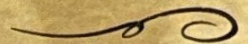




An Evening of

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Saturday, October 21, 2006 at 8:00 pm
Alaska Center for the Performing Arts
Atwood Concert Hall
Pre-Concert Lecture 7:00 pm



*The
Voice of
Anchorage
For Over 60 Years!*

An Evening of Ralph Vaughan Williams

Anchorage Concert Chorus
with
Anchorage Youth Symphony

Saturday, October 21, 2006, 8:00 p.m.
Evangeline Atwood Concert Hall
Alaska Center for the Performing Arts

Anchorage Concert Chorus:
Grant Cochran, D.M.A., artistic director and conductor
Sandra Adams, executive director
Janet Carr-Campbell, accompanist

Anchorage Youth Symphony:
Linn Weeda, music director
Ron Flugum, general manager

THE *Voice* OF ANCHORAGE



An Evening of Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872-1958)

Let all the World in Every Corner Sing (1911)

Text: George Hebert (1593-1633)

Let all the world in every corner sing, my God and King!
The heavens are not too high, his praise may thither fly,
the earth is not too low, his praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing, my God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing, my God and King!
The church with psalms must shout, no door can keep them out;
but, above all, the heart must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing, my God and King!

Turtle Dove (1924)

Melody & Text: Traditional Sussex Folk Song

Peter Ehrnstrom, *soloist*

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

Down Among the Dead Men (1912)

Melody: Traditional English Drinking Song

Text: Attributed to John Dyer (1700-58)

Here's a health to the King and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he who will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford,
And he that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

and Briars (1990)

Melody & Text: Douglas Wagner (b. 1952)

Text: Traditional Essex Folk Song

Over the hills and through briars I lately took my way;
I heard the small birds sing and the lambs to skip
and play.
Over the hills and through my own true love, her voice it was so clear;
For long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love and tell to him my
mind.
And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness, he'll ne'er love me again."

Loch Lomond (1921)

Melody & Text: Traditional Scottish Folk Song

The Men of the Chorale

Zachary Vreeman, *soloist*

By yon bonny banks and yon bonny braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

*O you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.*

The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Tho' the woeful may cease from their greeting.

Just as the Tide Was Flowing (1913)

