

# **It's conTEXTual, too (II)**

**EWU Choral Concert  
March 20, 2017 7:30pm  
Cheney United Church of Christ**

featuring:

**Your Thoughts (projected text to screen)  
Concert Choir  
Collegians  
Guitar Ensemble  
and  
Symphonic Choir**

Kristina Ploeger, Director of Choral Activities  
Carolyn Jess, Collaborative Pianist  
Michael Millham, Director of Guitar  
Wentao Xing, Audio & Lighting Engineer, Stage Manager

We would like to give special thanks to:  
Cheney United Church of Christ's Pastor, Dave Kruger-Duncan  
Cheney UCC's Music Director, Kathleen Sloan

**Text your thoughts to 509-877-9483,  
and let the Musicking begin!**

## It's conTEXTual, too (II)

### 'Human Family'

I note the obvious differences  
in the human family.  
Some of us are serious,  
some thrive on comedy.

Some declare their lives are lived  
as true profundity,  
and others claim they really live  
the real reality.

The variety of our skin tones  
can confuse, bemuse, delight,  
brown and pink and beige and purple,  
tan and blue and white.

I've sailed upon the seven seas  
and stopped in every land,  
I've seen the wonders of the world  
not yet one common man.

I know ten thousand women  
called Jane and Mary Jane,  
but I've not seen any two  
who really were the same.

Mirror twins are different  
although their features jibe,  
and lovers think quite different thoughts  
while lying side by side.

We love and lose in China,  
we weep on England's moors,  
and laugh and moan in Guinea,  
and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland,  
are born and die in Maine.  
In minor ways we differ,  
in major we're the same.

I note the obvious differences  
between each sort and type,

but we are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.

**We are more alike, my friends,  
than we are unlike.**

**- Maya Angelou**

## ***It's conTEXTual, too (II) Program***

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music is an invitation that draws us together.*

Come Travel with Me Scott Farthing  
Inspired by *Song of the Open Road* by Walt Whitman  
Tenors and Basses of the EWU Choirs conducted by Nathan Hoyt  
Always Something Sings Dan Forrest  
text from *Music* by Ralph Waldo Emerson  
Concert Choir  
Fences Andre Thomas  
text by Niel Lorenz  
Concert and Symphonic Choirs

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music illuminates true beauty in ourselves and others.*

Serenade to Music Ralph Vaughan Williams  
text from William Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* Act V Scene 1  
Symphonic Choir  
Barter Rene Clausen, text by Sara Teasdale  
Sopranos and Altos of the EWU Choirs

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music helps us examine how we move on.*

Only in Sleep Eriks Esenvalds, text by Sara Teasdale  
Jillian McCord and Kelly Noelle Parks, soloists  
'Libera me' from *Messa da Requiem* Giuseppe Verdi  
Professor Susan Windham, Soprano soloist  
Symphonic Choir

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music lets us define who we are.*

Fin de Saison Patrice Durand  
Tango Op 165 Isaac Albeniz, arr. Bryan Johanson  
Eleanor Rigby Lennon-McCartney, arr. Jacob Johnson  
Guitar Ensemble  
This Time The Dream's On Me Mercer & Arlen, arr. Larry Lapin  
Everything Must Change Bernard Ighner, arr. Dave Barduhn  
The Best is Yet / It Ain't Necessarily Coleman & Leigh, arr. Sharon Broadley  
You Belong to You Cassandra Wilson, arr. Lauren McKinley  
Collegians

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music comforts us in parting.*

The Parting Glass Desmond Earley  
Nathan Hoyt, soloist

## Program Notes and Texts

We are delighted to invite you to our second experiment in *Musicking!* The English author Christopher Small wrote in 1998 he believed that music is an act rather than a thing. Small supposed that the most important parts of a musical experience come from the relationship between music, people, history and their larger cultures. In writing about this, he coined the term, “musicking,” a verb which means “to take part in a musical performance, not just as a performer or provider of material for a performance ... but in any other way.” Small believed that people musicking form a “ritual through which all the participants explore and celebrate the relationships that constitute their social identity.”

