

*To support the concentration of both the performers and the audience,
please refrain from flash photography and disable the alarms of pagers, cell phones, and watches.*

PROGRAM

I

In Gen200 (Introduction to the Arts), our students are taught that the arts are a product of their time and place; we also learn that the arts help us to understand more about ourselves and about others. In this set of three folksongs from around the world we catch a glimpse of something of the character of others: from an Argentine love song we hear the passion and struggle of many South Americans; from a Maori (New Zealand) lullaby, a father's tenderness; and from a Russian tongue-twister, nonsensical playfulness.

Te Quiero

ALBERTO FAVERO (ARGENTINA)

ARR. LILIANO CANGIANO (1995)

Si te quiero es porque sos
mi amor, mi cómplice y todo
y en la calle codo a codo
somos mucho más que dos.

*If I adore you it is because you are
my love, my intimate friend, my all;
and in the street, arm in arm,
we are so much more than two.*

Tus manos son mi caricia,
mis acordes cotidianos
te amo porque tus manos
trabajan por la justicia.

*Your hands are my caress,
my daily affirmations.
I love you because your hands
Work for justice.*

Tu boca que es tuya y mía,
Tu boca no se equivocó
Te quiero porque tu boca
Sabe gritar rebeldía.

*Your mouth is yours and mine,
your mouth is never mistaken;
I love you because your mouth
Knows how to cry out for rebellion.*

Y por tu rostro sincero
y tu paso vagabundo
y tu llanto por el mundo
porque sos pueblo te quiero.

*And for your sincere face
and wandering spirit
and your weeping for the world—
because you are the people, I love you.*

Te quiero en mi paraíso,
es decir que en mi país
la gente viva feliz
aunque no tengo permiso.

*I want you in my paradise,
which is to say, in my country;
I want the people to live happily
Even though they aren't allowed to!*

— Mario Benedetto (Uruguay)

Hine e Hine

NEW ZEALAND MAORI LULLABY

ARR. DAVID HAMILTON (1997)

E tangi ana koe, hine e hine,
Kua ngenge ana koe, hine e hine,
Ka ti po puihi ra, noho i te aroha,
Te ngakau o te matua, hine e hine.

*You are crying, my daughter,
You are tired, my daughter,
Stop your sadness, rest in love,
The heart of the father, my daughter.*

Веники (Brooms)

Веники, веники,
да веники-помелики,
да по печи валялися,
да с печи оборвалися.
Кум Гаврила, кум Гаврила,
я Гавриле говорила.

RUSSIAN FOLKSONG ARR. F. RUBTSOV

*Brooms, brooms,
yes brooms-sweepers,
yes, on the hearth, laid about,
yes, from the hearth were torn off.
Godfather Gabriel, godfather Gabriel,
I to Gabriel was saying.*

CHORALE

II

A distant relative of J.S. Bach, Johann Michael Bach preceded J.S. as town organist in Gehren; he also was a builder of harpsichords, violins, and other instruments. In "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," the composer superimposes an appropriate chorale text, along with its tune, above a scripture text from Job. Claudio Monteverdi, who bridged the Renaissance and Baroque styles, took the genre of the madrigal to its most expressive and pictorial limits; examples of "text painting" abound in the lovely nature scene of "Ecco mormorar l'onde" – listen for the waves in the opening phrase, the "trembling" boughs, singing birds, and even the outline of mountain peaks. "Dientje, Dientje" is both harsh and humorous: when we stop laughing at the exaggerated main character, we can reflect on what it is that prevents us from being as caring as we ought. We conclude with a favorite of the Kantorei, "Java Jive," arranged as recorded by the vocal jazz group, The Manhattan Transfer.

I Know That My Redeemer Lives

JOHANN MICHAEL BACH (1648-1694)

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And that He shall stand at the last upon the earth:
And though after my skin worms destroy my body;
Yet in my flesh shall I see God;
Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. – *Job 19:25-27*

Descant: Christ is my life eternal and death to me is gain.
With joy my spirit yielding, I rise with Him and reign.

