

Speaking Out

Lawrence University Choirs

Phillip A. Swan and Stephen M. Sieck, conductors

Guests: Erin Lesser, flute, and Wen-Lei Gu, violin

Friday, November 11, 2016

8:00 p.m.

Lawrence Memorial Chapel

Viking Chorale

- From *Nabucco*
Va, Pensiero Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)
- Mu isamaa on minu arm* Gustav Ernesaks
(1908-1993)
- How Can I Keep From Singing?* arr. James Quitman Mulholland
(b. 1935)

Cantata

- Alleluia, Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes* Ambrož Čopi
(b. 1973)
- World Premiere
- Sing, Wearing the Sky* Jake Runestad
(b. 1986)
- Isabel Dammann, violin
Irene Durbak, percussion
- I Have a Voice* Moira Smiley
(b. 1976)
- 2015 ACDA Women's Choir Consortium Commission
- Truth* Andrea Ramsey
(b. 1977)
- Irene Durbak, percussion
2014 ACDA Women's Choir Consortium Commission
- Variations on a Theme by Rilke* Joan Szymko
(b. 1957)

Concert Choir

The March of the Women

Ethel Smyth
(1858-1944)

From *Pipings: from the Memoirs of Ethel Smyth*
March of the People

Jena Root

Erin Lesser, flute

Shaye Swanson, soprano

Octet: Elisabeth Burmeister, Froya Olson, Lauren Vanderlinden,
Shaye Swanson, Jackson Rosenberry, Matt Kierzek, Yonah Barany,
and PJ Uhazie

La Menace des Francs

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Quartet

Luke Honeck, Christian Messier, Alex Quackenbush, and John Perkins

Common Link

Mark Carlson
(b. 1952)

Wen-Lei Gu, violin

Plain-Chant for America

William Grant Still
(1895-1978)

Director's Note:

How do we define the distinction between a human being and a citizen? When and how do we perceive that we are a part of something bigger than ourselves, a member of a community that shares common purposes, goals, and beliefs? The story of singing in community is interwoven with the story of political communities. When we learn to sing together, we build bonds of relationship and purpose. Singing communities have toppled empires, comforted the weary, provoked change, and healed divisions.

For this concert, we examine how music for voices reflects a community's ability to make a difference. Or, to quote Rep. John Lewis, tonight's

concert reflects how music can “speak up and speak out.” We examine how music brings communities together to provoke change or to heal wounds.

We write this before knowing the results of one of the most divisive presidential elections in modern memory. Whatever the outcome, how will we as a singing community within this nation play a role in making a more thoughtful and beautiful world in these days, weeks, and months to come?

Notes and Translations

Viking Chorale

Va, pensiero, from *Nabucco* by Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Libretto by Temistocle Solera (1815-1878)

There’s an old joke that the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy nor Roman. Few felt that as clearly as Italian speaking people in the mid-19th century, who were keenly aware of that they were political subjects of an empire whose seat of power was Vienna. Whether or not Giuseppe Verdi and Temistocle Solera set out to write an anthem for the *Risorgimento* (the Italian nationalist movement) with “Va, Pensiero,” it was an immediate success and has become a national treasure. The chorus takes place during Act III, scene 2 of the opera, in which the Jewish captives in Babylon sing their lament by the banks of the Euphrates River, a reference to Psalm 137 (“By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept for thee, O Zion...”).

Go, thought, on wings of gold;
go settle upon the slopes and the hills,
where, soft and mild, the sweet airs
of our native land smell fragrant!

Greet the banks of the Jordan
and Zion's toppled towers...
Oh, my country, so beautiful and lost!
Oh, remembrance, so dear and so fatal!

Golden harp of the prophetic seers,
why dost thou hang mute upon the willow?

Rekindle our bosom's memories,
and speak to us of times gone by!

Oh you akin to the fate of Jerusalem,
give forth a sound of crude lamentation,
oh may the Lord inspire you a harmony of voices
which may instill virtue to suffering.

