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WELCOME



Cantata Singers warmly welcomes each one of you to this performance. Many of you are loyal, passionate fans who share with each other a love of our music making. Some of you are here for the first time. We hope that you will return to hear us again and again, and that you, too, will become part of our family. It is because of—and for—each of you that we proudly and joyfully stand here.





CITY OF BOSTON • MASSACHUSETTS

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
THOMAS M. MENINO

Dear Friends:

On behalf of the City of Boston, I welcome you to the 2011-2012 Cantata Singers season celebrating the organization's 48th year.

As Bostonians and visitors alike have discovered, Cantata Singers presents musical journeys that have spoken to generations of Bostonians, with an unusually embracing voice and a sense of adventure and discovery.

Cantata Singers innovative education program, *Classroom Cantata*, continues to bring music into Boston Public Schools and results in students, with little or no prior musical experience, writing and performing their own musical compositions.

Cantata Singers remains under the guidance and direction of Music Director David Hoose. Now in his 29th year on the podium, Maestro Hoose has led performances of works that are recognized as distinguished and ground-breaking.

For its ongoing and compelling programming and exceptional artistry, as well as its commitment to musical arts education in Boston's public schools, I salute the Cantata Singers and urge you to enjoy this season's musical delights.

Sincerely,

Thomas M. Menino
Mayor of Boston

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CITY OF CAMBRIDGE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

David P. Maher
Mayor

September 30th, 2011

Dear Friends,

It is my pleasure to welcome you to Cantata Singers. Now in its 48th season, Cantata Singers is one of Cambridge's most distinguished music organizations. Cantata Singers perform at the First Baptist Church in Cambridge as well as Jordan Hall at the New England Conservatory.

Cantata Singers is under the guidance and direction of Music Director David Hoose. Now in his 29th year, Maestro Hoose has led critically-acclaimed performances of works that are recognized as masterful and moving pieces.

This season, Cantata Singers present a program of musical discovery that includes works by local composers Stephen Hartke, Charles Fussell, Harold Shaper, Earl Kim and Rodney Lister. There is also a Bach and Brahms in a season of passion and power that will delight Cantabrigians and visitors alike.

Whether performing works of the 17th century or present day compositions, Cantata Singers remains committed and dedicated to programming that is both challenging and rewarding for concert-goers.

As Mayor of our great city, I am pleased that Cambridge is the host of the distinguished Cantata Singers and I am confident you will enjoy the 2011 – 2012 season of performances and musical celebrations.

Very truly yours,

David P. Maher
Mayor of Cambridge

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Dear Cantata Singers Listeners—

I hope—and trust—that, every once in a while, every music director, instrumentalist or singer is fortunate enough to read a note like the one I received from a listener during the Cantata Singers Ralph Vaughan Williams season: “Thanks for reminding me that that there is another ‘world’ of music that is great besides that of Bach—though there is no equal to him!” I was thrilled that this audience member loved the year, but I was even more thrilled that he *got* it. And I think he will get why this new season looks so different from the last four.

What an unusual and exciting experience it was for all of us—listeners and performers—to focus on the music of four very different composers, as well as to take in something of their lives and surroundings. Those composers were not obvious choices. Not Mozart, Beethoven or Brahms. Instead, Weill, Britten, Schütz, and Vaughan Williams, four not likely to be on very many lists of favorite composers (though Schütz is on mine), and four whose relationships are, at most, vague—even acquaintances Britten and Vaughan Williams thought surprisingly little of each other’s music. The works of these composers we presented might also have surprised people. Instead of *The Three-Penny Opera*, *War Requiem*, *Sea Symphony* or *The Lark Ascending*, we heard *The Lindbergh Flight* and *Die Propheten*, *Noyés Fludde* and music from *Death in Venice*, *Flos Campi* and *Riders to the Sea*. And, most astounding of all, *Schwanengesang*. Rich, rewarding, and undoubtedly unfamiliar to many of us.

Of course, deciding on these four composers suggested many other composers whose music could interact in intriguing and energetic ways. So, we explored music perhaps not expected in earlier Cantata Singers programs, including Bernstein’s *Chichester Palms*, Finzi’s *Lo, the Full, Final Sacrifice* and, most unexpectedly, Orff’s *Carmina Burana*. One time, in a newspaper interview, I claimed that I couldn’t imagine Cantata Singers’ ever performing *Carmina*. Well, find the right context and I’m happy to swallow my words. Regardless of my lingering questions about the Orff, at that moment and in that context it felt exactly right!

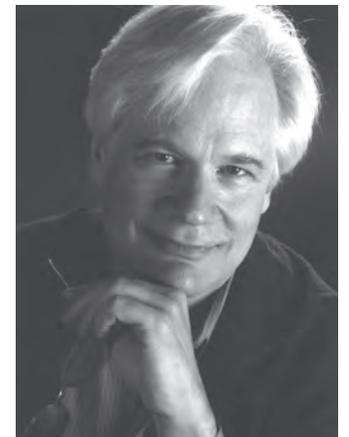
During those marvelous seasons, however, there was one composer whose music many of us, perhaps including you, missed, one whose music has created a Cantata Singers “J.S. Bach Season,” year after year. But it was no surprise to me that Bach’s music ended up taking a back seat to other music. There’s something in the language and spirit—the flavor—of Weill, Britten and Vaughan Williams that makes their music and Bach’s not so companionable, despite the younger composers’ profound love for their elder’s music. But we discovered the obvious—Bach is too important to stay away from for very long. And, as the organization approaches its 50th year, two years from now, we wanted to create increasingly congenial contexts for his music, so that, during that celebration, it will seem very natural to surround all of us in the limitless world of Bach.

I’m thrilled that two of this season’s programs find Bach’s music, including two works Cantata Singers has never performed, the gorgeous F major Lutheran Mass and the ebullient first *Brandenburg Concerto*, and one that hasn’t appeared since the first season, perhaps the best-known of the cantatas, “*Christ lag in Todesbanden*.” Surrounding these three Bach masterpieces are Cantata Singers’ signatures—new and commissioned music of Stephen Hartke, and, later in the season, expectedly unexpected companions Franz Liszt, Johannes Brahms, and the early 17th-century Christoph Demantius.

On two other programs, we present the kind of specialties so important to Cantata Singers—in January, two extra-planetary creations, Alfred Schnittke’s *Concerto for Choir* and Arvo Pärt’s *Berliner Messe*, and in May, a colorful quilt of New England associated composers, Charles Fussell, Harold Shapero, Rodney Lister, Earl Kim, and Aaron Copland.

As our kind listener wrote, “there is another ‘world’ of music that is great besides that of Bach.” That other world abounds in this season. And, as he also wrote, “there is no equal to him!” That world, too, enriches this season. So, as we begin to look toward our 50th, a celebration of our most important composer, what more beautiful way could there be to end this season than with “In the Beginning”? To be honest, every moment of every Cantata Singers season strikes me as an exhilarating beginning. I hope you find it so, too. Welcome! The possibilities are rich, the rewards, unimagined.

—David Hoose





Cantata Singers & Ensemble
David Hoose, *Music Director and Conductor*

THE EXTENDED ARCH



Stephen Hartke's *Precepts* working short score of third movement, in the composer's manuscript.

Friday • November 4 • 2011 • 8pm

NEC's Jordan Hall

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 - 1750)

Concerto No. I in F, BWV 1046
(Allegro)
Adagio
Allegro
Menuetto—Trio, Polacca, Trio

Stephen Hartke
(b. 1952)

Precepts
Quid enim prodest homini?
Non negabis mercedem indigentis
Wisdom cries aloud in the open air

Peggy Pearson, oboe & oboe d'amore

First complete performance
Cantata Singers and Windsor Music 2007 commission

intermission

Hartke

A Brandenburg Autumn
Nocturne: Barcarolle
Scherzo: Colloquy
Sarabande: Palace
Rejouissance: Hornpipe
First Boston performance

Bach

Mass in F, BWV 233
Kyrie
Gloria
Domine Deus
Qui tollis
Quoniam
Cum Sancto Spiritu

Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 in F
Lutheran Mass in F

Hartke Precepts
A Brandenburg Autumn

The opportunity for Cantata Singers to return to Stephen Hartke's *Precepts* was irresistible. Even in its two-movement form, the one we presented at its premiere in 2007, the work challenged and rewarded deeply. Stephen's music, always engaging and very specific in intent—even in his pieces that are quite humorous—seemed doubly penetrating in *Precepts*, music that focused on the rich potential for the Bible and other religious thinking to be used in self- or political-serving ways. *Precepts* cries out against such hypocrisy both with sternness and with understanding of the human condition, precisely as the music of J.S. Bach does, time and time again.

Since the premiere, *Precepts* has gained a third movement—the first—and now in its complete three-movement form, it receives its first complete performance. Each movement configures the chorus differently: three-part women's chorus ("Quid enim prodest homini?"), six-part mixed chorus ("Non negabis mercedem indigentis"), and five-part mixed chorus ("Wisdom Cries Aloud in the Open Air"), with the solo oboe (oboe d'amore in the second movement), chamber organ and string orchestra participating throughout. *Precepts* marks the second commissioning project shared by oboist Peggy Pearson and the Cantata Singers, the first of which, James Primosch's *Matins*, was premiered in 2004.

Pairing Stephen's more recent *A Brandenburg Autumn* with *Precepts* led quite naturally to the first of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*. Both the 18th and the 21st century *Brandenburgs* delight in the bubbly and sometimes raucous brilliance of a band of oboists and hornists, though they are from utterly different worlds. With those three portions of the program in place, the luminous and elegant *F major Mass* of Bach seemed an almost inevitable—and satisfying—conclusion. This *Mass* also happens to be music that Cantata Singers has never before performed. Of Bach's four Lutheran masses, the *F major* may enjoy even fewer performances than the ones in A major, G major, and G minor, (a pair of virtuoso hornists doesn't materialize every day), but such fate is very undeserved. Like his first *Brandenburg Concerto*, the *F major Mass* dances with infectious joy; like the *Concerto*, its exuberance is also tempered by the shadow of nostalgia. Such a wistful quality is one Bach often uncovers in music in F major, perhaps the most obvious example being his cantata *Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele*, BWV 180, for the 20th Sunday after Trinity, which traditionally falls in October. Together, the four works on this program suggest all our autumns—times of joy, sadness, eagerness, reflection.

—David Hoose

PROGRAM NOTES

It is curious to consider that, while Bach's music is so very central to Western culture, the amount of information that we have about the actual genesis of the music is relatively slight. A great deal of Bach scholarship is like detective work, matching up the slender biographical information that we have with the clues that may be contained in the pieces themselves. The *Brandenburg Concertos* are a famous case in point. In 1721, Bach sent a presentation manuscript dedicated to Margrave Christian

Ludwig of Brandenburg in response to a request made a few years earlier for some instrumental music. It is assumed that Bach was hoping for an appointment as *Kapellmeister* at the court, but nothing came of it, making the *Brandenburg Concertos* the most glorious failed job application in history. We have no idea what the Margrave thought of this offering, nor do we know if any of the *concerti* were performed then, although it now seems likely, judging from corrections made here and there in the manuscript, that a few might have been. Nonetheless, these extraordinarily diverse and colorful masterworks languished unknown until the mid-19th century, and did not really start to enter the repertoire until after World War I. But while the *Brandenburg Concertos* themselves may not have made a mark for themselves in Bach's day, that doesn't mean that the music contained in the *concerti* went unheard, because the fact is that Bach routinely reused material from earlier works in later ones, and the first of the *Brandenburgs* is a marvelous example.

In 1713, while working in Weimar, Bach composed his *Hunting Cantata*, BWV 208, an elaborate work calling for an orchestra that, like the first *Brandenburg*, includes two horns and three oboes, in addition to bassoon and strings. The surviving manuscript of the cantata begins quite unusually with a recitative, which has led some scholars to suggest that the first movement of the first *Brandenburg* may have been originally written as the cantata's prelude, given not only its identical instrumentation and key, but also the use of horn motives derived from traditional hunting calls that would have been well-known to Bach's audience. This view is also supported by the fact that there is an earlier version of the concerto which consists of the first two movements and the final minuet minus its polonaise. Whether or not the concerto's opening actually was originally associated with the cantata, it is clear that Bach took the earlier three-movement version and revised and expanded it by adding an allegro featuring soloistic writing for the piccolo violin (a rare instrument even in Bach's day and something of a mystery, too), as well as inserting an additional trio into the minuet. The added allegro seems to have been a favorite of Bach's, as he recomposed it twice as the opening chorus of two secular cantatas, BWV 207 and BWV 207a, in 1726 and 1735, respectively. The British musicologist Malcolm Boyd has even suggested on structural grounds that the concerto movement might actually be an adaptation of an earlier choral original.

Two other parts of the first *Brandenburg* were also reused: the trio for horns and oboes in the last movement reappears in the cantata BWV 207, and the opening movement is pressed into service as the prelude to the sacred cantata BWV 52, *Falsche Welt, dir traue ich nicht*. This last case is especially interesting in that the subject of the cantata is the rejection of worldliness, and thus Bach seems to be using the liveliness and bustle of the *Brandenburg's* opening as a representation of the vanity and folly that the ensuing soprano recitative dismisses: "False world, I do not trust thee."

Bach's four Lutheran Masses were most likely created in 1738-39. As will be the case with Bach's final sacred work, the *Mass in B Minor*, all of these pieces were assembled from earlier pieces, though often with considerable recomposition. The Lutheran Masses are settings of only the first two of the five parts of the Ordinary of the Mass. In the *F Major Lutheran Mass*, Bach revisits a *Kyrie* that must have been composed in his early years in Weimar, around 1710. It is written in an austere strict style and features a liturgical melody as *cantus firmus* (heard here in unison horns and oboes) specific to the Weimar liturgy, a German translation of the *Agnus Dei* that shares a similar structure to the text of the *Kyrie*. The counterpoint is extremely elegant in its clarity, with the second section (*Christe Eleison*) built on the opening theme presented upside-down, and the third section combining

both forms. Bach also significantly recomposed the instrumental bass line, giving it a more prominent rhythmic profile.

The original source for the *Gloria* that follows has been lost, but it is a brilliant tour-de-force with parts for virtuoso horns and oboes that rival those heard in the first *Brandenburg*. As is characteristic of the other Lutheran masses, the central movements of the *Gloria* are solos. The source for the bass solo's *Domine Deus* may be the lost cantata BWV Anh 18, and the next two solos are clearly extensive reworkings of arias from cantata BWV 102, composed between 1723 and 1727. The soprano's *Qui Tollis* features an oboe obbligato in both versions, but considerable changes have been made to the voice part and the bass line. The model for the alto's *Quoniam* was originally for tenor with flute obbligato; here Bach has kept the bass line and rewritten the obbligato to be more idiomatic for the violin, as well as reconceived the voice part, taking a line that was broken apart for dramatic effect and transforming it into a beautifully spun-out lyricism.

The final chorus of the Mass, *Cum Sancto Spiritu*, is from a Christmastide cantata, BWV 40. The original features an extensive instrumental introduction and a choral tutti, but in adapting it here, Bach trims this down to just the opening two bars and then leaps into the fugue. To counterbalance this proportional alteration, Bach then rewrites and adds new material in the latter part of the movement, making a good deal more this time of the lively orchestral dialogue between the oboes and horns.

