Sunday Afternoon, June 8, 2014, at 2:00
Isaac Stern Auditorium / Ronald O. Perelman Stage

Distinguished Concerts International New York (DCINY)
Iris Derke, Co-Founder and General Director
Jonathan Griffith, Co-Founder and Artistic Director

presents

Bluegrass & Gray:
Sounds of Americana

DISTINGUISHED CONCERTS ORCHESTRA
DISTINGUISHED CONCERTS SINGERS INTERNATIONAL
MICHAEL ADELMON, Guest Conductor
JONATHAN GRIFFITH, Chorus Master
JOHN PURIFOY, Composer-in-Residence

JOHN PURIFOY  The Chronicles of Blue & Gray
(New York Premiere)
- Overture
- Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse One (Sons)
- Dissolve The Union
- Battle Cries
- Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Two (Cousins)
- Chronicles of Battles
- Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Three
  (Husbands)
- Letter to Sarah
- Let My People Go!
- Oh, Freedom!
- Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Four
  (Neighbors)
- Surrender at Appomattox
- O Captain! My Captain!
- Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Five (Brothers)
- The Blue and the Gray
- Chorus of the Union

CAITLIN HAWKINS, Soprano
TRAVIS HAZELWOOD, Baritone

Intermission

PLEASE SWITCH OFF YOUR CELL PHONES AND OTHER ELECTRONIC DEVICES.
DAILEY & VINCENT

Selections to be Announced from the Stage
BJ CHERRYHOLMES, Fiddle/Mandolin
BOB MUMMERT, Drums
CHRISTIAN DAVIS, Guitar/Bass Vocal
DARRIN VINCENT, Bass/Vocal
JAMIE DAILEY, Guitar/Vocal
JEFF PARKER, Mandolin/Vocal
JESSIE BAKER, Banjo
SETH TAYLOR, Guitar
KEY CHANG, FOH Engineer
JOSH BURNS, Monitor Engineer

DISTINGUISHED CONCERTS SINGERS INTERNATIONAL
JEFFERSON JOHNSON, DCINY Debut Conductor
CAROL BARNETT, Composer-in-Residence
DAILEY & VINCENT, Special Guests

CAROL BARNETT
Libretto by MARISHA CHAMBERLAIN

The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass
Ballad Refrain
Kyrie
Ballad, First Verse
Gloria
Ballad, Second Verse and Refrain
Credo
Sanctus
Ballad, Third and Fourth Verses and Refrain
Agnus Dei
Interlude: “Art Thou Weary?”
Benediction
Conclusion

Please hold your applause until after the final movement of each work.

We Want to Hear From You! Upload your intermission photos and post-show feedback to Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook! #BluegrassandGray | @DCINY

Notes ON THE PROGRAM

JOHN PURIFOY Chronicles of Blue & Gray

Many voices speak to us today across the century and a half that has passed since the American Civil War—Abraham Lincoln and his vision for a perpetual Union; Captain Sullivan Ballou in his impassioned letter from the battlefield to his wife, Sarah; voices of African-American slaves yearning for freedom through heartfelt spirituals of faith in God; Walt Whitman, American poet
grieving the loss of his President; and New York judge and poet, Francis Miles Finch, who, two years after the war, penned the healing words, *The Blue and the Gray*:

*No more shall the war cry sever,  
or the winding rivers be red.  
They banish our anger forever,  
as they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
tears and love for the Gray.*

The work weaves numerous American folk songs, spirituals, rallying and battle cries with tunes and lyrics from this period of our nation’s history. In some cases, lyrics to the same tune reflect the differing perspectives of the North and South and are juxtaposed within double choir statements and orchestral motifs. Texts from Lincoln’s two Inaugurals, the Gettysburg Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, secession proclamations, chronicles of battle casualties, and recollections of Grant’s and Lee’s meeting at the surrender at Appomattox are set to musical choral statements.

The *Chronicles of Blue & Gray* was commissioned by the Knoxville Choral Society, in honor of its conductor, Dr. Eric Thorson. He conducted the world premiere of the work in November 2012. Tonight marks the New York premiere.

