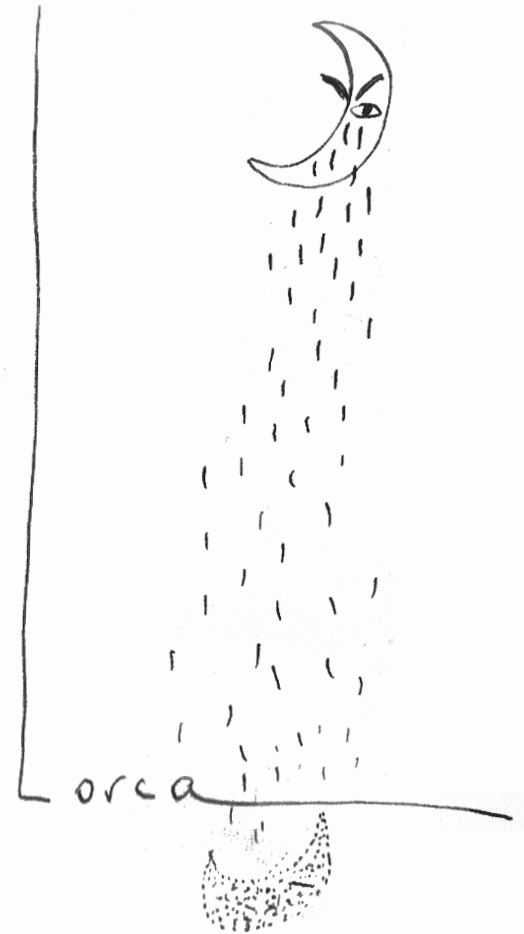
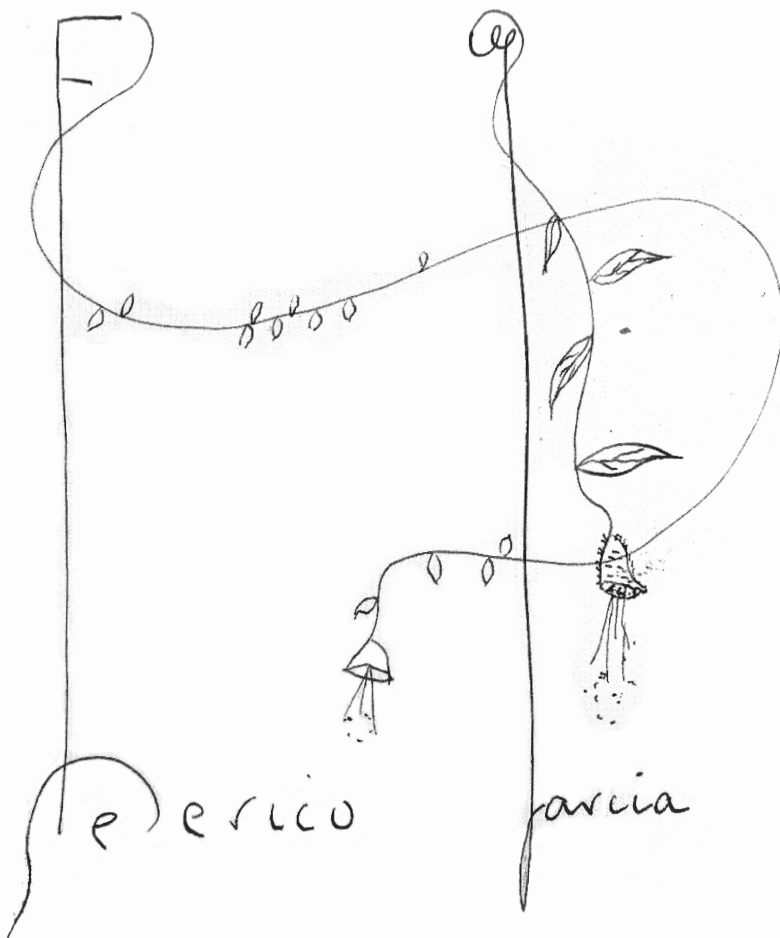


Ariose singers

Counterpoints

A Mariquita Xingon. Brasília. 1955



June 1, 2012, 8 p.m. *Cabrillo College Recital Hall*

June 3, 2012, 3 p.m. *Mt. Calvary Lutheran Church, Aptos*

Ariose Singers

Michael McGushin, Director

Jaeleen Bennis
Kathleen Caton
Suzanne Duval
Steven Guire Knight
Dan Landry
Burr Nissen
Catherine Pickerrell

John Seales
Hilary Seamans
Andy Shatney
Michael Vojvoda
Don Ware
Susana Wessling
Mary Ann Wieland
Darlene Aimee Wilcox

Thanks!