Ecco mormorar l'onde

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

*Ecco mormorar l'onde, e tremolar le fronde
A l'aura matutina, e gl'arborselli;
E sovra i verdi rami
I vagh' angelli Cantar soavemente,
E rider l'Oriente!
Ecco, gia l'alb' appare
E si specchia nel mare
E rasserena il cielo,
E imperla il dolce gielo,
E gl'alti monti indora!
O! Bella e vagh' aurora!
L'aura è tua messagiera
E tu de l'aura,
Ch'ogn' arso cor si ristaura.*

*Here the waves murmur and the boughs tremble,
and the bushes in the morning breeze.
And over the green branches
the birds like a choir of angels sweetly sing.
And the East is brightly smiling.
Here, already the sunrise appears,
and is reflected in the ocean waters,
and calms the sky,
the sweet dew forms in pearls,
and the mountain peaks turn gold.
O! Beautiful and lovely is the dawn!
The breeze is your messenger,
and through the air
you restore each parched heart to health. — Tasso*

Dientje, Dientje

DUTCH FOLKSONG
ARR. JETSE BREMER (1990)

‘Dientje, Dientje je moet naar huis komen, want je man die is ziek.’	‘ <i>Dientje, Dientje, you must come home, for your husband is ill.</i> ’
‘Is ie ziek? Reumatiek! Nog een walsje van een, twee, drie.’	‘ <i>Is he ill? Rheumatism! Just one more waltz – one, two, three.</i> ’
‘Dientje, Dientje je moet naar huis komen, want je man die wordt minder.’	‘ <i>Dientje, Dientje, you must come home, your husband is getting worse.</i> ’
‘Wordt ie minder? Mij geen hinder! Nog een walsje van een, twee, drie.’	‘ <i>Getting worse? I don’t care! Just one more waltz – one, two, three.</i> ’
‘Dientje, Dientje je moet naar huis komen, want je man die is dood.’	‘ <i>Dientje, Dientje, you must come home, for your husband is dead.</i> ’
‘Is ie dood? Mij geen nood! Nog een walsje van een, twee, drie.’	‘ <i>He’s dead? Not my worry! Just one more waltz – one, two, three.</i> ’
‘Dientje, Dientje je moet naar huis komen, want je man wordt begraven.’	‘ <i>Dientje, Dientje, you must come home, for your husband is to be buried.</i> ’
‘Wordt ie begraven? Laat’n ze’ m dragen! Nog een walsje van een, twee, drie.’	‘ <i>Buried? Let them carry him! Just one more waltz – one, two, three.</i> ’
‘Dientje, Dientje je moet naar huis komen, want er is een vrijer voor u’	‘ <i>Dientje, Dientje, you must come home, for there is a suitor for you.</i> ’
‘Voor mij?’ so zeide zij. ‘Dan is het walsje voorbij!’	‘ <i>For me?’ she said. ‘Then the waltz is over!’</i> ’

Tricia VanEe, soprano

Java Jive

BEN OAKLAND (1942)
ARR. KIRBY SHAW (1992)

I love coffee, I love tea, I love the Java Jive and it loves me.
Coffee and tea and the java and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup! Boy!
I love java sweet and hot. Whoops! Mr. Moto, I’m a coffee pot.
Shoot me the pot and I’ll pour me a shot, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup!
Oh slip me a slug from that wonderful mug and I’ll cut a rug ‘til I’m snug in a jug.
A slice of onion and a raw one, draw one, waiter, waiter, percolator!
I love coffee, I love tea, I love the Java Jive and it loves me.
Coffee and tea and the java and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup! Boy!
Boston beans, Soybeans, I said those itty bitty little green beans, cabbage and greens,
You know that I’m not keen about a bean, unless it is a cheery coffee bean. (Talk it boy!)
I love java sweet and hot. Whoops! Mr. Moto, I’m a coffee pot.
Ya shoot me the pot, and I’ll pour me a shot, a cup, a cup, a cup, a dat zam bazzoh!
Oo slip me slug from that wonderful mug and I’ll cut a rug that’s snug in a jug.
Drop your nickel in my pot, Joe. Takin’ it slow. Waiter, waiter, percolator!
I love coffee and tea, I love the java jive and it loves me.
Coffee and tea and the java and me, a cup, a cup, a cup, a cup. Boy! – *Milton Drake*

KANTOREI

III

The title of this set of four, "Time Pieces," has a double meaning. First, it is a work that was occasioned by the passage of time: it was composed as the project marking the completion of my eighth year at Dordt College, as is required of all who teach at Dordt. More importantly, each movement deals in some way with an aspect of God's time: Creation, the Fall, Redemption, and the New Creation.

In the first movement, "Sky Dance," Dave Schelhaas' poem shows how God's creative work is seen in the magnificent "dance" of starlings. Musically, I've tried to capture both the graceful elegance of their flight, as well as the "gargling raucous" sound of their chatter.

