To Touch the Sky
I. Annunciation (Magnificat)
II. Unbreakable
III. The Fruit of Silence
IV. Falling Snow
V. At Castle Wood
VI. Epitaph
VII. Who has seen the wind?
VIII. With my two arms
IX. Most noble evergreen

Levi Spanarella, soprano

Skywards

from Triumvirate
I. Music

Karen Goldfeder
(b. 1962)
4’

Ulysses Kay
(1917-1995)
4’

a blue true dream of sky

Judith Weir
(b. 1954)
4’

Before I Go My Own Way

Peter Hamlin
10’

Lucy Gelber, viola

Hear My Prayer

Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)
3’
~ PERSONNEL ~

**Soprano**
Alanna Beilke
Mira Belanger
Catherine Creed
Faith Dowley
Caroline Duer
Hannah Duff
Izabella Gozzo
Emily Kondrat
Emily Krasinski
Anastasia Maritsas
Mackenzie Mingullo
Rebecca O’Dell
Jessica Pope
Kate Ragan
Daniela Reyes
Darby Schmidt
Levi Spanarella
Nichole Waligora
Savannah White Heximer

**Alto**
Ally Arenson
Lily Bogas
Maya Cooper
Sydney Cornett
Konstantina Gotouhidis
Liz Jackson
Freddie Kartoz
Kai Lecomte
Grace Leung
Madelin Morales
Ashley Schlusselberg
Kayla Sconiers
Emily Skilling
Hutton Stiller
Emma Unkrich
Katharina Watzke
Mengru Zheng

**Tenor**
Liam Anderson
Noah Carver
Adam Catangui
Michael Cullinan
Jonathan Ellwanger
James Graziano
Adam Holthaus
Evan McMahon
Jack Merson
Caleb Meyerhoff
Andrew Miller
Soong Hong Wong
Yilin Yan

**Bass**
Safion Chung
Logan Dubner
David Griffeth
Ömer Kayhan
Simon Lea
Colin Mann
Jack O’Leary
Ashton Rapp
Daniel Reid
Peter Schoellkopff
Holden Turner
Minghang Wang
Kejun Zhong

Aaron Tan, *rehearsal pianist*

~ TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS ~

**To Touch the Sky**

**I. Annunciation (Magnificat)**

Even if I don't see it again -- nor ever feel it
I know it is -- and that if once it hailed me
it ever does --

And so it is myself I want to turn in that direction
not as toward a place, but it was a tilting
within myself,
as one turns a mirror to flash the light to where
it isn't -- I was blinded like that -- and swam
in what shone at me
only able to endure it by being no one and so
specifically myself I thought I'd die
from being loved like that.

- Marie Howe

**B. Unbreakable**

Unbreakable, O Lord,
Is the love
That binds me to You:
Like a diamond,
It breaks the hammer that strikes it.

My heart goes into You
As the polish goes into the gold.
As the lotus lives in its water,
I live in You.

Like the bird
That gazes all night
At the passing moon,
I have lost myself dwelling in You.

O my Beloved --
Return.

- Mirabai
(English version by Jane Hirshfield)

**III. The Fruit of Silence**

The fruit of silence is prayer.
The fruit of prayer is faith.
The fruit of faith is love.
The fruit of love is service.
The fruit of service is peace.

- Mother Teresa of Calcutta

**IV. Falling Snow**

The snow whispers around me
And my wooden clogs
Leave holes behind me in the snow.
But no one will pass this way
Seeking my footsteps,
And when the temple bell rings again
They will be covered and gone.

- Amy Lowell
V. At Castle Wood
The day is done, the winter sun
Is setting in its sullen sky;
And drear the course that has been run,
And dim the hearts that slowly die.
No star will light my coming night;
No morn of hope for me will shine;
I mourn not heaven would blast my sight,
And I ne’er longed for joys divine.
Through life’s hard task I did not ask
Celestial aid, celestial cheer;
I saw my fate without its mask,
And met it too without a tear.
The grief that pressed my aching breast
Was heavier far than earth can be;
And who would dread eternal rest
When labour’s hour was agony?
Dark falls the fear of this despair
On spirits born of happiness;
But I was bred the mate of care,
The foster-child of sore distress.
No sighs for me, no sympathy,
No wish to keep my soul below;
The heart is dead in infancy,
[Unwept-for let the body go.]