Translation by Roger Parker

Mu isamaa on minu arm

Text by Lydia Koidula (1843-1886), music by Gustav Ernesaks (1908-1993)

Is there a better example of a chorus changing the fate of a nation? To quote The Singing Revolution.com:

The Singing Revolution is the name given to the step-by-step process that led to the reestablishment of Estonian independence in 1991. This was a nonviolent revolution that overthrew a very violent occupation. It was called the Singing Revolution because of the role singing played in the protests of the mid-1980s. But singing had always been a major unifying force for Estonians while they endured fifty years of Soviet rule.

In 1947, during the first song festival (Laulupidu) held after the Soviet occupation, Gustav Ernesaks wrote a tune set to the lyrics of a century-old national poem written by Lydia Koidula, "Mu isamaa on minu arm" ("Land of My Fathers, Land That I Love"). This song miraculously slipped by the Soviet censors, and for fifty years it was a musical statement of every Estonian's desire for freedom.

The song was not allowed on the song festival program in the 1950s. But then, in the early 1960s, Estonians started defiantly singing the song against Soviet wishes, and by 1965 it was included in the program. At the hundredth anniversary of the song festival in 1969, the choirs on stage and the audience as well started singing "Mu isamaa on minu arm" a second time in the face of stern Soviet orders to leave the stage. No one did. The Soviets ordered a military band to play and drown out the singers. But a hundred instruments is no match for over a hundred thousand singers. The song was sung repeatedly in the face of authorities. There was nothing the Soviets could do but invite the composer on stage

to conduct the choir for yet another encore and pretend they intended to allow this all along.

When Mikhail Gorbachev came to power in 1985, Estonians began testing his policies of *perestroika* (economic restructuring) and *glasnost* (free speech) to see how far they could go. The first test was in 1986, when Estonians protested a plan to build phosphorite mines throughout the country. The environmental issue provided a relatively safe means of seeing whether people could truly speak openly without Soviet permission. Protestors did not suffer significant repercussions, and the mining project was eventually stopped. The first test was a success. A short while later, a more radical demonstration in Tallinn's Hirve Park openly spoke of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact (the secret agreement between Hitler and Stalin that led to the Soviet invasion of Estonia in 1939-40). The KGB observed this event, names were taken, leaders were harassed, but, much to the demonstrators' surprise, no one was arrested.

It was illegal to own an Estonian flag during these years. Estonians tested this law by flying three separate blue, black, and white banners that effectively became the flag when flown side by side...

Momentum and courage grew. The Estonians calculated that as long as they shed no blood, Gorbachev wouldn't be able to send in tanks to quash demonstrations. Such blatant censorship would be an international embarrassment to his carefully cultivated image. So people pushed Moscow as far as they could, taking great care to stay nonviolent.

My Fatherland is My Love,
to whom I gave My Heart.
I sing to thee, my supreme joy,
My prospering Estonia!
Your pain is boiling in My Heart,
Your joy and happiness makes me happy,
My Fatherland, My Fatherland!

My Fatherland is My Love,
I cannot leave you behind,
I would die a hundred deaths for you!
Despite the envy of the enemy,
You still live in me.
My Fatherland, My Fatherland!

My Fatherland is My Love,
and I want to go to my rest,
I fall asleep in your lap,
My holy Estonia!
Your Birds will sing me to my sleep,
The flowers will grow from My Ashes,
My Fatherland, My Fatherland!

Translation by David Puderbaugh

How Can I Keep From Singing?

Written by a Baptist preacher in the 1860s, adopted into Quaker communities in the early 20th century, re-purposed as a progressive protest of Senator McCarthy's House on Un-America Activities by Pete Seeger, and usually treated as a secular testament to the power of music in the 21st century, this song has endured several lifetimes already in American culture. The text in our version speaks to the need to sing at *all* times: when the storm around you rages, when injustice persists, when life flows, when love reigns, when time tolls on. If this concert asks *how* a community organizes itself in song, this work makes the compelling case for *why* we give that voice to song.

Please join us in singing the second verse, printed here:

What though the tem-pest round me roars, I know the truth, it liv-eth... What
though the dark-ness round me close, songs in the nights it giv-est... No
storm can shake my in-most calm while to that rock I'm cling-ing... Since
love is lord of... Heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?..

