

*The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill Department of Music  
presents*

**PEACE, WAR, AND REMEMBRANCE**  
**UNC CHAMBER SINGERS AND CAROLINA CHOIR**  
**SUSAN KLEBANOW, CONDUCTOR**

Saturday, November 23, 2019

8:00 pm

James and Susan Moeser Auditorium

**Program**

**How long shall mine enemies triumph over me?** (Psalm 13, v. 2-5) William Byrd (1538-1623)  
**Then David mourned** (2 Samuel, 1:17) Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

**Crossing the Bar** (Alfred, Lord Tennyson) C. Hubert H. Parry (1848-1918)  
**Nunc dimittis** (Luke 2:29-32) Charles Wood (1866-1926)  
**Nunc dimittis** Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

Melissa Wilson, soloist

**Flanders Fields** (John McCrae) Paul A. Aitken (b. 1970)  
**Come Up From the Fields, Father** (Walt Whitman) Scott Warner (b. 1957)  
**Remember** (Christina Rossetti) Peter Lurye (b. 1957)

*World premiere performance*

**Cantate de la Paix, Op. 166** (Paul Claudel) Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)  
Sindhura Kondaveeti, Jordan Taylor, Trinity Turlington, Marichi Gupta, soloists

**UNC CHAMBER SINGERS**

**Songs of War** (Paul Green) Kenneth Frazelle (b. 1955)  
I. Grey Dawn  
Nijah Poteat, William Woodruff, soloists  
II. In the Dark Night  
III. Evening Lengthens  
IV. Forty-seven Kinds of Snorin'  
V. Empty Sleeves

Kayla Richardson-Piché, soloist

VI. Letters from Home

*World premiere performance*

**CAROLINA CHOIR**  
**QIAO ZHENG GOH, PIANO**  
**SUSAN KLEBANOW, CONDUCTOR**

# UNC CHAMBER SINGERS

Jacqueline Nappi, rehearsal accompanist

## **Soprano**

Nicole Arch  
Hannah Bankos  
Delaney Dodge  
Sindhura Kondaveeti  
Elizabeth Pham  
Jordan Taylor  
Melissa Wilson

## **Alto**

Annelise Collins  
Anna Krome-Lukens  
Abigail McNaughton  
Riley Mills  
Trinity Turlington  
Natasha Ureyang

## **Tenor**

Patrick Blaha  
Marichi Gupta  
Vishal Kasula

## **Bass**

Bradley Barefoot  
Justin Byun  
Andreas Schrank  
Matthew Wakeford

# CAROLINA CHOIR

Qiao Zheng Goh, rehearsal accompanist

## **Soprano**

Magdalena Albert  
Katie Danis  
Hannah Gorski  
\*Lauren Kane  
Caroline Konrad  
Sarah Kreisler  
\*Hannah Lawrence  
~Abigail Lloyd  
\*Sabeeka Malick  
Mary McKay  
Lainey Miller  
Imani Oluoch  
Nijah Poteat  
Kristen Rhoda  
\*Kayla Richardson-Piché  
+Yadira Rodriguez-Cruz

Emma Salyard  
Lucy Stasser  
Caitlin Sockin  
Madeline Sorrell  
Anna Grace Thompson

## **Alto**

+Rachel Boulter  
Jacquelyn Boyd  
\*Nadja Brown  
Alexis Dunlap  
Abigail Holdsclaw  
Kathryn Konrad  
Emily Miller  
\*Maggie Mundt  
Sarah Parker

Suzannah Claire Perry  
Jessica Phillips  
Jada Poteat  
Lauren Ragsdale  
\*Ellie Smallwood  
\*Mackenzie Smith  
Lauren Stiller  
Lily Vance  
Angela Velasco  
Li-Anne Wright

## **Tenor**

+Patrick Blaha  
\*Matthew Coleman  
Carson Gartner  
Gage Gerkin  
Lucas Lu

\*Joshua Massey  
Daniel Pearce  
~\*Kyle Rodriguez  
Nicholas Straight  
\*Kevin Tillman  
Matthew Torkelson  
William Woodruff

