

2026
CHOIR
CONCERT

April 27 • 7pm

Performing Arts Center

Anoka-Ramsey Community College

Coon Rapids

Concert Choir

Melissa Bergstrom,* director

Mitsuyo Baumer,^ piano

Soprano

Alicia Bane#

Sarah Ryan#

Alaysha Stevenson

Evie Maltby

Alto

Tara Barth#

Anastasia Pihvagah#

Laina Sanborn

Marya Vlasyuk#

Tenor

Samuel Momanyi

Rodolfo Perez Quintero#

Tyler Sautter#

Lex Vue#

Jacob Young

Bass

Mitch Daubenspeck#

Colby Hansen#

John J. Hanson IV

Kendall McCann#

Sam Noh

Dakarai Opoka#

Mozart Instrumentalists

Anna Berntson,* violin

Natalie Van Burkleo-Carbonara, violin

Dr. Joel Salvo,* cello

Mitsuyo Baumer,^ organ

Ave verum corpus, K. 618W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

In the last year of his life (he died at 35), Mozart penned this beautiful miniature motet for a local choirmaster in the small town where Mozart's wife, Constanze, had gone to preserve her fragile health during a difficult sixth pregnancy. The Latin text, attributed to Pope Innocent I (c.1300-1362), traditionally appears during communion rituals in the Catholic church. Mozart's setting combines an enlightened humanist accessibility with ethereal hymn-like serenity.

Ave verum corpus natum
de Maria virgine;
vere passum immolatum,
in cruce pro homine.
Cuius latus perforatum
unda fluxit sanguine;
esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.

Hail, true Body,
born of the Virgin Mary,
who has truly suffered,
was sacrificed on the cross for mortals.
Whose side was pierced
whence flowed water and blood:
be for us a foretaste of heaven
during our final examining.

Dr. Jennifer Kreider,* soprano

Composed for an evening service in September of 1780, this ethereal soprano solo with accompanying choir and orchestra seems perfectly suited for candlelight, sleepy children, and reflective meditation. Mozart often composed his church music in an older, Baroque-style with fussy counterpoint, but this particular piece is firmly in the Enlightenment style of homophony: a clear, tuneful melody with unobtrusive accompaniment. This piece found immense popularity in the century after Mozart’s death. We are thrilled to hear Dr. Jenna Kreider, voice faculty, as our soprano soloist this evening and grateful for her musicality and artistry.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes, laudate eum, omnes populi. Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia eius, et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.	Praise the Lord, all nations; praise Him, all people. For He has bestowed his mercy upon us, and the truth of the Lord endures forever.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto, sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.	Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever, and for generations of generations. Amen.

Lacrymosa, Requiem Mass in D Minor, K.626.....Mozart

“Mozart was able to become fully engaged in writing his requiem by fall (after composing *The Magic Flute* in 1791). By that time, however, he was seriously ill and needed to dictate some of his composition to an assistant. His friend Benedikt Schack—the tenor who sang Tamino in *The Magic Flute*—relates that, on the afternoon before Mozart died, the composer had the unfinished manuscript of the Requiem brought to him in bed and sang through the vocal parts with several friends. Schack tells us that Mozart himself sang the alto part but got only as far as the Lacrymosa, at which point he broke into tears and put the score aside. He died during that night of December 5, age 36.” —*Boston Baroque*

Lacrymosa dies illa qua resurget ex favilla judicandus homo reus. Huic ergo parce Deus, pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem! Amen!	Full of tears will be that day when from the ashes shall arise the guilty man to be judged; Therefore spare him, O god, merciful Lord Jesus, grant them eternal rest! Amen!
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I Dream a WorldDr. Rosephanye Powell (b.1962)

Mitsuyo Baumer,^ piano

“Over the course of his career, Langston Hughes (1902-1967) worked as a journalist, essayist, novelist, poet, playwright, and librettist. Born in Joplin, Missouri, he was raised by his grandmother, a widow whose first husband had died in John Brown’s raid at Harper’s Ferry. She and her second husband, Hughes’s grandfather, were committed abolitionists and, later, voting rights activists. His ancestors thus planted the seeds of Langston Hughes’s later activism. As a young man, Hughes travelled extensively in Africa, Europe, and throughout the US and Mexico. From 1929 on, his home was Harlem. His 1951 suite of poems, *Montage of a Dream Deferred*, memorialized the New York City neighborhood and the strivings, frustrations, quotidian details, and deep pride of its inhabitants. Hughes’s direct, accessible style, his unflinching engagement with social issues, and the sheer musicality of his poetry have made his works a favorite source of inspiration for composers working in a wide variety of styles, genres, and traditions.

