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**Chanticleer: *Love, Always***

Friday, February 12 @ 7:30<sup>PM</sup>

# CHANTICLEER

## *Love, Always*

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**Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf\*, Kory Reid,**  
**Alan Reinhardt, Logan Shields, Adam Ward – *countertenor***  
**Brian Hinman\*, Matthew Mazzola, Andrew Van Allsburg – *tenor***  
**Andy Berry\*, Zachary Burgess, Matthew Knickman – *baritone and bass***

**Tim Keeler – *Music Director***

<b>Otche nash</b>	Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
<b>O Praise the Lord (Psalm 117)</b>	George Walker (1922-2018)
<b>Wondrous Love</b>	Traditional, arr. Joseph H. Jennings
<b>Fratres, ego enim accipi</b>	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)
<b>Ave, spes nostra</b>	Vicente Lusitano (d. after 1561)
<b>There is a Balm in Gilead</b>	Traditional Spiritual, arr. J.H. Jennings
<b>Birds of Paradise</b>	Steven Sametz (b. 1954)
	<i>Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2020</i>
<b>Rakastava</b>	Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)
<b>Rescue</b>	Matthew Alber (b. 1975), arr. David Maddux
<b>I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Loves Me)</b>	George Merrill (b. 1956) and Shannon Rubicam (b. 1951), arr. D. Maddux
<b>I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)</b>	Stevie Wonder (b. 1950), arr. Brian Hinman
<b>Shenandoah</b>	Traditional, arr. Marshall Bartholomew and James Erb

\*Andy Berry occupies *The Eric Alatorre Chair* given by Peggy Skornia. Brian Hinman occupies the *Tenor Chair*, given by an Anonymous Donor. Gerrod Pagenkopf occupies *The Ning G. Mercer Chair for the Preservation of the Chanticleer Legacy*, given by Ning and Stephen Mercer.

The past few months have been tough for all of us. Music does not, and cannot, exist in a vacuum. Ensemble music even less so. While we've found creative ways to share music with each other despite being physically separated, a return to making music in the same space (and at the same time!) is a cause for immense celebration. This program represents months of repertoire that was never performed. It represents a cathartic release from weeks of social isolation. It represents sacrifices required to continue to perform. But most importantly, it represents the love and commitment we have to each other, to our craft, and to our audiences – love, always.

We begin in meditation with Sergei Rachmaninoff's setting of the Lord's Prayer, "**Otche nash.**" Taken from his *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*, this work centers and circles around repetitions of the text "Otche nash," or "Our Father." These meditative echos culminate in a forceful and intense prayer of supplication to deliver us "from the Evil One." It's a cry from the depths for assurance and peace. It's a cry we have all made at some point in the past few months.

A Washington D.C. native, George Walker was the first Black American to win the Pulitzer prize in music (in 1996, for *Lilacs*). A prodigious talent from an early age, Walker graduated from Oberlin Conservatory at the age of 18 and then went on to study at the Curtis Institute of Music with Rudolf Serkin. He eventually made his way to Paris, where he studied with the famed music pedagogue, Nadia Boulanger. His music is expansive in breadth of technique, orchestration, and expression, but the intricacy of his writing never detracts or distracts from the desired affect. His setting of Psalm 117, "**O Praise the Lord,**" is a jubilant expression of love for the creator: at times declamatory, at times reflective, but always joyful.

Love *for* the creator does not come close to matching the love *of* the creator. Joseph Jennings's setting of "**Wondrous Love**" captures a feeling of awe towards that almost incomprehensible love. This is a love demonstrated through sacrifice: "Christ laid aside his crown for my soul." Christians remember this sacrifice through the sacrament of the Eucharist, which is often memorialized in Jesus's words, "This is my body, which is for you." The apostle Paul quotes Jesus in his first letter to the Corinthians, and Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina sets this text in his motet, "**Fratres, ego enim accepi.**"