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real, though far off hymn
That hails a new creation.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
It sounds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest round me roars,
I know the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness round me close,
Songs in the nights it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
Since love is lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

Though hunger, war, and sickness rage
And race or creeds divide us,
My faith is firm: I still believe
A child's sweet song can guide us.
A mother's kiss, a father's touch
Can send all evil winging.
No weapon wields the power of love.
How can I keep from singing?

And time keeps ever tolling on.
It rings and chimes its changes.
From summer light to autumn dusk,
Our lives it rearranges.
All seasons shall be sweet to me
Though winter's breath be stinging.
The child in me will spring and dance.
How can I keep from singing?

Cantata

Alleluia. Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes

Biblical text in Latin - Clementine Vulgate - Psalm 116:1

Alleluia.

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes,

laudate eum, omnes populi.

Alleluia.

[*Alleluia.*]

O praise the Lord, all ye nations:

praise him, all ye people.

[*Alleluia.*]

Sing, Wearing the Sky - texts by Lalla

Lalla, a 14th century Sufi-mystic poet from the Kashmir region of India, believed strongly in the development of the self while reaching enlightenment. The metaphor of dancing while feeling *free* or *naked* exemplifies the beauty of empowerment and self-worth. This work uses influences of Classical Indian music and other vocal effects to allow Lalla's message to come to life.

Notes by the composer

Meditate within eternity.

Don't stay in the mind.

*The sould, like the moon,
is new, and always new again.*

*Since I scoured my mind
and my body, I too, Lalla,
am new, each moment new.*

*When that was so,
I began to go naked,
and dance.*

*Dance, Lalla, with nothing on
but air. Sing, Lalla,
wearing the sky.*

*Look at this glowing day!
What clothes could be so
beautiful, or more sacred?*

Translation by Coleman Barks

I Have A Voice - Moira Smiley (2015)

To say “I have a voice” could explore both the physical, speaking/singing voice and the more existential voice, or ‘what you want to say in the world.’ Writing this piece was an encouragement to myself, and to all of us to keep trying to find and use our voices to change the world, even if we sometimes feel weak, unsure, faltering.

In the piece’s unfolding, the breath wakes us. We find ourselves in wonder at the bowl of sky around us, by our tiny presence in a giant cosmos. We explore the world around us, then our own physicality through sound and movement. We see and hear each other, and discover that when we’re in harmony and solidarity we are thunderously powerful.

This was begun in response to the tides of racism, sexism and greed that greet us in the news on many days. “What can I do?” I often find myself asking. Over and over I see that my work is to stay awake, responsive, and encourage others to aspire to the same. As I wrote, I imagined YOU, women of all stripes, singing this, encouraging each other, being encouraged, and shedding all shyness, exclaiming “HA!!” - while you sing, stomp and clap!

Notes by the composer

(breath, vocalese)

Take the space, make a sound

Make the sound loud

Wake the sleeping lioness.

I have a voice

And I feel it tremble, falter inside me.

It’s like the thunder gathering in me.

I hear thunder – do you hear thunder?

Thunder catches my heart!
Thunder fills my lungs!
Thunder takes my breath!
Thunder fills my lungs!
I can feel the thunder in me,
I can feel it rattle my bones.
I am not afraid. I am not alone.
When I am with you – when I sing with you –
I have a voice like thunder, like a lioness roars!
I have a voice
You have a voice
We have many voices
We . . . have a voice
To speak out, and sing.

Truth - text by Gardenia Bruce

My roots are earth,
Muddy river and honeysuckle
Sturdy and rigid,
like farmhouse planks.
I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly like the kudzu in July
I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly, no fear in sight.
In nature, in naive youth,
All the forest was possible
All the pasture was my own,
My mother told me I was beautiful
And I believed her then.
Why shouldn't I?
There is no doubt in a pond,
Insecurity does not grow in a meadow,
It will not sprout beneath the Southern pines.
It is planted by the boys on the school bus
Tended by the words of small minds,
And words may wound you,
But are they true?
You are beautiful,
You are enough,
You must believe in that, believe the truth.

My roots are earth,
Muddy river and honeysuckle
My roots are beautiful,
my roots are strong.