When examining how we “celebrate the relationships that constitute our social identity” in 2017, we must look at social media and technology, which have changed that paradigm immensely. Tonight we want you to be equally a part of our musicking. We invite you to see how much we can deepen our shared experience by texting your thoughts during this concert. We want to invite you to make these lyrics and the music with which they are joined more accessible and more real for all of us.

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music is an invitation that draws us together.*

***Come Travel With Me*** was inspired by Walt Whitman's *Song of the Open Road*. Whitman's poem was published in 1856 as a part of an edition of *Leaves of Grass*. The poem extols the virtues of 'the Road' as ideal and egalitarian—the place where anyone, regardless of social status, can go anywhere with anyone.

Let's go! Whoever you are, let's go!  
Come travel with me.  
We will go down the open road,  
We will go where high winds blow,  
We will go down pathless and wild seas  
The world before me!

There are things more beautiful and divine  
Than words can ever tell.

There are things that will never die  
There are things that will not grow old.

Let's go! We must not stop here, let's go!  
We will not fear!  
Let's go, I give you my hand,  
I give you my heart,  
I give you myself.  
Let's go, come travel with me!

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***Always Something Sings*** was excerpted from the larger poem, *Music*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and transcendental philosopher. This poem is a fantastic example of how he earned the title of the latter. In it, Emerson makes sense of the difficult things in life, helping us to see there is something to learn in all of our experiences.

Let me go where'er I will,  
I hear a sky-born music still:  
It sounds from all things old,  
It sounds from all things young,  
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,  
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,  
It is not only in the bird,  
Not only where the rainbow glows,

Nor in the song of woman heard,  
But in the darkest, meanest things  
There always, always something sings.

'T is not in the high stars alone,  
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,  
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,  
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,  
But in the mud and scum of things  
There always, always something sings.

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**Fences** was written in 2003 for Judy Bowers and the Florida State University Women's Glee Club.

The day the universe was born,  
Mountains rose and starts were torn  
From the woven cloth of time,  
And there were no fences.  
Boundaries were not in the plan  
For sky and ocean, earth and man,  
Freedom's only ours to share  
When there are no fences.  
In photographs from far in space,  
Earth and oceans have their place,  
A graceful blanket, blue and green,  
And there are no fences.

But man forgot somewhere in time,  
The earth's not yours, or theirs, or mine,  
And for children yet to be,  
There must be no fences.  
Borders, Boundries, Walls and Wire,  
Burn a soul, Burn a soul, Burn a soul  
With freedoms fire hope is born  
When we decide there shall be no fences.  
Today's the day we can decide  
To mend the fabric we divide,  
A seamless cloth of you and me,  
Without any fences!

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music illuminates true beauty in ourselves and others.*

**Serenade to Music** is a work written by English composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, in 1938. Vaughan Williams used the text from Act V, Scene 1 of Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, 16 solo singers, and an orchestra to create a celebration of music's sublime beauty. *The Merchant of Venice* is believed to have been written between 1596-1599 as a comedy. Vaughan Williams, however, excerpted a discussion about music and the spheres that is anything but comedic.

In arranging Shakespeare's text, Vaughan Williams followed the word order, but cut words, phrases, and whole lines, and repeated at the end eleven words from the third and fourth lines, producing the following text. Solo passages are in normal type; ensemble passages are shown in italics:

*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!*  
*Here will we sit and let the sounds of music*  
*Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night*  
*Become the touches of sweet harmony.*  
 Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
 There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
*Such harmony is in immortal souls;*  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, *we cannot hear it.*  
 Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
*And draw her home with music.*  
 I am never merry when I hear sweet music.  
 The reason is, your spirits are attentive –  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
*Let no such man be trusted.* Music! hark!  
 It is your music of the house.  
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.  
 Silence bestows that virtue on it  
 How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise and true perfection!  
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion  
 And would not be awak'd.  
*Soft stillness and the night*  
*Become the touches of sweet harmony.*

Modern English summary quoted below from:

[sparknotes.com/merchant/page\\_210.htm](http://sparknotes.com/merchant/page_210.htm)

How beautiful the moonlight's shining on this bank! Let's sit here and let the music fill our ears. Stillness and nighttime are perfect for beautiful music.

