

Hamilton College Choir

# Songs of Love

*a choral mixtape for the heart*



Wednesday, December 7, 2022

7:30 pm

Wellin Hall, Schambach Center

***Muié Rendêra* (1991)**

arr. Carlos Alberto Pinto Fonseca (1933 - 2006)

Olé, muié rendêra,  
Olé, muié renda,  
tu me ensina a fazê rendá,  
que eu te ensino a namorá.

Hey, lacemaker woman,  
hey, lacemaker woman,  
if you teach me how to weave  
I'll teach you how to court.

Virgulino é Lampeão.  
É Lampa, é Lampa, é Lampa  
é Lampeão.  
O seu nome é Virgulino,  
o apelido é Lampeão.

Virgulino is Lampeão.  
He is Lampa, Lampa, Lampa  
He is Lampeão.  
His name is Virgulino,  
His nickname is Lampeão.

-Trans. Daniel Rufino Afonso, Jr.

*Muié Rendêra* is an arrangement of two North Brazilian folk tunes in *baião* dance style. Our special thanks to Prof. Alex Bádue for his assistance on our pronunciation of Brazilian Portuguese.

***Halcyon Days* (2020)**

Melissa Dunphy (b. 1980)

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

*Halcyon Days* was commissioned by Voces8 for their LIVE from London — Christmas 2020 festival. As Dunphy explains: “... my hope for this December is that we each can create our own Halcyon Days — a period of calm during winter storms — where we can reflect on what we have lost but rise up to face the new year with joy and grace.”

***Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans, L 99, no. 1*  
“Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!” (1898)**

Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918)

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,  
La gracieuse bonne et belle;  
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle,  
Chascun est prest de la louer.  
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?  
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,  
La gracieuse bonne et belle!  
Par deça, ne delà, la mer,  
Ne scay dame, ne damoiselle  
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle!  
C'est un songe d'y penser.  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! how good to look on her,  
The good and fair and gracious lady;  
For the high qualities within her,  
All are eager to praise her.  
Who could ever tire of her?  
Her beauty always increases.  
Lord! how good to look on her,  
The good and fair and gracious lady!  
The ocean knows of no woman in any quarter,  
Married or single, who is as perfect  
As she in every way.  
You would never dream of such a thing;  
Lord! how good it is to look on her!

- Charles of Orléans (1394 - 1465), trans. Richard Stokes

Although Debussy rejected the term “impressionist,” the inherent translucence, movement, and tonal ambiguity does link works such as his *Trois Chansons* to the movement. The compositional approach is neo-classical in the sense that Renaissance modality and equal-part polyphony to set the medieval poetry, but cloaks the harmony in a 20th-century idiom.

***Amor de mi alma (2001)***

Z. Randall Stroepe (b. 1953)

Amor de mi alma  
Yo no nací sino para quereros;  
mi alma os ha cortado a su medida;  
por hábito del alma mismo os quiero.  
Escrito está en mi alma vuestro gesto,  
Yo lo leo tan solo  
que aun de vos me guardo en esto.  
Cuanto tengo confieso yo deveros;  
por vos nací, por vos tengo la vida,  
Y por vos é de morir y por vos muero.

You are the love of my soul  
I was born to love only you;  
My soul has formed you to its measure;  
I want you as a garment for my soul.  
Your very image is written on my soul;  
Such indescribable intimacy,  
I hide even from you.  
All that I have, I owe to you;  
for you I was born, and for you I live, and for you  
I must die, and for you I give my last breath.

- Garcilaso de la Vega (1503 -1536), composer’s translation

Despite his relatively small poetic output (38 sonnets and a few songs and odes), the quality of Garcilaso de la Vega’s work situates him among the finest poets of the Spanish Renaissance. He was skilled in music, arms, writing, and so-called “battles of love”. He died of military combat wounds at the age of 33.

***Poems of Sara Teasdale***  
**Epilogue: “Why I Do Not Weep”**

Christopher H. Harris

Pity  
They never saw my lover’s face,  
They only know our love was brief,  
Wearing awhile a windy grace  
And passing like an autumn leaf.  
  
They wonder why I do not weep,  
They think it strange that I can sing,

They say, “Her love was scarcely deep  
Since it has left so slight a sting.”  
  
They never saw my love, nor knew  
That in my heart’s most secret place  
I pity them as angels do  
Men who have never seen God’s face.

- Sara Teasdale (1884 -1933)

Harris’s compositional language takes a creative approach to the “consonant dissonance” of the 21st-century choral harmonic idiom, with particularly sensitive focus on conveying natural speech rhythm. Harris’s musical expression finds an ideal companion in the melodious, lyric lines of Teasdale’s poetry. Both artists are masters of creating beauty through subtlety.