My own *Precepts*, Three Motets and an Anthem for Mixed Chorus, Oboe, Chamber Organ and Strings, was composed in 2007 at the request of oboist Peggy Pearson and Cantata Singers' music director David Hoose. Peggy, of course, wanted a piece with a prominent obbligato role for her instrument, and David wished something with a text that would harmonize with a program of sacred music. While I spent a considerable number of my early years as a professional church musician, I have never turned my hand to sacred pieces, and in casting about for texts I found myself drawn to Biblical sayings and proverbs dealing with fundamental moral issues, in particular ones in which an appeal is being made to common sense and decency rather than to fear of divine retribution. My original plan had been to do a set of Latin motets, but as I was working on them, checking the Latin against various translations, I stumbled upon the New English Bible's version of a powerful passage from the Book of Proverbs in which Wisdom is personified, buttonholing passersby and berating them for ignoring her. There is so much about this text (and the lines I have interpolated from elsewhere in Proverbs as well as Lamentations) that speaks to this moment in our history—in fact, sadly, to all moments in history—that I felt I had to switch gears a bit and set it in English.

I composed *A Brandenburg Autumn* in 2006, as response to a request from the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra for a new work using the same instrumentation as the first of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*—3 oboes, 2 horns, bassoon, strings and harpsichord. My piece asks all three oboists also to play English horn. This particular project had, in fact, long been one that I wanted to pursue, and, as fortune would have it, I found myself in Germany as a Fellow at the American Academy in Berlin at the very time I had to compose it. Thus the piece emerged as something of a musical diary of my impressions of living not far from the palace of Charlottenburg, where the dedicatee of Bach's *Brandenburgs* himself lived.

The area of Brandenburg itself is, in fact, a land of lakes, and my studio was quite close to the Wannsee, the lake that borders on western Berlin as well as Potsdam, the capital of Brandenburg. The first movement—*Nocturne: Barcarolle*—is a musical sketch of the lake, even incorporating suggestions of the sound of halyards striking against the masts of the sailboats moored at a nearby marina.

The second movement is a more playful piece—*Scherzo: Colloquy*—about conversation and, more particularly, the speech rhythms and dynamic of a dinner table discussion among scholars. Against a background of polite expectation, a proposition is set forth, then elaborated, questioned perhaps, even misunderstood, and so forth. Other ideas arise, some only tangentially related to the topic, and each in a different mode of speech. In the end there has been some transformation but of an inconclusive sort and the underlying politeness of the encounter prevails by quietly drawing a halt to the proceedings (coffee is served in the next room?).

The third movement—*Sarabande: Palaces*—is the most autumnal of the movements, being very much about my strolling through the parks of Potsdam admiring the many Hohenzollern palaces and other buildings there. It is all very beautiful, especially that time of year with the trees changing color and the sky dark and feeling so very close. It was hard not to think about Bach coming here to visit his son Carl Philip Emanuel, who was working at court, and in the end, the movement came to have a few more overt references to the Baroque period. The harpsichord textures in particular spring from the *Sarabande Double* in Bach's *D minor English Suite*. And a harmonic juxtaposition in the opening seems to have led me to quote the celebrated theme by Frederick the Great that Bach elaborated in his *Musical Offering*.

Lastly, the fourth movement—*Rejouissance: Hornpipe*—was inspired by a desire to hear three English Horns playing in unison *fortissimo*, and thus it begins, setting off a celebratory dance that I hope is reminiscent in spirit of the more outdoor sort of orchestral pieces of the High Baroque.

—Stephen Hartke



Stephen Hartke: Precepts

Quid enim prodest homini si mundum
universum lucretur animae vero suae
detrimentum patiatur?

What does it profit a man if he gain the whole
world at the cost of his soul?
—Matthew 16:26

Non negabis mercedem indigentis et pauperis
fratris tui, Sive advenae, qui tecum moratur in
terra, et intra portas tuas est:
Sed eadem die reddes ei pretium laboris sui
ante solis occasum, Quia pauper est, et ex eo
sustentat animam suam.

Do not keep back the wages of the poor and
needy, whether your fellow countryman or an
alien living in your lands and settlements:
Rather pay him his wages at the end of the day
before sunset, because he is poor, and his living
depends on them.
—Deuteronomy 24:14-15

Wisdom cries aloud in the open air,
She raises her voice in public places;
She calls at the top of the busy street
and proclaims at the open gates of the city:
Simple fools, how long will you be content with your simplicity?
If only you would respond to my reproof,
I would give you counsel
And teach you my precepts.
But because you refused to listen when I called,
Because no one attended when I stretched out my hand,
Because you spurned my advice
And ignored my reproof,
I will laugh at your doom
And deride you when terror comes,
When terror comes upon you like a hurricane
And your doom descends like a whirlwind.

Insolent men delight in their insolence;
Stupid men hate knowledge. (Proverbs 1:20-27)
An ignorant ruler brings harm to his people: (Proverbs 28:16)
To trample underfoot prisoners in the land,
To deprive a man of his rights,
To pervert justice in the courts,
This the Lord does not approve. (Lamentations 3:34-36)

For the simpleton turns a deaf ear and comes to grief,
And the stupid are ruined by their own complacency.
But whoever listens to me shall live
without fear of evil and in peace. (Proverbs 1:29-33)

—The third movement text is drawn principally from the New English Bible, with
emendations made from alternative readings in several other modern English versions as
well as from comparisons with the original Hebrew.

J.S. Bach: Lutheran Mass in F

Kyrie eleison
Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

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

Gloria in excelsis
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Glory be to God on high.
And on earth, peace
to men of good will.
We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory.

Domine Deus
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite,
Jesu Christe altissime.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.

Lord God, Heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty,
Lord the only-begotten son,
Jesus Christ, high above all.
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father.

Qui tollis
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

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

Quoniam
Quoniam tu solus sanctus.
Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.

For thou alone art holy.
Thou alone art the Lord.
Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.

Cum Sancto Spiritu
Cum sancto spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

With the Holy Ghost
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Schnittke Concerto for Choir
Pärt Berliner Messe

The idea of pairing two such rarely performed and, frankly, bizarre works, one by Estonian Arvo Pärt, whose music is known and beloved by many, and one by Russian Alfred Schnittke, whose music is known and loved by some (mostly Russians), would seem merely strange and arbitrary if both compositions were not masterpieces in their own right, measures of their composers' highest achievement, and expressions so profound that each reaches down to the same well of human experience.

Only Cantata Singers' 1987 forced marriage of Stravinsky's *Threni* and Fauré's *Requiem* was as unlikely. The electricity that darted between those two works came from two opposite poles nearly touching each other. But the Schnittke and Pärt don't push at each other; rather, they pull on the other, each drawing the other's enormous force into its own orbit. No matter how distant Schnittke's and Pärt's personalities (musical and otherwise), and no matter how contrasting the surface between the *Concerto for Choir* and the *Berliner Messe*, both compositions rise up from a passionate (despite their academic titles), noble and shared core that gives their unanticipated companionship naturalness and perhaps, inevitability.

—David Hoose

PROGRAM NOTES—*Searching Sublimity*

Arvo Pärt's music has touched many listeners' hearts in recent years with its arresting amalgam of asceticism and ecstasy. There seems to be something inherent in his music's expressivity that speaks directly and powerfully to today's serious music listeners. Is it the music's hovering stasis that so transfixes us? Is it the transparency of line? Is it the meditative sparseness of the overall sound he conjures? A magical alchemy of all of these, it seems, in differing percentages that depend upon the material at hand, creates the aura that has become Pärt's signature sound.

All of these elements are heard in the course of Pärt's *Berliner Messe*, first composed during 1990, upon a commission from the 19th *Deutsche Katholikentag* that was celebrated that year in Berlin. For that occasion Pärt had scored his *Messe* "for SATB choir or soloists and organ." His revision of this original version was published in 1997. However, in 1991 Pärt produced a version of the *Messe* scored "for choir and string orchestra," which he revised again in 2002. This performance will be of the chorus and organ version from 1997.

The text follows the standard church liturgy, with two notable additions: after the *Gloria*, Pärt first adds a set of "Alleluia Verses," followed by a setting of "Veni Sancte Spiritus," a sequence usually heard in the context of the Roman Catholic Mass for Pentecost. Known as the "Golden Sequence," it is a spiritual poem of exceptional depth and beauty. While its author is unknown, recent scholarship points to the late (d.1228) Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton.

In general, the music of Pärt's *Berliner Messe* is homophonic, with no counterpoint among the choral parts, and no word painting of the text, though shifting moods are discernible. The music is vertically constructed, with the vocal lines often in unison or octaves. The accompaniment offers grounding pedal points and high halos of sound, resulting in an overall spare sonority, and ascetic-

sounding, haunting and inward feeling. One could suggest the image of music heard filtered through a nun's veil or a monk's hood.

A few things to listen for in this brief but moving work may be of interest:

- ∞ Pärt sets the *Kyrie* and *Gloria* texts in contrasting fashion, the two approaches creating an overall mood of undifferentiated and coolly glowing ecstatic contemplation and detachment, the *Gloria* offering a more forward-moving and energetic pace than the contemplative and beseeching *Kyrie*.
- ∞ The brief but affecting *Alleluia Verses* have men's voices chanting the text, set off by homophonic full-chorus *alleluias*.
- ∞ *Veni Sancte Spiritus* has men's and women's voices each in two parts calling and responding to one another, with occasional moments of conjoining vocal lines, all accompanied by sighing figurations and a grounding pedal tone. All the voices join for only one verse, the second-to-last, where the translated text is, "Grant to thy faithful/Trusting in thee/Thy sacred sevenfold mystery."
- ∞ The *Credo* is of a quite different character, owing to its origins in Pärt's 1977 *Summa*. The music is brighter, more fulsome, with the accompaniment existing within a circumscribed set of particular pitches and occasionally (almost) straying into commentary. The overall effect created is (again, almost) cheerful, though a dramatic pause after "...passus et sepultus est" ("...suffered, and was buried") darkens the mood.
- ∞ *Sanctus* and *Benedictus* return to the more chaste, inward-looking and undeclarative setting of text heard earlier. Even both *Osannas* are quietly and briefly expressed without a hint of exultancy.
- ∞ High pitches sounded from the organ create an otherworldly calm for the ensuing *Agnus Dei*, and the voices, also quite high, sing in imitative phrases between the men and women. The third and final verse is set lower than the first two, with the four voice parts now asked to sing together, tellingly imploring peace: *Dona nobis pacem*.

If Arvo Pärt's *Berliner Messe* is akin to a tart and cool *limoncello*, that which Alfred Schnittke presents us in his *Concerto for Choir* is a far richer fare indeed, a veritable *varnishkes* of deep and anguished Germanic-Russian soulfulness.

There is enormous contrast between Pärt's *Berliner Messe* and Schnittke's *Concerto for Choir*, though the two works eschew traditional counterpoint and are largely homophonic. Unlike Pärt's *Messe*, there is abundant word painting in the *Concerto*. In addition, the Schnittke offers several moments when soloists or entire sections of voices spin out a soaring obbligato above and among the other voices. Schnittke "...admired the ascetic beauty of Pärt's music, but he told Alexander Ivashkin (Schnittke's biographer): 'I can't be a saint!' A revealing reply. Schnittke's music is always formidably human."¹

The immense body of work that Alfred Schnittke left when he died in 1998 is daunting not only for its number of compositions but also for its myriad of stylistic approaches. To say he was all over the map in compositional style is accurate but insufficient. Perhaps this is why authors and critics, when attempting to describe Schnittke's music, latched on to the term "polystylistic," a term of

limited usefulness, but accurate insofar as it goes. This characterization has little association with the composer's rich and rapt *Concerto for Choir*. Written in 1984-85, it marked the composer's return from the radical *avant-garde* he had so fully embraced earlier to a more conventional approach to composition. Gone were the aleatory and the improvised, gone also were the acidic and sardonic dissonances he had so fully exploited. No longer would his statement "I set down a beautiful chord on paper, and suddenly it rusts," apply. Here was something new, so unexpected in light of his earlier music that many of Schnittke's early adherents vocally complained that he had sold out his *avant-garde* credentials. Yet, "conventional" hardly suffices to begin to describe this *Choir Concerto*; so rich and multi-hued, so deep and searching, so surprising and unexpected are its sounds.

The profound influence of the Russian Orthodox Church can be heard throughout the *Concerto for Choir*, though typical of this composer, generalizations such as this are dangerous. But there is no denying that the rich chordal procession that characterizes the work's opening and most lengthy movement has the whiff of frankincense perfume. Schnittke was no stranger to spiritualism and ecclesiastical thought. He had long harbored a strong interest in God and religion, and in fact had written a Requiem with Biblical texts. However, having written such a work in 1975, the Communist authorities, with whom all Soviet composers of that time had to guardedly struggle, allowed this religious work to be performed only as incidental music to Friedrich Schiller's play *Don Carlos*! The music of his 1984 Fourth Symphony reflects characteristics of Jewish, Orthodox, Protestant, and Catholic musical influences, as if he were searching for a religion or congregation to join.²

So, clearly, Schnittke's ties to religion and its many subtle and not so subtle influences upon him had been in place for some time.

The *Concerto's* texts are from the third chapter of *The Book of Lamentations*, by Grigor Narekatsi, an Armenian monk who lived from 951-1003. The texts were translated into Russian by Naum Grebnev (1921-1988), an author and composer friend of Schnittke. The strongly personal and internalized nature of these words clearly appealed to Schnittke, and his music is deeply reflective of this.

Calling upon the scholarship of Dimitri Smirnov, whose notes accompany a recording of this work:

The four movements of the *Concerto* reflect the four different sub-divisions and themes of Narekatsi's chapter: (i) the rapturous praise and appeal to God; (ii) the list of those whom the lamentations might be expected to reach; (iii) the hope of redemption and deliverance for those who will understand the essence of these words and for the poet himself who wrote them; (iv) the humble prayer asking God to complete these songs and give them healing power.³

Of particular interest is how Schnittke's music reacts to certain important words or ideas in Narekatsi's text. Over and over again, an arrival upon these certain words releases a huge unfurling of the choir's voices into large, many-voiced tone clusters. Heard within the context of otherwise straightforward homophonic style, these arrivals achieve an unmistakable and illuminative weight. In the first movement, listen to what Schnittke conjures up for "*jedinstvennyj dl'a a nas radnik pakoja*" ("our only fountain of peace"), shortly after that the extraordinary arrival on the word "*klad*" ("treasure"), and the wonderful color at "*Tvoj sled nevidim, vidima lish milast*" ("Your imprint is invisible, we can only see Your favor").

Yet there are so many moments such as these throughout this remarkable work it becomes an empty exercise to try to point all of them out. At the conclusion of this forty-minute masterpiece,

one is left with a profound sense of having traveled in time and space to a more exalted place of plush richness, deep reverence, and fervent, prayerful contemplation.

Above Schnittke's grave in Novodevichye Cemetery in Moscow there is a marker which it is said he designed. A rough piece of dark stone has embedded in it a bronze musical staff of five lines with no key signature or meter. On the second staff line from the top a rectangular rest hangs suspended. Over this rest is a fermata, and beneath it is the dynamic *fff*.

Unending, crashing silence? One wonders, but this is not unusual for Schnittke. In his music, wonders abound.

—John Ehrlich



1. As quoted in Alexander Ivashkin, *Alfred Schnittke*. Phaidon Press, London, 1996.
 2. Drawn from notes by Dimitri Smirnov, Hyperion CDA 67297, 2002.
 3. Dimitri Smirnov, Hyperion CDA 67297, 2002.

Alfred Schnittke: Concerto for Choir

ГРИГОР НАРЕКАЦИ
 “КНИГА СКОРБНЫХ ПЕСНОПЕНИЙ”
 СЛОВО К БОГУ, ИДУЩЕЕ ИЗ
 ГЛУБИН СЕРДЦА

ГЛАВА 3

I

О Повелитель сущего всего,
 Бесценными дарами нас дарящий,
 Господь, творящий всё из ничего,
 Неведомый, всезнающий, страшный,
 И милосердный, и неумолимый,
 Неизреченный и непостижимый,
 Невидимый, извечный, необъятный,
 И ужасающий, и благодатный!