“In the early 1930s, Hughes began working with composer William Grant Still (1895-1978) on the libretto for *Troubled Island*, an opera about the Haitian Revolution. One of Hughes’ most famous poems, *I Dream a World*, was originally an aria in *Troubled Island*. Hughes often ended his own poetry readings with this poem, which many observers consider a source of Martin Luther King’s 1961 I Have a Dream speech. Hughes’s poem has been set to music countless times, but rarely more compellingly than by Rosephanye Powell whose 2002 setting begins with joyful piano cascades before evolving into a more rhythmic, layered texture reminiscent of gospel music, but in a dark, agitated mood. According to the composer, the piece depicts “Mr Hughes’s juxtaposition of the world that is and the world that could be.” Powell is professor of voice at Auburn University in Alabama, and one of the most frequently commissioned choral composers in the US today.”

—Robert Gehrenbeck

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom’s way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!

—Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

It's a Republic (If You Can Keep It) Kyle Pederson (b.1971)

Mitsuyo Baumer,[^] piano

Craig Hill,* percussion

From this Minnesota-based composer: “All three of these iconic US statesmen believed that our country and its people, at their best, represented values of freedom, equality, honesty, and decency. They believed that citizens of this new nation could join together in common cause, and safeguard our particular form of democratic government (a constitutional republic). This piece, integrating the words of these three visionaries, reminds us of this common cause, and invites us to re-dedicate ourselves to the best our country has always represented.”

Abraham Lincoln: “Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We here highly resolve...that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (excerpted from the Gettysburg Address)

Theodore Roosevelt: “Let the watchwords of all our people be the old familiar watchwords of honesty, decency, fair-dealing, and commonsense...Here is your country. Cherish these natural wonders...cherish the history and romance as a sacred heritage, for your children and your children’s children. Do not let selfishness or greedy instincts skin your country of its beauty, its riches or its romance.”

Benjamin Franklin: “A republic, if you can keep it.” (An answer to the question after the Constitutional Convention, “What have we got?”)

Hope Lingers OnLissa Schneckenburger (b.1979), arr. Andrea Ramsey

From the arranger: Originally recorded by folk group, “Low Lily,” *Hope Lingers On* is a heartfelt, timely, and determined call for optimism.

My mother, when love is gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.
My father, when peace is gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.
I will not hate, and I will not fear, in our darkest hour, hope lingers here.
My sister, when equality’s gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.
My brother, with tolerance gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.
My love, when honor is gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.
My country, when justice is gone, in our darkest hour, hope lingers on.



Chamber Singers

Danielle Vinup,* director

Mitsuyo Baumer,^ piano

Mariah Campos#

Sarah Ryan#

Alicia Bane#

Evie Maltby

Alaysha Stevenson

Abby Piepgras#

Daisy-Jean Wawers

Anastasia Pihvagah#

Jacob Young

Rodolfo Perez-Quintero#

Lex Vue#

Sammy Momanyi

John Hanson IV

Komori Victor

Amanti Costanti, *Marriage of Figaro*, K.492 W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

“Amanti Costanti” is a lively chorus from Mozart’s famous opera, *The Marriage of Figaro*. Sung in Italian, the text is written by Lorenzo da Ponte. Although the vibe is festive, it belies the truth of what is happening in the story. This chorus plays a key role in balancing comedy, satire, and critique of the norms of society.

Amanti costanti,

seguaci d'onor,

cantate, lodate

sì saggio signor.

A un dritto cedendo,

che oltraggia, che offende,

ei caste vi rende

ai vostri amator.

Cantiamo, lodiamo

sì saggio signor!

Faithful and

Honourable girls,

Sing praises

To our wise lord.

By renouncing a right

Which outraged and offended,

He leaves you pure

For your lovers.

Let us sing praises

To our wise lord.

Eine Kleine Kazoo MusicMozart, arr. Tom Anderson
(an arrangement of Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, K.52)

“Eine Kleine Kazoo Music” takes Mozart’s *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and pushes it in a silly direction. You will still hear the recognizable melody, but it is delivered with a satisfying twist. Mozart originally composed the piece for small chamber ensemble. Premiered posthumously, it is most often heard in an orchestral format. Could Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart have predicted that it would one day be performed by voices—along with the most casual of instruments—the kazoo?