If Jesus's sacrifice on the cross demonstrates the creator's love for us, then our creators here on earth, our mothers, must share the same affection. Mary's love for her son Jesus reflects the love our own caregivers show us throughout our lives. "**Ave, spes nostra,**" by Vicente Lusitano, exalts Mary and demonstrates the gratitude we should all show towards those who love us enough to bring us into this world and lead us through it. A Portuguese composer of African descent, Lusitano's name appears most often in music history textbooks in connection with a debate about musical scales. Lusitano argued in favor of our familiar "diatonic." I think most of us today would agree with him that quarter tones (which appear in the "enharmonic") should occur only with the most careful planning (in fact, we hope you hear exactly zero quarter tones from us this evening). But apart from his theorizing, Lusitano also composed many pieces of exquisite Renaissance polyphony. In fact, despite a thicker texture reminiscent of earlier generations, the melodic fragments in "Ave, spes nostra" bear a striking resemblance to works by his contemporary, Palestrina.

Descended from the African-American spiritual tradition, “**There is a Balm in Gilead**,” arranged by Joseph Jennings, describes the healing grace of salvation through the love of Jesus. While Gilead refers to a geographic location in the Old Testament (Jeremiah 8:22), here it stands as a metaphorical refuge. In 2014, Music Director Emeritus Joseph H. Jennings was the first recipient of Chorus America’s Brazeal Wayne Dennard Award acknowledging his contribution to the African-American choral tradition. His 25-year tenure with Chanticleer as singer and music director transformed the group, and his gospel and spiritual arrangements became parts of Chanticleer’s identity. We are honored to maintain and continue that legacy today.

Chanticleer has commissioned Steven Sametz numerous times throughout the group’s 42-year history. As a choral conductor himself, his works always show a keen awareness for the unique vocal virtuosity of which Chanticleer is capable. “**Birds of Paradise**,” here presented as a world premiere, is no exception. Through an exploration of Christina Rossetti’s poem, “Paradise: In a Symbol,” the singers of Chanticleer become the birds, or the symbols, themselves. Repetitive, wing-like motives flit from tree to tree as the birds call to one another on their ascent to Gilead. In his notes on the piece, Sametz draws an explicit connection to an older choral work about birds, Clément Janequin’s “Le Chant des Oiseaux.” Perhaps you will notice a particularly Continental affect to the chirps and tweets in Sametz’s work, an homage to Janequin’s chanson.

While the birds sing triumphantly in the “Paradise of God,” the beloved “little bird” in Jean Sibelius’s “**Rakastava**” takes a different journey. This story of a lover found and lost comes from *Kanteletar*, a collection of ancient Finnish poetry. At a time when Finland was rediscovering its heritage and identity as independent from Russia, *Kanteletar* and its cousin, the *Kalevala*, acted as treasure troves of inspiration for a generation of Finnish composers. Sibelius composed “Rakastava” for a competition organized by the Helsinki University Chorus in 1894. Curiously, the work earned him only the second-place prize. Perhaps we can urge the judges to reconsider with our interpretation today.

We conclude our program with three new arrangements inspired or crafted by current and former Chanticleer members. Matt Alber sang with Chanticleer on both of the ensemble’s GRAMMY Award-winning albums and has since gone on to forge his own path as a critically acclaimed singer-songwriter. We are excited to feature an arrangement of one of his original works, “**Rescue**,” as well as an arrangement of his unique presentation of Whitney Houston’s instant classic, “**I Wanna Dance With Somebody**.”

Finally, Stevie Wonder’s “**I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)**,” arranged by tenor Brian Hinman, presents a hopeful vision of love, and, we think, a hopeful vision for the future: “When the truths of love are planted firm, they won’t be hard to find.” No matter where we are in the world, let’s plant these bold and self-evident truths of love all around us. We can watch them bloom together. Whether six feet apart or through a computer screen, they won’t be hard to find.

*Program notes by Tim Keeler, Gerrod Pagenkopf, and Andy Berry*

**“Otche nash”**

from *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*  
Sergei Rachmaninoff

Otche nash, lzhe yesi na nebeseh,  
da sviatitsia imia Tvoye,  
da priidet Tsarstviye Tvoye,  
da budet volia Tvoya,  
yako na nebesi i na zemli.  
Hleb nash nasushchniy dazhd' nam dnes',  
i ostavi nam dolgi nasha,  
yakozhe i mi ostavliayem dolzchnikom nashim:  
I ne vvedi nas vo iskusheniye,  
no izbavi nas ot lukavago.