In "The Coiled Spring," Luke Schelhaas' poem uses a rustic scene of four seasons to illustrate how, while "the Fall is threaded through us," we sense the time in God's plan when there will be "no fall's reprise." The Latin insertions, not a part of the original poem, are intended to frame the movement, and, being set in musical styles quite different from that of the main body of the text, indicate that this cycle has been the experience of countless generations of believers: the main text is set as simple chant for the men, and as something akin to "English discant" (harmonized chant) for the women; the Kyries have a contemporary sound; and the Agnus Deis employ a harmony in keeping with that of 19th-century Romanticism.

The cello solo introducing the third movement, "We Know Him," calls back melodic ideas from the first movement, but now disguised by a slower tempo; before the violin and piano enter with a celebrative dance, a hint of "O Come, O Come, Immanuel" can be heard. The main melodic idea of this movement is an expansion upon the opening of "Comfort, Comfort, Ye My People"—the mournful longing of the introduction answered by the proclamation of Christ's arrival.

The final movement, "Give Us Love," is a prayerful hymn by Mike Vanden Bosch, and speaks both of praise and of longing for the consummation of God's redemptive work. The cello and violin return to thematic material heard before, now in an almost static manner, portraying a motionless sense of peace and rest. – B.K.

Time Pieces

BENJAMIN KORNELIS (2002)

I. Sky Dance

A wave of starlings lifts from wire and tree,
Pulls left, turns up and banks into the breeze
Then back again it furls haphazardly,
Swoops down, alights, comes up once more
To soar around a grove and disappear.
As if a boy with magnet, randomly
Some iron filings teased across a page of pale blue sky.

At night, like Jekyll, they're transformed.
They roost in trees near houses in the town.
A hundred creatures on a single bough
Fuss, fidget, gossip, sleep and foul the ground.
At dawn a gargling raucous morning chorus sounds.

Then suddenly a silence comes as if some grand
Conductor with invisible baton tapped twice upon his stand.
The new day's flight begins, a visual symphony for sky:
Crescendiminuendos rise and fall against the eye
While melodies of shape move contrapuntally
Weaving a staff of eighth and sixteenth notes above the trees.

Too random to be patterned, too graceful to be free,
What is it guides this sky dance each fall day?
Did he who marks the sparrows fall with care
Design this choreography for birds in air? – *David Schelhaas*

II. The Coiled Spring

Kyrie eleison, Lord have mercy,
Christe eleison, Christ have mercy,
Kyrie eleison. Lord have mercy.
Dona nobis pacem. Grant us peace.

Winter wheat lies green and grassy, grows;
slow life in frozen air and earth still rallies.
The snow has melted back to half-black patches between rows,
is found now only down from hills: in valleys.
But even that is scant and patches few—the story goes
that when one looks he sees not snow but snows.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
miserere nobis. have mercy on us.

*Spring will first wash muddy, then will clean.
A warmer sun on worlds hurled out of stasis
will soon shine and, shining, quicken this sloth scene.
But in cleaning and in quickening, Spring will not have spent her graces:
growing is result of graces raining, inserene,
graces running, gathering, rising gold then green.*

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
miserere nobis. have mercy on us.

Summer's hay, like sunshine bound in bales,
looks back on dryer days and darker soil.
Some brown cows stumble 'round these sunny bundles, swishing tails;
they know not that the sun, though bound, is winter's certain foil.
Content to plod, not apt to ponder, heeding distant hails,
the cows move hardly homeward, slowly, down dirt trails.

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

*Fall is far removed from us according to our eyes;
our senses tell us that this failing winter fast will flag.
But in a world which, having fallen, seeks to rise,
the Fall is threaded through us. But the future will not lag
to meet the past and, springing, claim her pre-Fall prize.
We will soon move forward toward no fall's reprise.*

Kyrie eleison, Lord have mercy,
Christe eleison, Christ have mercy,
Kyrie eleison. Lord have mercy.
Dona nobis pacem. Grant us peace. – Luke Schelhaas

III. We Know Him

Here is one who made a world
and spoke into the void of night.
We know him by the words he formed:
land and mammal, rain and light.

And here is one who chose to love,
and died when those he loved drew back.
We know him by the things we miss:
his face, his peace, a true love's lack.

And here is one who swore to save,
and gave a history for the telling.
We know him in the story told:
of love and long-awaited healing.

And here is one who gave a son—
a savior gave—to heal time.
We know him at the savior's birth:
a dawn marked by a Christmas chime.

And here is one who calmed the storms,
and broke the bread for those who sinned.
We know him in these elements:
the bread, the wine, the rain, the wind.