Thank you to Printsmith, First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz, Irene Herrmann, Hyo-shin Na, New Music Works, Chris Pratorius, Roberta and Mark Joiner, Betty Young, Michele Rivard, Mark Hopkins, Cabrillo College Music Department, Sheila Willey, and Mt. Calvary Lutheran Church.

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Join Ariose Singers!

Ariose occasionally has openings for skilled choral singers. Contact Michael McGushin at director@ariosesingers.org if you are interested in auditioning.

Upcoming Local Concerts

Santa Cruz Chorale: Songs of Fate

Friday, June 8, 2012 - 8:00pm

Sunday, June 10, 2012 - 4:00pm

Holy Cross Church

Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music

50th Anniversary: July 28 - August 12

More information at cabrillomusic.org



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Program

I. Madrigals & chansons by Arcadelt and Lassus

Bonjour, mon coeur

Orlande de Lassus (1532-1594)

Margot, labourez les vignes

Jacob Arcadelt (ca. 1505-1568)

O occhi, manza mia

Lassus

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Arcadelt

Matona mia cara

Lassus

II. Two Brecht Settings

Hyo-shin Na (b. 1959)

Pleasures

Listen while you speak

Soloist: Kathleen Caton, soprano

Featuring Irene Herrmann, piano

III. Quand'io pens'al martire

Quand'io pens'al martire

Arcadelt

Missa super Quand'io penso al martire

Lassus

Soloists: Michael Vojvoda, bass;

Steven Guire Knight, tenor; Dan Landry, baritone

Intermission

IV. Choral Songs by Robert Young

Robert H. Young (1923–2011)

There is a Garden (Two Campion Poems #1)

Hang Me Among Your Winds (Songs of Nature #3)

Agnus Dei (from Missa Brevis)

The Windhover

Veni, Veni Emmanuel (Emmanuel—God with Us #1)

V. Contraponients

Christopher Pratorius (b. 1974)

Eco

Huerto de Marzo

Agosto

Los Cuatro Muleros

Madrigalillo

Balanza

Soloists: Suzanne Duval, soprano; Hilary Seamans, mezzo soprano

Madrigal - 1919

Refrán

*Featuring Jennifer Cass, harp; Kristin Garbeff, cello;
Sarah Morris, flute 1; Victoria Anderson, flute 2; and Julie Goldstein, piccolo*

I. Madrigals & chansons by Arcadelt and Lassus

Bonjour, mon coeur

*Bonjour mon coeur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon oeil
Bonjour ma chere amie!
Hé! bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, mes délices,
Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colombe,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle !
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.*

–Pierre de Ronsard

Orlande de Lassus (1532-1594)

Good day, my heart,
Good day, my sweet life,
Good day, my eye,
Good day, my sweet lover!
Ah! Good day, my beauty,
My precious,
Good day, my joy,
My love,
My sweet springtime,
My sweet young flower.
My sweet pleasure,
My sweet little dove,
My lark, my gentle turtledove!
Good day, my sweet wild bird.

Margot, labourez les vignes

*Margot, labourez les vignes, vigne, vigne, vignolet,
Margot, labourez les vignes bientôt.
En revenant de Lorraine,
Rencontrai trois capitaines,
Ils m'ont appelé vilaine,
Je ne suis pas si vilaine,
Puisque le fils du roi m'aime,
Il m'a donné pour étrenne,
Un bouquet de Marjolaine,
S'il fleurit je serai reine,
S'il y meurt je perds ma peine*

–Anonymous

Jacob Arcadelt (ca. 1505-1568)

Margot, labor at the vines very early.