Непроницаем Ты, неосязаем,
 И безначален Ты, и нескончаем,
 Ты – то единственное, что безмерно,
 Что в мире подлинно и достоверно,
 Ты – то, что нам даёт благословенье,
 Ты – полдень без заката, свет без тени,
 Единственный для нас родник покоя,
 Что просветляет бытие мирское.

И безграничный Ты, и вездесущий,
 Ты, и сладчайший мёд и хлеб насыщенный,
 Неистощимый клад, пречистый дождь,
 Во век неиссякающая мощь.
 Ты и Хранитель наш и Наставитель,
 Недуги наши знающий Целитель,
 Опора всех, всевидящее Зренье,
 Десница благодатного даренья,
 Величьем осиянный, всем угодный,
 Наш Пастырь неустанный, Царь беззлобный,
 Всевидящий, и днём и ночью бдящий.
 Судья, по справедливости судящий,
 Взгляд негнетущий, голос утешенья,
 Ты – весть, несущая успокоенье.

Твой строгий перст, всевидящее око
 Остерегают смертных от порока.
 Судья того, что право, и неправо,
 Не вызывающая зависть слава,
 Ты – Светоч наш, величие без края,
 Незримая дорога, но прямая.
 Твой след невидим, видима лишь милость,
 Она с небес на землю к нам спустилась.

Слова, что я изрёк Тебе во славу,
 Бледнее слов, которые бы мог
 Услышать Ты, о Господи, по праву,

GRIGOR NAREKATSI
 “KNIGA SKORBNIKH P’ESNOP’ENI”
 SLOVA K BOGU, IDUSHCHEJE IZ
 GLUBIN SERDTSA

ГЛАВА 3

I

O Pa-v’e-li-t’el’ su-shche-vo fs’e-vo,
 B’es-tsen-ny-mi da-ra-mi nas da-r’a-shchij,
 Gas-pod’, tva-r’a-shchij fs’o iz ni-che-vo,
 Ne-v’e-da-myj, fs’e-zna-ju-shchij, stra-sha-shchij,
 I mi-la-s’erd-nyj, i n’e-u-ma-li-myj,
 N’e-iz-re-chon-nyj, i n’e-pa-sti-zhi-myj,
 N’e-vi-di-myj, iz-v’ech’-nyj, n’e-ab-jat-nyj,
 I u-zha-sa-ju-shchij, i bla-ga-dat-nyj!

N’e-pra-ni-tsa-jem Ty, n’e-a-s’a-za-jem,
 I b’ez-na-cha-l’en Ty, i n’e-skan-cha-jem,
 Ty – to je-din-stven-na-je, shto b’ez-m’er-na,
 Shto v-mi-r’e pod-lin-na i das-ta-v’er-na,
 Ty – to shto nam da-jot bla-ga-sla-v’en’-je,
 Ty – pol-d’en’ b’ez za-ka-ta, sv’et b’es t’e-ni,
 Je-din-stv’en-nyj dl’a nas rad-nik pa-ko-ja,
 Shto pra-sv’et-l’a-jet by-ti-je mir-sko-je.

I b’ez-gra-nich-nyj Ty, i v’ez-d’e-su-shchij,
 Ty i slad-chaj-shij m’od i khl’eb na-sushch-nyj,
 N’e-is-ta-shchi-myj klad, pre-chis-tyj dozhd’,
 Va v’ek n’e-is-s’a-ka-ju-shcha-ja moshch.
 Ty i khra-ni-t’el’ nash i Na-sta-vi-t’el’,
 Ne-du-gi na-shi zna-ju-shchij Tse-li-t’el’
 A-po-ra fs’ekh, fs’e-vi-d’a-shche-je zren’-je,
 D’es-ni-tsa bla-ga-dat-na-va da-ren’-ja,
 V’e-lich-jem a-si-jan-nyj, fs’em u-god-nyj,
 Nash Pas-tyr’ n’e-u-stan-nyj, Tsar’ b’ez-zlob-nyj,
 Fs’e-vi-d’a-shchij, i dn’om i noch-ju bd’a-shchij,
 Sud’-ja pa spra-ved-li-vas-ti su-d’a-shchij,
 Vzgl’ad n’e-gn’e-tu-shchij, go-las u-t’e-shen’-ja,
 Ty – v’est’, n’e-su-shcha-ja us-pa-ka-jen’-je.

Tvoj stro-gij p’erst, fs’e-vi-d’a-shche-je o-ka
 A-st’e-re-ga-jut sm’ert-nykh at pa-ro-ka.
 Sud’-ja ta-vo, shto pra-va, i n’e-pra-va,
 N’e vy-zy-va-ju-shcha-ja za-vist’ sla-va,
 Ty – Sv’e-tach nash, ve’-li-chi-je b’es kra-ja,
 N’e-zri-ma-ja da-ro-ga, no pr’a-ma-ja.
 Tvoj sl’ed n’e-vi-dim, vi-di-ma lish mi-last’,
 A-na s-n’e-b’es na z’em-l’u k nam spus-ti-t’-las.

Sla-va shto ja iz-r’ok Te-b’e va sla-vu,
 Bled-n’e-je slof, ka-to-ry-je by mog
 U-sly-shat’ Ty o Gos-pa-di, pa-pra-vu,

GREGORY OF NAREK
 “BOOK OF MOURNFUL SONGS”
 SPEAKING WITH GOD, COMING FROM
 THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART

CHAPTER 3

I

O Master of all living,
 Bestowing priceless gifts upon us,
 God, creating all out of nothing,
 Mysterious, omniscient, frightening,
 Merciful, and implacable,
 Ineffable and inscrutable,
 Invisible, eternal, boundless,
 Terrifying and beneficent!

You are unfathomable, intangible,
 You are without beginning, and without end,
 You are the only one who is measureless,
 Who is true and real in the world,
 You it is who gives us blessing,
 You are noon without nightfall, light without shadow,
 Our only fountain of peace,
 Who lightens our temporal existence.

You are limitless, and omnipresent,
 Our sweetest honey and daily bread,
 An inexhaustible treasure, purest rain,
 Forever plentiful might.
 You are a guardian and guide to us,
 A healer knowing our ills,
 Support to all, an all-seeing eye,
 A hand of abundant giving,
 Radiant with greatness, welcome to all,
 Our tireless shepherd, benevolent Tsar,
 All-seeing, vigilant day and night,
 A judge dispensing fair judgment,
 A non-oppressive gaze, a voice of comfort,
 You are a message bringing peace.

Your forbidding hand and all-seeing eye
 Warn mortals against vice.
 A judge of what is right and wrong,
 A glory that inspires no envy,
 You are a light to us, a greatness without limit,
 A path, invisible but straight.
 Your imprint is invisible, we can only see Your favor,
 It descends to us on earth from heaven.

The words that I pronounce glorifying You,
 Are poorer than those
 You should have heard, O God, by right,

Когда б я не был речью столь убог.
 Господь всеведущий, благословенный,
 восхваленный,
 Восславленный всем сущим во вселенной,
 Все то, что нам достигнуть суждено,
 Твоим внушеньем мудрым рождено.

О Господи, дорогу очищенья
 Ты мне в моих сомненьях указуй
 И, приведя меня к вратам спасенья,
 Удовлетворись и возликуй.
 Цель песнопенья Твоего раба
 Не славословье и не восхваленье,
 Мои слова ничтожные – мольба,
 Которой жажду обрести спасенье.

2

Собрание песен сих, где каждый стих
 Наполнен скорбью черною до края,
 Сложил я – ведатель страстей людских –
 Поскольку сам в себе их порицаю.
 Писал я, чтоб слова дойти могли
 До христиан во всех краях земли.

Писал для тех, кто в жизнь едва вступает,
 Как и для тех, кто пожил и созрел,
 Для тех, кто путь земной свой завершает
 И преступает роковой предел.
 Для праведных писал я и для грешных,
 Для утешающих и безутешных,
 И для судящих, и для осуждённых,
 Для кающихся и грехом пленённых,
 Для добродетелей и для злодеев,
 Для девственников и прелюбодеев,
 Для всех: для родовитых и безбожных,
 Рабов забытых и князей вельможных.
 Писал я равно для мужей и жён,
 Тех, кто унижен, тех, кто вознесен,
 Для повелителей и для угнетённых,
 Для оскорбителей и для оскорблённых,
 Для тех, кто утешал и был утешен.

Писал равно для конных и для пеших,
 Писал равно для малых и великих,
 Для горожан и горцев полудиких,
 И для того, кто высший властелин,
 Которому судья лишь Бог один;
 Для суетных людей и для благих,
 Для иноков, отшельников святых.

И строки, полные моим страданьем
 Пусть станут для кого-то назиданьем.
 Пусть кающийся в чёрном прегрешеньи
 Найдёт в моих писаньях утешенье.

Kag-da-b ja n'e-był rech-ju stol' u-bokh.
 Gas-pod' fs'e-v'e-du-shchij bla-ga-sla-v'en-nyj,
 vas-khva-l'en-nyj,
 Vas-sla-vl'en-nyj fs'em su-shchim va-fs'e-l'en-naj,
 Fs'o to, shto nam das-tig-nut' suzh-d'e-no,
 Tva-im vnu-shen'-jem mu-drym razh-d'e-no.

O Gos-pa-di, da-ro-gu a-chi-shchen'-ja
 Ty mn'e v-ma-ikh sam-n'en'-jakh u-ka-zuj
 I pri-v'e-d'a m'e-n'a k-vra-tam spa-sen'-ja,
 U-da-vl'et-va-ris' i vaz-li-kuj.
 Tsel' p'es-na-p'en'-ja Tva-je-vo ra-ba
 N'e sla-va-slov'-je i n'e vas-khva-len'-je,
 Ma-i sla-va nich-tozh-ny-je – mal'-ba,
 ka-to-raj zhazh-du ab-res-ti spa-sen'-je.

2

Sa-bran'-je p'e-s'en sikh, gd'e kazh-dyj stikh
 Na-pol-n'en skor-b'ju chor-na-ju da kra-ja,
 Sla-zhyl-ja – v'e-da-t'el' stras-t'ej l'jud-skikh –
 Pa-skol'-ku sam f-s'e-b'e ikh pa-ri-tsa-ju.
 Pi-sal ja, shtob sla-va dai-ti mag-li
 Da khri-sti-an va fs'ekh kra-jakh z'em-li.

Pi-sal dl'a t'ekh, kto vzhizn' je-dva fstu-pa-jet,
 Kak i dl'a t'ekh, kto po-zhil i sa-zr'el,
 Dl'a t'ekh, kto put' z'em-noj svoj za-v'er-sha-jet
 I pre-stu-pa-jet ra-ka-voj pre-d'el.
 Dl'a pra-v'ed-nykh pi-sal ja i dl'a gr'esh-nykh,
 Dl'a u-t'e-sha-ju-shchikh i b'ez-u-t'esh-nykh,
 I dl'a su-d'a-shchikh, i dl'a a-suzh-d'on-nykh,
 Dl'a ka-ju-shchikh-s'a i gr'e-khom ple-n'on-nykh,
 Dl'a da-bra-d'e-ja-t'e-lej i dl'a zla-d'e-jef,
 Dl'a d'ef-stv'en-ni-kaf i pre-l'u-ba-d'e-jef,
 Dl'a fs'ekh: dl'a ra-da-vi-tykh i b'ez-bozh-nykh,
 Ra-bov za-bi-tykh i kn'a-z'ej vel'-mozh-nykh.
 Pi-sal ja rav-no dl'a mu-zhej i zhon,
 T'ekh, kto u-ni-zhen, t'ehk, kto vaz-n'e-s'on,
 Dl'a pa-v'e-li-t'e-lej i dl'a ug-n'e-t'on-nykh,
 Dl'a as-kar-bi-t'e-lej i dl'a as-kar-bl'on-nykh,
 Dl'a t'ekh, kto u-t'e-shal i byl u-t'e-shen.

Pi-sal rav-no dl'a kon-nykh i dl'a p'e-shikh,
 Pi-sal rav-no dl'a ma-lykh i v'e-li-kikh,
 Dl'a ga-ra-zhan i gor-tsef po-lu-di-kikh,
 I dl'a ta-vo, kto vys-shij vlas-t'e-lin,
 Ka-to-ra-mu sud'-ja lish Bokh a-din;
 Dl'a su-jet-nykh l'u-dej i dl'a bla-gikh,
 Dl'a i-na-kaf, at-shel'-ni-kaf sv'a-tykh.

I stro-ki, pol-ny-je ma-im stra-dan'-jem
 Pust' sta-nut dl'a ka-vo-ta na-zi-dan'-jem.
 Pust' ka-ju-shchij-s'a f-chor-nam pre-gre-shen'-ji
 Naj-d'ot v-ma-ikh pi-san'-jakh u-t'e-shen'-je.

Had I not been so poor in speech.
 God of every soul, blessed,
 praised,
 Glorified by all living in the universe,
 All that we are destined to achieve,
 Is born by Your wise inspiration.

O God, show me in my doubts
 The path of purity
 And guiding me to the gates of salvation,
 Be content and rejoice.
 The purpose of Your slave's paean
 Is not glorification or eulogy,
 My worthless words are a supplication,
 By which I long to obtain salvation.

2

This collection of songs, where every verse
 Is full to the brim with black sorrow,
 I put together – knowing suffering humanity –
 For I detest these passions in myself.
 I wrote so that my words could reach
 Christians in all corners of the earth.

I wrote for those who only enter life,
 As well as for those who have lived and matured,
 For those completing their earthly journey
 And stepping over the fateful limit.
 I wrote for the righteous and for sinners,
 For the comforting and the inconsolable,
 For the judging and the convicted,
 For the penitent and those enslaved in pain,
 For the virtuous and for villains,
 For virgins and adulterers,
 For all: the high-born and the godless,
 For downtrodden slaves and grand princes.
 I wrote equally for husbands and wives,
 For the degraded and those risen high,
 For rulers and for the oppressed,
 For abusers and for the abused,
 For those who give comfort and those who are comforted.

I wrote equally for those on horseback and on foot,
 For the insignificant and for the great,
 For city-dwellers and half-savage highlanders,
 And for him, who is the supreme ruler,
 Whose judge is God alone;
 For people who are vain and those who are pious,
 For monks and holy hermits.

May these verses, full of my suffering
 Become a guidance to someone.
 May he who repents a black transgression
 Find comfort in my writings.

Пусть обратит мой труд, мое усердьё
Себе во благо человек любой.
И стих мой, став молитвой и мольбой,
Да вымолит Господне милосердьё.

3

Всем тем, кто вникнет в сущность скорбных слов,
Всем, кто постигнет суть сего творенья,
Дай, Боже, искупление грехов,
Освободи от тягостных оков
Сомнения, а значит преступленья.

Желанное даруй им отпущение,
Пусть слезы их обильные текут,
И голосом моим они моление
Тебе угодное да вознесут.
К Тебе да вознесётся их мольба
И за меня, за Твоего раба.
Пусть, Боже, на рабов Твоих покорных,
На всех раскаявшихся, кто прочтёт
С участием книгу этих песен скорбных,
Твой свет и благодать да снизойдёт!

И если примешь тех, кто вслед за мной
Притдёт к Тебе с моей мольбой усердной,
Врата Своей обители святой
Открой и мне, о Боже милосердный.
И если слёзная моя мольба
Прольется словно дождь, грехи смывая,
То и меня, ничтожного раба,
Омоет пусть его вода живая.

И если Ты спасёшь, о Боже, всех,
Согласных с мыслью, мною изреченной,
Ты и меня, простив мой тяжкий грех,
Спаси, о Господи благословенный.
И если песнь моя в душе иной
Родит тебе угодные понятия,
Ты и меня, Отец небесный мой,
Не обдели Своею благодатью.