Variations on a Theme by Rilke - text by Denise Levertov

A certain day became a presence to me;
there it was, confronting me—a sky, air, light:
a being. And before it started to descend
from the height of noon, it leaned over
and struck my shoulder as if with
the flat of a sword, granting me
honor and a task, The day's blow
rang out, metallic—or it was I, a bell awakened,
and what I heard was my whole self
saying and singing what it knew: I can.

Concert Choir

Notes on *Pipings: from the Memoirs of Ethel Smyth* (from the composer)

Composer and writer Ethel Smyth (1858-1944) was one of Victorian England's most vibrant figures. In a time and place which was less than conducive to the advancement of women as professional musicians, much less as composers, Smyth lived her life as a vigorous and public revolt against this double standard. She composed almost exclusively in the larger forms, including fifteen orchestral works (six with chorus) and six operas. The power, boldness, and craftsmanship in her music confounded both audiences and critics. How was it that such bold and heroic music could have been written by a "lady"? Far from Victorian society's notions of a proper lady, Smyth spent time in the public eye not only as a composer, but also as a writer and activist for women's suffrage. Her anthems *March of the Women* and *1910* were composed for the Women's Social and Political Union, and sung at suffragist rallies throughout Great Britain.

Pipings: From the Memoirs of Ethel Smyth celebrates the life and work of Ethel Smyth by incorporating quotations from both her music and her

prose. Near the end of her life, Smyth wrote ten books of memoirs, each of which speaks candidly about her life, music, and activism in a language which is colloquial and unpretentious. Thus, many sections of her prose have lent themselves quite naturally to musical setting. By interweaving quotations from Smyth's music, I have endeavored to create a "full picture" of Ethel Smyth's personal and professional struggle for recognition as a composer and equal rights a female citizen.

It is my hope that this work might be programmed alongside Smyth's *March of the Women* in order to highlight the musical and personal matrilineage of influence among female composers. Part of the inspiration for this work comes from Smyth's own thoughts on the notion of musical legacy:

"...it amuses me to think that someday after my death, when all traces of sex have been reduced to ashes...someone will very likely take me up as a stunt...And thus I may make friends, musically, with those I cannot get at in my lifetime."

-Ethel Smyth, "A Life Summed Up," from *As Time Went On...*, (Longmans, Green, 1936)

Pipings: from the Memoirs of Ethel Smyth was commissioned by One Voice Mixed Chorus, Minneapolis, St. Paul, MN, Jane Ramseyer Miller, director.

March of the People (1998)

Often do I sit and think of the future, poised now on the threshold of dreams dreamed not so very long ago. And forgetting the generation one belongs to, I ask myself, "What should be our polar star?" "Upon what should we concentrate?"

(Ethel Smyth, *Female Pipings in Eden*)

...an oncoming flood that can no more be dammed than the rising sap of Spring can be driven into the ground again... the YOUNG GUARD, whose mouthpiece my age has fated me to become, and in no country is there a body more determined to take a hand in the tidying up of the world, to express its own soul in every way... than these.

(Ethel Smyth, *A Final Burning of Boats, etc.*)

Comrades, ye who have dared, First in the battle to strive and sorrow,
Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared. Raising your eyes to a wider
morrow. Ways that are weary, days that are dreary, Toil and pain by faith
ye have borne; Hail, hail, victors ye stand, Wearing the wreath that the
brave have worn!

Long, long, we in the past, Cowered in dread from the light of heaven.
Strong, strong, stand we at last, Fearless in faith and with sight new-given.
Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty, (Hear the voice, oh hear and
obey!) These, these, beckon us on, open your eyes to the blaze of day.
(Ethyl Smyth, *The March of the Women*)

La menace des Francs

Anonymous poet, composed by Hector Berlioz in 1851

If we believe that France had a revolution, in 1789, then we are skipping over almost eighty years of tumult. The French people saw 10 years of the violent Directory, a few years of Napoleon as Consulate general, about a decade of Napoleon as emperor, almost 16 years of a return to monarchy, a massive revolution in 1830 with a different royal family, an even more massive revolution in 1848 in which the monarchy was dissolved and Napoleon's nephew Louis-Napoleon became president of the new republic. This populist song was composed in approximately 1850, warning Louis-Napoleon what would happen if he put himself above his people. Legally prevented from seeking a second term in office, Louis-Napoleon exercised a coup-d'état in 1851 and crowned himself emperor in 1852. The French democratic republic as we know it was established in 1870.

