

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director



Music of Billings, Copland, Effinger,
Gershwin, Homes, Ives, Persichetti

Alex Bootzin, accompanist

Saturday, May 21, 2005, 8:00 PM
Trinity Presbyterian Church
San Carlos, CA

Program

At the River

Robert Lowry, 1864

Adapted by Aaron Copland

Choral arr: R. Wilding-White

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes we'll gather by the river,
the beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts with quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes we'll gather etc.

Rejoice, Ye Shining Worlds on High

Early American Fuguing-tune "Dedham"

William Billings

Text: Isaac Watts

Ed: William J. Reynolds

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
Who can this King of Glory be?

Raised from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a bless'd abode

I Will Sing of My Redeemer

Hymn Tune: James McGranahan

Text: Philip P. Bliss

I will sing of my Redeemer
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered
From the curse to set me free.

(Chorus)

Sing, O sing of my Redeemer
With His blood He purchased me;
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

(Chorus)

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

(Chorus)

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Appalachian Folk Song

Arr. Stuart Churchill

Black, black, black is the color
of my true love's hair.
Her lips are something wondrous fair;
The purest eyes
and the daintiest hands.
I love the grass on where she stands.

I love my love and well she knows.
I love the grass on where she goes.
If she on earth no more I'd see,
My life would quickly fade away.

This We Know

Text by Chief Seattle, 1855
on signing the Point Elliot Treaty
Music: Ron Jeffers

Women of Cantare

This we know.

The earth does not belong to us;
We belong to the earth.

This we know.

All things are connected
Like the blood that unites one family.
All things are connected.
Whate'er befalls the earth
Befalls the children of the earth.

This we know.

We did not weave the web of life,
We are merely a stand in it.
Whatever we do to the web,
We do do ourselves.

This we know.

Let Evening Come

Music: Brian W. Holmes
Words: Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn moving
up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarns. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

Four Pastorales

Bryan Cook, Oboe

Poems: Thomas Hornsby Ferril

Music: Cecil Effinger

1. No Mark

Corn grew where the corn was spilled
In the wreck where Casey Jones was killed,
Scruboak grows and sassafras
Around the shady stone you pass
To show where Stonewall Jackson fell
That Saturday at Chancellorsville,
And soapweed bayonets are steeled
Across the Custer battlefield;
But where you die the sky is black
A little while with cracking flak,
Then ocean closes very still
Above your skull that held our will.
O(h,) swing away, white gull, white gull,
Evening star, be beautiful.

2. Noon

Noon, Noon, Noon,
Noon is half the passion of light,
Noon, Noon, Noon,
Noon is the middle prairie and the slumber,
Noon,
The lull of resin weed,
The yucca languor,
Noon,
The wilt of sage at noon is the longest distance any nostril knows.
How far have we come to feel the shade of this tree?

3. Basket

Know me, know me, know me, know me then.
The children out of the shade have brought me a basket
Very small and woven of dry grass
Smelling as sweet in December as the day I smelled it first.
Only one other ever was this to me,

Sweet birch from a far river,
You would not know, you did not smell the birch,
You would not know, you did not smell the grass,
You, you did not know me then.
Know me, know me, know me, know me then.
The children out of the shade have brought me a basket.

4. Wood

There was a dark and awful wood
Where increments of death accrued
To ev'ry leaf and antlered head
Until it withered and was dead,
And lonely there I wandered and wandered and wandered.

But once a myth-white moon shone there
And you were kneeling by a flow'r,
And it was practical and wise
For me to kneel and you to rise,
And me to rise and turn to go,
And you to turn and whisper no, no, no,
And seven wondrous stags that I could not believe
Walked slowly by.

Let There Be Light

Processional

Music: Charles E. Ives (1901)

Text: Rev. John Ellerton

This is the Day of Light!
Let there be Light, Light,
Let there be Light
Today.

Nature's Way

Music & words: Charles E. Ives

Trans. for chorus: Herbert Haufrecht

When the distant evening bell
calmly breathes its blessing,
When the moonlight to the trees
speaks in words caressing,
When the stars with radiance
gaze towards the sleeping flowers,
Then does nature bare her soul,
giving strength to ours.

Serenity

Music: Charles Ives (adapted 1919)

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier
(from *The Brewing of Soma*)

O, Sabbath rest of Galilee!
O, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee,
the silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.
Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess,
the beauty of thy peace.

Turn Ye, Turn Ye

Words: Rev. Josiah Hopkins (1830)

from Ezekiel 33:11

Music: Charles Ives

Oh, turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
"Come."

Angels are waiting,
waiting to welcome you home,
to welcome you home,
So why will ye die?

