



**GRANT PARK  
MUSIC FESTIVAL  
IN MILLENNIUM PARK**

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

**Songs of Praise and Passion**

Tuesday, July 30, 2013 at 7:00PM

South Shore Cultural Center

Thursday, August 1, 2013 at 7:00PM

Columbus Park Refectory

GRANT PARK CHORUS

Christopher Bell, *Conductor*

PARRY	My Soul, There Is a Country
MIŠKINIS	Dum medium silentium Pater Noster O Sacrum Convivium
MAWBY	Alleluia, Christus resurrexit
RACHMANINOFF	Selections from All-Night Vigil Service, Op. 37 Come, Let Us Worship Rejoice, O Virgin The Lesser Doxology (Glory to God in the Highest)
TORMIS	Two Songs to Words by Ernst Enno Early Summer's Fairy Tale Soundlessly Somewhere Murmurings Homeward
GARROP	Sonnets of Desire, Longing and Whimsy Now By This Moon, Before This Moon Shall Wane Time Does Not Bring Relief I Shall Forget You Presently, My Dear
SAMETZ	I Have Had Singing



CHRISTOPHER BELL's biography can be found on page 10.



**MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY (1916)**  
**Sir Charles Hubert Parry (1848-1918)**

Though fate appointed Edward Elgar to be the first internationally recognized exemplar of "The English Musical Renaissance," the long-awaited revival of British musical creativity after its two centuries of somnolence following the death of Henry Purcell in 1695, much of the groundwork upon which the country regained its status in the art was done by composer, scholar, teacher, administrator and Victorian paragon Sir Hubert Parry. In recognition of his services to British music, he was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1898, and made a baronet five years later. *My Soul, There Is a Country*, composed in 1916 is an affirmative setting of a text from 1650 by the Welsh physician and metaphysical poet Henry Vaughan (1621-1695).

My soul, there is a country  
 Far beyond the stars,  
 Where stands a winged sentry  
 All skilful in the wars:

If thou canst get but thither,  
 There grows the flow'r of Peace,  
 The Rose that cannot wither,  
 Thy fortress and thy ease.

There, above noise and danger  
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles  
 And One, born in a manger  
 Commands the beauteous files.

Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
 For none can thee secure  
 But One who never changes,  
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

He is thy gracious friend  
 And, O my soul, awake!  
 Did in pure love descend  
 To die here for thy sake.

**DUM MEDIUM SILENTIUM ("WHEN ALL THINGS MAINTAIN FULL SILENCE") (2008)**  
**PATER NOSTER ("OUR FATHER") (1994)**  
**O SACRUM CONVIVIUM ("O SACRED FEAST") (2000)**  
**Vytautas Miškinis (born in 1954)**



Vytautas Miškinis, one of Lithuania's leading choral composers, conductors and educators, became a member of the Ažuoliukas ("Little Oak Tree") Children's Choir at age seven, and undertook his professional studies at the Lithuanian Music Conservatory with Hermanas Perelsteinas, the choir's founder and director. Miškinis became Perelsteinas' assistant and he took over direction of Ažuoliukas in 1979, when he had completed his studies at the Conservatory and his Jewish mentor was forced to emigrate to the United States because of Soviet political oppression. Miškinis also began working with the Vilnius Teachers House Men's Choir, the vocal ensemble Museum Musicum and the professional Kaunas State Choir at that time, and he started touring extensively with his ensembles in 1989 following the fall of Communism, winning competitions in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and Finland. Miškinis has written some 400 secular pieces and well over a hundred folksong arrangements, many for Ažuoliukas, and, since the end of Soviet rule, more than 150 sacred works, many to traditional Latin texts.



Miškinis composed the striking *Dum medium silentium*, a setting of the Introit text from the Mass for the first Sunday following Christmas, for the vocal ensemble Calycanthus of Milan in 2008.

Dum medium silentium tenerent omnia,  
et nox in suo cursu medium  
iter perageret,  
omnipotens sermo tuus Domine,  
a regalibus sedibus venit, alleluia.

When all things maintain full silence  
and night traverses the midpoint  
of its journey,  
your all-powerful message, Lord,  
comes from the seat of royal power,  
alleluia.

