a cappella NEXT
An Evening Devoted to Contemporary Choral Chamber Music

Harmonia Chamber Singers, NY
Robert Pacillo, Director

Choeur de Chambre du Québec, Canada
Robert Ingari, Director

Elora Festival Singers, Canada
Noel Edison, Director

Friday, March 13, 2015
8:00 PM
Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall
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Distinguished Concerts International New York (DCINY)
Iris Derke, Co-Founder and General Director
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Presents

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Program

My Soul, There Is a Country                  Sir Charles H.H. Parry
Eulogy                                      Rob Deemer
Pater Noster                                Leonardo Schiavo
She Walks in Beauty                         Jeffrey Trenchard
Goin’ Home                                   Antonin Dvorák
                                                (arr. Michael Murray)
Nelly Bly                                    Stephen Foster
                                                (arr. Jack Halloran)

Performed by Harmonia Chamber Singers
Robert Pacillo, Director

Chanson d’automne                            Robert Ingari
Soleils couchants

Voix du vent                                 Guillaume Boulay
Le silence des maisons vides
Les flaques de soleil

Dieu! qu’il l’a fait bon regarder!
La blanche neige                             Claude Debussy
Francis Poulenc

À la claire fontaine                         Stephen Smith (arr.)
Le pont Mirabeau                             Lionel Daunais
Ce beau printemps                            Mark Sirett

Performed by Le Chœur de chambre du Québec
Robert Ingari, Director

Immortality                                  Timothy Corlis
Sleep                                        Eric Whitacre
Her Sacred Spirit Soars                      Eric Whitacre
Remember                                     Stephen Chatman
Gloria Deo per immensa Saecula              Healey Willan

Performed by Elora Festival Singers
Noel Edison, Director

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HARMONIA CHAMBER SINGERS
Robert Pacillo, Director

My Soul, There Is a Country
Music by Sir Charles H.H. Parry; text by Henry Vaughan

Parry was one of the first heralds of the late 19th century English musical renaissance. Many consider his choral masterwork to be the 1916 Songs of Farewell – meditations on life and death every bit as profound as Brahms’ Four Serious Songs. They reflect Parry’s intimation of his own mortality, and we can interpret their elegiac mood as a musical memorial for the fallen soldiers of World War I. “My Soul” is the opening movement of this grand summing-up of Parry’s composing career.

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skillful in the wars:

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown’d with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
And, O my soul, awake!
Did in pure love descend

To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flow’r of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Eulogy
Music by Rob Deemer; text by Brian Turner

Rob Deemer is the head of the composition program at SUNY at Fredonia. In 2010, Harmonia presented the world premiere of Deemer’s Sonnetryptich. Hot off his press is “Eulogy,” taken from Brian Turner’s 2005 book Here, Bullet. Turner, an Iraq War veteran, writes an objective yet moving report of a soldier who commits suicide on the battlefield in Iraq. Deemer writes, “I chose to set this poem because of the colorful and tender way Turner describes the world that exists around such an emotionally wrenching act as the taking of one’s own life.”
Eulogy
It happens on a Monday, at 11:20 a.m.,
as tower guards eat sandwiches
and seagulls drift by on the Tigris river.
Prisoners tilt their heads to the west
though burlap sacks and duct tape blind them.
The sound reverberates down concertina coils
the way piano wire thrums when given slack.
And it happens like this, on a blue day of sun,
when Private Miller pulls the trigger
to take brass and fire into his mouth.
The sound lifts the birds up off the water,
a mongoose pauses under the orange trees,
and nothing can stop it now, no matter what
blur of motion surrounds him, no matter what voices
crackle over the radio in static confusion,
because if only for this moment the earth is stilled,
and Private Miller has found what low bough there is
down in the eucalyptus shade, there by the river.

