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
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,
his 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 Haeberle
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)

Tant que vivray en aage florissant,
As long as I live in my prime,
Je serviray d’amours le roi puissant,
I shall serve the mighty king of Love
En faitz, en dictz, en chansons, et accordz.
In deeds, in words, in songs, in harmonies.
Par plusieur jours m’a tenu languissant,
That king made me languish a while;
Mais apres dueil m’a fait rejoyssant,
But afterwards he made me rejoice,
Car j’ay l’amour
Since now I have the love
de la belle au gent corps.
of the sweet-bodied beauty.
Son alliance c’est ma fiance:
In her friendship is my trust,
Son cuer est mien, le mien est sien:
Her heart is mine, mine hers.
Fy de tristesse, vive liesse,
Away with sadness, long live gladness!
Puis qu’en amours,
Since in love,
puis qu’en amours a tant de bien.
since there are so many good things in love.

Quand je la veulx servir, et honorer,
When I seek to serve and honor her,
Quand par escriptz veulx
When I seek to adorn her name
son nom decorer,
with my words,
Quand je la veoy, et visite souvent,
When I see and visit her ---
Ses envieux n’en font que murmurer,
Her enviers only gossip.
Mais nostre amour
But our love
n’en sçauroit moins durer:
doesn’t last any less long for that;
Autant ou plus en emporte le vent.
The wind carries their gossip and more away.
Maulgré envie, toute ma vie
Despite their envy, I shall serve her
Je l’aymeray, et chanteray:
And sing of her all my life.
C’est la premiere, c’est la derniere,
She is the first, she is the last,
Que j’ay servie, que j’ay servie et serviray.
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
Ella 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
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.
Bumble Bee
Anders Edenroth
(b. 1963)

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
Sarra 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.
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 Haeberle +
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 lilting 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.

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*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

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