Eastman Presents –
Kilbourn Concert Series

Chanticleer

Our American Journey

Sunday, October 25, 2026
Kilbourn Hall
3:00 PM



PROGRAM

I

Deus in Adiutorium Meum Intende — Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c. 1590-1664)

Lamentatio in Coena Domini — Juan de Lienas (fl. 1617-1654)

II

Kittery (Our Father Who in Heaven Art) — William Billings (1746-1800)

My Home Above (1934) — W.E. Glanton (fl. 1932)

Happy Shore (2025) — Trevor Weston (b. 1967)

Commissioned by Chanticleer and Spivey Hall (Clayton State University, Morrow, GA) with the generous support of Marilyn Altman and Dan Gaylord in 2025

III

There Is a Balm in Gilead — Traditional African American Spiritual arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Wade in the Water — Traditional African American Spiritual arr. Stephen M. Murphy

PROGRAM

IV

The Un-Covered Wagon (2002) — Brent Michael Davids (b. 1959)

Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2002

INTERMISSION

V

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need — Virgil Thomson (1896-1989)

Alleluia (1940) — Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

VI

I Hear the Siren's Call (2012) — Chen Yi (b. 1953)

Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2012

Hee-oo-oom-ha (1987) — Toby Twining (b. 1958)

PROGRAM

VII

(to be selected from)

Blue Skies (1926) — Irving Berlin (1888-1989), arr. Joseph H. Jennings

Brahmamokate — Shobha Raju (b. 1957), arr. Vineel Garisa Mahal

Calling My Children Home — Doyle Lawson, Charles Waller, Robert Yates (b. 1944, 1935-2004, 1936-2015), arr. Joseph H. Jennings

"Home" from ***The Wiz*** (1975) — Charlie Smalls (1943-1987), arr. Jared Graveley

I'll Fly Away (1929-1932) — Albert E. Brumley (1905-1977), arr. Tim Keeler

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair — Stephen Foster (1826-1864), arr. Gene Puerling

Paraiso Soñado (1938) — Manuel Sánchez Acosta (1914-2006), arr. Juan Tony Guzmán

The Trolley Song (1944) — Ralph Blane & Hugh Martin (1914-1995, 1914-2011), arr. Jared Graveley

PERSONNEL

Chanticleer

Tim Keeler, music director

Countertenor
Tavian Cox
Luke Elmer
Cortez Mitchell
Bradley Sharpe
Logan Shields
Adam Brett Ward

Tenor
Vineel Garisa Mahal
Matthew Mazzola
Andrew Van Allsburg

Baritone & Bass
Jared Graveley
Matthew Knickman

Deus in Adiutorium Meum Intende

Deus, in adiutorium meum intende.	God, come to my assistance,
Domine, ad adiuvandum me festina.	Lord, make haste to help me.
Gloria Patri et Filio	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
et Spiritui Sancto,	And to the Holy Ghost.
sicut erat in principio,	As it was in the beginning,
et nunc et semper,	Is now, and ever shall be,
et in saecula saeculorum.	World without end.
Amen. Alleluia.	Amen. Alleluia.

Lamentatio in Coena Domini

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae prophetae.	Here begins the Lamentation of Jeremiah the prophet.
ALEPH. Quomodo sedet sola	ALEPH. How lonely sits
civitas plena populo!	the city that was full of people!
Facta est quasi vidua	She has become like a widow.
domina gentium;	The lady of nations,
princeps provinciarum	the head of the provinces
facta est sub tributo.	has become a tributary.
BETH. Plorans ploravit in nocte,	BETH. She wept in the night,
et lacrimæ ejus in maxillis ejus:	tears on her cheeks:
non est qui consoletur eam,	There is no one to comfort her
ex omnibus caris ejus;	among all her loved ones.
omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam,	All her friends have despised her,
et facti sunt ei inimici.	and become her enemies.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere	Jerusalem, Jerusalem
ad Dominum Deum tuum.	return to the Lord your God.

Kittery (Our Father Who in Heaven Art)
Nicholas Brady & Nahum Tate

Our Father who in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done,
Throughout this earthly frame.

As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Who dwell with thee on high;
Lord, let thy bounty day by day
Our daily food supply.

As we forgive our enemies,
They pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil save.