Pater Noster
Music by Leonardo Schiavo

Schiavo is a young Italian composer who is making a fine European reputation;
Harmonia is honored to introduce him in America. Among his eclectic styles is
a spiritual minimalism akin to Pärt or Tavener. His Pater Noster is in this vein:
two choirs each on their own spiritual/musical path, with hushed beginnings
that gradually grow into splendid sonic peaks, subsiding to a serene tonal bed
replete with unvoiced phonemes caressing the air.

Pater Noster, qui es in caelis,
sanctificetur nomen tuum.
Adveniat regnum tuum.
Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo et.
in terra
Panem nostrum quotidiam
da nobis bodie,
et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et
nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.
Et ne nos inducas in tentationem,
sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us,
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. Amen.
She Walks in Beauty
Music by Jeffrey Trenchard; text by Lord Byron

Lord Byron wrote one of the all-time classic love poems with “She Walks in Beauty,” inspired by the wife of his cousin, Robert Wilmot. Published in 1815 in Byron’s collection Hebrew Melodies, it has been a favorite of composers ever since. The version presented here is by one of Harmonia’s tenors, Jeff Trenchard, active as a singer, teacher, and choral conductor in Western New York. His setting captures all the tenderness of Byron’s ode to woman’s beauty.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heav’n to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair’d the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o’er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.
And on that cheek and o’er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Goin’ Home
Music by Antonin Dvorák/Arr. Michael Murray; text by William Arms Fisher

Dvorák came to New York City in 1892 to run the National Conservatory of Music. The next year, he wrote the New World Symphony, full of the atmosphere of his new-found country. In fact, the work was premiered at Carnegie Hall on December 16, 1893. In 1922, his pupil William Fisher set words to the Largo movement to make the song Goin’ Home. Fisher commented on his adaptation: “The Largo… is the outpouring of Dvorák’s own home-longing…. That [it] should… suggest the words ‘Goin’ home, goin’ home’ is natural enough and that [it] should take the form of a Negro spiritual accords with the genesis of the symphony.”
Goin' home, goin' home, I'm a goin' home.
Quiet like some still day, I'm jes' goin' home.
It's not far, jes' close by, through an open door.
Work all done, care laid by, gwine to fear no more.
Mother's there, 'spectin' me, Father's waitin' too.
Lots o' folk gathered there, all the friends I knew.
Nothin' lost, all gain. No more fret nor pain.
No more stumblin' on the way, no more longin' for the day.
Gwine to roam no more!
Mornin' star lights the way, res'less dreams all done.
Shadows gone, break o' day, real life jes' begun.
There's no break, ain't no end, jes' a livin' on.
Wide awake with a smile, goin' on and on.
Goin' home, goin' home, I'm a goin' home.
It's not far, jes' close by, through an open door.
I'm a goin' home, I'm jes' goin' home.

-Text William Arms Fisher

Nelly Bly
Music and text by Stephen Foster/Arr. Jack Halloran

Nelly Bly was one of the many hit songs that Foster wrote for the minstrel show stage. Published in 1850, it was inspired by a servant who pushed her head out of a cellar door to listen to Foster serenade his friends. Biographer Ken Emerson describes it as “a sweet domestic idyll, and… there’s not a hint of condescension toward the object of the singer’s affection.” Halloran has a soft spot for Foster’s songs, and his lively and elaborate choral treatments of them never fail to bring down the house!

Hi, Ho, Nelly, Oh, listen love to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcet melody.
Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, bring the broom along,
We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear, and have a little song.
Poke the wood, my lady love, and make the fire burn,
And while I take the banjo down, just give the mush a turn.

Chorus: Oh, Hi, Nelly, Ho, Nelly, listen love to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you a dulcet melody.

Nelly Bly has a voice like a turtle dove,
I hear it in the meadow and I hear it in the grove.
Nelly Bly has a heart warm as a cup o' tea,
And bigger than a sweet potato down in Tennessee.
Chorus: Oh, Hi, Nelly, Ho, Nelly, listen love to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you a dulcet melody.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, never, never sigh;
Never bring a teardrop to the corner of your eye.
Hi, Ho, Nelly, Oh, listen love to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcet melody.

