4-23-1999

**Concert: Ithaca College Choir**

Ithaca College Choir

Janet Galván

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“It is my plan to build a school of music second to none.”

—William Grant Egbert (1867–1928) Founder, Ithaca Conservatory of Music

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ITHACA
ITHACA COLLEGE CHOIR

Janet Galván, conductor
Diane Birr, piano
Patrice Pastore, soprano
Jennifer Haywood, graduate assistant
Michael Lippert, accompanist
Jeffrey Smith, rehearsal accompanist

Les Chansons des Roses

En Une Seule Fleur
Contre Qui, Rose
De Ton Rêve Trop Plein
La Rose Complète
Dirait-on

Morten Lauridsen

Come To Me, My Love

Norman Dello Joio

Ai, nama mamina

Latvian Folk Song
arranged by Andrejs Jansons

Vēñiki

Russian Folk Song
arranged by F. Rubstov

INTERMISSION
Magnificat
Patrice Pastore, soprano
Arvo Pärt

Sanctus
from Mass
Leonard Bernstein
Diane Birr, Michael Lippert, pianists
Kelly Davie, percussion

Agnus Dei
Samuel Barber
Tina Batchelder-Schwab, soprano

Cindy
arranged by Mack Wilberg
Diane Birr, Michael Lippert, pianists
Kelly Davie and Eric Smith, percussion
Nicholas Wehr, string bass

Ford Hall Auditorium
Friday, April 23, 1999
8:15 p.m.
Translations and Program Notes

In addition to his vast output of German poetry, Rilke (1875-1926) wrote nearly 400 poems in French. His poems on roses struck the composer as especially charming, filled with gorgeous lyricism, deftly crafted and elegant in their imagery. These exquisite poems are primarily light, joyous and playful, and the musical settings are designed to enhance these characteristics and capture their delicate beauty and sensuousness. Distinct melodic and harmonic materials recur throughout the cycle, especially between Rilke’s poignant Contre Qui, Rose (set as a wistful nocturne) and his moving La Rose Complète. The final piece, Dirait-on, is composed as a tuneful chanson populaire, or folksong, that weaves together two melodic ideas first heard in fragmentary form in preceding movements.

Les Chansons des Roses, was composed for Portland, Oregon’s superb professional chamber chorus, Choral Cross-Ties, conducted by Bruce Browne, who gave the premiere on April 23, 1993.

En Une Seule Fleur
It is we, perhaps, who proposed that you replenish your bloom. Enchanted by this charade, your abundance dared. You were rich enough to fulfill yourself a hundred times over in a single flower; such is the state of one who loves...but you never did think otherwise.

Contre Qui, Rose
Against whom, rose, have you assumed these thorns? Is it your too fragile joy that forced you to become this armed thing? But from whom does it protect you, this exaggerated defense? How many enemies have I lifted from you who did not fear it at all? On the contrary, from summer to autumn you wound the affection that is given you.

De Ton Rêve Trop Plein
Overflowing with your dream, flower filled with flowers, wet as one who weeps, you bow to the morning. Your sweet powers which still are sleeping in misty desire, unfold these tender forms joining cheeks and breasts.

La Rose Complète
I have such awareness of your being, perfect rose, that my will unites you with my heart in celebration. I breathe you in, rose, as if you were all of life, and I feel the perfect friend of a perfect friend.
Dirait-on
Abandon surrounding abandon, tenderness touching tenderness... Your oneness endlessly caresses itself, so they say; self-caressing through its own clear reflection. Thus you invent the theme of Narcissus fulfilled.

Aī, nama mamina
This is a Latvian carol, The Christmas Season. Translation: Roasting a duck and happily humming. Mixing a punch with a generous measure, mixing a punch with a cup full of pleasure. Chopping a tree when the woods are a dimming. Propping it up and happily trimming. Slipping away with the gifts and wrapping. Sitting around with a log on the fire. Singing along with the family.

Vēniki
The text of this folk song is a Russian tongue-twister, the text of which is essentially meaningless. For the curious, however, a literal word-for-word translation is provided.

Brooms, brooms, yes brooms—sweepers yes on the hearth laid about, yes from the hearth were torn off. Godfather Gabriel, godfather Gabriel, I to Gabriel was saying.