*—Program note by John Purifoy*

### CAROL BARNETT  *The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass*

Comissioned by Mike and Kay McCarthy, *The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass* blends the classical mass, modern choral sophistication, touching poetry, and traditional bluegrass instrumentation into an exhilarating musical experience. The mass was premiered by Monroe Crossing with VocalEssence, a professional choral group led by Philip Brunelle. Mark Anderson of Monroe Crossing notes, “It’s a classical piece of choral music that’s a stunningly beautiful work of art. It has given us the opportunity to work with some great choirs and conductors, and to bring bluegrass music to a classical audience for the very first time.”

#### COMPOSER’S NOTE by Carol Barnett

To bring the solemnity of the classical choir-based mass together with the down home sparkle of bluegrass—now there’s an assignment for a composer! My highest hope is that listeners coming from one tradition, classical or bluegrass (and perhaps dubious about the other), might discover something new and wonderful in the combination. Composing the music for *The World Beloved* has given me the chance to write cheery sacred music—imagine! And it has brought me back to roots I only barely remember. As I listened to the father of bluegrass, Bill Monroe, from whom the terrific band Monroe Crossing takes its name, I recalled the music I heard while visiting grandma and grandpa in Blue Earth, Minnesota, many years ago. It was country music with a church flavor that told stories and it came out of a scratchy old record player. Grandma would not have allowed dancing but under the table I tapped my toes.

#### LIBRETTIST’S NOTE by Marisha Chamberlain

If you Google the term “Bluegrass Mass,” you’ll get websites for several churches across the country that use bluegrass music to enliven their worship services. Great bluegrass music is infectious and lively, so it’s easy to see why any church would want to add bluegrass. But why call it a Bluegrass Mass unless there’s also a liturgy—sacred in the bluegrass tradition? Bluegrass is more
than a sound. The lyrics of so many bluegrass songs display an unpretentious, earthy philosophy that is easy to sing and easy to understand: Adam lives just up the street and Eve’s the girl next door. Love is the major theme—frustrated yearning love, secretly satisfied love, or boldly proclaimed love. And although romantic love between two people is huge in bluegrass, so is the love of God, and the Gospel tradition. “In this is love, not that we loved God but that He loved us,” according to John in the Gospel. This launches our Bluegrass Mass as an earthy, immediate story of love between Creator and creation.

Texts and Translations

Chronicles of Blue & Gray
JOHN PURIFOY

Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse One (Sons)
Text: “Morning Song” (American hymn)
A mother kneels by her bed at night, and lifts her voice to pray. Two sons have long marched off to war. One wears Blue, and the other wears Gray.

Dissolve the Union
Text: “Proclamations of Secession” by South Carolina and Georgia, and the closing words of President Abraham Lincoln’s first Inaugural Address in 1861
The people of the state of South Carolina on the seventeenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight-hundred and sixty dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other states united under the compact entitled the “Constitution of the United States of America.”

The people of Georgia having dissolved their political connection. The states of Mississippi, of Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. And Abraham Lincoln said, “We are not enemies, but friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

Fort Sumter falls to South Carolina! The people of Virginia, Arkansas, and North Carolina, the people of Tennessee dissolve the Union.

Battle Cries
Text: “Battle Cry of Freedom,” “Dixie,” and “When Johnny Comes Marching Home”
Oh, we’ll rally ‘round the flag, boys, we’ll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom! We will rally from the hillside, we’ll gather from the plain, shouting the battle cry of freedom!
The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the traitor, up with the stars, While we rally ‘round the flag, boys, rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom!
Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton, old times there are not forgotten. Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land, where I was born in,
early on one frosty mornin’.
Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.
I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I’ll take my stand to live
and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

We are marching to the field, boys, we’re
going to the fight, shouting the battle
cry of freedom!
Marching, marching, marching, marching...

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We’ll give him a hearty welcome, then.

Now you wear Blue, and I wear Gray.
(I wear Blue, and you wear Gray.)

Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Two (Cousins)
Text: “Morning Song” (American hymn)

Dear Cousin, how I remember well when
we ran out to play.
For I was ten, and you were twelve,

 Chronicles of Battles
Text: Lincoln’s “Gettysburg Address” and “The Battle of Shiloh Hill” (Civil War ballad),
with additional words by John Purifoy

Come, all ye valiant soldiers, a story I
will tell,
about the bloody battle that was fought
on Shiloh Hill.
It was an awful struggle and will cause
your blood to chill.
It was the famous battle that was fought
on Shiloh Hill.
Ten thousand and six hundred who wore
the color gray
fell upon the battle field that fateful April
day.
And likewise were ten thousand who
wore the color blue
and also fell on Shiloh Hill in Eighteen Sixty-Two.

