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ON THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY HOMEWOOD CAMPUS

UMD CHAMBER SINGERS
A Celebration of Benjamin Britten

Edward Maclary, conductor
Rachel Carlson and Greg Graf, assistant conductors

Friday, April 4, 2014 . 8PM
Joseph & Alma Gildenhorn Recital Hall
Choral Dances from Gloriana

Time
Yes, he is Time, Lusty and blithe!
Time is at his apogee
Although you thought to see
A bearded ancient with a scythe.
No reaper he That cries ‘Take heed!’
Time is at his apogee!
Young and strong in his prime!
Behold the sower of the seed!

Concord
Concord is here
Our days to bless
And this our land to endue
With plenty, peace and happiness.

Concord and Time
Each needeth each:
The ripest fruit hangs where
Not one, but only two, only two can reach.

Time and Concord
From springs of bounty
Through this county
Streams abundant
Of thanks shall flow.
Where life was scanty,
Fruits of plenty
Swell resplendent
From earth below!
No Greek nor Roman
Queenly woman
Knew such favour
From Heavn’ n above
As she whose presence
Is our pleasance …
Gloriana
Hath all our love

Country Girls
Sweet flag and cuckoo flower
Cowslip and columbine
Kingcups and sops-in-wine,
Flower deluce and calaminth,
Harebell and hyacinth,
Here Abraham, turning him to his son Isaac, saith:

Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
This woode do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.
A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding will I not forsake,
But ever obedient be.

(Here Isaac speaketh to his father, and taketh a bundle of sticks and beareth after his father, and saith:)

Isaac:
Father, I am all ready
To do your bidding most meekly,
And to bear this wood full [bayn] am I,
As you commanded me.

(Here they both go to the place to do sacrifice)

Abraham:
Now, Isaac son, go we our way
To yonder mount if that we may.

Isaac:
My dear father, I will essay
To follow you full fain.

(Abraham being minded to slay his son Isaac, lifts up his hands, and saith the following)

Abraham:
O! My heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitye;
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayn.
Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.

Isaac:
All ready, father, lo it is here.
But why make you such heavy cheer?
Are you anything adread?

Abraham:
Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!
(Here Isaac asketh his father's blessing on his knees, and saith:)

Isaac:
Father, seeing you must needs do so,
Let it pass lightly and over go:
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.

Abraham:
My blessing, dear son, give I thee
And thy mother's with heart free.
The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear Son, on thee light.

(Here Isaac riseth and cometh to his father, and he taketh him, and bindeth and layeth him upon the altar to sacrifice him, and saith:)

Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound both hands and feet.

Isaac:
Father, do with me as you will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
God's commandment to fulfil,
For needs so it must be.

Abraham:
Isaac, Isaac, blessed must thou be.

Isaac:
Father, greet well my brethren ying,
And pray my mother of her blessing,
I come no more under her wing,
Farewell for ever and aye.

Abraham:
Farewell, my sweetí son of grace!

(Here Abraham doth kiss his son Isaac, and binds a kerchief about his head.)

Isaac:
I pray you, father, turn down my face,
For I am sore adread.
envoi:
Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to Thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
At this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy King in heaven see,
And dwell with Him in great glory
For ever and ever. Amen.

Five Flower Songs

1. To Daffodils
Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain’d his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to [the] evensong,
And, having pray’d together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do and dry
Away,
Like to the summer’s rain,
Or as the pearls of morning’s dew,
Nc’er to be found again.

2. The Succession of the Four Sweet Months
First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers,
Then after her comes smiling May
In a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before,
Then (lastly,) July comes and she
More wealth brings in than all those three;
April! May! June! July!

Abraham:
Lord, full loth were I him to kill!

Isaac:
Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?

Abraham:
Jesu! On me have pity,
That I have most in mind.

Isaac:
Now, father, I see that I shall die:
Almighty God in majesty!
My soul I offer unto Thee!

Abraham:
To do this deed I am sorrye.

(Here let Abraham make a sign as tho’ he would cut off his son
Isaac’s head with his sword; then ...)

God speaks:
Abraham, my servant dear,
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou darest me, well wot I,
That of thy son has no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.