For kingdom, pow'r and glory, all
Belong, O Lord, to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

My Home Above

I am on my way
To my home above
There with Jesus I shall be,
In that happy place,
With the saved by grace,
Praising God forevermore.

Yes I'm on my way,
Trusting Him each day,
All its beauty there to share.
In that home above,
There is peace and love,
Will you meet me over there?

Happy Shore
Franny Crosby, adapted by Trevor Weston

O God my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal happy shore.

O hope of Glory, Jesus come!
And make thy heart my home, Jesus come
For the end of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise,
For the end of my days.
O give me Lord a heart to pray;
And live rejoicing ev'ry day;
Give thanks in ev'rything;
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

When on my dying bed I lay, Jesus come,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray!
And praise with my last dying breath,
Until my voice is lost in death.
Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb, shouting come,
And as you march the solemn road,
Lord sing and shout the praise of God.

We'll shout and praise the God of love,
Lord, Jesus come,
Until that great day, We'll shout and praise,
When Christ shall shout and wake our clay
We'll shout and praise, we'll shout and sing,

O give me a heart to pray,
Then on that happy, happy shore,
O give me a heart to pray,
I'll sing and shout for all of my days,
rejoicing ev'ry day,
We'll shout and sing, our suff'ring o'er
We'll shout and sing on that happy, happy shore
We'll sing and shout, We'll shout and sing
And make the heav'nly arches ring, Jesus come
Glory Hallelu(jah).
We'll shout and sing on that happy, happy shore.

There Is a Balm in Gilead

There is a balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole.
There is a balm in Gilead
to heal the sinsick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged,
And think my works in vain,
But then the Holy Spirit
revives my soul again.

If you cannot preach like Peter,
If you cannot pray like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
And say "He died for all."

There is a balm in Gilead
to make the wounded whole.
There is a balm in Gilead
to heal the sinsick soul.

Wade in the Water

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.
Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water, child, oh, God's gonna trouble the water.

Who's that, all dressed in black? (I'm telling you)
God's gonna trouble the water.
They traveled so far and they ain't turnin' back.
God's gonna trouble the water.

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water.
Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water, child, oh, God's gonna trouble the—

Who's that, all dressed in red? (I'm telling you)
God's gonna trouble the water.
It must be the Israelites that Moses led.
God's gonna trouble the water.
Come on and wade down here in the Jordan.
Hurry down before it's too late.

Come and seek the Lord God,
For the day is drawing closer to sunset.
Come down to the Jordan, and just wade,
For He will-a trouble that water.

Who's that, all dressed in white, way over Jordan?
Children wade, (I'm telling you)
It's ok if you come wade, a-come wade before it's too late.
He's gonna trouble that water.
Way over there, over Jordan.
He's gonna trouble the water

The Un-Covered Wagon
Brent Michael Davids

He Yaeao! Deto Deya Yaeo! Lu, lu, luo!

Faith of our fathers, we decree,
To win all nations unto thee:
And through the truth that comes from thee,
Mankind shall then indeed be free.

Deto Deya So Deya So Deyaeo,
He Yaeao! Sobe Deto Yaeo!
Heae yaheo! Heya yaeo heya ho heyana yahe yaho!

You Earth make us,
We People make you,
We all live here,
Always, Ever.

My Shepherd Will Supply My Need
Isaac Watts

My shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name.
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
He leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay.
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes
Doth still my table spread.
My cup with blessing overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provision of my God
Attend me all my days.
O may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise.
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come.
No more a stranger or a guest
But like a child at home.

Alleluia
Randall Thompson

Alleluia. Amen.

Blue Skies
Irving Berlin

Blue skies smilin' at me
Nothin' but blue skies do I see.
Bluebirds singing a song
Nothin' but bluebirds all day long.
Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going oh so right.
Noticing the days hurrying by
When you're in love, my how they fly...
Blue days, all of them gone
Nothing but blue skies from now on.