LE CHŒUR DE CHAMBRE DU QUÉBEC
Robert Ingari, Director

Chanson d’automne
Soleil Couchants
Music by Robert Ingari; text by Paul Verlaine

Chanson d’automne and Soleils couchants are evocative impressionistic a cappella settings of Paul Verlaine’s famous poems from the collection Poèmes saturiens published in 1866. The descriptive nature of the poems lends itself very well to musical setting. In Chanson d’automne, the composer has set the poem in a simple alternation of 3/4 and 2/4 meter, enhancing the natural legato of the French language. In his setting of Soleils couchants, he uses a simple form where the alto melody accompanied by a vocal ostinato in the soprano, tenor and bass alternates with a four-part section where the melody is taken by the sopranos. The rhythmic repetition of the ostinato creates a background for the melancholic melody of the altos. The Vancouver Chamber Choir toured with these pieces in 2012.

Chanson d’automne
Les sanglots longs
des violons
de l’automne
blessent mon cœur
d’une langueur
monotone.

Tout suffocant
et blême, quand
sonne l’heure.
je me souviens
des jours anciens,
et je pleure...
Et je m’en vais
au vent mauvais

Autumn song
The long sobs
of the violins
of autumn
wound my heart,
with a monotonous
languor.

All choked up,
and pale, when
the hour strikes,
I remember
days of old
and I weep;
And I’m swept away
on an ill wind
qui m'emmporte
devia, de là,
pareil à la
feuille morte...

which carries me
hither and thither
like a
dead leaf.

Soleils couchants

Setting Suns

A weakened dawn
Pours over the fields
The melancholy
Of sunsets.

The melancholy
Rocks with sweet songs
My heart that forgets itself
in setting suns.

And strange dreams
As suns
Setting on the shores
Ruddy ghosts
Incessantly parade,
Parade, like
Great suns
Setting on the shores.

Voix du vent

Le silence des maisons vides

Music by Guillaume Boulay; text by Hector de Saint-Denys Garneau

Written in 2012 by Guillaume Boulay, a member of the Choeur de chambre du Québec, “Voix du vent” and “Le silence des maisons vides” are part of a five-song cycle, celebrating the 100th anniversary of the birth of Hector de Saint Deny Garneau. This French-Canadian poet sadly died at the tender age of 31. The only collection of his poetry,Regards et jeux dans l’espace, made him one of the foremost poets of his generation and one of the first modern poets in a religiously conservative Québec. The graceful music simply reflects the poetry of the lyrics, creating a dark but ethereal ambiance. This performance marks the United States premiere of these pieces.
Voix du vent
La grande voix du vent
Toute voix confuse au loin
Puis qui grandit en s’approchant
Devient
Cette voix-ci, cette voix-là
De cet arbre et de cet autre
Et continue et redevient
Une grande voix confuse au loin

Le silence des maisons vides
Le silence des maisons vides
Est plus noir que celui qui dort dans les tombeaux,
Le lourd silence sans repos
Où passent les heures livides.

On dirait que, comme le vent
Qui siffle à travers les décombres
Des vieux moulins tout remplis d’ombre
Passe, toujours se poursuivant,

L’heure, passant par ce silence
Comme si le pendule lent
Qu’une antique horloge balance
La comptait à pas lourds et lents,

Passe sans rien changer aux choses
Dans un présent cristallisé
Où l’avenir et le passé
Seraient comme deux portes closes

Et dans ce silence béant
On dirait, tant le temps est lisse
Que c’est l’éternité qui glisse
À travers l’ombre du néant.

