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Chanticleer

Nathanael Pence, Kory Reid, Darita Seth – *soprano*

Cortez Mitchell, Alan Reinhardt, Adam Ward – *alto*

Michael Bresnahan, Brian Hinman, Ben Jones – *tenor*

Eric Alatorre, Matthew Knickman, Marques Jerrell Ruff – *baritone and bass*

William Fred Scott III, *Guest Music Director*

The Gypsy in My Soul

I

Wayfaring Stranger

Anon. Appalachian, adapted from
The Original Sacred Harp (ed. 1936)

Super flumina Babylonis

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525 - 1594)

Civitas sancti tui*

William Byrd (c. 1540 - 1623)

Super flumina Babylonis

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548 - 1611)

II

Madrigals to be selected from:

Fyer, fyer!

Thomas Morley (1558 - 1603)

Ah, dear heart

Orlando Gibbons (1583 - 1625)

Mentre gira costei

Carlo Gesualdo (1560 - 1613)

Arde il mio cor

Gesualdo

III

Selections from *Chansons Françaises*

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Pilons l'orge

Clic, clac, dansez sabots

C'est la petit' fill' du prince

Les tisserands

IV

- Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 “Vocalise”** Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887 - 1959),
arr. Ben Jones
- Aftonen** (“Evening”) Hugo Alfvén (1872 - 1960)

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- Idegen földön** (“Far From Home”) György Ligeti (1923 - 2006)
- I. Siralmas nékem*
II. Egy fekete holló
III. Vissza ne nézz
IV. Fujdogál a nyári szél
- Négy Regi Magyar Népdal** Trad. Hungarian,
 (“Four Old Hungarian Folksongs”) arr. Béla Bartók (1881 - 1945)
- Esti Dal** Trad. Hungarian,
 (“Evening Song”) arr. Zoltán Kodály (1882 - 1967)

INTERMISSION

VI

- Túrót eszik a cigány** (“See the Gypsies”) Trad. Hungarian, arr. Z. Kodály
- Nana**, from *Siete canciones populares Españolas* Manuel de Falla (1876 - 1946)
arr. Jace Wittig
- Niño de rosas**, from *Three Mystical Choruses* Steven Sametz (b. 1954)
Three Mystical Choruses Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2010

VII

- Niška Banja** Trad. Serbian/Roma Folksong, arr. Evan Price
- Járbă, màrè járbă** Zoltán Horváth (composer/lyricist), arr. Stacy Garrop
- Scântei solare** Jonathan Pieslak, adapted J. Wittig

VIII

Jazz, popular music, gospel, and spirituals to be selected from:

Caravan	Duke Ellington, arr. Mills Brothers
Embraceable You	George Gershwin / Ira Gershwin, arr. J. Wittig
Lost in the Stars*†	Kurt Weill, arr. Gene Puerling
My Ship	Kurt Weill, arr. J. Wittig
Blue Skies*	Irving Berlin, arr. J. Jennings
Journey to Recife*†	Bill Evans, arr. J. Jennings
The Washing of the Water* <i>Arrangement Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2013</i>	Peter Gabriel, arr. Mason Bates
Chega de saudade* <i>Arrangement Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2013</i>	Antonio Carlos Jobim, arr. Jorge Calandrelli
Calling My Children Home*†	Doyle Lawson / Charles Waller / Robert Yates, arr. Joseph Jennings
There is a Balm in Gilead*†	Trad. Spiritual, arr. J. Jennings
Poor Pilgrim of Sorrow*	Trad. Spiritual, arr. J. Jennings
Sit Down Servant / Plenty Good Room*	Trad. Spiritual, arr. J. Jennings

**These selections have been recorded and are available at this performance or at
www.chanticleer.org*

*†These selections are published by Hinshaw Music, Inc.,
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Chanticleer

Called “the world’s reigning male chorus” by *The New Yorker* magazine, and named Ensemble of the Year by *Musical America* in 2008, the San Francisco-based, GRAMMY® award-winning ensemble Chanticleer embarks upon its 36th season in 2013-14, performing in 23 of the United States. A winter international tour of 9 European countries will see debuts in Dublin, Moscow, and St. Petersburg; and returns to Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Bruges. Praised by the *San Francisco Chronicle* for their “tonal luxuriance and crisply etched clarity,” Chanticleer is known around the world as “an orchestra of voices” for the seamless blend of its twelve male voices ranging from countertenor to bass and its original interpretations of vocal literature, from Renaissance to jazz, and from gospel to venturesome new music.