But, Mr. Adams from 1776Sherman Edwards (1919-1981)

Mitsuyo Baumer, ^ piano; Craig Hill,* percussion

John Adams: Rodolfo Perez-Quintero

Benjamin Franklin: Lex Vue

Roger Sherman: Komori Victor

Robert Livingston: Sammy Momanyi

Thomas Jefferson: Jacob Young

“But, Mr. Adams” comes from the musical *1776*. The composer, Sherman Edwards, taught American history and played jazz piano. He wrote songs for Billie Holiday and Elvis Presley, among others. *1776* follows the journey of the founding fathers, and “But, Mr. Adams” is a humorous representation of these quarreling men as they quibble over the signing of the Declaration of Independence. You’ll hear well-known characters such as Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson as they work to bring this historical document to life 250 years ago.

Adams:

All right, gentlemen, let’s get on with it. Which of us will write our Declaration of Independence?

Franklin:

Mr. Adams, I say you should write it
To your legal mind and brilliance we defer

Adams:

Is that so? Well, if I’m the one to do it
They’ll run their quill pens through it
I’m obnoxious and disliked, you know that, sir

Franklin:

Yes, I know

Adams:

So I say you should write it Franklin, yes you

Franklin:

Hell, no!

Adams:

Yes, you, Dr. Franklin, you

Franklin:

Mr. Adams, but, Mr. Adams

The things I write are only light extemporanea

I won't put politics on paper; it's a mania

So I refuse to use the pen in Pennsylvania

Others:

Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania, refuse to use the pen

Adams:

Mr. Sherman, I say you should write it

You are never controversial as it were

Sherman:

That is true

Adams:

Whereas if I'm the one to do it

They'll run their quill pens through it

I'm obnoxious and disliked, you know that, sir

Sherman:

Yes, I do

Adams:

So I say you should write it, Sherman, yes you

Sherman:

Good heavens, no!

Adams:

Yes you, Roger Sherman, you

Sherman:

Mr. Adams, but, Mr. Adams

I cannot write with any style or proper etiquette

I don't know a participle from a predicate

I am just a simple cobbler from Conneticut

Others:

Connecticut, Connecticut, a simple cobbler he

Adams:

Mr. Livingston, maybe you should write it
You have many friends and you're a diplomat

Franklin:

Oh, that word!

Adams:

Whereas if I'm the one to do it
They'll run their quill pens through it

Others:

He's obnoxious and disliked; did you know that?

Livingston:

I hadn't heard

Adams:

So I say you should write it, Robert, yes you

Livingston:

Not me, Johnny!

Adams:

Yes you, Robert Livingston, you

Livingston:

Mr. Adams, dear Mr. Adams
I've been presented with a new son by the noble stork
So I am going home to celebrate and pop the cork
With all the Livingstons together back in old New York

Others:

New York, New York, Livingston's going to pop a cork

Jefferson:

Mr. Adams, leave me alone!

"And we solemnly declare that we will preserve our liberties being with one mind resolve to die free men rather than to live slaves." Thomas Jefferson, on the Necessity of Taking Up Arms, 1775. Magnificent. You write ten times better than any man in Congress, including me. Now, then, sir. Will you be a patriot or a lover?

Jefferson:

Lover!

Mr. Adams, damn you Mr. Adams

You're obnoxious and disliked; that cannot be denied

Once again you stand between me and my lovely bride

Oh, Mr. Adams, you are driving me to homicide!

Others:

Homicide, homicide, we may see murder yet!

The Young are at the Gates from *Suffs*..... Shaina Taub

Mitsuyo Baumer, ^ piano; Craig Hill, * percussion

Soloists: Mariah Campos, Evie Maltby, Alaysha Stevenson, Sarah Ryan, Abby Piepgras, Alicia Bane, Daisy-Jean Wawers, Anastasia Pihvagah

“The Young are at the Gates” is a standout chorus from the new musical, *Suffs*. With an all-female cast, originally led by the composer herself as the leader, Alice Paul, *Suffs* takes an in-depth look at the struggle for women to obtain the right to vote in the early 1900's. Though the musical makes clear that the work of these women is a template for future action, *Suffs* deftly shows the plight and the passion of these early suffragists. “The Young are at the Gates” is the opening song of Act 2, where the women have gathered at the gates of the White House to appeal to President Wilson.