The voice of the wind
The great voice of the wind
Every voice confused far off
That then grows as it approaches
Becomes
This voice, that voice
From this tree and from this other
And goes on and becomes again
A great voice confused far off

The Silence of Empty Houses
The silence of empty houses
Is darker than the one
sleeping in tombs,
The heavy restless silence
Where livid hours pass.

It seems that, like the wind
That blows through the rubble
Of the old mills all full of shadows
Passes, always pursuing itself,

Time, passing through this silence
As if the slow pendulum
That an antique clock swings
was counting it with heavy and slow steps,

Passes without changing things
in a crystallized present
where the future and the past
Would be like two shut doors

And in this gaping silence
it seems time is so sleek
That it is eternity that slips
Through the shadow of nothingness.

Flaques de soleil
Music by Jean-Charles Côté; text by André Brochu

In 2013, Jean-Charles Côté composed an a cappella choral work using the words from André Brochu’s poem “Les flaques de soleil” (Puddles of Sunshine*). Two elements of nature, water and fire, are evoked in parallel with a human
relationship between a man and a woman. The minor mode represents both the
couple in love and nostalgia. The eight notes of a symmetrical scale express the
elements of nature and the text’s action. Major second and minor sixth intervals
figure predominantly throughout the piece. This performance marks the world
premiere of this work.

Les flaques de soleil
éclaboussent la mer
au large. Char de feu,
atelage du prophète.
Les oiseaux piriformes
flottent çà et là,
messies tranquilles.
Un couple à la fenêtre
regarde la grande flambée grise
de l’eau
puis voit le reflet
de ses yeux dans ses yeux
gris comme l’eau
et verts et bruns,
et soudain tout est chair,
clarité de chair,
tout est nu et mouvant
et l’homme devient l’homme
et la femme se pend douce
à son sourire
et il s’embrase en elle
qui pleure aussi,
droite et toute
oui contre lui.

Les flaques de soleil
éclaboussent la mer
au large. Char de feu,
atelage du prophète.
Les oiseaux piriformes
flottent çà et là,
messies tranquilles.
Un couple à la fenêtre
regarde la grande flambée grise
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puis voit le reflet
de ses yeux dans ses yeux
gris comme l’eau
et verts et bruns,
et soudain tout est chair,
clarité de chair,
tout est nu et mouvant
et l’homme devient l’homme
et la femme se pend douce
à son sourire
et il s’embrase en elle
qui pleure aussi,
droite et toute
oui contre lui.

Puddles of sunshine
splash out at sea
chariot of fire,
prophet’s harness.
Pear-shaped birds
float here and there,
serene messiahs.
A couple at the window
watches the great grey flame
of water
then sees the reflection
of one’s eyes in the other’s eyes
grey like the water
and green and brown,
and suddenly all is flesh,
skin bright,
all is naked motion
and the man becomes man
and the woman gently hangs on
to his smile
and he takes flame inside her
who cries also,
straight and completely
affirming with him.

Dieu, qu’il l’a fait bon regarder
Music by Claude Debussy; text by Charles D’Orléans

The text of this classic choral piece was written in the medieval era by Charles
d’Orléans. Although a French prince, this nephew of Charles VI, King of
France was one of the greatest writers of his time. Before Debussy composed
this charming piece in 1909, Edward Elgar had also set the poem to music by in
1886. “Dieu qu’il l’a fait bon regarder” is part of Debussy’s three-movement cycle
Trois chansons de Charles d’Orléans along with “Quant j’ai ouy le tambourin” and
“Yver, vous n’êtes qu’un villain.”

* From the collection of poems entitled Je t’aime, je t’écris (published by Québec Amérique).
Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;

Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
Chacun est prest de la loïer.
Qui se pourroit d’elle lasser?
Toujours sa beauté renouvelle.
Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle!

Par de ça ne de là, la mer
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfais telle.
C’est un songe que d’i penser:
Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder!

