

CONSPIRARE IN CONCERT

SUNDAY **MARCH 4** 3PM
Kirk in the Hills
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

MONDAY **MARCH 5** 8PM
Basilica of the Sacred Heart
University of Notre Dame
South Bend, Indiana

WEDNESDAY **MARCH 7** 7:30 PM
Bach Festival Society of Kalamazoo
Portage Central High School
Performing Arts Center
Portage, Michigan

THURSDAY **MARCH 8** 8PM
Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception
Fort Wayne, Indiana*

FRIDAY **MARCH 9** 7PM
Trinity English Lutheran Church
Fort Wayne, Indiana

*Presented on the occasion of the
American Choral Directors Association
Central Division 2012 Convention

Conspirare
we sing life™
Craig Hella Johnson
& Company of Voices



PROGRAM

(To be selected from the following)

I.

- O Thou Who art unchangeable (Prayers of Kierkegaard, Op. 30) Samuel Barber
Twelfth Night, Op. 42, No. 1 Samuel Barber
To be Sung on the Water, Op. 42, No. 2 Samuel Barber
Fire (Afro American Fragments) William Averritt
Kathlene Ritch and Cina Crisara, piano

II.

- Motherless Child Spiritual, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
dearest heart (from the *little match girl passion*) David Lang
Song for Billie Holiday William Averritt
Melisa Givens, soprano Kathlene Ritch and Cina Crisara, piano
Soon Ah Will Be Done/I Wanna Die Easy Spiritual, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
Kathlene Ritch, soprano Matt Alber, tenor
Hard Trials Spiritual, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
Nicole Greenidge Joseph, soprano
Bear the Burden in the Heat of the Day Spiritual, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
oh graveyard David Lang
Sonja Tengblad, Cecilia Kittlely Shinn, Carr Hornbuckle, & Cameron Beauchamp, solo quartet
Hold On Spiritual, arr. Moses Hogan
Nicole Greenidge Joseph, Julie Keim, & Gitanjali Mathur, sopranos
Come to the Water John Foley
Agnus Dei Samuel Barber

III.

- Webster (Come Ye Who Love the Lord) Sacred Harp, arr. Carol Barnett
I Am the Rose of Sharon William Billings

IV.

- Oculi Omnium (U.S. premiere) Eric Whitacre
Forever Young John Corigliano
Kathlene Ritch, soprano
Alleluia (U.S. premiere)* Eric Whitacre
Gitanjali Mathur, soprano Charles Wesley Evans, baritone

V.

- I Ain't Got No Home Woody Guthrie, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
Once I Had a Home Eliza Gilkyson, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor Irving Berlin
Light of a Clear Blue Morning Dolly Parton, arr. Craig Hella Johnson
Kathlene Ritch, soprano, with Gitanjali Mathur, Cecilia Kittlely Shinn, & Sonja Tengblad
Walk Together, Children Spiritual, arr. Moses Hogan

*will not be sung at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart

OPTIONAL NUMBERS

- Nellie Bly Steven Foster, arr. John Halloran
Sure On This Shining Night Morten Lauridsen
Pilgrims' Hymn Stephen Paulus

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

I.

O Thou Who art unchangeable (from Prayers of Kierkegaard)

O Thou Who art unchangeable, Whom nothing changes.

May we find our rest and remain at rest in Thee unchanging.

Thou art moved and moved in infinite love by all things:

the need of a sparrow, even this moves Thee;

And what we scarcely see, a human sigh, this moves Thee, O infinite Love!

—*Søren Kierkegaard*

Twelfth night (1968) Opus 42, no. 1

No night could be darker than this night, / no cold so cold,

as the blood snaps like a wire and the heart's sap stills,

and the year seems defeated.

O never again, never again, it seems, can green things run,
or sky birds fly, / or the grass exhale its humming breath,
powdered with pimpernels, / from this dark lung of winter.

No night could be darker than this night.

Yet here are lessons for the final mile / Of pilgrim kings;

the mile still left when all have reached / their tether's end: that mile

where the Child lies hid.

For see, beneath the hand, the earth already warms and glows;
for men with shepherd's eyes there are / signs in the dark, the turning stars,
the lamb's returning time.

For see, Out of this utter death he's born again, / his birth our Saviour;
from terror's equinox he climbs and grows, / Drawing his finger's light across our
blood the sun of heaven, and the son of God. / No night could be darker than this night.

—*Laurie Lee*

To be sung on the water

Beautiful, my delight, / Pass, as we pass the wave

Pass, as the mottled night / Leaves what it cannot save,

Scattering dark and bright.