I won't forget that frigid January morning,
When my heart was in my stomach at the president's front door.
I could barely feel my toes, but my spirit was on fire,
With the thrill of trying something no one's ever done before.
I could feel my shoulders tighten, so unsure how this would go.
But we vowed to keep a vigil here to let the old men know.

The young are at the gates, the young are at the gates.
Open up, the future's here, the young are at the gates,
The young are at the gates, the young are at the gates
Tyranny, your time is near, the young are at the gates.

At first we feared we were too few to keep this going.
How could such a little army go on standing in the cold?
But day by day more women came from all corners of the country.
I could feel a hum of hope, each time a new one joined the fold.

We got nurses from Virginia, college girls from Michigan and Idaho.
And we weren't all young, you know.
We got workers from the factory, teachers from New York, even Mary Church
Terrell came through.
I brought my daughter too.

And what started as a dozen turned to hundreds within weeks.
Standing there, withstanding stares with icy air upon our cheeks.
Though not a word was spoken, our volume only grew
As winter turned to spring,
We never left the avenue.

The young are at the gates, the young are at the gates.
Open up, the futures here, the young are at the gates.
The young are at the gates, the young are at the gates.
Tyranny, your time is near, the young are at the gates.

I won't forget that muggy April morning.
As we took our place, a crowd of scowling men began to form.
Ten policemen lurked nearby, holding billy clubs and smirking.
I could feel a start to panic, like a fast approaching storm.

But then suddenly we felt it, like a mighty cannon blast.
Every cost and battle lost of every generation passed.
So we rose up in defiance, yes, we chose to risk it all.
For our sisters' silent voices, let the patriarchy fall!

The young are at the gates, the young are at the gates.
Come and get us if you dare, the young are at the gates.
The young are at the gates, and we'll be at the gates.
Until you open up your eyes, until the world will realize.
The old way always dies, the young are at the gates!

My Shot from *Hamilton* Lin-Manuel Miranda, arr. Mac Huff

Mitsuyo Baumer, ^ piano; Craig Hill, * percussion

**Soloists: Rodolfo Perez-Quintero, Daisy-Jean Wawers, Alaysha Stevenson,
Sammy Momanyi**

“My Shot” has become one of the most recognizable excerpts from the hit musical *Hamilton*. The show in its entirety is an amalgamation of hip-hop and traditional Broadway song. “My Shot” is a microcosm of this concept, using spoken word to generate and reveal the wishes of Alexander Hamilton and his cohorts. Traditional choral singing and singable melodies serve to give voice to the ensemble and heighten the thoughts of the main characters. They stand on the precipice of a new era. Their youthful tenacity will be necessary (and will also be a hindrance) in the years ahead of them.

I am not throwin' away my shot
I am not throwin' away my shot
Hey yo, I'm just like my country
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
And I'm not throwin' away my shot

I'ma get a scholarship to King's College
I probably shouldn't brag, but dang, I amaze and astonish
The problem is I got a lot of brains but no polish
I gotta holler just to be heard
With every word, I drop knowledge

I'm a diamond in the rough, a shiny piece of coal
Tryna reach my goal my power of speech, unimpeachable
The plan is to fan this spark into a flame
But damn, it's getting dark, so let me spell out my name
I am the A-L-E-X-A-N-D-E-R we are meant to be

A colony that runs independently

So there will be a revolution in this century

Rise up
When you're living on your knees, you rise up
Tell your brother that he's gotta rise up
Tell your sister that she's gotta rise up

When are these colonies gonna rise up? (Whoa, whoa)

I am not throwin' away my shot
I am not throwin' away my shot
Hey yo, I'm just like my country
I'm young, scrappy and hungry
And I'm not throwin' away my shot

Concert Choir and Chamber Singers

Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor.....Irving Berlin (1888-1989), arr. Ringwold

“The New Colossus,” a sonnet by American poet Emma Lazarus (1849-1887), was penned in 1883 to raise money for the construction of a pedestal for the Statue of Liberty. In 1903, the poem was cast onto a bronze plaque and mounted inside the pedestal’s lower level.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!
—Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

Upcoming Performances

Concerts at 7pm in the Performing Arts Center unless otherwise noted.

All concerts are **free** and open to the public.

April 30

Concert Band & String Orchestra

May 4

Guitar & World Drumming

Ensembles

May 5 • 2pm in M109

Chamber Ensemble Concert

May 5

Jazz Ensemble Concert

May 11

AFA Recital

May 12

AFA Recital

May 19 • 9am-4pm

Modern Band Festival

Special Thanks

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Music

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