Brahmamokate
Annamacharya

Brahmamokate para brahmamokate	The spirit of God is in oneness with all.
Kanduvagu hInadhikamu lindulevu	There is no class distinction, none is higher or lower.
Andariki shri hare antaratma	The Supreme God dwells in all beings.
Indulo jantukulamu intan okate	Even among all creatures there is no distinction,
Andariki shri hare antaratma	For it is God who dwells in all creatures.
Nindara raju nidrincu nidrayun okate	Sleep is the same to all,
Andand bantu nidra nadiyun okate	be it a king or a servant.
Mendaina brahmanudu mettu bhumi okate	Be it a person of high or low caste,
Chandalu dundeti sari bhumi okate	the earth they live on is the same.
Kadagi enugu mida kayu endokate	The sun shines equally
Pudami suanakamu mida bolayu-nendokate	on the elephant and the dog.
Kadu punyalanu papa karmulanu sarigava	For both virtuous people and for sinners,
Jadayu shri venkateshwaru nama-mokate	The Supreme God is the savior

Calling My Children Home
Doyle Lawson, Charles Waller, Robert Yates

Those lives were mine to love and cherish,
To guard and guide along life's way.
Oh, God forbid that one should perish,
that one alas should go astray.

Back in the years with all together,
around the place we'd romp and play.
So lonely now, I often wonder,
oh, will they come back home someday?
I'm lonesome for my precious children,

they live so far away.
Oh, may they hear my calling,
and come back home someday.

I gave my all for my dear children,
their problems still with love I share.
I'd brave life's storms, defy the tempest,
to bring them home from anywhere.

I lived my life, my love I gave them,
to guide them through this world of strife.
I hope and pray we'll live together,
in that great glad hereafter life.

I'm lonesome for my precious children,
they live so far away.
Oh, may they hear my calling,
and come back home someday.

"Home" from ***The Wiz***
Charlie Smalls

When I think of home, I think of a place,
Where there's love overflowing,
I wish I was home, I wish I was back there,
With the things I been knowing

Wind that makes the tall trees bend into leaning,
Suddenly the snowflakes that fall have a meaning,
Sprinklin' the scene, makes it all clean

Maybe there's a chance for me to go back,
Now that I have some direction,
It would sure be nice to be back home,
Where there's love and affection,
And just maybe I can convince time to slow up,
Giving me enough time in my life to grow up,
Time be my friend, let me start again

Suddenly my world's gone and changed its face,
But I still know where I'm going,
I have had my mind spun around in space,
And yet I've watched it growing

Oh, and if you're listening, God
Please don't make it hard to know
If we should believe in things that we see
Tell us, should we run away
Should we try and stay
Or would it be better just to let things be?

Living here, in this brand new world,
Might be a fantasy,
But it taught me to love,
So it's real, real to me

And I've learned,
That we must look inside our hearts to find,
A world full of love,
Like yours, like mine, like home.

I'll Fly Away
Albert E. Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away.

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away.

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away.

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
Stephen Foster

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor, on the summer air:
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.

Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er.
I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find her where the bright waters flow.

Paraiso Soñado
Manuel Sánchez Acosta

Del capullo de una rosa sutil,
Al nacer un claro día de abril,
Ha brotado esta canción para ti,
Plena de inspiración.

Paraíso encantador eres tú,
Paraíso embriagador que soñé,
Todo lleno de ternura y amor,
Para mi corazón.

Eres algo que soñé en mi vida,
Alguna ilusión querida,
Que ha nacido para mí.

Sueño, sueño con tus lindos ojos,
Que quiero ver a mi antojo,
Para así poder vivir.

Dame un poquito de tu amor,
Dame un pedacito de miel,
Déjame asirte con fervor,
Para la gloria poseer.

Nunca, nunca dejaré de amarte,
Nunca, nunca de tenerte
En mi corazón, mujer.

From the bud of a delicate rose
At the birth of a clear April day,
This song has sprouted for you,
Full of inspiration.

You are an enchanting paradise,
An intoxicating paradise I dreamed of,
Full of tenderness and love,
For my heart.

You are something I dreamed of in my life,
Some beloved illusion,
That was born for me.

I dream, I dream of your beautiful eyes,
That I want to see whenever I please,
So that I am able to live.

Give me a little bit of your love,
Give me a little piece of honey,
Let me hold you with fervor,
In order to have the glory.

Never, never will I stop loving you,
Never, never will I stop holding you
In my heart, my woman.