Beautiful, pass and be / Less than the guiltless shade
To which our vows were said; / Beautiful, my delight,
Less than the sound of the oar / To which our vows were made,
Less than the sound of its blade / Dipping the stream once more.

Beautiful, my delight, / Pass, as we pass the wave.

Pass, as the mottled night / Leaves what it cannot save.

Less than the sound of its blade / Dipping the stream once more.

—*Louise Bogan*

Fire

Fire, Fire, Lord! / Fire gonna burn ma soul!

I ain't been good, I ain't been clean, / I been stinkin' lowdown, mean.

Fire, Fire, Lord! / Fire gonna burn ma soul!

Tell me, brother. / Do you believe if you wanta

go to heaben got to moan an' grieve?

Fire, Fire, Lord! / Fire gonna burn ma soul!
I been stealin', been tellin' lies, / Had more women than Pharoah had wives.

Fire, Fire, Lord! / Fire gonna burn ma soul!
—Langston Hughes

II.

Motherless Child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child / A long way from home.
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost done / A long way from home.
Sometimes I feel like I got no home / A long way from home.
—Spiritual arranged by Craig Hella Johnson

dearest heart

dearest heart / dearest heart / what did you do that was so wrong?
what was so wrong?
dearest heart / dearest heart / why is your sentence so hard?
—David Lang after H.C. Andersen, H.P. Paull, Picander, and St. Matthew.

Song for Billie Holiday

What can purge my heart / of the song and the sadness?
What can purge my heart / but the song of the sadness?
What can purge my heart / of the sadness of the song?

Do not speak of sorrow / With dust in her hair,
Or bits of dust in eyes / A chance wind blow there.
The sorrow that I speak of / Is dusted with despair.
What can purge my heart ...

Voice of muted trumpet, / Cold brass in warm air,
Bitter television blurred / by sound that shimmers / Where?
What can purge my heart ...
—Langston Hughes

Soon Ah Will Be Done/I Wanna Die Easy

Soon ah will be done with the troubles of the world,
I'm goin' to live with God.
No more weepin' and a-wailin' / I'm going to live with God.

I wanna die easy when I die / Shout salvation as I fly
I wanna die easy when I die.
I wanna see my momma when I die ...
Soon ah will be done with the troubles of the world ...
I want to meet my mother,
Shout salvation as I fly... *I'm goin' to live with God.*
—Spiritual arr. Craig Hella Johnson

Hard Trials

Dere is trouble all over dis world
Dere is trouble all over dis world, oh children
Dere is trouble all over dis world...

Been listenin' all de night long / Been listenin' all de day
Been listenin' all de night long / For to hear some sinner pray
Now ain't dem hard trials, great tribulation?
Ain't dem hard trials? / I'm bound to leave this land

O, de foxes dey have holes in de groun' / An' de birds hab nests in de air
An everybody has a hidin' place / But us po' sinners ain't got nowhere.
Now ain't dem hard trials, great tribulation ...

O de day dey had her on de auction block / Been poked and pushed and tried
Was de day her heart completely broke / Was de day her heart done died
Now ain't dem hard trials...

You may go dis away / You may go dat-away
You may go from door to door / But if yo' ain't got de good Lord, in a yo' soul
Why de trouble gonna find you sho'
And the debbil's gonna trouble yo' door / And there ain't no hidin place
Now ain't dem hard trials ...

—*Spiritual arr. Craig Hella Johnson*

Bear the Burden in the Heat of the Day

Chorus: I'm tryin' to bear Lord, / Bear me the world.
I'm tryin' to bear Lord, / Bear the burden in the heat of the day.

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down. / Bear the burden in the heat of the day.
Sometimes my feet are heavenly bound. / Bear the burden in the heat of the day.
(Chorus)

Some come crippled, some come lame; / Bear the burden in the heat of the day.
Some come walking in Jesus' name, / Bear the burden in the heat of the day.
(Chorus)

—*Spiritual arr. Craig Hella Johnson*

Oh Graveyard (Lay This Body Down)

Oh graveyard. Graveyard / I'm walking through this graveyard.
Lay this body down.
I know moon-rise, star-rise, / I'm walking through this star-rise
Lay this body down.

I know moonlight, starlight, / I'm walking through this starlight
Lay this body down.
I am walking through this graveyard / I am walking through this graveyard
Lay this body down.

I am lying in my grave / I'm stretching out my arms
Lay this body down.
I am going to my judgment / In the evening of the day
Lay this body down.

My soul and your soul / will meet on that day
When I lay my body down.

