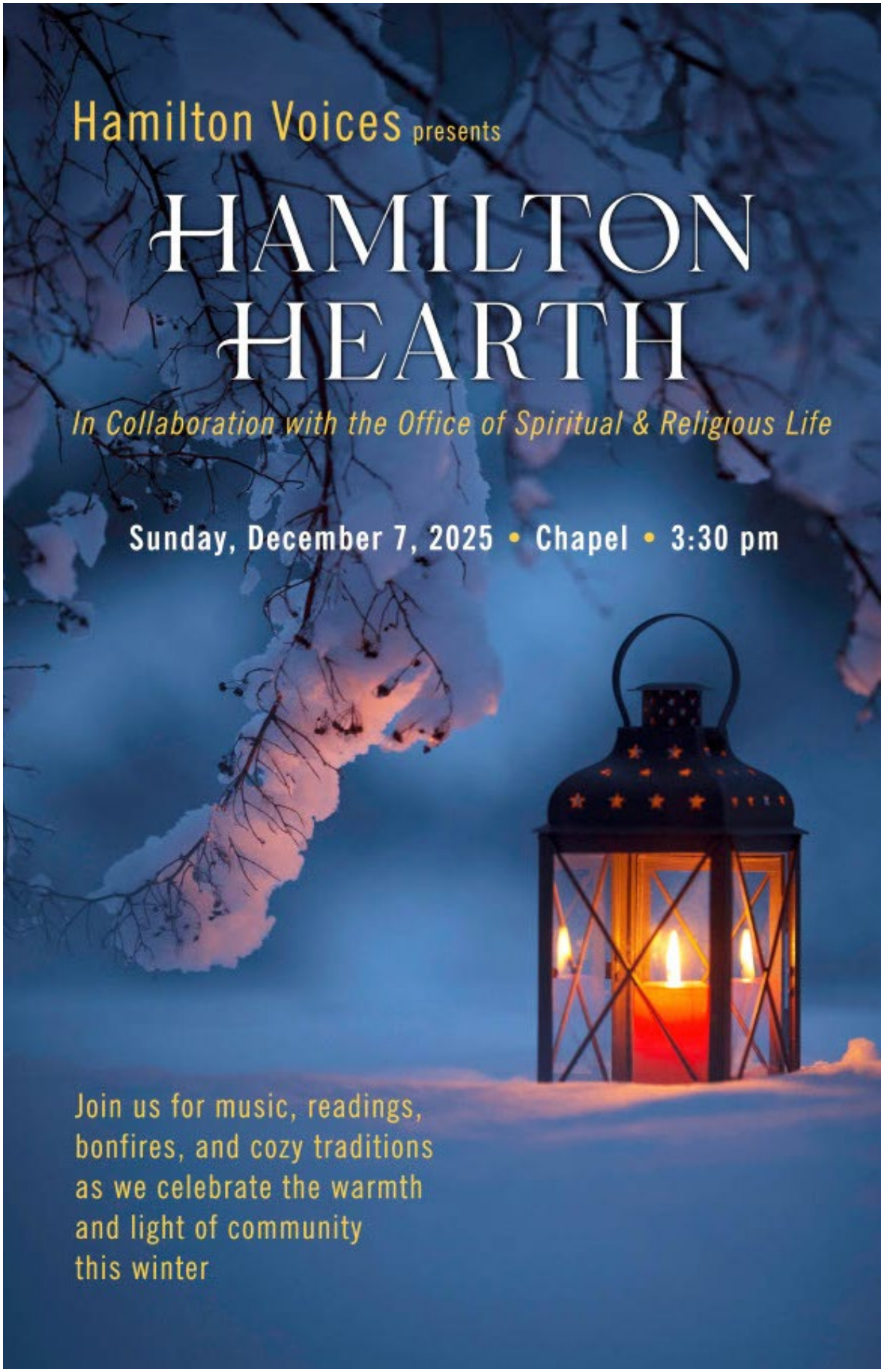
Hamilton Voices presents
HAMILTON HEARTH
In Collaboration with the Office of Spiritual & Religious Life
Sunday, December 7, 2025 • Chapel • 3:30 pm
Join us for music, readings, bonfires, and cozy traditions as we celebrate the warmth and light of community this winter

**Program**
**Please feel free to applaud or give snaps at any time**

*Winter Sun* — Don MacDonald (b. 1966)
Hamilton Voices

Welcome — Rev. Dr. Colleen Hallagan Preuninger '06
Dean of Spiritual and Religious Life