Abraham:
Ah, Lord of heaven and King of bliss,
Thy bidding shall be done, i-wiss!
A horned wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To Thee offered shall he be
Anon right in this place.

(Then let Abraham take the lamb and kill him.)

Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.
3. Marsh Flowers
Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull night-shade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane’s faded green,
And pencil’d flower of sickly scent is seen;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall’s base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with poison’d stings;
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:
The few dull flowers that o’er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

4. The Evening Primrose
When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the evening’s breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
‘Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone.

5. Ballad of Green Broom
There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till it was noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

So Johnny arose and slipped on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
He sharpen’d his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.

When Johnny pass’d under a Lady’s fine house,
Pass’d under a Lady’s fine room, fine room,
She call’d to her maid: “Go fetch me,” she said,
“Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!”

When Johnny came into the Lady’s fine house,
And stood in the Lady’s fine room, fine room,
“Young Johnny” she said, “Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?”

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There’s none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.

On this Island

1. Let the florid music praise!
Let the florid music praise,
The flute and the trumpet,
Beauty’s conquest of your face:
In that land of flesh and bone,
Where from cithadels on high
Her imperial standards fly,
Let the hot sun
Shine on, shine on.

O but the unlov’d have had power,
The weeping and striking,
Always; time will bring their hour;
Their secretive children walk
Through your vigilance of breath
To unpardonable death,
And my vows break
Before his look.

2. Now the leaves are falling fast
Now the leaves are falling fast,
Nurse’s flowers will not last;
Nurses to the graves are gone,
And the prams go rolling on.
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And ‘T’ Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.
Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:
While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep’s healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

5. As it is, plenty
As it is, plenty;
As it’s admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not
When nothing was enough
But love, but love
And the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, forget.

Whispr’ring neighbours, left and right,
Pluck us from the real delight;
And the active hands must freeze
Lonely on the separate knees.

Dead in hundreds at the back
Follow wooden in our track,
Arms raised stiffly to reprove
In false attitudes of love.

Starving through the leafless wood
Trolls run scolding for their food;
And the nightingale is dumb,
And the angel will not come.

Cold, impossible, ahead
Lifts the mountain’s lovely head
Whose white waterfall could bless
Travellers in their last distress.

3. Seascape
Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field’s ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

4. Nocturne
Now through night’s caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip,
Can now do nothing
By suffering.
All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.
I shall never be Different. Love me.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

Hymn to St. Cecilia
W.H. Auden

I.
In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean’s margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell’s abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

II.
I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from, I only play.
I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong,
I am defeat
When it knows it

III.
O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.
O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.
EDWARD MACLARY became Director of Choral Activities at the University of Maryland School of Music in 2000. He was named professor of music in 2006. Over the past decade choral performance at the University of Maryland has risen to national and international prominence. UMD choirs have toured throughout the United States and performed by invitation at conventions of the American Choral Directors Association and the National Collegiate Choral Organization. Maclary has led the UMD Chamber Singers on two award-winning international tours, most recently to France for the 2011 Florilège Vocal de Tours where he was awarded the competition’s prize of “Chef du Choeur.”

In addition to leading the UMD choirs, Maclary directs graduate studies in conducting at the School of Music, an intensive training program for the next generation of conductors. Alumni of the program are now conducting and teaching in colleges and universities throughout the United States. Maclary also maintains an active schedule as a guest conductor and clinician for choral festivals and honors choirs around the country.

Beginning in 2014 he will serve as the director of the master class in choral and orchestral conducting at the Oregon Bach Festival.

RACHEL CARLSON is pursuing a DMA in choral conducting at the University of Maryland, College Park. She founded and serves as artistic director of Six Degree Singers and serves as assistant conductor of the Washington Master Chorale. She enjoys a versatile career as a conductor, soloist, chamber ensemble singer and voice teacher, appearing as a soloist with the Washington Bach Consort, Washington Master Chorale, Santa Fe Desert Chorale, Oregon Bach Festival, Tucson Chamber Artists, Festival Chorus of Madison, Potomac River Chorale and Washington Revels and as a professional choral singer with Conspirare, Vox Humana and the Spire Chamber Ensemble. Carlson holds Bachelor’s degrees in both vocal performance and music education from the University of Maryland, as well as a Master’s degree in choral conducting from the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

