

PROGRAM

Dietrich Buxtehude's Oratorio

Membra Jesu Nostri

I-IV, VII

A meditation on the sufferings of the crucified Christ.

PAUSE

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Greeting from Dr. Petar Kodzas, Dean of the Eastman Community
Music School

Johann Sebastian Bach's Cantata 140

Wachet Auf, ruft uns die Stimme

A setting of the parable of the ten bridesmaids and the love poetry
of Song of Solomon.

Chorus

Laura Anderson, Juli Elliot, Maria Mastrosimone, Corliss Newman,
soprano I

Andrea McGaugh, Ann Rhody, Alison Wahl, *soprano II*
Roya Bauman, Andrea Folan, Deborah McCullough, Megan
Ormsbee, *alto*

John Chiazza, Isaac Hutton, Jeffery Thompson, *tenor*
Joe Finetti, Craig Knight, Peter Schoellkopf, *bass*

Orchestra

Annie Chen, Noah Fields, Aika Ito, Emma Milian, Yurie Mitsuhashi,
violin

Lucinda Gelber, Juliana Kilcoyne, *viola*

Joëlla Becker, Christopher Haritatos, *cello and gamba*

Owen McCready, *string bass*

Andrew Blanke, Joshua Bullock, *oboe*

Deborah Fox, *theorbo*

Dr. John Bodinger, *harpsichord and organ*

Jane Günter-McCoy had a long and accomplished career in music, beginning in the Kingston, NY, public schools with her elementary school study of violin and piano followed by earning degrees from The Eastman School of Music (where she majored in both violin and voice performance) and doctoral studies in music history at Indiana University. She studied voice performance and coaching with a number of notable performers and teachers including Birgit Nilsson and Madame Dorothee Manski. A widely sought-after professional choral performer, Mrs. Günter-McCoy sang under the direction of and recorded with a long list of conductors including Leopold Stokowski of the Symphony of the Air (formerly the NBC Symphony Orchestra) and Robert Shaw of the famed Robert Shaw Chorale, the latter with whom she toured the United States, South America, and the USSR (now, Russia). A favorite memory from the latter was performing in Moscow and looking up from the stage and seeing Nikita Khrushchev seated in his privileged reserved section. During the 25 years that Mrs. Günter-McCoy lived in New York City and later in Pittsford she often was employed by churches as a vocal and violin soloist, in addition to a busy schedule of secular solo and ensemble opportunities.

In addition to her music scholarship and performance, Mrs. Günter-McCoy leaves a monumental legacy of accomplished singers reflecting her great passion for pedagogy, one of her most cherished and lasting endeavors. Over many years scores of voice students benefited from her teaching skills and dedication- for nearly three decades at Eastman Community Music School and later in her private studio. As much as Mrs. Günter-McCoy disliked 'show tunes,' her students in musicals all over the Rochester area benefited greatly from seeing her pride-filled face in the audience. She attended as many of her students' performances, all over the country and world, as she could.

On September 9, 1978, Jane Hutton Günter married the love of her life, Seth McCoy, in a private ceremony at Riverside Church in New York City. The two met on the Robert Shaw South American Tour. Mr. McCoy became a renowned oratorio tenor and their shared life, until his death, was to Mrs. Günter-McCoy a source of joy beyond measure. One of Mrs. Günter-McCoy's most coveted professional honors was performing as the mezzo-soprano soloist May 3, 1998, in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, a concert in memory and in honor of Mr. McCoy as Eastman's beloved Professor of Voice (1982-1997), conducted by Robert Shaw, and presented with the New Eastman Symphony, the Eastman-Rochester Chorus, and the Eastman Chorale in the Eastman Theater.

Although they never had children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy each welcomed young people into their home, which was always filled with laughter, delicious food, and the very best music.

In Memory of Jane Günter-McCoy

Dr. Christopher Petit, *conductor*
Juli Elliot, *director*

Saturday, May 28, 2022
4:30pm
Kilbourn Hall

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

Audience Guidelines

Out of respect for all the performers, we ask audience members to stay until the end of the recital. If an exception must be made (for example, small children may be unable to sit through a long program quietly), please enter and leave the hall only between pieces. Please ensure that children are quiet and remain seated.

www.esm.rochester.edu/community



Eastman School of Music • University of Rochester

Translations

Membra Jesu Nostri:

In paradisum deducant te angeli; in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem. Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere æternam habeas requiem.

May the Angels lead you into paradise: may the martyrs receive you and lead you into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of Angels receive you and, with Lazarus, who was once poor, may you enjoy eternal rest.