Chanticleer’s 24-concert 2013-14 Bay Area Season opens in September with the launch at SF Jazz of a new studio album, *Someone New*, a collection of jazz/pop tunes by composers such as Brubeck, Jobim, Gotye, Waits, Mercury, Elbow, M83 and others newly arranged for Chanticleer. The concert season opens with *She Said/He Said*, featuring music by Fanny and Felix Mendelssohn, Brahms, Ravel, Barber, as well as the premieres of “Give Me Hunger” by Stacy Garrop and Vince Peterson’s arrangement of Joni Mitchell’s “Both Sides Now.” A Chanticleer Christmas is in high demand at the Christmas season with performances from coast-to-coast in venues including New York’s St. Ignatius Loyola, Chicago’s First Presbyterian Church, Walt Disney Concert Hall and churches and missions in the San Francisco Bay Area. A Chanticleer Christmas is broadcast annually on over 300 affiliated public radio stations nationwide.

Two unprecedented collaborations round out the Bay Area season. *Atlantic Crossing in March*, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg and the New Century Chamber Orchestra, recalls the period of electric creativity before World War I through the music of Rosza, Bartok, Weill, Ellington and Gershwin and features special arrangements by Clarice Assad. Concluding the season in June will be Chanticleer's first all Russian program, *Russian Dreams*, featuring music written for Russian male choruses—from chant, folk songs, and battle songs, to secular chorales and Romantic liturgical masterpieces—all prepared by Elena Sharkova.

Since Chanticleer began releasing recordings in 1981, the group has sold well over a million copies and garnered two GRAMMY® awards. Chanticleer's recordings are distributed by Chanticleer Records, Naxos, Rhino Records, ArkivMusic, and iTunes among others, and are available on Chanticleer's website: www.chanticleer.org. In addition to *Someone New*, Chanticleer will release a live recording of *She Said/He Said* on its Chanticleer Live in Concert (CLIC) series.

With the help of individual contributions, foundation and corporate support, the Ensemble involves over 5,000 young people annually in its extensive education programs. The Louis A. Botto (LAB) Choir—an after school honors program for high school and college students—is now in its fourth year, adding to the ongoing program of in-school clinics and workshops, Chanticleer Youth Choral Festivals™ in the Bay Area and around the country, master classes for students nationwide, and the Chanticleer in Sonoma summer workshop for adult choral singers. *The Singing Life*—a documentary about Chanticleer's work with young people—was released in 2008. In 2010, Chanticleer's education program was recognized by the Chorus America Education Outreach Award.

Chanticleer's long-standing commitment to commissioning and performing new works was honored in 2008 by the inaugural Dale Warland/Chorus America Commissioning Award and the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming for the 2006-07 Season in which ten new works were premiered. Among the eighty composers commissioned in Chanticleer's history are Mark Adamo, Mason Bates, Régis Campo, Chen Yi, David Conte, Shawn Crouch, Douglas J. Cuomo, Brent Michael Davids, Anthony Davis, Guido López-Gavilán, Stacy Garrop, William Hawley, Jake Heggie, Jackson Hill, Kamran Ince, Jeeyoung Kim, Tania León, Jaakko Mäntyjärvi, Michael McGlynn, Peter Michaelides, John Musto, Tarik O'Regan, Roxanna Panufnik, Stephen Paulus, Shulamit Ran, Bernard Rands, Steven Sametz, Carlos Sanchez-Gutierrez, Jan Sandström, Paul Schoenfield, Steven Stucky, John Tavener, Augusta Read Thomas and Janike Vandervelde.

Named for the "clear-singing" rooster in Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Chanticleer was founded in 1978 by tenor Louis Botto, who sang in the Ensemble until 1989 and served as Artistic Director until his death in 1997.

