



Sunday, July 30, 2017, 3:00 PM

Ellen Oak, Conductor

Saint John's Chapel
Episcopal Divinity School
Cambridge MA

Welcome to this afternoon's concert. Thank you for coming.

This concert is offered on the occasion of the closing of the Cambridge campus of Episcopal Divinity School. Some of us have been much involved in the unfolding of this particular event; some not at all. But as human beings on the planet we all encounter change. There is an African proverb which says, "The path is made by walking." Today we might adapt it to say, "The path is made by singing." Standing at the vantage point of a significant turn of events in our lives, where do we want to go? When we sing we create a vibrational landscape which resonates both in exterior physicality and in our interior psychic worlds. Outer and inner; strange and familiar; past, present, and future all co-inhere in singing; it is an act of imaginative, integrative, healing world-making. In this afternoon's concert we are invited on a journey through a sonic landscape where disparate scenes and voices are placed into one another's company. How do they speak to, and shed light on, one another, and on us? Each piece can be experienced and interpreted in intensely personal, even intimate, terms; in a social, political context; and in the most fundamental context of all: our place in the natural order of things, at home on earth. Art can hold multivalent meanings together in ways which give us new perspective, unleash our creativity, and empower our freedom. As Neruda puts it, in the singing we may be touched by a "sweetness that changes our destiny." Today's program is called "...for love is strong as death..." Perhaps what you hear will entice you to reflect on meaning distilled and love revealed as relationships or institutional structures or life itself in one form or another dissolves.

Five Alleluia's—the first and last pieces the chorus sings, and the three which the audience is invited to sing as well—provide the scaffolding for the program. The word Alleluia comes from the Hebrew meaning to praise God; it contains the full spectrum of vowels, encouraging those who give it voice to bring all of their memories and all of their hopes to the present moment, and to stretch their hearts and minds toward fullness of living. In the midst of rich diversity and inexorable change, singing Alleluia is a simple and effective way to build sonic pillars of gratitude and openness to guard and guide our steps as we move out and move on.

Please enjoy.

CONDUCTOR: Ellen Oak. **ORGANIST AND PIANIST:** Yevgenia Semeina. **SOPRANO:** Susan Butterworth, Laura Cervinsky (soloist in Hymn to St. Cecilia, Non È Di Gentil Core, and Zikr), Leah Costlow, Karen Cummings, Kim Ellwood, Ban Htang, Camila Parias (soloist in Mozart Alleluia and Hymn to St. Cecilia), Fumiko Sakakibara, Anita Schell. **ALTO:** Angela Bauer-Levesque, Christina English (soloist in Mozart Alleluia and Hymn to St. Cecilia), Elise Feyerherm, Htoi San Lu, Katharine Newhouse, Emily Romney, Letitia Stevens (soloist in Non È Di Gentil Core), Emily Teller. **TENOR:** Patrick Kane (soloist in Ecco Mi Pronto Ai Baci), Philip LaFollette, Francesco Logozzo (soloist in Mozart Alleluia and Hymn to St. Cecilia), Alex Nishibun (soloist in Ecco Mi Pronto Ai Baci). **BASS:** Glenn Billingsley (soloist in Soneto de la Noche), Jacob Cooper (soloist in Mozart Alleluia and Hymn to St. Cecilia), David McFerrin (soloist in Ecco Mi Pronto Ai Baci).

Halle, Halle, Halle is a well known tune from the Caribbean. This arrangement comes from the Presbyterian hymnal *Glory to God* (Louisville: Westminster John Knox, 2013). The Hayes Hallelujah round can be found in *The Book of Rounds*, ed. Mary Catherine Taylor and Carol Dyk (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1977). The Pavlechko Alleluia is in *Psalms for All Seasons* (Grand Rapids: Faith Alive Christian Resources, 2011).

