



**GRANT PARK
MUSIC FESTIVAL
IN MILLENNIUM PARK**

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus
Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*
Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Choral Splendor

Thursday, July 17, 2014 at 7:00 p.m.
South Shore Cultural Center

Sunday, July 20, 2014 at 3:00 p.m.
Columbus Park Refectory
GRANT PARK CHORUS
Christopher Bell, *Conductor and Chorus Director*
David Gordon, *Trumpet*

TAVENER	<i>Funeral Ikos</i>
WHITACRE	<i>Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine</i>
MACMILLAN	Two Selections from the <i>Strathclyde Motets</i> <i>Data Est Mihi Omnis Potestas</i> <i>In Splendoribus Sanctorum</i> DAVID GORDON
TAVENER	<i>The Lamb</i>
BETINIS	<i>Toward Sunshine, Toward Freedom:</i> <i>Songs of Smaller Creatures</i> The Bees' Song A Noiseless Patient Spider Envoi
TCHAIKOVSKY	"Cherubic Hymn" from the <i>Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom</i>
TCHAIKOVSKY	<i>The Legend</i>
BEN PARRY	<i>Flame</i>



CHRISTOPHER BELL's biography can be found on page 18.



FUNERAL IKOS [HYMN] (1981)

John Tavener (1944-2013)

John Tavener ranks as the great musical mystic of his generation. He joined the Russian Orthodox Church in 1977, perhaps less for its dogma than for what he perceived as its ties to an elemental life force that he believed was banished from Western music by 17th-century rationalism. The essential qualities of Tavener's music — austerity and transcendence — create a floating quietude that evokes a mystical realm which

only music can reveal. *Funeral Ikos [Hymn]* is Tavener's poignant setting of traditional verses of the Orthodox funeral service rendered into English by the American writer and translator Isabel Hapgood (1851-1928).

Why these bitter words of the dying, O brethren,
which they utter as they go hence?

I am parted from my brethren.

All my friends do I abandon and go hence.

But whither I go, that understand I not,
neither what shall become of me yonder;

only God who hath summoned me knoweth.

But make commemoration of me with the song:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

But whither now go the souls?

How dwell they now together there?

This mystery have I desired to learn; but none can impart aright.

Do they call to mind their own people, as we do them?

Or have they forgotten all those who mourn them and make the song:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

We go forth on the path eternal, and as condemned,
with downcast faces, present ourselves before the only God eternal.

Where then is comeliness? Where then is wealth?

Where then is the glory of this world?

There shall none of these things aid us, but only to say off the psalm:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

If thou hast shown mercy unto man, O man,

that same mercy shall be shown thee there;

and if on an orphan thou hast shown compassion,

the same shall there deliver thee from want.

If in this life the naked thou hast clothed,

the same shall give thee shelter there, and sing the psalm:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Youth and the beauty of the body fade at the hour of death,
and the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat is inflamed.

The beauty of the eyes is quenched then,

the comeliness of the face all altered,

the shapeliness of the neck destroyed;

and the other parts have become numb,

nor often say:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

With ecstasy are we inflamed if we but hear that there is light eternal yonder;
that there is Paradise, wherein every soul of Righteous Ones rejoiceth.

Let us all, also, enter into Christ, that all we may cry aloud thus unto God:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!



**LEONARDO DREAMS OF HIS
FLYING MACHINE (2001)
Eric Whitacre (born in 1970)**

Leonardo Dreams of His Flying Machine was composed in 2001 and features text by poet Charles Anthony Silvestri. Whitacre wrote: "We started with a simple concept: what would it sound like if Leonardo DaVinci were dreaming? And more specifically, what kind of music would fill the mind of such a genius? The drama would tell the story of Leonardo being tormented by the calling of the air, tortured to such degree that his only recourse was to solve the riddle and figure out how to fly.

"We approached the piece as if we were writing an *opera brève*. Charles (Tony to his friends) would supply me with draft after draft of revised 'libretti,' and I in turn would show him the musical fragments I had written. Tony would then begin to mold the texts into beautiful phrases and gestures as if he were a Renaissance poet, and I constantly refined my music to match the ancient, elegant style of his words. I think in the end we achieved a fascinating balance, an exotic hybrid of old and new."

Leonardo dreams of his flying machine ...
Tormented by visions of flight and falling,
More wondrous and terrible each than the last,
Master Leonardo imagines an engine
To carry a man up into the sun ...
And as he's dreaming the heavens call him,
Softly whispering their siren-song:
"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni à volare.

[Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly.]
*L'uomo colle sua congegiate e grandi ale,
facciendo forza contro alla resistente aria."*
[A man with wings large enough and duly connected
might learn to overcome the resistance of the air.]

Leonardo dreams of his flying machine ...
As the candles burn low he paces and writes,
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise ...
And as he dreams, again the calling,
The very air itself gives voice:
"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni à volare.

[Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly.]
Vicina all'elemento del fuoco ..."
[Close to the sphere of elemental fire ...]
Scratching quill on crumpled paper,
"Rete, canna, filo, carta."
[Net, cane, thread, paper.]

Images of wing and frame and fabric fastened tightly.
"... *sulla suprema sottile aria.*"
[... in the highest and rarest atmosphere.]

Master Leonardo dreams of his flying machine ...
As the midnight watchtower tolls,
Over rooftop, street and dome,
The triumph of a human being ascending
In the dreaming of a mortal man.
Leonardo steels himself,
takes one last breath, and leaps ...
"Leonardo, vieni à volare! Leonardo, sognare!"
[Leonardo, come fly! Leonardo, dream!]



**DATA EST MIHI OMNIS POTESTAS ("ALL POWER HAS BEEN GIVEN TO ME") (2007) AND IN SPLENDORIBUS SANCTORUM ("AMID THE SPLENDORS OF THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY") (2006)
James MacMillan (born in 1959)**

Many of MacMillan's compositions incorporate traditional Scottish elements and bear some stamp of either his religion (Catholicism) or his politics (socialism). *Data Est Mihi Omnis Potestas* ("All Power Has Been Given to Me") is one of the four *Strathclyde Motets* MacMillan composed in 2007 for Glasgow's University of Strathclyde Chamber Choir; the Latin texts are associated with Communion. *Data Est Mihi* is based on the verses from St. Matthew for Ascension Day enjoining Jesus' disciples to "Go therefore and teach all nations."

Data est mihi omnis potestas
in caelo et in terra, alleluia.
Euntes, docete omnes gentes,
baptizantes eos in nomine Patris
et Filii et Spiritus Sancti,
alleluia, alleluia.

All power has been given to me
in heaven and on earth, alleluia.
Go therefore and teach all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father
and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit,
alleluia, alleluia.

In Splendoribus Sanctorum ("Amid the Splendors of the Heavenly Sanctuary"), another of the *Strathclyde Motets*, is based on the Communion text and chant melody for Midnight Mass of Christmas (Vulgate Psalm 109:3) and was first performed on Christmas Eve 2006 at Glasgow's St. Columba's Church.

In splendoribus sanctorum,
ex utero ante luciferum genuite.

Amidst the splendors of the heavenly sanctuary,
from the womb, before the morning star,
I have begotten you.

**THE LAMB (1982)
John Tavener**

"I wrote *The Lamb* in 1982," Tavener explained, "while being driven by my mother from South Devon to London. It came to me fully grown, so to speak, so all I had to do was write it down. It was inspired by Blake and by my three-year-old nephew, Simon." Tavener derived the text for *The Lamb* from the first section of William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, published in 1789; in 1984 he wrote a companion setting of Blake's *The Tyger* for the 65th birthday of the poet and theologian Philip Sherrard, who introduced him to 20th-century Greek poetry. Tavener's haunting *The Lamb*, frequently associated with the Christmas season, has proven to be among the most popular contemporary choral works.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?



Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee?
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I, a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!



**TOWARD SUNSHINE, TOWARD FREEDOM:
SONGS OF SMALLER CREATURES (2005)
Abbie Betinis (born in 1980)**

Betinis wrote of *Toward Sunshine, Toward Freedom: Songs of Smaller Creatures*, "Hans Christian Andersen once wrote (in the voice of a butterfly): 'Just living is not enough ... One must have sunshine, freedom and a little flower.' *Toward Sunshine, Toward Freedom: Songs of Smaller Creatures* comprises three tone-poems for mixed a cappella chorus, each a character study on a small creature from the natural world.

study on a small creature from the natural world.

"The first, *The Bees' Song*, takes its silly text from British poet Walter de la Mare, who included no less than 33 'Z's' in his poem of the same name. This musical setting highlights those 'Z' sounds, as each part buzzes around looking for a nice cadence to land on. The second movement, which takes its title and text from Walt Whitman's *A Noiseless Patient Spider*, compares the questing soul to that of a spider able to know her position in the world by launching and trusting her web. Set for eight-part chorus, the piece begins with each of the voice parts representing a leg of the solitary spider as she walks slowly to the edge of the promontory. Suddenly she 'launches forth filament' and the voices begin the process of weaving a web of their own. *Envoi* uses Charles Swinburne's simple text to illustrate the flocking and migrating of a mass of butterflies. The nonsense syllables seek to propel the piece while providing a subtle flapping of tiny wings, as if the singers are there in the thick of the migration."