La blanche neige
Music by Francis Poulenc; text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Poulenc was one of the most imaginative composers of his time. Full of wit, his music often paints a detailed picture of the poetry used in his vocal works. In “La blanche neige,” from his 7 Chansons, the crisp cold is heard in the multiple vocal arabesques resulting in a rich and engulfing harmony.

La blanche neige
Les anges les anges dans le ciel
L’un est vêtu en officier
L’un est vêtu en cuisinier
Et les autres chantent

Bel officier couleur du ciel
Le doux printemps longtemps après Noël
Té médaillera
D’un beau soleil.

Le cuisinier plume les oies
Ah! tombe neige
Et que n’ai je
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras

The White Snow
The angels in Heaven;
One is dressed in military garb
One is dressed as a cook
And the rest sing.

Fine sky-blue soldier
The sweet spring, long
after Christmas
Will award you the medal
of a beautiful sun

The cook plucks the geese
Snow falls
and my beloved
Is not in my arms.
À la claire fontaine
Stephen Smith (arr.); text by Traditional French Canadian Folk Song

Known to be one of the oldest French traditional songs, its origin is still unknown. It is thought that the song originated in Normandy, crossed the Atlantic in the 18th century and served as a French-Canadian patriotic song during the revolt against the English in 1837. Stephen Smith, in his arrangement, departs from the usual symmetrical meter, and follows the natural rhythm of the words, almost as if they were spoken, uncovering and bringing out a very simple yet beautiful melody. This song was one of the first to be sung in New France and is still sung today, often as a lullaby.

À la claire fontaine
By the clear fountain
M’en allant promener
going for a walk
J’ai trouvé l’eau si belle
I found the water so inviting
Que je m’y suis baigné
I had to bathe.

Il y a longtemps que je t’aime
Long have I loved you,
jamais je ne t’oublierai
Never will I forget you.

Sous les feuilles d’un chêne
Under the oak’s leaves,
Je me suis fait sécher
I lay and dried.
Sur la plus haute branche
On the highest bough,
Un rossignol chantait
a nightingale sang.

Il y a longtemps que je t’aime
Long have I loved you,
jamais je ne t’oublierai
Never will I forget you.

Chante, rossignol, chante
Sing, nightingale, sing,
Toi qui as le cœur gai
you of the joyous heart.
Tu as le cœur à rire
Your heart is to laugh,
Moi, je l’ai à pleurer
mine is to cry.

Il y a longtemps que je t’aime
Long have I loved you,
jamais je ne t’oublierai
Never will I forget you.

Le pont Mirabeau
Music by Lionel Daunais; text by Guillaume Apollinaire

Lionel Daunais was a French-Canadian baritone and composer, known for his amusing approach to music. His “Figures de danse” is a great example of this wittiness. However, this serious poem from Guillaume Apollinaire’s work is masterfully set to music, devoid of any sarcasm. The music is pure, simple, but efficiently beautiful, depicting the peaceful Seine flowing under a Paris bridge,
carrying the disappointed lovers’ sadness.

**Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine**

*Et nos amours*

*Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienne*

*La joie venait toujours après la peine.*

*Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure*

*Les jours s'en vont je demeure*

*L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante*

*L'amour s'en va*

*Comme la vie est lente*

*Et comme l'Espérance est violente*

*Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure*

*Les jours s'en vont je demeure*

*Passent les jours et passent les semaines*

*Ni temps passé*

*Ni les amours reviennent*

**Ce beau printemps**

Music by Mark Sirett; text by Pierre de Ronsard

Canadian composer Mark Sirett has set to music this delicate Renaissance poem by Pierre de Ronsard, one of the most renowned writers of his time and considered “the prince of poets, the poets of the princes.” Departing from the usual alexandrine rhymes, this asymmetrical poem turns out to be very modern, still echoing nowadays with its peculiar rhythm. The music allows the words to find their natural pace, full of momentum and fluidity, even through the musical pauses.