## **Bass**

Elliott Chandler  
Jordan Davis  
+Samuel Howell  
Hunter Hoyle  
Christopher Smith  
Cameron West  
Fletcher Williams  
Michael Williams

~Solo Understudy  
\*Choir Council  
+Section Leader

## PROGRAM NOTES

William Byrd is considered one of the most important and influential composers of the late Renaissance. Welsh-born Thomas Tomkins was his pupil and among the last of the school of English composers in the mold of Byrd. *How long shall mine enemies triumph over me* and *Then David mourned* are densely contrapuntal motets whose dissonant tensions reflect the intense outpouring of grief that inevitably results from war.

Englishman H. Hubert Parry's hymn-like setting of *Crossing the Bar*, one of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's last poems, is a hopeful portrayal of the transition from life to death. Irish composer Charles Woods' elegant *Nunc Dimittis*, composed for the Anglican evensong service, contrasts with Estonian Arvo Pärt's setting, in which early chant, modern chord clusters, and his signature "tintinnabuli" (bells) technique create a deeply contemplative musical drama.

The poem *In Flanders Fields* is a poignant reminder of World War I, which John McCrae, a Canadian army doctor, composed following the death of a close compatriot. Paul Aitken's setting was the first winner of the ACDA Brock Memorial composition contest in 1999. Scott Warner, former UNC music faculty member, expresses the harrowing repercussions of war in his vivid setting of Whitman's *Come up From the Fields, Father*. Peter Lurye is a composer and lyricist based in New York who is best known for his work for television, having written the theme songs for *The Magic School Bus* and many other series. His haunting melodies and lush harmonies masterfully capture the essence of Christina Rossetti's sonnet of mourning and remembrance.

Darius Milhaud was a member of Les Six, a group of young composers active in Paris between the World Wars. While in Brazil he became acquainted with the diplomat and intellectual Paul Claudel, with whom he collaborated frequently. Their *Cantata of Peace* was written for male chorus and children's chorus, representing a dialogue between God and man.

Kenneth Frazelle's music has been commissioned and performed worldwide by numerous prominent artists, including Yo-Yo Ma, Jeffrey Kahane, Dawn Upshaw, Anthony Dean Griffey, Emmanuel Ax, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Ransom Wilson, Paula Robison, John Adams, the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra, Jan DeGaetani, and Gilbert Kalish. He has received commissions from Music@Menlo, the Ravinia Festival, and the Spoleto Festival. Frazelle first received international acclaim with his score for *Still/Here*, a multimedia dance theater work for the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Co. He has received awards and fellowships from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, the American Academy in Rome, and Columbia University, and he was the winner of the 2001 Barlow Prize, the international competition administered through Brigham Young University. He has held residencies with the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, the Santa Rosa Symphony, and the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum. Frazelle was a pupil of Roger Sessions at The Juilliard School and attended high school at NCSA where he currently serves on the composition faculty.

Paul Eliot Green was born on his family's farm near Lillington, NC, and died at his home in Chapel Hill. His accomplishments as a writer and advocate for human rights made him a principal figure in the rise of North Carolina as the most progressive of southern states during the 20th century. He entered UNC-Chapel Hill in 1916 as a 22-year-old freshman. Although against American entry into World War I, he enlisted in an engineering unit of the U. S. Army. Shortly before his company shipped out for France, Green took the poems he had been writing to a local printer and titled the book *Trifles of Thought* so that ". . . if I don't return from the war, people would know I wanted to be a poet." Throughout the war Green wrote poems from the trenches of France and Belgium. He returned to school in 1919 and joined a playwriting class that later fostered the Carolina Playmakers. He would go on to be a professor of Philosophy and later of Drama at UNC, win a Pulitzer Prize for *In Abraham's Bosom*, the first of his several Broadway plays, write ten Hollywood movies, and, with the writing of *The Lost Colony* in 1937, stimulate the still flourishing movement of outdoor historical drama.

