poem's final lines about "death," which are rendered in rhapsodic waves of counterpoint.

Il bianco e dolce cigno	The white and sweet swan
cantando more, ed io piangendo	dies singing, and I, weeping,
giung' al fin del viver mio.	reach the end of my life.
Stran' e diversa sorte,	Strange and different fate,
ch'ei more sconsolato	that he should die disconsolate
ed io moro beato.	while I die blessed.
Morte che nel morire	[I die] a death which in dying
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.	fills me full of joy and desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,	If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.	I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

Giovanni Giudiccioni

Io son la Primavera – William Hawley

William Hawley is a versatile and prolific composer whose works have been commissioned by such widely varied groups as the Seattle Choral Company, the Dale Warland Singers, the Aspen Music Festival, and the New London Singer. The New York native studied at Ithaca College and the California Institute of Arts. Although initially a composer of avant-garde instrumental music, Hawley's love of poetry led to his eventual place as one of his generation's leading vocal composers. His *Io son la Primavera*, from *Six Madrigals*, originally composed for Chanticleer in 1986, blends the madrigalian style of Monteverdi with 20th century compositional techniques. The madrigal begins with cascading descending lines in the upper voices, lush with warm cluster chords, accompanied by interjections from the basses. An equally lyric middle section becomes more impassioned, as little cupids aim their arrows at lovers. The opening strains return, but instead of spring's inviting welcome, the text now warns the listener that spring won't last forever...

Io son la Primavera,	I am Spring
Che lieta, o vaghe donne, a voi ritorno	who gladly, lovely women, returns to you
Col mio bel manto adorno	with my beautiful, embellished mantle
Per vestir le campagne d'erbe e fiori	to dress the countryside in greenery and flowers
E svegliarvi nel cor novelli a mori.	and to arouse in your hearts new loves.
A me Zefiro spira,	For me Zephyr sighs,
A me ride la terra, e'l ciel sereno;	for me the earth laughs, as do the serene heavens;
Volan di seno in seno	from breast to breast fly
Gli Amoretti vezzosi a mille.	the charming Amoretti by the thousands
Chi armato di stral, chi di faville.	armed with arrows and with torches.
E voi ancor gioite,	And you, again delighted,
Godete al mio venir tra rise e canti;	take pleasures in my coming amidst laughing and song;
Amate i vostri amanti	love your lovers
Or che'l bel viso amato april v'infiora;	now, while April adorns lovely faces with flowers;
Primavera per voi non torna ognora.	Spring for you will not return forever.

Torquato Tasso, translated by William Hawley

Treating Shadows as Solid Things – Matthew Aucoin

Young American composer, conductor, and pianist Matthew Aucoin enjoys a thriving career, having received commissions from such prestigious organizations as the Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall, Lyric Opera of Chicago, and Los Angeles Opera. Born and raised in the Boston area, Aucoin is a graduate of Harvard University, and a recipient of a graduate diploma in composition from The Juilliard School. Shortly before graduating from Harvard, Aucoin was hired as the youngest Assistant Conductor in the history of the Metropolitan Opera. From 2013 to 2015, Aucoin was the Solti Conducting Apprentice at the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and in 2014, made his CSO debut substituting for an indisposed Pierre Boulez. Most recently, Aucoin was appointed Los Angeles Opera's first-ever Artist-in-Residence.

Commissioned for Chanticleer in 2018, the three movements of *Treating Shadows as Solid Things* take their text from Dante's *Purgatorio*. Aucoin writes:

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...my favorite of the three canticles, [Purgatory] has always felt the most real to me, at once the most human and the most mysterious. In Purgatory – which is, in Dante's cosmos, a real mountain on this earth of ours – we meet human souls who are still mid-journey, imperfect and lovable and recognizable. They are on their way to salvation, but for the moment they're immersed in self-reflection about what they could have done better in life."

The musical language that Aucoin uses throughout is a very personal one which seems to reflect the poetic and personal struggles that come from the juxtaposing of solids and shadows. The writing is seldom melodic, in the old-fashioned sense of presenting "a good tune" and hardly rhythmic. Rather, Aucoin treats the listener to a succession of kaleidoscopic colors and textures. The movement is homophonic rather than contrapuntal and the feeling is more emotive than narrative. Tone clusters abound. Wisps of color and sound come into and go out of focus until a certain ecstasy begins to take hold in the third, and final, movement. As the narrator realizes that something "hard to hold" is becoming real, through the power of an enormous and "warming" love, the twelve voices begin to create a kind of glossolalia that goes from the lowest voices straight through to the top. After an ecstatic climax, descending chromatic passages slowly lower the musical temperature as "shadows become solid things." The work ends on a very quiet and mystical four-note chord.