**Quand ce beau Printemps je vois,**

*J'aperçois*

*Rajeunir la terre et l'onde*

*Et me semble que le jour,*

*Et l'Amour,*

*Comme enfants naissent au monde.*

**When I see the fair Springtime**

I recognize

Earth and sea renewing their youth

And it seems to me that Day

And Love

Like children are born into the world.

**Quelque part que ses beaux yeux**

*Par les cieux*

*Tournent leurs lumières belles,*

*L'air qui se montre serein*

*Est tout plein*

*D'amoureuses étincelles.*

Wherever her lovely eyes

Around the heavens

Turn their fair light,

The air, remaining calm,

Is filled

With stars in love.
ELORA FESTIVAL SINGERS
Noel Edison, Director

*Immortality*
Music by Timothy Corlis; text by Sri Chinmoy

Timothy Corlis is a busy freelance composer, teacher, and choral director and holds a Master of Arts in Social and Political Thought from York University, a Masters of Music from the University of Toronto, and a Doctorate of Musical Arts at the University of British Columbia (UBC) in Vancouver. His music, described as “atmospherically striking” and “bursting with vigor and truth” is often performed and broadcast by some of Canada’s most prominent artists and ensembles. Immortality is fresh off the presses and was specially commissioned for this performance at Kurt Weill Hall. We are very pleased to have Timothy here in the audience to hear the world premiere performance of this magnificent work.

*I feel in all my limbs His boundless Grace;*

*Within my heart the Truth of life shines white.*

*The secret heights of God my soul now climbs;*

*No dole, no sombre pang, no death in my sight.*

*No mortal days and nights can shake my calm;*

*A Light above sustains my secret soul.*

*All doubts with grief are banished from my deeps,*

*My eyes of light perceive my cherished Goal.*

*Though in the world, I am above its woe;*

*I dwell in an ocean of supreme release.*

*My mind, a core of the One’s unmeasured thoughts;*

*The star vast welkin hugs my Spirit’s peace.*

*My eternal days are found in speeding time;*

*I play upon His Flute of rhapsody.*

*Impossible deeds no more impossible seem;*

*In birth chains now shines Immortality.*

*Sleep*

Music by Eric Whitacre; text by Charles Anthony Silvestri

The texture of Whitacre’s music is seamlessly smooth. When added to the conventional harmonies, tonal melodies (if indeed melody in the usual sense can be found) and steady, regular rhythms, the listener is left to focus on those vertical moments of secundal harmony, and remarkable words. The fluid, legato movement, aided by shared harmonic relationships, offers that tactile sense of warmth to both singer and listener.
Sleep moves steadily forward with quarter-note rhythms, like the tick-tock of a clock. Monotony is avoided by the sonorities and the internal movement created by the play with harmony.

The evening hangs beneath the moon, A silver thread on darkened dune. With closing eyes and resting head I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow, safe in bed, A thousand pictures fill my head. I cannot sleep, my mind’s a-flight; And yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night, A frightening shadow, flickering light, Then I surrender unto sleep, Where clouds of dream give second sight,

What dreams may come, both dark and deep, Of flying wings and soaring leap As I surrender unto sleep, As I surrender unto sleep.

Her Sacred Spirit Soars
Music by Eric Whitacre; text by Charles Anthony Silvestri

Her Sacred Spirit Soars, with its simple thickening and thinning sonorities as pitches rise and fall, conveys the sacred spirit of the music’s long-breathed motion.

Her sacred spirit soars o’er gilded spires,  
And breathes into creative fires a force;  
In well-tuned chants and chords of countless choirs  
Lives ever her immortal shadowed source.  
From age to age the roll of poets grows;  
And yet, a lonely few are laurel-crowned,  
In whose sweet words her inspiration shows,  
Revealing insights deep and thoughts profound.  
O shall Cecelia, or shall Goddess Muse  
Reach then to me across eternal skies?  
Is heaven’s quick’ning fire but a ruse,  
Abiding rather here before mine eyes?  
Nearer than I dream’d is She whose fame  
All poets sing, whose glory all proclaim:  
“LONG LIVE FAIR ORIANA!”