And now Christ is ready
your soul to receive
Oh, how can you question,
if you will believe?
'Tis you, 'tis you He welcomes,
'tis you he bids come.
So why will ye die?

The Circus Band

Marge Cox, Piano

Words & Music: Charles Ives (1894)

All summer long, we boys dreamed
'bout big circus joys!
Down Main Street, comes the band,
Oh! "Ain't it a grand and glorious noise!"

Horses are prancing,
Knights advancing
Helmets gleaming
Pennants streaming,
Cleopatra's on her throne!
That golden hair is all her own.

Where is the lady all in pink?
Last year she waved to me I think,
Can she have died?
Can that rot.
She is passing but she sees me not.

Where is the clown, that funny gink,
Last year he winked at me I think,
Can he have died?
Oh can that rot!
He's still a-winkin' but he sees me not.

Porky & Porkie

Poem: e.e. cummings
Music: Neil Ginsberg

porky & porkie
sit into a moon)

blacker than dreams
are round like a spoon are
both making silence

two-made-of-one

& nothing tells anywhere
"snow will come soon" &
pretending they're birds sit

creatures of quills
(asleep who must go

things-without-wings

About the poem:
porky & porkie are porcupines!

sam was a man

poem: e. e. cummings
music: Vincent Persichetti

Men of Cantare

sam was a man
grinned his grin
done his chores
laid him down.

Sleep well

rain or hail
sam done
the best he kin
till they digged his hole

:sam was a man

stout as a bridge
rugged as a bear
slickern a weazel
how be you

(sun or snow)

gone into what
like all them kings
you read about
and on him sings

a whippoorwill;

heart as big
as the world aint square
with room for the devil
and his angels too

yes,sir

what may be better
or what may be worse
and what may be clover
clover clover

Ching-a-Ring Chaw

Minstrel Song Adapted by Aaron Copland
Arr. for Chorus by Irving Fine

(nobody'll know)

sam was a man
grinned his grin
done his chores
laid him down.

Sleep well

Sing of Spring

Music & Lyrics:
George and Ira Gershwin

Spring is here,
Sing willywallywillo!
Spring is here;
Sing tillytallytillo!
Winter's past, tralalilo!
The shepherd free at last,
Sing piminy mo!
Juga, juga, jug!
Spring appears:
The ploughboy starts to carol;
Spring appears;
We don our gay apparel
And fa, la, la!
We all rejoice!
Come, lift up ev'ry voice
And sing of spring!

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land,
An' the promised glory.
To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has a one, two, three, four courses.

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching,
Ho-a ding kum larkee.
Nights we all dance,
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle."

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendor,
Stand out in the sun,
And hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-come-in',
Dance, sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strummin'

About Peninsula Cantare—

Peninsula Cantare is an adult chorus dedicated to presenting high quality choral performances to its listening audience. In music from the Renaissance to the twentieth century, Peninsula Cantare delights in singing interesting and varied repertoire with the purpose of keeping alive the great tradition of choral masterpieces, and exploring newly composed works. Cantare gives three concerts each season, performing in churches throughout the Mid-Peninsula. On May 15 Cantare joined with three other choirs in a Benefit concert for Habitat for Humanity at the Sunnyvale Community Congregational Church. The choir has toured abroad, most recently joining with the Northern California Chorale from Santa Rosa for a tour of Spain, France and the island of Corsica. Janice Gunderson has been the Music Director since 1997.

Peninsula Cantare

Janice Gunderson, Music Director

Alexander Bootzin, Accompanist

SOPRANO

Virginia Boyd
Susan Breuer
Natalie Churchill
Shirley Fitzgerald
Vicki Hanson
Mary Ann Notz
Sharon Rice*
Ruth Sitton
Judith Tauber-Lovik

ALTO

Kathy Bond
Marge Cox
Ellen Hill
Victoria Jayswal
Kay Johnson
Paula Ondricek
Robyn Peters
Diane Reeve
Pamela Schwarz

TENOR

Max Capestany
Emery Gordon
Joseph Kresse
Paul Reeve*
Ruthie Wilkins

BASS

Bernard Buice
John Friesen
Peter Gunderson
Ron Hodges
Gene Hogenauer
Robert Janssen
Steve Pursell*
Jack Runte
Jay Siedenbug

*Speakers

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Recording Gary Brandenburg
Reception Vicki Jayswal

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• Joseph Kresse • Ruth Sitton
• Emery Gordon

Peninsula Cantare is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated..

Please join us for a reception following the performance.

www.peninsulacantare.org

If you would like to be on our mailing list, please leave your name and address in the lobby after the concert.

Name _____

Address _____
