

**Milton High School Choral Department**  
**Fall Concert**  
**Tuesday, October 13, 2009**  
**Milton High School Auditorium, 7:00 pm**

Program

J. Andrew Bowers, Conductor  
Debra Terning, Accompanist

Concert Choir

Cuncti Simus

anonymous/ed. Soto

Santa Barbara Music Publishing, SBMP 306

*Cuncti simus concimentes: Ave Maria!*    Let us all sing: Hail Mary!

*Virgo sola existente,  
En affuit angelus,  
Gabriel est appellatus  
Atque missus celitus.*

The Virgin was alone  
When the Angel appeared  
He was called Gabriel  
And was sent from heaven.

*Clara facie qui dixit:  
Audite Karissimi  
En concipies Maria,  
Ave Maria*

With radiant face he declared,  
(Listen, dear ones)  
You shall conceive, Mary.  
Hail Mary.

*En concipies Maria,  
Audite Karissimi  
Pariesque filium  
Ave Maria.*

You shall conceive, Mary  
(Listen, dear ones)  
And will bear a Son.  
Hail Mary.

*Pariesque filium,  
Audite Karissimi  
Vocabis eum Jesum Christum,  
Ave Maria.*

You will bear a Son.  
(Listen, dear ones)  
And shall call him Jesus Christ.  
Hail Mary

Skye Boat Song

Traditional Scottish/arr. Rodgers

Shawnee Press, D-281

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclouds fill the air;  
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

Burned are their homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men;  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again.

Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the Claymore could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead in Culloden's field.

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
Onward! the sailors cry;  
Carry the lad that's born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye.

Praise the Lord

Traditional Cameroon/arr. Johnson

earthsongs

Praise, praise, Praise the Lord  
Praise God's Holy name, Alleluia!



Concert Choir Personnel

Soprano

Jasmine Bryant  
Mel Eisenach  
Emily Germany  
Kendall Harrell  
Kayla Hester  
Lauryne Hill  
Allie Major  
Sally Morgan  
Lindsey Morton  
Selena Remigio  
Jade Talbot  
Hannah Wester  
Julisa Young

Alto

Sammie Allen  
Rachel Barker  
Mandy Brovont  
Laura Daley  
Lony Emerson  
Selma Fareed  
Sarah Fleischer  
Mallory Haak  
Lauren Holliger  
Brooke Hutchens  
Emily Laramy  
Brenda Martin  
Caroline O'Neil  
Rebecca Savage  
Kaitlyn Robinson  
Kayla Thomas

Baritone

Will Black  
Keith Cartledge  
Matt Christiansen  
John Fleischer  
Mike Kennedy  
Marques Lomax  
Nickk Martin  
Hari Masoor  
Ryan Pieroni  
Ronen Yankivski

Women's Select

Echo

Eleanor Daley

Alliance Music Publications, AMP 0639

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope and love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
 My very life again tho' cold in death:  
 Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
 Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:  
 Speak low, lean low,  
 As long ago, my love, how long ago.

The Cloths of Heaven

Eleanor Daley

Alliance Music Publications, AMP 0511

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,  
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
 Of night and light and the half-light,  
 I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
 But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
 I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Stormy Weather

Arlen/arr. Althouse

Alfred Music, 5833

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky,  
 Stormy Weather. Since my man and I ain't together,  
 Keeps rainin' all the time.

When he went away the blues walked in and met me.  
 If he stays away old rockin' chair will get me.  
 All I do is pray the Lord above  
 will let me walk in the sun once more,.

Life is bare, gloom and mis'ry ev'rywhere, Stormy  
 Weather. Just can't get my poor self together. I'm  
 weary all the time.

Can't go on, ev'rything I had is gone, Stormy Weather.  
 Since my man and I ain't together, keeps rainin' all the  
 time.

Dear John (Punctuated by Love?)

