

Eastman/UR Treble Chorus

Emily Evans and Philip Silvey,
conductors

Eastman Repertory Singers

Andrew Perricone and Liyao Yu,
conductors

Sunday, April 19, 2026
Kilbourn Hall
7:30 PM



Eastman School of Music

PROGRAM

Eastman School of Music / University of Rochester Treble Chorus

Philip Silvey, *conductor*
Augustine Sobeng, *piano*

Past Life Melodies (1998)

Sarah Hopkins
(b. 1958)
5'

Where the Light Begins (2018)

Susan LaBarr
(b. 1981)
4'

Emily Evans, *conductor*

Mixed Feelings (2025)

Philip E. Silvey
(b. 1965)
4'

Songs for the People (2025)

Reginald S. Wright
(b. 1976)
4'

Swifter Than Flame (2024)

Elaine Hagenberg
(b. 1979)
3'

~ INTERMISSION ~

Eastman Repertory Singers

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden, BWV 230 **Johann Sebastian Bach**
(1685-1750)
7'

Benjamin Jackson, *violin*
Ash Mach & Liam DeRosa, *viola*
Yu-Ping Wu, *cello*
Lindsey Joslin, *bass*
Timothy Stewart, *organ*

I Love My Love **Gustav Holst**
(1874-1934)
4'

Jasmine Flower (Mo Li Hua) **Chen Yi**
(b. 1953)
3'

Liyao Yu, *conductor*

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Hymne au Soleil **Lili Boulanger**
(1893-1918)
4'

Bernadette Alejandro, *mezzo-soprano*

Four Slovak Songs **Béla Bartók**
(1881-1945)
6'

I. Wedding Song from Poniky
II. Song of the Hayharvesters from Hiadel
III. Dancing Song from Medzibrod
IV. Dancing Song from Poniky

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Chile **H. T. Burleigh**
(1866-1949)
arr. Ruggero Vené
(1897-1961)
2'

Timothy Stewart, *piano*

Deep River **Burleigh**
2'

Don't You Weep No More, Mary **R. Nathaniel Dett**
(1882-1943)
2'

Andrew Perricone, *conductor*

PERSONNEL

Eastman School of Music / University of Rochester Treble Chorus

Philip Silvey, *instructor/conductor*
Emily Evans, *graduate assistant/conductor*
Augustine Sobeng, *accompanist*

Génia Abbey	Alejandra Gaspar Hulbert	Anna Schultz
Bernadette Alejandro	Chenxin Han	Dorothy Sears
Lal Besir	Claire Hou	Elizabeth Sekar
Abigail Bodvake	Donna Hren	Anne Stekl
Kennah Brackett	Isha Korgaonkar	April Suh
Shira Brener	Xinyun Li	Madeleine Sullivan
Minzhi Chen	ChunQi Liu	Eliana Thompson
Ellen Coey Paz	Yutang Liu	Annie Wang
Mary Ellen Coleman	Maria Mastro Simone	Winnie Wang
Makena Columb	Rosa Mendez	Marissa Williams
Ava DiPasquale	Isabella Morin	Xinyan Yao
Ashley Druckenmiller	Alana Muñiz	Jade Yu
Victoria Fedysiv	Amanda Oren	Pengling Zhu
Amelia Frechette	Eileen Scardino	Sophia Zogby

Eastman Repertory Singers

Timothy Stewart, *pianist*

SOPRANO	ALTO	TENOR	BASS
Lal Besir	Bernadette Alejandro	Harrison Dean	Nathan Barcelona
Abigail Bodvake	Shira Brener	Gavin Ge	Aidan Cheng
Kennah Brackett	Victoria Fedysiv	Desmond Mulready	Lizhou Ding
Minzhi Chen	Claire Hou	Andrew Perricone	Carter Greeson
Abigail Crafton	Vanessa Hung	Timothy Stewart	Camden Hulsey
Ava DiPasquale	Xinyi Lai	Nicholas Taccetti	Joshua Johnstone
Alejandra Gaspar	Ruishan Li	Noah Whitley	Nathaniel Peets
Donna Hren	Kaitlyn Lien		Harrison Sturgeon
Xintong Li	Yixuan Ma		Junhao Wang
Chun Qi Liu	Yuan Meng		Yu Wang
Alana Muñiz	Audrey Rivetta		
Anna Schultz	Yinuo Shi		
April Suh	Yu Siqi		
Emmie Williams	Liyao Yu		
Cythian Yao	Athena Zhang		
Pengling Zhu	Haoyu Zhang		

PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

Where the Light Begins

Perhaps it does not begin.
Perhaps it is always.