All of which is to say, Berlioz and his countrymen were well-versed in the act of political protest by 1850. His distinctly tuneful and powerful musical language here shows a vanguard inspiring the crowd to rally for the rights of the people. The call to arms is set not in somber tones, but in a thrilling major tonality, bringing forth a better world.

Ah! If, with scepter in hand,
Too proud for such superhuman power,
King, you claim to overshadow our glory,

To victory!
One will see us march suddenly.
Despite your crown
You'll tremble
And from your throne
You'll get back down.
Arms, souls,
Children and women,
All will fight for us,
All will be united for us,
And against you, in our trained steps,
Armed with iron and fire,
The whole people will march.

Translation by Steve Sieck

Common Link

Text by President John F. Kennedy, 1963; music by Mark Carlson

Notes by Mark Carlson:

The Maine Gay Men's Chorus was making plans to celebrate its 10th anniversary, in 2002, and as part of this celebration, the Chorus and its conductor, Miguel Felipe, commissioned a seven-part work by the six composers who had written music especially for the chorus during those 10 years.

Common Link (from JFK's commencement address at American University in 1963) and its companion piece, The Enemy of Truth, (from his commencement address at Yale University in 1962) are the results of this commission.

At first, it was an enormous challenge to set words that are not intentionally poetic—though undeniably beautiful and profound. But as the compositional process unfolded, I felt immensely honored to be setting these words. In fact, it was kind of overwhelming to set words of such depth, so relevant even some 40 years after they were spoken, and I remain humbled by the experience.

And what really got me—and still gets me nine years after writing this music—is the line, “and we are all mortal.” In part, it was the realization that Kennedy was saying, “Why are we fighting each other? We're all going to die, anyway!”

But even more, it was the realization that mortality, much as we want to fight it, is a gift. No matter how young or how old we die, we all have a finite amount of time on this small planet. Why not use every moment of that finite time to do whatever we can to make this small planet a more beautiful, a more accepting place?

“If we cannot end now our differences, at least we can [help] make the world safe for diversity. For in the final analysis, our most basic, common link is that we all inhabit this small planet. We all breathe the same air, we all cherish our children’s future, and we are all mortal.”

Plain-Chant for America

Poem by Katherine Garrison Chapin Biddle (1890-1977), composed by William Grant Still (1895-1978)

By 1941, 46 year old William Grant Still had studied medicine at Wilberforce College, composition at Oberlin and the New England Conservatory, studied privately with Edgar Varèse, played or performed in every imaginable kind of band or ensemble, learned multiple instruments, received a Guggenheim fellowship, and had been championed as an exceptional composer by Randall Thompson, Howard Hanson, Leopold Stokowski, and more. He was the first African-American composer to have a major orchestra play his symphony, the first to have a major opera produced, and was widely considered the “Dean of African-American musicians”. Given Still’s almost superhuman life and work, the relative absence of his music in choral performances today needs to be re-examined.

Commissioned by Sir John Barbirolli in 1941 to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the New York Philharmonic, dedicated to Eleanor Roosevelt, and performed as America was drawn into World War II, “Plain-Chant for America” both celebrates the idea of America and calls us to more fully realize “the dream unfinished”. Katherine Chapin was a prolific writer and poet who met William Grant Still through Charlotte Mason, affectionately known as Godmother in artist circles of the Harlem Renaissance. Chapin and Still took this very public opportunity to call America to account for “lynchings in Georgia, justice undone in Massachusetts” (Sacco and Vincetti trial), and the bloody racial violence in Chicago in 1919, among other clear violations of justice. Chapin and Still collaborated just two years prior on *And They Lynched Him from a Tree*, a

powerful oratorio that shined a light on the continued practice of lynchings in the South. Chapin wrote to Still after their first meeting on the project and said:

I do feel that we “speak the same language” and I have great hopes that the objective for which we are both striving will sing and grow in your being until it bursts forth spontaneously in music that will move people, so that it will stir something in their better selves, not because of propaganda, but because it is great music.