Battle of Antietam, ten thousand and
three hundred, Blue,
twelve thousand and four hundred Gray,
fell September, eighteen sixty-two.
Seven Days Battles in Virginia, twenty
thousand, Gray, sixteen thousand, Blue.

Battle of Chickamauga, in Georgia,
sixteen thousand, Blue, eighteen
thousand, Gray.
Gettysburg, twenty-three thousand, Blue,
twenty three thousand, Gray.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war,
testing whether that nation or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated can long
endure. We are met on a great battlefield
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live.

Come, all ye valiant soldiers,
a story I will tell
about the bloody battle
that was fought on Shiloh Hill.
It was an awful struggle
and will cause your blood to chill.
It was the famous battle
that was fought on Shiloh Hill.

(Please turn the page quietly.)
My dear Sarah,
The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

My dear Sarah, Not my will but thine, O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours and replace them with cares and sorrows. I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping ‘round me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death. And I, suspicious that death is creeping near me with his fatal dart, am communing with my God, my country, and thee.

My dear Sarah, Sarah, my love for you is deathless, It seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break. And yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield. But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you in the garish day, in the darkest night, amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours, always, always.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead, think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

Let My People Go!
Text: “Go Down Moses” and “Slavery Chain Done Broke at Last”
(traditional African American spirituals)

When Israel was in Egypt’s land,
let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
let my people go.

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt’s land,
tell ol’ Pharoah to let my people go.
Slavery chain done broke at last,
gonna praise God till I die.
Way up in that valley,
Prayin’ on my knees,
tellin’ God about my troubles
and to help me if He please.
The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go!
To lead the Hebrew children through,
Let my people go!

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt’s land,
tell ol’ Pharoah to let my people go.

Text: “Morning Song” (American hymn)

Two sisters sit by a lonely fire
And share their work by day.
Both husbands answer the bugle’s call—
one in blue, the other in gray.

Letter to Sarah
Text: A letter from Captain Sullivan Ballou in to his wife, Sarah, written on the eve of the Battle of Bull Run, July 14, 1861

My dear Sarah,

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

My dear Sarah, Not my will but thine, O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours and replace them with cares and sorrows. I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping ‘round me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death. And I, suspicious that death is creeping near me with his fatal dart, am communing with my God, my country, and thee.

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and to help me if He please.
The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go!
To lead the Hebrew children through,
Let my people go!

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt’s land,
tell ol’ Pharoah to let my people go.
Oh, Freedom!
Text: From “The Emancipation Proclamation” (1863) and “Oh, Freedom,” “Nobody Knows the Trouble I’ve Seen,” and “Battle Hymn of the Republic”

Oh, freedom! Oh, freedom!
Oh, freedom over me.
And before I’ll be a slave,
I’ll be buried in my grave,
and go home to my Lord and be free.

Nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen,
nobody knows but Jesus.
Nobody knows the trouble I’ve seen,
Glory, Hallelujah.

No more moaning, No more weeping,
No more crying, Lord.
Sometimes I’m up, sometimes I’m down.
Yes, my Lord.
Sometimes I’m almost to the ground,
Oh, yes, Lord.

Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Four (Neighbors)
Text: “Morning Song” (American hymn)

Oh, neighbors, kindred, brothers, all,
who laughed in many a day.

When shall we hear that joy again
with those in Blue and those in Gray?

Surrender at Appomattox
Text: From the recollections of Grant and Lee’s meeting at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865

“I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico. I have always remembered your appearance. I would have recognized you anywhere.”

“Yes, I know I met you then. I suppose, General Grant, the purpose of our meeting is fully understood, to learn upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army.”

“Very well. I will write them out.”
Lincoln! Lincoln! Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln!

O Captain! My Captain!
Text: Walt Whitman (written upon the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, 1865)

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done.
The ship has weathered ev’ry rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
while follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart!
O, the bleeding drops of red,
where on the deck my Captain lies,
fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells.
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills.

(Please turn the page quietly.)
For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths,  
for you the shores a-crowding.

