

acknowledgements

Nancy Gates, rehearsal accompanist

**St. John's Episcopal Church
The Reverend Gavin G. Dunbar, rector
Brian J. Taylor, organist-choirmaster**

**Our thoughts and prayers are with our men serving overseas
Spc. Jeff Smith
Sgt. Joshua Hanafin**

**Randall Canady, manager
Raymond R. Ellis, jr., treasurer**



Robert L. Harris, conductor

presents

Spring Sounds

St. John's Episcopal Church

March 2, 2007

program

I

Haec dies (2003)

Vijay Singh

*This is the day which the Lord has made: let us rejoice
and exceedingly and be glad in it. Alleluia!*

Qui tollis

*Forgive us for our transgressions. Hear us, Lord, hear
our supplication, O Lord.*

Benedixerunt eam

*Praise all with one voice, saying "Your glory, Jerusalem;
Your joy, Israel. Halleluia."*

II

Flute Player (2001)

Williametta Spencer

*O flute player, play your flute.
What tune? What tune do you play?
Who knows what anguish it raises in the heart of someone?
You play perhaps the songs of southern winds
and the song of new youth.
I hear it, I feel it. The trickling mountain stream has
swollen, And resounds with the thunder of monsoon.
O, flute player, when I hear you play,
The call comes to me from the world of immortals.
O, flute player! Perhaps you wanted to see me:
I do not know, for our meeting which is the right place
or the right time, Nor how you recognize me.
In the lonely rainy night, Ringing with the crickets chirp,
She, shadow-like has gone to meet you.
O flute player, let her remain in the far distance
Of your flute's melody.*

Rabindranath Tagore

Lorraine Jones, flute

Stephen Primatic, marimba

Theresa Lynch, percussion

Mary Catherine Mousourakis, soprano

Heather Rose Smith, soprano

Flute Player text used with permission of Peter Owen Ltd.
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III

No Man Is an Island (1998)

Zdeněk Lukáš

*No man is an island, entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;
If a clod be washed away by the sea Europe is the less,
As well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were.
Any man's death diminishes me because I am involved with
mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the
bell tolls. It tolls for thee.*

John Donne

Mary Catherine Mousourakis, soprano

IV

Three Songs from William Butler Yeats (2000)

James Mulholland

Down By the Salley Gardens

*Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I being young and foolish, with her would not agree.*

*In a field by the river my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder She laid her snow-white hand,
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the wiers;
but I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.*

A Dawn-Song

*From the waves the sun hath reeled
Proudly in his saffron walking;
Sleep in some far other field
Goes his poppies now a-hawking;
From the hills of earth have pealed
Murmurs of her children talking
My companions, two and two,
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.*

*Wake ma cushla, sleepy-headed;
Trembles as a bell of glass
All heaven's floor, with vapours bedded
And along the mountain pass.
With their mushrooms lightly threaded
On their swaying blades of grass,
Lads and lasses, two and two
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.*

*Wake! The heron, rising, hath
Showered away the keen dew drops;
Weasel warms him on the path,
Half asleep the old cow crops,
In the fairy-haunted rath
Dewy-tongued, the daisy tops.
We will wander, I and you,
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.*

*For your feet the morning prayeth:
We sill find her favourite lair,
Straying as the heron strayeth,
As the moor-fowl and the hare,
While the morning star decayeth
In the bosom of the air
Gayest wanderers, I and you,
Gathering mushrooms in the dew.*

Had I the Heaven's Embroidered Cloths

*Had I the heavens' embroider'd cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light
Had I the heavens' embroider'd cloths.*

*The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:*

*But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.*

IV

A Word for Bob Burnett (2007)

Randall Reese

World Premier Performance

*I will not say the commonplace
Which never dries the mourner's tear,
Nor say how grief's slow wisdom eases
The saddening heart.*

*Just this to honor those true eyes,
Pure and honest beyond disguise,
The face calm and merry.*

*And now - a drifting silence in the heart -
The swan shakes his soft wings free*

Robert I. Strozier

Heather Rose Smith, soprano

Raymond R. Ellis, baritone

i n t e r m i s s i o n

V

Good Night, Beloved (Slovakia)

Vera Kistlerova

*Good night beloved, good night.
May angels watch o'er you through the night.
Sleep, my love, my delight.
May angels watch o'er you through the night.*

Amanda Davidson, clarinet

Raymond R. Ellis, jr., baritone

VI

Of Crickets and Daffodils (1999)

Randall Reese

Five Poems by Emily Dickenson

I. Not Knowing When the Dawn Will Come

*Not knowing when the dawn will come,
I open every door;
Or has it feathers like a bird
Or billows like the shore.*

II. Perhaps You'd Like to Buy a Flower?

*Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower? But I could never sell
If you would like to borrow Until the daffodil*

*Unties her yellow bonnet Beneath the yellow door,
Until the bees from clover rows Their hock and sherry draw,*

Why I will lend until just then, But not an hour more!

III. The Grass So Little Has to Do

*The grass so little has to do A Sphere of simple Green –
With only Butterflies to brood And Bees to entertain –*

*And stir all day to pretty Tunes The Breezes fetch along –
And hold the Sunshine in its lap And bow to everything –*

*And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls – And make itself so fine
A Duchess were too common For such a noticing –*

*And even when it dies – to pass In Odors so divine –
Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep – Or Spikenards, perishing –*

*And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell – And dream the Days away,
The Grass so little has to do I wish I were a Hay -*

IV. What Mystery Pervades a Well

*What mystery pervades a well! The water lives so far,
Like neighbor from another world Residing in a jar.*

*The grass does not appear afraid; I often wonder he
Can stand so close and look so bold At what is dread to me.*

Related somehow they may be, The sedge stands next the sea,

Where he is floorless, yet of fear No evidence gives he.

*But nature is a stranger yet; The ones that cite her most
Have never passed her haunted house, Nor simplified her ghost.*

*To pity those that know her not Is helped by the regret
That those who know her, know her less The nearer her they get.*

V. Nature, the Gentlest Mother

*Nature, the gentlest mother, Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, - Her admonition mild*

*In forest and the hill By traveler is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel Or too impetuous bird.*

*How fair her conversation, A summer afternoon, -
Her household, her assembly; And when the sun goes down*

*Her voice among the aisles Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket, The most unworthy flower.*

*When all the children sleep She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps; Then, bending from the sky,*

*With infinite affection, And infiniter care.
Her golden finger on her lip, Wills silence everywhere.*

VII

A Word for Bob Burnett

Randall Reese

personnel

Lynn Basinger	Karin Kanneberg
Donna Berry	Matthew Kanneberg
Dan Bolta	Gregory Martin
Peggy Breese	Carla McCurry
Randall Canady	Mary Catherine Mousourakis
Jan Curtis	Denise Norman
Amanda Davidson	Catherine Rogers
Raymond R. Ellis, jr.*	Nathaniel Roper*
Sgt. Joshua Hanafin, USA	Heather Rose Smith
Mari Harris*	John Summers
Jeff Herrin*	Jack Van Eck
Edie Hockspeier	Del Weeks
Angelia Jernigan	Billy Wooten

*charter member