

Cerddorion's Next Performances

Please join us on November 4th in Brooklyn or November 10th in Manhattan (at St. Ignatius of Antioch) for the start of our 18th Season.

Watch our website (www.cerddorion.org) for more information, or join our mailing list to be kept up-to-date.



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CERDDORION

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

James John
Artistic Director

PRESENTS

Joy Beyond Words



Sunday, May 20, 2012—3 P.M.
Saint Ignatius of Antioch Episcopal Church
552 West End Avenue
New York, New York

CERDDORION

sopranos

Judith Cobb
Cathy Markoff
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altos

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tenors

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basses

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Jonathan Miller
Michael Plant
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Larry Sutter
Ethan Wagner



The members of Cerddorion are grateful to Doug Keilitz and the Church of Saint Ignatius of Antioch for providing rehearsal and performance space for this season.



Gala Reception

*Join us after the concert and support Cerddorion's continued ability to commission new music.
Refreshments and remarks by Mr. Moravec and Dr. John.*

4:30-6:30pm
Gelabert Studios Gallery
255 West 86th Street.
Minimum contribution \$50.

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Our concerts would not be possible without a great deal of financial assistance. Cerddorion would like to thank the following, who have generously provided financial support for our activities over the past year.

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Malagueña

La muerte
entra y sale
de la taberna.

Pasan caballos negros
y gente siniestra
por los hondos caminos
de la guitarra.

Y hay un olor a sal
y a sangre de hembra,
en los nardos febriles
de la marina.

La muerte
entra y sale
y sale y entra
la muerte
de la taberna.

Malagueña

Death
Goes in and out
Of the tavern.

Black horses
And sinister people
Move along the deep paths
Of the guitar.

And there is a smell of salt
And women's blood
In the fresh spikenards
Of the seashore.

Death
Goes in and out
And out and in goes
Death
From the tavern.



The Program

Three Madrigals from *Il Primo Libro de Madrigali*
O primavera, SWV 1
O dolcezze amarissime, SWV 2
Tornate, o cari baci, SWV 16

Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)

Six Chansons
La Biche
Un Cygne
Puisque tout passe
Printemps
En Hiver
Verger

Paul Hindemith
(1895-1963)

Clavante Brillioso

Thomas Jennefelt
(b. 1954)

Sachie Ueshima, soprano

❖❖❖ *Intermission* ❖❖❖

Stava il Sole

Paul Moravec
(b. 1957)

World Premiere Performances

Four Shakespeare Songs
Come Away, Death
Lullaby
Double, Double Toil and Trouble
Full Fathom Five

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi
(b. 1963)

Lorca Suite
Canción de jinete
El Grito
La luna asoma
Malegüeña

Einojuhani Rautavaara
(b. 1928)

Katrina Montagna, soprano
Ethan Wagner, baritone
Michael Plant, bass

CERDDORION

NOW IN ITS SEVENTEENTH SEASON, CERDDORION is one of New York's most highly regarded volunteer choral ensembles. A chamber group of twenty-five mixed voices, it is known for its eclectic repertoire, encompassing music from the Renaissance to the contemporary. As befits its name (cerddorion is Welsh for "musicians"), the ensemble aspires to musicianship in the fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have come to appreciate the group's interpretive depth and technical excellence in many styles. Cerddorion has also frequently commissioned new works by such composers as Lisa Bielawa, David Lang, Elliot Z. Levine, Robert Dennis, Julie Dolphin, and David Schober.

Besides presenting its own varied programs, Cerddorion is frequently invited to perform with other acclaimed artists. In 2011, the men of Cerddorion sang with esteemed French organist Francis Chapelet in the second inaugural recital of the Manton Memorial Organ at the Church of the Ascension in New York. Past collaborations have included the North American premiere of Sir John Tavener's all-night vigil, *The Veil of the Temple*, performed at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall (with Dessoff Choral Consortium and choristers from London's Temple Church); several appearances with the Christopher Caines Dance Company; Baroque opera performances with the early music instrumental ensemble Concert Royal; and serving as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut.

In 2006, Cerddorion performed at the Eastern Divisional Convention of the American Choral Directors Association the works they had commissioned from three New York composers for their tenth anniversary season. September 2007 marked the release on the Tzadik label of *A Handful of World*, Cerddorion's first commercial recording. The CD is dedicated to vocal works by New York composer Lisa Bielawa and includes Cerddorion's performance of Bielawa's *Lamentations for a City*, which was commissioned and first performed by Cerddorion in 2004.