Miškinis' setting of the *Pater Noster*, with its ritualistic repetitions, remarkable overlapping, expressive states ranging from ardent supplication to nearly inaudible whisper, seems to suggest a world at prayer as it might be heard from heaven's perspective.

Pater noster, qui es in coelis  
sanctificetur nomen tuum:  
adveniat regnum tuum,  
fiat voluntas tua sicut in coelo  
et in terra,  
panem nostrum quotidianum  
et dimitte nobis debita nostra,  
sicut et nos dimittimus  
debitoribus nostris  
et ne nos inducas in tentationem,  
sed libera nos a malo.  
Amen.

Our Father who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done on earth as it is  
in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses  
As we forgive them who trespass  
against us.  
Lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us from evil.  
Amen.

*O Sacrum Convivium* takes as its text an antiphon from the Second Vespers for the Feast of Corpus Christi, and creates an almost transcendent state with its luminous, floating strains that rise in intensity only briefly to embody the thought of "future glory."

O sacrum convivium,  
in quo Christus sumitur:  
recoliter memoria passionis ejus,  
mens impletur gratia  
et futurae gloriae  
nobis pignus datur, alleluia.

O sacred feast,  
in which Christ is received:  
the memory of his Passion is renewed,  
the soul is filled with grace,  
and a pledge of future glory  
is given to us, alleluia.



### **ALLELUIA, CHRISTUS RESURREXIT ("ALLELUIA, CHRIST IS RISEN") (1986) Colin Mawby (born in 1936)**

Organist, composer and choral conductor Colin Mawby was born in Portsmouth, England and received his professional training at the Royal College of Music. He was made Master of Music at Westminster Cathedral in 1961. In 2006, Mawby was awarded the Knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory by Pope Benedict XVI "in gratitude for past and continuing services to church music." Mawby's compositions include more than twenty Masses, many choral works, and two children's operas. His meditative setting of the Easter text *Alleluia, Christus resurrexit* ("*Alleluia, Christ Is Risen*") dates from 1986.

Alleluia, Christus resurrexit.  
Alleluia, venite adoremus.

Alleluia, Christ is risen.  
Alleluia, come let us adore Him.



**SELECTIONS FROM  
ALL-NIGHT VIGIL SERVICE, OP. 37 (1915)  
Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)**

Rachmaninoff was not a demonstrably religious man, but, like Stravinsky, he was brought up in Orthodoxy and throughout his life allowed it to occupy an honored place in his mind and heart as a vital manifestation of Russian culture and history. Rachmaninoff's first important sacred vocal composition was the *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom* of 1910, set to the same text as Tchaikovsky had used thirty years before, but he felt that the work "solves the problem of Russian Church music very inadequately." It was a magnificent performance of his *Liturgy* by the Synodal Choir, however, that inspired Rachmaninoff to return to the liturgical forms in early 1915 and write his *All-Night Vigil Service*, one of the towering choral masterpieces of the 20th century.

Priidite, Poklonimsya ("Come, Let Us Worship")

Amin.

Priidite poklonimsya tsarevi  
nashemu Bogu.

Priidite poklonimsya i pripadem

Khristu tsarevi nashemu Bogu.

Priidite poklonimsya i pripadem

Samomu Khristu tsarevi i Bogu nashemu.

Priidite poklonimsya i pripadem Yemu.

Amin.

Amen.

Come, let us worship God, our King.

Come, let us worship and fall down

Before Christ, our King and our God.

Come, let us worship and fall down

Before Christ Himself, our King  
and God.

Come, let us worship and fall down  
before Him.

Amen.

Bogoroditse Devo, Raduisya ("Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos")

Bogoroditse Devo, raduisya,

Blagodatnaya Mariye,

Gospod s Toboyu.

Blagoslovenna Ty v zbenakh,

I blagosloven plod chreva Tvoyevo,

Yako Spasa rodila yesl dush nashikh.

Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,

Mary full of grace.

The Lord is with Thee.

Blessed art Thou among women,

And blessed is the fruit of Thy womb,

For Thou has borne the Savior  
of our souls.

