

Eastman Chorale

Donald Nally, *conductor*

Sunday, October 4, 2026

Kilbourn Hall

3:30 PM



Eastman School of Music

~ PROGRAM ~

Eastman Chorale

Donald Nally, *conductor*

SHEPHERD

statement to the court (2011)

David Lang
(b. 1957)
10'

Ich bin ein rechter Weinstock, BWV 389 (1648)

Heinrich Schütz
(1585-1672)
5'

I know I should (from *poor hymnal*, 2023)

Lang
4'

Nicholas Figura, *tenor*

Aus der Tiefen, rufe ich, Herr zu dir, BWV 131 (c. 1708)

J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)
22'

Evan Sercombe, *tenor*
Kit Jack Chan, *bass*

Kyiv (2022/2025)

Natalia Tsupryk
arr. Kevin Vondrak
5'

Janna Cone, *cello*

what remains (from *poor hymnal*)

Lang

Darrin Nicholson, *baritone*

Der Herr ist mein getreuer: Hirt II (1989)

Toivo Tulev
(b. 1958)
6'

~ TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS ~

Statement to the Court Upon Being Convicted of Violating the Sedition Act

Delivered by Eugene Debs, September 18, 1918

Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it, and while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

Your Honor, I have stated in this court that I am opposed to the social system in which we live; that I believe in a fundamental change-but if possible by peaceable and orderly means. Standing here this morning, I recall my boyhood. At fourteen I went to work in a railroad shop; at sixteen I was firing a freight engine on a railroad. I remember all the hardships and privations of that earlier day, and from that time until now my heart has been with the working class. I could have been in Congress long ago. I have preferred to go to prison.

I am thinking this morning of the men in the mills and the factories; of the men in the mines and on the railroads. I am thinking of the women who for a paltry wage are compelled to work out their barren lives; of the little children who in this system are robbed of their childhood and in their tender years are seized in the remorseless grasp of Mammon and forced into the industrial dungeons, there to feed the monster machines while they themselves are being starved and stunted, body and soul. I see them dwarfed and diseased and their little lives broken and blasted because in this high noon of Christian civilization money is still so much more important than the flesh and blood of childhood. In very truth gold is god today and rules with pitiless sway in the affairs of men.

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In this country – the most favored beneath the bending skies – we have vast areas of the richest and most fertile soil, material resources in inexhaustible abundance, the most marvelous productive machinery on earth, and millions of eager workers ready to apply their labor to that machinery to produce in abundance for every man, woman, and child-and if there are still vast numbers of our people who are the victims of poverty and whose lives are an unceasing struggle all the way from youth to old age, until at last death comes to their rescue and lulls these hapless victims to dreamless sleep, it is not the fault of the Almighty: it cannot be charged to nature, but it is due entirely to the outgrown social system in which we live that ought to be abolished not only in the interest of the toiling masses but in the higher interest of all humanity.

I am opposing a social order in which it is possible for one man who does absolutely nothing that is useful to amass a fortune of hundreds of millions of dollars, while millions of men and women who work all the days of their lives secure barely enough for a wretched existence. This order of things cannot always endure.

Your Honor, I ask no mercy and I plead for no immunity. I realize that finally the right must prevail. I never so clearly comprehended as now the great struggle between the powers of greed and exploitation on the one hand and upon the other the rising hosts of industrial freedom and social justice.

I can see the dawn of the better day for humanity. When the mariner, sailing over tropic seas, looks for relief from his weary watch, he turns his eyes toward the Southern Cross, burning luridly above the tempest-vexed ocean. As the midnight approaches, the Southern Cross begins to bend, the whirling worlds change their places, and with starry finger-points the Almighty marks the passage of time upon the dial of the universe, and though no bell may beat the glad tidings, the lookout knows that the midnight is passing and that relief and rest are close at hand. Let the people everywhere take heart of hope, for the cross is bending, the midnight is passing, and joy cometh with the morning.

I am now prepared to receive your sentence.