- Emily Bronte

VI. Epitaph
Heap not on this mound
Roses that she loved so well:
Why bewilder her with roses,
That she cannot see or smell?
She is happy where she lies
With the dust upon her eyes.

- Edna St. Vincent Millay

VII. Who has seen the wind?
Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

- Christina Georgina Rossetti

VIII. With my two arms
With my two arms, I do not aspire to touch the sky.

- Sappho (English version by Edwin Marion Cox)

IX. Most noble evergreen
Most noble evergreen with your roots
in the sun;
you shine in the cloudless sky of a sphere no earthly eminence can grasp,
enfolded in the clasp of ministries divine.
You blush like the dawn,
you burn like a flame of the sun.

- St. Hildegard of Bingen
(English version by Barbara Newman)

Music
Let me go where’er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that’s fair, from all that’s foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows.
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
’Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast’s mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings!

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

a blue true dream of sky
i thank You God for most this amazing
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky;and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun’s birthday;this is the birth
day of life and of love and wingscand of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

- e. e. cummings
Skywards
Out of my deeper heart a bird rose and flew skywards,
Higher and higher did it rise, yet larger and larger did it grow.
At first it was but like a swallow, then a lark, then an eagle,
then as vast as a spring cloud, and then it filled the starry heavens.
Out of my heart a bird flew skywards.
And it waxed larger as it flew.
Yet it left not my heart.
- Khalil Gibran

Before I Go My Own Way
Hear my prayer O Lord,
And give ear to my cry;
Lord, you have been our refuge
From one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or the land and the earth were born,
From age to age you are God.
You turn us back to the dust and say,
“Go back, O child of the earth.”
For a thousand years in your sight
Are like yesterday when it is past.
You sweep us away like a dream;
We fade away suddenly like a dream;
In the morning it is green and flourishes;
In the evening it is dried up and withered.
We bring our years to an end like a sigh.
Hear my prayer, O Lord,
And give ear to my cry;
Hold not your peace at my tears.
For I am but a sojourner with you,
A wayfarer, as all my forebears were.
Turn your gaze from me that I may be glad again,
Before I go my way and am no more.
- from Psalms 39 and 90

Hear My Prayer
O Lord, please hear my prayer,
In the mornin' when I rise.
It's Your servant bound for glory.
O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.
O Lord, please hear my prayer,
Keep me safe within Your arms.
It's your servant bound for glory.
O dear Lord, please hear my prayer.

When my work on earth is done,
And You come to take me home.
Just to know I'm bound for glory.
And to hear You say well done.
Done with sin and sorrow, have mercy. Amen.
- Moses Hogan

Upcoming Concerts
Events are free unless otherwise noted.

Sunday, October 16, 2022
Repertory Singers and Treble Chorus
Hannah Duff, Daniel Reid, Rachael Sanguinetti Hayes, and Philip Silvey, conductors
Kilbourn Hall • 3PM

Sunday, October 23, 2022
Bach Cantata Series
BWV 27, BWV 72, & BWV 243: Magnificat in D Major
Grace Leung, Soong Hong Wong, and Mengru Zheng, conductors
Glory House International • 3PM

Saturday, November 12, 2022
Eastman Chorale
William Weinert, conductor
The Lutheran Church of the Incarnate Word • 3PM

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 whose ancestral lands the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester currently occupies in Rochester, New York.

Information about upcoming Eastman concerts and events can be found at: www.esm.rochester.edu/concerts/calendar

Kilbourn Hall fire exits are located along the right and left sides, and at the back of the hall. In the event of an emergency, you will be notified by the stage manager. If notified, please move in a calm and orderly fashion to the nearest exit.

A fully accessible restroom is located on the main floor of the Eastman School of Music. Our ushers will be happy to direct you to this facility.

Please note: The use of unauthorized photographic and recording equipment is not allowed in this building. We reserve the right to ask anyone disrupting a performance to leave the hall.

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