I.

Per tutt'i cerchi del dolente regno
 son io di qua venuto;
 virtù del ciel mi mosse, e con lei vegno.
 Non per far, ma per non fare ho perduto
 a veder l'alto Sol che tu disiri
 e che fu tardi per me conosciuto.
 Luogo è là giù non tristo di martiri,
 ma di tenebre solo, ove i lamenti
 non suonan come guai, ma son sospiri.
 Quivi sto io coi pargoli innocenti,
 dai denti morsi della morte, avante
 che fosser da l'umana colpa essenti;
 quivi sto io con quei che le tre sante
 virtù non si vestiro, e senza vizio
 connober l'altre e seguir tutte quante.
 Ma se tu sai e puoi, alcuno indizio
 dà noi, perché venir possiam più tosto
 là dove Purgatorio ha dritto inizio.

Through every circle of the realm of woe
 have I come hither; virtue
 from Heaven impelled me, and with her I come.
 Not for what I did, but for what I left undone,
 I lost the sight of that exalted Sun
 which was made known to me far too late.
 There is a place below, not sad
 with pain, but with gloom, where shrieks
 sound not as wailings, but merely sighs.
 There with those little innocents I dwell,
 who, not delivered yet from human guilt,
 were bitten by the teeth of death;
 Here am I, with those who ne'er put on
 the three holy virtues, yet, un sinning,
 knew all the rest and practiced every one.
 But now, if you know it, give us some sign,
 whereby the sooner we may reach the place,
 where Purgatory has its real beginning.

Canto VII, lines 22-39

II.

Sanza vostra domanda io vi confesso
 che questo è corpo uman che voi vedete;
 per che il lume del sole in terra è fesso.
 Non ve maravigliate; ma credete,
 che non senza virtù che dal Ciel vegna,
 cerchi di soverchiar questa parete.

Without your asking I affirm to you
 that this is a man's body you see before you;
 that is why the sun's ray is broken on the ground.
 Do not be amazed but believe you well,
 not without the might that comes from Heaven,
 does he attempt to scale this height

Canto III, lines 94-99

III.

Già s'inclinava ad abbracciar li piedi
 Al mio dottor; ma el li disse: "Frate,
 non far, ché tu se' ombra e ombra vedi."
 Ed ei surgendo: "Ora, or puoi la quantitate
 comprender de l'amor ch'a te mi scalda,
 quand'io dismento nostra vanitate,
 trattando l'ombra come cosa salda."

Already was he stooping to kiss
 my Teacher's feet: but he said, "Brother, no;
 for you are a shade now, and a shade you see."
 And rising, he said, "Now you can understand
 the sum of love which warms me toward you,
 when I forget our nothingness,
 treating shadows as solid things."

Canto XXI, lines 130-136

Dante Alighieri (Purgatorio), translated by William Fred Scott, after Dorothy L. Sayer

Salve Regina – Antonio de Salazar

For many years, historians and musicologists have assumed that Salazar was born in Spain, perhaps in Seville, but there are no records of his early life and training. What is sure is this: in 1679, at age 29, he began his tenure as *maestro de capilla* at the Puebla Cathedral, located halfway between Veracruz and Mexico City. Puebla Cathedral was the wealthiest and most prominent cathedral in the New World, with a large choir of fourteen boys and twenty-eight men and numerous instrumentalists. In 1688, he was then appointed to the same position at the Mexico City Cathedral. Salazar was a great master of contrapuntal technique, unifying his works with recurring motives rather than with imitation. His style is unusually conservative, with transparent textures, subtle contrast, and very few touches of word painting.