*Songs of War*, based on Paul Green's wartime poetry and diaries, was commissioned by the Paul Green Foundation, in commemoration of the ending of World War I.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Byrd: How long shall mine enemies triumph over me?**

How long shall mine enemies triumph over me?  
Consider and hear me, O Lord my God:  
Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death.  
Lest mine enemies say, I have prevailed against him:  
For if I be cast down, they that trouble me will be glad and rejoice at it.  
But my trust is in thy mercy, and my heart is joyful in thy salvation.

### **Tomkins: Then David mourned**

Then David mourned with this lamentation  
Over Saul and over Jonathan, his son.

### **Parry: Crossing the Bar (Alfred, Lord Tennyson)**

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea.  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark.  
For, tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crossed the bar.

### **Wood, Pärt: Nunc dimittis**

Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine,  
secundum verbum tuum in pace:  
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum:  
Quod parasti ante faciem omnium populorum:  
omnium populorum:  
Lumen ad revelationem gentium,  
et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.  
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper,  
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant  
depart in peace, according to thy word:  
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,  
Which thou has prepared before the face;  
of all people  
A light to lighten the Gentiles,  
and the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the father, the son and the holy ghost,  
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be,  
word without end. Amen.

### **Aitkin: In Flanders Field (John McCrae)**

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

**Warner: Come Up from the Fields Father (Walt Whitman)**

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,  
Here's a letter from thy dear son, mother come!

Down in the fields all prospers well,  
Quickly open the envelope.

O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,  
O stricken mother's soul!

Lo, 'tis autumn,  
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,

Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages,  
*Grieve not so, dear mother,*

(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?  
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

O thy son is dead, thy only son is dead,  
Gunshot wound to the chest.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better.  
Thy only son is dead.

**Lurye: Remember (Christina Rosetti)**

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

**Milhaud: Cantata of Peace (Paul Claudel)**

Pourquoi les nations ont elles frémi?  
Et pourquoi les peuples ont ils formé de vains projets?  
Écoute-moi, mon peuple, et incline la tête,  
et ouvre-moi ton cœur, car c'est moi qui ai fabriqué  
l'aurore et le Soleil!  
Oh que si tu les connaissais, je dis ces choses  
en toi qui mènent à la paix!  
Et si tu avais été attentif,  
ah, ta paix aurait été comme un fleuve  
et ta justice aurait débordé comme la mer!  
Comme un fleuve inépuisable,  
et ta justice aurait débordé  
comme la mer!

Why did the nations tremble?  
And the people imagine vain things?  
Hearken unto me, my people, and bow your heads,  
and open your hearts to me, for it was I who made  
the morning light and the Sun,  
Oh, if you knew them,  
I say things in you that lead to peace!  
And had you hearkened to my commandments,  
ah, then had your peace been as a river,  
and your righteousness would have overflowed as the sea!  
As an inexhaustible river,  
and your righteousness would have overflowed  
as the waves of the sea!

**Tenor Solo:** À l'ombre de celui que mon cœur désirait,  
je me suis assise.  
À l'ombre de celui que mon cœur désirait,  
j'ai été faite comme quelqu'un qui trouve la paix.

Seigneur, il y a deux nations dans mon ventre,  
il y a deux peuples dans mon sein l'un  
contre l'autre divisés!  
Mais moi, moi, ne suis-je pas  
celui qui fais de deux choses d'une seule?

Pourquoi les nations ont-elles frémi?  
Pourquoi les nations ont-ils formé de vains projets?  
Les uns se sont tournés à droite  
et ils ont faim encore,  
les autres à gauche ont mordu et ils ne sont pas remplis.  
Ils ont dévoré la chair de leur propre bras,  
Mannassé contre Ephraïm, Ephraïm contre Mannassé,  
et tous ensemble contre Juda.