And here is one who died for us,
and rose again, and raced to heaven.
We know him in the comforter:
the dove, the fire, the ransom given. — *Luke Schelhaas*

IV. Give Us Love

On our knees we freely come, Lord,
Father of the King of love.
Holy Spirit, give us power,
power from your throne above.
Come, Lord Jesus, live within us,
fill us, through us ever flow.
Plant us firm within your love, Lord,
love surpassing all we know.

Help us feel your fervent love now,
Love that lifted saints before.
May it turn us from a Thomas
to your child forevermore.
Once you turned the heart of Peter;
Once you turned the heart of Saul.
Send your Spirit, sure to turn us;
turn our hearts to heed your call.

You can turn the rebel's heart, Lord,
by your touch, dissolve our fears.
When we sin and weep for sinning,
your shed blood cleans all our years.
Glory be to God the Father,
glory be to God the Son;
glory to the Holy Spirit—
tune our hearts to make us one. — *Mike Vanden Bosch*

Erika Van Den Hul, violin
Coralin Den Boer, cello

CONCERT CHOIR

OFFERING AND INTERMISSION
Offering to defray expenses of ensemble tours.

IV

In this final set, we revisit selections recently performed at the 2002 High School Choral Festival.

Come, Ye that Love the Lord

**AMERICAN FOLK HYMN
ARR. ALICE PARKER (1967)**

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your love be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad. – *Isaac Watts*

Oh, Clap Your Hands (from Northbrook Psalms)

JOHN LEAVITT (1998)

Oh, clap your hands together all ye people.
Shout unto God with the voice of song.
For the Lord most high is awesome
He is the great King over all the earth!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

He shall subdue the people under us
And the nations under our feet.
He shall choose out an heritage for us.
Even the worship of Jacob whom he loved.
God is gone up with a merry noise.
And the Lord with the sound of trumpets.

Oh, sing praises unto God.
Oh, sing praises to our King.
For God is King of all the earth:
Sing praises, sing praises with understanding.

Oh, clap your hands together all ye people. Hallelujah!
Shout unto God with the voice of song. Hallelujah!
Clap your hands. Hallelujah! – *from Psalm 47, adapted by John Leavitt*

Crucifixus

ANTONIO LOTTI (ca.1667-1740)

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis
sub Pontio Pilato
passus et sepultus est.

*He was crucified also for us
under Pontius Pilate,
suffered and was buried. – from Nicene Creed*

My God Is an Awesome God

KEITH HAMPTON (2000)

Refrain: My God is an awesome God.
Hallelujah! Let's give Him the praise.
My God is an awesome God.
His wondrous acts let us proclaim.
The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,
the world and they that dwell therein.
My God is an awesome God.
Hallelujah! Let's give Him the praise.

God sent me to a distant land, and he showed his greatness and majesty.
I was an empty cup and he made me full, and he ordained me to do his will. *Refrain*

God is good, he's always right on time. Let's take the time to glorify the Lord.
Hold on and never let go. He is our friend indeed. Let's tell the world that he is our God. *Refrain*

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.
Oh, my God is an awesome God. Hallelujah! Let's give him the praise.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of glory shall come in!
The Lord is strong and mighty in battle!
Send me. Anoint me. Use me, Lord.
My God is an awesome God. Hallelujah! Let's give him the praise. – *based on Psalm 24*

Rochelle Senti, soprano
Zachary Vreeman, tenor
Brian Marcus, tenor

God of Grace and God of Laughter

ROY HOPP (1990)

God of grace and God of laughter, singing worlds from nought to be—
Sun and stars and all thereafter joined in cosmic harmony:
Give us songs of joy and wonder, music making hearts rejoice:
Let our praises swell like thunder, echoing our Maker's voice.

When our lives are torn by sadness, heal our wounds with tuneful balm;
When all seems discordant madness, help us find a measured calm.
Steady us with music's anchor when the storms of life increase;
In the midst of hurt and rancor, make us instruments of peace.