Stephen M. Hopkins

Hinshaw Music, HMC1994

Dear John: I want a man who knows what love is all about you are generous kind thoughtful people who  
 are not like you admit to being useless and inferior you have ruined me for other men I yearn for you I have  
 no feelings whatsoever when we're apart I can be forever happy will you let me be yours Gloria



Women's Select Personnel

<u>Soprano I</u>	<u>Soprano II</u>	<u>Alto I</u>	<u>Alto II</u>
Sarah Barker	Lauren Haase	Stephanie Jordan	Haley Albright
Mackenzie Cooper	Sarah Howard	Jacey Robinson	Carola Fernandez
Anna Kemmerer	Madi Jones	Jackie Sansom	Cari Fundora
Lauren Malcolm	Jeanetta Kessler	Lisa Shehan	Briana Mendes
Amanda Marshall	Kim Konzal	Ashley Spruill	Emily Northern
Allison Mueller	Sofia Piccolo	Samantha Treloar	Julia Ward
Samantha Robinson	Caroline Thomas	Becca Wilson	Whitney Wright
	Rita Virtanen		

## Chorale

The Word Was God

Rosephanye Powell

Gentry Publications, HL 08738700

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.  
All things were made that have been made, Nothing was made he has not made.

For Thy Sweet Love

Robert Young

Colla Voce, 55-48150

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least:  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day raising  
from sullen earth) sings hymns at the heaven's gate:  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That I scorn to change my state with kings'.

Prayer of the Children

Bestor/arr. Andrea Klouse

Warner Brothers, CH96165

Can you hear the prayer of the children on bended knee, in the shadow of an unknown room?  
Empty eyes with no more tears to cry turning heavenward toward the light.

Crying, " Jesus, help me to see the morning light of one more day,  
but if I should die before I wake, I pray my soul to take."

Can you feel the hearts of the children aching for home, for something of their very own.  
Reaching hands with nothing to hold onto but hope for a better day, a better day.

Crying, " Jesus, help me to feel the love again in my own land,  
but if unknown roads lead away from home, give me loving arms, 'way from harm."

Can you hear the voice of the children softly pleading for silence in their shattered world?  
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate, blood of the innocent on their hands.

Crying, " Jesus, help me to feel the sun again upon my face?  
For when darkness clears, I know you're near, bringing peace again."

*Dali čujete sve dječje molitve?*

Can you hear the prayer of the children?

Loch Lomond

Traditional Scottish/arr. Quick  
Cypress Publishing, CP1045

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond  
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

**Chorus:** Oh! Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted, In yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
Where, in purple hue, The highland hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, And the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.  
But the broken heart it kens, Nae second spring again,  
Though the wae'ful may cease frae their greeting.

Nelly Bly

American Folk Song – Stephen Foster/arr. Halloran  
Gentry Publications, HL 08738674

**Chorus:** Hi, Nelly! Ho Nelly!  
Listen, love, to me,  
I'll sing for you and 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**

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 warmn as a cup of tea,  
And bigger than the sweet potatoes down in Tennessee.

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! Never, never sigh;  
Never bring the tear drop to the corner of your eye.

**Chorus**



Chorale Personnel

<u>Soprano</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>
Lindsay Carrick	Ali Brown	Zack Durnwald	Chris Chernick
Megan Galt	Anna Caudle	William Hutchens	Aaron Martin
Lauren Goldfuss	Charlotte Cole	Johannes Kienes	David McDermott
Andrea Kahr	Maria Esposito	Camilo Sarmiento	Nick Pieroni
Colby Lapolla	Christina Grisolia	Casey Ward	Ryan Pieroni
Molly Steinhaus	Angie Howells		Edgar Pointdujour
Sarah Vautour	Nicole Pietrangelo		McCade Smith
	Jessica Richter		Myles Thomas
	Abbey Riddell		Spencer Watts
	Olivia Suda		

**Note:** The music presented on this program was selected for its artistic and educational value and is not intended to promote any particular religion or belief.