Unless otherwise noted, translations are from this wonderful website created and run by Emily Ezust: <http://www.lieder.net/lieder/index.html>. The translation of Zikr comes from the excellent program notes of a concert by the Seattle Pro Musica: <http://static1.squarespace.com/static/559c230de4b0a2650c6c7aa0/t/56d4ae11ab48de64ed4f6805/1456778774785/Peace-Program+Notes.pdf>.

Many thanks to: Episcopal Divinity School Interim President William Nelsen for his kindness and support of this concert; Steve McAusland for videotaping the performance; Chris Taylor for help with pronunciation, translation, and background for Zikr.

Program

Alleluia from the motet, "Exsultate, Jubilate"

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
arr. Wallingford Riegger (1885-1961)

Hymn to Saint Cecilia, op.27

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Words by W.H. Auden (1907-1973)

Halle, Halle, Halle

Traditional Carribean
arr. John Bell (b.1949)

Three Madrigals

Non È Di Gentil Core
Ecco Mi Pronta Ai Baci
Dolcissimo Uscignolo

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Author Unknown
Author Unknown
Words by Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Hallelujah

Traditional English

Four Quartets, op.92

O schöne Nacht
Spätherbst
Abendlied
Warum

Johannes Brahms (1833-1987)
Words by George Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)
Words by Hermann Allures (1821-1902)
Words by Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863)
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Intermission

Nocturnes

Sa Nuit d'Été
Soneto de la Noche
Sure On This Shining Night
Epilogue: Voici Le Soir

Morten Lauridsen (b.1943)
Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)
Words by Pablo Neruda (1904-1973)
Words by James Agee (1909-1955)
Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Alleluia

Thomas Pavlechko (b.1962)

Zikr

A. R. Rahman (b.1967)
arr. Ethan Sperry (b. 1971)

You, Darkness, That I Come From

Robert Benford Lepley
Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)

Love Is Strong

Ellen Oak (b.1957)
Words from the Song of Songs

Alleluia

Alan Hovhaness (1911-2000)

Hymn to Saint Cecilia

I.

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

II.

I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.
I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.
I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.
All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.
I shall never be Different. Love me.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

III.

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.
O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.
O cry created as the bow of sin is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

Non è di gentil core

chi non arde d'amore;
ma voi che del mio cor l'anima sete
e nel foco d'amor lieta godete,
gentil al par d'ogn'altra havete il core,
perchè ardete d'amore.

He has not a gentle heart
who does not burn for love;
but you, who are the soul of my own heart
and who happily enjoys the fires of love,
in gentleness cannot be exceeded by any other,
as you too burn for love.

Ecco mi pronta ai baci:

baciarmi, Ergasto mio; ma bacia in guisa
che de' denti mordaci
nota non resti nel mio volto incisa
perch'altri non m'additi
e in essa poi legga le mie vergogne e i baci tuoi.
Ahi, tu mordi e non baci;
tu mi segnasti, ahi ahi!
Possa io morir se più ti bacio mai!

Here I am, ready for kisses:
kiss me, my Ergasto; but kiss
in such a way that no trace of biting teeth
may leave a scar to mark my face;
so that others may not point to it and in it
read my shame and your kisses.
Ah! You bite and do not kiss,
you have branded me, ah! Ah!
Better to die than kiss you no more!

Dolcissimo uscignolo,

tu chiami la tua cara compagnia,
cantando: "vieni, vieni, anima mia."
A me canto non vale,
e non ho come tu da volar ale.
O felice augelletto,
come nel tuo diletto
ti ricompensa ben l'alma natura:
se ti negò saper,
ti diè ventura.

Sweetest nightingale,
you summon your loved companion
singing: "Come, come, my beloved!"
To me song is of no avail,
nor do I have wings to fly like you.
O happy little bird,
how for your delight,
kindly Nature compensates you well:
if she denied you understanding,
she gave you joy.

O schöne Nacht!

Am Himmel märchenhaft
Erglänzt der Mond in seiner ganzen Pracht;
Um ihn der kleinen Sterne liebliche Genossenschaft.