Remember (From Two Rossetti Songs)  
Music by Stephen Chatman; text by Christina Rossetti

Stephen Chatman is one of Canada’s most prolific and well-known composers. He has been commissioned by many of Canada’s choirs, orchestras, ensembles and artists, but is especially known for his numerous choral works. Before 1982, his music tended to be complex and atonal, but since then it has shown
influences of many musical styles, becoming more accessible, moving away from modernism and embracing a world of spirituality, reaching out to a broader audience. “Remember” is the second of Two Rossetti Songs commissioned by the Vancouver Chamber Choir. The text is by the 19th century English poet Christina Rossetti, perhaps best known for her words to the popular Christmas carol, In The Bleak Midwinter.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand.
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann’d:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Gloria Deo per immensa Saecula
by Healey Willan

Throughout his life, Healey Willan claimed he was born with the ability to read music. As a choir boy in England, he studied singing, piano, organ, harmony, and counterpoint and by the age of eleven was conducting choir practices. As a teenager, he amused himself by coming up with melodies that incorporated all intervals, and then wrote counterpoint in two, three, four, and five parts above or below them. In 1913, Willan emigrated to Toronto, Canada where he worked as a church musician and teacher. He composed over 800 works, with over half of them intended for use in church services.

The motet Gloria Deo per immensa saecula was apparently Willan’s musical response to a complaint from his friend and colleague Drummond Wolff, who moaned that no one composed choral music in five parts anymore. The result is a showpiece of Willan’s contrapuntal style.

Gloria Deo, per immensa saecula,
sit tibi, Nata, decus et imperium,
honor, potestas Sanctoque Spiritui,
sit Trinitate salus individua, per
infinita saeculorum saecula

Glory be to God through endless ages,
And to you, O Son, be majesty and
dominion,
Honor and power to the Holy Spirit:
To the Trinity be existence inseparable,
through eternity.
Biographies

Robert Pacillo
Founder and artistic director of Harmonia Chamber Singers, Robert Pacillo is an active singer, conductor, teacher, and accompanist in the Western New York region. He is director of choral activities at Lockport High School. Robert is a cantor for the Diocese of Buffalo, and has sung with St. Joseph Cathedral Choir, Buffalo Choral Arts Society, Vocalis Chamber Choir, and The Lake Effect. He is also music director for the Lancaster Youth Bureau Summer Theater Workshop. Robert resides in Lewiston, NY with his wife, Catherine, and their two children.

Robert Ingari
The choral conductor and composer Robert Ingari has been an associate professor in the music department of Université de Sherbrooke since June 2008 where he is the director of the masters in choral conducting program and choral activities as well as the classical voice program. He is also the artistic director of l’École d’été de Université de Sherbrooke, the l’Ensemble vocal de l’Université de Sherbrooke, and the Choeur de chambre de l’Université de Sherbrooke. Since January 2011, Robert Ingari has been the artistic director of Le Choeur de chambre du Québec, a 16-voice professional ensemble devoted to creating, performing, and recording choral works including those by Robert Ingari as well as composers from the French-speaking and English-speaking communities in Canada. For several years, Robert Ingari has devoted himself to the composition of choral works of which several are published by Cypress Choral Music. His most recent work is Cantate en trois lieux for chorus, soloists, and orchestra.

