



School of

Music

College of Arts and Sciences

WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY

presents

Feel the Passing Time
Spring Choral Concert

Chamber Singers
University Singers
Treble Choir
Concert Choir

Dr. Dean Luethi, conductor
Dr. Matthew Myers, conductor
Elena Panchenko, pianist

Thursday, April 18, 2024
7:30 pm
Bryan Hall Theatre

Chamber Singers

Lucky Luke

Morten Vinther
(b. 1984)

Corey Gardner, *beatbox*

A little boy reveals a smile, thank God he doesn't cry,
inspecting me with greatest care and giving me a try
I wonder what my best advice for this little boy would be
as my own memories are coming back to me

An inner calm from top to toe enchants me right away,
he's aiming gently at my heart, guess I'm an easy prey.
Still I wonder what my best advice for this little boy would be,
as his fine young eyes rest with me

You better listen to your mother 'cause she knows her way around,
might wanna ask your father when your brows they tend to frown
but always trust your fine young heart, 'cause it won't lie to you,
and you'll be able to see through black and white, wrong or right,
It's all the things between that make your life worthwhile.

The little boy learns to speak and says my name out loud.
It might not be that big a deal, still I feel really proud,
and I wonder what my best advice for this little boy would be,
but I guess soon he'll learn to call and he'll be teaching me

So I better stop believing that he needs my words at all
to find his way, to save the day, to touch the sky and fall
We plan a course and then it changes, that's all I really know,
and here's a cowboy ready to go.

Time
You can spend it
When you spend it
Then you're running out of
Time
You can save it
But to save it is to take a little
Time
In a minute
When you're in it
Can you feel the passing
Time
Is an illusion
There's confusion
When they tell you now it's

Time
To get older
Time
To work and
Time to waste and there's no
Time
Left to hold her
Time
To tell him how you feel
While there's still
Time
Three two one, eleven thirty
Two AM, then dinner
Time
Now to kill
I said I will
And still
It flies and flies, oh
Time

New Day

Carol Weisman (b. 1960)
arr. Jennifer Barnes (b. 1972)

Kendal Clifton, Bryan Finley-James, Kayla Mommsen, *soloists*
Wyatt Salus, *guitar*
Yeseul Kim, *piano*
Grant Layman, *bass*
Dr. Darryl Singleton, *drums*

Rise to a brand new day,
Open your eyes to a better way.
Make it here, make it now,
It's a brand new day.

Sail the ocean breeze and land upon a distant shore,
Where you can see and touch and feel the things you've never seen before.
So when the coolest shades of blue are all you've got to choose tomorrow,
Take a look around when the world is upside down
And you can find a different ground
And you can rise to a brand new day
Open your eyes to a better way.

Take the time to breathe and then you know you've just begun
To feel the freedom of the earth and taste the rain before the sun,
Sometimes when all your bridges burn and there's nowhere to turn tomorrow,
Take a look around when the world is upside down
And you can find a different ground
And you can rise to a brand new day
Open your eyes to a better way.
Make it here, make it now,
It's a brand new day.

Meet me on that shore that we have both been dreaming of,
And I will tell you how I feel in this new language made of love,
Even if it's just a tender moment we can borrow,
Look beyond the sky, from the corners in your mind,
you can always learn to fly.

Oh rise to a brand new day,
Open your eyes to a better way.
Break away to the other side
It's not too late to give change a try,
Make it here,
Find it here.

Chamber Singers Personnel

Dr. Dean Luethi, director

Soprano

Darya Baker
Emma Haerberle
Kayla Mommsen +
Hannah Prisco

Alto

Chloe Bagley
Kendal Clifton
Ashley Myers

Tenor

Bryan Finley-James
Corey Gardner
Parker Smith

Bass

Bryson Barsaloux
Tsering Jordhen
Francisco Ruiz
Evan Short

+Officer

University Singers

Come Ready and See Me

Richard Hundley
(1931-2018)

Come ready and see me
No matter how late
Come before the years run out
I'm waiting with a candle
No wind will blow out
But you must haste
By foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever
Under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out

Tant que vivray

Claudin de Sermisy
(c. 1490-1562)

Sung in Middle French

English Translation

Tant que vivray en aage florissant,
Je serviray d'amours le roi puissant,
En faitz, en dictz, en chansons, et accordz. *In deeds, in words, in songs, in harmonies.*
Par plusieurs jours m'a tenu languissant,
Mais apres dueil m'a faict rejoyssant,
Car j'ay l'amour
de la belle au gent corps.
Son alliance c'est ma fiance:
Son cueur est mien, le mien est sien:
Fy de tristesse, vive liesse,
Puis qu'en amours,
puis qu'en amours a tant de bien.

