

BYU Singers 2015 Tour Repertoire

**SHOWCASING WORKS of MASTER COMPOSERS
of the WESTERN CHORAL TRADITION**

Performance programs will be chosen from the following repertoire list:

From the Renaissance (1500-1600)

Claudio Monteverdi

Sfogava con le stelle

A lovesick man vents his sorrow to the stars:
“O beautiful images of the woman I adore,
please reveal to her how much I love her.
As your golden radiance makes me loving, make her merciful.”

G. P. Palestrina

Amor quando fioria

Just when my hope and loyalty bloomed, my dear one was taken from me.
Pitiless death has plunged me to the depths of grief. Cruel life holds me
against my will so I cannot follow where she has gone. My lady sits in the
middle of my heart, but what is my life to her now—if she even sees.

From the Classical Era (1750-1820)

F. J. Haydn

Die Warnung

Friend, I beg you to protect yourself!
Scorpions lurk under every stone.
Deceit and cunning hide in the dark.

W. A. Mozart

Placido é il mar

The sea is calm. The peace is reassuring.
Good fortune is ours. Let us be on our way!

From the Romantic Era (1820-1900)

Felix Mendelssohn

Trauergesang

I see an angel hovering near. With his touch
he separates the immortal spirit from the heavy
bond of earthly life.

Who, o angel, summoned your appearance?
Oh, now I see! Every eye is weeping because
the beloved boy has died.

Smiling, the boy went to sleep. The peace of
heaven shines in his beloved countenance.
His transformation leaves him not dead.

Anton Bruckner

Os justi

The countenance of the virtuous person reflects wisdom,
and his tongue speaks what is just.
The law of God is in his heart:
and his steps will not be impeded.

From the Twentieth and Twenty-first Centuries

Eric Whitacre

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine

Tormented by visions of flight and falling,
Leonardo da Vinci dreams of his flying machine
which will carry a man up into the sun.

And as he is dreaming the heavens call him
with soft whispers: "Leonardo, come fly."

He releases pigeons one by one into the golden sunrise,
and scratches images of wing and frame on crumpled paper.

As the midnight bell tolls over the city,
Leonardo climbs the steps of a tower.
 This is the triumph of a human being ascending
 In the dreaming of a mortal man.
Leonardo steels himself,
takes one last breath, and leaps!
"Leonardo, come fly! Leonardo, dream!"

Colin Mawby

Ave verum corpus

We honor the personage, who suffered,
and was sacrificed on the cross for humanity:
O Jesus, sweet! O Jesus, pure!

Francis Poulenc

Marie (Sept Chansons)

You danced with bells and masks even as a little girl.
Now the music seems so distant.
When will you return, Marie? The ache of my love is exquisite.
I used to walk the banks of the river.
The river resembles my sorrow:
It flows away and never runs dry.
When will you return, Marie?

Arvo Pärt

Cantate Domino canticum novum

Sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Bless His name and show forth His salvation from day to day.
For the Lord is great. Honor and majesty are before Him:
Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Bring an offering and come into His courts.
For His truth endures forever.

Steven Chatman

Dryads' Bells

Ola Gjeilo

Northern Lights

You are beautiful, my friend,
lovely as a beautiful city,
terrible as an army set in array.
Turn away your eyes from me,
or I shall be forced to flee away.

Additional Concert Repertoire

Spirituals in the African-American Tradition

Allen Koepke

Wade in the Water

Wade in the water, children, wade in the water.
God is going to trouble the water.
The River Jordan is chilly and cold;
It chills the body but not the soul.

Bob Chilcott

Steal Away

Steal away to Jesus.
I cannot stay here long.
My Lord calls me by the thunder
I cannot stay here long.

Marshall Bartholomew

Little Innocent Lamb

I am a little innocent lamb wanting to serve Heaven until I die.
Although hypocrites deride me and the Devil is trying to mislead me,
I'm determined to go to that place where there is no more dying.

arr. Steven Chatman

Ain't That News

I am on my journey now, with no time to lose. I will climb every
mountain to reach my home. I will leave everything behind because
where I am going there is no need for things of this world.