***Ndandihleli (2021)***

arr. Charlotte Botha (b. 1986)

Ndandihleli emnyameni  
Ndandicinga ulavi wam  
Ndazula iyo ulavi wam

I was sitting in the dark  
Missing my beloved  
Searching (my thoughts) for my beloved

- Trans. Lubabalo Dyasi

A polyrhythmic isiXhosa love song from South Africa. The speaker is lost in their thoughts, daydreaming of their beloved.

\*\*\*\*\*Brief water break for the choir\*\*\*\*\*

**Quatre Motets sur des thèmes grégoriens, op. 10, no. 1.**  
**“Ubi caritas” (1960)**

Maurice Duruflé (1902 -1986)  
adapted by J. Mark Baker

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.  
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.  
Exsultemus et in ipso iucundemur.  
Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum.  
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

Where charity and love are, God is there.  
Christ’s love has gathered us into one.  
Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.  
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.  
And may we love each other with a sincere heart.

The *Four Motets* place Gregorian chants within a modernist harmonic context. Drawing on the tradition of cathedral choirs of men and boys in Europe, two groups of singers are placed facing one another. The majority of the chant material is assigned to these two groups. Baker’s adaptation accommodates the current prevalence of women — and larger soprano and alto sections — in choirs.

**Six Choral Folksongs, no. 5**  
**“I Love my Love” (1917)**

arr. Gustav Holst (1874 -1934)

Abroad as I was walking  
One evening in the spring  
I heard a maid in Bedlam  
So sweetly for to sing;  
Her chain she rattled with her hands  
And thus replied she:  
I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

Just as she there sat weeping  
Her love he came on land  
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam  
He ran straight out of hand;  
He flew into her snow-white arms  
And thus replied he:  
I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

Oh cruel were his parents  
Who sent my love to sea  
And cruel was the ship  
That bore my love from me:  
Yet I love his parents since they’re his

She said: “My love don’t frighten me,  
are you my love or no?”  
“O yes, my dearest Nancy,  
I am your love, also  
I am returned to make amends  
for all your injury.”  
I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

Although they’ve ruined me:  
I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

So now these two are married,  
And happy may they be  
Like turtle doves together,  
In love and unity.  
All pretty maids with patience wait  
That have got loves at sea;  
I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

“With straw I’ll weave a garland,  
I’ll weave it very fine;  
With roses, lilies, daisies,  
I’ll mix the eglantine;  
And I’ll present it to my love when he returns from sea.  
For...I love my love because I know  
My love loves me

This Cornish folk song was collected by George B. Gardiner. In this traumatic story, a woman’s lover is sent to sea by his parents to break up their relationship. She becomes so distraught that she is eventually chained up in the notorious “Bedlam” — St. Mary Bethlehem psychiatric hospital in London, founded in 1247. Her deteriorating mental state is depicted by the “I love my Love” refrain. When her lover returns from sea and rushes to rescue her, she weeps, unsure if she is imagining his return. The lover attempts to right the wrongs of his parents by marrying her. A happy ending is implied, but the refrain of her trauma continues softly.

***Fair Phyllis I Saw Sitting All Alone (1599)***

John Farmer (c. 1570-c. 1601)

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone  
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.  
The shepherds knew not,  
they knew not whither she was gone,  
But after her lover Amyntas hied,  
Up and down he wandered  
whilst she was missing;  
When he found her,  
O then they fell a-kissing.

Farmer was an important composer of the English Madrigal School. He worked under the patronage of the Earl of Oxford during the Elizabethan era. *Fair Phyllis* exemplifies the text painting of the madrigals of this era. When the shepherdess is sitting alone, only the sopranos sing. All voices join when her flock is mentioned. The playful polyphony and unbalanced use of duple and triple meter help to illustrate the two lovers fumbling down a hill while kissing.

**Mitä Kaikatat Kivonen (2005)**

Mia Makaroff (b. 1970)

Mitä kaikatat kivonen,  
laklatat kiven lapatta?  
Sitäkö kaikatat kivi,  
laklatat kiven lapatta

What are you complaining about, little stone  
Sloshing to the side of the stone?  
Is this what you are complaining about, stone,  
sloshing to the side of the stone

Ettei naia neitojamme,  
korjaella kukkiamme  
Ettei naitu naintavuonna,  
kihlattu kilokesänä?

That we are not marrying off our maidens  
Picking our flowers  
That we did not marry them off in the marriage year  
Get them engaged in the engagement summer?