*As long as I live in my prime,
I shall serve the mighty king of Love
That king made me languish a while;
But afterwards he made me rejoice,
Since now I have the love
of the sweet-bodied beauty.
In her friendship is my trust,
Her heart is mine, mine hers.
Away with sadness, long live gladness!
Since in love,
since there are so many good things in love.*

Quand je la veulx servir, et honorer,
Quand par escriptz veulx
son nom decorer,
Quand je la veoy, et visite souvent,
Ses envieux n'en font que murmurer,
Mais nostre amour
n'en scauroit moins durer:
Autant ou plus en emporte le vent.
Maulgré envie, toute ma vie
Je l'aymeray, et chanteray:
C'est la premiere, c'est la derniere,
Que j'ay servie, que j'ay servie et serviray.

*When I seek to serve and honor her,
When I seek to adorn her name
with my words,
When I see and visit her ---
Her enviers only gossip.
But our love
doesn't last any less long for that;
The wind carries their gossip and more away.
Despite their envy, I shall serve her
And sing of her all my life.
She is the first, she is the last,
Whom I have served and shall serve.*

We Remember Them

Susan LaBarr
(b. 1981)

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
At the opening of the buds and in rebirth of spring;
At the rising of the sun and at its going down;
We remember them.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
At the rustling of the leaves and beauty of autumn time;
At the start of the year and when it ends;
We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
When we are lost and sick at heart;
When we have joy we crave to share;
We remember them.

University Singers Personnel

Dr. Matthew Myers, conductor

Elena Panchenko, pianist

Soprano

Mikiah Harper
Cheyanne Hutchins +
Lilly Mendoza-Allen
Elakkiya Saravanan
Ellah Sundell *
Emma Westendorf
Emery Yates
Sabrina Ziegler

Alto

Aurelia Cromwell
Alainn Fitzgerald +
B. Rowena Gonzalez
Jet Grebelskaya
Nora Hayden
Karmen Johnson *
Elizabeth Marsh
Alex Rhoades
Cam Warren

Tenor

Mason Bakke
Ryan Brady
Levi Coovert
Kasey Craig
Steve Davis*
Ed Dungo
Andon Merrick
Brian Kai Nelson

Bass

Landon Carter *
Dylan Ellsworth
John Johnson
Tsering Jordhen
Carter Juergens
Trace LiVecchi
Alex Ogbue
Lilith Sutton
Jayden Thomas
Noah Tyler

*Section Leader

+Officer

Treble Choir

Lineage

Andrea Ramsey
(b. 1977)

Lex Howard, Melanie Richardson, Dr. Darryl Singleton, Emily Wessel, *percussion*

My grandmothers were strong.
They followed plows and bent to toil.
They moved through fields sowing seed.
They touched the earth and grain grew.
They were full of sturdiness and singing.
My grandmothers were strong.

My grandmothers are full of memories.
Smelling of soap and onions and wet clay,
With veins rolling roughly over quick hands
They have many clean words to say.
My grandmothers were strong.
Why am I not as they?

I Cannot Dance, O Lord

Stephen Paulus
(1949-2014)

I cannot dance, O Lord,
Unless you lead me.
If you wish me to leap joyfully,
Let me see you dance and sing!

Then I will leap into Love—
And from Love into Knowledge,
And from Knowledge into the Harvest,
That sweetest Fruit beyond human sense.

Then I will leap into Love,
There I will stay with You.
Whirling.

I cannot dance, O Lord,
Unless you lead me.

From flower to flower, hour after hour,
Be humble, be humble, bumble bee.

They all say you can't fly. Tiny wings still take you high,
Be humble, be humble, bumble bee.

And I've heard you can't die. Heaven knows if that's a lie.
Be humble, be humble, bumble bee.

Treble Choir Personnel

Dr. Matthew Myers, conductor
Elena Panchenko, pianist

Soprano I

Alyssa Bledsoe
Kiana Burt +
Ally Fraser-Robinson
Hazel Gomez
Emma Haeberle
Ava Hemphill *

Soprano II

Emma Berreth
Cami Blanc
Nele Escobar
Nora Hayden
Sophia Jimenez
Kayla Mommsen *+
Clare Riley
Sarah Alexis Walker

Alto I

Chloe Bagley
Clara Brown
Katlyn Cook
Dasha Edmonds
Nicole Ehr
Sarrah Jones
Calista Jurgens
Charlie Morse
Ashley Myers *+
Carly Ostrem

Alto II

Aurelia Cromwell
Jessica Goers
Kali Helm
Madison Holdway
Willo Kessler
Samantha Klein
Tiana LaFollette
Francesca Poledrelli
Shelby Torzewski *
Ama Zucker

* Section Leaders
+ Officers

Concert Choir

Libera Me

Lajos Bárdos
(1899-1986)

Sung in Latin

English Translation

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna

Deliver Me, O Lord, from eternal death

in die illa tremenda

on that day of terror

quando coeli movendi sunt et terra,

when the heavens and earth shall quake

dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem. *when you come to judge the world by fire*

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo,

I am made to tremble and fear,

dum discussio venerit atque

until the coming wrath and judgement

ventura ira:

shall come

quando coeli movendi sunt et terra.

when the heavens and earth shall quake

Dies irae, dies illa,

That day of wrath

calamitatis et miseriae,

of calamity and misery,

Dies magna et amara valde,

on that great and bitter day

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

Grant them eternal rest, Lord.