<u>I. Ad pedes</u> Ecce super montes pedes evangelizantis et annunciantis pacem. Salve mundi salutare Salve, salve Jesu care. Cruci tuae me aptare Vellem vere, tu scis quare; Da mihi tui copiam. Clavos pedum, plagas duras Et tam graves impressuras Circumplector cum affectu Tuo pavens in aspectu Tuorum memor vulnerum. Dulcis Jesu, pie Deus Ad te clamo, licet reus Praebe mihi te benignum Ne repellas me indignum De tuis sanctis pedibus. Ecce super montes...	<u>I. Unto the feet</u> Behold, upon the mountains the feet of one bringing good news and proclaiming peace. Hail, salvation of the world, Hail, hail, dear Jesus! On Your cross would I hang Truly, You know why Give me Your strength. The nails in Your feet, the hard blows and so grievous marks I embrace with love, Fearful at the sight of You Mindful of Your wounds. Sweet Jesus, merciful God I cry to You, in my guilt Show me Your grace, Turn me not unworthy away From Your sacred feet. Behold, upon the mountains...
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II. Ad genua

Ad ubera portabimini,
et super genua
blandicentur vobis.

Salve Jesu, rex sanctorum,
Spes Votiva peccatorum.
Crucis ligno tanquam reus
Pendens homoverus Deus,
Caducis nutans genibus.

Quid sum tibi responsurus;
Actu vilis, corde durus?
Quid rependam amatori
Qui elegit pro me mori
Ne dupla morte morerer?

Ut te quaeram mente pura
Sit haec mea prima cura
Non est labor nec gravabor
Sed sanabor et mundabor
Cum te complexus fuero.

Ad ubera...

III. Ad manus

Quid sunt plagae istae
in medio manuum tuarum?

Salve Jesu pastor bone,
Fatigatus in agone
Qui per lignum es distractus
Et ad lignum es compactus
Expansis sanctis manibus.

Manus sanctae, vos amplector
Et gemendo condelector

II. Unto the knees

You shall be borne upon the
breast,
and upon the knees
you shall be caressed.

Hail Jesus, king of the saints,
hope invoked by sinners,
true man and God hanging
upon the wooden cross as a
criminal
borne by frail knees

What am I to answer thee,
I, of vile deed and hardened
heart?
What can I repay to him who
loveth
me, who chose to die for me,
unless I die a double death?

That I may seek thee with a pure
mind, may this be my first care,
there is no labor nor burden -
but I shall be cured and cleansed
when I shall be with thee
embraced.

You shall be borne...

III. Unto the hands

What are these wounds
in the midst of thy hands?

Hail Jesus, good shepherd,
wearied by the struggle,
who are stretched upon the tree
and art nailed to the tree
by thy holy hands outstretched.

Holy hands, I thee Membra e

Grates ago plagis tantis Clavis duris, guttis sanctis Dans lacrimas cum oculis.	and sighing, I am delighted in thee. I give thanks for such great wounds, for the hard nails, the sacred drops granting tears with kisses.
In cruore tuo lotum Me commendo tibi totum. Tuae sanctae manus istae Me defendant, Jesu Christe Extremis in periculis.	Washed in thy blood I commend myself wholly to thee, may these, thy holy hands, defend me, Jesus Christ, in dire danger
Quid sunt plagae...	What are these wounds...
<u>IV. Ad Latus</u> Surge, amica mea, speciosa mea; et veni columba mea in foraminibus petrae, in caverna maceriae.	<u>IV. Unto the side</u> Arise, my beloved, my fair one, and come, my dove, into the clefts of the rock, into the hollow of the walls.
Salve, latus salvatoris, in quo latet mel dulcoris, in quo patet vis amoris Ex quo scatet fons cruoris Qui corda lavat sordida.	Hail, side of the savior, in which is hidden the honey of sweetness, in which lies open the strength of love, from which gushes the fountain of blood that washes soiled hearts.
Ecce tibi appropinquo Parce, Jesu, si delinquo. Verecunda quidem fronte Ad te tamen veni sponte Scrutari tua vulnera.	Behold I approach thee, spare me, Jesus, if I fail - shame upon my brow, yet to thee I come freely to examine thy wounds.
Hora mortis meus flatus Intret, Jesu, tuum latus, Hinc expirans in te vadat,	

Ne hunc leo trux invadat Sed apud te permaneat.	At the hour of may death, let my breath, O Jesus, enter thy side, that expiring, may it go into thee, lest the fierce lion invade it, yet, let it remain with thee.
Surge, amica mea...	Arise, my beloved...
<u>VII. Ad faciem</u> Illustra faciem tuam super servum tuum; salvum me fac in misericordia tua.	<u>VII. Unto the face</u> Let thy face shine upon thy servant, save me in thy mercy.
Salve, caput cruentatum Totum spinis coronatum, Conquassatum, vulneratum, Arundine verberatum, F acie sputis illita.	Hail, bloodied head, all crowned with thorns, broken, wounded, scourged with reeds, face besmeared with spit.
Dum me mori est necesse, Noli mihi tunc deesse In tremenda mortis hora Veni, Jesu, absque mora Tuere me et libera!	Since I must die, then do not forsake me, in that fearful hour of death, protect and free me.
Cum me jubes emigrare Jesu care, tunc appare. O amator amplectende; Temet ipsum tunc ostende In cruce salutifera.	When thou baddest my departure, dear Jesus, then appear, O lover whom I embrace, then show thyself upon the saving cross.
Amen	Amen*
	<i>*Translations from a program created by JGM and studio in memory of Seth McCoy.</i>

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme:

