

Milton High School Choral Department
Spring Masterworks Concert
Tuesday, May 11, 2009
7:30 pm
Milton High School Auditorium

J. Andrew Bowers, Conductor

Jesu, meine freude

Dietrich Buxtehude

- I. Sonata
- II. Coro: Jesu, meine freude
- III. Aria: Unter deinem Schirmen – Lauren Goldfuss, Soprano
- IV. Aria: Trotz dem alten Drachen – Zack Durnwald, Tenor
- V. Coro: Weg mit allen Schätzen
- VI. Aria: Gute Nacht, o Wesen – Samantha Treloar, Mezzo-Soprano
- VII. Coro: Wiecht, ihr Trauergeister

Violin: Joseph Park, Matt Schneider
Cello: Kevin Reilley
Bassoon: Malvika Raj
Keyboard: Debra Terning
Treble Chorus and Men's Chorus Combined

<p>2. Jesu, meine Freude, Meines Herzens Weide, Jesu, meine Zier, Ach wie lang, ach lange Ist dem Herzen bange Und verlangt nach dir! Gottes Lamm, mein Bräutigam, Außer dir soll mir auf Erden Nichts sonst Liebbers werden.</p> <p>3. Unter deinem Schirmen Bin ich vor den Stürmen Aller Feinde frei. Laß den Satan wittern, Laß den Feind erbittern, Mir steht Jesus bei. Ob es itzt gleich kracht und blitzt, Ob gleich Sünd und Hölle schrecken: Jesus will mich decken.</p> <p>4. Trotz dem alten Drachen, Trotz des Todes Rachen, Trotz der Furcht darzu! Tobe, Welt, und springe, Ich steh hier und singe In gar sichrer Ruh.</p>	<p>2. Jesus, my joy, pasture of my heart, Jesus, my adornment ah how long, how long is my heart filled with anxiety and longing for you! Lamb of God, my bridegroom, apart from you on the earth there is nothing dearer to me.</p> <p>3. Beneath your protection I am free from the attacks of all my enemies. Let Satan track me down, let my enemy be exasperated – Jesus stands by me. Even if there is thunder and lightning, even if sin and hell spread terror Jesus will protect me .</p> <p>4. I defy the old dragon, I defy the jaws of death, I defy fear as well! Rage, World, and spring to attack: I stand here and sing in secure peace.</p>
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<p>Gottes Macht hält mich in acht; Erd und Abgrund muss verstummen, Ob sie noch so brummen.</p> <p>5. Weg mit allen Schätzen! Du bist mein Ergötzen, Jesu, meine Lust ! Weg ihr eitlen Ehren, Ich mag euch nicht hören, Bleibt mir unbewusst! Elend, Not, Kreuz, Schmach und Tod Soll mich, ob ich viel muss leiden, Nicht von Jesu scheiden.</p> <p>6. Gute Nacht, o Wesen, Das die Welt erlesen, Mir gefälltst du nicht. Gute Nacht, ihr Sünden, Bleibet weit dahinten, Kommt nicht mehr ans Licht! Gute Nacht, du Stolz und Pracht! Dir sei ganz, du Lasterleben, Gute Nacht gegeben.</p> <p>7. Weicht, ihr Trauergeister, Denn mein Freudenmeister, Jesus, tritt herein. Denen, die Gott lieben, Muß auch ihr Betrübten Lauter Zucker sein. Duld ich schon hier Spott und Hohn, Dennoch bleibst du auch im Leide, Jesu, meine Freude.</p>	<p>God's might takes care of me; earth and abyss must fall silent, however much they rumble on.</p> <p>5. Away with all treasures! You are my delight, Jesus, my joy! Away with empty honours, I'm not going to listen to you, remain unknown to me! Misery, distress, affliction, disgrace and death, even if I must endure much suffering, will not separate me from Jesus.</p> <p>6. Good night, existence chosen by the world, you do not please me. Good night , you sins, stay far behind me. Come no more to the light! Good night , pride and splendour, once and for all, sinful existence, I bid you good night.</p> <p>7. Go away, mournful spirits, for my joyful master, Jesus, now enters in. For those who love God even their afflictions become pure sweetness. Even if here I must endure shame and disgrace, even in suffering you remain, Jesus, my joy.</p>
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Treble Chorus and Men's Chorus Combined

