

Washington University Choir Concert

"I Dream A World:
Wisdom and Vision Through Song"

Elizabeth Hogan, director
Sandra Geary, collaborative pianist

Program

Sing Out, My Soul (2020)

Marques L.A. Garrett
(living)

Trois Chansons (1916)

I. *Nicolette*
III. *Ronde*

Maurice Ravel
(1875 - 1937)

The Roof (2013)

Holly Lam, violin

Andrea Ramsey
(living)

Medley from Into the Woods (1988)

Stephen Sondheim
(1952 - 2021)
arr. Ed Lojeski (living)

Caleb Rhodes, Josie Kopff, Vyto Staniskis, Kathryn Sarullo,
Jonathan Liu, Kristian Svane, and Lilliana Rey, soloists

Farlorn Alemen (2010)

Andrea Clearfield
(living)

I Am Alive (2018)

Greg Jasperse
(living)

Home from Beauty and the Beast: A New Musical (1994)

Alan Menken
(living)
arr. John Leavitt (living)

I Dream A World (2002)

Rosephanye Dunn Powell
(living)

Texts & Translations

Sing Out, My Soul

Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy;
Sing as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.
Think not of death...
Strive not for gold...
Train up your mind to feel content,
What matters then how low your store?
What we enjoy, and not possess,
Makes rich or poor.
- William Henry Davies (1871 - 1940)

Trois Chansons

I. Nicolette

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
la jonquille et la muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;
Hé là! ma Nicolette,
viens tu pas chez Mère Grand?
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas d'un doux ami?
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,
le cœur bien marri.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas tous ces écus?
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

Three Songs

I. Nicolette

Nicolette, at twilight,
Went for a walk through the fields,
To pick daisies,
daffodils, and lilies of the valley.
Skipping around, completely jolly,
Spying here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf,
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:
"Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,
won't you come to Grandmother's house?"
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,
Leaving behind her cornette and white clogs.

She met a cute page,
Blue shoes and gray doublet:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
wouldn't you like a sweetheart?"
Wisely, she turned 'round, poor Nicolette,
very slowly, with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,
Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
don't you want all this money?"
She ran straight into his arms, good Nicolette,
Never to return to the fields again.

III. Ronde

Les vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
de centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs es des mages,
des stryges, des sylphes,
des moines-bourus,
des cyclopes, des djinns,
gobelins, korrigans,
nécromants, kobolds ...
Ah!
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunesses,
de bacchantes et de males fées,
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses,
des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centaures et des diablasses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,
des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
naiades,
ménades, thyades,
follettes, lémures,
gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

The old women:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young maidens, do not go into the forest:
It is full of satyrs,
Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
Of sprites and incubuses,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,
Devils, imps, and fiends,
Clove-foot, gnomes,
Of demons,
Of werewolves, elves,
Warriors,
Enchanters and conjurers,
Of fairies, sylphs
Of surly hermits,
Cyclopes, Djinns,
Spirits, gremlins,
Necromancers, trolls ...
Ah!
Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

The old men:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young men, do not go into the forest:
It is full of female fauns,
Of Bacchae and evil spirits,
Lads, do not go into the forests.

Of female satyrs,
Ogresses,
And Baba Yagas,
Of female centaurs and devils,
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
Of sprites and demons,
Of larvae, of nymphs,
Of warriors,
It is full of demons,
Tree spirits and dryads,
Naiads,
Bacchantes, oreads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubuses,
Gorgones, monsters,
Do not go into Ormonde forest.

Les filles / Les garçons:

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
De satyresses, non.
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
de démons,
Plus de faunes, non!
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
de myrmidons
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
de stryges, de sylphes,
de moines-bourus,
De centaresses, de naiades,
de thyades,
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
dryades,
folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelines,
de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux,
d'éfrits, d'aegypan,
de sylvains, gobelins, korrigans, nécromans,
kobolds ...
Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Les malavisées vieilles,
Les malavisés vieux
les ont effarouchés – Ah!

The maids / The lads:

We won't to into Ormonde forest any more,
Alas! Never more we'll go into the forest.

There are no more satyrs there,
No more nymphs or evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubuses,
No ogres, no pixies,
No more ogresses,
No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks,
Devils, imps, or fiends,
No female satyrs, no.
No more goat-footed, no gnomes,
No demons.
No more female fauns, no!
Nor werewolves, nor elves,
No warriors,
No more enchanters or conjurers,
No fairies, no sylphs,
No surly hermits,
No female centaurs or naiads,
No more oreads,
No more Bacchantes or tree spirits,
No dryads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses,
gorgons, goblins,
No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends, no ifrits,
no Aegipan,
No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins,
necromancers, trolls...
Ah!