Cerddorion is a proud member of the New York Choral Consortium.

El Grito

El eclipse de un grito,
va de monte
a monte.

Desde los olivos,
será un arco iris negro
sobre la noche azul.

¡Ay!

Como un arco de viola,
el grito ha hecho vibrar
largas cuerdas del viento.

¡Ay!

(Las gentes de las cuevas
asoman sus velones.)

¡Ay!

La luna asoma

Cuando sale la luna
se pierden las campanas
y aparecen las sendas
impenetrables.

Cuando sale la luna,
el mar cubre la tierra
y el corazón se siente
isla en el infinito.

Nadie come naranjas
bajo la luna llena.
Es preciso comer
fruta verde y helada.

Cuando sale la luna
de cien rostros iguales,
la moneda de plata
solloza en el bolsillo.

The Scream

The eclipse of a scream
Goes from hill
to hill.

From the olive trees
A black rainbow
Will rise above the blue night.

Ay!

Like a viol bow
The scream has thrilled
Long strings of the wind.

Ay!

(The cave people
Hold out their lamps.)

Ay!

The Moon Rises

When the moon rises
Bells fade away
And paths appear
Impassable.

When the moon rises,
The sea covers the earth
And the heart feels
An island in the infinite.

No one eats oranges
Under the full moon.
You must eat
Fruit that is green and ice cold.

When the moon rises,
With a hundred faces all alike,
Silver coins
Sob in the pocket.

Einojuhani Rautavaara, *Lorca Suite*

Einojuhani Rautavaara (b. 1928) is perhaps the dean of living Finnish composers. He began his studies in Helsinki at the Sibelius Academy, and later came to the United States where he spent time at Juilliard and Tanglewood, working with Vincent Persichetti, Roger Sessions and Aaron Copland. He completed his *Lorca Suite* in 1973, which consists of four tightly constructed, evocative settings of Federico Garcia Lorca's surrealist poems. The Suite centers on the note E-natural, and is based on the octatonic scale (an alternation of whole and half steps).

“Canción de jinete” (“Song of the Horseman”) describes, in galloping rhythms, a horseman riding towards his death. “El Grito” (“The Scream”) is characterized by dramatic portamenti and clusters of half steps, creating a quasi-aural equivalent to the famous painting of the same name by Norwegian artist Edvard Munch. In “La Luna Asoma” (“The Moon Rises”), rising scales grow out of a solitary E-natural, evoking the moon's haunting ascent. The text refers to an Andalusian legend that eating oranges under a full moon is a portent of death. Finally, “Malagueña” (which translates simply as “Dance from Malaga”) begins with vocal entries that outline the open strings on a guitar (E-A-D-G), and depicts a feverish dance of death. A general, yet fitting visual analogy might be Picasso's famous *Three Musicians*, which hangs in the Museum of Modern Art.

Suite de Lorca (Federico García Lorca)

Canción de jinete

Córdoba.

Lejana y sola.

Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los caminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.

Por el llano, por el viento,
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde las torres de Córdoba.

¡Ay que camino tan largo!
¡Ay mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

Song of the Horseman

Cordoba.

So distant and lonely.

Black little horse, and big moon,
and in my saddlebag olives.
Though the ways are familiar,
at Cordoba I will never arrive.

Across the plain, through the wind,
black little horse, and red moon.
Death keeps staring at me,
down from Cordoba's towers.

Oh, how the way's dragging on!
Oh, so patient my brave little horse!
Oh, that death waits for me,
before Cordoba will ever be reached!

Cordoba.
So distant and lonely.

James John, Artistic Director

James John is Associate Professor and Director of Choral Activities at the Aaron Copland School of Music, Queens College-CUNY, where he conducts the Queens College Choir, Vocal Ensemble and Choral Society, teaches choral conducting, and serves as advisor to the graduate program in vocal performance.