И если те, кто мой постигнет стих,
Возденут ввысь дрожащие десницы –
Пусть боль стенок горестных моих
С молитвой чистой их соединится
И если сказанные в книге сей
Тебе мои угодны будут речи,
То в многощедрой милости своей
Будь милосерден и к моим предтечам.

И если поколеблется, скорбя,
В священной вере некто, духом нищий,
Пусть он, воспрянув, в книге сей отыщет
Опору, уповая на Тебя.

Pust' ab-ra-tit moj trud, ma-jo u-ser-d'je
S'e-b'e va bla-ga che-la-v'ek l'u-boj.
I stikh moj, staf ma-lit-vaj i mal'-boj,
Da vy-ma-lit Gas-pod-n'e mi-la-serd'-je.

3

Fs'em t'em, kto vnik-n'et f-sushch-nast' skor-bnykh slof,
Fs'em, kto pa-stig-n'et sut' s'e-vo tva-ren'-ja,
Daj, Bo-zhe, is-ku-ple-ni-je gre-khof,
As-va-ba-di at t'a-gast-nykh a-kof
Sam-n'en'-ja, a zna-chit, pre-stup-len'-ja.

Zhe-lan-na-je da-ruj im at-pu-shchen'-je,
Pust, sl'o-zy ikh a-bil'-ny-je t'e-kut,
I go-la-sam ma-im a-ni ma-len'-je
T'e-b'e u-god-na-je da vaz-n'e-sut.
K-T'e-b'e da vaz-n'e-s'ot-s'a ikh mal'-ba
I za m'e-n'a, za Tva-je-vo ra-ba.
Pust' Bo-zhe, na ra-bof Tva-ikh pa-kor-nykh,
Na fs'ekh ras-ka-jav-shikh-s'a, kto prach-t'ot
Su-chas-t'em kni-gu e-tikh p'e-s'en skorb-nykh,
Tvoj sv'et i bla-ga-dat' da sni-zaj-d'ot!

I jes-li pri-m'esh t'ekh, kto fsl'ed za mnoj
Pri-d'ot k-T'e-b'e sma-jej mal'boj u-serd-naj,
Vra-ta Sva-jej a-bi-t'e-li sv'a-toj
At-kroj i mn'e, o Bo-zhe mi-la-serd-nyj.
I jes-li sl'oz-na-ja ma-ja mal'-ba
Pra-l'jot-sa, slov-na dozhd, gr'e-khi smy-va-ja,
To i m'e-n'a; nich-tozh-na-va ra-ba,
A-mo-jet pust' je-vo va-da zhi-va-ja.

I jes-li Ty spa-s'osh, o Bo-zhe, fs'ekh
Sag-las-nykh smysl'-ju mno-ju iz-re-chen-naj,
Ty i m'e-n'a, pras-tif moj t'azh-kij gr'ekh,
Spa-si, o Gos-pa-di bla-gas-la-v'en-nyj.
I jes-li p'esn' ma-ja vdu-she i-noj
Ra-dit T'e-b'e u-god-ny-je pa-n'at'-ja,
Ty i m'e-n'a, A-t'ets n'e-b'es-nyj moj,
N'e ab-d'e-li Sva-je-ju bla-ga-dat'-ju.

I jes-li t'e, kto moj pas-tig-n'et stikh,
Vaz-d'e-nut vvys' dra-zha-shchi-je d'es-ni'-tsy –
Pust' bol' st'e-na-nij go-rest-nykh ma-ikh
S-ma-lit-vaj chis-taj ikh sa-je-di-nit-s'a
I jes-li ska-zan-ny-je f-kni-g'e s'ej
T'e-b'e ma-i u-god-ny bu-dut re-chi,
To v-mno-ga-shched-raj mi-las-ti sva-jej
Bud' mi-la-ser-d'en i k-ma-im pred-t'e-cham.

I jes-li pa-ka-l'e-blet-sa, skar-b'a
F-sv'a-shchen-naj v'e-r'e n'ek-to, du-kham ni-shchij,
Pust' on, vas-pr'a-nuf, f-kni-g'e s'ej a-ty-shchet
A-po-ru, u-pa-va-ja na T'e-b'a.

May someone turn to his good
My work, my zeal.
May my verse, turning into a prayer and a supplication,
Elicit God's mercy.

3

God, grant deliverance from sin,
To all who grasp the meaning of these monumental words,
All who comprehend the essence of this work,
Free them from the baneful fetters
Of doubt, which is the same as crime.

Give them the absolution they long for,
Let their abundant tears flow,
May their supplication, raised in my voice
Please You.
May they also raise a prayer
For me, Your slave,
God, may Your light and grace descend,
Upon Your obedient slaves
All the repentant who read,
With sympathy this book of mournful songs!

If you receive all those who in my wake
Come to You with my zealous prayer,
Open the gates of Your holy abode
To me too, O merciful God.
And if my tearful prayer
Falls, like rain, washing away sins,
May this water of life,
Also wash me, Your base slave.

O God, if You save all those
Agreeing with the thoughts that I express,
Forgive my grave sins,
And save me too, O blessed God.
If my song inspires in some soul
thoughts pleasing to You,
My heavenly Father,
Do not deprive me of Your grace.

If those who comprehend my verse,
Raise their trembling hands –
May the pain of my sorrowful moans
Join their pure prayer
And if the thoughts expressed in this book
Are pleasing to You,
Be merciful to my ancestors
In your generous grace.

If someone poor in spirit
Wavers in the holy faith in a moment of grief,
May he find support in this book
And, taking heart, put his trust in You.

Коль малонер однажды устранился,
 Что храм его надежд не устоит,
 Пусть этот шаткий храм Твоя десница
 Строками книги скорбной укрепит.

Когда недугом мучимый жестоко
 Почти утратит кто-то с жизнью связь,
 Пусть обретет он силу в этих строках
 И возродится вновь, Тебе молясь.
 И если смерный страх или сомнение
 Вдруг овладеют кем-то из людей,
 Пусть в книге он найдет успокоенье,
 Найдет покой по благодати Твоей.

И если груз грехов неискупленных
 Потянет в пропасть грешника, пусть он
 Всей сутью слов, Тобою мне внушённых,
 Спасён навечно будет и прощен.
 И если где-то грешник есть, который
 Не минет сатанинской западни, –
 Дозволь, чтоб труд мой был ему опорой
 И Сам безумца светом осени.

И если кто-то в гибельной гордыне
 Слова святых молитв забыть готов, –
 Дозволь, чтоб я вернул его к святыне
 Могуществом Тобой внушённых слов.
 И тех, кто в сатанинском ослеплении
 Уверуют в презренную тщету,
 Мне книгой скорбных этих песнопений
 Дозволь вернуть к Причастью и Кресту.

И ураган неверия, взметённый,
 Как над водой, над душами людей,
 Смири моею песней, вдохновлённой
 Божественною милостью Твоей.

4

Сей труд, что начинал я с упованием
 И с именем Твоим,
 Ты заверши,
 Чтоб песнопенье стало врачеваньем,
 Целящим раны тела и души.

И если труд мой скромный завершится
 С Твоим благословением святым, –
 Пусть Дух Господень в нём соединится
 Со скудным вдохновением моим.
 Тобой дарованное озаренье
 Не погаси.

Мой разум не покинь,
 Но вновь и вновь приими восхваленья
 От Твоего служителя.
 Аминь!

Kol' ma-la-v'er ad-nazh-dy u-stra-shit-s'a,
 Shto khram je-vo na-d'ezhd n'e us-ta-it,
 Pust' e-tat shat-kij khram Tva-ja d'es-ni-tsa
 Stra-ka-mi kni-gi skorb-naj u-kre-pit.

Kag-da n'e-du-gam mu-chi-myj zhes-to-ka
 Pach-ti u-tra-tit kto-ta s-zhizn'-ju sv'az,
 Pust' ab-re-t'ot on si-lu v'e-tikh stro-kakh
 I vaz-ra-dit-sa vnof, T'e-b'e ma-l'as.
 I jes-li sm'ert-nyj strakh i-li sam-n'en'-je
 Vdrug a-vla-d'e-jut k'em-ta iz l'u-dej,
 Pust' f-kni-g'e on naj-d'ot u-spa-ka-jen'-je,
 Naj-d'ot pa-koj pa-bla-gas-ti Tva-jej.

I jes-li gruz gr'e-khof n'e-is-ku-pl'on-nykh
 Pa-t'a-n'et f-pro-past' gresh-ni-ka, pust' on
 Fs'ej sut'-ju slof, Ta-bo-ju mn'e vnu-shon-nykh,
 Spa-s'on na-v'ech-na bu-d'et i pra-shchon.
 I jes-li gd'e-ta gresh-nik jest', ka-to-ryj
 N'e-mi-n'et sa-ta-min-skaj za-pad-ni, –
 Daz-vol', shtob trud moj byl je-mu a-po-raj
 I sam be-zum-tsa sv'e-tam a-s'e-ni.

I jes-li kto-ta v-gi-b'el-naj gar-dy-n'e
 Sla-va sv'a-tykh ma-litv za-byt' ga-tof, –
 Daz-vol' shtob ja ver-nul je-vo k-sv'a-ty-n'e
 Ma-gu-shches-tvam Ta-boj vnu-shon-nykh slof.
 I t'ekh, kto f-sa-ta-nin-skam a-slep-len'-ji
 U-v'e-ru-jet f-pre-zren-nu-ju tshche-tu,
 Mn'e kni-gaj skorb-nykh e-tikh p'es-na-p'e-nij
 Daz-vol' v'er-nut' k-Pri-chas-t'ju i Kres-tu.

I u-ra-gan n'e-v'e-ri-ja, vzm'e-t'on-nyj,
 Kak nad va-doj, nad du-sha-mi l'u-d'ej,
 Smi-ri ma-je-ju p'es-n'ej vda-khna-vl'on-naj
 Ba-shest-v'en-na-ju mi-las-t'ju tva-jej.

4

Sej trud, shto na-chi-nal ja su-pa-van'-jem
 I s i-m'e-n'em Tva-im,
 Ty za-v'er-shi,
 Shtob p'es-na-p'en'-je sta-la vra-che-van'-jem,
 Tse-l'a-shchim ra-ny te-la i du-shi.

I jes-li trud moj skrom-nej za-v'er-shit-sa
 S-Tva-im bla-gas-la-v'e-ni-jem sv'a-tym, –
 Pust' Dukh Gas-pod'-en' v-n'om sa-je-di-nit-sa
 Sa skud-nym vdakh-na-v'e-ni-jem ma-im.
 Ta-boj da-ro-va-na-je a-za-ren'-je
 Ne pa-ga-si.

Moj ra-zum n'e pa-kin',
 No vnov' i vnov' pri-jem-li vas-khva-len'-ja
 At Tva-je-vo slu-zhi-t'e-l'a.
 A-min'!

If someone weak in faith begins to fear,
 That the temple of his hope will not hold out,
 May Your hand strengthen that unstable temple
 With the lines of this mournful book.

When someone cruelly tormented by an illness
 Almost loses his bond with life,
 May he find strength in these lines
 And rise again, praying to You.
 If deadly fear or doubt
 Suddenly seizes someone,
 May he find solace in this book,
 May he find peace by Your grace.

And if the burden of unredeemed sins
 Pulls a sinner into the abyss, may he
 By the power of the words that You inspired in me,
 Be saved and pardoned forever.
 If somewhere there is a sinner
 Who does not escape the Devil's trap –
 Allow my work to be his support
 And set the madman right with Your own lights.

And if someone in fatal pride
 Is ready to forget the words of holy prayers –
 Allow me to bring him back to the sacred faith
 By the power of the words that You inspired.
 Allow my book of sorrowful songs
 To bring back to the Eucharist and the Cross,
 Those who persist in their contemptible vanity
 In satanic blindness.

And let my song,
 Inspired by your divine mercy,
 Calm the storm of unbelief
 That rages, as over the water, over people's souls.

4

Complete this work
 Which I began in hope,
 And with Your name,
 So that my singing may become healing,
 Curing the wounds of body and soul.

And if my humble work is finished
 With your holy blessing –
 May the Divine Spirit in it
 Join with my meager inspiration.
 The revelation You have granted
 Do not extinguish.

Do not abandon my reason,
 But again and again receive praise
 From Your servant.
 Amen!

Arvo Pärt: Berliner Messe**Kyrie eleison**

Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

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

Gloria in excelsis

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax
hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi
propter magnam gloriam tuam.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis,
Deus pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite,
Jesu Christe altissime.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus.
Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.
Cum sancto spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Glory be to God on high.
And on earth, peace
to men of good will.
We praise Thee. We bless Thee.
We adore Thee. We glorify Thee.
We give thanks to Thee
for Thy great glory.
Lord God, Heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty.
Lord the only-begotten son,
Jesus Christ, high above all.
Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father.
Thou who takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Thou who takest away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer.
Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.
For thou alone are holy.
Thou alone art the Lord.
Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ.
With the Holy Ghost
in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Veni Sancte Spiritus

Veni Sancte Spiritus, et emitte
caelitus lucis tuae radium;
veni pater pauperum, veni dator munerum,
veni lumen cordium;
consolator optime, dulcis hospes animae,
dulce refrigerium;
in labore requies in aestu temperies,
in fletu solatium.
O lux beatissima, reple cordis intima
tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine nihil est in homine,
nihil est innoxium.

Come, Holy Spirit, and give out
the heavenly radiance of your light;
come, father of the poor, come, giver of gifts,
come, light of all hearts;
best of comforters, sweet guest of the soul,
refreshingly sweet;
rest in labour, calm in the storm,
solace in weeping.
O most blessed light, fill the inmost heart
of thy faithful.
Without your power there is nothing in a man,
nothing is wholesome.

Lava quod est sordidum, riga quod est aridum,
sana quod est saucium.
Flecte quod est rigidum, fove quod est frigidum,
rege quod est devium.
Da tuis fidelibus, in te confidentibus,
sacrum septenarium.
Da virtutis meritum, da salutis exitum,
da perenne gaudium. Amen. Alleluia.

Wash what is soiled, water what is parched,
heal what is wounded.
Bend what is set firm, warm what is cold,
rule over what has gone astray.
Give to your faithful, who trust in you,
your sevenfold gifts.
Reward the virtuous release the rescued,
give joy forever. Amen. Alleluia.

Symbolum Nicenum (Credo)

Credo in unum Deum,
Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem caeli et terrae,
visibilium omnium,
et invisibilium.
Et in unum Dominum, Jesum Christum,
Filius Dei unigenitum,
et ex Patre natum
ante omnia saecula.
Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,
Deum verum de Deo vero.
Genitum, non factum,
consubstantialem Patri;
per quem omnia facta sunt.
Qui propter nos homines,
et propter nostram salutem
descendit de caelis.
Et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto
ex Maria Virgine;
et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis;
sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est.
Et resurrexit tertia die,
secundum Scripturas;
et ascendit in caelum;
sedet ad dexteram Patris.
Et iterum venturus est cum gloria,
iudicare vivos et mortuos,
cuius regni non erit finis.
Et in Spiritum Sanctum,
Dominum et vivificantem,
qui ex Patre Filioque procedit,
qui cum Patre et Filio
simul adoratur et conglorificatur;

I believe in one God,
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,
and born of the Father
before all ages.
God of God, light of light,
True God of true God.
Begotten, not made,
of one substance with the Father;
by whom all things were made.
Who for us all,
and for our salvation,
came down from heaven.
And became incarnate
By the Holy Ghost
Of the Virgin Mary;
and was made man.
And was crucified also for us;
under Pontius Pilate,
suffered and was buried.
And the third day he rose again,
according to the Scriptures;
and ascended into heaven;
And sitteth on the right hand of the Father.
And he shall come again in glory,
to judge the living and the dead,
Whose kingdom shall have no end.
And in the Holy Ghost
the Lord and life-giver,
who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,
who with the Father and the Son
together is adored and glorified;

Arvo Pärt: Berliner Messe - *continued*

qui locutus est per Prophetas.
Et unam sanctam catholicam
et apostolicam ecclesiam.
Confiteor unum baptisma
in remissionem peccatorum.
Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum.
Et vitam venturi saeculi,
Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit
in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei – Dona Nobis Pacem

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Dona nobis pacem.