As I returned to Lorraine,
I chanced upon three captains,
and they called me country-bred.
But I'm not that country-bred.
Since the King's son loves me,
he brought a present to me:
a big spray of marjoram.
If it blooms I will be Queen.
If it dies I've wasted my efforts.



Jacob Arcadelt



Orlande de Lassus

O occhi, manza mia

Lassus

*O occhi, manza mia, cigli dorati!
O faccia d'una luna stralucante!
Tienimi a mente, gioia mia bella,
Guardam'un poc'a me, fa mi contento.*

*O cuore, manza mia, perfido cuore!
Tu sei la gioia mia lo mio amore!
Tienimi a mente...*

Oh those eyes, my lover, those golden eyelashes!
Oh resplendent as the face of the moon!
Hold me in your thoughts, my fair delight,
Cast your eyes upon me, make me content.

Oh, that heart, my lover, that faithful heart!
You are my joy and my love!
Hold me in your thoughts...

–Anonymous

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Arcadelt

*Il bianco e dolce cigno
cantando more, ed io
piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.
Stran' e diversa sorte,
ch'ei more sconcolato
ed io moro beato.
Morte che nel morire
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.*

The white and sweet swan
dies singing, and I,
weeping, reach the end of my life.
Strange and different fate,
that he dies disconsolate
and I die a blessed death,
which in dying fills me
full of joy and desire.
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,
I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

– Alfonso d'Avalos d'Aquino

Matona mia cara

Lassus

*Matona, mia cara, mi follere canzon,
Cantar sotto finestra, Lantze bon compagnon.
Don don don, diri diri, don don don don.*

*Ti prego m'ascoltare, che mi cantar de bon,
E mi ti foller bene, come greco e capon.*

*Com'andar a le cazze, cazzar, cazzar con le falcon,
Mi ti portar beccazze, grasse come rognon.*

*Se mi non saper dire, tante belle rason,
Petrarcha mi non saper, ne fonte d'Helicon.*

*Se ti mi foller bene, mi non esser poltron,
Mi ficcar tutta notte urtar, urtar, urtar come monton.*

My lovely Lady, I want a song to sing
Under your window: this lancer is jolly fellow!
Don don don, diri diri, don don don don.

Please listen to me, because I'm singing well
And I'm as fond of you as a Greek is of a capon!

When I go hunting, I hunt with the falcon,
And I'll bring you a woodcock, as fat as a kidney

I cannot tell you many elegant things,
I know nothing of Petrarch, nor the Fountain of Helicon

If you'll love me I won't be lazy
I will ["make love"] all night long, I will thrust like a ram.

–Anonymous

II. Two Brecht Settings

Hyo-shin Na (b. 1959)

Pleasures

The first look out of the window in the morning
The old book found again
Enthusiastic faces
Snow
The change of the seasons
The newspaper
The dog
Dialectics
Taking shower
Swimming
Old music
Comfortable shoes
Taking things in
New music
Writing
Painting
Traveling
Singing
Being friendly

Listen while you speak!

Don't say you're right too often teacher
Let the students realize it
Do not push the truth it's not good for it
My dear teacher
Don't say you're right all the time
Let the students realize it
Do not push
It's not good for the truth
Listen while you speak

—Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956)

Hyo-shin Na, composer

After studying piano and composition in her native Korea, Hyo-shin Na came to the U.S. in 1983 to do graduate work at the Manhattan School of Music and the University of Colorado, where she received her doctorate. After moving to San Francisco in 1988, she met Cage, Rzewski, Wolff and Takahashi, and encountered the music of Nancarrow. At the same time, she made return trips to Korea to hear and study traditional Korean music while also taking a broad interest in the music of other regions of Asia.

Hyo-shin Na has written for western instruments, for traditional Korean instruments and has written music that combines western and Asian (Korean and Japanese) instruments and ways of playing. Her music for traditional Korean instruments is recognized by both composers and performers in Korea (particularly by the younger generation) as being uniquely innovative. Her writing for combinations of western and eastern instruments is unusual in its refusal to compromise the integrity of differing sounds and ideas; she prefers to let them interact, coexist and conflict in the music.