Slava V Vyshnikh Bogu ("Glory To God In The Highest")  
(Six Psalms)

Slava v vyshaikh Bogu i na zemli mir,

V chelovetsekh blagovoleniye.

Slava v vyshnikh Bogu i na zemli mir,

V chelovetsekh blagovoleniye.

Gospodi, ustne moyi otverzeshi,

I usta moya vozvestyat khvalu Tvoyu.

Glory to God in the highest and  
on earth peace,

Good will among men,

Glory to God in the highest and  
on earth peace,

Good will among men.

O Lord, open Thou my lips,

And my mouth shall proclaim  
Thy praise.



## TWO SONGS TO WORDS BY ERNST ENNO

(1948, 1998)

### Veljo Tormis (born in 1930)



Veljo Tormis, born in Kuusalu, near the Estonian capital city of Tallinn, won his first composition prize in 1950. His many distinctions include the titles of Estonian SSR Honored Worker in Arts, ESSR People's Artist and USSR People's Artist, and winning the Soviet Estonia Prize, USSR State Prize, ESSR Annual Prize for Music, Estonian State Cultural Award, and the Order of Friendship of Peoples; in 1998, he received the Estonian National Culture Foundation Prize for his life's work, and in 2009, he was granted the First Class Order of the National Coat of Arms.

Writer and poet Ernst Enno (1875-1934) is one Estonia's most respected cultural figures and Tormis set two of his verses for chorus that bracket his career. *Noore Suve Muinasjutt* ("Early Summer's Fairy Tale") was composed in 1948 and dedicated to his girlfriend of those early years. *Kuulmata Kuskil Kumiseb Kodu* ("Soundlessly Somewhere Murmurings Homeward") of 1998 is a thoughtful work that reflects the passing years he has spent with his wife, Lea, its dedicatee.

#### Noore Suve Muinasjutt ("Early Summer's Fairy Tale")

Kuskil küla taga vainul,  
pillihelin, pidujutt;  
kõmin metsas, kaja kaugel,  
noore suve muinasjutt.

Distant on the village meadow,  
music pealing, festive talk;  
forest murmur, distant echo,  
early summer's fairy talk.

Ja nad laulvad vallatades —  
"Oh sa pühajärveke ..."  
Käsi kätt nii pigistades —  
"Armas oled minule ..."

And they're singing, mischief makers —  
"Oh you sacred little lake ..."  
Hand in hand now holding, folding —  
"Precious held are you by me ..."

Valgel ööl on tuhat armu,  
tuhat kokku, mõistmata,  
öö ja õnn ei kesta kaua —  
tõtta õnne otsima.

Golden nights, a thousand passions,  
thousand total, who can know,  
night and joy, they flee so quickly —  
hurry now and seek your joy.

Ja nad laulvad vallatades,  
laulvad kütked südame —  
oh sa pühajärvekene,  
armas oled minule ...

And they're singing, mischief makers,  
bringing teardrops to your eye —  
Oh you sacred little lake shore,  
precious held are you by me ...

#### Kuulmata Kuskil Kumiseb Kodu ("Soundlessly Somewhere Murmurings Homeward")

Kuulmata kuskil kumiseb kodu,

Soundlessly somewhere murmurings  
homeward,

enese taga, sügaval sees,  
tähtede säras kurgede rodu,  
lõunasse lendab kõrgel ees.  
Kus on su hommik, kus on su lõuna,

memories bygone, deeply within,  
luminous star-glow, hastening sandhills,  
southwardly flying lofty cranes.

sügaval ise, kitsas on maa,  
igatsus kuskil, igatsus sinna,  
kutse sind valdab, kuhu ei sa.

Where is your morning, where is your  
noon-day,  
deeply within you, narrow the plain,  
wistfully yearning, longingly seeking,  
calling you, bidding, whither you can't.

Kuulmata kuskil kumiseb kodu,

Soundlessly somewhere murmurings  
homeward,



Tuesday, July 30 and Thursday, August 1, 2013

enese taga, sügaval sees,  
tule, oh tule! Luikede rodu,  
mustavalt merelt, meelitab ees.

Kostavad kured:  
magada vaja.  
Vastavad aulid:  
siin on hää.

Lainetes sulin,  
ees nagu taga,  
igatsus lasub,  
raske on pää.