<p>1. Choral Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme, der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne, wach auf, du Stadt Jerusalem. Mitternacht heißt diese Stunde, sie rufen uns mit hellem Munde, wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen? Wohlauf, der Bräut'gam kommt, steht auf, die Lampen nehmt, Alleluia! Macht euch bereit zu der Hochzeit, ihr müsset ihm entgegen gehn.</p> <p>2. Rezitativ T Er kommt, er kommt, der Bräut'gam kommt, ihr Töchter Zions, kommt heraus, Sein Ausgang eilet aus der Höhe in euer Mutter Haus. Der Bräut'gam kommt, der einen Rehe und jungen Hirschen gleich auf denen Hügeln springt und euch das Mahl der Hochzeit bringt. Wacht auf, ermuntert euch, den Bräut'gam zu empfangen; dort, sehet, kommt er hergegangen.</p>	<p>1. Chorus Awake, calls the voice to us of the watchmen high up in the tower; awake, you city of Jerusalem. Midnight the hour is named; they call to us with bright voices; where are you, wise virgins? Indeed, the Bridegroom comes; rise up and take your lamps, Alleluia! Make yourselves ready for the wedding, you must go to meet Him.</p> <p>2. Recitative T He comes, He comes, the Bridegroom comes, O Zion's daughters, come out, his course runs from the heights into your mother's house. The Bridegroom comes, who like a roe and young stag leaps upon the hills; to you He brings the wedding feast. Rise up, take heart, to embrace the bridegroom; there, look, He comes this way.</p>
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<p>3. Arie- Duett S B (Dialog - Seele, Jesus) Wenn kömmst du, mein Heil? - Ich komme, dein Teil. - Ich warte mit brennenden Öle. Eröffne den Saal - Ich öffne den Saal - zum himmlischen Mahl. Komm, Jesu. - Ich komme, komm, liebliche Seele. -</p> <p>4. Choral T Zion hört die Wächter singen, das Herz tut ihr vor Freuden springen, sie wachet und steht eilend auf. Ihr Freund kommt von Himmel prächtig, von Gnaden stark, von Wahrheit mächtig, ihr Licht wird hell, ihr Stern geht auf. Nun komm, du werthe Kron', Herr Jesu, Gottes Sohn, Hosianna! Wir folgen all zum Freudensaal und halten mit das Abendmahl.</p> <p>5. Rezitativ B So geh herein zu mir, du mir erwählte Braut! Ich habe mich mit dir von Ewigkeit vertraut. Dich will ich auf mein Herz, auf meinen Arm gleich wie ein Sigel setzen,</p>	<p>3. Aria - Duet S B (Dialogue - Soul, Jesus) When will you come, my Savior? - I come, as your portion. - I wait with burning oil. Now open the hall - I open the hall - for the heavenly meal. Come, Jesus! - I come, come, lovely soul! -</p> <p>4. Chorale T Zion hears the watchmen sing, her heart leaps for joy within her, she wakens and hastily arises. Her glorious Friend comes from heaven, strong in mercy, powerful in truth, her light becomes bright, her star rises. Now come, precious crown, Lord Jesus, the Son of God! Hosannah! We all follow to the hall of joy and hold the evening meal together.</p> <p>5. Recitative B So come in to me, you my chosen bride! I have to you eternally betrothed myself. I will set you upon my heart, upon my arm as a seal, and delight your troubled eye.</p>
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<p>und dein betrübtes Aug 'ergötzen. Vergiß, o Seele, nun die Angst, den Schmerz, den du erdulden müssen; auf meiner Linken sollst du ruhn, und meine Rechte soll dich küssen</p> <p>6. Arie - Duett S B (Dialog - Seele, Jesus) Mein Freund ist mein, -und ich bin dein,- die Liebe soll nichts scheiden. Ich will mit dir -du sollst mit mir- im Himmels Rosen weiden, da Freude die Fülle, da Wonne wird sein.</p> <p>7. Choral Gloria sei dir gesungen, mit Menschen- und englischen Zungen, mit Harfen und mit Zimbeln schon. Von zwölf Perlen sind die Pforten, an deiner Stadt sind wir Konsorten der Engel hoch um deine Thron. Kein Aug 'hat je gespürt, kein Ohr hat je gehört solche Freude, des sind wir froh, io,io, ewig in <i>dulci jubilo</i>.</p>	<p>Forget, O soul, now the fear, the pain which you have had to suffer; upon my left hand you shall rest, and my right hand shall kiss you.</p> <p>6. Aria - Duet S B (Dialogue - Soul, Jesus) My Friend is mine, - and I am yours, - love will never part us. I will with you - you will with me - graze among heaven's roses, where complete pleasure and delight will be.</p> <p>7. Chorale Let Gloria be sung to You with mortal and angelic tongues, with harps and even with cymbals. Of twelve pearls the portals are made, In Your city we are companions Of the angels high around Your throne. No eye has ever perceived, no ear has ever heard such joy as our happiness, Io, io, eternally in <i>dulci jubilo</i>!*</p> <p><i>*Translations from Emmanuel Music</i></p>
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