Perhaps it takes
a lifetime
to open our eyes,
to learn to see
what has forever
shimmered in front of us

the luminous line
of the map
in the dark

the vigil flame
in the house
of the heart,

the love
so searing
we cannot keep
from singing,
from crying out
in testimony
and praise.

Perhaps this day
will be the mountain
over which
the dawn breaks.

Perhaps we
will turn our face
toward it,
toward what has been
always.

Perhaps
our eyes
will finally open
in ancient recognition,
willingly dazzled,
illuminated at last.
Perhaps this day
the light begins
in us.

Jan Richardson

Mixed Feelings

I don't know why I don't fly, I have had wings for ages,
I try to defy ev'ry lie that says I belong in these cages
but I'm more complicated, back and forth I go

Holding on for dear life on this merry-go-round,
Who can say what is right as I fight with these mixed feelings?

Oh, I don't know, should I go? I'm unsure and conflicted,
and so, even though I say no, it might not go as predicted,
and I keep on second guessing, back and forth I go

On this roller coaster I'm high, low, how should I know?
Who can say what is right as I fight with these mixed feelings?
Round and around, back and forth, up and down I go!

Philip E. Silvey

Songs for the People

Let me make the songs for the people,
Songs for the old and young;
Songs to stir like a battle-cry
Wherever they are sung.
Not for the clashing of sabres,
For carnage nor for strife;
But songs to thrill the hearts of men
With more abundant life.
Let me make the songs for the weary,
Amid life's fever and fret,
Till hearts shall relax their tension,
And careworn brows forget.
Let me sing for little children,
Before their footsteps stray,
Sweet anthems of love and duty,
To float o'er life's highway.
I would sing for the poor and aged,
When shadows dim their sight;
Of the bright and restful mansions,
Where there shall be no night.
Our world, so worn and weary,
Needs music, pure and strong,
To hush the jangle and discords
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.
Music to soothe all its sorrow,
Till war and crime shall cease;
And the hearts of men grown tender
Girdle the world with peace.

Frances Ellen Watkins Harper (1825–1911)

Swifter Than Flame

Swifter than flame, prevailing tempests race
Along the lifted steel that bars their way.
From solid street up to the shore of space,
Each granite edifice transcends the day.

Tower on tower reach a final rung
From which winged feet step upward out of night—
To find again forgotten planets hung
In orbits measuring a timeless flight.

Carl John Bostelmann

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden, BWV 230

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden sets the brief text of Psalm 117, the shortest psalm in the Bible, calling on all nations to praise the Lord. This glorious motet was likely composed in the 1720s for an unknown occasion. It is the only motet Bach wrote for a single SATB choir rather than the double SSAATTBB choir used in several of his other motets. The motet begins with an energetic double fugue as the voices enter one by one, followed by a contrasting section that sets the remainder of the psalm in a calmer texture. The work concludes with a lively “Alleluia.”

Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden
Lobet den Herrn, alle Heiden,
Und preiset ihn, alle Völker!
Denn seine Gnade und Wahrheit
Waltet über uns in Ewigkeit.
Alleluja!

*Praise the Lord, all the heathens
Praise the Lord, all the heathens
And celebrate him, all the peoples!
For his grace and truth
Reign over us forever.
Alleluia!*

Psalm 117
tr. Francis Browne

I Love My Love

I Love My Love is Holst’s choral arrangement of a Cornish folk song that tells a dramatic love story. In the text, a young woman’s lover is sent away to sea in an attempt to separate the couple, leaving her heartbroken and distraught. Each stanza ends with the refrain, “I love my love because I know my love loves me.” Holst reflects the emotional shifts of the story through vivid text painting, changing the dynamics, texture, and harmonies to mirror the heroine’s anguish and eventual reunion. The piece draws on a melody Holst also used in the movement “Song Without Words” from his *Second Suite in F* for band.