Under Dr. John's leadership, the choral program at the Aaron Copland School of Music has become recognized as one of the finest collegiate choral programs in the region. Past performances with the School of Music's choral ensembles include Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, an award-winning production of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, Requiems by Mozart and Verdi, “A Night at the Opera” with Queens College alumna Erika Sunnegårdh of the Metropolitan Opera, Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*, and world premieres of works by Sidney Boquiren, Leo Kraft, Meg Collins Stoop, and others. His choirs have performed in many of New York's prestigious venues, including Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Weill Recital Hall, and St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Vocal Ensemble recently released its first CD, featuring premiere recordings of part-songs by Scottish composer Hamish MacCunn, and the Queens College Choir was selected to perform at the 2012 Eastern Division Conference of the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA) in Providence, RI.

Dr. John's guest conducting appearances include Avery Fisher Hall's annual *Messiah* Sing-In, a concert of American choral music with the Virginia Chorale (Virginia's only professional choral ensemble), chorus master for the Queens Symphony, regional honor choirs throughout New York State, and a recording with jazz trumpeter Michael Mossman. In June 2012, he will lead the Tokyo Oratorio Society in a performance of Brahms's *Requiem* in Tokyo's Suntory Hall. He has given presentations at both divisional and national conventions of the ACDA and is in demand as a clinician and adjudicator throughout the United States.

As a teacher and scholar, Dr. John has served as Guest Lecturer in conducting at the Hochschule für Musik in Freiburg, Germany, and has presented seminars on American choral music in Basel and Stockholm. In July 2011, he was appointed Editor of the *American Choral Review*, published by Chorus America. His dissertation on Brahms's *Nänie*, Op. 82, won the Julius Herford Prize from the ACDA and will be published soon in revised form as a book by The Edwin Mellen Press. His articles have appeared in *Choral Journal*, *The American Choral Review*, and the American Choral Foundation's *Research Memorandum Series*. He is currently Project Chair for Research and Scholarship for ACDA's Eastern Division, and is also a member of ACDA's National Research and Publications Committee, where he serves as Chair of the Monographs and Composers Series subcommittee.

Dr. John received his Doctor of Musical Arts in Conducting from the Eastman School of Music. Prior to his current position at the Aaron Copland School of Music, he served as Director of Choral Activities at Tufts University in Boston, Director of Choral Activities at Nassau Community College in Garden City, NY, and as Dartmouth College's first Conducting Fellow. He received his Master of Arts in Conducting from the Aaron Copland School of Music.

Program Notes and Texts

Joy Beyond Words

Program Notes by James John

With the exception of wordless pieces and compositions written on nonsense syllables, choral music is a text-based medium. Composers usually begin by searching for an inspiring text, which is not always easy to find. When one of Brahms's close friends asked him in the mid-1870s why he hadn't composed more music for choir, he remarked how difficult it was to find texts—and though Brahms ultimately wrote a great deal of choral music, the vast majority of it is in German.

As I was planning Cerddorion's season and thinking about some of my favorite a cappella works, it occurred to me that several of them were written in languages other than the composer's native tongue. This being the exception rather than the rule, I thought it might make an interesting theme for a program. Our performance this afternoon features settings of Italian and French texts by German composers (selected madrigals by Schütz; Hindemith's *Six Chansons*); a Swedish composer who invented meaningless words to go along with music that he composed in advance (Jennefelt's *Clavante Brillioso*); an American writing in Italian (our newly commissioned work, *Stava il Sole*, by Paul Moravec); and two Finnish composers' renderings of English and Spanish poetry (Mäntyjärvi's *Four Shakespeare Songs*; Rautavaara's *Lorca Suite*). Though volumes could be said about text-music relationships in these works, as well as the particular challenges of writing in a language other than one's own, the primary element these pieces have in common is their power to reach past language barriers and communicate with immediacy to any audience—hence the title, 'Joy Beyond Words.'

Heinrich Schütz, Three Madrigals from *Il Primo Libro de Madrigali* (Venice, 1611)

Born one hundred years before J.S. Bach, Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672) was one of the most influential figures of the early German Baroque. He traveled to Venice twice during his long career: from 1609 to 1612 to study with Giovanni Gabrieli, and in 1629 to meet Claudio Monteverdi. The fruits of his first sojourn included a book of nineteen Italian madrigals (required of him by his teacher), which became Schütz's first published works. They reflect the composer's remarkable assimilation of Italian style, his great gift for word painting, and his innate contrapuntal skill—elements he integrated seamlessly into his vast output of Protestant church music.

