



HORIZONS



Horizons

Would You Harbor Me
Finlandia

Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)
Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen
Super flumina Babylonis

Heinrich Isaac (1450-1517)
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525-1594)

Veröld fláa sýnir sig
Thann Heiliga kross

Hafliði Hallgrímsson (b. 1941)
Anna Thorvaldsdottir (b. 1977)

and the swallow
Se equivocó la paloma

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)
Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

INTERMISSION

Shen khar venakhi
Parismaalase Laulu

Traditional Georgian/Harmonized by Z. Paliashvili
Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

Horizons

Julie Bowdren, soprano ~ Eric Lewis, tenor ~ De'Evin Johnson, baritone

Péter Louis van Dijk (b. 1953)

Goin' Home

Haley Sicking, soprano ~ Katrina Burggraf, alto ~ Erin Roth Thomas, alto
Travis Lowery, tenor ~ Jacob Augsten, baritone

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

A City Called Heaven

Maiya Williams, alto

Leonard De Paur (1914-1998)

Walk Together Children

Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

Soprano

Julie Bowdren
Rachel Jones
Caitlin Wells Molechat
Haley Sicking

Alto

Katrina Burggraf
Lauren Harrison
Erin Roth Thomas
Maiya Williams

Tenor

Tucker Bilodeau
Eric Lewis
Travis Lowery
Jeremy Rohwer

Bass

Jacob Augsten
Cody Conway
David Grogan
De'Evin Johnson

Would You Harbor Me

Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?
Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?
Would you harbor a Christian, a Muslim, a Jew
a heretic, convict or spy?
Would you harbor a runaway woman, or child,
a poet, a prophet, a king?
Would you harbor an exile, or a refugee,
a person living with AIDS?

Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)

Would you harbor a Tubman, a Garrett, a Truth
a fugitive or a slave?
Would you harbor a Haitian, Korean, or Czech,
a lesbian or a gay?
Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?
Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?
~*Ysaye Barnwell*

Finlandia

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
a song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home, the country where my heart is;
here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine;
but other hearts in other lands are beating
with hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
And sunlight beams on clover leaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,
And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.
O hear my song, thou God of all the nations,
A song of peace for their land and for mine.
~*Veikko Antero Koskenniemi (1885-1962)*

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen,
ich fahr dahin mein Straßen,
in fremde Land dahin;
mein Freud ist mir genommen,
die ich nicht weiß bekommen,
wo ich im Elend bin.

Heinrich Isaac (1450-1517)

Innsbruck, I must leave you;
I will go my way
to foreign land(s).
My joy has been taken away from me,
that I cannot achieve
while being abroad.

Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen,
das ich allein tu klagen
dem liebsten Buhlen mein;
ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen
im Herzen dein erbarmen,
dass ich muss von dannen sein!

I must now bear great sorrow
that I can only share
with my dearest lover.
Oh love, hold poor me
(and) in your heart compassion
that I must be away!

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,
dein tu ich ewig bleiben,
stet' treu, der Ehren fromm;
nun muss dich Gott bewahren,
in aller Tugend sparen,
bis dass ich wieder komm!

My consolation: above all other women,
I will forever be yours,
always faithful, in true honor.
And now, may God protect you,
keep you in perfect virtue,
until I shall return!

~*Anonymous*

Super flumina Babylonis

Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et
flevimus, dum recordaremur Sion.
In salicibus in medio ejus suspendimus
organa nostra.

Veröld fláa sýnir sig

Veröld fláa sýnir sig,
sú mér spáir hörðu
Flestöll stráin stinga mig
stór og smá á jörðu

Thann Heiliga kross

Þann heilaga kross vor herra bar,
á holdi hans voru dauðleg sár.
Fyrir oss alla hann fullnað gjörði,
vér urðum ei keyptir með öðru verði.
Því hlýðið, kæru kristnir menn,
hvað kennir oss öllum skriftin senn.
Þeir sem vist á himnum hljóta,
herrans þínu þeir verða að njóta.
Einasta Guði sé æra og dýrð,
er sinn son sendi hingað á jörð.
Hann stýri og stjórni oss öllum saman,
svo vér hann óttumst og elskum. Amen.

and the swallow

How lovely is your dwelling place
My soul yearns
my heart and my flesh cry
the sparrow found a house, and the swallow
her nest,

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525-1594)

