



Music

Choir Concert



Monday, May 2, 2022

7:00 pm

Performing Arts Center

Anoka-Ramsey Community College

Coon Rapids, Minnesota

Concert Choir

Melissa Bergstrom, director | Mitsuyo Baumer, pianist

The Seasons

F. Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

"Komm, holder Lenz" (Come, Gentle Spring)

German lyrics by Gottfried Van Swieten

English translation by M. Pilkington

Come, gentle Spring! The gift of heaven, come! From deathly winter sleep bid Nature now awake!

Come, gentle Spring! The gift of heaven, come! Upon our meadows now descend! O come, gentle Spring

Stars Above and Earth Below

Rob Swenson

Poem by Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

Jannet Kot, student conductor

One by one, like leaves from a tree, All my faiths have forsaken me;
But the stars above my head Burn in white and delicate red,
And beneath my feet the earth Brings the sturdy grass to birth.
I who was content to be But a silken-singing tree,
But a rustle of delight In the wistful heart of night,
I have lost the leaves that knew Touch of rain and weight of dew.
Blinded by a leafy crown I looked neither up nor down—
But the little leaves that die Have left me room to see the sky;
Now for the first time I know Stars above and earth below.

We Are the Storm

Jerod Impichchaachaaha' Tate (b. 1968)

Poem by Charles Anthony Silvestri

We Are the Storm features three North American Indian melodies (Zuni, Chickasaw, and Ojibway).

Percussion: Andrew Green, Cyril Dela Cruz

On this horizon there gathers a storm; Thickening air hangs heavy and warm.

The fields of future lie among us cold and dry The few among us know not the reason why.

We are lightning, we are thunder; Generation of wonder!

We are the storm that gathers at last; We are the future healing the past.

Storm gathers water and fire, Stirring the earth, lifting it higher,

A storm, its beauty, tempest of light and love, It's voice of nature below and above.

Storms will heal what divides, Let us storm and turn the tides!

The earth cries out, ready for rain The fields of our future grow green again.

Lightning and thunder! Yakkookay! (Thank You!)

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot, arr. Dunbar

Cello: Dr. Joel Salvo, music faculty

Guitar: Dr. Jason Vanselow, music faculty

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down Of the big lake they called Gitche Gumee*
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead When the skies of November turn gloomy
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed When the gales of November came early
The ship was the pride of the American side Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most With a crew and good captain well seasoned
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
And later that night when the ship's bell rang Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound And a wave broke over the railing
And every man knew, as the captain did too T'was the witch of November come stealin'
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait When the gales of November came slashin'
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain In the face of a hurricane west wind
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin' "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya"
At seven PM, a main hatchway caved in, he said "Fellas, it's been good to know ya"
The captain wired in he had water comin' in And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went outta sight Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald
Does anyone know where the love of God goes When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her
They might have split up or they might have capsized They may have broke deep and took water
And all that remains is the faces and the names Of the wives and the sons and the daughters
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings In the rooms of her ice-water mansion
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams The islands and bays are for sportsmen
And farther below Lake Ontario Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know With the gales of November remembered
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed In the maritime sailors' cathedral
The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down Of the big lake they called Gitche Gumee
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead When the gales of November come early
*("Big Water" in Ojibwe-mowin, referring to Lake Superior)

Famine Song

VIDA, arr. Culloton

Written by the female vocal quartet, VIDA, and inspired by the stories of Sudanese basket weavers who expressed the pain and hope experienced by those in the famine of the 1980s.

Solo: Shelby Niemi

Duet: Lexi Johnson, Shelby Niemi

Ease my spirit, ease my soul, please free my hands from this barren soil.

Ease my mother, ease my child, earth and sky be reconciled. Rain.

Weave my mother, weave my child, weave your baskets of rushes wild. Rain.

Out of heat, under sun comes the hunger to everyone. Famine's teeth, famine's claw on the sands of Africa. Rain.

The Storm is Passing Over

Charles Albert Tindley, arr. Barbara W. Baker

Have courage my soul and let us carry on. For the night is dark, and I am far from home. Thanks be to GOD.

The morning light appears. The storm is passing over. The storm is passing over. The storm is passing over,
Hallelujah!