Who spake by the prophets.
And in one holy catholic church
And apostolic Church.
I acknowledge one Baptism
for the remission of sins.
And I expect the resurrection of the dead.
And the life of the world to come,
Amen.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is He who comes
in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

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,
have mercy upon us.
Give us peace.



ARVO PÄRT



ALFRED SCHNITTKE

Photo of Arvo Pärt graciously donated by the Estonian photographer Kaupo Kikkas.
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Cantata Singers & Ensemble
David Hoose, *Music Director and Conductor*

THE PASSION



J.S. Bach's *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, first page of the alto part-book. This alto part was copied not by Bach but by one of his scribes, someone who very successfully imitated his master's hand. Wilhelm Friedemann, Bach's eldest son, sold the score to BWV 4 after his father's death, and it is lost. Only the performer's materials from a Leipzig performance in 1724, kept by Bach's widow Anna Magdalena, survive.

Sunday • March 18 • 2012 • 3pm
NEC's Jordan Hall

Christoph Demantius
(1567-1643) Weissagung des Leidens und Sterbens Jesu Christi
Fürwahr er trug unser Krankheit
Da er gestraft und gemartert ward
Wenn er sein Leben zum Schuldopfer gegeben hat

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886) *Via Crucis – The 14 Stations of the Cross*
orchestrated by David Hoose

intermission

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897) *Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen*, op. 74, no. 1
Adagio espressivo
Un poco piu mosso
Lento e dolce
Chorale

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750) *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, Cantata BWV 4
Sinfonia
Verse I. Christ lag in Todsbanden
Verse II. Der Tod niemand zwingen kunnt
Verse III. Jesus Christus, Gottes Sohn
Verse IV. Er war ein wunderlicher Krieg
Verse V. Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm
Verse VI. So feiern wir das hohe Fest
Verse VII. Wir essen und wir leben wohl

Demantius	Weissagung des Leidens und Sterben Jesu Christi
Liszt	Via Crucis — The Way of the Cross
Brahms	Warum ist das Licht gegeben
Bach	Christ lag in Todesbanden

An Eastertide program of two overwhelming and much-revered compositions, paired with two equally extraordinary but rather unknown compositions that could be beloved (though perhaps not so universally), were they only known. The darkness of this central moment is expected; less so is a confidence in, if not yet celebration of, the light toward which the Passion story leads. All four composer's creations share a bluntness and concision that, at least in the case of Franz Liszt and for that matter, of Bach of his later years, are rare. Little within these four achievements offers a balm, but each composer's stance, at once personal and dispassionate, allows the listener's response a ferocious intensity perhaps less likely in the presence of more extravagant music.

—David Hoose

PROGRAM NOTES

When we think of music for Passiontide, our first thought is likely to be of J.S. Bach's *Passion According to Saint Matthew* and its little brother *John*, but these complex works are fruits of more than a thousand years of evolution and experimentation in the ways that the scriptural story of the final days of the life of Jesus have been presented in music. The earliest form was a recitation in plainchant by a single priest simply commemorating the events as recounted by one or another of the evangelists. But the dramatic possibilities of the Gospel narratives were immediately recognized and eventually exploited by composers for nearly every combination of forces imaginable. It is the centrality of the Gospel narrative that we think of as identifying Passion music, but today's program includes none of the many possible examples of this approach to telling the story.

Christoph Demantius (1567-1643), though little known today, was one of the most prominent musicians in Germany of the generation between Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594) and Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672). He worked during the period when Lutheran liturgical practice was shifting from Latin to German, and composed sacred and secular works for voices and/or for instruments. Chief among Demantius's religious works is a *Deutsche Passion, nach dem Evangelisten S. Johanne*. It is considered a consummate example of a "motet passion," using an abbreviated text sung by a six-voice chorus throughout, only at one unexpected instant employing fewer than three voices. Excellent as this twenty-three minute composition is, we have become so used to having the personae of the Passion narrative expressed by different singers that this motet-style Passion can today feel both distant and compressed.

When Demantius's *Deutsche Passion* was published in 1631, the composer appended to it a second work about half as long, another six-voice motet, "*Weissagung des Leidens und Sterbens Jesu Christi*," that is a reflection on the events of the Passion. Perhaps "preflection" would be a better word, because the text of this piece dates from the middle of the 6th century BCE. It is most of the 53rd chapter of

Isaiah, a famous prophecy later interpreted by Christians as foretelling the suffering and death of Jesus, identifying him as the redeemer, the suffering servant described in Isaiah's poem. The words are familiar. We know them from the second act of *Messiah*, if from nowhere else.

Demantius's motet is in three sections. The first employs all six voices and sets the scene: "Surely he hath borne our griefs... and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all." In the second section detailing the redeemer's patient suffering, the two lowest voices are silent, producing a subtle sensation of aural constriction. "He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth..." The final section again uses the full six-voice choir to express the ultimate reward of the suffering servant, the redemption of the redeemer.

In contrast to the poetic and prophetic overview of Isaiah, the devotional observation of the Stations of the Cross focuses intently on a few specific moments of Good Friday. The "stations" are a sequence of locations, typically in the nave of a church, each marked by an image portraying a particular event, arranged so that the worshiper can pause at each in turn for meditation and prayer. This practice, arising in mediaeval times, had counted varying numbers of stations until, around 1600, fourteen became the standard number. Some of the customary stations depict events lacking scriptural attestation and derive from later legends; for example, the three times Jesus falls and the encounter with St. Veronica. There have been surprisingly few musical attempts to view the Passion through the microscopic perspective of the Stations, the Way of the Cross, the *Via Crucis*. Virtually the only choral example is the one on today's program.

Franz Liszt (1811-1886), a devout Catholic, wrote a great deal of music for the Church, much of it in the later years of his life, a time when he also felt free to push harmonic experimentation to great lengths. *Via Crucis*, composed in 1878-79, is his most remarkable sacred creation of this period, perhaps the most remarkable of all his sacred works. In his biography, *Liszt* (Schirmer Books, 1989), Derek Watson sums up: "This profoundly affecting work is almost a compendium of the most unusual features of Liszt's later style and is rich in the symbols of music and religion that meant the most to him." Consider, for example, the opening three notes of *Vexilla regis*, the first sounds the chorus sings. The rising pattern, ascending first by a major second then by a minor third, is also the beginning of the Good Friday hymn *Crux fidelis*. Liszt refers to this as his Cross motive. It appears in various places in *Via Crucis*, as well as in numerous other compositions sacred and secular.

The work comprises an introduction followed by fourteen brief movements, each representing a station. The stations are not treated equally. They range from instrumental movements to thoroughly choral ones. For these, Liszt worked with texts assembled by Princess Carolyne Syne-Wittgenstein, his paramour for forty years. Besides employing apt Biblical quotations, she drew on Latin chants, *Vexilla regis* and *Stabat mater*, and German hymns, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* and *O Trauerigkeit*. While the disparity of treatment seems puzzling at first, it offers the meditating worshiper a variety of ways to respond to the images at the successive stations. In fact, Liszt apparently considered the text secondary to the intimate emotional content of the music, for he made an arrangement of the piece for two pianos alone, deleting the voice parts. The original version employed piano as sole accompanying instrument, but Liszt soon added another version, for organ or harmonium. None of the three was published in his lifetime, because the piece was

rejected by Liszt's favored Catholic publisher. Whether it was deemed unsalable because of its daring chromaticism or its pearls-on-a-string form is unknown. The first performance of *Via Crucis* occurred in 1929. For the first Cantata Singers performance of the work, in Jordan Hall, March 2003, David Hoose orchestrated the keyboard part for string orchestra, harp, celesta, snare drum, and tam-tam. That is the orchestration we are hearing today.

—Charles Husbands



Brahms composed his motet *Warum ist das Licht gegeben* in the village of Pörtlach in 1877, one year after the effortful completion of his First Symphony. He began the summer by quickly composing his Second Symphony, generally held to be his most cloudless, ebullient piece. He then proceeded immediately to this motet, a few phrases of which had actually been composed twenty years before. He dedicated it to the great Bach scholar Philipp Spitta, with whom he was collaborating on the first complete Bach edition. (The relationship of Brahms's composing to the serial appearance of those volumes is a large and fascinating subject.)

When an admirer, Vincenz Lachner, wrote to Brahms about the strange shadows (trombones and timpani) in the sunny Second Symphony (he is among the first to notice them), Brahms responded:

I would have to confess that I am... a severely melancholic person. That black wings are constantly flapping above us, and that in my output—perhaps not entirely by chance—that symphony is followed by a little essay about the great 'Why.' If you don't know this [motet] I will send it to you. It casts the necessary shadow on the serene symphony and perhaps accounts for those timpani and trombones.

So the motet, *Warum*, its powerful sequence of texts assembled by Brahms himself, is the 'necessary' response—almost as if he doesn't want his listeners to ignore, ever, the complex ambiguous tone that makes his voice his own.

Not until 1951 did the Bach pundits face the music and grant BWV 4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, its rightful and amazingly early date of composition, 1708 (Bach at 23). It is either his first cantata

or one of the first. It is stylistically at one with cantatas of the previous generation, very like the choral variation organ pieces Bach was writing at the time as part of his slow, hardly dazzling apprenticeship.

Confusing the earlier scholars was the consistently high quality of Cantata 4. Twice in Bach's very early vocal writing masterpieces erupted, here and in BWV 106, the *Actus Tragicus*, with little around them to suggest this could be possible.

Why here? The variation subject is a powerful melody constructed by another from ancient sources—a Gregorian chant, *Victimae paschali laudes*, and an Easter Carol, *Christ ist erstanden*: it is sturdy, fervent and memorable. Luther's text burn with fearless, graphic Passover images. We understand why a contemporary Jesuit credited Luther's songs with "destroying more souls than his writings and talks." Bach gives each verse a distinct musical character. The tight constraint of the variation format curbs the young composer's tendency to overelaborate, or completely digress. Each movement is in the same key, the instrumental participation is sober, but the piece has ample variety. It is so confidently and consistently composed that the theories that it was "touched up" later in Leipzig seem out of place.

Support for such theories? The final chorale is clearly from two decades later, in the language of the Leipzig intense cantata-writing period. Still it hardly seems discontinuous, since the final bass aria is so vivid, so eventful, so finely detailed, that it reaches a visionary level. It seems to join up bracingly with the great, mature harmonization that concludes.

—John Harbison



Christoph Demantius: Weissagung des Leidens und Sterbens Jesu Christi**Erster Teil**

Fürwahr, er trug unsere Krankheit,
und lud auf sich unsere Schmerzen,
wir aber hielten ihn für den,
der geplagt von Gott geschlagen
und gemartert wäre.
Aber er ist um unserer Missetat
willen verwundet
und um unserer Sünde willen zerschlagen.
Die Strafe liegt auf ihm,
auf daß wir Frieden hätten,
und durch seine Wunden sind wir geheilet.
Wir gingen all in der Irre wie die Schafe,
ein jeglicher sah auf seinen Weg.
Aber der Herr warf all unsere Sünde auf ihn.

Zweiter Teil

Da er gestraft und gemartert ward, tat er
seinen Mund nicht auf wie ein Lamm, das zur
Schlachtbank geführt wird, und wie ein Schaf,
das verstummt vor seinem Scherer und seinen
Mund nicht auftut.

Er aber ist aus Angst und Gericht genommen;
wer will seines Lebens Länge ausreden? Denn er
ist aus dem Lande der Lebendigen weggerissen,
da er um die Missetat meines Volkes geplagt war.

Und man gab ihm bei Gottlosen sein Grab und
bei Reichen, da er gestorben war, wiewohl er
niemand Unrecht getan hat noch Betrug in
seinem Munde gewesen ist.

Aber der HERR wollte ihn also zerschlagen mit
Krankheit.

Dritter Teil

Wenn er sein Leben zum Schuldopfer gegeben
hat, so wird er Samen haben und in die Länge
leben, und des HERRN Vornehmen wird durch
seine Hand fortgehen.

Darum, daß seine Seele gearbeitet hat, wird
er seine Lust sehen und die Fülle haben. Und
durch seine Erkenntnis wird er, mein Knecht,
der Gerechte, viele gerecht machen; denn er
trägt ihr Sünden.

Surely he hath borne our griefs,
and carried our sorrows:
yet we did esteem him
stricken, smitten of God,
and afflicted.
But he was wounded
for our transgressions,
and bruised for our iniquities:
the chastisement was upon him;
that we may have peace,
and with his stripes we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray;
we have turned every one to his own way;
and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he
opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to
the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers
is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment:
and who shall declare his generation? For he
was cut off out of the land of the living: for the
transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with
the rich in his death; because he had done no
violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath
put him to grief.

When thou shalt make his soul an offering
for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong
his days, and the pleasure of the LORD shall
prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall
be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous
servant justify many; for he shall bear their
iniquities.

Darum will ich ihm große Menge zur Beute
geben, und er soll die Starken zum Raube
haben, darum daß er sein Leben in den
Tod gegeben hat und den Übeltätern gleich
gerechnet ist und er vieler Sünde getragen hat
und für die Übeltäter gebeten.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the
great, and he shall divide the spoil with the
strong; because he hath poured out his soul
unto death: and he was numbered with the
transgressors; and he bore the sin of many, and
made intercession for the transgressors.
—Isaiah 53:4-12 (KJV)

Franz Liszt: Via Crucis**Via Crucis****Die 14 Stationen des Kreuzweges**

Vexilla regis prodeunt,
fulget crucis mysterium
qua vita mortem pertulit
et morte vitam protulit.

Impleta sunt,
quae concinit
David fideli carmine
dicendo nationibus,
regnabit a ligno Deus.
Amen.

O crux, ave,
spes unica,
hoc passionis tempore
piis adauge gratiam
reisque dele crimina.
Amen.

Station I

Jesus wird zum Tode verdammt.

Pilatus:

Innocens ego sum
a sanguine justis hujus.

Station II

Jesus trägt sein Kreuz.

Ave, ave crux!

Station III

Jesus fällt zum ersten Mal.

Jesus cadit.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrymosa,
dum pendebat filius.

The Way of the Cross**The 14 Stations of the Cross**

The banners of the King advance,
the mystery of the Cross shines out
by which life brought death
and from death brought life.

There is fulfilled
the true song that
David sang
to the peoples, telling that
God reigned from the Tree.
Amen.

O Cross, hail,
only hope,
in this passiontide,
grant more grace to the thankful
and erase the sins of the guilty.
Amen.

Jesus is condemned to death

Pilate:

I am innocent
of the blood of this just man.

Jesus takes up his Cross

Hail, hail Cross!

Jesus falls for the first time

Jesus falls.

There stood the mournful mother
weeping by the Cross,
while her son was hanging there.

Franz Liszt: *Via Crucis – continued***Station IV**

Jesus begegnet seiner heiligen Mutter.

Jesus greets his holy Mother

Station V

Simon von Kyrene hilft Jesus das Kreuz tragen.

Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the Cross

Station VI

Sancta Veronica

Saint Veronica (wipes the feet of Jesus with her veil)

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,
voll Schmerz und voller Hohn!
O Haupt, zum Spott gebunden
mit einer Dornenkron!
O Haupt, sonst schön gezieret
mit höchster Ehr und Zier,
jetzt aber höchst beschimpfet,
gegrüßet seist du mir!

Oh bloodied Head and wounded
full of pain and scorn!
Oh Head bound for mockery
with a crown of thorns!
Oh Head, once fairly decked
with highest honor and grace,
yet most deeply insulted,
let me greet Thee!

Station VII

Jesus fällt zum zweiten Mal.

Jesus falls for the second time

Jesus cadit.

Jesus falls.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrymosa,
dum penebat filius.

There stood the mournful mother
weeping by the Cross,
while her son was hanging there.

Station VIII

Die Frauen von Jerusalem.

The Women of Jerusalem

Jesus:

Jesus:

Nolite flere super me
sed super vos ipsas flete
et super filios vestros.

Weep not over me,
but weep over yourselves
and over your sons.

Station IX

Jesus fällt zum dritten Mal

Jesus falls for the third time

Jesus cadit.

Jesus falls.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrymosa,
dum penebat filius.

There stood the mournful mother
weeping by the Cross,
while her son was hanging there.

Station X

Jesus wird entkleidet.

Jesus is stripped of his clothing

Station XI

Jesus wird ans Kreuz geschlagen.

Jesus is nailed to the Cross

Crucifige, crucifige!

Crucify him, crucify him!

Station XII

Jesus stirb am Kreuze.

Jesus dies on the Cross

Jesus:

Jesus:

Eli, Eli, lamma Sabacthani?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

In manus tuas
commendo spiritum meum.

Into thy hands
I commend my spirit.

Consummatum est.

It is accomplished.

O Traurigkeit,
o Herzeleid,
ist das nicht zu beklagen?
Gott des Vaters einigs Kind
wird ins Grab getragen.
O Traurigkeit,
o Herzeleid.

Oh sadness,
Oh heartfelt pain,
is that not to be lamented?
God the Father's only Son
is carried to the grave.
Oh sadness,
Oh heartfelt pain.

Station XIII

Jesus wird vom Kreuz genommen.

Jesus is taken down from the Cross

Station XIV

Jesus wird ins Grab gelegt.

Jesus is laid in the tomb

Ave crux, spes unica,
mundi salus et gloria,
auge piis justitiam
reisque dona veniam!
Amen.

Hail Cross, only hope,
salvation and glory of the world,
grant justice to the pious
and forgiveness to sinners!
Amen.

Ave crux!

Hail Cross!

Johannes Brahms: Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen,
und das Leben den betrübten Herzen,
Die des Todes warten und kommt nicht,
und grüben ihn wohl aus dem Verborgenen,
Die sich fast freuen und sind fröhlich,
daß sie das Grab bekommen,
Und dem Manne, deß Weg verborgen ist,
und Gott vor ihm denselben bedeckt?

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery,
and life unto the bitter in soul;
Which long for death, but it cometh not;
and dig for it more than for hid treasures;
Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad,
when they can find the grave?
Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
and whom God hath hedged in?
—Job 3:20-23 (KJV)

Lasset uns unser Herz
samt den Händen aufheben
zu Gott im Himmel.

Let us lift up our heart
with our hands
unto God in the heavens.
—Lamentations 3:41 (KJV)

Johannes Brahms: Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen – *continued*

Siehe, wir preisen selig,
die erduldet haben.
Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr gehört,
und das Ende des Herrn habt ihr gesehen;
denn der Herr ist barmherzig,
und ein Erbarmer.

Behold, we count them happy
which endure.
Ye have heard of the patience of Job,
and have seen the end of the Lord;
that the Lord is very pitiful,
and of tender mercy.
—James 5:11 (KJV)

Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin,
in Gottes Willen,
getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheissen hat:
der Tod ist mir Schlaf worden.

With peace and joy I depart
In God's will,
My heart and mind are comforted,
Calm, and quiet.
As God had promised me:
Death has become my sleep.
—Translation by Pamela Dellal,
courtesy of Emmanuel Music

J.S. Bach: Christ lag in Todesbanden, BWV 4**Sinfonia****Versus 1—Choral**

Christ lag in Todesbanden
Für unsre Sünd gegeben,
Er ist wieder erstanden
Und hat uns bracht das Leben;
Des wir sollen fröhlich sein,
Gott loben und ihm dankbar sein
Und singen halleluja,
Halleluja!

Christ lay in death's bonds
given over for our sins,
He has risen again
and brought us life;
therefore we should be joyful,
praise God and be thankful to Him
and sing Hallelujah,
Hallelujah!

Versus 2—Duett S A

Den Tod niemand zwingen kunnt
Bei allen Menschenkindern,
Das macht' alles unsre Sünd,
Kein Unschuld war zu finden.
Davon kam der Tod so bald
Und nahm über uns Gewalt,
Hielt uns in seinem Reich gefangen.
Halleluja!

No one could defeat death
among all humanity,
this was all because of our sins,
no innocence was to be found.
Therefore death came so soon
and took power over us,
held us captive in his kingdom.
Hallelujah!

Versus 3—Choral T

Jesus Christus, Gottes Sohn,
An unser Statt ist kommen
Und hat die Sünde weggetan,
Damit dem Tod genommen
All sein Recht und sein Gewalt,

Jesus Christ, God's son,
has come in our place,
and has done away with sin,
thereby taking from death
all his rights and power,

Da bleibt nichts denn Tods Gestalt,
Den Stach'l hat er verloren.
Halleluja!

nothing remains but death's form;
he has lost his sting.
Hallelujah!

Versus 4—Choral

Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg,
Da Tod und Leben rungen,
Das Leben behielt den Sieg,
Es hat den Tod verschlungen.
Die Schrift hat verkündigt das,
Wie ein Tod den andern fraß,
Ein Spott aus dem Tod ist worden.
Halleluja!

It was a strange battle,
that death and life waged,
life claimed the victory,
it devoured death.
The scripture had prophesied this,
how one death gobbled up the other,
a mockery has been made out of death.
Hallelujah!

Versus —Arie B

Hier ist das rechte Osterlamm,
Davon Gott hat geboten,
Das ist hoch an des Kreuzes Stamm
In heißer Lieb gebraten,
Das Blut zeichnet unsre Tür,
Das hält der Glaub dem Tode für,
Der Würger kann uns nicht mehr schaden.
Halleluja!

Here is the true Easter-lamb,
offered up by God,
which was, high on the cross' stalk
roasted in hot love,
the blood marks our door,
faith holds it against death,
the strangler can no longer harm us.
Hallelujah!

Versus 6 - Duett S T

So feiern wir das hohe Fest
Mit Herzensfreud und Wonne,
Das uns der Herre scheinen läßt,
Er ist selber die Sonne,
Der durch seiner Gnade Glanz
Erleuchtet unsre Herzen ganz,
Der Sünden Nacht ist verschwunden.
Halleluja!

So we celebrate the high festival
with joy of heart and delight,
which the Lord radiates upon us,
He himself is the sun,
that through the splendor of his grace
illuminates our hearts completely,
the night of sin has disappeared.
Hallelujah!

Versus 7 - Choral

Wir essen und leben wohl
In rechten Osterfladen,
Der alte Sauerteig nicht soll
Sein bei dem Wort der Gnaden,
Christus will die Koste sein
Und speisen die Seel allein,
Der Glaub will keins andern leben.
Halleluja!

We eat and live well
on the true Easter bread,
the old leaven shall not
exist next to the word of grace,
Christ will be our food
and nourish the soul alone,
faith will live in no other way.
Hallelujah!

—Translation by Pamela Dellal,
courtesy of Emmanuel Music



Cantata Singers & Ensemble
David Hoose, *Music Director and Conductor*

IN THOUGHTS, OUR DREAMS

Aaron Copland's *In the Beginning*, first page of working short score, the manuscript with composer's changes and corrections. Courtesy of Library of Congress.

Saturday • May 12 • 2012 • 8pm
NEC's Jordan Hall

Charles Fussell
(b. 1938)

Invocation
Arranged for two pianos and chorus by David Hoose

Earl Kim
(1920-1998)

Some Thoughts on Keats and Coleridge
From "Frost at Midnight"
From "Ode to Psyche"
From "Ode to a Nightingale"
From "Shed No Tear – O Shed No Tear"
From "To Autumn"

Harold Shapero
(b. 1920)

Four-Hand Sonata for Piano
I. Very Slowly – Moderately fast

David Kopp, *piano*
Rodney Lister, *piano*

Kim

Scenes from a Movie, Part 3: The Twenty-sixth Dream

intermission

Rodney Lister
(b. 1951)

The Annunciation

Shapero

Four-Hand Sonata for Piano
II. Slowly
III. Fast

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

In the Beginning
Janna Baty, *mezzo-soprano*

Shapero	Sonata for Piano Four Hands
Kim	Some Thoughts on Keats and Coleridge
Kim	Scenes from a Movie: The 26th Dream
Fussell	Invocation
Lister	The Annunciation
Copland	In the Beginning

Four of the composers represented on this program—Harold Shapero, Earl Kim, Charles Fussell, and Rodney Lister—spent the major portion of their careers in Boston; the fifth, Aaron Copland, largely avoided the inevitable Harvard connection by foregoing a college education and going to Paris to study with Nadia Boulanger. He did teach at Harvard in 1933 and 1944, filling in for John Knowles Paine when he was on leave, and he later composed *In the Beginning* for the university's choir, which, led by Robert Shaw, gave its premiere. Through commissions and performances, Copland was also deeply associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Serge Koussevitsky, an enthusiastic supporter, and he spent numerous summers at the Berkshire Music Center in Lenox, Massachusetts. In a deep way, then, this program of American music is really a concert of New England music, each composer's voice uniquely his own, and all tied to a thread of unfussy, clear and direct expression that, without overtly attempting to, reveals searching and intimate feeling.

—David Hoose

PROGRAM NOTES

Harold Shapero was born in 1920 in Lynn, Massachusetts; he is married to the painter Esther Geller, and they live today in Natick, Massachusetts. As a teenager Shapero studied composition with Nicholas Slonimsky and Ernst Krenek. He then studied with Walter Piston at Harvard from 1939 to 1942, worked with Paul Hindemith at the Berkshire Music Center (a.k.a. Tanglewood) in 1941 (where he was a member of the first class), again in Lenox in 1942, and with Nadia Boulanger at the Longy School after graduating from Harvard. His compositions earned high praise and a string of prizes, including the Rome Prize, two Guggenheim fellowships, a Fulbright Fellowship, and a Naumburg Fellowship. His 1947 *Symphony for Classical Orchestra*, long a legendary piece, was conducted by Leonard Bernstein, Andre Previn, and George Szell, and was recorded by Bernstein and Previn. From 1951 to 1988, he taught at Brandeis University where he was the Irving Fine Professor of Music. Along with his close friends, fellow Harvard students and eventual Brandeis colleagues, Arthur Berger and Irving Fine, Shapero was described by their friend Aaron Copland as forming a "Stravinsky School" of American composers.

Shapero wrote his Sonata for Piano Four Hands in 1941, when he was a senior at Harvard, to play with friend and classmate Leonard Bernstein. He later recorded the work with another friend, the composer and pianist Leo Smit. A staggeringly mature and assured work for a composer so young, the Sonata approaches, in its manifestation of talent and skill, the level of the Mendelssohn Octet, and it is certainly the greatest work ever written by a Harvard undergraduate.

The Sonata is in three movements. The first begins with a slow introduction that features very rich chordal declamation, followed by a singing melody dominated by fifths that will reappear as the second

theme in the sonata-form-like main body of the movement; the second half of the movement is a brief but intense development section, followed by a condensed and quiet recapitulation. The second movement begins with the juxtaposition of ruggedly dissonant chords and a long lyric line, music suggesting a combination of Gershwin and, especially in its ferocious climax, Beethoven—a composer whose music seems always to be in Shapero's ear. This movement is followed without a break by the very spiffy rondo movement, with music described by David Kopp as "neoclassic-meets-latin" alternating with music that evokes Benny Goodman. The Sonata builds furiously to a slam-bang finish.

Earl Kim was born in Dinuba, California, in 1920, the third son of immigrant Korean parents. He began playing the piano when he was ten years old and quickly developed an interest in composition. He eventually studied in Los Angeles and at Berkeley, and his main teachers were Ernst Bloch, Roger Sessions, and Arnold Schoenberg. His studies were interrupted by World War II, during which he served in the U.S. Army as a combat intelligence officer; in this capacity, he flew over and surveyed the remains of Nagasaki twenty-four hours after the atomic bomb had been dropped on the city. Kim eventually moved to the east coast, where he taught at Princeton University from 1952 until 1967, and then, from 1967 until his retirement in 1990, at Harvard as the James Edward Ditson Professor. He was married to the violinist Martha Potter Kim. He died in Cambridge in 1998.

Composer Anthony Brandt, a student of Kim's, wrote that as an Asian-American, Earl Kim faced "the all-too-American tension of both belonging, with great pride, to the fabric of the country where he was born, and yet of being separate because of his ethnicity, [which] informed his spirit throughout his life." Kim's music is characterized by similar paradoxes: it is drastically and elegantly spare (one might describe it, in once sense, as minimal), and highly elusive, but tough, bold, and precise; one is hard pressed to say whether it is clear and simple, or deeply complex. "I am reducing everything to its maximum," he once said.

Kim was greatly attracted to the human voice, both speaking and singing, and the majority of his works involve voices and words. Many of his works used texts of Samuel Beckett, an artist with whom he shared a very similar aesthetic outlook. Beckett was notorious for keeping tight control over use of his works, and Kim was one of the very few composers who gained the author's permission to set his words to music. Toward the end of his life, however, Kim turned to texts of other writers, setting poems of Verlaine, Apollinaire, Baudelaire and others (in French), poems of Rilke (in translation), and poems by older English poets, as well as poems of the American Anne Sexton.

In *Some Thoughts on Keats and Coleridge*, Kim set fragments from the works of these two poets for unaccompanied chorus. Dedicated to the memory of Roger Sessions, the five movements were written for a festival featuring the music of Kim and his students, organized by Paul Salerni at Lehigh University in 1990. Salerni wrote of "several of these grown, distinguished men weeping during the last of the pieces, the one with the line 'thou has thy music too,'" and added "another memorable and teary performance was given at Earl's memorial in Paine Hall [at Harvard]." In gentle curves, each shifting gently from the previous, the music moves with feline simplicity, its rhythms suggested almost entirely by the flow of the words, and its understated harmonic turns delicately responsive to the words' sound and spirit.

Kim's *Scenes from a Movie: The 26th Dream* forms the last part of a trilogy setting texts from Rilke's *Aus dem Traumbuch*, in translation by G. Craig Houston. The first two parts, *The 7th Dream* and

The 11th Dream, composed in 1988 and 1989, respectively, are both for soprano, baritone, and piano trio. *Dream 26*, set for baritone, chorus, and two pianos, was composed in short score in 1995, and then orchestrated for performance by Cantata Singers & Ensemble in 1996. The general title for the trilogy, *Scenes from a Movie*, suggests that the text, which is edited and adapted by the composer, might be the screenplay for a movie, but the close relationship between the words and the music, which generates the musical details and progression, suggests, as David Hoose has written, “less that a movie should be made from them than that the work itself is the movie, complete in its aural and visual impact.”