The Trolley Song
Ralph Blane

With my high-starched collar and my high-top shoes,
And my hair piled high upon my head,
I thought I'd spend a jolly hour on the trolley and found my heart instead.
With his light brown derby and his bright green tie,
he was quite the handsomest of men,
I started to yen so I counted to ten.
Then I counted to ten again.

Clang, clang, clang went the trolley,
Ding, ding, ding, ding went the bell,
Zing, zing, zing went my heartstrings,
From the moment I saw him I fell.

Chug, chug, chug went the motor,
Bump, bump, bump went the brakes,
Thump, thump, thump went my heartstrings,
When he smiled I could feel the car shake.

I tipped my hat and took a seat,
he said he hoped he hadn't stepped upon my feet.
He asked my name, I held my breath,
I couldn't speak because it scared me half to death.

Chug, chug, chug went the motor,
Plop, plop, plop went the wheels,
Stop, stop, stop went my heartstrings,
As he started to go, then I started to know how it feels,
When the universe reels!

Clang, clang, clang went the buzzer,
Flop, flop, flop went the wheels,
Stop, stop, stop went my heartstrings,
As she started to go then I started to know
How it feels,
When the universe reels.

Clang, clang, clang went the trolley,
Ding, ding, ding, ding went the bell,
Zing, zing, zing went my heartstrings,
From the moment I saw him I fell.

Chug, chug, chug went the motor,
Bump, bump, bump went the brakes,
Thump, thump, thump went my heartstrings,
When he smiled I could feel the car shake.

The day was bright, the air was sweet,
The smell of honeysuckles charmed you off your feet,
You tried to sing, but couldn't speak,
In fact you loved him so you couldn't even speak.

Buzz, buzz, buzz went the buzzer,
Plop, plop, plop went the wheels,
Stop, stop, stop went my heartstrings,
As he started to leave, I took hold of his sleeves,
With my hand, and as if it were planned,
He took hold of me, and it was grand just to stand,
with his hand holding mine, to the end of the line!

All Aboard!

PROGRAM NOTES

This season, we celebrate the 250th anniversary of American independence by revisiting Chanticleer's 2002 album, *Our American Journey*. In April 2025, this album was inducted into the National Recording Registry of the Library of Congress, which describes it as "inclusive in its celebration of the varied spirits and history of America." We carry on today where we left off, continuing the voyage and filling in some missing gaps along the way. We showcase the diverse voices, songs, harmonies, and rhythms of our shared musical heritage, exploring how those voices influenced each other and how they impact the present day.

The focal point of the first half of our program is *The Un-Covered Wagon* by Brent Michael Davids. The 1923 silent film, *The Covered Wagon*, follows the journey of an 1848 wagon train traveling across America. Told from the perspective of the pioneers, the film is a romanticized portrayal of their courage. These settlers certainly endured many hardships, but their story is not the only one we should hear. *The Un-Covered Wagon*, which Davids wrote for Chanticleer in 2002, challenges the notion that pioneers spread across an uninhabited landscape. Davids writes, "As I thought about time and space, and the differences in American Indian life in this regard, I was struck by how one-sided this American expansion is, not only for the old era of black-and-white film, but in today's America, too." Davids (Mohican/Munsee-Lenape) describes himself as "a professional composer, and a music warrior for native equity and parity, especially in concert music where there is little Indigenous influence." He is one of America's most celebrated composers, with works commissioned and performed by many of America's top organizations and ensembles throughout his 50-year compositional career. In 2006, the National Endowment for the Arts named Davids among the nation's most cherished choral composers in its project *American Masterpieces: Three Centuries of Artistic Genius*. In 2015, the prestigious Indian Summer Music Festival awarded Davids its Lifetime Achievement Award.

Indigenous American attitudes towards music are very different from those brought over by European settlers in the 1500s. Brent Michael Davids points out that "Indigenous cultures see music like giving birth, so that each new song event is a new creation. The song being sung might be a time-honored song, but when performed it is newly reborn; it is not considered the same song." In contrast, a classical European perspective generally favors a written tradition, with notated music preserving a melody and intent for each successive performance. Thus, we find the earliest evidence of European Renaissance and Baroque polyphony in the New World in manuscripts from colonial Spain. Choirbooks with Latin motets and Mass settings to accompany Catholic liturgies have been found in Missions and Cathedrals

from Mexico to California. Although details of his life are scant, it is likely that the 17th-century composer Juan de Lienas was a Native American who grew up in the Catholic church. His works survive in two manuscripts from Mexico City: *the Newberry Choirbooks*, which contain compositions in a florid, polychoral style, and the *Codex del Convento del Carmen*, in which we find the more reserved, stile antico, four-voice *Lamentatio in Coena Domini.*

