SPRING CHORAL CONCERT
UNIVERSITY CHAMBER SINGERS
STATESMEN
CANTEMUS

MAY 12, 2021
FESTIVAL CONCERT HALL
7:30 PM
The Statesmen of NDSU
Isaac Lovdahl, conductor
Casey Behm, collaborative pianist

How Can I Keep From Singing? ........................................arr. Bradley Ellingboe
(b. 1958)

Cameron Solberg, oboe

My life flows on in endless song,
above earth’s lamentation.
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn
that hails a new creation.

[Refrain] No storm can shake my inmost calm
while to that Rock I’m clinging.
Since Love is lord of heav’n and earth,
how can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear that music ringing.
It finds an echo in my soul.
How can I keep from singing?

[Refrain]

What tho’ the tempest ’round me roar,
I hear the truth. It liveth.
What tho’ the darkness ’round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.

-Robert Lowry (1826-99)
Linden Lea.................................................................Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)
arr. Larry Shackley (b. 1956)

Thomas Brink, conductor

Within the woodlands, flow’ry gladed,
   By the oak trees’ mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
   Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
   And water’s bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
   Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
   Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
   Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit’s a-turning red,
   In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
   Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room’d towns;
I don’t dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

-William Barnes (1801-86)
Evening and the flat land,
Rich and sombre and always silent;
The miles of fresh-plowed soil,
Heavy and black, full of strength and harshness;
The growing wheat, the growing weeds,
The toiling horses, the tired men;
The long empty roads,
Sullen fires of sunset, fading,
The eternal, unresponsive sky.
Against all this, Youth,
Flaming like the wild roses,
Singing like the larks over the plowed fields,
Flashing like a star out of the twilight;
Youth with its insupportable sweetness,
Its fierce necessity,
Its sharp desire,
Singing and singing,
Out of the lips of silence,
Out of the earthy dusk.

-Willa Cather (1873-1947)

Zum Gali Gali...........................................................Traditional Israeli Folk Song
arr. Dan Miner

Robert Balek, tambourine

Zum gali gali gali, zum gali gali.
Everyone finds work to be done.
From the dawn ’til set of sun,
There’s a task for everyone.
Zum gali gali gali, zum gali gali.

-Traditional Israeli Folk Song
Moon Goddess.................................................................Jocelyn Hagen
(b. 1980)

Leah Brown, piano
Sophia Strand, frame drum
Nick Lero, finger cymbals
Jesse Dunaway, suspended cymbal

O my lady, on hearing your sound, hills and flatlands bow.
O my lady, guardian of all the great essences, you have picked them up and
hung them
on your hand.
You are lofty like Heaven. Let the world know! You are wide like the earth. Let
the world know!
You strike everything down in battle.
O my lady, on your wings
you hack away the land and charge disguised as a charging storm,
roar as a roaring storm,
thunder and keep thundering, and snort with evil winds.
O primary one,
moon goddess Inanna of heaven and earth!
On your harp of sighs I hear your dirge.
O my lady, this song has made you great and exalted you.
O my lady, wife of An, I have told your fury!

- Enheduanna (born ca. 2300 B.C)
Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afraid are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
‘Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought ‘twas a dream they’d dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one’s trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

-Eugene Field (1850-1895)

Avinu Malkénu..........................................................John Leavitt
(b. 1956)

Jesse Dunaway, conductor

Our Father; Our King,
Be gracious unto us and answer us,
For we are unworthy;
Deal with us in charity
And lovingkindness and save us.
Hear our voice.
Amen.

-Hebrew Folk Song

Still I Rise..........................................................Rosephanye Powell
(b. 1962)

Ki Blaser, Olivia Svanes, Jessica Stevenson, Sewit Eskinder, Eden Johannes, and Emma Dodds, soloists

Though I have been wounded; aching heart, full of pain. Still I rise
Jus’ like a budding rose, my bloom is nourished by rain. Still I rise
Haven’t time to wonder why, though fearful I strive. Still I rise
My pray’r and faith uphold me ‘til my courage arrives. Still I rise

Still I rise as an eagle, soaring above ev’ry fear.
With each day I succeed, I grow strong an’ believe
That it’s all within my reach; I’m reaching for the skies,
Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise.