She is the author of the bilingual book *Conversations with Kayageum Master Byung-ki Hwang* (Pulbit Press, 2001). Her music has been recorded on the Fontec (Japan), Top Arts (Korea), Seoul (Korea) and New World Records (US) labels and has been published in Korea and Australia. Since 2006 her music has been published exclusively by Lantro Music (Belgium).

More information at www.hyo-shinna.com.

III. Quand'io pens'al martire

Arcadelt

*Quand'io pens'al martire,
Amor, che tu mi dai
gravoso e forte,
corro per gir'a morte,
così sperando i miei danni finire,
ma poi ch'io giung'al passo,
ch'è port'in questo mar
pien di tormento,
tanto piacer ne sento,
che l'alma si rinforza,
ond'io nol passo.
Così'l viver m'ancide,
così la morte mi ritorna in vita;
o miseria infinita,
che l'un'apport'
e l'altra non recide!*

—Pietro Bembo

When I consider the torment,
Love, that you inflict,
so grievous and strong,
I run to encounter death,
hoping thus to end my pain;
but when I reach the threshold
of that haven of peace
in a sea of sorrows,
I experience such joy
that my heart regains its strength
and I do not pass onwards.
Thus living is death,
but death returns me to life.
O infinite wretchedness
which the one brings
and the other will not remove!

Lassus

Missa super Quand'io penso al martire

I.

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

II.

Glory be to God in the highest. And in earth peace to men of good will.

We praise Thee; we bless Thee; we worship Thee; we glorify Thee. We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.

Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son. Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord, thou only art the most high, Jesus Christ. Together with the Holy Ghost in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

III.

I believe in one God; the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all worlds; God of God, light of light, true God of true God, begotten not made; being of one substance with the Father, by Whom all things were made.

Who for us men and for our salvation descended from heaven; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He was crucified also for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, and was buried. And on the third day

He rose again according to the Scriptures: and ascended into heaven. He sitteth at the right hand of the Father; and He shall come again with glory to judge the living and the dead; and His kingdom shall have no end.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; as it was told by the Prophets.

And I believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church.

I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins.

And I await the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come.

Amen.

IV.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

V.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Intermission

IV. Choral Songs by Robert Young

Robert H. Young (1923–2011)

There is a Garden (Two Champion Poems #1)

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe," themselves do cry.
Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of Orient pearls a double row;
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.

Yet them no peer nor prince can buy
Till "Cherry ripe," themselves do cry.
Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe," themselves do cry.

—Thomas Champion (1567-1620)

Hang Me Among Your Winds (Songs of Nature #3)

Hang me among your winds, O God,
Above the tremulous stars,
Like a harp of quivering silver strings,
Showering, as it swings,
Its tuneful bars
Of eerie music on the earth.

Play over me, God,
Your cosmic melodies:
The gusty overture for Spring's
Caprice and wayward April's mirth;
The sensuous serenade
Of Summer, languid in the alder glade;
The wistful symphonies
Of Autumn; and Winter's rhapsodies
Among the drifted dunes—

Her lullabies and her torrential tunes
Moody with wild cadenzas, with fitful stress
And poignant soundlessness.

Touch me, O God, with but a gesture—
And let each finger sweep
Over my strings until they leap
With life, and rain
Their silver chimes upon the plain,
In harmonies of far celestial spaces,
Of high and holy places.

—Lew Sarrett (1888-1954)

Agnus Dei (from Missa Brevis)

*Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.*

Lamb of God,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Lamb of God,
Who takest away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.

The Windhover

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of; the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!
No wonder of it: shéer plóð makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.

—Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)



Veni, Veni Emmanuel (Emmanuel—God with Us #1)

*Veni, veni Emmanuel;
Captivum solve Israel
Qui gemit in exilio
Privatus Dei Filio
Gaude! gaude! Emmanuel
Nascetur prope Israel!*

O come, O come Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lowly exile here

Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come desire of nations bind
In one the hearts of all mankind.
Bid thou our sad divisions cease,
And be thyself our King of Peace.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

— St. Ambrose of Milan (c.340-397)

Robert Young, composer

Born April 20, 1923, in Santa Cruz to Robert and Susie Young, Dr. Young attended public schools in Santa Cruz until his enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, in which he served from 1941 to 1945. His collegiate career included a Bachelor of Music degree from Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio; Master of Music from Northwestern University; and a Doctor of Musical Arts in Church Music from the University of Southern California.