Look at the stars, see how the floor of heaven is inlaid with small disks of bright gold. Stars and planets move in such perfect harmony that some believe you can hear music in their movement. If you believe this, even the smallest star sings like an angel in its motion. Souls have that same kind of harmony. But because we're here on earth in our earthly bodies, we can't hear it. Wake up the moon goddess with a hymn! Get her attention and draw her home with music.

I'm never in the mood to laugh when I hear sweet music.

That's because your soul is paying attention to the music.

The man who can't be moved by the harmonious melodies is fit only for treason, violence, and pillage. His soul is as dull as night and dark as the underworld. Nobody like that should be trusted.

Music, listen!

It is your music, from your house.

How many things in life seem good to us because of when they happen! Quiet now!

Look how the moon seems to be sleeping with its lover and can't be awoken!

Stillness and nighttime are perfect for beautiful music.

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**Barter** was written in 1917 by lyric poet, Sara Teasdale. It is stunning in many ways. The poem describes nature by taking the reader through the senses from the visual, through the tactile and olfactory, to the divine sense. On the way, the poet alludes to many strong associations most readers might understand such as:

- "holding wonder like a cup" – perhaps a reference to communion tied to nature?
- "Holy thoughts that star the night" – perhaps alluding to the Nativity, or some other journey? In the context of this piece, perhaps a spiritual journey to beauty? Or ...

- “For one white shining hour of peace count many a year of strife well lost” – perhaps alluding to metaphysical spending—not the manufactured constructs with which we often surround ourselves.

Teasdale seems to value pure beauty at a religious level. She uses thick and effective imagery to help us understand that “loveliness” is worth striving for.

Life has loveliness to sell,  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Soaring fire that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,

Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been, or could be.

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*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music helps us examine how we move on.*

Another beautiful poem by Sara Teasdale, *Only in Sleep*, is a perfect example of the longing for connection Sara Teasdale was constantly exploring. ‘Only in Sleep’ does she find some of these connections. Many of Teasdale’s poems seem straightforward, in this poem, however, there is always an intricate and distinctive uncertainty about the human condition with which it is easy to identify.

Only in sleep I see their faces,  
Children I played with when I was a child,  
Louise comes back with her brown hair braided,  
Annie with ringlets warm and wild.

Only in sleep Time is forgotten—  
What may have come to them, who can know?  
Yet we played last night as long ago,  
And the doll-house stood at the turn of the stair.

The years had not sharpened their smooth round faces,  
I met their eyes and found them mild—  
Do they, too, dream of me, I wonder,  
And for them am I too a child?

---

While the Verdi Requiem was composed in memory of, and first performed for, Alessandro Manzoni, the roots of the work came in Verdi's trying to organize a requiem for Gioachino Rossini's death in 1868. Verdi tried to get twelve different composers to submit different movements for this requiem to honor Rossini. For this effort, Verdi wrote the movement you will hear this evening, *Libera me*. Unfortunately, the project of the requiem for Rossini was abandoned. In 1873, when Manzoni passed away, Verdi was moved to use this *Libera me* as a starting place for his own requiem to honor Manzoni, whom he admired greatly.