Born in Málaga, Spain, Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla moved to Puebla, Mexico in the early 1620s, where he eventually became maestro de capilla at the Puebla Cathedral. The Cathedral provided him with instrumentalists, choristers, and resources on par with any Continental establishment, and Padilla's hundreds of extant works, like his polychoral motet *Deus in Adiutorium Meum Intende*, demonstrate a talent and ambition that rival any of his contemporaries.

One hundred years after Padilla and Lienas, the English colonies in North America began to develop their own distinct choral sound. Protestant colonists wanted little to do with Latin motets. In fact, Puritans banned choral music altogether from their church services. The surviving repertoire of the thirteen original American colonies comes to us from New England hymnals and songbooks written in the mid to late 1700s. The composers writing at this time, often referred to collectively as the First New England School, or Yankee Tunesmiths, were largely self-taught. William Billings, perhaps the most recognizable name from this tradition, was the first American to publish a book of entirely original compositions, *The New England Psalm Singer*, with a frontispiece engraved by none other than Paul Revere (1770). The part-writing in these early works, with titles derived from locations or people, like *Kittery*, often disregards rules of formal counterpoint, featuring plenty of parallel perfect intervals and irregular doublings and spacings.

This early American style came to be adopted by other singing communities throughout the new nation. Because of their simplicity and pedagogical nature, many of those first New England tunes were adopted into the burgeoning shape note singing tradition of the early 19th century. In an effort to spread music literacy, shape note tunebooks, like *The Sacred Harp* (1844), use distinct noteheads for each movable "do" solfège syllable. Thus, instead of memorizing 12 different keys and all their nuances, an amateur singer using a shape note tunebook needs only to memorize a handful of symbols in order to participate in choral singing.

These early American shape note songbooks are primarily the product of White publishers and composers, even though the tradition of African American shape note singing dates back to at least the 1870s. It wasn't until 1934 that Judge J. Jackson self-published *The Colored Sacred Harp,* a collection of 77 shape note songs written by Black composers, including *My Home Above*.

Another type of American early music was developing in Black communities at the same time as shape note singing and Protestant hymnody: the African American spiritual. The origins of the spiritual are hard to pinpoint; firsthand accounts from formerly enslaved people describe the spiritual as "the progeny of the Black collective rather than the individual composer" (Burnim, *African American Music*, 50). What is certain is that this art form coalesced at the end of the 18th century as a unique synthesis of African musical styles and Christian themes and traditions.

It is clear from firsthand descriptions that there existed a distinct African musical repertory in the Americas independent of White and European customs. This repertory, and its performance practices, shaped and changed the concurrently developing American Protestant hymn tradition. In 1801, for example, Richard Allen compiled a new hymn book for his independent African Methodist Episcopal (AME) congregation. While some tunes in this book came from the standard Methodist hymnal, Allen wrote and changed many texts, added choruses, and likely composed some of the melodies himself. His goal "was to generate congregational participation and assure freedom of worship for his members"(Burnim, *African American Music*, 57). In *Happy Shore*, a new commission for Chanticleer's 2025-2026 season, Trevor Weston takes a fresh look at this early American musical landscape. "My goal," he writes, "was not to compose a new spiritual," but instead to create "a choral work that imagines the transformation of a Western European Protestant hymn with traditional African American vocal and choral traditions. [...] After choosing an Allen hymn text, I composed my own 19th-century Protestant hymn, then generated material considering the musical characteristics of spirituals and other African American religious choral music. Text from the original hymn is adapted and altered to reflect the more active, hortative nature of traditional African American choral music. I have always been fascinated by the Church Moans and the Long Meter Hymn singing in African American choral traditions. Both performance practices influence parts of 'Happy Shore.'" Dr. Weston is the chair of the music department at Drew University, where he teaches theory and composition.