GREG GRAF is pursuing a DMA in choral conducting at the University of Maryland, College Park where he serves as assistant conductor of the UMD Chamber Singers and will be chorus master for the spring production of Die Fledermaus. Graf taught at Mineral Area College in Missouri, serving as director of choirs, voice instructor and departmental accompanist for seven years. He is also the past director of Tapestry, an award-winning chamber ensemble. Graf has conducted performances of Fauré’s Requiem, Olga Gjelio’s Sunrise Mass, Rutter’s Requiem and Gloria, Vivaldi’s Gloria and Handel’s Messiah. He has served as a guest clinician for many honor choir festivals in Missouri and Maryland. In 2013, he was given the Outstanding East-Central District Director Award by the Missouri Choral Directors Association. Graf earned his BM degree in voice performance and Master of Church Music degree in choral conducting from Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina.
The Choral Activities at the University of Maryland School of Music offer students, faculty, staff and community members a wide variety of ensembles in which to sing. The University Chorale, Chamber Singers, Men’s Chorus, Women’s Chorus, Opera Chorus and Summer Chorus perform works from all eras and styles from early Renaissance music to the masterworks of the choral/orchestral repertoire. Director of Choral Activities Edward Maclary also oversees the graduate degree program in choral conducting at the School of Music. Rehearsals and concerts take place in the state-of-the-art Clarice Smith Performing Arts Center and the University of Maryland Memorial Chapel.

If you would like information regarding our choral ensembles, upcoming events or degree programs, please contact:

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UMD Chamber Singers: A Celebration of Benjamin Britten — in the UMD Libraries

The following items and materials related to this performance are available online and in the Michelle Smith Performing Arts Libraries. To access materials held in the Paged Collections Room of MSPAL, please ask at the circulation desk.

**Spring Symphony, op. 44, Hymn to St. Cecilia, op. 27, Five Flower Songs, op. 47** — Benjamin Britten, The Monteverdi Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner

Location: Michelle Smith Performing Arts Library — Paged Collections Room

Call Number: MCD 10554

With liner notes by the prominent Benjamin Britten scholar Philip Brett, this recording brings together two Britten works that feature texts by the American poet W.H. Auden. Auden was Britten's friend and mentor during the composer's wartime sojourn to the United States between 1939 and 1942, and his poem “Out on the Lawn” is included among a selection of works by various writers that comprise the text of the *Spring Symphony*, op. 44. Britten's *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, op. 27 was composed during his voyage back to England in 1942, and features Auden's text in a rich and balanced setting.

**A Ceremony of Carols** — Benjamin Britten, Christ Church Cathedral Choir, Oxford, England

Location: UMCP Online Resources Digital Collections

Accessible through WorldCatUM: http://umaryland.worldcat.org/oclc/30107104

This documentary explores the inspiration for Benjamin Britten's settings of Christmas carols, written while the composer was traveling from New York to England in March 1942. During a brief stopover in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Britten discovered *The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems* in a dockside bookshop, and this pamphlet of medieval verse inspired his *A Ceremony of Carols*, op. 24. *A Ceremony of Carols* brings together poems dating from the 14th to the 16th centuries in a mixture of Latin and English texts, and is scored for treble voices and harp.
**Music and Sexuality in Britten: Selected Essays** — Philip Brett, edited by George E. Haggerty

**Location:** Michelle Smith Performing Arts Library — Stacks

**Call Number:** ML410.B853 B64 2006

Musicologist Philip Brett is the leading expert in the field of Benjamin Britten studies, and his scholarship on Britten’s life and music has provided new insight on not only Britten’s compositional style but also on the composer’s views of politics and philosophy. This collection of Brett’s work includes, among other topics, writings on character relationships in *Turn of the Screw*, politics and violence in *Peter Grimes* and caricature in *Albert Herring*. An introduction by MacArthur Fellow Susan McClary precedes Brett’s penetrating exploration of the many ways that Britten’s sexual, cultural and personal identity influenced his musical texts.

For more information on these UMD Library materials and other resources relating to the performers, pieces, composers and themes of this program, please visit us at [www.lib.umd.edu/mspal/mspal-previews](http://www.lib.umd.edu/mspal/mspal-previews).