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

And perpetual light shine upon them.

No Time

Traditional Camp Meeting Songs

arr. Susan Brumfield

(b. 1961)

Rise, oh, fathers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.

We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Oh, I really do believe that just before the end of time,

We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Rise, oh mothers rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.

We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

Oh, I really do believe that just before the end of time,

We will hear the angels singing in that morning.

No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you.

No time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.

Brothers, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.

Sisters, oh, fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Between the March and April line—
That magical frontier
Beyond which summer hesitates,
Almost too heavenly near.

The saddest noise, the sweetest noise,
The maddest noise that grows and grows,—
The birds, they made it in the spring.

At night's delicious close.
The saddest noise I know.

Yonder Come Day

Traditional Sea Islands Melody
and Traditional Spirituals
arr. Paul John Rudoï
(b. 1985)

Sam Loomis, Hannah Chalom, *soloists*
Evan Short, *tambourine*

Oh day, Yonder come day.
Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day.
Good mornin' day, Yonder come day.
A brand new day, Yonder come day.
Oh come on child,

Hush, hush, somebody's callin' my name.
Oh my Lord, oh my Lord what shall I do?

Oh day, Yonder come day.
I was on my knees, Yonder come day.
When I heard him say, Yonder come day.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

Day done broke inna my soul, Yonder come day.

Concert Choir Personnel

Dr. Dean Luethi, conductor

Evan Short, graduate teaching assistant

Elena Panchenko, pianist

Soprano

Darya Baker
Emma Haerberle +
Mikiah Harper
Kayla Mommsen *
Bridget Murphy
Hannah Prisco
Renee Roulo

Alto

Daniela Alpire
Chloe Bagley
Fatima Cadena Garcia
Hannah Chalom
Mackenzie Jacobs
Savannah Kahl
Grace Lemmon
Ashley Myers *
Zoe Steiner

Tenor

Bryan Finley-James
Corey Gardner *
James Heer
Samuel Reed-Loomis +
Michael Turner
Ian Wright

Bass

Bryson Barsaloux
Daniel Mielke
Miles Robertson
Francisco Ruiz
Evan Short *
Parker Smith
Dylan Sutton

* Section Leaders
+ Officers

Combined Choirs

Fern Hill

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

Alisa Toy, *soprano*

Bridget Murphy, Chloe Bagley, Bryan Finley-James, Evan Short, *quartet*

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the liltin' house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,

And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be

Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.
And nightly under the simple stars

As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
Flying with the ricks, and the horses
Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very day.

So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
 In the sun born over and over,
 I ran my heedless ways,
My wishes raced through the house high hay

And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
 In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
 Before the children green and golden
 Follow him out of grace,

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
 Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
 In the moon that is always rising,
 Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields

And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
 Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
 Time held me green and dying
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea.



**Scan this QR code to give a gift
to the WSU School of Music.**

*Contributions support student scholarships,
renovations, guest performances, and more.*

Sing at WSU in the Fall Semester!

We welcome new singers to our ensembles in the fall!

Ensembles marked with an asterisk and private voice lessons require an audition in the days leading up to the fall semester.

*Concert Choir	MUS 431	2:10-3:00pm, Mon/Wed 1:55-2:45pm, Tues/Thurs
*Chamber Singers	MUS 433	12:10-1:25pm, Tues/Thurs
Treble Choir	MUS 430	2:55-4:10pm, Tues/Thurs
University Singers	MUS 432	1:10-2:00pm, Mon/Wed/Fri
*Opera/Musical Theatre	MUS 428	3:10-5:00pm, Mon/Wed

Summer Music Events on Campus

June 23-29

Cougar Summer Music Camp

July 31-August 3

Washington Sings! Recording Project

Acknowledgements

We would like to thank the following people for their support:

Dr. Keri McCarthy, Director of the School of Music

Dr. David Turnbull, Associate Director of the School of Music

Dr. Julie Anne Wieck, Voice Area Coordinator

Prof. Alisa Toy, Lecturer in Voice

WSU School of Music Staff:

Sam Exline, Jonathan Melcher, Bernadette Reese, Blaine Ross, Shaun Sorensen,
Sean Taylor, Kristine Tims, Taylor Weech, Michelle White, Tim Wirth

Bryan Hall Theatre Stage Crew

and all the faculty, students, families, and patrons
of the WSU School of Music

Keep up with us on social media!



@WSUPullmanMusic



@wsuchoralmusic