Salazar's *Salve Regina*, scored for eight voices in two choruses, begins in an unhurried, leisurely fashion with the unmistakable reference to the *Salve Regina* chant melody from the Roman rite. Only gradually picking up in momentum, the excitement begins at the words "spes nostra" ("our hope") with more florid writing for the voices, followed by back-and-forth exclamations of "ad te clamamus" ("to Thee we cry!"). Breathless, broken phrases characterize "ad te suspiramus" ("to Thee we sigh"), while descending motives and harmonic suspensions help to paint a picture of weeping and mourning (or in Latin, "gementes et flentes"). The most joyous section is also the most florid in terms of movement: at the mention of Jesus, the composer begins to throw all sorts of rapid-note runs about. In the closing moments of the composition, Salazar turns to gentle, slow sonorities, and unhurried, consonant (as opposed to chromatic) descents on each word of tenderness, "Oh compassionate, loving, sweet Virgin Mary." Furthermore, he takes his time, separating each exclamation from the next by inserting long, expansive rests. The silence becomes as powerful as the singing.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae, vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, Salve!	Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!
Ad te clamamus, exsules filii Hevae, ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes, in hac lacrimarum valle.	To you we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to you we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Eja ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.	Then, most gracious advocate, turn your eyes of mercy toward us.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis, post hoc exsilium, ostende,	And after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.	Oh compassionate, loving, sweet Virgin Mary.

I Have Had Singing – Steven Sametz

Steven Sametz is professor of music and Director of Choral Activities at Lehigh University, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. After completing his undergraduate studies at Yale University and the Hochschule für Musik in Frankfurt, Germany, he received his Masters of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Dr. Sametz is active as a conductor, editor and composer whose works have been performed all over the world.

Originally written for the Berkshire Choral Festival, a summer amateur music festival, *I Have Had Singing* paraphrases lines taken from Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield, Portrait of an English Village*. In 1961, Blythe traveled to the north of England interviewing farmers, plowmen, blacksmiths – people whose stories dated back to the early 20th century. One subject, given the name Fred Mitchell in the book, was an 80-year old horseman who told his story of working a bleak, infertile land in a life filled with little joy. In the midst of his story, he stopped and said, "But there was always singing; the boys in the field, the chapels were full of singing. I have had pleasure enough; I have had singing."

The singing. There was so much singing then and this was my pleasure, too.
We all sang: the boys in the field, the chapels were full of singing, always singing.
Here I lie. I have had pleasure enough. I have had singing.

Summertime – George Gershwin, arr. Kirby Shaw

George Gershwin was born in Brooklyn, the son of Russian-Jewish immigrants, and grew up in Manhattan's Lower East Side, where he was exposed to influences from Yiddish, Eastern European, Russian, and African-American cultures. His musical career began at fifteen, when he got a job as a "plugger," a pianist who sat in the music publisher's shop and banged out the latest tunes to encourage passersby to come in and buy. By the time he was 18, Gershwin was already writing songs, and in less than ten years, had contributed music to nearly three dozen musicals and revues. His last show of 1924, *Lady, Be Good*, with its jazzy, pulsating music set to lyrics by his brother Ira, helped shoot him to stardom at the age of just 26.

His only full-length opera, *Porgy and Bess*, had its beginnings in a novel called *Porgy* by American author DuBose Heyward, in which the title character is a beggar in Catfish Row, a slum in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1926 Gershwin read the novel and was inspired to collaborate with Heyward to create a truly American opera that would cross musical lines. In order to write *Porgy and Bess*, Gershwin lived for several weeks with the Gullah Negroes on the waterfront in Charleston, South Carolina. Finally, in 1935, just two years before Gershwin's untimely death at age thirty-nine, the opera debuted, receiving mixed reviews. The initial run lasted only 124 performances – not even enough to recoup its original investment – and has remained somewhat controversial, even through a film version and several revivals.

Easily the most famous number from *Porgy and Bess*, **Summertime** takes place at the opening of the opera, sung by the character Clara as a languid lullaby to her baby. In Kirby Shaw's arrangement, the arching solo vocal line is accompanied by a jazzy choral underpinning with frequent interjections. Between the two verses, an extended improvisational section recalls the rhapsodical skat stylings reminiscent of jazz greats like Ella Fitzgerald.

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your mama's good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.

One of these mornin's you're gonna rise up singing
then you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But till that morning, there's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by.

DuBose Heyward

Dúlamán – Trad. Irish, arr. Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)

Dublin-born Michael McGlynn, who cites traditional and medieval music as his chief inspirations, is best known as the composer for and director of the highly successful vocal ensemble Anúna, which he founded in 1987. His works have been widely recorded by Anúna and performed by hundreds of choirs worldwide, including Chanticleer (“Dúlamán” appears on the Chanticleer albums *A Portrait* and *Wondrous Love*, his arrangement of “Stille Nacht” can be heard on the group’s *Christmas with Dawn Upshaw*, and “Agnus Dei” is featured on *And on Earth, Peace: A Chanticleer Mass*).