We conclude the first half of our program with two African American spirituals, which act as the culmination of our journey through American early music. *There is a Balm in Gilead*, arranged by Music Director Emeritus Joseph H. Jennings, describes the healing grace of salvation through the love of Jesus. In 2014, Jennings was the first recipient of Chorus America's Brazeal Wayne Dennard Award, acknowledging his contribution to the African American choral tradition. His 25-year tenure with Chanticleer as singer and Music Director transformed the group, and his gospel and spiritual arrangements became integral to Chanticleer's identity. We are honored to maintain and continue that legacy today.

Wade in the Water is a not-so-coded instruction for escaping enslaved people to leave the road and move into the water to avoid sniffing dogs and slave catchers. The arranger, Stephen M. Murphy, is a graduate of Oakwood University, where he studied with Jason Max Ferdinand, and Middle Tennessee State University, where he studied with former Take 6 baritone Cedric Dent. Murphy writes that, in this arrangement, his "desire was to capture the urgency in the message of this song. A starting point for me in which to achieve this was to provide a more rhythmic driven aspect than I had prior been used to hearing. In addition, as a lover of vocal jazz, [...] I embarked on an endeavor to lift the text off of the paper by experimenting with, and incorporating, expanded harmonies throughout the piece."

Classical American choral music found its footing in the 20th century, with many composers drawing inspiration from traditions and sounds of the past. Composer and critic Virgil Thomson often wove hymn tunes and American folk songs into his orchestral music. Thomson first set the shape note tune *My Shepherd Will Supply My Need* as an orchestral accompaniment for *The River*, a film sponsored by the U.S. Government and intended to raise awareness for the erosion of topsoil along the Mississippi River due to farming and timber practices in the 1930s.

Randall Thompson wrote his famous *Alleluia* in 1940 for the opening of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. As the story goes, Thompson did not deliver the score until just 45 minutes before its inaugural performance. But the reception was warm, and his *Alleluia* has been performed at the Center's opening every summer since. The music, however, is not as joyful as the title and its origins would lead one to expect. Thompson was writing just as France fell to Nazi Germany, and the weight of the war is apparent in his music. He later explained that "the music in my particular '*Alleluia*' cannot be made to sound joyous [...] here it is comparable to the Book of Job, where it is written, 'The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

PROGRAM NOTES

Chen Yi's *I Hear the Siren's Call* showcases the composer's unique blend of Chinese and Western musical traditions. She uses nonsense syllables and other sound effects to create a cinematic seascape. Born in Guangzhou, China, and studying violin and piano from an early age, Chen Yi spent two years in labor camps during the Cultural Revolution before immigrating to America in 1986. Since 1998, Dr. Chen Yi has been the Lorena Cravens/Millsap/Missouri Distinguished Professor at the Conservatory of Music and Dance at the University of Missouri-Kansas City. She is one of America's most beloved composers, having been a recipient of the prestigious Charles Ives Living Award and elected to the American Academy of Arts & Sciences in 2005 and the American Academy of Arts & Letters in 2019. In 2020, she was elected an honorary member of the International Society for Contemporary Music – only its fourth female honorary member since the Society's founding in 1922. A former composer-in-residence for Chanticleer, she wrote "I Hear the Siren's Call" in 2012 for the ensemble's 35th season.

In *Hee-oo-oom-ha*, American composer Toby Twining challenges our preconceptions about singing with extended vocal techniques like vocal fry, yodeling, and rhythmic panting. He combines these striking sounds with polyrhythms, mixed meters, and open harmonies to create a joyful celebration of song. Raised in Texas with family roots in country-swing and gospel, Twining has moved from playing in rock and jazz bands, to singing Renaissance motets, to performing and composing experimental music. He moved to New York City in 1987, initially writing for modern dance choreographers who wanted the sounds of a new choral music. His group, Toby Twining Music, recorded many of his compositions on the albums *Shaman* (Sony Classics 1994), *Chrysalid Requiem and Eurydice* (Cantaloupe Music 2002, 2011). His music has been performed and recorded internationally by solo artists and groups including the National Youth Choir of Great Britain, Young People's Chorus of NYC, and Roomful of Teeth. He is the recipient of Guggenheim and Pew fellowships and a Foundation for Contemporary Arts 2013 Grants to Artists award. Twining lives in the Shenandoah Valley, where he works with student dancers, actors and musicians at James Madison University.