**“O Praise the Lord”**

*Psalms 117*  
George Walker

O Praise the Lord, all ye nations,  
Praise Him, all ye people.  
For His merciful kindness is great towards us  
and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.  
Praise ye the Lord.

**“Wondrous Love”**

Traditional  
arr. Joseph Jennings

What wondrous love is this, oh my soul, oh my soul!  
What wondrous love is this, oh my soul!  
What wondrous love is this  
that caused the Lord of bliss,  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,  
To bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

When I was sinking down, oh my soul, oh my soul!  
When I was sinking down, oh my soul!  
When I was sinking down  
beneath God's righteous frown,  
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul, for my soul.  
Christ laid aside His crown for my soul.

Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news, bear the news.  
Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news.  
Ye winged seraphs fly  
like comets through the sky,  
Fill vast eternity with the news, with the news.  
Fill vast eternity with the news.

**“Wondrous Love” Continued**

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing.  
To God and to the Lamb, I will sing.  
To God and to the Lamb,  
who is the great I AM!  
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing.  
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

**“Our Father”**

from *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*  
Sergei Rachmaninoff

Our Father, Who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
and forgive us our debts,  
as we forgive our debtors;  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from the Evil One.

**“Fratres, ego enim accepi a Domino”**

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Fratres, ego enim accepi a Domino quod et tradidi vobis,  
quoniam Dominus Jesus in qua nocte tradebatur, accepit  
panem  
et gratias agens fregit et dixit:  
Accipite et manducate, hoc est corpus meum.  
Hoc facite in meam commemorationem.

*1 Corinthians 11:23-24*

**“Ave, spes nostra”**

Vicente Lusitano

Ave, spes nostra, Dei Genetrix intacta;  
ave, illud Ave per angelum accipiens;  
ave, concipiens Patris splendorem benedicta;  
ave, casta sanctissima Virgo,  
solam innuptam,  
te glorificat omnis creatura Matrem luminis.  
Alleluja

**“There is a Balm in Gilead”**

Traditional Spiritual

arr. Joseph Jennings

There is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole;  
There is a balm in Gilead to heal the sin sick soul.

Sometimes I feel discouraged and think my work's in vain,  
but then the Holy Spirit revives my soul again.

If you cannot preach like Peter, if you cannot pray like Paul,  
you can tell the love of Jesus and say “He died for all.”

**“Brothers, I received from the Lord”**

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Brothers, I received from the Lord what I also delivered to  
you,  
that the Lord Jesus on the night when he was betrayed  
took bread,

and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and said,  
“This is my body, which is for you.  
Do this in remembrance of me.”

*English Standard Version*

**“Hail, our hope”**

Vicente Lusitano

Hail, our hope, untouched mother of God;  
hail, who accepted that Hail from the angel;  
hail, blessed one, who conceived the splendour of the  
Father;  
hail, pure and most saintly Virgin,  
the only maiden one,  
every creature glorifies you, the mother of light.  
Alleluja

## “Birds of Paradise”

Steven Sametz

Golden-winged, silver-winged,  
Winged with flashing flame,  
Such a flight of birds I saw,  
Birds without a name:  
Singing songs in their own tongue  
(Song of songs) they came.

One to another calling,  
Each answering each,  
One to another calling  
In their proper speech:  
High above my head they wheeled,  
Far out of reach.

On wings of flame they went and came  
With a cadenced clang,  
Their silver wings tinkled,  
Their golden wings rang,  
The wind it whistled through their wings  
Where in Heaven they sang.

*Reveillez vous coeur endormis, [Wake up, you sleepy  
heart,]  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne. [The god of love calls you.]*

They flashed and they darted  
Awhile before mine eyes,  
Mounting, mounting, mounting still  
In haste to scale the skies—  
Birds without a nest on earth,  
Birds of Paradise.

Where the moon riseth not,  
Nor sun seeks the west,  
There to sing their glory  
Which they sing at rest,  
There to sing their love-song  
When they sing their best:

Not in any garden  
That mortal foot hath trod,  
Not in any flowering tree  
That springs from earthly sod,  
But in the garden where they dwell,  
The Paradise of God.

- Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894), “Paradise: In a  
Symbol”

## “Rakastava”

Jean Sibelius

I.

Miss' on, kussa minun hyväni,  
miss' asuvi armahani,  
missä istuvi iloni,  
kulla maalla marjaseni?  
Ei kuulu ääntävän ahoilla,  
lyövän leikkiä lehoissa,  
ei kuulu saloilta soitto,  
kukunta ei kunnahilta.  
Oisko armas astumassa  
marjani matelemassa,  
oma kulta kulkemassa,  
valkia vaeltamassa;  
Toisin torveni puhuisi,  
vaaran rinnat vastoaisi,  
saisi salot sanelemista,  
joka kumpu kukkumista,  
lehot leikkiä pitäisi,  
ahot ainaista iloa.

II.

Täst' on kulta kulkenunna,  
täst' on mennyt mielitietty,  
tästä armas astununna,  
valkia vaeltanunna;  
täss' on astunut aholla,  
tuoss' on istunut kivellä.  
Kivi on paljo kirkkahampi,  
paasi toistansa parempi,  
kangas kahta kaunihimpi,  
lehto viittä lempiämpi,  
korpi kuutta kukkahampi,  
koko metsä mieluisampi,  
tuon on kultani kulusta,  
armahani astunnasta.

III.

Hyvää iltaa lintuseni,  
hyvää iltaa kultaseni,  
hyvää iltaa nyt minun oma armahani!  
Tanssi, tanssi lintuseni,  
tanssi, tanssi kultaseni,  
tanssi, tanssi nyt minun oma armahani!  
Seiso, seiso lintuseni,  
seiso, seiso kultaseni,  
seiso, seiso nyt minun oma armahani!  
Anna kättä lintuseni,

anna kättä kultaseni,  
anna kättä nyt minun oma armahani!

Käsi kaulaan lintuseni,  
käsi kaulaan kultaseni,  
halausta kultaseni,  
halausta nyt minun oma armahani!

Suuta, suuta lintuseni,  
suuta, suuta kultaseni,  
halausta lintuseni,  
halausta nyt minun oma armahani!

Suuta, suuta, minun oma armahani!  
Jää hyvästi lintuseni,  
jää hyvästi kultaseni,  
jää hyvästi lintuseni,  
jää hyvästi nyt minun oma armahani!

- *Kanteletar* I:173, I:174 & I:122

## “The Lover”

Jean Sibelius

I.

Where is my dear darling,  
Where is my sweetheart dwelling,  
Where my heart's joy sitting,  
Where my berry growing?  
No sound comes from the clearings,  
No noise of play from the copses,  
No note from the woods,  
No cuckooing from the hills.  
If only my sweetheart were stepping,  
My berry creeping,  
My beloved walking,  
Wanly wandering—  
My horn would sound another note,  
The hillsides would give answer,  
The backwoods speak out,  
Every knoll would cuckoo,  
The copses play,  
The clearings make merry.

II.

Here my beloved walked,  
Here went my pride and joy,  
Here my sweetheart stepped,  
Wanly wandered.  
Here she stepped in the clearing,  
There she sat on a rock.  
The boulder is now far fairer,  
The rock better than another,  
The heath more beautiful than two others,  
The copse sweeter than five others,  
The marsh more flowery than six,  
The whole forest more pleasant  
From my beloved's walking,  
From my sweetheart's stepping.

III.

Good evening, my little bird  
Good evening, my little bird  
Good evening, my little sweetheart  
Dance my little bird,  
Dance, my own beloved,  
Dance, my little sweetheart!  
Stay still, my little bird,  
Stay still, my own beloved  
Stay still, my little sweetheart!  
Give me your hand, little bird,

Give me your hand, my own beloved,  
Give me your hand, my little sweetheart!

Put your hand round my neck, little bird,  
Your hand round my neck, my own beloved,  
Embrace me, my own beloved,  
Embrace me, my little sweetheart!

Give me your lips, little bird,  
Your lips, my own beloved,  
Embrace me, little bird,  
embrace me, my little sweetheart!