Gentle as a woman; tender sweet are my sighs. Still I rise
Strength is in my tears and healing rains in my cries. Still I rise
Plunging depths of anguish, I determine to strive. Still I rise
My pray’r and faith uphold me ‘til my courage arrives. Still I rise
Though you see my slump with heartache; Heart so heavy that it breaks.
   Be not deceived I fly on birds’ wing, rising sun, its healing rays.
   Look at me, you see a woman; Gentle as a butterfly.
But don’t you think not for one moment, that I’m not strong because I cry. Yes,
   Still I rise.

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University Chamber Singers
Charlette Moe, conductor
Casey Behm, graduate assistant and collaborative pianist

Laudibus in sanctis.................................................................William Byrd
(1543-1623)

Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises
Let the firmament echo the glorious deeds of God
Sing ye the glorious deeds of God
Sound forth of the power of his mighty hand

Peace Flows Into Me.......................................................Matthew Lyon Hazzard
(b. 1989)

Dr. Kelly Burns and Seth Brandl, soloists

Peace flows into me
As the tide to the pool by the shore;
It is mine forevemore,
It ebbs not back like the sea.

I am the pool of blue
That worships the vivid sky;
My hopes were heaven-high,
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold
When sunset burns and dies, —
You are my deepening skies,
Give me your stars to hold.

-Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)
Casey Behm, conductor

Vainly, at thy grave, I thee seek
Searching and forlorn, filled with woe
Sorrowing I yearn to find thee—
   Hear my cry:
   “Where to hast thou gone, Suliko?”

‘Mid the thorn and branch,
   Freshly bloom’d
Blossom of a rose, there did grow.
Queried I the rose with hopeful heart:
   “In thee have I found Suliko?”

Pearching near, a nightingale sang.
To the rose it spake, sighing low,
Trembling as it trilled with joy;
   “it is she,
Here you’ve found your love, Suliko”

Oh Suliko, my Suliko, my love!
   -Akaki Tsereteli (1840-1915)
Nick Lero, conductor

*Rhythm.*

*Clap your hands to the rhythm.*

*Capably.*

*Clap your hands to the rhythm.*

*Sing in joyful chorus,*

*With love and hope.*

*We will sing in rhythm.*

*We will sing in chorus.*

*We will sing in rhythm.*

*Lift your voices. (All the voices)*

*Lift your heart.*

*With musical instruments,*

*We will sing of freedom and love.*

*Make harmony.*

*Let's go sing and play.*

*All voices. All people*

*Capably, with all voices, with*

*Instruments, with hope, and with rhythm.*

*Clap your hands to the rhythm.*

*Clap your hands with all the people, with*

*All voices, with happiness, and with joy.*

*We will sing with joy.*

*With love and hope.*

*We will sing of peace.*

*We will sing of love.*

*We will sing with happiness and with joy.*

*Rhythm.*
UNIVERSITY CHAMBER SINGERS

Soprano
Jadyn Callenius
Kylie Gengler
Madeleine White

Alto
Leah Brown
Arianna Charon
Tasha Meyer
Jessica Stevenson
Sophia Strand
Melody Johnson

Tenor
Matthew Irvine
Aaron Mittleider
Noah Seekins
Sam Wolf

Bass
Nick Lero
Austin Morrow
Luke Olsby
Tony Phan
Dillon Sax

STATESMEN

Carter Aanenson
Robert Balek
Thomas Brink
Zack Carlson
Travis Elliason
Josh Framke
Nicholas Lero
Kyle Ly
Taylor Meeks
Cole Meyer

CANTEMUS

April Berntson
Maren Berntson
Ki Blaser
Clara Bortnem
Leah Brown
McKenna Brown
Melinda Clements
Mary Deitchler
Emma Dodds
Delaney Drey
Emily Ehlis
Sewit Eskinder
Marnee Hauck
Halli Heimbuch
Eden Johannes
Kyuza Kadlec
Katherine Kurtz
Michaela LaLonde
Maria Lavalier
Nathan Murphy
Rachel Olsen
Breanna Olson
Maddie Ripka
Cassie Rostvet

Rachel Schall
Laura Sheets
Cameron Solberg
Jessica Spencer
Jessica Stevenson
Olivia Svanes
Sophia Svanes
Emma Tennyson
Natalie Visich
Kendra White
Angela Wright
Connect with us on Facebook to stay up to date on upcoming performance and streaming opportunities.

We will not have public audiences for any indoor concerts, except for supervising faculty members and technical staff.

All performances in Beckwith Recital Hall and Festival Concert Hall will be recorded and livestreamed to the general public.

Events are subject to change.