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and
wept: when we remembered thee, O Zion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up:
upon the trees that are therein.
~Psalm 137

Haflíði Hallgrímsson (b. 1941)

The world opens up before my eyes
It reveals to me a harsh reality
Most people hurt me with their words
Both big and small on this earth.
~Traditional Icelandic

Anna Thorvaldsdóttir (b. 1977)

On the holy cross our Lord,
on his flesh were mortal wounds,
for all of us he accomplished this,
we were not redeemed for a lesser price.
Therefore dear Christians,
this we all teach of his scripture.
Those who receive heavenly glory,
the love of the Lord they must enjoy.
One God is glory everlasting,
his song is sent here on earth.
He leads and guides us together,
we serve him with reverence and love. Amen.
~Text from a 16th century Icelandic hymn,
attr. Martin Hegelund

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

where she may
pass through the Valley of Baca
they make it a place of springs
the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
~Psalm 84

Se equivocó la paloma

Se equivocó la paloma.
Se equivocaba.
Por ir al norte, fue al sur.
Creyó que el trigo era agua.
Se equivocaba.
Creyó que el mar era el cielo;
que la noche, la mañana.
Se equivocaba.
Que las estrellas, rocío;
que la calor; la nevada.
Se equivocaba.
Que tu falda era tu blusa;
que tu corazón, su casa.
Se equivocaba.
(Ella se durmió en la orilla.
Tú, en la cumbre de una rama.)

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

The dove was wrong.
It was mistaken.
By heading north, it went south.
It supposed wheat was water.
But it was mistaken.
It thought the sea was the sky,
and the evening, the morning.
It was mistaken.
It thought the stars were dew,
the heat was snow.
But it was mistaken.
That your skirt was your blouse,
that your heart was a home.
It was mistaken.
(And it slept by the seashore,
while you perched on a branch.)
~*Rafael Alberti (1902-1999)*

Shen khar venakhi

Shen khar venakhi a khlad akh va vebuli.
Nor chi ke ti li edems shina nerguli.
Datavitvisit Mze khar ga bur tskhin vebuli.

Traditional Georgian/Harmonized by Z. Paliashvili

You are a vineyard newly blossomed.
Young, beautiful, growing in Eden,
You yourself are the sun, shining brilliantly.
~*attr. King Demetrius I of Georgia (1093-1156)*

Parismaalase Laulu

The pagan, shamanistic rhythm lies in the nonsense syllable "tabu-tabu" repeated over and over.
The words actually mean "taboo," depicting the inability of the Estonians to speak out during the Soviet occupation.

Veljo Tormis (1930-2017)

Horizons

Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.
Small moon, Hai! Young moon,
When the sun rises you must speak to the Rain,
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb,
O speak to her, that I may drink, this little thing...
She will come across the dark sky:
Mighty Raincow, sing your song for me
Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,
For you are hungry and thirsty.

Péter Louis van Dijk (b. 1953)

O Star, Hai! Hunting Star,
When the sun rises you must blind with your light
The Eland's eyes,
O blind his eyes, that I may eat, this little thing...
He will come across the red sands:
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me,
Sleep, my springbok baby,
Sleep for me, my springbok child,
When morning comes, they'll come a-hunting,
For they are hungry and thirsty.
They will come across the waters:
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships,
And they will show us new and far horizons.
And they came, came across the waters:
Gods in galleons, bearing bows of steel,
Then they killed us on the far horizon.
~*Péter Louis van Dijk*

Goin' Home

Goin' home. Goin' home. I'm a-goin' home.
Quiet-like some still day, I'm just goin' home.
It's not far, just close by, through an open door.
Work all done, cares laid by, goin' to roam no
more;
Mother's there 'xpecting me, father's waiting,
too,
Lots of folks gathered there, all the friends
I knew.

Home, home, I'm goin' home!
Nothin' lost, all's gain, no more fret nor pain,
No more stumblin' on the way,
No more longin' for the day
Gwine to roam no more!

A City Called Heaven

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm tossed in this wide world alone,
No hope have I for tomorrow,
I've started to make heav'n my home.
Sometimes I am tossed and driven,
Lord, Sometimes I don't know where to roam,
I've heard of a city called heaven,
I've started to make it my home.

Walk Together Children

Walk together, children, don't you get weary,
walk together, children, don't you get weary,
walk together, children, don't you get weary,
there's a great camp meeting in the promised
land.