"O Primavera" ("O Spring") and "O Dolcezza Amarissime" ("O Bitter Sweets") are the first two madrigals in the collection, and belong together as a set. In them the poet contrasts the beauty of spring with the despair he feels at the loss of his beloved. Schütz captures this duality of moods immediately in the opening bars, where g-minor contrasts poignantly with G-major on his initial setting of the word "primavera." In "Tornate, O Cari Baci" ("Come Back, O Dear Kisses") the poet languishes desperately for the return of his lover—culminating in a series of breathless, passionate sighs ("sospiri") exchanged between voices in short, sensual, cascading roulades.

Lullaby (*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II: Scene 2*)

You spotted snakes with double tongue,	Never harm nor spell nor charm,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.	Come our lovely lady nigh.
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong:	So, good night with lullaby.
Come not near our fairy queen.	Weaving spiders, come not here.
Philomel, with melody	Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Sing in our sweet lullaby:	Beetles black, approach not near;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,	Worm nor snail do no offence.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby:	Philomel, with melody...

Double, Double Toil and Trouble (*Macbeth, Act IV: Scene 1*)

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.	Double, double toil and trouble, Fire
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.	burn, and cauldron bubble.
Harpier cries: 'Tis time, 'tis time.	Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Round about the cauldron go,	Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
In the poison'd entrails throw:	Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Toad, that under cold stone	Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark.
Days and nights has thirty-one	Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,	Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.	Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Double, double toil and trouble,	Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips.
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.	Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Fillet of a fenny snake	Ditch-deliver'd by a drab.
In the cauldron boil and bake,	Make the gruel thick and slab.
Eye of newt and toe of frog,	Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog.	For the ingredients of our cauldron.
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,	Double, double toil and trouble,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.	Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
For a charm of powerful trouble,	By the pricking of my thumbs,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.	Something wicked this way comes.
	Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Full Fathom Five (*The Tempest, Act I: Scene 2*)

Full fathom five thy father lies;	Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Of his bones are coral made.	Hark! Now I hear them:
Those are pearls that were his eyes —	Ding, dong, bell.
Nothing of him that doth fade,	
But doth suffer a sea-change	
Into something rich and strange.	



Jaakko Mäntyjärvi, *Four Shakespeare Songs*

Of all the living composers on our program, Finnish musician Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b. 1963) is the only one who holds a degree in linguistics, and is accredited as an authorized translator (for both Finnish to English and English to Finnish). His love of languages and fluency in English deeply inform his settings of Shakespeare's verses, which have become very popular with chamber choirs throughout the world. The composer has written his own program notes for these delightful works:

Four Shakespeare Songs is a blend of Renaissance poetry and contemporary music. The choral writing is varied and demanding, although the music never strays very far from traditional tonal harmony. The texts are songs from Shakespeare's plays.

"Come Away, Death" (Twelfth Night) is a lament of unhappy love, typical for Renaissance lyrics: the narrator begs his friends to bury him, as he has been killed by the coldness of the 'cruel maid' that he loves. The falling figure on the repeated word 'weep' towards the end echoes the Renaissance practice of word-painting in music.

"Lullaby" (A Midsummer Night's Dream) is sung by fairies to their Queen; it is a soft and tranquil mood piece in siciliano rhythm.

"Double, Double Toil and Trouble" (Macbeth), on the other hand, is sort of a Medieval cookery programme. The three witches, or weird sisters, chant the ingredients of a magic potion that they are brewing. This is the potion that the witches use later in the same scene to prophesy to Macbeth that he will become King of Scotland. The text is rather wild, and the music uses a wide range of devices up to and including speech choir.

"Full Fathom Five" (The Tempest) is a comforting yet ghoulish description of how the body of a drowned man is transformed into treasures of the sea and how mermaids ring funeral bells for him.

Four Shakespeare Songs was written for the Savolaisen Osakunnan Laulajat student choir of the University of Helsinki, which I was a member of from 1982 to 1987 and conducted from 1988 to 1993. The work was premiered at the 80th anniversary banquet of the Savo student nation of the University of Helsinki on February 23, 1985.