Ich bin ein rechter Weinstock

Ich bin ein rechter Weinstock,
Mein Vater ein Weingärtner.
Einen jeglichen Reben an mir
Der nicht Frucht bringet
Wird er wegnehmen,
Und einen jeglichen der da Frucht bringet,
Wird er reinigen
Daß er mehr Frucht bringe.
Ich bin der Weinstock,
Ihr seid die Reben;
Bleibet in mir und ich in euch.
Gleich wie der Reben kann keiner Frucht
Bringen von ihm selber
Er bleibe denn am Weinstock,
Also auch ihr nicht,
Ihr bleibet denn in mir.

*I am the true vine,
And my father is the husbandman.
Every branch in me
That does not bear fruit
He takes away:
And every branch that bears fruit,
He prunes it,
That it may bring forth more fruit.
I am the vine,
You are the branches:
You abide in me, and I in you.
Just as the branch can bring forth
No fruit of itself
Without remaining on the vine,
Just so you cannot,
If you do not abide in me.*

John 15:1-2, 5a, 4
translation by Pamela Dellal

I know I should

(after h. a. walter)

I know I should be true
I know that there are those who trust me
I know I should be pure
I know that there are those that care
I know I should be strong
I know that there is much to suffer
I know I should be brave
I know that there is much to dare
I know that I should be a friend to all
I know that I should be giving
I know that I should be humble
I know that I should know my weakness
I know that no one is so low
that I am not their friend
I know that no one is so high
that I have no path to them
I know that no one is so poor
that I cannot feel their hunger
I know that no one is so rich
that I cannot pity them
I should be there
when someone calls on me for understanding
I should be there
when someone turns to me for help, in pain
I should be there
when someone drains the bitter cup of sorrow
I should be there
so no one ever calls for me in vain
I know I should be true
I know I should be pure
I know I should be strong
I know I should be brave
I know I should

Aus der Tiefen, rufe ich, Herr zu dir, BWV 131

1. Chor

Aus der Tiefen rufe ich, Herr, zu dir.
Herr, höre meine Stimme,
laß deine Ohren merken
auf die Stimme meines Flehens!

1. Chorus

*Out of the depths I call, Lord, to you.
Lord, hear my voice,
let your ears take note
of the sound of my pleas!*

Psalm 130:1-2

2. Arioso B und Choral S

So du willst, Herr,
Sünde zurechnen, Herr,
wer wird bestehen?
Erbarm dich mein in solcher Last,
Nimm sie aus meinem Herzen,
Die weil du sie gebüßet hast
Am Holz mit Todesschmerzen,
Denn bei dir ist die Vergebung,
daß man dich fürchte.
Auf daß ich nicht mit großem Weh
In meinen Sünden untergeh,
Noch ewiglich verzage.

2. Arioso B and Chorale S

*If thus you choose, Lord,
to account for sins, Lord,
who could remain?
Have mercy on me burdened so,
take them out of my heart,
since you have atoned for them
on the wood with deathly agonies,
For forgiveness is with you,
so that you might be held in awe.
so that, for great woe
I might not perish in my sins,
nor eternally despair.*

Psalm 130: 3-4; "Herr Jesu Christ,
du höchstes Gut," v 2

3. Chor

Ich harre des Herrn, meine Seele harret,
und ich hoffe auf sein Wort.

3. Chorus

*I await the Lord, my soul waits,
and I hope in his word.*

Psalm 130:5

4. Arie T und Choral A

Meine Seele wartet auf den Herrn
von einer Morgenwache bis zu der andern.

Und weil ich denn in meinem Sinn,
Wie ich zuvor geklaget,
Auch ein betrübter Sünder bin,
Den sein Gewissen naget,
Und wollte gern im Blute dein
Von Sünden abgewaschen sein
Wie David und Manasse.

5. Chor

Israel hoffe auf den Herrn;
denn bei dem Herrn ist die Gnade
und viel Erlösung bei ihm.
Und er wird Israel erlösen
aus allen seinen Sünden.

