

Welcome to the concert!
The program tonight includes themes of praise and thanks to God and hope for more love and peace between people.
We hope you enjoy this music and find inspiration in it.
Please— turn off all cell phones or other noise making devices.
No photography or recording while the concert is in progress—Thank you!

PROGRAM

Jabula JesuAfrican folksong, arr. Stephen Hatfield (b 1956)

We say, “Be joyful with Jesus.” We say, “Play, Solly, have a good time.”
Wake up in the moonlight singing. Heaven is a-waiting for you.
The sun is retreating, my whole heart is beating.
The daylight is dying, my whole heart is crying.

Jubilate DeoXabier Sarasola (b.1960)

Sing joyfully to God, all the earth. Serve the Lord with gladness,
Enter God’s presence with jubilation, because the Lord alone is God.

Song of MiriamElaine Hagenberg (b.1979)

I stand at the sea and turn to face the desert stretching endless and still.
My eyes are dazzled, the sky brilliant blue.
Sunburnt sands unyielding white. My hands turn to dove wings.
My arms reach for the sky. I want to sing the song rising.
I stop. Where are the words? I stop. Where is the melody?
In a moment of panic, my eyes go blind.
Can I take a step without knowing the destination?
Will I falter? Will I fall? Will the ground sink away from under me?
The song, still unformed, how can I sing?
To take the first step, to sing a new song,
To close one’s eyes and dive into unknown waters,
For a moment knowing nothing, risking all –
But then, to discover the waters are friendly,
The ground is firm, the song rises again.
Out of my mouth come words lifting the wind.
I hear for the first time, the song in my heart.

- Rabbi Ruth Sohn

I Thank You, GodGwyneth Walker (b.1947)

I thank you, God, for most this amazing day:
For the leaping greenly spirits of trees and a blue true dream of sky;
And for everything which is natural which is infinite which is yes,
I thank you God, for most this amazing day.
I who have died am alive again today.
And this is the sun’s birthday;
This is the birthday of life and love and wings:
And of the gay great happening illimitably earth.
I who have died am alive again today. I thank you, God.
How should any human being doubt You?
How should tasting touching any human merely being doubt You?
How should tasting touching hearing seeing breathing
any human merely being doubt You? Doubt unimaginable You?
Lifted from the no of all nothing, doubt You?
Now the ears of my ears awake.
Now the eyes of my eyes are opened.
I thank you, God.

Crowded TableNatalie Hembly (b. 1977), Lori McKenna (b.1968)
and Brandi Carlile (b. 1981) , arr. Andrea Ramsey (b.1977)
Luna Van Brost, solo

You can hold my hand when you need to let go.
I can be a mountain when you’re feeling valley low.
I can be a streetlight showing you the way home,
If you can hold my hand when you need to let go.
I want a house with a crowded table, and a place by the fire for everyone.
Let us take on the world while we’re young and able,
And bring us back together when the day is done.
If we want a garden, we’re gonna have to sow some seed,
Plant a little happiness, let the roots run deep.
If it’s love that we give, then it’s love that we reap,
If we want a garden, we’re gonna have to sow the seeds.
Yeah, I want a house . . .
The door is always open, your picture’s on my wall,
Everyone’s a little broken, and everyone belongs.
Yeah, I want a house . . .

Put a Little Love in Your HeartJimmy Holiday (1934-1987),
Randy Myers (1947-20210, Jackie Deshannon (b.1941),
(with Love Train) Kenneth Gamble (b. 1943) & Leon Huff (1942),
arr. Greg Gilpin (b.1964)

People all over the world, join hands, start a love train, love train.
Take a good look around, and if you’re looking down,
Put a little love in your heart.
I hope when you decide, kindness will be your guide.
Put a little love in your heart.
And the world will be a better place for you and me,
You just wait and see.
Another day goes by, and still the children cry,
Put a little love in your heart.
If you want the world to know, we won’t let hatred grow.
Put a little love in your heart.
And the world will be a better place for you and me,
You just wait and see.

≈ Treble Choir ≈

At the Round Earth’s Imagined CornersWilliametta Spencer (1932-)

At the round earth’s imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o’erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never taste death’s woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these, my sins abound,
’Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that’s as good
As if thou’hadst seal’d my pardon with thy blood.

- John Donne (1572-1631)

Only in SleepĒriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)
Sam Hart, solo

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?

- Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

You are My SunshineJimmie Davis (1899-2000)
Arr. Bobby Green (1973-2009)
Hannah Marsh, conductor
Sean Sheveland & Glory Soriano, soloists

You are my sunshine, My only sunshine
You make me happy, When skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear, How much I love you.
Please don't take My sunshine away.