McGlynn shares the following thoughts about his setting of **Dúlamán**, a popular Irish text:

This traditional Irish text tells of a marriage involving the king of seaweed. Texts such as this were sung by people as they gathered seaweed from the barren west coast of Ireland. It was then laid on the land, and eventually this land was used for planting crops.

A nión mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí A mháithairín mhín ó cuir na roithléan go dtí mé.	Oh gentle daughter, here come the wooing men, Oh gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me.
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Refrain

Dúlamán na binne buí Gaelach Dúlamán na farraige Dúlamán na binne buí Gaelach	Gaelic seaweed of the yellow peaks, Seaweed from the ocean, Gaelic seaweed of the yellow peaks.
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Rachaidh mé chun ‘lúir leis a’ dúlamán Gaelach, Ceannódh bróga daor’ arsa dúlamán Gaelach.	I would go to Dore with the Gaelic seaweed “I would buy expensive shoes,” said the Gaelic seaweed.
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Bróga breátha dubh’ ar a’ dúlamán Gaelach, Bearéad agus triús ar a’ dúlamán Gaelach.	The Gaelic seaweed has beautiful black shoes The Gaelic seaweed has a beret and trousers.
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A nión mhín ó, sin anall na fir shúirí A mháithairín mhín ó cuir na roithléan go dtí mé.	Oh gentle daughter, here come the wooing men, Oh gentle mother, put the wheels in motion for me.
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Tá ceann buí óir ar a’ dúlamán Gaelach, Tá dhá chluais mhaol ar a’ dúlamán Maorach.	There is a yellow gold head on the Gaelic seaweed, There are two blunt ears on the Gaelic seaweed.
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Translation by Michael McGlynn

In Winter's Keeping – Jackson Hill

Jackson Hill, born in Birmingham, Alabama, was a Morehead Scholar at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where he earned his Ph.D. in musicology. He studied Buddhist liturgical music in Japan on a Fullbright at the Chishaku-In in Kyoto, and has made a specialty of Japanese traditional music. Since 1968 Hill has taught at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where he is Presidential Professor of Music.

In Winter's Keeping was composed for Chanticleer in 2001 and employs a number of sonic and stylistic devices reminiscent of Japanese traditional music: pentatonic harmony; passages limited to the 13 notes of the *kumojoshi* kyoto tuning; vocal slides, portamentos, and ornamentation suggestive of Buddhist chant; as well as textures that define a sense of *stasis* and suspended time. The composer treats the syllables of the Japanese text at times as abstract sounds and at other times as highly inflected symbols and visual images, subject to elaborate, descriptive word-painting.

When Emperor Tenji asked his own court to express an opinion about which season was most beautiful, spring or autumn, Princess Nukata answered with one of the finest poems collected in the 7th-century *Manyoshu* anthology.

Fuyo-go-mori	Long hidden deep in winter's keeping,
Haru sarikureba	Spring bursts forth from its slumber.
Naka-zarishi	The once-silent birds
Tori mo kinakinu	Commence their song.
Saka-zarishi	The incipient buds
Hana mo sakeredo	Now bloom in bright array.
Yama o shigemi	Yet in the hills the growth is so thick with trees
Irite mo torazu	Our delights are out of reach.
Kusabukami	So thick the weedy grass
Torite mo mizu	We cannot find the flowers to pick them.
Akiyama no	But in the hills in the autumn-time
Konocha o mite wa	We gaze upon the rich-colored foliage.
Momichi o ba	The leaves of brightest gold
Torite so shinofu	Longingly we take for picking.
Aoki o ba	The stubborn leaves that are still green
Okite so nageku	Regretfully we leave behind.
Soko shi urameshi	There is a melancholy in our delight:
Akiyama so are wa	Oh, the beauty of the golden hills!

Princess Nukata, Translation by Jackson Hill

Járbă, măr e járbă – trad. Hungarian-Romani, arr. Stacy Garrop

The folk music of Eastern Europe, filled with dance rhythms and the unique harmonic language of its native country, is rich and varied. The Romani people comprise a large portion of the present-day population in Serbia, Hungary, and Romania, and have contributed to the canon of folk music in each country they inhabit. Their songs often tell of daily life – simple, charming, or otherwise. The folk song, *Járbă, măr e járbă*, comes from the Romani people in Hungary, and has been recorded by many popular gypsy artists and ensembles, including Gothart, Zoltán Horváth, Finisterrae Tatri & Walkin Brass, and Luminescent Orchestrii.