Charles Fussell grew up in North Carolina and attended the Eastman School of Music, where he studied with Thomas Canning and Bernard Rogers, and where he received bachelor’s and master’s degrees. He later studied at the *Hochschule für Musik* in Berlin, working with Boris Blacher; while in Germany, he also attended the Bayreuth Masterclasses of Friedelind Wagner, granddaughter of the composer. Fussell later became assistant to and close friend of composer and critic Virgil Thomson; he is now active as vice president of the Virgil Thomson Foundation. He has received a citation and award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, grants from the Ford Foundation and the Aaron Copland Fund for Music, and a Fulbright Fellowship. Fussell taught at Boston University for many years and now teaches at Rutgers University.

Invocation, setting a poem by May Sarton, was written in 1996 for The Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia, Alan Harler, Director, and pianist Jean Dowdall. As some indication of the appeal of this modest work, *Invocation* now exists in three versions in addition to the original for chorus and one piano: a version for chorus and orchestra, created by Jeff Grace, and two by David Hoose, one for chorus, flute, clarinet, violin, cello, bass, piano and percussion, and the one for this program, for chorus and two pianos. Like Fussell’s larger choral works, *Specimen Days* and *High Bridge*, both of which have figured significantly in Cantata Singers’ musical life, *Invocation* integrates felicitous details, dramatic sweep, and a deeply satisfying harmonic sensibility, that are particularly and beautifully his.

Finally, there is me. I was born in 1951 in Ft. Payne, Alabama, and grew up in Nashville, Tennessee. I studied at the New England Conservatory, where my composition teacher was Malcolm Peyton, from which I received a bachelor’s degree; I then studied with Arthur Berger and Harold Shapero at Brandeis University. In between my stays at those institutions I studied for a number of years in England with Sir Peter Maxwell Davies at Dartington Summer School, both privately and as a member of his composition seminars; I also studied with Virgil Thomson. After a long break I returned to Brandeis, studying with Eric Chasalow, Martin Boykan, and Yehudi Wyner, and there received a doctorate. I teach at Boston University, as well at the Preparatory School of the New England Conservatory; during the summers, I teach at Greenwood Music Camp. I am honored to be included with these distinguished composers in a concert by such wonderful and distinguished performers.

Annunciation was written at the request of my friend, the composer and conductor Adam Grossman, for the Master Singers of Lexington, Massachusetts. He wanted a piece for a Christmas concert that would consist of music on Marian texts, so I compiled a text from bits and pieces of the section in W. H. Auden’s long Christmas poem, *For The Time Being*, that speaks of the annunciation. The garden in the text is a metaphor both for Mary’s virginal body and for her virginal mind, but it also

represents the site of her encounter with the holy spirit and with the Angel Gabriel. In the music itself, a parallel pun generates the piece: E-flat and G-flat, in the context of G minor, then become, identically, D-sharp and F-sharp, in the context of B major, thus causing a gentle friction between B-flat and B-natural.

—Rodney Lister



Aaron Copland composed *In the Beginning*, his most ambitious choral work, for Harvard University’s Symposium on Music Criticism. Organized by musicologist A. Tillman Merritt, the symposium took place on the first three days of May 1947 and featured papers, panel discussions, teas, and three concerts: the Walden String Quartet playing string chamber works by Piston, Schoenberg, and Martinu; Robert Shaw conducting the Harvard University Collegiate Chorale in choruses by Hindemith, Malipiero, and Copland; and the Martha Graham Company performing ballets by Chávez and Schuman.

Merritt requested from Copland an extended, *a cappella* choral work, possibly in Hebrew. Although Copland at first expressed a preference for a spot on the chamber-music concert, he ultimately agreed to the conditions, choosing as his text the opening chapter and the first seven verses of the second chapter of Genesis from the King James Version of the Bible.

Certain factors led Copland to this text over and above Merritt’s request for something in Hebrew. Its grandeur, optimism, and humanism—emphasized by its ending with the creation of man—accorded with the tenor of his music from this period. The imagery also allowed for imaginative musical touches; and the stylized repetitions of certain words and phrases suited his own propensity for mobile-like forms, raising the question of whether such rhetoric shaped his musical style in the first place (he used similar formulas in his text for *Lincoln Portrait*). Finally, he had given the text serious thought since 1943, when Martha Graham used portions of it for her original scripts to *Appalachian Spring*. (Not surprisingly, some striking musical resemblances can be found between *In the Beginning* and the Graham ballet.)

The choice of text was an unusual one, nonetheless. Although composers have set portions of the Bible for chorus for centuries, they usually have either chosen a few verses for any given section or else rearranged or otherwise revamped the text. In contrast, *In the Beginning* uses a whopping thirty-eight verses of text verbatim (aside from updating a few archaic meanings), in a single sixteen-minute, through-composed movement. This gives, in conjunction with the music's long-lined melodies, a somewhat impenetrable, monolithic quality to the work not unlike that found in the *Third Symphony*. Remarkably, in Copland's skillful hands, the text comes across clearly and expressively; only occasionally do the circumlocutions of King James threaten to defeat him, as in the mouthful "and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed."

Copland scored the piece for mezzo-soprano solo and four-part chorus. The solo generally declaims God's statements while the chorus comments on His actions, but often enough they reverse these roles or share them. All the music derives from the soloist's opening unaccompanied phrase, even more specifically, from the single gesture "In the beginning." Moreover, Copland literally repeats small, related motives for the text's ever recurring phrases; the intense similitude of the work's melodic material further enhances its blocklike character.

Symbolic and picturesque gestures abound, however, providing variety and contrast. The remarkably austere opening for unaccompanied soloist—sung, Copland writes, "in a gentle, narrative manner, like reading a familiar and oft-told story"—suggests the formless and dark earth, while the descending lines for alto and tenor that follow evoke "the Spirit of God" moving "upon the face of the waters." One can go through the entire work this way, savoring its subtle text painting phrase by phrase—text painting not necessarily obvious on a first hearing. For instance, a two-voiced duet for soprano and tenor in contrary motion depicts the division of light and dark. Similarly, the second day's separation of the waters features a wavelike three-voice canon, and the third day's "herb yielding seed" contains motives that organically grow and expand.

Copland's joyous setting of the fourth day's "lights in the firmament," with its jazzy melodies, its sustained notes in the chorus (like so many heavenly lights), and its brilliant use of choral *divisi*, constitutes one of the piece's highlights. Similarly vivid is the fifth day's creation of fish and fowl, with its circular melodies in canon that suggest a world alive with swimming and flying movement; the same melody, augmented in the bass, no doubt represents the "great whales." The sixth day's creation of earthly creatures recalls the music for the third day. For the creation of man, the chorus puts forth the first extended unison passage, though at the phrase "So God created man in his own image," the music neatly turns canonic.

The depiction of God's rest on the seventh day stands out for its remarkable calm; set for only the chorus, this beautiful section consists almost entirely of simple major triads. The soloist enters, soon after accompanied by the tenors in a poignant canon, explaining that God had yet to bring his creation to life. The work concludes with a slowly swelling passage for *divisi* chorus (expanded to as many as eight parts) for the verse in which God waters the earth and breathes life into man. At the final climactic word, "soul," the chorus sings a blazing major triad in its highest register, quadruple *forte*, an ending no less grand in its own way than the conclusion of the *Third Symphony*.

In the Beginning travels through a number of distantly related keys that do not seem to have any symbolic significance or hierarchical relationship; in fact, no single key stands out as particularly central. Rather, the work alternates a handful of favored keys, much as certain musical motives appear and reappear. These tonal shifts, sometimes quite jolting, make it hard for an unaccompanied chorus to stay in tune, but Copland writes the work so as to minimize such difficulties.

—Howard Pollack



Excerpted from Howard Pollack's *Aaron Copland: The Life and Work of an Uncommon Man*. Henry Holt and Company, 1999, reprinted by permission.

Charles Fussell: Invocation

Come out of the dark earth
Here where the minerals
Glow in their stone cells
Deeper than seed or birth.

Come under the strong wave
Here where the tug goes
As the tide turns and flows
Below that architrave.

Come into the pure air
Above all heaviness
Of storm and cloud to this
Light-possessed atmosphere.

Come into, out of, under
The earth, the wave, the air.
Love, touch us everywhere
With primeval candor.

—May Sarton

Earl Kim: Some Thoughts on Keats and ColeridgeFrom **“Frost at Midnight”**

...all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw;

whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge

From **“Ode to Psyche”**

...And there shall be for thee all soft delight
That shadowy thought can win,
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

—John Keats

From **“Ode to a Nightingale”**

...I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine
The murmurous haunt of flies
on summer eves.

—John Keats

From **“Shed No Tear – O Shed No Tear”**

Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year,
Weep no more! O weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O dry your eyes,
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies-
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead
'Mong the blossoms white and red-
Look up, look up – I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough...

Shed no tear! O shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, Adieu – I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue-
Adieu, Adieu!

—John Keats

From **“To Autumn”**

...Where are the songs of Spring? Aye,
where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too-
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, bourne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies...

—John Keats

Earl Kim: Scenes from a Movie, Part 3: The Twenty-sixth Dream

“Taken away from here and placed under a glass dome,” said the girl, facing into the adjacent room. Then she came right in and shut the door, drawing it quietly toward her.

“Claire,” I said, impelled by the feeling that everything had been exactly like this once before; Claire was what one had had to say at this point before. But this time, things went differently, so differently that it would have been permissible to say anything: cobalt or breathlessness or carp, but not that, not that: Claire. It was a mistake, it was offensive, it was frankly impossible to say Claire at that moment.

I saw that at once and understood it so perfectly, that the contempt with which the girl turned away from me did not surprise me at all. I heard her opening a drawer somewhere, and a little after that she was standing at the window with a piece of sewing, held it up against the light, stretched it out, and looked at it with her head slightly on one side. And in this position she said disdainfully: “It is incomprehensible that you did not want to kiss her.”

Now that was a quite unjustifiable sarcasm, and I contented myself with a slight ironical gesture. The girl sat down on the broad window-seat, laid her piece of sewing over one knee, and smoothed it out slowly to the right and to the left with both hands. And under the influence of this smoothing movement, or because I was looking at the fair drooping hair of the girl, or heaven knows for what reason, I actually see that it was incomprehensible. An enormous incomprehensibility comes towards me out of a small recollection. I see eyes, the enlarged eyes of illness, and these eyes implored. Good heavens, how these eyes implored.

“There will not be much left of her by now,” said the girl. Her two hands lay on the work on her knee, and it seemed, as she leaned back and looked at me, that she put as much distance as possible between herself and them.

She looked at me, she made her look so distant that I lost all my contours in it.

“She was a peasant girl,” I said quickly, as if in answer to a question, and as if it were the last moment for such an explanation. And I was unconscious that I then continued to say:

“She was (I must have said) in the large hotel, inhabited mostly by invalids. I stayed there, however, scarcely a week. She served me. I noticed that she served me well: by the third day, she knew everything, knew my little habits and petted them. But she coughed. She had caught the infection. ‘You have a cough,’ I said one morning. She only smiled. Immediately after that, outside, she had another attack.

“Then I left. When I opened my trunk in Florence, one tray was entirely covered with violets. And that evening a little note fluttered out of my night things. Farewell was written on it. Like a dictation written in school.

“Naturally I did not want to think of her again. Yet, I did; two months later when I visited the old hotel, mainly for invalids, she was not there. I even asked for her. ‘Marie is ill,’ the new chambermaid said, as if offended. But in the evening she was there. It was April and the place was famous for its climate. But that evening it was remarkably cold. She was kneeling before my stove, and when her face turned toward me it came out of the glow of the fire. Her eyes were shining from the fire. She did not get up at once, and I noticed that she had difficulty in rising. I helped her a little. I felt how light she was. ‘Are you alright?’ I asked carelessly as if intending a pleasantry. I remember she made no response; she simply looked at me, looked at me, looked at me. Not close to me; she had stepped back to the cupboard. I think she found it difficult to stand. In the end, she had got the better of it, and came (she had some strength still, still some strength), she came and looked at me once again quite close. How dark it was. It seemed to me as if her hair had grown softer, from her illness perhaps, or because she had not been working latterly.

Earl Kim: Scenes from a Movie, Part 3: The Twenty-sixth Dream – *continued*

She raised her arm slightly (I nearly forgot that) and laid both hands flat on my breast. And that was the last thing before she went –“

At that point I stopped, taken aback. “Have I been talking all this time?” She was sitting bent over her work, just a little more than was necessary.

“And you?” she said suddenly.

“I, yes... I let her go. I did nothing, said nothing either.”

“And then,” she asked critically.

“Then, then, I can’t recall, can’t remember.”

And in the silence I hoped to recall what it was I could not remember.

The girl had now clasped her hands around one knee which she had raised, with her face turned away, towards the window, and, speaking in that direction, she said, “Good God –“

And then she looked at me, looked at me once more.

—*Rainer Maria Rilke, translation by G. Craig Houston, adapted by Earl Kim*

Rodney Lister: The Annunciation

The garden is unchanged, the silence is unbroken.
Truth has not yet intruded to possess
Its empty morning nor the promised hour
Shaken its lasting May.

Look. There is someone in the garden.

The garden is unchanged, the silence is unbroken
For she is still walking in her sleep of childhood:
Many before

Have wandered in, like her, then wandered out
Unconscious of their visit and unaltered,

The garden unchanged, the silence unbroken:
None may wake there but One who shall be woken.

Wake.

—*Text drawn from “For The Time Being” by W. H. Auden*

Aaron Copland: In the Beginning

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years:

And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.

And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,

And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

—*Genesis 1:1-27 (KJV)*

John W. Ehrlich, founder and Music Director of The Spectrum Singers, has been active as a singer and conductor in the Boston and Cambridge areas for more than thirty-five years. Son of a concert pianist and a microbiologist, Mr. Ehrlich was born in Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan, and attended Grosse Pointe University School and the New Hampton School. He studied music and conducting at the Hartt School of Music, at Trinity College, and at Harvard and Boston Universities. His teachers were Robert Shaw, Gregg Smith, G. Wallace Woodworth, Nathan Gottschalk, and Vytautas Marijousius. Mr. Ehrlich has sung with Hartford Chamber Choir, Tanglewood Festival Chorus, Cambridge Society for Early Music, John Oliver Chorale, Boston Baroque, Cantata Singers, and Emmanuel Music. For eight seasons he was Music Director of the Master Singers of Worcester. This is Mr. Ehrlich's thirty-second season as Music Director of The Spectrum Singers.

John Harbison, distinguished American composer, was music director of Cantata Singers from 1969 to 1973, and from 1980 to 1982. His compositions include four string quartets, five symphonies, concertos for violin, cello, flute and oboe, a double concerto for oboe and clarinet, the cantata *The Flight Into Egypt* (composed for Cantata Singers), which earned him a Pulitzer Prize in 1987, *But Mary Stood* (also for Cantata Singers), *Requiem* (Boston Symphony Orchestra), *Four Psalms* (commissioned by the Israeli Consulate for the Chicago Symphony to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the State of Israel), numerous motets (for Emmanuel Music), many chamber works with voice, and three operas, including *The Great Gatsby*, commissioned by The Metropolitan Opera.

Mr. Harbison has been composer-in-residence with Pittsburgh Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Tanglewood, Marlboro, and Santa Fe Chamber music festivals, Songfest, and the American Academy in Rome. His music has been performed by the Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, New York Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, Chicago Symphony, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Lincoln Center Chamber Players, the Santa Fe and Aspen festivals, Boston Musica Viva, Dinosaur Annex, and Collage New Music, among others. Altogether, more than sixty of his compositions have been recorded.

As a conductor, John Harbison has served as Creative Chair with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra; has led the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Boston Symphony, and Handel & Haydn Society; and has been Acting Artistic Director of Emmanuel Music. Mr. Harbison is Institute Professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Stephen Hartke was born in New Jersey, was raised in Manhattan (where he began his musical training as a professional boy chorister), and studied at Yale School of Music, University of Pennsylvania and University of California at Santa Barbara. He has been on the faculty of the Thornton School of Music of the University of Southern California since 1987, where he is now Distinguished Professor of Composition.