"Fire" — Judy Brown
Reading by Kimberly Perez '29

*Lux Aeterna* — Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Hamilton Voices

面朝大海，春暖花开 "Facing the Sea, with Spring Blossoms" — Hai Zi
Reading by Peicen Yan '28

*Peace on Earth* — Errollyn Wallen (b. 1958)
Oliver Nathanielsz '26, *countertenor*, Tina Toglia, *piano*

"Hoffnung" — Emanuel Geibel
Reading by Calvin Johnson '29

*Hátið fer að höndum ein* — arr. Jón Ásgeirsson (1928-2025)
Hamilton Voices, Aidan Stanton-Brand '28, *baritone*

"Amazing Peace: A Christmas Poem" — Maya Angelou
Reading by Anna Duarte '26

*Halcyon Days* — Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)
Hamilton Voices, Peicen Yan '28, *alto* and Alice Riley '27, *descant*

*Estrela é lua Nova* — Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) ed. Cristian Grases
Hamilton Voices, Anna Bruner '29, *soprano*, Owen Wilson '28, *alto*, Abby Rich '28, *cajon*

Light One Candle — Peter, Paul, and Mary
Reading by Lena Davidson '29

*Abendlied* Op. 63 no. 3 — Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)
Hamilton Voices

"Look Well to the Growing Edge" — Howard Thurman
Reading by Brendan Byrne '26

This Little Light of Mine — arr. Charlotte Botha (b. 1986)
Hamilton Voices with Audience, Abby Feldman-Lewis '29, *vocalist*, Julia Ramsay '26, *tambourine*, Abby Rich '28, *cajon*

"How the light comes" — Jan Richardson
Reading by Brigit Cook '28

Stars — Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)
Hamilton Voices, Glass Ensemble, College Choir

Farewell and merriment — Dean Preuninger

spread a little bit of kindness…
You are invited to write a message of hope to a stranger. You could offer a reminder, some good advice, a favorite quote, or any other words to warm the spirit as winter takes hold of the year. Extra pens and cards are available at the entrance. Add your note to the collection and take one at the end of the event.

**Texts and Translations — Music**

**Winter Sun**

To light,
to water,
and the flow of birds
through ancient stars.
To the wild sun of winter
startling the dark green
trees: giants
of majestic silence.
To snow on roofs
and the peace of Sunday.
To quiet and certitude,
to breathing, to air.
To acceptance, to dreams.
To disclosures of the sleeping heart,
for air, for light.— Malca Litovitz (1998)

**Lux aeterna**

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,
quia pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Let eternal light shine upon them, Lord,

with your saints for ever,
for you are merciful.
Grant them eternal rest, Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

— Latin Requiem Mass

**Peace on Earth**

And snow falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The night is dark and soft.
Peace on earth.
The lights that sparkle in the square,
The smoke the lingers in the air.
Peace on earth.

And grace falls down on me.
Peace on earth.
The dark will turn aside.
Peace on earth.
The fires that burn in ev'ry hearth
Do sing out praise of Christmas past.
Peace on earth.

Hear them singing.
Peace on earth.

—Errollyn Wallen (2006)

**Halcyon Days**

Sacred days draw near, traditions hallowed and wan,
Well-worn prayers embrace their heirs when love returns as embers.
Dreams delayed, hopes frayed in the blue nights of winter,
Daybreak dreams of reunions lost.
Rise up, tattered and torn! Rise up, barren and reborn!
Go forth in peace, bring joy to the dawn,
and grace, turn your face upon us.

—Jacqueline Goldfinger (2020)

**Hátíð fer að höndum ein**
Hátíð fer að höndum ein,
hana vér allir prýðum.
Lýðurinn tendri ljósin hrein.
Líður að tíðum.
Líður að helgum tíðum.