Award-winning composer, arranger, and professor Stacy Garrop arranged this popular tune for Chanticleer in 2014. Garrop, a Chicago-based composer and San Francisco Bay Area native, composes and arranges for choirs, singers, chamber ensembles, and orchestras. Her choral works have been performed around the United States and she has received commissions from the Fromm Music Foundation, the Barlow Endowment, the Detroit and Albany Symphonies, and the Kronos Quartet, among others.

Járbă, măr�e járbă, m�s dusj�e �k�sz�, d� nu pot, k� �m zsur�t.	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home but I cannot, because I have sworn not to.
M�r�e járb�, vergy�e járb� nu m� pot dusj�e �k�sz�!	Tall grass, green grass, I cannot go home!
O m�tsz m�m� d� p�n sz�t, �j l�sz�t kulyib� gal�, Inpunz�t�, ingurz�t� d�-j plyn� d� sz�r�sj�j�,	My mother has left the village; she left the hut empty, adorned with leaves but full of poverty.
M�r�e járb�, vergy�e járb� nu m� pot dusj�e �k�sz�!	Tall grass, green grass, oh I cannot go home!
J�rb�, m�r�e j�rb�, m�s dusj�e �k�sz�, d� nu pot, k� �m zsur�t.	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home, but I cannot, because I have sworn not to.

Creole Love Call – attrib. Duke Ellington, arr. Harry Frommermann

Although commonly attributed to and made famous by Duke Ellington, the wordless melody of *Creole Love Call* had been written years before it was presented to Ellington by his then-saxophonist, Rudy Jackson, claiming it was his own composition. Ellington recorded the song with the famous singer Adelaide Hall in 1927, a recording that catapulted both performers to international fame. Ellington was granted the publishing rights as the composer of “Creole Love Call” the following year. Enter Joe “King” Oliver. Also a prominent bandleader, as well as cornetist and composer – not to mention the mentor of Louis Armstrong – Oliver had already recorded a strikingly similar tune with his own Jazz Creole band (with then-clarinetist Rudy Jackson!) in his “Camp Meeting Blues” as early as 1923. Incensed by the blatant plagiarism, Oliver attempted to sue Ellington for royalties and composer credit, but the lawsuit was dropped due to problems with Oliver’s original paperwork. (Oliver’s poor business skills would undercut his success throughout his career, most notably passing up a gig at New York City’s famous Cotton Club, a gig that, ironically, Duke Ellington would take in his stead.) Not surprisingly, Rudy Jackson was fired because of the incident.

The arrangement of “Creole Love Call” heard in this program was performed by the pre-World War II German vocal ensemble, the Comedian Harmonists. Inspired by jazz-influenced vocal groups in the United States, unemployed actor Harry Frommermann sought to create a similar ensemble in Germany. The five singers and one pianist became one of the most successful international close-harmony all-male musical groups in Europe in the late 1920s, performing a wide variety of folk, classical, and popular songs. The hallmark of the Comedian Harmonists was its members’ ability to blend their voices together so that the individual singers could appear and disappear back into the vocal texture. The ensemble’s success was short-lived, however, as the rise of Naziism in Germany caused the group eventually to disband (three of the members were of Jewish descent).

This clever arrangement, created by Frommermann, treats all of the voices as instruments. Five soloists sing as a variety of big band instruments, including trumpets, trombones, clarinets – even Hawaiian ukuleles! – while the rest of the ensemble “accompanies” on the piano.

Bei mir bist du schön – Sholom Secunda, arr. Brian Hinman

Written in 1932, “Bei mir bistu shein” was originally part of a Yiddish musical comedy called *Men Ken Lebn Nor Men Lost Nisht* (“I Would If I Could”) by Abraham Bloom, with music by Sholom Secunda and lyrics by his writing partner, Jacob Jacobs. With the show lasting just one season on the stage, and after years of peddling with no takers to produce it again, Secunda and Jacobs finally decided to sell the rights to a publisher – a rather respectable fate in the Yiddish theater. Secunda and Jacobs received just \$30 for their song, which they split evenly. Shortly after the sale, a then-little-known trio called the Andrews Sisters recorded a newly adapted English-language version of the song, now called “Bei mir bist du schön,” with lyrics by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin. It became the Andrews Sisters’ first major hit, earning them a gold record, the first ever to a female group. Even Americans unfamiliar with Yiddish bought the song in droves. Undaunted by the title, they requested the recording or sheet music using such approximations as “Buy Me a Beer, Mr. Shane” or “My Mere Bits of Shame.” However it was pronounced, the song was a world-wide success.