Es schimmert hell der Tau
Am grünen Halm; mit Macht
Im Fliederbusche schlägt die Nachtigall;
Der Knabe schleicht zu seiner Liebsten sacht -
O schöne Nacht!

O lovely night!
In the heavens, the moon gleams magically
in all its splendour;
about it, the sweet comradeship of tiny stars.

The dew glimmers brightly
on the green blades of grass; with great power,
the nightingale sings out in the elder-bush;
the young man steals quietly to his sweetheart -
O lovely night!

Spätherbst

Der graue Nebel tropft so still
Herab auf Feld und Wald und Heide,
Als ob der Himmel weinen will
In übergroßem Leide.

Die Blumen wollen nicht mehr blühn,
Die Vöglein schweigen in den Hainen,
Es starb sogar das letzte Grün,
Da mag er auch wohl weinen.

Abendlied

Friedlich bekämpfen
Nacht sich und Tag.
Wie das zu dämpfen,
Wie das zu lösen vermag!

Der mich bedrückte,
Schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte
Sage, was war's doch, mein Herz?

Freude wie Kummer,
Fühl' ich, zerrann,
Aber den Schlummer
Führten sie leise heran.

Und im Entschweben,
Immer empor,
Kommt mir das Leben
Ganz, wie ein Schlummerlied vor.

Warum doch erschallen
himmelwärts die Lieder?
Zögen gerne nieder
Sterne, die droben
Blinken und wallen,
Zögen sich Lunas
Lieblich Umarmen,
Zögen die warmen,
Wonnigen Tage
Seliger Götter
Gern uns herab!

Late Autumn

The grey mist drops down so silently
upon the field, wood and heath
that it is as if Heaven wanted to weep
in overwhelming sorrow.

The flowers will bloom no more,
the birds are mute in the groves,
and the last bit of green has died;
Heaven should indeed be weeping.

Evening Song

Peacefully does night
struggle with the day:
how to muffle it,
how to dissolve it.

That which depressed me,
are you already asleep, o Pain?
That which made me happy,
say, what was it, my heart?

Joy, like anguish,
I feel has melted away,
but they have gently
invoked slumber instead.

And as I float away,
ever skyward,
it occurs to me that life
is just like a lullaby.

Why then do songs
resound heavenward?
They would gladly lure down
the stars, which
gleam and wander above;
they would entice Luna's
lovely embraces,
and invoke the warm,
blissful days
of blessed gods -
gladly would they do this!

Sa nuit d'été

Si je pourrais avec mes mains brûlantes
fondre ton corps autour ton cœur d'amante,
ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente
le prenant pour un astre attardé
qui toujours dès le premier temps
des mondes
était perdu et qui commence sa ronde
et tâtonnant de la lumière blonde
sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été.

Its Summer Night

If, with my burning hands,
I could melt the body surrounding your lover's heart,
Ah! How the night would become translucent,
taking it for a late star,
Which, from the first moments of the world,
Was forever lost, and which begins its course
With its blonde light, trying to reach out towards
Its first night, its night, its summer night.

tr. Byron Adams

Soneto de la Noche

Cuando yo muero quiero tus manos en mis ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido,
te espero,
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,

para que alcances todo
lo que mi amor te ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

Sonnet of the Night

When I die I want your hands on my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time
to feel the smoothness that changed my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want for your ears to go on hearing the wind,
for you to smell the sea that we loved together
and for you to go on walking the sand where we walked.

I want for what I love to go on living
and as for you I loved you and sang you above everything,
for that, go on flowering, flowery one,

so that you reach all that my love orders for you,
so that my shadow passes through your hair,
so that they know by this the reason for my song.

tr. Nicholas Lauridsen

Sure on this shining night

Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Voici le soir;
Pendant tout un jour encore je vous ai beaucoup aimées,
Collines émues.