Melody & Text: Traditional Norfolk Folk Song

The Chorale

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover,
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow, without a frown,
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart, by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play,
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We'd gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

~~~~~

### At the Name of Jesus ("King's Weston"—1927)

Text: Caroline M. Noel (1817-1877), 1870

Linn Weeda, *trumpet*

#### Verse 1

At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess him King of glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure we should call him Lord,  
Who from the beginning was the mighty Word.

#### Verse 2

At his voice creation sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel faces, all the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations, stars upon their way,  
All the heav'nly orders in their great array.

#### Verse 3

Bore it up triumphant, with its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures, to the central height,  
To the throne of Godhead, to the Father's breast;  
Filled it with the glory of that perfect rest.

#### Verse 4 (Choir Only)

Name him, brothers, name him, with love as strong as  
death,  
But with awe and wonder and with bated breath;  
He is God the Savior, he is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshiped, trusted, and adored.

#### Verse 5

Brothers, this Lord Jesus shall return again,  
With his Father's glory with his Angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire meet upon his brow,  
And our hearts confess him King of glory now.

### Come Down, O Love Divine ("Down Ampney"—1906)

Text: Bianco Da Siena (d.1434)

Translated: Richard F. Littledale (1833-1890), 1867

#### Verse 1

Come down, O love divine, seek Thou this soul of mine,  
And visit it with Thine own ardor glowing.  
O Comforter, draw near, within my heart appear,  
And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

**Verse 2**

O let it freely burn, 'til earthly passions turn  
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
And let Thy glorious light shine ever on my sight,  
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

**Verse 3**

And so the yearning strong, with which the soul will long,  
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
For none can guess its grace, till he become the place  
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

**For All the Saints** (“Sine Nomine”—1906)

Arranged: Henry G. Ley (1887-1962), 1948

Text: Bishop Walsham How (1823-1897), 1864

**Verse 1**

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 2**

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness, drear their one true Light.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 3 (Men Only)**

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 4 (Choir Only)**

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 5**

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 6 (Women only)**

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Verse 7**

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost:  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

**Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Refuge (1921)**

Text: Psalm 90 (Anglican Book of Common Prayer); vs. 1-7, 9-10, 13-14, & 17

Hymn tune: William Croft (1678-1727), 1708

Hymn text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1719

Linn Weeda, *trumpet*

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.  
Before the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth and the world were made,  
Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.  
Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest: Come again, ye children of men.  
For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

*O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come.  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.*

As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as asleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass.  
In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.  
For we consume away in thy displeasure, and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.  
For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as a tale that is told.  
The days of our age are threescore years and ten: and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is  
their strength but labour and sorrow. So passeth it away, and we are gone.  
Turn thee again, O Lord, at the last. Be gracious unto thy servants.  
O satisfy us with thy mercy, and that soon. So shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.  
Before the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth and the world were made,  
Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord be upon us. Prosper Thou, O prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us. O  
prosper Thou our handy work.

**INTERMISSION**

# Dona Nobis Pacem (1936)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892); John Bright (1811-1889); and from various Biblical passages

Linn Weeda, *conductor*  
Anchorage Youth Symphony

Mari Hahn, *soprano*

William Garry, *bass*

## I

*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.*  
(Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.)

## II

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Through the windows—through the doors—burst like a ruthless force,  
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,  
Into the school where the scholar is studying;  
Leave now the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,  
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field, or gathering in his grain,  
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;  
Are beds prepared for the sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds,  
No bargainers' bargains by day—would they continue?  
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?  
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!  
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,  
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,  
Mind not the old man beseeking the young man,  
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,  
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,  
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

Walt Whitman, 1861

## III

### Reconciliation

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly, softly, wash again and ever again,  
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin.

IV  
Dirge for Two Veterans

The last sunbeam  
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,  
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking  
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,  
Up from the east the silvery round moon,  
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,  
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,  
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,  
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding  
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,  
And the small drums steady whirring,  
And every blow of the great convulsive drums  
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,  
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,  
Two veterans, son and father, dropped together,  
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,  
And the drums strike more convulsive,  
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,  