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
“I love my love because I know my love loves me!

O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they’re his although they’ve ruined me:
I love my love because I know my love loves me!

With straw I’ll weave a garland, I’ll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I’ll mix the eglantine;
And I’ll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.”

Just as she sat there weeping, her love he came on land.
Then hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand.
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
“I love my love, because I know my love loves me.”

She said: “My love don’t frighten me; are you my love or no?”
“O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am return’d to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

So now these two are married, and happy may they be
Like turtle doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Mo Li Hua (Jasmine Flower) from a set of Chinese Folk Songs

Chen Yi's choral arrangement of the beloved Chinese folk melody *Mo Li Hua* ("Jasmine Flower") celebrates the elegance and simplicity of one of China's most widely known songs. The text compares the beauty and fragrance of the jasmine blossom to purity and grace. Through delicate textures and expressive phrasing, Chen Yi preserves the song's folk character while expanding it into a refined choral setting that highlights both lyricism and cultural character.

Liyao Yu

茉莉花

Jasmine Flower

好一朵茉莉花，
满园花开，
香也香不过她。

*Jasmine flower,
such a beautiful flower,
her sweet scent covers all others in the garden.*

我有心采一朵戴，
又怕看花的人儿骂。

*I want to pluck her for myself,
but I'm afraid of the garden's keeper.*

好一朵茉莉花，
茉莉花开，
雪也白不过她。

*Jasmine flower,
such a beautiful flower,
she is as white as snow when she is blooming.*

我有心采一朵戴，
又怕旁人笑话。

*I want to pluck her for myself,
but I'm afraid of gossip around.*

好一朵茉莉花，
满园花开，
比也比不过她。

*Jasmine flower,
such a beautiful flower,
her looks can eclipse all others in the garden.*

我有心采一朵戴，
又怕来年不发芽。

*I want to pluck her for myself,
but I'm afraid that she won't bud next year.*

Hymne au Soleil

Marie Juliette "Lili" Boulanger was a remarkably talented and innovative composer and multi-instrumentalist. She was raised in a musical family and studied harp, violin, organ, and piano, as well as theory and composition with teachers including Paul Vidal and family friend Gabriel Fauré. In 1913, Lili won the prestigious Prix de Rome composition prize with her cantata *Faust et Hélène*, becoming the first woman to win—and at age 19, the same age her father Ernest was when he won the prize in 1835. Her career was sadly cut short when she died in 1918 after struggling with recurrent illnesses throughout her life.

As part of her preparation for the Prix de Rome competition, Boulanger composed *Hymne au Soleil* in 1912 with text excerpted from Casimir Delavigne's play *Le Paria*. The play is a romantic tragedy set in India, written from a Western European orientalist lens. The text of this piece is taken from Act I, Scene V, in which the Brahmins and worshippers chant in praise of the sun. Authenticity and sensitivity aside, Boulanger's setting of the text is evocative and powerful, underscored by heavy, repetitive chords in the piano. The contralto solo shifts perspective to beautiful scenes of the natural world illuminated in the daylight, before the choir returns to once again praise the splendor of the sun.

Du soleil qui renaît
Bénéissons la puissance.
Avec tout l'univers
Célébrons son retour.
Couronné de splendeur,
Il se lève, il s'élançe.
Le réveil de la terre
Est un hymne d'amour.
Sept coursiers qu'en partant
Le Dieu contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon
De leur brûlante haleine.

*Let us bless the power
Of the reborn sun.
With all the universe
Let us celebrate its return.
Crowned with splendor,
It rises, it soars.
The making of the earth
Is a hymn of love.
Seven rushing steeds
That the God scarcely holds back
Ignite the horizon
With their scorching breath.*

O soleil fécond, tu parais!
Avec ses champs en fleurs,
Ses monts, ses bois épais,
La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais,
Des vapeurs de matin
Sont brillants de rosée.