Do not go into the Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

The misguided old women,
The misguided old men
Have chased them all away – Ah!

The Roof

Be the roof cov'ring all of this.
Be the seasons with me, be with me.

Our winters will be mild as the front porch,
Our autumns will be easy, our springs will always bloom.
Our summers will have breezes full of grace.

Be the curve of hands.
Be the time between waking and sleeping.
Be confusing. Be stunning. Be awkward, imperfect, beautiful you,
Singular you, exhaustingly complex you.
You are still becoming what you will be.

Be the roof, cov'ring this.
-Isabel Zacharias (2012)

Into the Woods – Text by Stephen Sondheim

Farlorn Alemen – Yiddish transliteration

Tsi veys ihr vuhs ba-teit es zein aleyn?
Tsi ken mein harts, mein vey-tik ver far-shteyn?
Far-lorn ta-te, ma-me, mahn un freind;
Tsu ve-men zol mein blik; zikh ven-d'n heint?
Fun vey-tik blu-tik iz mein harts.
Fun di oy-gn ke-nen shoy'n keyn
tre-rn mer nit geyn.
Veil siz dokh alts in mir fer-shtein-ert fun dem peyn
Mit zey tsu-za-men vel ikh mer nit zein.
Un nit vi-sn vel ikh mer shoy'n fun dem glik
vos ge-filt ikh, mit vokh-en nor tsu-rik.
Ikh hob nit mer keyn ta-te, ma-me, mahn.
Tsi iz glik nokh oyf der velt far mir fa-ran?
Tsi den vel ikh zey keyn-mol shoy'n mit zen?
Tsi iz dos le-bn shoy'n far mir far-shpilt tsi den?
Vel ikh mit her-n mer di ver-ter, "'kh'hob dikh lib"?'
Tsi bleibt mein le-bn shoy'n oyf ey-bik, ey-bik a-zoy trib?
Tsi veys ihr vuhs ba-teit es zein aleyn?
- Sima Yashonksy-Feitelson (1941)

Losing everybody

Do you know what it means to be alone?
Can anyone understand my heart's pain?
Losing mother, father, husband and friend
Who can I turn to today?
My heart is bleeding with pain
My eyes can shed no more tears
Everything in me has turned into stone from the
pain
Together with them, I'll never be again.
I will never know anymore the happiness which
I felt only a few weeks ago
I have no mother, father, husband anymore.
Is there still any happiness reserved for me in the
world?
Will I never see them again, then?
Is my life lost forever?
Will I ever hear the words "I love you" anymore?
Will my life story thus be empty forever?
Translation by Raya Gonen (2008)

I Am Alive

Non-lexical vocables by Greg Jasperse

Home

Is this home? Is this where I should learn to be happy?
Never dreamed That a home could be dark and cold
I was told Ev'ry day in my childhood:
Even when we grow old

Home should me where the heart is
Never were words so true!
My heart's far, far away
Home is too

What I'd give to return to the life that I knew lately.
And to think I complained of that dull provincial town.

Is this home? Am I here for a day or forever?
Shut away from the world until who knows when
Oh, but then as my life has been altered once
It can change again

Build higher walls around me
Change ev'ry lock and key
Nothing lasts, nothing holds all of me
My heart's far, far away
Home and free!
-Tim Rice (1994)

I Dream A World

I dream a world where man
No other man will scorn,
Where love will bless the earth
And peace its paths adorn
I dream a world where all
Will know sweet freedom's way,
Where greed no longer saps the soul
Nor avarice blights our day.
A world I dream where black or white,
Whatever race you be,
Will share the bounties of the earth
And every man is free,
Where wretchedness will hang its head
And joy, like a pearl,
Attends the needs of all mankind-
Of such I dream, my world!
-Langston Hughes (1941)

Program Notes

Several years of COVID-19 changes to the structure of our families, school experience, community engagement and world brought me to examine the role of safety and security in our lived human experience. The pieces on this program center that experience in various ways.

Several of our pieces share wisdom regarding safety in community. *Sing Out My Soul* encourages the listener that shaping our lives through intentional focus on what is right and good is a worthy pursuit. Both Ravel's *Trois Chansons* and Sondheim's *Into the Woods* situate the examination of wise living and values in the setting of the outdoors.

Unfortunately, our communities can lack safety or have that safety threatened. *Farlorn Alemen* sets poetry penned in a Lithuanian ghetto during WWII by 16-year-old, Sima Faitelson, mourning the loss of those she loved and all she had known. We will perform this piece juxtaposed with Jasperse's *I Am Alive*, written in response to the Orlando Florida Pulse Nightclub shooting. We, too, grieve for the hurt and brokenness in our community, and look for ways to continue to live with resilience amid grief.

