



Love Is ...

Concert Choir
Symphonic Choir
Vocal Jazz
Collegians

Music Building Recital Hall
Tuesday, June 3rd 2014 7:30pm

Carolyn Jess, Accompanist; Kristina Ploeger, Director of Choral Activities
Johanna McDougall, Yi-Chun Chen, & Rebecca Hardy, Rehearsal Accompanists; Brain McDougall, TA

Love Is ...

Most people think of 'love' as warm feeling based upon knowing and accepting someone, as well as being concerned for their wellbeing. Dictionary.com defines it as: 1. a profoundly tender, passionate affection for another person. 2. a feeling of warm personal attachment or deep affection, as for a parent, child, or friend. 3. sexual passion or desire. 4. a person toward whom love is felt; beloved person; sweetheart. The Greeks had four specific kinds of love, though. 'Eros' is the physical, sensual love. They considered it the least lasting and lowest form of love. 'Philia' means close friendship or brotherly love. 'Storge' is the love of family. 'Agape' is selfless, sacrificial, unconditional love, which the Greeks regarded as the most lasting and highest form of love. There are, however, many kinds of love in this world. Here is a short list of words people may associate with love: friendly, companionate, tough, patriotic, puppy, romantic, infatuation, unrequited, spiritual, divine, soulmate, brotherly, conditional, unconditional, familial, maternal, paternal, sisterly, and brotherly.

Looking at all of these words leads one to wonder: Is love a feeling? A concept? An action? Regardless, what may be even more interesting is how all of these versions of love interact in our lives. The juxtaposition of different types of love creates some of the most difficult situations one can experience, and thus, some of the most interesting literature. We hope you enjoy our exploration of some of these topics.

Program

Homeland..... Sir Cecil Spring-Rice / Gustav Holst / Z. Randall Stroope

The original melody utilized in this arrangement is Gustav Holst's (1874-1934) "Jupiter's Theme" from *The Planets*. The text of the first stanza (Holst's original melody) was written by Sir Cecil Spring (1859-1918). Sir Spring served in his country's military during WWI, then had a career in Washington, DC as a British diplomat. The arranger, Z. Randall Stroope wrote the second and third stanzas in honor of his father. Stroope's father walked the Bataan death march in WWII. This is Z. Randall's tribute to all people who "have cherished their ties of blood, language, and culture, and fought for their lives to protect them."

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

Though the road has bends and turns, and my spirit suffers,
Humans fail, systems fail, shadows fall.
But the ruts run deep, cut by the blood of faces above,
And voices now silent...

But the message loud is heard: "Homeland, homeland.
Renew your youth, restore your soul!"
Homeland, the country that I love, hold out your arms to me.
I strive for you, and give to you the best I hope to be.
May your wisdom be our amour, your compassion be your sword;
May your strength be forged with mercy, your courage lives restore.
Homeland, the country that I love, forever reign supreme;
And when time stands still, my homeland, may heaven hold your dream.
My homeland, be my dream, my hope.
Homeland, homeland!

Concert and Symphonic Choirs

Things That Never Die Charles Dickens / Daniel Gawthrop

The pure, the bright, the beautiful that stirred our hearts in youth
The impulses to wordless prayer
The streams of love and truth
The longing after something lost
The spirit's longing cry
The striving after better hopes
These things can never die

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high
The sorrow of a contrite heart
These things shall never die

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do
Lose not a chance to waken love
Be firm and just and true
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high
And angel voices say to thee,
"These things shall never die."

Concert Choir

The Minstrel Boy Irish Air / arr. Ron Jeffers

The minstrel boy to the war is gone, / In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on, / And his wild harp slung behind him;

"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard, / "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, / One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel boy to the war is gone, / In the ranks of death ye may find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on, / With his wild harp slung along behind him;
Land of Song, the lays of the warrior bard, / May some day sound for thee,
But his harp belongs to the brave and free / And shall never sound in slavery!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain / Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again, / For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee, / Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free / They shall never sound in slavery!"

The Men of Concert and Symphonic Choirs

No Time Traditional Camp Meeting Song / arr. Susan Brumfield

Rise, oh fathers, rise, let's go meet 'em in the skies,
we will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh I really do believe that just before the end of time,
we will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Rise, oh mothers, rise, let's go meet 'em in the skies,
we will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh I really do believe that just before the end of time,
we will hear the angels singing in that morning.