Kulmata kuskil kumiseb kodu,

enese taga, sügaval sees,  
Mustaval merel, luikede rodu:  
Tule, oh tule! Hüüab kõik ees.

memories bygone, deeply within,  
hasten, oh hasten! Trumpeters' motion,  
darkening ocean beckoning you.

Echoing sand-hills:  
weariness weighing.  
Answering long-tails [ducks]:  
here is fine.

Undulant waters,  
here, ahead after,  
loneliness pierces,  
heavy your brow.

Soundlessly somewhere murmurings  
homeward,  
memories bygone, deeply within,  
Darkening ocean, trumpeter's motion  
Hasten, oh hasten! Beckons you on.



**SONNETS OF DESIRE, LONGING AND  
WHIMSY (2004)**  
**Stacy Garrop (born in 1969)**

Roosevelt faculty composer Stacy Garrop wrote of her *Sonnets of Desire, Longing and Whimsy*, composed in 2004 for the San Francisco choral ensemble Volti, "Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950) was an American poet who produced a great body of work in her lifetime. Among her works are several books of poetry, essays, plays, an opera libretto and over 200 sonnets. The topics of her sonnets range from love to politics to the fate of mankind. They are beautifully constructed, and I find that many of them are well suited to be set to music. I am currently in the middle of composing a choral cycle of Millay's sonnets; when complete, the cycle will contain approximately two dozen of her sonnets grouped into nine sets. *Sonnets of Desire, Longing and Whimsy* is the fourth set. It takes a look at love from three aspects: unreasonable desire, inconsolable longing and shallow, whimsical romance."

Now By This Moon, Before This Moon Shall Wane  
(from *Fatal Interview*, 1931)

Now by this moon, before this moon shall wane  
I shall be dead or I shall be with you!  
No moral concept can outweigh the pain  
Past rack and wheel this absence puts me through;  
Faith, honour, pride, endurance, what the tongues  
Of tedious men will say, or what the law —  
For which of these do I fill up my lungs  
With brine and fire at every breath I draw?  
Time, and to spare, for patience by and by,  
Time to be cold and time to sleep alone;  
Let me no more until the hour I die  
Defraud my innocent senses of their own.  
Before this moon shall darken, say of me:  
She's in her grave, or where she wants to be.



Time Does Not Bring Relief  
(from *Renascence and Other Poems*, 1917)

Time does not bring relief; you all have lied  
Who told me time would ease me of my pain!  
I miss him in the weeping of the rain;  
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;  
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,  
And last year's leaves are smoke in every lane;  
But last year's bitter loving must remain  
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.  
There are a hundred places where I fear  
To go — so with his memory they brim.  
And entering with relief some quiet place  
Where never fell his foot or shone his face  
I say, "There is no memory of him here!"  
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

I shall forget you presently, my dear,  
So make the most of this, your little day,  
Your little month, your little half a year,  
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,  
And we are done forever; by and by  
I shall forget you, as I said, but now,  
If you entreat me with your loveliest lie  
I will protest you with my favorite vow.  
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,  
And oaths were not so brittle as they are,  
But so it is, and nature has contrived  
To struggle on without a break thus far, —  
Whether or not we find what we are seeking  
Is idle, biologically speaking.

**I HAVE HAD SINGING (1993)**  
**Steven Sametz (born in 1954)**



English writer and editor Ronald Blythe (b. 1922) was editor of Penguin Classics for more than twenty years, but he is best known for *Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village* (1969), which wove an informal history of life in a fictional agricultural village from the turn of the 20th century to the 1960s from interviews with life-long residents of rural Suffolk. In 1974, Peter Hall made a film titled *Akenfield* in which the villagers of Charsfield acted out scenes from the three generations recalled in Blythe's book. Twenty years later, Steven Sametz, one of America's leading choral composers and conductors, made a poignant choral setting of a musical reminiscence that Blythe took down from the 85-year-old horseman Fred Mitchell: *I Have Had Singing*.

The singing.  
There was so much singing then and this was my pleasure, too.  
We all sang: the boys in the fields, the chapels were full of singing, always singing.  
Here I lie.  
I have had pleasure enough.  
I have had singing.