May our performance tonight continue to bear witness to racial injustice in our world, and may our performance similarly stir something in our better selves as a nation.

For the dream unfinished
Out of which we came,
We stand together,
While a hemisphere darkens
And the nations flame.

Our earth has been hallowed
With death for freedom;
Our walls have been hallowed
With freedom’s thought.

Concord, Valley Forge, Harpers Ferry
Light up with their flares
Our sky of doubt.

We fear tyranny as our hidden enemy:
The blackshirt cruelty, the goose-step mind.

No dark signs close the doors of our speaking.
No bayonets bar the door to our prayers.
No gun butts shadow our children’s eyes.

If we have failed—lynchings in Georgia,
Justice in Massachusetts undone,
The bloody fields of South Chicago—
Still a voice from the bruised and the battered

Speaks out in the light of a free sun,

Saying, “Tell them again, say it, America;
Say it again till it splits their ears:
Freedom is salt in our blood and its bone shape;
If freedom fails, we’ll fight for more freedom—
This is the land, and these are the years!
When freedom’s a whisper above their ashes
An obsolete word cut on their graves,
When the mind has yielded its last resistance,
And the last free flag is under the waves—

“Let them remember that here on the western
Horizon a star, once acclaimed, has not set;
And the strength of a hope, and the shape of a vision
Died for and sung for and fought for,
And worked for,
Is living yet.”

Special Thanks to:

Bonnie Koestner for expert Italian coaching for “Va, Pensiero”

David Puderbaugh (University of Iowa) for expert Estonian coaching for
“Mu isamaa”

Jena Root (Youngstown State University) for her time and guidance in
preparing “Pipings”

Mark Carlson (UCLA), for his time and guidance in preparing “Common
Link”

Karen Hoffmann for her time and guidance in discussing Katherine
Garrison Chapin’s poem “Plain-chant for America”

Dashon Burton for his expert coaching for “Plain-chant for America”

Ambrož Čopi, for your friendship and generosity. We are so honored to
perform your new work.

Viking Chorale

Stephen Sieck, director

Zoey Lin, accompanist

Soprano I

Emeline Brady
Maren Dahl
Willa Dworschack
Rachel Geiger
Cecilia Kakehashi
Pari Singh
Isabel Vazquez-
Thorpe
Yidi Zhang

Soprano II

Jena Bliss
Dana Cordry
Scotia Dettweiler
Lily Greenfield
Mara Kissinger
Elizabeth Lynch
Maralee Mindock
Rebecca Minkus
Asuka Miyoshi
Katie Mueller
Gianna Santino
Maria Santos
Shelby Siebers
Abby Simmons
Haley Stevens
Rebecca Tibbetts
Jessie Zelaya

Alto I

Winnie Agnew
Tali Berkowitz
Taylor Blackson
LuTia Colbert
Megan Davidson
Kellyn Gagner
Georgia Greenberg

Alto I (cont'd)

Denise De Lange
Aboris De Jesus
Tashi Haig
Sara Larsen
Callie Ochs
Kendra Pankow
Molly Reese
Emily Stanislawski
Samantha Torres
Tien Tran
Yilin Zhu

Alto II

Gabrielle Claus
Irene Durbak
Michele Haeberlin
Claire Halverson
Christina Hanson
Vicky Liang
Kate Martenis
Jocelyn Scherbel
Fox Segal
Mio Shibagaki
Daphne Thomas
Lisa Tran
Maxine Voss
Nina Wilson
Bethany Wolkoff
Rebecca Yeazel

Tenor I

Jasper Farin
Jorgan Jammal
Adam Korber
Victor Montanez-Cruz
Logan Willis

Tenor II

Joseph Dennis
Jeremiah Jensen
Ethan Mellema
Aaron Pelavin
Jack Plasterer
Carl Richardson
Joseph Wetzel