Give me your lips, my little sweetheart!  
Farewell, my little bird,  
Farewell, my own beloved,  
Farewell, my little bird,  
Farewell, my little sweetheart.

*Translation provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder  
([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

**“Rescue”**

Matt Alber

arr. David Maddux

Boy, give me one good reason we should try again.  
Wouldn't it be easier to straighten out the Tower of Pisa?  
So reflecting on this query, I would have to say  
that any other day I would look the other way.

Say, did you hear about the voyage of 1912?  
They told those people they were on an unsinkable vessel.  
That promise is in two giant pieces on the ocean floor.  
I couldn't see you anymore; I was swimming for the shore.

Now I'll fly for a rescue;  
use the wind, the sand, the stars to find me.  
Fly for a rescue;  
maybe you could use some rescuing too.

And how does a boy consider a new trajectory?  
Wish I could ask those pilots from the past about their first  
expedition.  
'Cause those men flew right into the night and some were  
never  
found.  
There's silence here around. It's just the sky or the ground.

Given these men made vessels might very well  
lead us to disastrous collisions with an iceberg or island,  
I think I'll hitch a ride to Venus on some shooting star.  
Do I want to go to Mars? Write my name out in the stars?

**“I Wanna Dance With Somebody”**

George Merrill and Shannon Rubicam

arr. David Maddux

as performed by Matt Alber

Clock strikes upon the hour  
and the sun begins to fade.  
Still enough time to figure out  
how to chase my blues away.  
I've done all right up 'til now;  
it's the light of day that shows me how.  
But when the night falls,  
the loneliness calls.

Oh, I wanna dance with somebody,  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody;  
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody,  
With somebody who loves me.

I've been in love and lost my senses,  
spinning through the town.  
Sooner or later the fever ends,  
and I wind up feeling down.  
I need a man who'll take a chance  
on a love that burns hot enough to last.  
So when the night falls,  
my lonely heart calls.

## “I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)”

Stevie Wonder

arr. Brian Hinman

Shattered dreams, worthless years,  
Here am I, encased inside a hollow shell.  
Life began, then was done.  
Now I stare into a cold and empty well.

The many sounds that meet our ears,  
the sights our eyes behold,  
will open up our merging hearts  
and feed our empty souls.

I believe when I fall in love with you,  
it will be forever.  
I believe when I fall in love this time,  
it will be forever.

Without despair, we will share,  
and the joys of caring will not be replaced.  
What has been, must never end,  
and with the strength we have won't be erased.

When the truths of love are planted firm,  
they won't be hard to find.  
And the words of love I speak to you  
will echo in my mind.

Don't you wanna fall in love?

The GRAMMY® Award-winning vocal ensemble Chanticleer has been hailed as “the world’s reigning male chorus” by *The New Yorker*, and is known around the world as “an orchestra of voices” for its wide-ranging repertoire and dazzling virtuosity. Founded in San Francisco in 1978 by singer and musicologist Louis Botto, Chanticleer quickly took its place as one of the most prolific recording and touring ensembles in the world, selling over one million recordings and performing thousands of live concerts to audiences around the world.

Chanticleer’s repertoire is rooted in the renaissance, and has continued to expand to include a wide range of classical, gospel, jazz, popular music, and a deep commitment to the commissioning of new compositions and arrangements. The ensemble has committed much of its vast recording catalogue to these commissions, garnering GRAMMY® Awards for its recording of Sir John Tavener’s *Lamentations & Praises*, and the ambitious collection of commissioned works entitled *Colors of Love*. Chanticleer is the recipient of the Dale Warland/Chorus America Commissioning Award and the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming, and its Music Director Emeritus Joseph H. Jennings received the Brazeal Wayne Dennard Award for his contribution to the African-American choral tradition during his tenure with Chanticleer.

Named for the “clear-singing” rooster in Geoffrey Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, Chanticleer continues to maintain ambitious programming in its hometown of San Francisco, including a large education and outreach program that recently reached over 8,000 people, and an annual concert series that includes its legendary holiday tradition, *A Chanticleer Christmas*.

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