After serving as Minister of Music at churches in Huntington Park, Oakland and Los Angeles, Calif., and as a member of the faculty of San Francisco Baptist College, Dr. Young joined the faculty of Baylor University in 1962. During his more than 30 years as a faculty member, he served the School of Music in a variety of roles. He was the Mary Gibbs Jones Professor of Music and, in turn, Chairman of Church Music, Chairman of Vocal Studies, Director of Graduate Studies and Interim Dean of the School of Music.

Following retirement from Baylor University, Dr. Young was named Conductor Emeritus of Choral Music. He remained active conducting choral music workshops, directing concert performances and composing commissioned choral compositions. Beyond his professional life, he enjoyed a wide variety of activities. He was a proud Marine veteran, master gardener, a skilled wood craftsman, an avid audiophile, a motorcycle enthusiast and a lover of great poetry.

Dr. Young marveled at the mysterious qualities of music but recognized its profound effects upon the human mind and spirit. For him, great music was an essential part of life. To have had the opportunity to sing in his choral ensembles was a life-transforming experience. A valued teacher and colleague, Dr. Young will continue to enrich the lives of others through his compositional legacy.

Eco

*Ya se ha abierto
la flor de la aurora.
(¿Recuerdas
el fondo de la tarde?)
El nardo de la luna
derrama su olor frío.
(¿Recuerdas
la mirada de agosto?)*

Huerto de Marzo

*Mi manzano
tiene ya sombras y pájaros.
¡Qué brinco da mi sueño
de la luna al viento!
Mi manzano
da a lo verde sus brazos.
¡Desde marzo, cómo veo
la frente blanca de enero!
Mi manzano...
(viento bajo).
Mi manzano...
(cielo alto).*

[Agosto.]

*Agosto.
Contraponientes
de melocotón y azúcar,
y el sol dentro de la tarde,
como el hueso en una fruta.
La panocha guarda intacta
su risa amarilla y dura.
Agosto.
Los niños comen
pan moreno y rica luna.*

Los Cuatro Muleros

1
*De los cuatro muleros,
que van al campo,
el de la mula torda,
moreno y alto.*

2
*De los cuatro muleros,
que van al agua,
el de la mula torda,
me roba el alma.*

3
*De los cuatro muleros,
que van al río;*

Echo

*Dawn's flower
has already opened.
(Do you remember
the depth of the afternoon?)
The moon's spikenard
spills its cold fragrance.
(Do you remember
the glance of August?)*

March's Orchard

*My apple tree
has shade and birds already.
How my dream leaps
from the moon to the breeze!
My apple tree
gives his arms to the green.
From March, how I see
January's white forehead!
My apple tree...
(low wind).
My apple tree...
(high sky).*

[August.]

*August.
Counterplacements
of peach and sugar,
and the sun inside the afternoon,
like the pit in a fruit.
The maize cob keeps intact
her laugh, yellow and hard.
August.
The children eat
dark bread and delicious moon.*

The Four Muleteers

1
*Of the four muleteers,
who go to the field,
he, of the speckled mule,
dark and tall.*

2
*Of the four muleteers,
who go to the water,
he, of the speckled mule,
steals my soul.*

3
*Of the four muleteers,
who go to the river,*

*el de la mula torda,
es mi marío.*

4

*A qué buscas la lumbre
la calle arriba
si de tu cara sale
la brasa viva.*

Madrigalillo

*Cuatro granados
tiene tu huerto.*

*(Toma mi corazón
nuevo.)*

*Cuatro cipreses
tendrá tu huerto.*

*(Toma mi corazón
viejo.)*

Sol y luna.

Luego...

*¡ni corazón
ni huerto!*

Balanza

La noche quieta siempre.

El día va y viene.

La noche muerta y alta.

El día con un ala.