Songs of the American Cowboy

arr. R. Staheli

Ghost Riders in the Sky

On a dark, windy day in the countryside, an old cowboy could see a large herd of red-eyed cattle thundering across the sky. The cattle's breath was like fire and their hooves like steel. A bolt of fear went through him as he saw the burned faces and blurred eyes of the men attempting to control the cattle. They must ride forever, trying to stop the wild herd. As the riders thundered by him, one called his name, telling him that if he wanted to save himself from hell he had better change his ways, or he would soon be one of these cowboys chasing the Devil's heard across the endless sky.

arr. R. Staheli

The Colorado Trail

A cowboy rides along the Colorado Trail, thinking of his sweetheart. She is a pretty girl with eyes like the morning star and cheeks like a rose. As the stars fade and the sunlight begins to appear he badly misses her. Weep, you rains. Wail, you winds, all along the Colorado Trail.

A Wonderful World

René Claussen

What a Wonderful World

I see green trees, red roses, blue skies, and white clouds,
And I think to myself, "What a wonderful world."

The faces of people around me are like the colors of the rainbow.
I see friends shaking hands and saying "How are you?"
But what they really mean is "I love you."

I hear babies cry; I watch them grow.
And I think to myself, "What a wonderful world."

Mark Sirett

Voices of Earth

We have not yet heard the music of the spheres—the song of star to star.
The sounds of Nature are deeper than human joy and tears.
The crashing waterfall, the cry of winds, the roaring of the sea,
the might of thunder, or the summer rain.

These are the voices of the earth's secret soul,
which utter the mystery from which she came.
Joy inscrutable or grief beyond control wakes
thoughts in the heart of a person who hears the sounds—
thoughts embedded before the making of the world.

Sting

Fields of Gold

You will remember me when the west wind blows upon the fields of barley.
You will forget the sun in his jealous sky as we walk in fields of gold

She took her love to gaze upon the fields of barley.
In his arms she fell among the fields of gold.

Will you stay with me, will you be my love? We will
forget the sun in his jealous sky as we lie in fields of gold

Many years have passed since those days among the fields of barley.
See the children run as the sun goes down among the fields of gold.

Daniel Elder

Ballade to the Moon

On a moonlit night I freely wander, my mind roaming on thoughts of you.
The midnight darkness beckons my heart toward a mystic vision.
How beautiful is this night! I weep with joy beneath the moon.

The path lies dark before my sight, and yet my feet plod onward
through the darkened vale, beneath the bright, starry sky.

As the darkened hours flee, my heart beats rapidly. Though my eyes
hang heavy with sleep, my singing soul cries to you: Come sing with me!
The twinkling sky sings forth its song. I weep with joy beneath the moon.

Songs of Our World

J. David Moore

Seinn O (Scotland)

In 1747 forces in Great Britain had put down the Scottish uprising known as the Jacobite Rebellion. To ensure control, bagpipes were banned in fear they may reignite Scottish national pride. The populace, afraid the traditional tunes would be lost, began to sing them, often with meaningless lyrics to aid memory. This was the birth of the Celtic tradition of mouth music.

Ronald Staheli

Peace Like a River (America)

I've got peace like a river in my soul.
I've got love like an ocean in my soul.
I've got pain like an arrow in my soul.
I've got joy like a fountain in my soul.

Hatfield/Jasperse/Staheli

Ubuntu (Africa)

“Ubuntu,” a Zulu word, is used in South African culture and government, and refers to humanism, morality, honesty, and collective unity. Ubuntu requires one to respect others if one is to respect him or herself. This medley of songs reflects a desire to live by these qualities.

arr. R. Staheli

Oh Danny Boy (Ireland)

The bagpipes are calling a man's son to military service. The father expresses his love to his departing son, and asks his son to stop and honor him at his grave should he die before the son's return.

arr. P. Lawson

Dzai Na Yao (China)

arr. R. Staheli

Maila (China)

New Commissions for BYU Singers' Concert Tour to China

Matthew Nielsen

Stars Over Snow

Stars shine over the snow, and in the west a planet swings below a star.
Look for something beautiful and you will find it. It is not far.
It never will be far.

Todd Kitchen

What God Hath Meant

I have searched all my faculties to discover why life to me was lent.
I will listen to the faintest sound and examine the smallest detail,
and then declare what God meant.