4. Aria T and Chorale A

*My soul waits for the Lord
from one morning watch to the other.*

Psalm 130:6

*And since in my mind,
as I lamented before,
I am also a troubled sinner,
whose conscience gnaws him,
and would gladly, in your blood
be washed clean of sin,
like David and Manassah.*

“Herr Jesu Christ,
du höchstes Gut,” verse 5

5. Chorus

*Israel hopes in the Lord;
for mercy is with the Lord
and much redemption.
And he will redeem Israel
from all its sins.*

Psalm 130:7-8

translations by Pamela Dellal

Kyiv

wordless

what remains

(after the sayings of the fathers and matthew 6)

what remains when I am gone?
what remains?
what will I leave behind me?
what will remain when I am gone?
– what remains when we are gone?
– what will we leave behind?
my good deeds will remain
will remain
– our good deeds will remain
– our good deeds are all we have
– the good we have done will remain
not my gold
not my silver
not my jewels
not my pearls
– not our gold
– not our silver
– not our jewels
– not our pearls
not my body
not my breath
not my self
not my voice
– not our bodies
– not our breath
– not our selves
– not our voices
don't put your faith in treasures
don't put your faith in things
that moth and rust destroy
that thieves can see and steal
clothe yourself in your good deeds

Der Herr ist mein getreuer: Hirt II

Der Herr ist mein getreuer Hirt,
Dem ich mich ganz vertraue,
Zur Weid er mich,
Sein Schäflein, führt,
Auf schöner grünen Aue,
Zum frischen Wasser leit' er mich,
Mein Seel zu laben kräftiglich
Durchs sel'ge Wort der Gnaden.

*The Lord is my faithful shepherd,
To whom I entrust myself totally,
He leads me,
His lamb, to pasture
In a lovely green meadow,
He leads me to fresh water,
To refresh my soul powerfully
Through the blessed word of grace.*

words a paraphrase of Psalm 23,
from Becker Psalter (1602)

~ PERSONNEL ~

Eastman Chorale

Donald Nally, *conductor*

Dominic Fiacco, *rehearsal pianist*

Bernadette Alejandro	Julia Drover Crane	Mitchell D. Parmelee
Zachary Amdur	Ruth Dunlop	Audrey Rivetta
Evan Anderson	Nicholas Figura	Anna Schultz
Lal Besir	Max Foreman	Layvon Scott
Anna Bjerken	Alejandra Gaspar	Evan Sercombe
Chloe Rose Bloom	Carter Greeson	Aubrey Stanford
Abigail Bodvake	Amelia Harkey	Lauren Stanger
Kennah Brackett	Kai Harrington	Harrison Sturgeon
Shira Brener	Donna Hren	April Suh
Kit Jack Chan	Camden Hulsey	Lily Sumida
Minzhi Chen	Joshua Johnstone	Nico Taccetti
Madeleine Christopher	Morgan Kerr	Zachary C. Thompson
Isaac Cohen	Jayden Kleinschmidt	Carick Veale
Remington Collins	Kiara Liu	Noah Whitley
Emmaline Colvin	Liliana Mann	Emmie Williams
Benjamin Coudriet	Lucas Mann	Brandon Wong
Yixin Cui	Desmond Mulready	Gu Hong Wu
Michael Cullinan	Alana Muñiz	Cythian Yao
Harrison Dean	Darrin Nicholson	Liyao Yu
Thomas DeFisher	Alex Nunley	
Ava DiPasquale	Jordan Oney	

Orchestra

Violin	Viola	Double bass	Bass drum
Sophia Klin	Megan McFadden	Lindsey Joslin	Lexi Kunz
Lauren Edwards	Abigail Benzinger	Liz Young	
Kristene Murrow	Matthew Vu		Organ & Piano
Samuel Shen	Jordan Fletcher	Oboe	Dominic Fiacco
Gabriel Roth		Siena Stevens	
Chloe Hyun	Cello		
Emily Fischbach	Janna Cone	Bassoon	
	Alice Lan	Claire Heitke	

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.



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