**2 Alto Soli:** Et chacun a dévoré la chair de son prochain.

Mais c'est moi qui ai fabriqué l'aurore et le Soleil.

**2 Alto Soli:** Car le royaume de Dieu  
n'est pas de manger et de boire,

mais la justice et la Paix,

**Soprano and Alto Solo:** et cette Joie qui est  
dans l'Esprit saint.

Et moi qui ne faisais que parler, me voici!

Voici que je descendrai sur le peuple comme un fleuve,  
comme le flot qui se gonfle,  
et comme l'océan qui déborde,

et comme les intumescences de l'Abîme!  
Toute violence et toute rapine,  
et le vêtement mêlé de sang, il sera jeté au feu,  
il sera l'aliment de la flamme.

**Soprano Solo:** Le Lion mangera côte à côte avec l'Agneau.

**Alto Solo:** Il mangera de la paille comme un bœuf.  
J'ai effacé ce pacte que vous avez fait avec la mort.

Car c'est moi qui suis le fleuve  
et c'est moi qui remplis tous les sens  
comme l'Euphrate!  
Afin que vous buviez et que vous mangiez,  
et que dans votre cœur il y ait affluence  
de tous les biens!  
Car c'est moi qui suis le fleuve  
et moi qui suis le flot qui se gonfle  
et moi, c'est moi, qui suis l'Océan qui monte et qui,  
par-dessus toutes choses établit sa communication  
et son niveau!

Under his shadow, whom my heart desired,  
I sat down.  
Under his shadow, whom my heart desired,  
was I made as one that findeth peace.

Lord, there are two nations in my belly,  
there are two peoples in my breast,  
one against the other divided!  
But I, am I not he  
who maketh two things become but one?

Why did the nations tremble?  
Why did the nations imagine vain things?  
Some snatched on the right hand,  
and they are still hungry;  
the others ate on the left hand, and they are not satisfied.  
They ate every man the flesh of his own arm:  
Manasseh, Ephraim; and Ephraim, Manasseh:  
and they together are against Judah.

And each devoured the flesh of his neighbour.

But it was I who made the morning light and the Sun.

For the kingdom of God  
is not meat and drink,

but justice and peace,

and joy in  
the Holy Ghost.

And I who did nought but speak, behold, here I am!

Behold, I shall descend upon the people like a river,  
like the torrent that swelleth,  
and like the ocean that overfloweth,

and like the swelling up of the Abyss!  
All violence and all deprecation,  
and the garment rolled in blood,  
shall be burned and shall be the fuel of fire.

The Lion shall eat beside the Lamb;

it shall eat straw like the ox.  
I have annulled your covenant with death.

For I am the river,  
which maketh understanding to abound  
as the Euphrates,  
that you may drink and that you may eat,  
and that in your heart there may be affluence  
of all good things!  
For I am the river  
and I am the torrent that swelleth  
and I am the Ocean that riseth  
and over all things establisheth its communication  
and its level!

## **Frazelle: Songs of War (Paul Green)**

### **I. Grey Dawn**

Grey dawn,  
And heaving sea,  
Tired watchers on the shore.

Hope gone,  
How hopelessly  
The waves' eternal roar.

Grey dawn,  
A hungry sea,  
And silence on the shore.

### **II. In the Dark Night**

In the dark night I've had strange dreams  
Of horrid creatures writhing to and fro,  
Hairy limbs tortured – like the limbs of trees –  
In a hurricane of woe.

In the drear night I've heard wild things,  
The sobs of lost souls borne upon the wind,  
The innumerable hosts of sin driven on,  
The labored breath of death behind.

In the cold night I've seen vast things—  
The black, black pit, an empty hungry space,  
And lured unto its edge I've felt  
The moths of death beat in my face.

### **III. Evening Lengthens**

Such a sense of peace.  
Beautiful as a dream in the evening  
And the scent of unknown flowers wanders in  
Through the hawthorn hedge and up from  
the shady lane.