Four Shakespeare Songs

Come Away, Death (*Twelfth Night, Act II: Scene 4*)

Come away, come away, Death, And in sad cypress let me be laid; Fly away, fly away breath; I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, prepare it! My part of death, no one so true Did share it.	Not a flower, not a flower sweet On my black coffin let there be strown. Not a friend, not a friend greet My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown. A thousand thousand sighs to save, Lay me O where Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there.
--	---

O Primavera, SWV 1 (Battista Guarini)

(*Prima parte*)
O primavera, gioventù de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'herbe novelle, di novelli amori,

Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioie:

Tu torni ben, tu torni,
Ma teco altro non torna
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro
La rimembranza misera e dolente.

Tu quella sè, tu quella
Ch' eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella;
Ma non son io già quel ch' un tempo fui
Sì caro agli occhi altrui.

O Dolcezza Amarissime, SWV 2 (Battista Guarini)

(*Seconda parte*)
O dolcezza amarissime d'amore,
Quanto è più duro perdervi, che mai
Non v'haver ò provate ò possedute!

Come saria l'amor felice stato,
Se'l già goduto ben non si perdesse,

O quando egli si perde,
Ogni memoria ancora
Del dileguato ben si dileguasse!

(*First Part*)
O spring, youth of the new-born year,
Mother of flowers,
New verdure, and new loves!

But not with thee return
Those happy days thou hast been wont to bring,
Whose every hour was joy;

Thou art return'd,
But with three naught, alas! Returns,
Save the sad recollection of my dear lost treasure,
Remembrance full of woe!

Thou art the same, the very same
Fair smiling season as thou were before,
But I am now no more what once I was,
So dear to those fair eyes, my only joy.

O bitter sweets of love,
Far heavier grief it is to lose,
Than never to have known or tasted love's
delights!

How blest a thing were love,
When gained, if it could ne'er be lost,

Or being lost,
All memory then
Of the lost happiness should vanish too!

Tornate, o cari baci, SWV 16 (Giovan Battista Marino)

Tornate o cari baci a ritornarmi in vita,
Baci al mio cor digiuno esca gradita,

Voi di quel dolce amaro,
Per cui languir n'è caro,
Di quel vostro non meno nettare
Che veneno pascete i miei famelici desiri,

Baci in cui dolci provo anco i sospiri.

Come back, O dear kisses, return life to me,
Kisses from which my heart has fasted and was so
grateful for,
You whose sweet bitterness,
For which I dearly languish,
Whose not insubstantial nectar
Is the poison upon which I feed my famished
desires,
And whose kisses are the sweets I long to taste
again, and for which I sigh!



Paul Hindemith, *Six Chansons*

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963) was born near Frankfurt am Main, and received early training as a violinist. He later established a reputation as a violist, playing throughout Europe with the Amar Quartet (a group he founded in 1921). In 1927 he began teaching composition at the Berlin Hochschule für Musik, and during a time of great turmoil in Europe emigrated to Switzerland (1938), and then the United States (1940), where he later obtained citizenship. He taught for over a decade at Yale University and established a reputation as an outstanding pedagogue (his book, *Elementary Training for Musicians*, is still used in conservatory ear training classes today). His many notable students included Lucas Foss, Norman Dello Joio and Mel Powell.

Completed in 1939 during his time in Switzerland, *Six Chansons* was commissioned by a Swiss choir, Chanson Valaisanne, and has since become a cornerstone of the twentieth century *a cappella* repertory. Hindemith's musical language is unique and accessible, and his settings of Rilke's elegant poetry seem to capture the essence of the texts, which are highly nuanced and rich with symbolic meaning. Though a German poet, Rilke wrote more than four hundred poems in French, and towards the end of his life made his home in Valais, the predominantly French-speaking canton of Switzerland from which the choir that commissioned these works took its name.

Paul Moravec, *Stava il Sole*

In 2004, New York composer Paul Moravec (b. 1957) received the Pulitzer Prize in Music for his *Tempest Fantasy*, a chamber work for clarinet, violin, cello and piano. He is a prolific composer of over one hundred compositions in all major genres including orchestral, operatic, vocal, film and chamber music, and currently serves as Professor of Music at Adelphi University. Past honors include the Prix de Rome, a Composer Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, a Rockefeller Foundation fellowship, as well as the Charles Ives Prize and Goddard Lieberman Awards in American Composition. Cerddorion is delighted to be premiering his new composition, *Stava il Sole*, this afternoon. Of his own music, Mr. Moravec writes:

As a composer, I try always to make beautiful things, and I use whatever techniques and materials are useful for the particular composition at hand. Some of those materials are atonal or nontonal, but the overall harmonic context of my music derives from the tonal tradition, which after all is the lingua franca of Western music—essentially, Monteverdi to the Beatles and beyond.