For you they call, the swaying mass, their  
eager faces turning.

Here Captain! Dear Father!  
This arm beneath your head.

It is some dream that on the deck,  
you’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer. His lips are pale and still.

**Those In Blue, Those In Gray, Verse Five (Brothers)**

*Text*: “Morning Song” (American hymn)

A mother looks to a distant hill and wipes her tears away.  
Two sons come walking, arm in arm, one in Blue, the other in Gray.

**The Blue and the Gray**

*Text*: Francis Miles Finch (1827–1907)

By the flow of the inland river,  
where the fleets of iron have fled,

where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,

asleep are the ranks of the dead,  
under the sod and the dew,

waiting the judgment day.

Under the one, the Blue,  
under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
those in the gloom of defeat,

All with the battle blood gory,  
in the dusk of eternity meet,

under the sod and the dew,

waiting the judgment day.

Under the laurel, the Blue,  
under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
the desolate mourners go,

lovingly laden with flowers alike for the friend and the foe.

So with an equal splendor,  
the morning sun-rays fall,

with a touch impartially tender,  
on the blossoms now blooming for all,

under the sod and the dew,  
waiting the judgment day.

Under the roses, the Blue,  
under the lilies, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever  
or the winding rivers be red.

They banish our anger forever  
when they laurel the graves of our dead,

under the sod and the dew,  
waiting the judgment day.

Love and tears for the Blue,  
tears and love for the Gray.

**Chorus of the Union**

*Text*: Lincoln’s first and second Inaugural Addresses (March 4, 1861 and March 4, 1865)

And Abraham Lincoln said, “We are not enemies, but friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and for his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations. The mystic chords of memory will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature. ...will yet swell the chorus, of the Union.”
The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass
CAROL BARNETT
Text: Marisha Chamberlain

Ballad Refrain
They say God loved the world so dear
He set aside His crown
And cloaked Himself in human shape;

They say that He came down
And dwelt awhile among us here.
He came on down.

Kyrie
Mercy!
Oh, Kyrie! Have mercy!
Oh, Christe! Mercy, oh mercy, eleison, eleison.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison,
Kyrie eleison, have mercy on creation!
Christe eleison, have mercy on our souls!

Ballad, First Verse
A Child walked forth on Eden’s way
A Child stretched out her hand
Oh, may I taste the apple there

And take to understand
The fruit of knowledge in my mouth
And know of God firsthand?

Gloria
Glory be to God on high,
Who launched the sunlight, loosed the rain,
Who scattered stars across the sky,
Who piled the mountains, rolled the plains,
Who spilled the rivers and the seas.
Oh, glory be, oh Glory be.

Glory be to God below,
For feather, fur, for scale and fin,
For vine uptwisting, blossom’s fire,
For muscle, sinew, nerve and skin
And every feature set aglow.
Oh, Glory be to God below.

Glory be to God on high,
Who launched the sunlight, loosed the rain,
Who scattered stars across the sky,
Who piled the mountains, rolled the plains,
Who spilled the rivers and the seas.
Oh, glory be, oh Glory be.

Glory be to God below,
For feather, fur, for scale and fin,
For vine uptwisting, blossom’s fire,
For muscle, sinew, nerve and skin
And every feature set aglow.
Oh, Glory be to God below.

Gloria
Oh, Glory be for peace on earth,
And prayerful be the human heart
That has required a Savior’s birth
To make of earth heav’n’s counterpart,
So strife might stop and warring cease.
Oh, Glory be for peace, oh, be for peace.

Oh, Glory be the generous Hand
Who left us to our work and care,
Who gave us only few commands
But that we help each other bear life’s burdens.
Pain and suffering ease.
Oh, Glory be, oh, Glory be.

Ballad, Second Verse and Refrain
Adam, he labored, Eve, she toiled,
And many children bore.
And sometimes all was fruitfulness
And sometimes seasons wore
Them down to dust and emptiness
And hunger at the door.

But they say God loved the World so dear
He set aside His crown
And cloaked Himself in human shape;
They say that He came down
And dwelt awhile among us here.
He came on down.

Credo
Oh, I do believe a place awaits us far across the Jordan,
And when we reach those mossy banks,
we’ll cast aside our oars.
Row on, row on, we’re crossing River Jordan,
Row on, row on, And no one goes alone.