—*Spiritual arr. David Lang*

Hold On

Hold on! Hold on! / Just a' hold on!
Nora, Nora let me come in; / de door's all fastened an' de winders pinned!
Just keep yo' hand on de plow, / an' you hold on,
yes, you just hold on!

Nora said, "You lost yo' track, / you can't plow straight an' keep a lookin' back."
Well, my brother hold on! / Yes, you gotta hold on!
Yes, just keep yo' hand on de plow, / an' you hold on,
yes, you gotta hold on!

If you wanna get to heaven, let me tell you how:
Jus' a keep yo' hand on de gospel plow.
If dat plow stay in yo' hand / land you straight in de promised land.
Well, my sister, hold on! / Yes, you gotta hold on!
Just keep yo' hand on de plow, / an' you hold on,
yes, you just hold on!

Mary had a golden chain / an' every link spelled my Jesus' name
Keep on climbin' an' don't you tire, / 'cause ev'ry rung goes higher and higher!
Yes! Prayin'! / Singin'! Shoutin' Lawd!
Just keep yo' hand on de plow,
an' just hold on!
—*Spiritual arr. Moses Hogan*

Come to the Water

Oh, let all who thirst, / let them come to the water
And let all who have nothing, / let them come to the Lord:
Without money, without price.
Why should you pay the price, except for the Lord?
And let all who toil, / let them come to the water.
And let all who are weary, / let them come to the Lord:
All who labor, without rest.

How can your soul find rest, except for the Lord?
And let all the poor, / let them come to the water.
Bring the ones who are laden, / bring them all to the Lord:
bring the children, without might. / Easy the glad and light: except for the Lord?
—*based on Isaiah 55 and Matthew 11*

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,	<i>Lamb of God,</i>
qui tollis peccata mundi,	<i>That takest away the sins of the world,</i>
miserere nobis.	<i>have mercy upon us.</i>
Dona nobis pacem.	<i>Grant us peace.</i>

III.

Webster (Come ye who love the Lord)

Come, we who love the Lord / and let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord / and thus surround the throne.
Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;
but servants of the heav'nly King may speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high, that all the earth surveys,
that rides upon the sky and calms the roaring sea.

I am the Rose of Sharon

I am the Rose of Sharon / and the lily of the valley.
As the Appletree, / among the trees of the wood,
so is my Beloved among the Sons.
As the Lily among the thorns, / so is my Love among the Daughters.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste, taste.
He brought me to the Banqueting House, / His Banner over me was Love.

Stay me with Flagons, / Comfort me with Apples, / for I am sick, sick of Love.
I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field,
that you stir not up nor Awake, / Awake my Love till he please.
The voice of my Beloved, / Behold, he cometh,

Leaping upon the mountains, / skipping upon the Hills.
My Beloved spake and said unto me: rise up, / my Love, my fair one, and come away,
for Lo, the Winter is past, / the rain is over and gone.

IV.

Oculi Omnium

Oculi omnium ad te spectant, Domine;
The eyes of all look toward thee, O Lord;
tu das eis escam eorum in tempore opportuno.
thou givest them their meat in due season.
Aperis tu manum tuam,
Thou openest thine hand
et imples omne animal benedictione tua.
and fillest every living thing with thy blessing.
Sanctifica nos, quaesumus, per verbum et orationem;
Sanctify us, we beseech thee, through word and prayer;
Istisque tuis donis,
and give thy blessing
quae de tua bonitate sumus percepturi, benedicito.
to these thy gifts, which of thy bounty we are about to receive,
Per Jesum Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—*The Grace of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge*

Forever Young

May God bless and keep you always, / May your wishes all come true,
May you always do for others / And let others do for you.
May you build a ladder to the stars / And climb on every rung,
May you stay forever young, / Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous, / May you grow up to be true,
May you always know the truth / And see the lights surrounding you.
May you always be courageous, / Stand upright and be strong,
May you stay forever young, / Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May your hands always be busy, / May your feet always be swift,
May you have a strong foundation / When the winds of changes shift.
May your heart always be joyful, / May your song always be sung,
May you stay forever young, / Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young
—*Bob Dylan*

Alleluia

Alleluia. Amen.

V.

I ain't got no home

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker's store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn
I been working, mister, since the day I was born
Now I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

—*Woody Guthrie*

Once I had a home

Once I had a home / I still have the key
I take it everywhere I go / To prove that all I've said is so
And all the world can see
The walls were painted blue / The front door carved by hand
And generations of my kin / and strangers, all were welcomed in
when they walked upon my land

Pray for us all / And the nameless, the fallen,
The faceless forgotten / Once I had a home
Olive trees once grew / Where mounds of rubble stand
A man can feel himself a king / When water flows from well and spring
And peaceful is the land / Pray for us all ...
The stars shine down on bone and skin / On wire and walls that hold us in
On roads that can't lead home again / Pray for us all ...