C'est beau de voir
Mais: de sentir à la doublure des paupières fermées
La douceur d'avoir vu...

Night has come;
For one whole day again I've loved you so much,
stirring hills.

It's beautiful to see.
But: to feel in the lining of closed eyelids
The sweetness of having seen....

tr. Morten Lauridsen

Zikr

Hasbi rabbi jallallaah,
maafi qalbi Gairullaah
nuure muhammad' sallallaah,
haq' laa ilaaha illallaah!

Achle talab' aajao mein tumko
mein tumko bula e achlullaah!
Hu allaahuu.

Zikr'se badh'ke nahee hai amal' koi
hai far'mane rasoolallaah!

Zikr aamn hai, Zikr hai fatah,
Zikr shifa hai, Zikr hai dawaa.

Allaahuu baqi min qulli faanii aur'
fanaa hai sab' wo baqaa billaah!

Har gul mein, har buu mein,
hari sher mein nuurullaah.

Har dil mein, har pal' mein
rahe Zikr' illallaah.

Remembrance of Allah (Almighty Supreme Being)

Sufficient is the Divine, great is God.
There is nothing in my heart besides Allah.
Light of Muhammad, may peace be upon him.
There is no other Truth except Allah.

O, those of you who are thirsting, come,
the Oneness of Allah calls you!
Allah is one.

There is no action superior to Zikr,
is the saying of the Prophet of Allah!

Zikr is Peace, Zikr is Victory,
Zikr is Healing, Zikr is the Cure.

Allah is the only eternal and immortal –
all else perishes and returns to Him.

In every flower, in every soul, in every
creation is the Light of Allah.

May Allah's Zikr stay in every single heart
and in every single moment.

Zikr hai behtar naf'rat' se,
Zikr hai behtar Ghaf'lat' se,
Zikr hai behtar hujjat se,
Zikr hai behtar Gheebat se!

Zikr is better than hatred,
Zikr is better than ignorance,
Zikr is better than desires,
Zikr is better than backbiting!

Yaa hayyuu, jalle jalaalahu!
Yaa qayyuu, jalle jalaalahu!
Yaa awwal, jalle jalaalahu!
Yaa aakhir, jalle jalaalahu!
Yaa Haleem, yaa kareem,
yaa azeem, yaa Raheem,
yaa rachman, yaa sub'haan,
yaa hannaan, yaa mannaan,
yaa zaal jaalaali wal ek'raam!

O you the Amazing, Praise to You!
O you the Eternal, Praise to You!
O you the Beginning, Praise to You!
O you the End, Praise to You!
O you the Forbearing, O you the Gracious,
O you the Greatest, O you the Merciful.
O you the Beneficent, O you the Great.
O you, Lord of Majesty and Bounty!

You, darkness, that I come from,
I love you more than all the fires that fence in the world.
For the fire makes a circle of light for everyone,
and then no one outside learns of you.
But the darkness pulls in everything:
shapes and fires, animals and myself,
how easily it gathers them—powers and people.
And it is possible a great energy is moving near me.
I have faith in nights.

tr. Robert Bly

Love Is Strong

For love is strong as death, passion fierce as the grave.
Its flashes are flashes of fire, its fires are raging flames.
No flood can quench love, no torrents drown love.
Come, my beloved, let me hear your voice!

Upon my bed at night I sought him whom my soul loves.
I sought him, but found him not; I called him, but he gave no answer.
I will rise up, and go about the city, in the streets and in the squares;
I will seek him whom my soul loves.

For love is strong . . .

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and the wild does,
By the spirits and goddesses of the field,
Do not stir up or awaken love until it is ready.

For love is strong . . .

I would lead you and bring into the house of my mother, and into the chamber of the one who bore me.
I would give you spiced wine to drink, the juice of my pomegranates.

For love is strong . . .

Under the apple tree I awakened you.
There your mother was in labor with you, there she who bore you was in labor.
Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm.

For love is strong . . .