<i>Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda;</i>	Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death on that awful day,
<i>quando coeli movendi sunt et terra:</i>	when the heavens and the earth shall be moved:
<i>dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.</i>	when you will come to judge the world by fire.
<i>Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio venerit</i>	I tremble, and I fear the judgment and the wrath to come,
<i>atque ventura irae, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra.</i>	when the heavens and the earth shall be moved.
<i>Dies irae, dies illa calamitatis et miseriae;</i>	The day of wrath, that day of calamity and misery;
<i>dies magna et amara valde.</i>	a great and bitter day, indeed.
<i>Requiem aeternam, dona eis, Domine,</i>	Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,
<i>et lux perpetua luceat eis.</i>	and may perpetual light shine upon them.
<i>Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda.</i>	Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death on that awful day.
<i>Libera me, Domine, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra;</i>	Deliver me, O Lord, when the heavens and the earth shall
	be moved;
<i>dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.</i>	when you will come to judge the world by fire.
<i>Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda.</i>	Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death on that awful day.
<i>Libera me.</i>	Deliver me.

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We are extremely lucky that Susan Windham, an EWU vocal professor and EWU alum, will join the Symphonic Choir this evening. She first sang this solo with the Yakima Symphony in 1989.

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music lets us define who we are.*

### This Time the Dream's On Me

Somewhere, someday  
We'll be close together, wait and see  
Oh by the way  
This time the dream's on me  
You take my hand  
And you look at me adoringly  
But as things stand  
This time the dream's on me

It would be fun  
To be certain that I'm the one  
To know that I, at least, supply  
the shoulder you cry upon  
To see you through  
Till you're everything you want to be  
It can't be true, but  
This time the dream's on me.



## Everything Must Change

Everything must change,  
Nothing stays the same.  
Everyone must change  
Nothing stays the same.  
The young become the old,  
Mysteries do unfold.  
'Cause that's the way of time  
Nothing and no one goes unchanged.  
There are not many things

In life you can be sure of.  
Except, rain comes from the clouds,  
And sun lights up the sky,  
And humming birds do fly.  
Winter turns to spring.  
A wounded heart will heal.  
But, never much too soon-  
Everything must change.

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## The Best is Yet to Come / It Ain't Necessarily So

Out of the tree of life  
I just picked me a plum  
You came along and  
Everything started to hum  
Still it's a real good bet  
The best is yet to come  
The best is yet to come  
and babe won't that be fine  
(just fine, so fine and dandy)  
You think you've seen the sun  
But you ain't seen it shine  
Wait til the warm up's under way  
Wait til our lips have met  
And wait til you see that sunshine day  
You ain't seen nothing yet  
The best is yet to come  
And babe won't it be fine  
The best is yet to come,

Come the day you're mine  
Come the day you're mine  
(It Ain't Necessarily So)  
I'm gonna teach you to fly  
(So tell me just how high to go)  
We've only tasted the wine  
(Of course, did you think I'd say no?)  
We're gonna drain the cup dry  
(It Ain't Necessarily So)  
Wait til your charms are  
Right for these arms to surround  
You think you've flown before  
But you ain't left the ground  
Wait 'til you're locked in my embrace  
Wait 'til I draw you near  
Wait 'til you see that sunshine place  
Ain't nothin' like it here.

---

This arrangement is particularly special to the Collegians, as it was arranged for us by Lauren McKinley. Lauren earned her undergraduate degrees in percussion performance and composition from Eastern Washington University in 2016. She is currently a graduate assistant in the prestigious University of North Texas jazz program seeking her Masters degree.

### **You Belong to You**

I believe in sunny days and sometimes I forget  
to come inside from the pouring rain or I'll be soaking wet.  
I used to think that I was just a puppet on the wing.  
Now I find that I'm the one who holds the string.

Have a free and happy heart. Let the world know who you are.  
Keep it simple, keep it true. YOU BELONG TO YOU.

Someone said that the world was round when I swore it was flat.  
Now I find that the truth of it depends on where I'm at.  
No one ever promised me my dreams would all come true.  
So I know that I'm the only one to see them through.

*We're more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.  
Music comforts us in parting.*

Of all the money that e'er I spent  
I've spent it in good company  
And all the harm that ever I did  
Alas it was to none but me  
And all I've done for want of wit  
To memory now I can't recall  
So fill to me the parting glass  
Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades that e'er I had  
They're sorry for my going away  
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had  
They'd wish me one more day to stay  
But since it falls unto my lot  
That I should rise and you should not

I'll gently rise and softly call  
Good night and joy be with you all.