A Ceremony of Carols

Benjamin Britten

- I. Procession
- II. Wolcum Yole
- III. There Is No Rose
- IVa. That Yongë Child – Ali Brown, Soprano
- IVb. Balulalow – Kally Ramminger, Soprano
- V. As Dew in Aprille
- VI. This Little Babe
- VII. Interlude
- VIII. In Freezing Winter Night – Sarah Vautour, Soprano, Charlotte Cole, Alto
- IX. Spring Carol – Anna Kemmerer and Christin Hoffman, Sopranos
- X. Deo Gracias
- XI. Recession

Emily Palmier, Harp

Women's Select

I. Procession -

<p>Hodie Christus natus est, Hodie Salvator apparuit, Hodie in terra canunt angeli; Lætantur archangeli, Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:</p> <p>Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!</p>	<p>Today Christ is born Today the Saviour appears Today the angels sing on earth; The archangels rejoice. Today the righteous exult, saying:</p> <p>Glory to God in the highest. Halleluia! Halleluia! Halleluia!</p>
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II. Wolcum Yole

<p>Wolcum be thou hevenè king, Wolcum Yole! Wolcum, born in one morning, Wolcum for whom wesall sing!</p> <p>Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon, Wolcum, Innocentes every one, Wolcum, Thomas marter one,</p> <p>Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere, Wolcum, Twelfththe Day both in fere, Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere, Wolcum Yole.</p>	<p>Candelmesse, Quene of bliss, Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.</p> <p>Wolcum be ye that are here, Wolcum, wolcum, make good cheer, Wolcum alle another yere, Wolcum Yole! Wolcum!</p>
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III. There is No Rose

<p>There is no rose of such vertu As is the rose that bare Jesu. Alleluia, alleluia.</p> <p>For in this rose containèd was Heaven and earth in litel space, Res miranda, res miranda.</p> <p>By that rose we may well see There be one God in persons three, Pares forma, pares forma,</p>	<p>The angels sungen the shepherds to: Gloria in excelsis, Gloria in excelsis Deo. Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.</p> <p>Leave we all this werldly mirth, And follow we this joyful birth. Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.</p> <p>Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus, Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.</p>
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IVa. That Yongë Child

That yongë child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

IVb. Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,

And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

V. As Dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden That is makèles: King of all kings To her son she ches	He came also stille There his moder lay, As dew in Aprille That falleth on the spray.
He came also stille There his moder was, As dew in Aprille That falleth on the grass.	Moder and mayden was Never none but she: Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.
He came also stille To his moder's bour, As dew in Aprille That falleth on the flour.	

VI. This Little Babe

This little Babe so few days old, Is come to rifle Satan's fold; All hell doth at his presence quake, Though he himself for cold do shake; For in this weak unarmed wise the gates of hell he will surprise.	His camp is pitched in a stall, His bulwark but a broken wall; The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes; Of shepherds he his muster makes; And thus, as sure his foe to wound, The angels' trumps alarum sound.
With tears he fights and wins the field, His naked breast stands for a shield; His battering shot are babish cries, His arrows looks of weeping eyes, His martial ensigns Cold and Need, And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.	My soul, with Christ join thou in fight; Stick to the tents that he hath pight. Within his crib is surest ward; This little Babe will be thy guard. If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy, Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

VIII. In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe, In freezing winter night, In homely manger trembling lies. Alas, a piteous sight!	This stable is a Prince's court, This crib his chair of State; The beasts are parcel of his pomp, the wooden dish his plate.
The inns are full; no man will yield This little pilgrim bed. But forced he is with silly beasts In crib to shroud his head.	The persons in that poor attire His royal liveries wear; The Prince himself is come from heaven; This pomp is prized there.
	With joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King, And highly praise his humble pomp, Which he from Heaven doth bring.