*Oh, vivid sun, you appear!
With its fields in bloom,
Its mountains, its thick forests,
The vast sea set ablaze by your fires,
The universe, younger and fresher,
With morning vapors
Are glistening with dew.*

Casimir Delavigne
tr. Korin Kormick

Four Slovak Folk Songs

Generally regarded as one of the most important musical figures of the 20th century, Béla Bartók was a Hungarian composer and early ethnomusicologist. He was a musical prodigy, reportedly able to distinguish different dance rhythms his mother played on the piano before he could speak in full sentences. While studying at the Royal Academy of Music in Budapest, he met Zoltán Kodály, who would become a lifelong friend and collaborator. Both interested in folk music, the two men traveled around what was then the Kingdom of Hungary transcribing and recording songs of various ethnic groups of the Carpathian Basin.

These *Four Slovak Folk Songs* were gathered from villages in central Slovakia, named in the title of each movement. The first is a sorrowful story of a mother and daughter. Sent away to be married, the daughter imagines she might turn into a bird and return to her mother's garden, but the mother tells her she would shoo her away ("Ej, hešu, hešu!"). The second song is one of joy and rest in the grassy hills of the countryside, and its changing meter is customary in Bartók and others' folk transcriptions to approximate uneven "long" and "short" beats. The third is from the perspective of a young man infatuated with an unorthodox young woman. The man pays the piper to play a tune but ends up standing against the wall while the woman dances on her own. The fourth is another dancing song—perhaps the one the piper is playing in the third. It mentions a goat who used to dance, but can no longer. Since bagpipes are often made with goatskin, our ill-fated goat may still be part of the dance.

Our thanks to Nina Varon for her guidance on Slovak pronunciation and the stories behind these songs. This performance is dedicated to my grandmother, Martha (Sagan) Daly, whose kindness, generosity, and joy inspire me every day.

I.
Zadala mamka, zadala dcéru
Daleko od sebe,
Zakazala jej, prikázala jej:
Nechod' dcéro ku mne!

Ja sa, udelám ptáčkom jarabým,
Poletím k mamičke,
A sadnem si tam na zahradečku,
Na bielu laliju.

Vyjde mamička: čotoza ptáčka,
čo tak smutne spieva?
Ej, hešu, hešu, ptačku jaraby,
Nelámaj laliju!

Ta daly ste mňa za chlapa zlého
Do kraja cudzieho;
Veru mne je zle, mamička milá,
So zlým mužom byti.

I.
*The mother sent her daughter
Far away from her,
She forbade her, commanded her:
"Stay away, daughter!"*

[Daughter:]
*"I will turn into a bird,
I will fly back to Mother,
I'll land in the garden
On a white lily."*

*The mother came out: "What is this bird,
Why does it sing so sadly?
Hey, shoo, shoo, bird!
Don't break my lily!"*

[Daughter:]
*"You gave me away to a bad man
In a faraway land;
Truly, it pains me, Mother,
To be with this bad man."*

II.
Na holi, na holi,
Na tej ši ročine
Ved' som sa vyspala,
Ako na perine.

Už sme pohrabaly,
Čo budeme robiť?
S vršku do doliny
Budeme sa vodit'.

III.
Rada pila, rada jedla
Rada tancovala,
Rada tancovala,
Rada tancovala!

Ani si len tú kytličku
Neobrancovala,
Neobrancovala,
Neobrancovala!

Nedala si štyri groše
Ako som ja dala,
Ako som ja dala,
Ako som ja dala!

Žeby si ty tancovala,
A ja žeby stála,
A ja žeby stála,
A ja žeby stála!

IV.
Gajdujte, gajdence,
Pôjdeme k frajerce!
Ej, gajdujte vesele,
Ej, že pôjdeme sme!

Zagajduj gajdoše!
Ešte mám dva groše:
Ej, jedon gajdošovi,
A druhý krcmárovi.

To bola kozička,
Čo predok vodila,
Ej, ale už nebude,
Ej, nôžky si zlomila.