A man may drink and not be drunk  
A man may fight and not be slain  
A man may court a pretty girl  
And perhaps be welcomed home again  
But, since it has so ordered been  
A time to rise and a time to fall  
Fill to me your parting glass  
Goodnight and joy be with you all

So, goodnight and joy be with you all!

**Thank you for  
*musicking* with us!**

## EWU Concert Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Carolyn Jess, Accompanist

Brigitta Briggs	Jacob E Johnson	Franco Paniagua	Kristina Vakulich
Ben Brougher	Maya Jones	Kelly Noelle Parks*	Alexis R Wendle
Tyler C Coulston	Madeline Kreder	Ray Sanford	William Weppler
Dennis DeMille	Jillian McCord*	Dartavius A Simmons	Nicole Wiley
Rachel Ferry	Antonio Montez	Michael A Sinitza	
Douglas S Gade	Cheyann Nelson	Kimberly Snow	* Graduate Students
Evan Jarms	Maia J Nussbaum	Jesse Trejo	

## EWU Symphonic Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Carolyn Jess, Accompanist

<u>Soprano</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>
Svetlana Bilous	Julianna Bassett	Taylor Anzivino	Ryan Gunn
Elizabeth Coulter	Rachel Brown	Slavik Bilous	Scott Hansen
Makenzie Gilmore	Taylor Alyse Clarke	James Henry*	Caleb Heath
Melissa Gren	Erika Demmert	Aaron McCullough	Braden House
Jillian McCord*	Emily Eichelberger	Miles Scott	Nathan Hoyt
Kelly Noelle Parks*	Carolyn Hall	Barrett Soth	Brian Rebar
Alyssa Preston	Malene Hundley		Tristan Thompson
Rylie Scott Hubbard	Brittney Murray		
Jessica Stradling	Marissa Wendt		* Graduate Students
Kristina Vakulich	Amanda Woyak		

## EWU Guitar Ensemble

Michael Millham, Director

Tyler Coulston	Jacob Johnson	Jesse Trejo
Jeff Heatwole	Aaron McCullough	

## EWU Collegians Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Riley Gray, Rhythm Section Coach & Piano

<u>Soprano I</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Baritone</u>	<u>Guitar</u>
Taylor Clarke	Malene Hundley	Ryan Gunn	Tyler Coulston
Kelly Noelle Parks*	Olivia Davies	Nathan Hoyt	<u>Bass</u>
	Marissa Wendt	Tristan Thompson	Kyle Labish
<u>Soprano II</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>	<u>Drums</u>
Svetlana Bilous	Taylor Anzivino	Caleb Heath	Gavin Davis
Jessica Stradling	Barrett Soth	Braden House	
		Brian Rebar	* Graduate Student

## Thanks to

... Dr. Mary Cullinan, Dr. Scott Gordan, Dr. Roy Sonnema, Dr. Brian Donahue, Dr. Susan Ruby, Tesha Kropidowski, Felicia Jensen, Dr. Sheila Woodward and Colleen Hegney for all of their work for and support of the Music Department

... EWU's incredible voice professors: Steve Mortier, Dr. Randel Wagner and Susan Windham for working with all of the applied voice students who are valued members in these ensembles

... Michael Millham for sharing the music of the guitar ensemble with our choral community

... Colleen Hegney, Victoria Dreher, and Erin Foster for editing this program

... Wentao Xing, Lecturer of Audio Engineering, and her staff for recording their support with this evening's concert

... the entire EWU Music Department faculty and staff for all of their hard work with the numerous musicians performing tonight

... the many teachers, family members, and friends that have made all of our musical lives possible

## Special thanks to

... Kate Francis, the Music Director here at Cheney United Church of Christ, who helps us to utilize this incredible acoustic environment and friendly musical community

... Pastor Dave Krueger-Duncan for opening this church and church community to us