*La noche sobre espejos
y el día bajo el viento.*

Madrigal - 1919

*Yo te miré a los ojos
cuando era niño y bueno.*

*Tus manos me rozaron
y me diste un beso.*

*(Los relojes llevan la misma cadencia,
y las noches tienen las mismas estrellas.)*

*Y se abrió mi corazón
como una flor bajo el cielo,*

los pétalos de lujuria

y los estambres de sueño.

*(Los relojes llevan la misma cadencia,
y las noches tienen las mismas estrellas.)*

*En mi cuarto sollozaba
como el príncipe del cuento*

por Estrellita de oro

que se fué de los torneos.

*(Los relojes llevan la misma cadencia,
y las noches tienen las mismas estrellas.)*

Yo me alejé de tu lado

queriéndote sin saberlo.

he, of the speckled mule,
is my husband.

4

Why do you search for fire
the street above
when from your face comes
live coal.

Little Madrigal

Your orchard has
four pomegranate trees.

(Take my heart,
new.)

Your orchard will have
four cypress trees.

(Take my heart,
old.)

Sun and moon.

Then...

neither heart
nor orchard!

Balance

The night always still.

The day comes and goes.

The night dead and high.

The day with a wing.

The night above mirrors
and the day below the wind.

Madrigal - 1919

I looked into your eyes
when I was a child and good.

Your hands brushed over me
and you gave me a kiss.

(Clocks carry the same cadence,
and nights have the same stars.)

And my heart opened
like a flower beneath the sky,

the petals of lust

and the stamens of dreams.

(Clocks carry the same cadence,
and nights have the same stars.)

In my room I sobbed
like the prince of the story

for golden Estrellita

who left the tournaments.

(Clocks carry the same cadence,
and nights have the same stars.)

I left your side

loving you without knowing it.

*No sé cómo son tus ojos,
tus manos ni tus cabellos.
Sólo me queda en la frente
la mariposa del beso.
(Los relojes llevan la misma cadencia,
y las noches tienen las mismas estrellas.)*

Refrán

*Marzo
pasa volando.
Y Enero sigue tan alto.
Enero,
sigue en la noche del cielo.
Y abajo Marzo es un momento.
Enero.
Para mis ojos viejos.
Marzo.
Para mis frescas manos.*

–Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

I don't know your eyes,
your hands or your hair.
All that remains before me is
the butterfly of the kiss.
(Clocks carry the same cadence,
and nights have the same stars.)

Saying

March
passes flying.
And January continues so high.
January,
continues in the night of the sky.
And below, March is a moment.
January.
For my old eyes.
March.
For my fresh hands.

Christopher Pratorius, composer

Christopher Pratorius is a California-based composer whose pieces have been performed in New York, Boston, Istanbul, Guatemala, New Haven, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Omaha, Tucson and the Santa Cruz area. Current projects include *Contraoponientes*, commissioned by Ariose and receiving its premiere today, and the Harp Concerto *Claroscuro en Flor*, commissioned by Anna Maria Mendieta and the American Harp Society.

Recent premieres include *Being of One's Hour*, commissioned by Robert Kelley for Santa Cruz Ballet Theater, *Through a Crack in the Concrete* commissioned for the UCSC Orchestra by Nicole Paiement, *Pequeña America* commissioned by Nat Berman for the UCSC Concert Choir and *La Virgen a Solas* premiered by Tucson Chamber Artists under the baton of Lucik Aprahamian. Recordings include the virtuosic solo guitar sonata *Ondas do Mar de Vigo*, premiered by Mesut Özgen and available on his CD *Troubadour*, and *Mañana tan linda*, recorded by Nova Trova on their CD *Agua*.

Chris, who is half Guatemalan and a native Spanish speaker, is founder and artistic director of Santiago Players, a group of volunteer musicians dedicated to taking classical music, workshops, private lessons, instruments and sheet music to young students of classical music in the Guatemalan Highlands.

Chris teaches theory and musicianship at Cal State Monterey Bay, is staff accompanist at The Studio, School of Classical Ballet in Soquel and maintains a private studio.

More information at myspace.com/christopherpratorius.