Mr. Hartke's compositions have been performed by many distinguished musicians and organizations, including the New York Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel, Hilliard Ensemble,

Glimmerglass Opera, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Harvard Musical Association, Kansas City Symphony, Library of Congress, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra, Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, Chamber Music America, Fromm Foundation, and the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County.

Stephen Hartke has won the Rome Prize from the American Academy in Rome, two Koussevitzky Music Foundation Commission Grants, a Guggenheim Fellowship, the Academy Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the Stoeger Award from the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Charles Ives Living from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the Deutsche Bank Berlin Prize from the American Academy in Berlin. Hartke's music is available on commercial CDs released by Bridge, Chandos, CRI, ECM New Series, EMI Classics, Naxos American Classics, and New World Records.

Charles W. Husbands is a founding member of Cantata Singers, and has been a trustee since 1975, serving in most of the organization's offices at one time or another. Now nominally retired, he worked in the Harvard University Library Office for Information Systems, and its predecessors, for more than forty years. For the Cantata Singers 2009-10 Heinrich Schütz Season, Mr. Husbands penned a grand and eloquent biography of the long-lived featured composer.

Rodney Lister's compositions have been performed at Tanglewood, Library of Congress, Edinburgh Festival Fringe, and in New York and London, among other places, by performers including Joel Smirnoff, Tammy Grimes, Phyllis Curtin, Jane Manning, Mary Thomas, Michael Finnissy, Kathleen Supove, Jane Struss, Boston Cecelia, Blair Quartet, and the Fires of London. As a pianist, he has been involved in premieres, first US performances, first UK performances or first Boston performances of works by Virgil Thomson, Peter Maxwell Davies, Milton Babbitt, Michael Finnissy, Philip Grange, Lee Hyla, and Paul Bowles, among others. Mr. Lister studied at the New England Conservatory, Brandeis University, and as part of the seminar of Peter Maxwell Davies. His other composition teachers have been Malcolm Peyton, Donald Martino, Harold Shapero, Arthur Berger, and Virgil Thomson; he has also studied piano with Enid Katahn, David Hagan, Robert Helps, and Patricia Zander. Mr. Lister is currently preparing a large work for Collage New Music, entitled *Friendly Fire*.

Mr. Lister serves on the faculties of Boston University School of Music and the Preparatory School of the New England Conservatory Extension Division, where he teaches composition, theory, and chamber music and is co-director of the annual contemporary music festival. He is also a music tutor at Pforzheimer House, Harvard University, and is on the faculty of Greenwood Music Camp.



Cantata Singers & Ensemble

Now in its forty-eighth season, Cantata Singers & Ensemble offers New England audiences musical programming whose range and depth have consistently been recognized by listeners and media alike as engaging, nuanced and penetrating. Cantata Singers was founded in 1964 to bring to life the cantatas of J.S. Bach, works at that time as yet unexplored, and this composer's music continues to live at the heart of all that the organization does. During the past four decades, Cantata Singers' repertoire has expanded, and now includes music that reaches from 17th to the 21st century, including semi-staged operas, compositions not ordinarily associated with chamber choruses, and a recent series in which each season focused on a different composer—Kurt Weill, Benjamin Britten, Heinrich Schütz and Ralph Vaughan Williams. Through all of these explorations, Bach and the thought behind his rich creativity have remained the touchstone of Cantata Singers.

Cantata Singers' chorus comprises forty-four volunteer professional singers; with its orchestra, it presents a season of four main programs in the Boston and Cambridge area, all under the leadership of David Hoose.

Former Cantata Singers music directors have included Leo Collins, John Harbison, Philip Kelsey, and John Ferris; distinguished guest conductors have included Craig Smith, Joseph Silverstein, Blanche Honegger Moyses, Benjamin Zander, and Earl Kim. With David Hoose, the organization has given acclaimed performances of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion*, *Saint John Passion*, *Mass in B minor*, as well as many cantatas; Haydn's *The Creation* and *The Seasons*; the Brahms, Fauré, Mozart, Verdi and Duruflé Requiems; Handel's *Belshazzar*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah* and *Jephtha*; Schumann's *Scenes from Goethe's "Faust"*; Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Mass*, and *Symphony of Psalms*.

The organization has commissioned twelve choral-orchestral compositions, the first of which, John Harbison's *The Flight Into Egypt*, won the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for Music. Three of these commissions centered on the issue of slavery—Donald Sur's *Slavery Documents*, T.J. Anderson's *Slavery Documents 2*, both based on original writings about American slavery; and Lior Navok's *The Trains Kept Coming... Slavery Documents 3*, based on original documents, official communications and personal letters concerning the Allies' refusal to bomb the railroad tracks leading to the concentration camps. In 1995, Cantata Singers was awarded the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming of Contemporary Music. The ensemble has recorded music of Bach, Schütz, Schein, Schoenberg, and Stravinsky, as well as that of Irving Fine, David Chaitkin, Seymour Shifrin, John Harbison, Peter Child, and Charles Fussell.

Cantata Singers also runs a unique and intensive education program in the Boston Public Schools. "Classroom Cantatas" is a multi-week residency that introduces students of all ages to the fundamentals of song writing and performance preparation. Teaching artists from Cantata Singers guide the students to work as a creative team, a process that nurtures creativity, builds confidence, instills discipline and freedom of expression, and that culminates in a public performance at the close of each school year.

Cantata Singers & Ensemble

Commissioned Works

Yehudi Wyner, *Give Thanks for All Things*, 2010

Andy Vores, *Natural Selection*, 2009

Lior Navok, *Slavery Documents 3: And The Trains Kept Coming...*, 2008

Stephen Hartke, *Precepts* (co-commissioned with Winsor Music), 2007

John Harbison, *But Mary Stood: Sacred Symphonies for Chorus and Instruments*, 2006

James Primosch, (co-commissioned with Winsor Music), *Matins* 2003

T.J. Anderson, *Slavery Documents 2*, 2002

Andy Vores, *World Wheel*, 2000

Andrew Imbrie, *Adam*, 1994

Donald Sur, *Slavery Documents*, 1990

Peter Child, *Estrella*, 1988

John Harbison, *The Flight Into Egypt*, (winner, 1987 Pulitzer Prize in Music), 1986

Recordings

John Harbison, *Four Psalms and Emerson*; David Hoose, conductor; New World, 2004

Peter Child, *Estrella*; David Hoose, conductor; New World, 2002

Charles Fussell, *Specimen Days*; David Hoose, conductor; Koch International, 1997

David Chaitkin, *Seasons Such as These*; John Harbison, conductor; CRI, recorded 1976, re-released 1997

J.S. Bach, Cantatas BWV 7, BWV 44, BWV 101 (first recorded performances of 44 and 101);

John Harbison, conductor; recorded 1973, reissued 1993

Igor Stravinsky, *Les Noces*; Arnold Schoenberg, *Friede auf Erden* and *De Profundis*; works of Schütz and Schein; David Hoose, conductor; 1992

John Harbison, *The Flight Into Egypt*; David Hoose, conductor; New World Records, 1990

Irving Fine, *The Hour-Glass*; David Hoose, conductor; Nonesuch, 1988

Seymour Shifrin, *Cantata to the Text of Sophoclean Choruses*; David Hoose; CRI, 1984

John Harbison, Early Works, including *Five Songs of Experience*; John Harbison, conductor; CRI, 1973

David Hoose, *Music Director*

David Hoose has been Music Director of Cantata Singers & Ensemble for twenty-eight years.

When he became the ensemble's sixth music director, in 1984, he had already appeared as guest conductor three times and before that, had performed with the ensemble as a horn player.

Mr. Hoose also serves as Music Director of Collage New Music, a position he has held since 1991; with Collage he also had established a relationship before becoming its director, having guest conducted the ensemble many times. Since 1987, he has been Director of Orchestras at the Boston University School of Music, where he is Professor of Music. From 1994 to 2005, he was also Music Director of the Tallahassee Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Hoose has appeared as guest conductor of the Singapore Symphony Orchestra, Chicago Philharmonic, Saint Louis Symphony, Utah Symphony, Korean Broadcasting Symphony (KBS), Orchestra Regionale Toscana (Italy), Quad Cities Symphony Orchestra, Ann Arbor Symphony, Opera Festival of New Jersey, and at the Warebrook, New Hampshire, Monadnock and Tanglewood music festivals. In Boston he has appeared as guest conductor with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Handel & Haydn Society, Back Bay Chorale, Chorus Pro Musica, and numerous times with the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra and with Emmanuel Music. He has also conducted the new music ensembles Auros, Alea III, Dinosaur Annex, and the Fromm Chamber Players.

At Boston University, Mr. Hoose has mentored young conductors who now hold distinguished professional conducting positions, from college orchestras to professional orchestras and opera companies, and from 2006 to 2010, he served on the faculty of the Rose City International Conducting Workshop in Portland, Oregon. He has conducted the orchestras of the Manhattan School, Shepherd School at Rice University, University of Southern California, and the Eastman School, and has been guest conductor several times at New England Conservatory. For twenty summers he has conducted the Young Artists Orchestra at Boston University's Tanglewood Institute.

David Hoose grew up in Charlottesville, Virginia, son of a high school music teacher and a mother who sang in the car, and brother of a clarinet-playing older sister. His formal musical studies were at the Oberlin Conservatory (composition with Walter Aschaffenburg and Richard Hoffmann) and at Brandeis University (composition with Arthur Berger and Harold Shapero). He studied horn with Robert Fries (Philadelphia Orchestra), Barry Tuckwell, Joseph Singer (New York Philharmonic), and Richard Mackey (Boston Symphony Orchestra), and his conducting study was with Gustav Meier at the Berkshire (Tanglewood) Music Center.

Mr. Hoose is recipient of Choral Arts New England's 2008 Alfred Nash Patterson Lifetime Achievement Award, the 2005 Alice M. Ditson Conductors Award for the Advancement of American Music, the Walter W. Naumburg Chamber Music Award (with the Emmanuel Wind Quintet), the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming (with Cantata Singers), and the Dmitri Mitropoulos Award at the Berkshire (Tanglewood) Music Center. His recording of John Harbison's *Mottetti di Montale*, with Collage New Music, was a 2006 Grammy Nominee for Best Recording with Small Ensemble, and his recording with Collage of Donald Sur's chamber works was recently released on Albany Records. His other recordings appear on the New World, Koch, Nonesuch, Delos, Composers' Recordings (CRI), GunMar, and Neuma labels.

Classroom Cantatas

Welcome to the eighteenth year of giving voice to the innate creativity of Boston's children through Classroom Cantatas, an education outreach of the Cantata Singers! In once-weekly classes, Teaching Artists from the ranks of our chorus work in Boston classrooms to deliver the high impact experience of creating and performing original songs. Our goals are to engage students in singing and the composition process, to share the joy and transforming power that we ourselves find in music, and to connect Classroom Cantatas to individuals, classrooms, and school communities through relevant and high quality planning and teaching.

This year marks an exciting expansion of our program, with the addition of the Hurley School in the South End and the Mather School in Dorchester to our list of school partners. We also continue our work in Mendell Elementary School in Roxbury and Neighborhood House Charter School in Dorchester. Integration of the song texts into the core curriculum to support and enrich student learning is one of the unique characteristics of our program. In the spring of 2011, Classroom Cantatas students were singing original compositions about traditions of Mexican culture, how a tornado forms, lighthouses, and precipitation, to name just a few. Each residency concludes with a concert celebration and the presentation of a bound cantata and a CD of their performance.

Fostering creativity is really the essence of Classroom Cantatas. There aren't words to adequately convey the magic that happens when children are encouraged and empowered to truly express their own ideas. After exploring the basic tools, such as melody, rhythm, expressive elements, and internalizing the meaning of the text, the composition begins. It takes a leap of faith for many students to dip their toes into this creative process – after all, creativity demands the courage to expose thoughts and feelings on a deeper level than mere fact recitation. But the rewards of trusting the process are tremendous, and too compelling and engaging for children to resist. At our May 2011 culminating concert, twenty individual songs were premiered – each as unique and beautiful as the children who sang and wrote them. We invite you to visit our website to investigate the rich history of Classroom Cantatas, ways to get involved, and to discover other outreach events planned for the year to come.

Warmly,
Josh Taylor, *Education Coordinator*



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Frank Cunningham, Recording Engineer
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The Reverend David A. Killian and the staff of all Saints Parish
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Would you enjoy learning more about the works we are presenting during the 2011-2012 season? Both the New School of Music and Brookline Adult & Community Education are presenting lecture series by Chris Schroeder based on this season's programming. Please visit the New School of Music at www.cambridgemusic.org and Brookline Adult & Community Education at www.brooklineadulted.org for more information.

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Ralph Vaughan Williams: Dona Nobis Pacem

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A 20th Century Choral Kaleidoscope

Eric Whitacre: Lux Aurumque
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Two Horns, and Harp, op. 17
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Der Abend, op. 64
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Five Songs, op. 104

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Photo: David Hoose at Symphony Hall, by Michael Lutch

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Nov 21

BU Symphony Orchestra and Symphonic Chorus
Ann Howard Jones, conductor
Schoenberg *A Survivor from Warsaw*
Verdi *Requiem*
Symphony Hall

Feb 23-26

Il Matrimonio Segreto
Music by Domenico Cimarosa
Libretto by Giovanni Bertati
William Lumpkin, conductor
Boston University Theatre

Apr 2

BU Symphony Orchestra and Symphonic Chorus
David Hoose, conductor
Rachmaninoff *The Bells*
Shostakovich *Symphony No. 11, "1905"*
Symphony Hall

Apr 19-22

Dialogues of the Carmelites
Music by Francis Poulenc
Libretto by Francis Poulenc and Emmet Lavery
William Lumpkin, conductor
Sharon Daniels, stage director
Boston University Theatre

Chameleon Arts Ensemble

11 | 12

Transforming experiences in chamber music

<p>1 from the realm of light & song Saturday, October 1, 2011, 8 PM, First Church, Boston Sunday, October 2, 2011, 3 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Barber • Rouse • Beethoven</p>	<p>4 into unison with romantic spirit Saturday, March 24, 2012, 8 PM, First Church, Boston Sunday, March 25, 2012, 3 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Schumann • Berg • Mahler • Harbison • Korngold</p>
<p>2 songs, echoes & wandering strains Saturday, November 12, 2011, 8 PM, First Church, Boston Sunday, November 13, 2011, 3 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Schubert • Poulenc • Larsen • Brahms</p>	<p>5 and told in song Saturday, May 12, 2012, 8 PM, First Church, Boston Sunday, May 13, 2012, 3 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Enescu • Schumann • Sirota • Weir • Shostakovich</p>
<p>3 by the north-wind sent Saturday, February 4, 2012, 8 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Sunday, February 5, 2012, 3 PM, Goethe-Institut, Boston Sibelius • Tann • Maxwell Davies • Nielsen • Grieg</p>	<p>for tickets & more information chameleonarts.org 617-427-8200</p>

Boston Early Music Festival 2011-2012 CONCERT SERIES

Dame Emma Kirkby, *soprano*
& Jakob Lindberg, *lute*

October 21 | First Church Cambridge, Congregational

Stile Antico
December 17 | St. Paul Church, Cambridge

The English Concert
with Andreas Scholl, *countertenor*
October 23 | New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall, Boston

Tragicomedia
January 28 | First Church Cambridge, Congregational

Apollo's Fire
with Philippe Jaroussky, *countertenor*
November 5 | Emmanuel Church, Boston

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November 27 | New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall, Boston

Sequentia
March 3 | Houghton Chapel at Wellesley College, Wellesley

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