Joyous tides do now begin
Joyous tides do now begin
All heed it with pious adoration
The people light the candles that are pure
Soon the times shall come
Soon the holy times shall come

— Icelandic folk verse

**Gerast mun nú brautin bein,**
bjart í geiminum víðum,
ljómandi kerti á lágri grein,
líður…

Stjarnan á sinn augastein,
anda mun geislum blíðum,
loga fyrir hinn litla svein,
líður…

Heimsins þagna harmakvein,
hörðum er linnir stríðum,
læknast og þá hin leyndu mein,
líður…

Now the path we easily tread,
brightly lit in vastness,
candles aglow on a low branch
Soon…

The Star sees the child as the apple of its eye,
will breathe gentle rays
glowing for the little child
Soon…

The world's lament falls silent
when the fierce wars stop
Then, also, the hidden ailments heal
Soon…

— Jóhannes úr Kötlum (1899-1972), translated from Icelandic with assistance from Helgi R. Ingvarsson

**Estrela é lua Nova**
Estrella do céu é lua nova
cravejada de ouro ma kumbêbê,
Óia ma kumbêbê,
Óia ma kumbaribá.

Star from the sky is the new moon
studded gold, ma kumbêbê
Óia ma kumbêbê,
Óia ma kumbaribá.

— Macumba chant in Kubindo-Portuguese

**Abendlied**
Bleib' bei uns, denn es will Abend werden,
Und der Tag hat sich geneiget, sich geneiget,
O bleib' bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.

Bide with us, for evening shadows darken,
And the day will soon be over, soon be over,
O bide with us, for evening shadows darken.

— Luke 24:29, translated by John Rutter (1945)

**Stars**
Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fireThe aeons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill
I watch them marching
Stately and still.

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

— Sara Teasdale (1920)

**This little light of mine**

Verse 1
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine!

Verse 2
In my neighbor's house,
I'm gonna let it shine…

Verse 3
Ev'rywhere I go,
I'm gonna let it shine…

Verse 4
All around the world,
I'm gonna let it shine…

Verse 5
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine…

## Texts and Translations — Readings

**Fire**

What makes a fire burn
is space between the logs,
a breathing space.
Too much of a good thing,
too many logs
packed in too tight
can douse the flames
almost as surely
as a pail of water would.

So building fires
requires attention
to the spaces in between,
as much as to the wood.

When we are able to build
open spaces
in the same way
we have learned
to pile on the logs,
then we can come to see how
it is fuel, and absence of the fuel
together, that make fire possible.

We only need to lay a log
lightly from time to time.

A fire
grows
simply because the space is there,
with openings
in which the flame
that knows just how it wants to burn
can find its way.

— Judy Brown (2011)

**面朝大海，春暖花开**

从明天起，做一个幸福的人
喂马、劈柴，周游世界。
从明天起，关心粮食和蔬菜
我有一所房子，面朝大海，春暖花开。
从明天起，和每一个亲人通信，
告诉他们我的幸福。
那幸福的闪电告诉我的，
我将告诉每一个人。
给每一条河每一座山取一个温暖的名字。
陌生人，我也为你祝福。
愿你有一个灿烂的前程，
愿你有情人终成眷属，
愿你在尘世获得幸福。
我只愿面朝大海，春暖花开。

**Facing the Sea, with Spring Blossoms**

From tomorrow on, I will be a happy man,
Grooming my horse, chopping wood, and traveling the world.
From tomorrow on, I will tend to my grains and vegetables.
Living in a house facing the sea, in the warmth of spring, with flowers blossoming.
From tomorrow on, I will write to each of my loved ones,
Telling them of my happiness.
What the lightening of happiness has told me,
I will share with everyone I meet.
I will give a pleasant name to every river and every mountain.
I will also say a blessing for you, my dear stranger:
May you have a brilliant future,
May your lovers eventually become spouses,
May you enjoy happiness on this earth.
As for me—
I only wish to face the sea,
With spring flowers blooming.

— 海子 Hai Zi (1989), translated by Peicen Yan

**Hoffnung**
Und dräut der Winter noch so sehr
Mit trotzigen Gebärden,
Und streut er Eis und Schnee umher,
Es muß d o c h Frühling werden.

Und drängen die Nebel noch so dicht
Sich vor den Blick der Sonne,
Sie wecket doch mit ihrem Licht
Einmal die Welt zur Wonne.

Blast nur ihr Stürme, blast mit Macht,
Mir soll darob nicht bangen,
Auf leisen Sohlen über Nacht
Kommt doch der Lenz gegangen.

Da wacht die Erde grünend auf,
Weiß nicht, wie ihr geschehen,
Und lacht in den sonnigen Himmel hinauf,
Und möchte vor Lust vergehen.

Sie flicht sich blühende Kränze ins Haar
Und schmückt sich mit Rosen und Ähren,
Und läßt die Brünnlein rieseln klar,
Als wären es Freudenzähren.