The remainder of our program explores American popular music in many forms, from folksongs (*I'll Fly Away*), to the Great American Songbook (*The Trolley Song*), to musical theater (*Home*), to parlor songs (*Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*), to bluegrass (*Calling My Children Home*). Also included are songs written or arranged by first or second-generation immigrants, who help to keep our American cultural fabric rich and vibrant (*Blue Skies*, *Paraiso Soñado*, *Brahmamokate*).

— Tim Keeler

MEET THE ARTISTS

Known around the world for its eclectic repertoire and dazzling virtuosity, the GRAMMY® Award-winning vocal ensemble **Chanticleer** – under the leadership of Music Director Tim Keeler – has been hailed by *The Boston Globe* as "breathtaking in its accuracy of intonation, purity of blend, of color and swagger of style." Founded in San Francisco in 1978 by singer and musicologist Louis Botto, Chanticleer quickly took its place as one of the most prolific recording and touring ensembles in the world, an "orchestra of voices" performing thousands of live concerts and selling more than one million recordings.

Rooted in the Renaissance, Chanticleer's repertoire has expanded to include a wide range of classical, gospel, jazz and popular music. With a deep commitment to the commissioning of new compositions and arrangements, Chanticleer foregrounds American repertoire and a distinctively American sound, complementing the group's signature diversity in terms of membership and genre. The ensemble has dedicated much of its vast recording catalogue to these commissions, garnering GRAMMY® Awards for its recordings of Sir John Tavener's *Lamentations & Praises* and the ambitious collection of commissioned works entitled *Colors of Love.* Chanticleer's 2002 album *Our American Journey* was inducted into the National Recording Registry of the Library of Congress in 2025. Chanticleer is the recipient of Chorus America's Dale Warland Commission Award and the Chorus America/ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming. The group's Music Director Emeritus, Joseph H. Jennings, received the Brazeal Wayne Dennard Award for his contribution to the African American choral tradition during his 25-year tenure as both singer and Music Director.

Chanticleer – named for the "clear-singing" rooster in Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury* Tales – was named Ensemble of the Year by Musical America in 2008 and inducted into the American Classical Music Hall of Fame. The group's award-winning education programs were recognized with the 2010 Chorus America Education Outreach Award, and have engaged tens of thousands of students since the ensemble began.

MEET THE ARTISTS

Chanticleer is a non-profit organization, governed by a volunteer Board of Trustees, administered by a professional staff with a full-time professional ensemble. In addition to the many individual contributors to Chanticleer, the Board of Trustees thanks the following Foundations, Corporations and Government Agencies for their exceptional support:

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Founder: Louis Botto (1951 – 1997)
Music Director Emeritus: Joseph H. Jennings

www.chanticleer.org

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UPCOMING EASTMAN SERIES CONCERTS

Tickets for all series concerts can be purchased at EastmanTheatre.org

Eastman Presents – Eastman-Ranlet Series

Ying Quartet: Billy Childs and String Quartet Creativity

Sunday, November 8, 2026 at 3:00 PM
Hatch Recital Hall

Eastman Presents – Kodak Hall Series

Chris Thile and Aoife O'Donovan: Wassail

Friday, December 4, 2026 at 7:30 PM
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre

Celebrate the holiday season in bluegrass style with GRAMMY Award–winning singer-songwriter **Aoife O'Donovan** (Crooked Still, I'm With Her, A Prairie Home Companion) and MacArthur Fellow and mandolinist **Chris Thile** (Punch Brothers, Nickel Creek, Live from Here) as they illuminate treasured holiday songs with spellbinding harmonies and joyful musicality. Featuring fresh arrangements of beloved classics, lively stories, and good cheer in abundance, *Wassail!* is a warm invitation to gather, sing, and revel in the glow of the holidays.

Eastman Presents – Fernando Laires Piano Series

Aristo Sham: A Star Ascendent

Tuesday December 8, 2026 at 7:30pm
Kilbourn Hall

We acknowledge with respect the Seneca Nation, known as the "Great Hill People" and "Keepers of the Wester Door" of the Haudenosaunee Confederacy. We take this opportunity to thank the people whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, NY.



For the most up to date information on Eastman concerts and events, scan this code to visit our online calendar.

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