A peasant girl passes singing,  
With two pails of water suspended from a yoke  
Across her shoulders.  
Looking over the hedge I see the tireless peasant,  
Working in the clover,  
The man swinging his scythe while the women  
Lay the clover in small piles.

Evening lengthens, and the peasants leave the field.  
Dark creeps in.  
A nightingale sings over the hedge to the right.  
O La Belle France!

There to the north and east  
I hear the big guns booming in the night.  
Out there the fangs of war are tugging your virgin bosom.  
Tomorrow we begin the last march.

### **IV. Forty-seven Kinds of Snoring**

Forty-seven kinds of snoring,  
And fifty kinds of mud.  
Rains through roof.

Mess call, mess call.  
Soupy, soupy, soupy,  
Come and get it while it's hot.  
I found myself in a barrack  
With a hundred noisy  
Nasal saxophonists snoring.  
Of course I could not sleep  
Until late at night.

Mess call, mess call.  
Soupy, soupy, soupy,  
We're a-cleanin' out the pot.  
Eat and drink as much as you will.  
It takes a jug to stand this drill.

### **V. Empty Sleeves**

Saw several peasants  
Moving their belongings out  
On wheelbarrows.  
Pitiful! Pitiful!  
At nearly every house there are refugees.  
Mothers who know not where their children are. Children  
who have no parents.

Awful! Pitiful!

Many refugees returning  
Some women I saw with empty sleeves,  
Mutilated hands.

### **VI. Letters from Home**

Five or six letters from home.  
Were worth more than a drink of heavenly ambrosia.  
And in one letter there was a rose  
From the arboretum in Chapel Hill.

Think of it.  
Boys who were plowing  
The fields of Carolina a year ago.

I wonder when I'll get  
A letter from home.

Apple blossoms.  
O Carolina and spring,  
Walking among the hills.

Nothing can be as beautiful  
To me as the greening hills  
Of home.

## Upcoming Department of Music Events

**Sunday, November 24 • UNC Glee Club** • Featuring music by Brahms, Carrillo, Palestrina, Smily, and more • 3:00 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *\$10 general admission, \$5 students & UNC faculty/staff*

**Sunday, November 24 • UNC Guitar Ensemble** • 5:00 pm, Person Recital Hall • *FREE*

**Sunday, November 24 • University Chamber Players** • 7:30 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *FREE*

**Monday, November 25 • UNC Wind Ensemble and UNC Symphony Band** • Featuring guest conductor Francisco Javier Martínez Arcos from Banda Sinfónica Municipal de Madrid, music by Williams, Giroux, de Falla, Arcos, and more • 7:30 pm, Memorial Hall • *\$10 general admission, \$5 students & UNC faculty/staff*

**Tuesday, November 26 • UNC Percussion Ensemble** • 7:30 pm, Kenan Rehearsal Hall • *FREE*

**Tuesday, December 3 • UNC Symphony Orchestra and Winners of the Annual Concerto Competition** • 7:30 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *\$10 general admission, \$5 students & UNC faculty/staff*

**Wednesday, December 4 • Gamelan Nyai Saraswati Ensemble** • 8:00 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *FREE*

**Thursday, December 5 • Carolina Bluegrass Band** • 7:30 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *\$10 general admission, \$5 students & UNC faculty/staff*

**Friday, December 6 • First Fridays Concert** • Caroling by members of Carolina Choir and UNC Chamber Singers • 12:15 pm, Hill Hall Rotunda • *FREE*

**Friday, December 6 • UNC Jazz Combos** • 6:00 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *FREE*

**Friday, December 6 • UNC Baroque Ensemble and Consort of Viols** • 8:00 pm, Person Recital Hall • *FREE*

**Sunday, December 8 • UNC Jazz Band** • Holiday Jazz Concert • 7:30 pm, Moeser Auditorium • *\$10 general admission, \$5 students & UNC faculty/staff*



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