—*Eliza Gilkyson*

Give me your tired, your poor

Give me your tired, your poor, / your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
the wretched refuse of your teeming shore, / Send me, the homeless, tempest tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

—*Irving Berlin*

Light of a Clear Blue Morning

It's been a long dark night / And I've been a waitin' for the morning
Its been a long hard fight / But I see a brand new day a-dawning
I've been looking for the sunshine / Cause I ain't seen it in so long
But everything's gonna work out just fine / Everything's gonna be all right
That's been all wrong / Cause I can see the light of a clear blue morning
I can see the light of a brand new day / I can see the light of a clear blue morning
And everything's gonna be all right / It's gonna be ok

—*Dolly Parton*

Walk Together, Children

Walk together children, / Don't you get weary.
Walk on, my children, / Don't you get weary.
There's a great camp meetin' in the promised lan'.
Gonna walk an' never tire, / Gonna sing an' never tire,
Gonna shout an' never tire, / Great camp meetin' in the promised lan'.

Oh, walk together, children, / Don't you get weary.
Sing on, my children, / Don't you get weary.

Just-a shout together, children, / Don't you get weary.
There's a great camp meetin' in the promised lan'.
—*Spiritual arr. Moses Hogan*

OPTIONAL NUMBERS

Nelly Bly

Chorus: Hi ho Nelly / Oh listen love to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, / A dulcet melody.

Nelly Bly. Nelly Bly. Bring the broom along,
We'll sweep the kitchen clean, my dear, and have a little song.
Poke the wood my lady love / and make the fire burn,
and while I take the banjo down, / Just give the mush a turn.
(Chorus)

Nelly Bly had a voice like a turtle dove, / I hear it in the meadow and I hear it in the grove.
Nelly Bly has a heart warm as a cup o' tea,
And bigger than a sweet potato down in Tennessee.
(Chorus)

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly never, never sigh. / Never bring a tear drop to the corner of your eye.
(Chorus)
—*Steven Foster*

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night / of starmade shadows round,
kindness must watch for me / this side the ground.
The late year lies down the north, / All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth. / Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night. / I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
of shadows on the stars.
—*James Agee*

Pilgrims' Hymn

Even before we call on Your name / To ask You, O God,
When we seek for the words to glorify You, / You hear our prayer;
Unceasing love, O unceasing love, / Surpassing all we know.
Glory to the father, and to the Son, / And to the Holy Spirit.
Even with darkness sealing us in, / We breathe Your name,
And through all the days that follow so fast,
We trust in You; Endless Your grace, O endless
Your grace, / Beyond all mortal dream.
Both now and forever, / And unto ages and ages, / Amen.
—*Michael Dennis Browne*

RECORDINGS AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE AFTER THIS EVENING'S PERFORMANCE

Major credit cards accepted. Shop online at **Conspirare.org/shop**

CONSPIRARE.ORG INFO@CONSPIRARE.ORG 512-476-5775
1033 LA POSADA DRIVE, SUITE 130, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78752

ARTISTIC PERSONNEL

Craig Hella Johnson,
Artistic Director & Conductor

Company of Voices

SOPRANO

Nancy Curtis

Mela Dailey

Melissa Givens

Nicole Greenidge Joseph

Julie Keim

Gitanjali Mathur

Rebecca Muñoz

Kathlene Ritch*

Sonja Du Toit Tengblad

Janeene Williams

ALTO

Wendy Bloom

Janet Carlsen Campbell*

Cina Crisara

Helen Karloski

Emily Lodine

Elizabeth Petillot

Keely J. Rhodes

Debra Scroggins

Cecilia Kittley Shinn

TENOR

Matt Alber

Daniel Buchanan

Paul D'Arcy

Carr Hornbuckle

Scott Mello

Wilson Nichols

Tracy Jacob Shirk*

Dana Wilson

BASS

Cameron Beauchamp

Charles Wesley Evans

Rick Gabrillo*

Robert Harlan

Harris Ipock

Glenn A. Miller

John Proft

Jonathan Riemer

Lawrence Speakman

REHEARSAL PIANIST

Beverly Shangkuan, Bloomfield Hills

**Section leader*

THANK YOU

National Endowment for the Arts

American Choral Directors Association, Central Division – Scott Dorsey, Richard Wesp

Bach Festival Society of Kalamazoo – Mary Lam-Rodrigues

Basilica of the Sacred Heart, University of Notre Dame – Margot Fassler

Fetzer Institute – Lawrence Sullivan, Kellen Manley, Wendy Karrick, Kathy Cavanaugh