Concert Choir

Soprano

Anna Hutton*

Lexi Johnson*

Jannet Kot*

Sara Potter

Alto

Randi Fiskewold

Addison Lyner

Shelby Niemi

Oluwatimi Carla Jinadu

Tenor

Michael Burton

Luke Hagemann

Anders Holst

Matt Neeser*

Bass

Spencer de Souza*

Cyril Dela Cruz*

Andrew Green*

Leopold Kisrow

Tucker Segraves*

*AFA Music Major

Chamber Singers

Richard Joseph, director | Mitsuyo Baumer, pianist

O, My Luve's Like a Red, Red Rose

Music by David Dickau

Poem by Robert Burns

O, my Luve's like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June,
O, my Luve's like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June.
O, my Luve's like a melodie That's sweetly played in tune,
O' my Luve's like a melodie That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I,
And I will luve thee still, my dear, till all the seas gang dry.
Till all the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt with the sun,
And I will luve thee still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run.
And fare thee weel*, my only Luve, and far thee weel* a while!
And I will come again, my Luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

**Weel* is an archaic form of *well*; the latter may be substituted.

Go, Lovely Rose

Z. Randall Stroope

Text by Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

Solo: Andrew Green

Go, lovely Rose. Tell her that wastes her time and me, tell her that she knows now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be.

O Rose, O Rose, O lovely Rose. O Rose, tell her that she knows, O Rose, now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be.

O Rose, O Rose Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her graces spied, if thou had sprung where no love abides.

O Rose, O Rose Thou must have uncommended died.

Rose, rose, Small is the worth of beauty from the light retired: Bid her come forth Rose, O Rose, suffer herself to be admired.

Then die, die that she the common fate of all things rare may read in thee; how small a part of time they share that are so
wondrous sweet and fair!

O Rose, so wondrous sweet and fair!

I Dream a World

André J. Thomas

Text by Langston Hughes (1902-1967)

Of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream.

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,

Of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream.

Where wretchedness will hang its head and joy, like a pearl, attends the needs of all mankind

Of such I dream, of such I dream, of such I dream, I dream a world.

The Lord is My Shepherd

John Rutter

Text from Psalm 23

Cello: Dr. Joel Salvo, music faculty

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his Name's sake, for his Name's sake, for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For thou art with me: Thy rod and thy staff comfort me. Thou shall prepare a table for me against them that trouble me: Thou hast anointed my head with oil and my cup shall be full.

But thy loving kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, in the house of the Lord forever, forever.

Soulspeak

Z. Randall Stroope

Lord Alfred Tennyson from *Ulysses*

O, O, O, O. One fair and equal temper of the heroic hearts, made weak by time, made weak by fate, but strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; to sail beyond the sunset, to sail beyond the western stars, sail, sail!

Sail, sail, sail!

It may be that the sea's wide gulfs will wash us down, O, for we are not the strength we had in old days, the strength that moved the earth and heav'n; we are which we are.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; to sail beyond the sunset, to sail beyond the western stars, O sail!

Seek a newer world, and smite the sounding furrows. We are not now the strength that moved the earth and heav'n, made the sea and sky, sail, sail, sail.

Some work of noble note or worth may yet be done, and see the great Achilles whom we know, just to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,

Tho' much is taken, much abides; to sail beyond the sunset, to sail beyond the western stars, sail, sail!

Sail, sail, sail!

Chamber Singers

Kayla Brown

Cyril Dela Cruz*

Andrew Green*

Anita Horvereid

Jannet Kot*

Addison Lyner

Matthew Neeser*

Tucker Segraves*

Derrick Smith

Nathan Smith

Spencer de Souza*

*AFA Music Major

Upcoming Performances

Concerts at 7:00pm in the Performing Arts Center

All are FREE and open to the public.

Concert Band and String Orchestra—May 3, 2022

Guitar and World Drumming Ensembles—May 5, 2022

AFA Recital—May 9, 2022

Special Thanks

Anoka-Ramsey Music Faculty: Geoffrey Senn, Melissa Bergstrom, Sam Bergstrom, Jason Vanselow, Randal Buikema, Liz Kuivinen, Joel Salvo, Scott Agster, Richard Joseph, Dave Schmalenberger, Jeff Thygeson, Scott Johnson, Amelia Smith, Kameron Markworth, and Megan Small.

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Anoka-Ramsey is a fully accredited member of the National Association of Schools of Music.

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www.arcccmusic.com

Contact us at music@anokaramsey.edu