Safety in our personal spheres is another vein explored through song. Ramsey's *The Roof*, and Menken's *Home* allowed us to consider who and what create a sense of the concept "home" and what a home or a shelter really is for us.

We end our program with a setting of Langston Hughes' poem *I Dream A World* which reminds us that our dreams, our words, our intentions, and our actions are what create the spaces in which we and those around us can feel safe and secure. We hope you find moments of comfort and contemplation in our offering today. Thank you for sharing your time with us this evening. -- EH

The Washington University Concert Choir is open to undergraduate and graduate students from all across campus, as well as alumni, faculty, and staff. We welcome new singers from the Wash U community to join us in the coming semesters. Please reach out to Jamie Perkins or Elizabeth Hogan for more information.

Director



Elizabeth Hogan knows no greater joy than helping her students reach their fullest potential as humans and as musicians. She's done so in a variety of settings within education and non-profit sectors with students from age 5 to 85. Outside of her work as Interim Director of Choirs at Washington University in St. Louis, Elizabeth serves as the Executive Director of the St. Louis Christmas Carols Association, a small (but mighty) non-profit with a mission of spreading cheer and supporting local children's charities. She is the founder of Elevated Harmonics Studio, offering music lessons, educator coaching and professional development resources for creative individuals.

An active singer, clinician, adjudicator, and coach across the United States and internationally, Dr. Hogan brings a passion for helping people discover beauty in themselves and the world around them through the study of music. Her collegiate choral experience includes directing the Women's Choruses at Webster University and the University of Missouri-Columbia, as well as assisting with the University of Missouri's Choral Union, and University Singers. Prior to her work in higher education, she was employed in public school choral programs in the Parkway and Lindbergh School Districts in suburban St. Louis. She guided young singers and educators as a director and community engagement coordinator with The St. Louis Children's Choirs. She was the founding artistic director of the Courante Youth Chorus in Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Elizabeth sings Alto II in *mirabai*, a professional women's choral ensemble.

Dr. Hogan previously served as Assistant Professor of Music Education and program coordinator at Southeast Missouri State University and taught music education courses at University of Missouri, the University of Missouri – St. Louis and Webster University. Dr. Hogan earned her PhD in Learning Teaching and Curriculum from the University of Missouri, MM from Michigan State University in Choral Conducting, her BS in Education from the University of Missouri, and her Artist Teacher Certificate through the Choral Music Experience Institute. She studied conducting with Dr. Paul Crabb, Dr. David Rayl, Dr. Jonathan Reed, and Dr. Sandra Snow; she studied voice with Prof. Ann Harrell. Her research/teaching mentor is Dr. Wendy Sims.

Collaborative Pianist



Sandra Geary is a native of County Cork, Ireland and has received piano performance diplomas from the Royal Schools of Music, Trinity College, London; the Cork School of Music, Ireland and a Bachelor of Music degree from the St Louis Conservatory of Music. Her teachers include John O'Connor, Joseph Kalichstein, and Carole Tafoya.

On the piano faculty of Washington University, Sandra also accompanies the Wash U Chamber and Concert choirs. She has been the Bach Society of St Louis accompanist for the past 25 years and is also the accompanist for Webster University Opera studio. She is a vocal coach for the Opera Theatre of St. Louis Artist-in-Training program and the Union Avenue Opera Crescendo Young Artist program.

She has collaborated in Voice Masterclasses given by Nathan Gunn, Stanford Olsen, Kevin Short, Erie Mills, Christine Brewer, Mary Ann McCormack, and Jennifer Johnson Cano.

Sandra regularly accompanies recitals, auditions, and competitions in the St. Louis area.

WashU Choir Members

Joshua Adeniji
Chi Chi Anikeh
Meher Arora
Sanjana Biswas
Mia Burkholder
Jacob Chow
Mireya Coffman
Miko Dai
Anna Escoto
Lindsey Feeley
Katie Furby
Elizabeth Girling
Natalie Green
Deborah Grossman
Hanya Guan
Nathaniel Hope
Martin Ibarra
Oluwatoni John
Josie Kopff
Angela Lane

Adrian Li
Hongyu Li
Jonathan Liu
Tingjun Liu
Noah Maguigad
Gaby Mendoza
Marcus Negron
Bel Orinda
Chloe Rado
Anaelda Ramos
Lilliana Rey
Caleb Rhodes
Kathryn Sarullo
Chelsea Smalling
Vytautas Staniskis
Matthew Sullivan
Kristian Svane
Abi Wileman
Mingheng Ying
Jennifer Zhou

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WUSTL Voice Faculty: Tamara Campbell, Kelly Daniel-Decker, Anthony Heinemann, Candice Ivory, Tai Oney, Sarah Price, Noel Prince, and Nathan Ruggles

Music Office student assistants and WUSTL 560 security staff

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