The Grant Park Chorus recorded this piece for its 2012 release of a cappella works entitled *Songs of Smaller Creatures and other American Choral Works*.

I. The Bees' Song

Text: Walter de la Mare (1873-1953)

Thousandz of thornz there be
On the Rozez where gozez
The Zebra of Zee:
Sleek, striped, and hairy,
The steed of the Fairy
Princess of Zee.

Heavy with blossomz be
The Rozez that growzez
In the thickets of Zee.
Where grazez the Zebra,
Marked Abracadeeeebra,
Of the Princess of Zee.



And he nozez that poziez
Of the Rozez that grozez
So luvez'm and free,
With an eye, dark and wary,
In search of a Fairy,
Whose Rozez he knowzez
Were not honeyed for he,
But to solace the Princess
Of far-away Zee.

II. A Noiseless Patient Spider
Text: Walt Whitman

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing — seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd — till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul.

III. Envoi
Text: Charles Swinburne

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be.
Fly!



**"CHERUBIC HYMN" FROM THE LITURGY OF
ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, OP. 41 (1878)
Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)**

St. John Chrysostom, Archbishop of Constantinople in the early 5th century, is traditionally credited with initiating the rite that became the core of the liturgy of the Orthodox Church, a service comparable in scale, content and purpose to the Roman Mass. The *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom* came to be used generally for the Eucharist service on Sunday and weekdays, with three alternate liturgies for a handful of special occasions during the year. During a visit to his sister, Alexandra, in Ukraine during the summer of 1878, Tchaikovsky composed a complete setting of the *Liturgy* for a *cappella* choir. The ethereal *Cherubic Hymn* is largely in the chordal style of most of the *Liturgy*, though it becomes joyously contrapuntal for the closing *Alleluia*.

Izhe kheruvimi, tayno obrazuyusche,
i zhiivotvoryaschey Troitse
trisvyatuyu pyesn' prip'yevayusche,
vsyakoye ni nye zhityeyskoye
otlozhim popyecheniye. Amin.
Yako da Tsarya vsyekh podimyem,
Angyelskimi nyevidimo dorinosima chinmi.
Alliluiya.

Let us who mystically represent the Cherubim
and who sing the thrice-holy hymn
to the life-creating Trinity,
now lay aside earthly cares. Amen.

That we may receive the King of All,
Who comes escorted by the angelic hosts.
Alleluia.

**THE LEGEND, OP. 54, NO. 5 (1883;
ARRANGED FOR CHORUS IN 1889)
Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky**

Among the most charming of Tchaikovsky's works are the *Sixteen Songs for Children*, Op. 54 that he composed in 1883. *The Legend*, the fifth song of Op. 54, sets a Russian translation of the poem *Roses and Thorns* by English poet Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903). Tchaikovsky arranged the number for voice and orchestra in 1889 and for a *cappella* chorus a year later. In 1894 Anton Arensky borrowed the poignant melody for his *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky* for String Orchestra, a memorial to his friend and colleague, who had died the previous year.

When Jesus Christ was yet a child
He had a garden small and wild,
Wherein he cherished roses fair
And wove them into garlands there.

Now once, as summertime drew nigh,
There came a troop of children by,
And seeing roses on the tree,
With shouts they plucked them merrily.

"Do you bind roses in your hair?"
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there.
The boy said humbly: "Take, I pray,
All but the naked thorns away."

Then of the thorns they made a crown,
And with rough fingers pressed it down,
Till on his forehead fair and young
Red drops of blood like roses sprung.



Thursday, July 17 and Sunday, July 21, 2014



FLAME (2011)
Ben Parry (born in 1965)

Flame, composed in 2011 for the BBC Singers, was inspired by a quotation from Buddha: "Thousands of candles can be lit from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness never decreases by being shared." *Flame*, which a review of a performance at the London Proms in 2012 described as "a gloriously handled crescendo of warmth and bliss," uses a text based on Buddha's quotation by English actor, singer,

writer and director Garth Bardsley.

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A flame
Dispels the dark
Its delicate light repels the shadows

A flame alone
Brings within its flicker
A welcoming warmth

A single flame
That shares its light
Is but strengthened by this splitting in two

And as each flame
Begets another
Its life and light is multiplied
To become unending
Forever burning
A beacon that both beckons and guides

So to light the world



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