Drum still! Und wie es frieren mag,
O Herz, gib dich zufrieden;
Es ist ein großer Maientag
Der ganzen Welt beschieden.

Und wenn dir oft auch bangt und graut,
Als sei die Höll' auf Erden,
Nur unverzagt auf Gott vertraut!
Es muß d o c h Frühling werden.

**Hope**
And no matter how much winter threatens
With defiant gestures,
And if he scatters ice and snow,
It must be spring.

And no matter how thick the fog is
To protect yourself from the sun,
She awakens with her light
Once the world becomes a delight.

Blow, you storms, blow with power,
I should not be afraid of this,
On Silent Soles Overnight
Spring has finally arrived.

Then the earth awakens green,
Don't know how it happened to her,
And laughs up into the sunny sky,
And I want to die of desire.

She weaves flowering wreaths into her hair
And adorns itself with roses and ears of corn,
And lets the fountains trickle clear,
As if they were tears of joy.

So be quiet! And no matter how cold it is,
O heart, be content;
It is a great May day
Granted to the whole world.

And even if you often feel anxious and afraid,
As if hell were on earth,
Just trust in God without fear!
It must be spring

— Franz Emanuel August Von Geibel (1815-1884)

**Amazing Peace: A Christmas Poem**
Thunder rumbles in the mountain passes
And lightning rattles the eaves of our houses.
Flood waters await us in our avenues.

Snow falls upon snow, falls upon snow to avalanche
Over unprotected villages.
The sky slips low and grey and threatening.

We question ourselves.
What have we done to so affront nature?
We worry God.
Are you there? Are you there really?
Does the covenant you made with us still hold?

Into this climate of fear and apprehension, Christmas enters,
Streaming lights of joy, ringing bells of hope
And singing carols of forgiveness high up in the bright air.
The world is encouraged to come away from rancor,
Come the way of friendship.

It is the Glad Season.
Thunder ebbs to silence and lightning sleeps quietly in the corner.
Flood waters recede into memory.
Snow becomes a yielding cushion to aid us
As we make our way to higher ground.
Hope is born again in the faces of children

It rides on the shoulders of our aged as they walk into their sunsets.
Hope spreads around the earth. Brightening all things,
Even hate which crouches breeding in dark corridors.

In our joy, we think we hear a whisper.
At first it is too soft. Then only half heard.
We listen carefully as it gathers strength.
We hear a sweetness.
The word is Peace.
It is loud now. It is louder.
Louder than the explosion of bombs.

We tremble at the sound. We are thrilled by its presence.
It is what we have hungered for.
Not just the absence of war. But, true Peace.
A harmony of spirit, a comfort of courtesies.
Security for our beloveds and their beloveds.

We clap hands and welcome the Peace of Christmas.
We beckon this good season to wait a while with us.
We, Baptist and Buddhist, Methodist and Muslim, say come.
Peace.
Come and fill us and our world with your majesty.
We, the Jew and the Jainist, the Catholic and the Confucian,
Implore you, to stay a while with us.
So we may learn by your shimmering light
How to look beyond complexion and see community.

It is Christmas time, a halting of hate time.

On this platform of peace, we can create a language
To translate ourselves to ourselves and to each other.

At this Holy Instant, we celebrate the Birth of Jesus Christ
Into the great religions of the world.
We jubilate the precious advent of trust.
We shout with glorious tongues at the coming of hope.
All the earth's tribes loosen their voices
To celebrate the promise of Peace.

We, Angels and Mortal's, Believers and Non-Believers,
Look heavenward and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at our world and speak the word aloud.
Peace. We look at each other, then into ourselves
And we say without shyness or apology or hesitation.

Peace, My Brother.
Peace, My Sister.
Peace, My Soul.

— Maya Angelou (2005)

**Light one candle**
Light one candle for all we believe in
Let anger not tear us apart!
Light one candle to bind us together
With peace as the song in our heart
Don't let the light go out!
It's lasted for so many years! (lasted for so many years!)
Don't let the light go out!
Let it shine through our love and our tears

הדליקו נר אחד לכל מי שאנו מאמינים בו ...
!אל תתנו לכעס לקרוע אותנו לגזרים
הדליקו נר אחד שיחבר אותנו יחד
עם שלום כשירה בליבנו
אל תכבו את האור! זה נמשך כל כך הרבה שנים! (נמשך כל ...
!כך הרבה שנים)

— Peter, Paul, and Mary (1982)

**Look well to the growing edge**

"Look well to the growing edge. All around us worlds are dying and new worlds are being born; all around us life is dying and life is being born. The fruit ripens on the tree, the roots are silently at work in the darkness of the earth against a time when there shall be new leaves, fresh blossoms, green fruit.