Bass I

Theo Arden
Jung Hoon Choi
Tommy Dubnicka
Nick Fahrenkrug
Jamil Fuller
Sam Genualdi
Thomas Goldberg
Alexander Hadlich
Ben Klein
Kiet Nguyen
Erik Nordstrom
Daniel Quiroga
Caleb Rosenthal
Caleb Smith
Jack Walstrom
Cameron Wilkins
Nathan Williams

Bass II

Julian Cohen
Stephen Deeter
Ben Johnson
Peter Lagershausen
Maxim Muter
Cameron Nasatir
Henry Sillman
Cole Stofflet
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Phillip A. Swan and Stephen Sieck, co-directors
Gabi Makuc, accompanist

Soprano I

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Clio Briggs
Meghan Burroughs
Arielle Kaye
Amanda Karnatz
Anna Mosoriak
Bianca Pratte
Sarah Servais

Alto I

Samantha Gibson
Claire LaLiberté
Bea McManus
Michaela Rabideau
Emily Richter
Maggie Smith
Lauren Smrz
Sam Stone

Soprano II

Sally Alvarado
Evelyn Barash
Laura Christenson
Grace Drummond
Mary Fried
Gabi Makuc
Charlotte Noble
Jean Shoaf
Emma Webster

Alto II

Clover Austin-Muehleck
Annie Dillon
Susie Francy
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Allie Horton
Erin McCammond-Watts
Aria Minasian
Kelci Page

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Concert Choir

Stephen Sieck and Phillip A. Swan, collaborative conductors
Nicholas Suminski, accompanist

Soprano I

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Annie Penner

Alto II

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Kara Taft
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Mady Luna
Froya Olson
Nicolette Puskar

Tenor I

Luke Honeck
Alex Iglinski
Matt Kierzek
Nolan Ramirez
Jackson Rosenberry

Bass II

Nathan Brase
Kip Hathaway
John Perkins
PJ Uhazie

Alto I

Deme Hellwig
Kin Le
Rosa Lemos
Madeleine Moran
Lauren Vanderlinden

Tenor II

Andrew Green
Christian Messier
Kyle Schleife

Concert Choir Board

President: PJ Uhazie
Social Chairs: Kyle Schleife and Kara Taft
Publicity Chair: Mady Luna
EOC: Rachel Weiss

Riser Set-Up Crew

Aria Minasian
David Fisher
Cam Wilkins

Choral Librarian

Lauren Vanderlinden

We gratefully acknowledge the important role all of the Lawrence faculty play in preparing our students academically and musically, from our colleagues in music history and theory, to our colleagues in sight-singing, aural skills and keyboard skills and to our colleagues in the liberal arts. We give special thanks to the studio voice and piano artist faculty:

Voice Faculty

Christian Bester, baritone
Kenneth Bozeman, chair
Joanne Bozeman, soprano
Dale Duesing, artist-in-residence
John T. Gates, bass
Bonnie Koestner, vocal coach and musical director of opera
Karen Leigh-Post, mezzo-soprano
Steven Paul Spears, tenor
Copeland Woodruff, director of opera studies

Keyboard Faculty

Kathrine Handford organ
Catherine Kautsky, piano
Michael Mizrahi, piano
Anthony Padilla, piano

As a courtesy to the artist and to those in attendance, please be aware that sounds such as whispering and the rustling of programs and cellophane wrappers are magnified in the hall. Please turn off all watch alarms, pagers, and cellular telephones. And please, no flash photography.



Please donate to **Music for Food** before leaving tonight!

What is **Music for Food**?

Music for Food believes both music and food are essential to human life and growth. Music has the power to call forth the best in us, inspiring awareness and action when artists and audiences work together to transform the ineffable into tangible and needed food resources.

Music for Food is a musician-led initiative for local hunger relief. Our concerts raise resources and awareness in the fight against hunger, empowering all musicians who wish to use their artistry to further social justice.

Donations of non-perishable food items or checks will be accepted at the door. All monetary donations are tax-deductible, and will be processed by the national office of **Music for Food**. 100% will be sent to the food pantry at St. Joseph's.

Each year the St. Joseph Food Program distributes thousands of pounds of food to those who are hungry in the Fox Valley. Lawrence is proud to help.