No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you, no time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.
Brothers, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.
Sisters, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.
No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you, no time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.

Precious Lord..... Thomas Dorsey / arr. Arnold Sevier

Dorsey wrote *Precious Lord* in response to his inconsolable bereavement at the death of his wife, Nettie Harper, in childbirth, and his infant son in August 1932. The tune itself originally appeared in hymnals and tune books as *Cross and Crown*; the name *Maitland* for that tune appears as early as 1868. Dorsey said that he used that tune as inspiration.

Precious Lord, take my hand / Lead me on, let me stand
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn
Through the storm, through the night / Lead me on to the light
Take my hand precious Lord, lead me home
When my way grows drear / Precious Lord linger near
When my life is almost gone / Lord, at the river I stand
Guide my feet and hold my hand / Take my hand and lead me home.

Savory, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme..... Canadian Folk Song / arr. Donald Patriquin

Pray, can you buy me an acre or more. / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Between wide ocean and the sea shore, / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Pray, can you plough it with one ram's horn, / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And sow it all over with one pepper corn? / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Pray, can you reap it with a sickle of leather / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And tie it all up with one peacock's feather? / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Now, you have asked me of these questions three. / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
It is my turn to ask three of thee / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Pray, can you make me a fine cambric shirt / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without any seam and all needle work? / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Pray, in yon brook, can you wash it and wade / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Where water n'er flowed since earth it was made? / And then can you be a true lover of mine,

Pray, can you dry it on yonder sweet thorn / Savory, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Where blossom n'er bloomed since Adam was born? / And then can you be a true lover of mine.

The Women of Concert and Symphonic Choirs

Si ch'io vorrei morireMaurizio Moro / music by Claudio Monteverdi

Sì, ch'io vorrei morire, Yes, I would like to die,
ora ch'io bacio, amore, now that I'm kissing, sweetheart,
la bella bocca del mio amato core. the luscious lips of my darling beloved.

Ahi, car' e dolce lingua, Ah! dear, dainty tongue,
datemi tanto umore, give me so much of your liquid
che di dolcezza in questo sen' m'estingua! that I die of delight on your breast!

Ahi, vita mia, a questo bianco seno, Ah, my love, to this white breast
deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno! ah, crush me until I faint!
Ahi, bocca! Ahi, baci! Ahi, lingua! Torn' a dire: Ah mouth! Ah kisses! Ah tongue! I say again:
Sì, ch'io vorrei morire! Yes, I would like to die!

Dear Sarah..... text by Major Sullivan Ballou / music by James Syler

Dear Sarah is a letter written by Sullivan Ballou (edited below by James Syler) to his wife on July 14, 1861 at Camp Clark in Washington, DC. The text is as follows:

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. And lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more... I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter ... how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the

Revolution. And I am willing - perfectly willing to lay down all my joys in this life, and to pay that debt... Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly with all these chains to the battlefield. The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me ... but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me it will whisper your name.

But, O Sarah! if the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights... always, always, and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath as the cool air fans your temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for me, for we shall meet again....

Jenny Kissed Me poem by James Leigh Hunt / music by Eric William Barnum

Jenny Kissed Me is a short, charming, oft-quoted poem by English essayist, James Leigh Hunt. First published in November 1838 in the *Monthly Chronicle*, it was inspired by Jane Welsh, the wife of Thomas Carlyle. "Jenny" had jumped up out of her chair and kissed Hunt when he returned to the couples' home for a visit after a long illness.

Jenny kissed me when we met / Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get / Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, / Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add, / Jenny kissed me.

Symphonic Choir

Harlan Henderson is a graduate of Wenatchee High School and Eastern Washington University. He began his teaching career in 1974 at Cheney Jr. High; where, as choral director for 18 years, he taught vocal music and performance through choir and musicals. In 1992 he moved to a combination position teaching at the middle school and high school. After 5 years, Harlan moved to the high school full time where he is currently in his 40th year of teaching. He is also the arts coordinator for the Cheney School District.

During his career the choirs have traveled to the mid west, southern California, Canada and the Pacific Northwest. These choirs have performed at numerous choral festivals where they consistently received superior ratings.

In 2006, Harlan was given the Outstanding Music Educator Award for the Northeast Region by the Washington Music Educators Association.

Harlan and Jean his wife of 37 years, have two daughters, Laura and Lindsey.