Elä kaikata kivonen,  
laklata kiven lapatta

Don't complain, little stone  
Slosh to the side of the stone

Vielä näille neitosille,  
näille kaunoille kanoille  
Kihlat kiljuen tulevat,  
rahat suuret raskutellen

To these maidens,  
these fair hens,  
will come shrieking engagements,  
big, clinking money

Elä kaikata kivonen,  
laklata kiven lapatta

Don't complain, little stone  
Slosh to the side of the stone

Vielä näille neitosille,  
näille kaunoille kanoille  
Reki rensuen ajavi,  
kirjakorja kiiättävi

These maidens,  
these fair hens,  
will be driven on a rustling sleigh,  
be whisked off by a sleigh

Juoksevi ori punainen,  
tiellä teutoellen  
Liinaharja liitelevi

The red stallion will run,  
racing on the road  
The horse will be soaring

Mitä kaikatat kivonen,  
laklatat kiven lapatta, hä?

What are you complaining about, little stone  
Sloshing to the side of the stone?

The Kanteletar is a sister collection to the more prominently used Finnish national epic Kalevala. Both collections feature poems composed in trochaic tetrameter, also known as Kalevala meter. This is a result of the emphasis on first syllables in all words native to the Finnish language. The metric aspect of the poetry lends itself to asymmetrical musical meters in settings of the text. In *Mitä kaikatat kivonen*, Makaroff connects the ancient scene of these women complaining about weddings around

the grindstone to the present day by combining contemporary a cappella looping techniques with the convention of telling Finnish epic tales in irregular meters like 5/4 time.

***Carissima* (1901)**

Fabio Campana (1815-1882), revised by president Melancthon Woolsey Stryker

Conductor: Kate Burnham '23, Hamilton College Choir president

Dear is thy homestead, glade and glen,  
Fair is the light that crowns thy brow;  
Gather we close to thee again,  
Mother, all loving thou hast been,  
Our own sweet Lady thou! Our own sweet Lady thou!  
Haunting our hearts in absent days,  
Calling us back from stress and storm,  
Tenderly all thy good old ways  
Shine in thy smiles; be love thy praise!  
Thine arms are ever warm. Thine arms are ever warm.

Memory still shall close enfold,  
Bringing us joys of days of yore;  
Faith shall thy constant fame uphold,  
While years, *Carissima*, grow cold.  
We love thee evermore. We love thee evermore.

Collaborative pianist

Tina Toglia, DMA, is a native of Philadelphia, PA. and holds degrees from SUNY Stony Brook, Curtis Institute of Music, and Temple University. An avid collaborative pianist, she has recorded art songs with Hamilton soprano, Lauralyn Kolb, for New World Records, and performed extensively throughout the US. She is a Lecturer in Piano at Hamilton.

Conductor

Charlotte Botha, DMA, is a conductor, composer, and ensemble singer from South Africa, who regularly appears as a guest conductor domestically and internationally. Since her tenure as conductor of the Drakensberg Boys Choir, Charlotte has nurtured her passion for working with children's and equal-voice choirs. Current engagements include the United Children's Choir of Lithuania and the Southwest ACDA tenor-bass choir. Her conducting degrees are from the University of Pretoria, Nelson Mandela University, and the University of North Texas, where she also completed a related concentration in Music Theory. Since her appointment as Director of Choral Activities at Hamilton College in fall, 2020, Charlotte has led the College Choir and established Hamilton Voices, a flexible ensemble that uses interdisciplinary approaches to highlight often neglected social and environmental justice issues.

Hamilton College Choir

Fall '22

Julian Arky  
Sofi Block  
Kate Burnham  
Aubrey Campbell  
Shelly Cao  
Isa Cardoso  
Maia Chakin  
Shraddha Datta  
Elizabeth Gee  
Ryan Hayes  
John Hern III  
Alex Herr  
Helen Higgins  
Patricia Higgins

Divyam Karuri  
Frank Kinlin  
Jenn Klix  
Jaiden Knowles  
Sampson Lamberth  
Catherin Li  
Alexis Limon-Aceves  
Jules Mancuso  
Maggie Marks  
Kelly McElroy  
Quentin Messer  
Oliver Nathanielsz  
Grace Park  
Kirk Petrie

Julia Ramsey  
Emma Ruccio  
Alex Ruffer  
Alyssa Samuels  
Stevie Santos  
Anna Skrobala  
Kat Tsaryova  
Aubrey Wallen  
Brielle Whalen  
Michaela Williams  
Max Wohfeld  
Cynthia Ya