The other night, dear, As I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you In my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried.

All That Could Never Be SaidChristopher Tin (b.1976)
Mason Brooks & Maren Pingree, soloists

All that could never be said,
All that could never be done,
Wait for us at last
Somewhere back of the sun;

All the heart broke to forego
Shall be ours without pain,
We shall take them as lightly as girls
Pluck flowers after rain.

And when they are ours in the end
Perhaps after all
The skies will not open for us
Nor heaven be there at our call.

- Sara Teasdale

Be Ye GladMichael Kelly Blanchard, Arr. Bob Kauflin & John E. Coates
Diego Lomba, solo

In these days of confused situations.
In these nights of a restless remorse,
When the heart and the soul of the nation,
lay wounded and cold as a corpse.
From the grave of the innocent Adam,
comes a song bringing joy to the sad.

Oh your cry has been heard and the ransom,
has been paid up in full, Be Ye Glad.

Oh, Be Ye Glad, Be Ye Glad,
Every debt that you ever had
Has been paid up in full by the grace of the Lord,
Be Ye Glad, Be Ye Glad, Be Ye Glad.

From the dungeon a rumor is stirring.
You have heard it again and again.
But this time the cell keys are turning,
and outside there are faces of friends.
And though your body lay weary from wasting,
and your eyes show the sorrow they've had.
Oh the love that your heart is now tasting
has opened the gate, Be Ye Glad.

So be like lights on the rim of the water,
giving hope in a storm sea of night.
Be a refuge amidst the slaughter,
for these fugitives in their flight.
For you are timeless and part of a puzzle.
You are winsome and young as a lad.
And there is no disease or no struggle,
that can pull you from God, Be Ye Glad.

Cells Planets Erika Lloyd, Arr. Vince Peterson
Ana Burres, solo

So far away, when all will shine and all will play.
The stars will open up and all will be tiny pieces of galaxy, reflected in you and me...
Cells, planets, same thing...

Bright electric lights on all the leaves, and everything growing from a tree, water’s blood
and roots are veins.
I don’t know you but I like you, I don’t know you but I miss you, I don’t know you but I
need you...
The smallest is the biggest thing and in all the world the love is the love from me to
you...

≈ Chamber Singers ≈

Cornerstone Shawn Kirchner (b.1970)
Eric Busz & Amanda Dorgan, soloists

O the stone that the builders rejected
became the cornerstone of a whole new world.

A grain of wheat may be knocked to the ground
and suffer through the winter’s cold,
only to rise right up again
and bear its seed a thousandfold.

Never can our journey fail;
a little child will lead the way,
whose eyes are filled with a shining light,
to whom the night is bright as day.

The love that rolls the stone away
Gives us life and that we may sing
“Grave where is thy victory?
Death, o death, where is thy sting?”
- Text drawn from: Psalm 118:22, Isaiah 11:6, John 12:24, I Corinthians 15:55

≈ Combined Choirs ≈

TREBLE CHOIR

<u>Soprano 1</u>	Abigail Bennett Kara Perry	Mary Carlson Anthea Tay	Hannah Cryder Luna Van Brost
<u>Soprano 2</u>	Gill Gomes Maia Schinkel	Miranda Oddy Holly Walworth	Chelsey Sagon
<u>Alto 1</u>	Summer Connell Sonetta Ty	Corinne Pickart Allyson Walworth	Emma Stevenson
<u>Alto 2</u>	Samantha Dell Lisa Kuang	Abby Glynn Teresa Pham	Maria Hernandez-Arias

CHAMBER SINGERS

<u>Soprano</u>	Amanda Dorgan, Sam Hart, Maren Pingree, Glory Soriano
<u>Alto</u>	Ana Burres, Hannah Marsh, Isabel Smith, Cove Vandervort
<u>Tenor</u>	Mason Brooks, Eric Busz, Diego Lomba, Sean Sheveland
<u>Bass</u>	Aidan McFarland, Sam McFarland, Justice Sandoz, Ayden Thonstad

For more information, see spu.edu/music

SPRING CHORAL CONCERT

Chamber Singers
Ryan Ellis, director

Treble Choir
Beth Ann Bonnecroy, director
Zhanhong Kuang, collaborative pianist

Sofia Sednef, violin
Vallerie Hardy, percussion
Adam Haagensohn, drum kit

Wednesday, May 31, 2023
Nickerson Studios
7:30 PM