Noel Edison
As conductor and artistic director of two world-class Canadian ensembles, the large-scale Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the GRAMMY and Juno-nominated chamber-sized Elora Festival Singers, Edison is widely recognized and appreciated for his skillful, interpretive work with both choir and orchestra. Edison moved from his native Toronto to the scenic village of Elora, where he co-founded the Elora Festival in 1979. A year later, he founded the Elora Festival Singers, the professional choir-in-residence of the young Festival. Since 1984, Edison has served as Artistic Director of the Elora Festival as well as Organist and Choirmaster of one of the few all-professional church choirs in Canada at the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Elora. In 1988, he established the Elora Festival Orchestra, which still performs each year at The Elora Festival’s prestigious opening night concert. For 35 years, the Elora Festival has attracted capacity crowds. In 2002, the University of Guelph conferred upon Edison the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music and, on January 22, 2009, he was appointed to the Order of Ontario, the province’s highest honor.
Ensembles
In Order of Appearance

Harmonia Chamber Singers, NY
Robert Pacillo, Director

Aaron Campbell  Monica Huntz  Catherine Pacillo
Meghen Cierlicki  Ryan Kaminski  Maxwell Pipinch
David Cleveland  Jeffrey Kihl  Lindsay Ragusa
Cortney Costanzo  Rebecca Marin  Veronica Shanchuk
Lynda Cullen  Katherine Merrill  Joseph Spino
Roger Griffiths  Ericka Milczarski  Monica Stankewicz
Michael Harris  Nancy Nuzzo  Jeffrey Trenchard

Choeur de Chambre du Québec, Canada
Robert Ingari, Director

Jean-Sébastien Baril  Julie Dufresne  Andrea Kovago
Roseline Blain  Phil Dutton  Marc-Olivier Lacroix
Guillaume Boulay  John Giffen  Jessica Latouche
Catherine Elvria  Erin Halpin  Myriam Leblanc
Chartier  Stephanie Higgins  Guillaume Poulin
Jean-Charles Côté  Julien Horbatuk  Guillaume St-Gelais

Elora Festival Singers, Canada
Noel Edison, Director

Julia Barber  Chris Fischer  Julia Morson
James Bourne  Heather Fleming  Bryan Rankine
Lesley Bouza  Paul Grambo  Jordan Scholl
Joanne Chapin  Robert Kinar  Nellie Scholtes
Michael Cressman  Claudia Lemcke  Steve Surian
Emma Culpeper  Anne Lukaszewicz  Olga Tylman
Charles Davidson  Teresa Mahon  Joel Vanderzee
Jeff Enns  Lawrie McEwan  Kate Wright
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Venue</th>
<th>Event Title</th>
<th>Composer/Conductor</th>
<th>Additional Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April 13, 2015</td>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center</td>
<td>Ring of Fire: Pacific Sounds</td>
<td>Spice, Magic &amp; Mystique: The Music of Southeast Asia</td>
<td>Anthony Giles, Director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 24, 2015</td>
<td>8:30 PM</td>
<td>Stern Auditorium/Perelman Stage, Carnegie Hall</td>
<td>Verdi: Requiem</td>
<td>Jonathan Griffith, DCINY Artistic Director and Principal Conductor</td>
<td>Featuring Distinguished Concerts Orchestra and Distinguished Concerts Singers International</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 25, 2015</td>
<td>7:00 PM</td>
<td>Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center</td>
<td>Life and Remembrance</td>
<td>Hayes: Requiem, Mark Hayes Composer/Conductor</td>
<td>Featuring Distinguished Concerts Orchestra &amp; Distinguished Concerts Singers International</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 7, 2015</td>
<td>2:00 PM</td>
<td>Stern Auditorium/Perelman Stage, Carnegie Hall</td>
<td>Requiem à deux</td>
<td>Fauré: Requiem, Craig Jessop, Conductor Laureate</td>
<td>Duruflé: Requiem, Constantinides: Homage—A Folk Concerto for Flute and Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 14, 2015</td>
<td>2:00 PM</td>
<td>Stern Auditorium/Perelman Stage, Carnegie Hall</td>
<td>Future Vibrations</td>
<td>Francisco Nunez, Composer/Conductor</td>
<td>Music for Treble and Youth Voices</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Dates, repertoire, and artists subject to change.

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