The text of *Stava il Sole* is excerpted from *Purgatorio*, Canto XXVII, in which Virgil bids farewell to Dante. The account of Dante's advancing through "the temporal and eternal fires" is a crucial moment in his long spiritual journey, as well as one of the most moving passages in the entire *Commedia* trilogy. This composition was commissioned by Cerddorion and is dedicated to the group with affection and admiration.

Stava il Sole (Dante Alighieri)

Stava il sole; onde 'l giorno sen giva,
Come l'angel di Dio lieto ci apparse.

Fuor de la fiamma stava in su la riva,
E cantava "Beati mundo corde!"

"Più non si va, se pria non morde,
Anime sante, il foco: intrate in esso,
E al cantar di là non siate sorde."

"Il temporal foco e l'eterno
Veduto hai;
...ch'io te sovra te corono e mitrio."

So stood the Sun; hence was the day departing,
When the glad Angel of God appeared to us.

Outside the flame he stood upon the verge,
And chanted forth, "Blessed are the pure in
heart!"

"No one farther goes, souls sanctified,
If first the fire bite not; within it enter,
And be not deaf unto the song beyond."

"You now have seen the torment
Of the temporal and the eternal fires;
...Over thyself I crown thee and mitre thee."



Farialdo aleidi vamistrato ridoani
villotari nemi anira finanono
claviante brilioso vama
svavo cranavalde rivaso

andravoga volodiri fariosa criavolto,
criavolta fariosa andravoga volodiri,
volodiri criavolto brillante novotramo.

Quiribranol
brillante novotramo oria crinoli
brillante novotramo flamia oritavi
novotramo brillante oritavi oritavi.

Leviori vario bami, aflamia
Leviori vario bami, oritavi
leviori vario bra, criavolto
leviori vario, sa

antero fanoridi allatari caldospiri
ori quarodeldi ridoani villotari.

Ari
brolita.

Riva trivecata stari brocalovi

Brolita, antaro fanoridi allatari caldospiri
brolita, ori quarodeldi ridoani villotari
vananana nanananana.....

Flamia aralavi

rialdo aleidi vamistrato ridoani
villotari nemi amira finanono
claviante briliosa vana
svano cranavalde rivaso

andra voga volodiri fariosa criavolto
criavolto fariosa andravoga volodiri
volodiri criavolto brillante novotrami

alocato aleidi floriasti andravoga
olotavi arindim viri
ari

Ah Brocalovi samlavila
Ah Brocalovi samlavila
anodi

oria oritavi quarodeldi
quarodeldi caldospiri lovicanta alatari
vananana nanananana nanananana
oritavi crinoli quarodeldi
oritavi caldospiri lovicanta alatari
vananana nanananana nanananana.

Rivatricata stari brocalovi
staribrocalovi
stranda
lao.



Six Chansons (Rainer Maria Rilke)

La Biche

O la biche: quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts
dans tes yeux abonde;
combien de confiance ronde
mêlée à combien de peur.

Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
À cette impassive
Ignorance de ton front.

Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau
Tout entouré de lui-même,
comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime
est tout un espace mouvant.

Il se rapproche, doublé,
comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troubleé...
qui à cet être ajoute
la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.

Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons
la mélodie passagère;
celle qui nous désaltère
aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art;
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ.

The Doe

O thou doe, what beautiful interiors
of ancient forests
appear in your abundant eyes;
what combination of serene confidence
mixed with fear.

And it is all carried on the lively
grace of your bounds.
Nor comes anything at all to astound the
impassive
unawareness of your brow.

A Swan

A swan is approaching through the water,
all in himself enfolded
like a slow moving tableau;
thus, in certain moments,
the being of a loved one
seems to occupy such a migrating space.

It will draw near us, two-fold,
as a swan upon the river
of our troubled soul,
joined to this being through
the trembling image
of delight and suspicion.

Since all is passing

Since all is passing, retain
the melodies that wander by us;
that which assuages when nigh us
shall alone remain.