Turn our sighing into singing, music born of hope restored;
Set our souls and voices ringing, tune our hearts in true accord:
Till we form a mighty chorus joining angel choirs above,
With all those who went before us, in eternal hymns of love. – *Carl Daw*

Erika Van Den Hul, violin

COMBINED CHOIRS

PERSONNEL—CHORALE

SOPRANO I

Renee Bosma
Amanda DeWit
Natalie Draayer
Erin Houtmsa
Kelly Kuiken
Shanna Smit
Jessica Vande Zandschulp
Miriam Van Niejenhuis
Kelli Van Zee

SOPRANO II

Rebecca Boender
Heidi Bolkema
Kearson Boman
Sarah Buteyn
Jessie Cooper
△ Rachel De Bruin
Heather den Hoed
Rosie Grantham
Tricia Groenenboom
Bethany Haan
Brenda Henderson
Brenda Janssen
Lori Nibbelink
Stephanie Stiemsma
Sheena Van Boom
Sarah Vanderaa
Jenae Vander Wal
Sarah Van Egdome
Kim Van't Hul
Andrea Van Wyk

ALTO I

Katie Boer
Brittany Bouma
Melanie Bruin
Tricia Cowherd
Lindsey De Jong
Melissa Drake
Jeanette Epley
Engela Heystek
Rebecca Koedam
Kim Kooiker
Karen Memmelaar
Erika Sanchez
Theresa Schilthuis
Karissa Stel
Kayla Vander Plaats
Heidi Vander Vies

ALTO II

Rachel Fikkert
Karlyn Geleynse
Jasmine Moeller
Amanda Phelps
Orpah Schiebout
Andrea Van Groningen
Nicole Vos

TENOR I

Mitchell Andringa
Stephen DeWit
Christopher Maust
Michael Ochsner
Paul Olsen
Ian Ross
Wesley Van Dyken

TENOR II

Matt Bakker
Justin Bleeker
Josh Bowar
Brian Dengler
Corey Kempers
Nathan Pasma
Ryan Schaap
Curtis Van Dam

BASS I

Daniel DeBoer
Matt Deppe
Andrew De Young
Dane Hibma
Joe Hoksbergen
Ethan Huizenga
Tim Mulder
Don Stenberg
Kevin Vander Spek
Carl Van Stryland
Mark Zwart

Bass II

Ethan Koerner
Reid Rozeboom
Brian Schaap
Jacob Te Winkel
Josh Vander Plaats
Daniel Zylstra

ACCOMPANISTS

Brittany Bouma
Tricia Groenenboom

PERSONNEL—KANTOREI

SOPRANO

Lindsay De Wit
Erin Houtmsa
△ Sheri Rouw
△ Rochelle Senti
△ Erika Van Den Hul
△ Tricia Van Ee

ALTO

Rebecca Boender
Katie Boer
Bethany Haan
△ Luann Kusters
△ Dana Ralston
Beth Vander Ziel

TENOR

Jeremy Dreise
Myron Kamper
Seth Postma
△ Matthew Troost
Wesley Van Dyken
△ Zachary Vreeman

BASS

Joe Hoksbergen
John Hoogeveen
△ Rick Hoogeveen
David Kok
Jacob Te Winkel
△ Andrew Van Roekel
Daniel Zylstra

REHEARSAL ACCOMPANIST

David Kok

STUDENT ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

Zachary Vreeman

△ denotes spring 2002 graduates

PERSONNEL—CONCERT CHOIR

SOPRANO I

Kara Bentz
Laura Gutierrez
Elisabeth McPherson
Rachel Persenaire
Δ Sheri Rouw
Δ Tricia Van Ee
Δ Rochelle Senti

SOPRANO II

Lindsay De Wit
Δ Annette Elgersma
Valerie Maas
Holly Meyer
Δ Jana Smeenk
Δ Kimberly Stiemsma
Δ Erika Van Den Hul

ALTO I

Janelle DeStigter
Δ Luann Kusters
Kim Philipsen
Δ Dana Ralston
Julie Vanden Heuvel
Sarah Anne Vander Plaats

ALTO II

Δ Nicole Noteboom
Δ Rebecca Schelhaas
Tiffany Ulferts
Beth Vander Ziel
Δ Tricia Van Groningen
Δ Amy Vroom

TENOR I

Nick Alons
Kraig Bleeker
Jeremy Dreise
Brian Marcus
Δ Matthew Troost
Δ Zachary Vreeman

TENOR II

Δ Joshua Christoffels
Gabriel Florit
Myron Kamper
Levi Nieuwsma
Seth Postma
Justin Vande Kerk

BASS I

Δ Brad Bierma
Δ Howard Gorter
Jonathan Huizingh
Corey Rozenboom
Eric Westra
Δ Laremy DeVries

BASS II

Δ Brad Dykstra
John Hoogeveen
Δ Rick Hoogeveen
David Kok
Greg Masselink
Δ Brian Ochsner
Andrew Schaap

ACCOMPANISTS

David Kok
Andrew Schaap

Δ denotes spring 2002 graduates