And as for Secunda losing out on over \$350,000 in royalties, “It bothered everyone else more than it bothered me.” Fortunately for him, though, in 1961, the copyright on “Bei mir bist du schön” expired, reverting ownership to Secunda and Jacobs. They immediately signed a contract with Harms, Inc., this time Secunda negotiating for himself the full percentage of the composer’s royalties.

Of all the girls I’ve known – and I’ve known some –
until I first met you, I was lonesome.
And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
and this old world seemed new to me.
You’re really swell, I have to admit you
deserve expressions that really fit you.
And so I’ve racked my brain, hoping to explain
all the things that you do to me!

Bei mir bist du schön, please let me explain
Bei mir bist du schön means you’re grand
Bei mir bist du schön, again I’ll explain
It means you’re the fairest in the land

I could say “bella, bella”, even “sehr wunderbar.”
Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are!
I’ve tried to explain, *bei mir bist du schön*
So kiss me and say you understand.
Bei mir bist du schön, you’ve heard it all before
but let me try to explain.
Bei mir bist du schön means that you’re grand
Bei mir bist du schön, it’s such an old refrain
and yet I should explain.
It means I am begging for your hand!

I Want to Die Easy – trad. Spiritual, arr. Alice Parker and Robert Shaw

From the *Ainsworth Psalter* of 1618, one of the earliest song books to appear in the American colonies, on through the collection of *Southern Harmony* from the 1850s, and into the vast collection of hymnals of every color, stripe and denomination available today, one can see that Americans of every race and creed have never been ashamed to express their affirmation of deep faith through the medium of song. Conductor Robert Shaw's and Alice Parker's countless arrangements of folk songs, spirituals, and hymns – in every language and style – remain popular with choruses today not only because of their immediacy and appeal but also due to the singability, the simple sophistication of the harmonies and counterpoint, the desire to communicate to “scholar and civilian” alike. Written for a tenor soloist with accompanying chorus, *I Want to Die Easy* is exemplified by a slow, relaxed tempo, “easy” swung triplets in the repeated interjections of the chorus, and a slow build-up to a corporate cry for salvation near its end. This is clearly the song of a slave who has toiled in the fields and is ready to cross over into the next world.

I want to die easy when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want to die easy when I die.

I want to go to heaven when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want go to heaven when I die.

I want to see my Jesus when I die
Shout salvation as I fly
I want to see my Jesus when I die.

Straight Street –James Woodie Alexander and Jesse Whitaker, arr. Joseph Jennings

Over its 40-year history, several pieces stand out as quintessential “Chanticleer” songs: Franz Biebl’s “Ave Maria” is on almost everyone’s list, with “Dúlamán” and *Straight Street* coming in very close to the top. Introduced to the ensemble by Joseph Jennings in the 1980s, at a time when Chanticleer was beginning to incorporate different genres of music into its repertory, “Straight Street” was originally the creation of JW Alexander and Jesse Whitaker, two members of the classic gospel ensemble, the Pilgrim Travelers. Dubbed “gospel’s first showmen,” the Pilgrim Travelers were formed in Houston in the late 1930s, one of several traveling gospel ensembles in the United States, but their immensely popular percussive foot tapping (which ended up being mic’d) and solid lead vocals set them apart as one of the most popular and successful. Their wild church performances saw them running off stage and up the aisles in order to, in the words of JW Alexander, “pull the sisters out of their seats.” Between 1947 and 1956, the Pilgrim Travelers recorded over one hundred sides on Specialty Records. Recorded in 1955, “Straight Street” proved to be one of the group’s most significant recordings, embodying both the walking-in-rhythm sound and spiritual essence that were so unmistakably the soul of the Pilgrim Travelers. During their reign, they influenced such singers as Ray Charles, Lou Rawls and Sam Cooke.

Well, I used to live up on Broadway
Right next to a old liar’s house
My number was self righteousness
Had very little guide of mouth
So I moved, I had to move
And I’m living on Straight Street now.

One day my heart got troubled
All about my dwelling place
I saw the Lord ‘round my settlement
And He told me to leave that place
So I moved, I had to move
And I’m living on Straight Street now.

Oh since I moved, I’m really living
I got peace within.
I thank the Lord for ev’ry blessing
I’m glad I found new friends.

Before I moved over here
Let me tell you how it was with me
Old Satan had me bound up
And I had no liberty
So I moved, I had to move
And I’m living on Straight Street now.