Such is the growing edge. It is the extra breath from the exhausted lung, the one more thing to try when all else has failed, the upward reach of life when weariness closes in upon all endeavor. This is the basis of hope in moments of despair, the incentive to carry on when times are out of joint and [people] have lost their reason, the source of confidence when worlds crash and dreams whiten into ash. Such is the growing edge incarnate. Look well to the growing edge."

— from *Meditations of the Heart*, Howard Thurman (1953)

**How the light comes**

I cannot tell you
how the light comes.

What I know
is that it is more ancient
than imagining.

That it travels
across an astounding expanse
to reach us.

That it loves
searching out
what is hidden
what is lost
what is forgotten
or in peril
or in pain.
That it has a fondness

for the body
for finding its way
toward flesh
for tracing the edges
of form
for shining forth
through the eye,
the hand, the heart.

I cannot tell you
how the light comes,
but that it does.
That it will.
That it works its way
into the deepest dark
that enfolds you,
though it may seem
long ages in coming

or arrive in a shape
you did not foresee.

And so
may we this day
turn ourselves toward it.
May we lift our faces
to let it find us.
May we bend our bodies
to follow the arc it makes.
May we open
and open more
and open still

to the blessed light
that comes

— from *Circle of Grace*, Jan Richardson (2015)

**Hamilton College Choir, *Hamilton Voices**

**Soprano 1**
*Juliet Koechel '28
Emma Larralde '29
*Alice Riley '27
Mirix Robertson-Leich '27
Peicen Yan '28

**Soprano 2**
*Anna Bruner '29
Macy Carter '28
*Lena Davidson '29
Anna Duarte '26
*Abby Feldman-Lewis '29
Helen Gass '29
Sophie Gordon '26
Kelsey Kirkwood '29
Isabella Poh '29
Dylan Rich '28
Ambika Sharma '28
*Carolyn Snowman '28
Kate Thum '28

**Alto 1**
Sam Bender '29
Brigit Cook '27
Celeste Davila '29
Jolie Hall '27
Catherine Hicks '28
Patricia Higgins '26
*Liviya Hoskinson '28
Olive Magowan '29
Caroline McGraw '26
*Oliver Nathanielsz '26
*Julia Ramsay '26
Anwyn Thomenius '28
Anna Totilca '27
Kat Zidow '29

**Alto 2**
Norma Callejas '26
Lily Eshaghoff '28
Lucy Hall '29
Jaiden Knowles '26

**Alto 2 (continued)**
Briar Mor '28
Kim Perez '29
Chloë Richards-Boeff '28
Emma Ruccio '26
D'Avora Williams '29
Stella Zhang '29

**Tenor 1**
Charles Collett Asst Prof. of Physics
*Xander Despres '28
Zion Garris '29
Gideon Kobea '27
Daniel Rodriguez Vergara '26
*Owen Wilson '28

**Tenor 2**
*Brendan Byrne '26
David Giron '29
Andrew Keslow '29
Jonathan Moon '29

**Tenor 2 (continued)**
*Xander Pitts '28

**Baritone**
Aaron Butler '26
Aubrey Campbell '26
Isaac Gruneich '29
Calvin Johnson '29
Ian Smith '28
*Aidan Stanton-Brand '28
Joaquin Torres III '29

**Bass 2**
Ben Amstislavskiy '27
Eneko Arbaud '26
*Gavyn Burgdoff '29
Ben Cooper '28
Roark Durden '29
*Garrett Hardt '28
*Daniel Titus '28
Sheldon Wan

Glass Ensemble

Zane Boga '29
Macy Carter '28
Madi Cron '27
Zach Dill '27
Owen Ferguson '27
Patricia Higgins '26
Jaiden Knowles '26
Christina Monroe '27
*Oliver Nathanielsz '26
Sophie Piatkowski '28
Lukas Tennant '29
Adam Richter '28
Emma Ruccio '26
*Aidan Stanton-Brand '28
Hugh Williams '26

**Projections**: Sophie Gordon '26