Oh, I do believe a place awaits us high above the mountains
And when we reach that highest peak,
we’ll spread our wings and soar.
Climb on, climb on, we’re climbing Jacob’s Ladder,
Climb on, climb on, And no one goes alone.

(Please turn the page quietly.)
Oh, I do believe a resting place awaits us, 'cross the Jordan.
We'll toss our coats, throw off our hats and take the seat of ease.

And it's not the seat of riches and it's the not the seat of power.
Row on, row on, And no one goes alone.

Sanctus
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth;
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of hosts:
Heaven and earth are full of Your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Ballad, Third and Fourth Verses, and Refrain

The skies exploded, towers fell;
The floods came rushing down
And many souls were burned alive;
And many souls were drowned
And others set to marching, marching
Far from house and home.
Where are you now, our Savior dear,
When we are all undone?

They say God loved the World so dear
He cast aside His crown
And cloaked Himself in human shape;
They say that He came down
And dwelt awhile among us here.
He came on down.

Oh, I am here among you now
Tho' I must pass unseen,
And cannot show why this must be
Not how I walk between
Your souls and greater dangers
Than you have ever known,
To laugh with you and weep with you,
My people, oh my own.

They say God loved the World so dear
I cast aside My crown
And cloak Myself in mystery
So I can come on down,
And dwell in and among you now.
I come on down.

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

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant us peace.

Interlude: “Art Thou Weary?” (Instrumental)

Benediction
Blessing be upon your heads
Bless the living, bless the dead.
Blessing be upon you, my people.
Blessing so that you may go

Lightly through this world of woe.
Blessing be upon you, my people.
Blessings, and may you embrace
God in guise of human grace.
Blessings now and forever.

Conclusion
They say God loved the World so dear
She set aside Her crown
And cloaked Herself in human shape;

They say that She came down
And dwelt awhile among us here.
She came on down.
Conductor, composer, writer, and educator Michael Adelson made his first appearance with a major American orchestra in 1992, conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. He has served on the conducting staff of the New York Philharmonic and has also conducted the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Philharmonia Orchestra in London, the Norwegian Chamber Orchestra, the Helsinki Philharmonic, the Finnish and Swedish Radio Symphony Orchestras, and many other ensembles in Europe and America. Equally at home in the opera house, Mr. Adelson has conducted Scandinavian productions of Puccini’s Turandot and La bohème, Mozart’s Der Schauspieldirektor, and at the Stockholm Folkopera, the world premiere production of Qu Xiao-Song’s Oedipus.

Mr. Adelson is deeply committed to music of our time, having worked with composers such as Pierre Boulez, Bernard Rands, Harrison Birtwistle, Magnus Lindberg, and Donald Martino. His own works have been performed by the New York Philharmonic as well as other ensembles and soloists worldwide. He is a founding member of the Present Eye, an organization dedicated to experimental music and art.

Education plays an important part in Mr. Adelson’s activities. In addition to teaching conducting, he leads workshops for young musicians and music educators, and composes music specially designed for school and youth ensembles. He is a clinician for the New York Philharmonic, a mentor for Distinguished Concerts International New York, and he serves on the faculty of Mannes College, The New School for Music. Mr. Adelson is a frequent guest conductor at the Cleveland Institute of Music and has also conducted at the Manhattan School of Music as well as Harvard, Columbia, and Brandeis Universities. He has conducted youth festivals in Scandinavia, and as the principal conductor of the first annual Rencontres Musicales Européennes in France, he led a festival orchestra which included students from France, Germany, Italy, and the Czech Republic. He has also written and lectured widely on subjects as diverse as the links between mathematics and music, critical thinking, great historical cities as centers of culture, and 20th-century art history. He is currently writing a book for non-musicians on the art of conducting.

Mr. Adelson studied at the New England Conservatory, the Mannes College of Music, and graduated with highest honors from Jorma Panula’s conducting class at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki.
JOHN PURIFOY, Composer-in-Residence

John Purifoy is an ASCAP composer of choral, orchestral, and keyboard works published by the Hal Leonard Corporation. His compositions have been performed and recorded by actress/singer Carol Lawrence, the Anita Kerr Singers, the Northwest Choral Society of Chicago, Georgetown University Choirs, Emory University Choirs, and other artists and performing groups around the world. He received a bachelor of music degree in piano performance from the University of Arkansas and completed graduate study in music theory at the University of Texas. His patriotic oratorio, *We Hold These Truths*, won the 1989 Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge Award for musical programs, and he is a multi-recipient of the ASCAP Standard Award. Mr. Purifoy lives in Knoxville, Tennessee, with his wife, Vicki, and they have two grown sons, a beautiful daughter-in-law, and three grandsons.