Let us sing what will leave us
with our love and art;
ere it can grieve us,
let us the sooner depart.

Printemps

O mélodie de la sève
 qui dans les instruments
 de tous ces arbres s'élève,
 accompagne le chant
 de notre voix trop brève.

C'est pendant quelques mesures
 seulement que nous suivons
 les multiples figures
 de ton long abandon,
 ô abondante nature.

Quand il faudra nous taire,
 d'autres continueront...
 mais à présent comment faire
 pour te rendre mon
 grand coeur complémentaire?

En Hiver

En hiver, la mort meurtrière
 Entre dans les maisons;
 Elle cherche la soeur, le père,
 Et leur joue du violon.

Mais quand la terre remue
 Sous la bêche du printemps,
 La mort court dans les rues
 Et salue les passants.

Verger

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle
 que dans tes branches, ô verger blond,
 ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle
 que font les ombres sur le gazon.

Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste,
 ce que pèse et ce qui nourrit,
 avec le passage manifeste
 de la tendresse infinie.

Mais à ton centre, la calme fontaine,
 presque dormant en son ancien rond,
 de ce contraste parle à peine,
 tant en elle il se confond.

Springtime

O melody that pours from the sap
 and is soaring through all
 these wooded instruments,
 accompany the all too brief song
 of our voices.

'Tis but few measures' duration
 that we share the fantasy,
 the endless variation
 of thy long ecstasy,
 o nature, fount of creation.

After our song is ended,
 others will continue,
 but meanwhile how can I give
 to thee all my heart
 in full surrender?

In Winter

With the winter, Death, grisly guest
 through the doorway steals in;
 he seeks both the young and the old,
 and he plays them his violin.

But when the earth is stirred
 beneath the spade of Spring,
 death strolls through the streets,
 lightly greeting passers-by.

Orchard

Nowhere is the earth so real
 as amid your branches, o orchard blond,
 and nowhere so airy as amid the lace-work of the
 shadows on the grass.

There we encounter that which remains,
 that which sustains and nourishes,
 with the manifest passage
 of infinite tenderness.

But at your center, the calm fountain,
 almost asleep in his ancient circle,
 of this contrast few have spoken
 while of them it is so truly a part.



Thomas Jennefelt, *Claviante Brillioso*

Thomas Jennefelt (b. 1954) is one of Sweden's most prominent composers. He studied at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm, where his teachers included Gunnar Bucht and Arne Mellnäs. His affinity for choral music was shaped by many years of singing in the Eric Ericson Chamber Choir, one of Europe's most outstanding choirs, with a reputation for performing avant-garde music.

"Claviante Brillioso" comes from a suite of seven *a cappella* works entitled *Villarosa Sequences*, composed over a period of almost ten years and lasting close to seventy minutes when performed in its entirety. Of all the pieces on our program, this one perhaps best expresses the essence of the title, 'Joy Beyond Words', in that Jennefelt is clearly experimenting with the power of vocal music to convey meaning regardless of text. The composer writes: "The roots to this music are to be found in American minimalism, Baroque music and Swedish choral tradition. The text was written after the music had been composed and can be seen as instrumentation and coloring." As you listen to this work, I invite you to contemplate what you experience. The "words" sound like Latin, but have no meaning. How is it different from listening to a piece in a foreign language that you don't understand? Do you naturally project meaning on to it? Does it have any meaning?

Claviante Brillioso (Thomas Jennefelt)

*Flamia lavela criavolto vanda
 striliae andara voloridi foco*

Riva trivecata, stari brocalovi

*quarodeldi aureri fano braliori stabacano
 ridi*

alocato aleidi floriasti andravoga
 olotavi arindim viri
 nisivi trivisa
 anodi

*flamiarite
 oria oritavi oritavi crinola*

farialdo aleidi vamistrato ridoani
 villotari nemi anira finanono
 claviante brillioso vama
 svavo cranavalde rivaso
 rimini cramini nelita

oria oritavi quarodeldi
 quaro deldi caldospiri lovicanta alatari
 vananana nananana nananana nananana
 oritavi crinoli quarodeldi
 oritavi caldospiri lovicanta alatari
 vananana nananana nananana nananana.

anori filianto brami
 filianto bramicosta veno
 costaveno villotari bramioso clarovaldo non.