Sing together, children, don't you get weary,
sing together, children, don't you get weary,
sing together, children, don't you get weary,
there's a great camp meeting in the promised
land.

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Morning star lights the way, restless dream all
done.
Shadows gone, break of day, real life just
begun.
There's no break, there's no end, just a-living
on;
Wide awake, with a smile, going on and on.
Going home. Going home, I'm just going home.
It's not far, just close by, through an open door.
I'm jes' goin' home. Goin' home.

~William Arms Fisher (1861-1948)

Leonard De Paur (1914-1998)

My mother has reached that pure glory,
My father's still walkin' in sin,
My brothers and sisters won't own me,
Because I am tryin' to get in.
Sometimes I am tossed and driven,
Lord, Sometimes I don't know where to roam,
I've heard of a city called heaven,
I've started to make it my home.

~Traditional

Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

Work together, children, don't you get weary,
work together, children, don't you get weary,
work together, children, don't you get weary,
there's a great camp meeting in the promised
land.

~Traditional

Program Notes by Cody Conway

Ysaÿe Barnwell is an American singer, composer, and founding member of Sweet Honey in the Rock. The GRAMMY-winning African-American a cappella ensemble fueled her passion for youth arts engagement by sharing the African-American experience through arts and sign language. **Would You Harbor Me?** is a haunting and compelling reflection: each line asks, “Would you harbor...” followed by a list of epithets, growing from a single voice for “me” and “you” to all humanity within a denser texture. ♦ The symphonic poem entitled **Finlandia** was composed by Jean Sibelius for the Finnish Press Celebrations of 1899. The “celebrations” were a covert protest against increasing censorship from the Russian Empire. In order to avoid any performance restrictions, the piece was often performed under alternative names like “Happy Feelings of Finnish Spring” or “A Scandinavian Choral March.” Much of the work is rousing and turbulent, evoking the struggle of the Finnish people. The orchestra eventually tapers into a simple, serene hymn that has become so beloved among the Finnish public, it has often been proposed to take the place of the national anthem. Sibelius himself arranged this hymn for male chorus with text by Lloyd Stone as an “international song of peace.”

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen was first published in 1485 as a choral piece by the Franco-Flemish Renaissance composer, Heinrich Isaac. The tuneful melody became popularized as a solo with accompaniment and was also used in multiple German Lutheran and English-language hymnals. The song is famously associated with the city of Innsbruck (in modern-day Austria). The lyrics express sorrow upon leaving a post at court—the singer is forced to abandon his love and depart to a foreign country. He promises her faithfulness and commends her to God's protection. Isaac followed his own career from Flanders into Germany, Italy, Austria, and other parts of central Europe. ♦ After Nebuchadnezzar II's successful siege of Jerusalem in 597 BC, the Jews were exiled to Babylon where they were held captive. **Super flumina Babylonis** expresses the yearning for Jerusalem and resentment for its enemies with sometimes violent imagery. Palestrina's excerpted version fits beautifully the pathos of the moment, when the displaced Israelites sat on the riverbanks and “hanged our harps upon the willows.”

Faith has taken many forms in Iceland since the arrival of the first pagan Nordic Vikings in 874 CE. By 995 CE, Norwegian rule began a one-thousand-year history of European subjugation and Christian influence on the island, though it maintained its own cultural identity and often secular sentiment. Only in recent decades has Iceland seen an emergence of classical music. Like the two composers in this program, many have taken interest in preserving ancient Icelandic hymns and tunes. Hafliði Hallgrímsson's **Veröld fláa sýnir sig** is a desolate *cri de coeur*, describing the world as deceitful, a place where even blades of grass “sting me.” The repeated line *Sú mér spáir hörðu* (“foretelling harsh times”) makes this disillusionment seem prophetic and quite peculiar, given Hallgrímsson's jaunty setting of the text. ♦ Young Icelandic composer, Anna Thorvaldsdóttir, has launched herself to acclaim for her stunning choral writing. **Pann heilaga kross** shows her wonderful ability to balance ancient hymns with modern expression. Drone sounds undulate uncomfortably between dissonance and consonance while the harmonies remain more spare, preserving the timelessness of the melody.