IX. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is	God's purveyance
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To hear iwis, The Birdes sing, The deer in the dale, The sheep in the vale, the corn springing.	For sustenance, It is for man. Then we always To give him praise, And thank him than.
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X. Deo Gracias

Deo gracias! Adam lay ibounden, Bounden in a bond; Four thousand winter Thought he not to long. Deo gracias! And all was for an appil, An appil that he tok, As clerkes finden Written in their book.	Deo gracias! Ne had the appil take ben, The appil take ben, Ne hadde never our lady A ben hevene quene. Blessed be the time That appil take was. Therefore we moun singen: Deo gracias!
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XI. Recession – Hodie Christmas

Hodie Christus natus est, Hodie Salvator apparuit, Hodie in terra canunt angeli; Lætantur archangeli, Hodie exsultant justii dicentes: Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!	Today Christ is born Today the Saviour appears Today the angels sing on earth; The archangels rejoice. Today the righteous exult, saying: Glory to God in the highest. Halleluia! Halleluia! Halleluia!
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Frostiana

Randall Thompson

The Road Not Taken
The Pasture
Come In
A Girl's Garden
Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening
Choose Something Like a Star

Debra Terning, piano
Chorale

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, and sorry I could not travel both And be one traveler, long I stood And looked down one as far as I could To where it bent in the undergrowth; Then took the other, as just as fair,	And both that morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black. Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh
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<p>And having perhaps the better claim, Because it was grassy and wanted wear; Though as for that the passing there Had worn them really about the same,</p>	<p>Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood, and I - I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference.</p>
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The Pasture

<p>I'm going out to clean the pasture spring; I'll only stop to rake the leaves away (And wait to watch the water clear, I may): I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.</p>	<p>I'm going out to fetch the little calf That's standing by the mother. It's so young, It totters when she licks it with her tongue. I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.</p>
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Come In

<p>As I came to the edge of the woods, Thrush music -- hark! Now if it was dusk outside, Inside it was dark.</p> <p>Too dark in the woods for a bird By sleight of wing To better its perch for the night, Though it still could sing.</p> <p>The last of the light of the sun That had died in the west Still lived for one song more In a thrush's breast.</p>	<p>Far in the pillared dark Thrush music went -- Almost like a call to come in To the dark and lament.</p> <p>But no, I was out for stars; I would not come in. I meant not even if asked; And I hadn't been.</p>
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A Girl's Garden

<p>A neighbor of mine in the village Likes to tell how one spring When she was a girl on the farm, she did A childlike thing.</p> <p>One day she asked her father To give her a garden plot To plant and tend and reap herself, And he said, "Why not?"</p> <p>In casting about for a corner He thought of an idle bit Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood, And he said, "Just it."</p> <p>And he said, "That ought to make you An ideal one-girl farm, And give you a chance to put some strength On your slim-jim arm."</p> <p>It was not enough of a garden, Her father said, to plough; So she had to work it all by hand, But she don't mind now.</p>	<p>And hid from anyone passing. And then she begged the seed. She says she thinks she planted one Of all things but weed.</p> <p>A hill each of potatoes, Radishes, lettuce, peas, Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn, And even fruit trees</p> <p>And yes, she has long mistrusted That a cider apple tree In bearing there to-day is hers, Or at least may be.</p> <p>Her crop was a miscellany When all was said and done, A little bit of everything, A great deal of none.</p> <p>Now when she sees in the village How village things go, Just when it seems to come in right, She says, "I know!"</p>
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<p>She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow Along a stretch of road; But she always ran away and left Her not-nice load.</p>	<p>It's as when I was a farmer--" Oh, never by way of advice! And she never sins by telling the tale To the same person twice.</p>
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Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

<p>Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.</p> <p>My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.</p>	<p>He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.</p> <p>The woods are lovely, dark and deep. But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.</p>
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Choose Something Like a Star

<p>O Star (the fairest one in sight), We grant your loftiness the right To some obscurity of cloud -- It will not do to say of night, Since dark is what brings out your light. Some mystery becomes the proud. But to be wholly taciturn In your reserve is not allowed.</p> <p>Say something to us we can learn By heart and when alone repeat. Say something! And it says "I burn." But say with what degree of heat. Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade. Use language we can comprehend. Tell us what elements you blend.</p>	<p>It gives us strangely little aid, But does tell something in the end. And steadfast as Keats' Eremite, Not even stooping from its sphere, It asks a little of us here. It asks of us a certain height, So when at times the mob is swayed To carry praise or blame too far, We may choose something like a star To stay our minds on and be staid.</p>
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