DAILEY & VINCENT, Special Guests

Dailey & Vincent is one of the most reputable and elite Bluegrass acts in America, carrying with them a highly acclaimed signature sound and live concert performance. The three-time Grammy-nominees play more than 115 shows per year to sold out crowds and have one of the most loyal fan bases in all of music. Since the formation of Dailey & Vincent in 2007, the band has been recognized by the International Bluegrass Music Association (IBMA) three times as Entertainer of the Year and Vocal Group of the Year. The group has also received three Dove Awards and a myriad of other accolades.

Jamie Dailey is a four-time IBMA Vocalist of the Year Award–winner. He was the lead vocalist and guitarist for Doyle, Lawson & Quicksilver for more than ten years. Mr. Dailey’s voice can also be heard on several recordings by Dolly Parton, Ricky Skaggs, and Russel Moore.
Darrin Vincent is a five-time Grammy Award–winner. He began his career at a young age as a member of the famous bluegrass family group, The Sally Mountain Show, with his sister, Rhonda Vincent. Mr. Vincent was also a key member of Ricky Skaggs’ Kentucky Thunder.

JEFFERSON JOHNSON, DCINY Debut Conductor

Jefferson Johnson is director of choral activities at the University of Kentucky, where he conducts the University Chorale and Men’s Chorus. He received his bachelor of music degree from the University of Georgia, his master’s of music from the University of Tennessee, and his doctorate of musical arts from the University of Colorado. Dr. Johnson is currently in his 17th year as music director of The Lexington Singers. In 1999 The Lexington Singers celebrated its 40th anniversary with a performance in New York City as Dr. Johnson made his Carnegie Hall debut conducting the Singers and orchestra in Faure’s Requiem.

CAROL BARNETT, Composer-in-Residence

Carol Barnett’s music has been called audacious and engaging. Her varied catalog includes works for solo voice, piano, chorus, diverse chamber ensembles, orchestra, and wind ensemble. She was awarded the 2003 Nancy Van de Vate International Prize for Opera for her chamber opera Snow, and Meeting at Seneca Falls, which was featured at the 2006 Diversity Festival in Red Wing, M.N. Other recent works include The World Beloved: A Bluegrass Mass for VocalEssence and Monroe Crossing, “Song of Perfect Propriety” for the Cornell University Women’s Chorus, “Prelude and Romp” for the Medalist Concert Band, and “Praise,” for organ and steel drum.

Ms. Barnett is a charter member of the American Composers Forum and a graduate of the University of Minnesota, where she studied composition with Dominick Argento and Paul Fetler, piano with Bernard Weiser, and flute with Emil J. Niosi. She was composer-in-residence with the Dale Warland Singers from 1992 to 2001, and currently teaches at Augsburg College in Minneapolis.
MARISHA CHAMBERLAIN, Librettist

Marisha Chamberlain is a poet, playwright, and novelist. Her first novel is entitled *Tangletown*, (Soho Press, 2008.) Her plays have been seen in South Africa, Germany, Britain, Canada, and the United States. Her play *Scheherazade* won the Dramatists Guild/CBS Regional and National Awards; its teleplay version was broadcast across the United States and screened at the British Film Institute Festival. Ms. Chamberlain’s stage adaptation of *Little Women* was premiered by the Children’s Theater Company of Minneapolis and subsequently produced by the Stratford Ontario Festival Theater, Stage One of Louisville, and Kansas City Repertory Theatre. Her ballet *The Worn-Out Dancing Shoes* was toured nationally by the Children’s Theater Company. She has received fellowships from the Rockefeller, Bush, McKnight, and Jerome foundations, as well as the National Endowment for the Arts. She began a significant collaboration with composer Carol Barnett in 1997 with the premiere of their music theater piece, *Meeting at Seneca Falls*, by the Minnesota Orchestra. *The World Beloved* is their second collaboration.

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