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,  
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,  
'Tis some mother's large transparent face,  
In heaven brighter growing.

O strong dead-march you please me!  
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!  
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!  
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,  
And the bugles and the drums give you music,  
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,  
My heart gives you love.

## V

The Angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings.  
There is no one as of old...to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two side-posts of our doors, that he may spare and  
pass on.

John Bright, 1855

*Dona nobis pacem*

We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!  
The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones;  
for they are come, and have devoured the land...and those that dwell therein....  
The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved....  
Is there no balm in Gilead?; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people  
recovered?

Jeremiah 8; 15-22

## VI

O man greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong.

Daniel 10; 19

The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former...and in this place will I give peace.

Haggai 2; 9

Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.  
And none shall make them afraid, neither shall the sword go through their land.  
Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness shall look down from heaven.  
Open to me the gates of righteousness, I will go into them.  
Let the nations be gathered together, and let the people be assembled; and let them hear, and say, it is the truth.  
And it shall come, that I will gather all nations and tongues.  
And they shall come and see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and they shall declare my glory among the  
nations.  
For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I will make, shall remain before me, so shall your seed and your name  
remain for ever.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

(Adapted from Micah 4; v. 3, Leviticus 24; v. 6, Psalms 85; v. 10,  
and 118; v. 19, Isaiah 43; v. 9, and 66; v. 18-22; and Luke 2; v. 14.)

*Dona nobis pacem*

# Anchorage Youth Symphony

*Linn Weeda, music director; Ron Flugum, general manager*

## violin I

Whitney Yang,  
co-concertmaster  
Matt Crimp,  
co-concertmaster

Alec Lindsay  
Katherina Clink  
Emily Cao  
Isaac Park  
Geurim Kim  
Nate Berry  
Christine Li  
Krista Lundberg  
Daniel Smith  
Annie Livingston  
Elizabeth Conway

## violin II

Danika Paskvan, principal  
Bryce O'Tierney  
Ryan Jarvis  
Caitlin Patterson  
Dylan Baker  
Amber Mattfield  
Stephanie Jayich  
Gena Beam  
Ashley Choi  
Daniel Lee  
Robert Suenram  
Hyunkyung Kang  
J. C. McKim

## viola

Koree Guzman, principal  
Nathaniel Knapp  
Lauren Bachman  
Chungsol Lee  
Matthew Park  
Anson Moxness  
Alexander Matson  
Robert Taylor  
Chia-yu Chiang  
Evan Jackson  
Gregory Hall  
Jon Derman Harris

## cello

Jannah Morton, principal  
Krystal Pickering  
Jonathan Genziano  
Kurt Youngblood

Jari Piper  
Courtney Nault  
Kamueku Kakizaki  
Angelina Cinquegrani  
Lindsay Cason  
Kayla Eichholz  
Luke Park

## string bass

Heidi Herbert-Lovern,  
principal  
Haley Ford  
Sam Guzauskas

Paul Senner  
John McKeever  
Dylan Kutzer

## flute

Sarah Gerd, principal  
Milly Josephson  
Ceylon Mitchell, also  
piccolo  
Guerin Platte  
Lindsay Underwood

## oboe

Meredith Woodard,  
principal  
Eli Schoenberg  
Madelin Siedler  
Lindsay Brudzinski

## clarinet

Karl Beheim, principal  
Chi-Hyun Kim  
Yixing Shi  
Elyse Shellenbaum  
Erin McDuffie

## bassoon

Kevin Shriver, principal  
John Patras  
Quinn Langdon  
Charles Jamieson  
Scott Munter

## horn

Katie Munter, principal  
Christina Knapp  
Meghan Bill  
Melissa Lee  
Lily Hunter  
Roxanne Risse

## trumpet

Mitchell Martineau,  
principal  
Stephen Bergstrom  
Randi Bernier  
Adam Fredericksen  
Kelsey Ulrich

## trombone

Joshua Yeaton, principal  
Aric Kleppin  
Dylan Rosevear

## percussion

Marshall Carter, principal  
Mary Krauszer  
Noah Hagen

## harp

Aubrey Kraft, principal

## organ

Janet Carr Campbell

**The following performers are joining us for**

**tonight's performance:**

Olesya Waln, violin  
Elise Gelbart, violin  
Anne Burns, viola  
Linda Ottum, cello  
Matt O'Connor, string bass  
Paul Fredericksen, trombone  
Mike Martinson, tuba  
David Williamson, percussion

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# Anchorage Concert Chorus

*Grant Cochran, artistic director and conductor;*

*Sandra Adams, executive director; Janet Carr-Campbell, accompanist*

## soprano

Charity Austin\*  
Susan Bergquist  
Stephanie Birch  
Wendy Buklis  
Mary Restad Bustamante  
Kimberly Cody‡  
Jennifer Coughlin\*  
Brenda Gail Davis  
Becky Driscoll  
Karen Emmel  
Rachel Finley  
Trudy Gantz\*  
Debbie Gillham  
Sheila Stowman  
Henderson  
Teresa Hintze\*  
Katherine Huffman\*  
Teresa Hull  
Alexandra Jones‡  
Kerma Kenley  
Katy Kerris\*  
Peggy Kreuzenstein  
Shelbi Lynne Laughlin  
Tricia Lillibridge  
Sue Linford  
Franny Main  
Britta Manning\*  
Sharon McCaffrey  
Janet McCullough\*  
Susan Merrick\*  
Carolyn Morris†  
Lorna Morris  
Marcia Nathanson  
Melinda Nicholson  
Susie Paine\*  
Shelly Horn Pawlikowski  
Maria Perry\*  
Mary Jo Pippin  
Jo Reast  
Sally Schliesmann  
Melissa Schmidt\*  
Sydney Singer‡  
Betty Skladal\*

Anita Soiseth  
Marie Stahl  
Sherri Sutherlin  
Christina Talbott-Clark  
Yuan Yi Tan‡  
Patricia Walker  
Monte Wallace  
Stephanie Williams\*  
Teena Woscek

## alto

Kayce Arthun  
Jane Henriksen Baird  
Bunny Beeman  
Linda J. Bethon  
Margaret Blabey  
Emily Blahous  
Ruth Botstein\*  
Margaret Brown\*  
Christine Crewdson  
Barbara Digert\*  
Sharon Engel  
Jan Gehler  
Lisa Geist\*  
Katie Gillen  
Lou Ann Hennig  
Meagan R. Holmquist  
Catherine Ingle  
Brittany John‡  
Karen Kent  
Mary Livingston†  
Susan Luetters  
Rebecca Maxey  
Mary-Ellen Meddleton  
Mary Ann Molitor  
Jane Oakley  
Becky Oberrecht\*  
Kimberly Ovsepyan  
Jessica Pervier  
Linda Porter\*  
Jody Reed  
Mary Kay Ryckman\*  
Jane Schlittler  
Deanna Schultz\*

Cathie Sharp  
Joy Sharpe\*  
Terry Anita Stigall\*  
Anna Tappel‡  
Madelyn Tyson  
Demetria Veasy  
Lois Vochoska  
Claudia Walton  
Cherie Whiteside-  
Remmer  
Jennifer Woscek

## tenor

Shaun Baines\*  
David Braun\*  
Chris Buchanan  
Tony Bustamante†  
Fermen Dillon  
Bud Dubay  
Peter Ehrnstrom\*  
Myles Gobeille\*  
Jane Harlow  
Sandra Hayes  
Michael Herndon  
James Hodapp  
Marcus Holmquist\*  
John Jobe  
Eric Johnson\*  
Jim Lammie  
Clinton Lillibridge  
Steve McKean  
Paul Merkouris  
Kate O'Dell  
Riff Patton  
J. Piotr Pawlikowski  
Cynthia Schiller  
Paul Sparkman  
Robert Updegrove  
Jean Vreeman\*  
Zachary Vreeman\*  
Marlene Wilcox  
Chris Wilhelm  
Dee Williams

## bass

Jeff Aydelotte  
Martin Bassett  
Ed Blahous\*  
Don Chancey  
Jim Chase  
David Crewdson\*  
Greg Durocher  
John Finley  
Bob Gin  
Elliott Graves  
Karl Hageman\*  
Henry Hedberg\*  
Richard Hull  
Gleo Huyck\*  
Thom Janidlo  
Ron Kichura\*  
Paul J. McGee, Jr.\*  
Gregory Misbach  
Richard Newman†  
James O'Malley  
Guy Schwartz\*  
Jack Sharp\*  
Jon Sharpe\*  
Lyndon Sikes  
Cappy Sotoa  
Trevor Strait\*  
Jeff Tompkins  
Jared T. Watson\*  
James Weldon  
Jan Whitefield\*  
Joseph Wilcox\*  
Mark Wohlgemuth

\*Chorale singer

†Section leader

‡mentor student