*In the hills, in the hills,
On a pile of hay,
I slept so well
As well as on a duvet.*

*All day we have shoveled hay,
What shall we do now?
From the peak to the valley
We will travel.*

*You like to eat, you like to drink
You like to dance,
You like to dance,
You like to dance!*

*You don't care for embroidering flowers
And you are not ashamed,
And you are not ashamed,
And you are not ashamed!*

*You did not give four coins to the piper,
Like I gave,
Like I gave,
Like I gave!*

*Just to watch you dance,
While I stand by the side,
While I stand by the side,
While I stand by the side!*

*Pipe, piper,
Let's go together!
Hey, pipe merrily,
Hey, let's go boldly!*

*Blow, piper!
I still have two coins:
Hey, one for the piper,
And one for the innkeep.*

*Once there was a goat,
Who pranced along with the farmer,
Hey, but it won't dance anymore,
Hey, now it's broken its legs.*

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Harry Thacker Burleigh was a composer, arranger, and professional baritone born in Erie, Pennsylvania. Burleigh was one of the earliest Black composers who played a significant role in spreading African-American spirituals amongst classical musicians through his arrangements and performances. He studied at the National Conservatory of Music, where he met then-director of the school Antonin Dvořák, who heard Burleigh singing spirituals while working a side job as a handyman and janitor in the halls. Burleigh and Dvořák became friends and collaborators, and the Czech composer became fascinated and inspired by Black musical traditions, saying “In the negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music.”

Most of Burleigh’s arrangements of spirituals are for solo voice and piano, and the first in our set, *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child*, was adapted directly from the piano-vocal arrangement for three-part chorus by Italian composer and arranger Ruggero Vené. Vené arranged a great number of Burleigh’s works for 3- and 4-part chorus, nearly all of which are contained in the single-copy promotional choral score archive of the Sibley Music Library. The melody leaps between three sections of the choir, and the rest of the group fills in the harmony and motion of the original accompaniment along with the piano.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long ways from home.

Sometimes I feel like I’m almos’ gone,
A long ways from home.

Deep River

The second spiritual, *Deep River*, is one of the most famous spirituals in the tradition, with Burleigh’s piano-vocal setting chief among its arrangements. This version for SATB chorus was dedicated to the Chorus of the Schola Cantorum in New York and features luxurious harmonies that grow in complexity and density up to a sudden soft, gentle coda.

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don’t you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promis’d land, where all is peace?
Oh, deep river!

Don’t you weep no more, Mary

Robert Nathaniel Dett’s life and career ties together many of the other composers and themes in this evening’s program. Born in what is now Niagara Falls, Ontario, Dett studied at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music and later completed a master’s degree at Eastman, and spent time studying composition with Nadia Boulanger (Lili’s older sister). He was inspired by the work of H.T. Burleigh and his influence on Dvořák’s later compositions, and organized concerts featuring great Black performers including Burleigh and Marian Anderson. Dett wished to bring Black folk music into the classical canon, not just as curiosity but as material for creating national and ethnic identity, urging his fellow “musical architects” to “take the rough timber of Negro themes and fashion from it music which will prove that we, too, have national feelings and characteristics, as have the European peoples whose forms we have zealously followed for so long.” Thus, his approach to his own heritage and its role in the field of music shares many principles with those of Bartok, Holst, and Chen.

Don’t you weep no more, Mary is not a traditional spiritual but a choral composition “based on a Negro melody in the collection of” the composer. The text concerns the persecution, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus, a common theme in traditional spirituals linked allegorically to the persecution, enslavement, and yearning for freedom of Black Americans. As is customary for Dett’s choral music, this setting combines stylistic features of Black folk music like call-and-response with harmonization and counterpoint principles of the European canon. The song builds to a powerful climax, a glorious grand finale to tonight’s program.

Andrew Perricone

Don’t you weep no more, Mary,
Sigh-a no more, Martha,
Jesus rose, third day in-a that morning!

My Jesus went to Galilee,
Because he promised for to set me free;
Rose third day in-a that morning.

They nailed Him to that cursed tree,
And there He hung for you and me;
Rose third day in-a that morning.

The angel came down from above,
He came down on the wings of love;
Rose third day in-a that morning.

O hallelujah, on that day,
The angel rolled the stone away.
Rose third day in-a that morning.

He rose third day,
In that morning,
Rose third day in that morning!

UPCOMING EASTMAN CHORAL CONCERTS

All student performances are free unless otherwise noted.

Eastman-Rochester Chorus, Eastman Chorale, & Eastman Philharmonia present: Mendelssohn's *Elijah*

Friday, May 1, 2026 at 7:30 PM
Kodak Hall at Eastman Theatre
Joshua Conyers, *baritone* as Elijah
William Weinert, *conductor*

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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