In reflecting on the Syrian refugee crisis, Caroline Shaw was struck by the text of Psalm 84. She remarked at the 2017 premiere of **and the swallow**, “There's a yearning for a home that feels very relevant today. ‘The sparrow found a house and the swallow her nest, where she may place her young’ is just a beautiful image of a bird trying to keep her children safe—people trying to keep their family safe.” The result is a grounded and comforting eight-part texture where the voices can be heard escaping upward into high registers before ending with the sound of autumn rains. ♦ Carlos Guastavino was the most prolific Argentinian composer of the twentieth century and was adored for blending classical and popular styles. **Se equivocó la paloma** is his setting of the poem “La Paloma” by Rafael Alberti. Alberti escaped to Argentina during the civil

war in Spain, where he published a book of poetry about exile. Guastavino set the piece for treble choir to be integrated into a ballet suite. The piece has since been arranged and recorded by both choirs and popular South American artists.

Shen khar venakhi is a medieval Georgian hymn, dedicated to the country and its patronage of the Virgin Mary in the Georgian Orthodox Church. Such Christian hymns were banned altogether during Soviet rule. The harmonies remain very close; the constant tension-release and final unification are symbolic features. Music has been one very stable presence in the life of the Georgian people and a proud source of national identity, enduring many centuries of invasion, occupation, and colonization. Georgian polyphony is recognized by UNESCO as a “masterpiece of intangible heritage of humanity.” ♦ Estonia also shares in a rich national history of singing. Regular singing festivals like the *Laulupidu* can often garner single choirs of thirty thousand singers performing for audiences of over eighty thousand (10 percent of the entire county’s population). Estonian national songs were strictly forbidden at these festivals during Soviet occupation, but the crowds would often erupt in “protest songs” like **Parismaalase Laulu**. Veljo Tormis titled the piece “An Aboriginal Song in Polynesian” to hide its true intention as a protest piece, and used only one nonsense word: “tabu.” Estonians understood the phonetic likeness to the English word “taboo,” describing the banned expression of any national sentiment. The piece’s shamanistic rhythm and primal energy must have been something to behold when the large crowd sang it before Soviet authorities in the *Laulupidu* of the 1980s.

Horizons tells the history of the Dutch overtaking the indigenous San people of Southern Africa. South African composer, Peter Louis Van Dijk writes, “In a cave, somewhere in the Western Cape region, is a well documented San (Bushman) painting of a Dutch ship, resplendent with flags and sails, rounding the Cape. The painting dates back to the early 1700s and serves as a poignant reminder of the incredible powers of observation of these now virtually extinct people. Sadly, the very people the San saw as gods, certainly in terms of stature and relative opulence, were to become their executioners. Physically small, the San...were often mistakenly regarded as cowardly due to their non-confrontational approach to conflict with friend and foe alike.” Van Dijk masterfully creates an image of the peaceful San tribe with a variety of sounds and percussion.

Antonín Dvořák moved from Prague to New York in 1892 to become Director of the National Conservatory of Music. His task was to “help American composers find their own voices and shake off the European sound.” Dvořák discovered the rich heritage of African American music and challenged white American composers to make better use of the “negro melodies of America,” as he felt they were to be a crucial part of “any serious and original school of composition.” Leading by example, Dvořák’s *New World Symphony* integrated many of these melodies and musical traits and was premiered at Carnegie Hall in 1893. The *Largo* movement itself was inspired purely by the African American spirituals sung to him by his collaborator, Henry Burleigh. Later, William Arms Fisher wrote the **Goin’ Home** text to this tune, and commented on its “sense of the tragedy of the black man as he sings his spirituals.” ♦ This sense is certainly echoed in the melody and text of Leonard de Paur’s spiritual arrangement of **A City Called Heaven**. After attending Columbia University and The Juilliard School, de Paur was a conductor of numerous US military ensembles and became Associate Director of the Lincoln Center International Choral Festival until 1988. Longing for Heaven and leaving one’s current earthly state is a hallmark of the African-American spiritual. Slaves would sing these spirituals as daily respite, but the songs also provided veiled instructions to fellow slaves who sought to escape the South. Many spirituals reference passage into the “River Jordan” where Jesus was baptized, though in the context of slave songs these were instructions to cross the Ohio River into the North. ♦ Other spirituals speak of a “journey,” like Moses Hogan’s **Walk Together Children**. A repetitive, walking-like commandment tells the children to continue, to never tire, until reaching the “great camp meeting” in the free states.

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