Kirk in the Hills, Bloomfield Hills – Glenn Miller, Bob Libcke

Trinity English Lutheran Church, Fort Wayne – Bob Hobby

Robert Harlan

Hornaday Design

Philip Overbaugh

ABOUT CRAIG HELLA JOHNSON

Renowned as one of today's most influential voices in choral conducting, Craig Hella Johnson brings extraordinary depth of knowledge, artistic sensitivity, and imagination to his programs. As *Conspirare's* founding artistic director, Johnson assembles some of the finest singers in the country to form a world-class, award winning ensemble committed to creating dynamic choral art. Praised by both audiences and critics, Johnson's innovative programs are hailed as thought-provoking musical journeys.

In addition to his work with *Conspirare*, Johnson serves as artistic director of the Victoria Bach Festival, an annual event in Texas that draws musicians and critical praise from around the country. In demand as a clinician and guest conductor, he has worked with the Austin Symphony, San Antonio Symphony, Santa Fe Symphony, Chicago's Music of the Baroque, Berkshire Choral Festival, Oregon Bach Festival, and Taipei Male Choir, among many others. He previously was director of choral activities at the University of Texas in Austin (1990-2001) and artistic director of San Francisco-based Chanticleer (1998-1999).

A composer and arranger, Johnson works with G. Schirmer Publishing on the Craig Hella Johnson Choral Series, featuring specially selected composers as well as his original compositions and arrangements. His works are also published by Alliance Music Publications. An accomplished vocalist and pianist, he released his first solo CD *Thorns on the Rose* in 2008 on the Booker Music label.

Johnson's distinctive style and commitment to the choral art have brought him several honors, including 2008 induction into the Austin Arts Hall of Fame and Chorus America's 2009 Louis Botto Award for Innovative Action and Entrepreneurial Zeal. In 2011 he received the Citation of Merit from professional music fraternity Mu Phi Epsilon, the organization's highest honor for a non-member.

A Minnesota native, Johnson studied at St. Olaf College, the Juilliard School, and the University of Illinois, and earned his doctorate at Yale University. As the recipient of a National Arts Fellowship, Johnson studied with Helmuth Rilling at the International Bach Academy in Stuttgart, Germany.

ABOUT CONSPIRARE

The word “conspirare” derives from the Latin “con” and “spirare” translated as “to breathe together.”

Established in 1991, Conspirare has grown rapidly to become an internationally recognized, five-time Grammy®-nominated choral organization led by founding artistic director Craig Hella Johnson. Conspirare is comprised of two performing ensembles and an educational program. The professional chamber choir (“Conspirare”) of talented singers from around the country performs in Austin, other Texas communities, around the U.S. and abroad. The 100-voice Conspirare Symphonic Choir of both professional and volunteer singers performs large choral/orchestral works, and the Conspirare Youth Choirs is an educational program for singers ages 8-16 who learn and perform in two separate ensembles.

In 2005 Conspirare received Chorus America’s Margaret Hillis Award for Choral Excellence and in 2010, its Dale Warland Singers Commission Award. In 2007, as a select NEA American Masterpieces grantee, Conspirare produced a four-day festival that featured several distinguished composers and conductors, three world premieres, and a gala closing concert with a 600-voice choir. In July 2008 Conspirare represented the U.S. at the Eighth World Symposium on Choral Music in Copenhagen, and in February 2010 was an invited, featured choir at the American Choral Directors Association/Eastern Division convention in Philadelphia. In February 2011 Conspirare gave several invited performances in New York City under auspices of the Weill Music Institute of Carnegie Hall.

Conspirare made its first commercial recording, *through the green fuse*, in 2004 on the Clarion Records label. A second CD, *Requiem*, in 2006 on Clarion and since reissued by Harmonia Mundi, received Grammy nominations for Best Choral Performance and Best Engineered Album, Classical. Harmonia Mundi also released *Requiem* in Europe in 2009, where it received the Netherlands’ prestigious Edison Award. A third recording, *Threshold of Night*, was released worldwide in 2008 on Harmonia Mundi and received Grammy nominations for Best Choral Performance and Best Classical Album. A PBS television special *A Company of Voices: Conspirare in Concert* was broadcast nationally in March 2009 and the recording received a Grammy nomination as Best Classical Crossover Album. Conspirare’s latest CD *Sing Freedom! African American Spirituals* was released in September 2011 by Harmonia Mundi, and its next release will be *Choral Music of Samuel Barber* in fall 2012.



Supported in part by an award from the National Endowment for the Arts.