Chanticleer, a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation, is the current recipient of major grants from Chevron, The Dunard Fund/USA, The Ann and Gordon Getty Foundation, Grants for the Arts/San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund, The William & Flora Hewlett Foundation, The National Endowment for the Arts, The Bernard Osher Foundation, The Bob Ross Foundation, and The Wallis Foundation. Chanticleer's activities as a not-for-profit corporation are supported by its administrative staff and Board of Trustees.

THE GYPSY IN MY SOUL follows the journey of the wandering spirit, inspired by the historical travels and trials of the Romani people, the borders they crossed, the music of the peoples they encountered, the beauty of the world they traveled, and the yearning for love, safety, and belonging shared by all people.



Wayfaring Stranger – Anonymous Appalachian, adapted from *The Original Sacred Harp* (ed. 1936)

Many of America's most beloved hymns were first published in the early 19th Century, when New Englanders began printing traditional tunes in hymnals with a new kind of notation. In this unorthodox notation style, named "shape-note hymnody," pitches are assigned various shapes that are printed on the note-heads in each voice part to provide a visual aid for singers of all skill levels. The tradition flourished in the American South, where it survives to this day and is the subject of much scholarly and cultural interest. Use of shape-note hymnals (such as *The Original Sacred Harp* and *The Southern Harmony*) continues in parts of the South—particularly in western Kentucky, where people still gather for shape-note sing-alongs. It is not uncommon for these events to last all day.

Super flumina Babylonis — Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525 - 1594)

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the Italian town from which he took his name. He was *maestro di cappella* at St. Peter's in Rome from 1551 to 1554 and from 1571 until his death in 1594. His fame as the outstanding representative of the Roman school caused his name to be directly associated with the "strict" style of Renaissance counterpoint used as a pedagogical model by students of nearly every succeeding generation. In *Super flumina Babylonis*, Palestrina demonstrates his mastery of these contrapuntal techniques. The meticulous voice leading and refined dissonance treatment now universally idealized as the "Palestrina style" are pervasive, and the composer infuses this solemn motet with aching chromatic inflection.

Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus,	By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept
cum recordaremur Sion.	when we remembered thee, Zion.
In salicibus in medio ejus	Upon the willows in that land
suspendimus organa nostra.	we hung our harps.

Civitas sancti tui — William Byrd

William Byrd, called the "Father of Musicke" by his contemporaries, was the most important composer of Elizabethan England. At twenty, Byrd received his first appointment as Organist and Master of the Choristers at Lincoln Cathedral. In 1570 he was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and quickly found his way into the graces of the court. A devout Catholic in England—then militantly Protestant—Byrd was forced to go underground for much of his sacred work, composing Latin masses and motets for services held in secret. Byrd's influence over all aspects of Renaissance composition cannot be overstated: he not only changed the face of church music, but he also resurrected the English song and virtually created the verse anthem.

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta, Your Holy City has become a wilderness,
 Sion facta deserta est. Zion has become a desert.
 Jerusalem desolata est. Jerusalem has been made desolate.

Super flumina Babylonis – Tomas Luis de Victoria (c. 1548 - 1611)

Spanish composer and organist Tomás Luis de Victoria, like many of his contemporaries, traveled to Rome to learn his art. It is possible that Victoria studied with Palestrina while he was there; he was certainly one of the few late-Renaissance composers to master the subtlety of the Prince of Rome. Victoria's many compositions, comprised exclusively of sacred works, brought him a great deal of fame during his lifetime, primarily due to his ability to publish lavish volumes of his music in Venice. His setting of *Super flumina Babylonis* is more extensive than Palestrina's (setting four verses rather than Palestrina's two) and noticeably different in sentiment and texture. Victoria's double-choir setting is filled with dance-like syncopation—illustrative of the composer's Spanish descent—and hints that it may indeed be possible to sing songs of hope in a strange land.

Super flumina Babylonis illic sedimus et flevimus,	By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept
cum recordaremur Sion.	when we remembered thee, Zion.
In salicibus in medio ejus	Upon the willows in that land
suspendimus organa nostra.	we hung our harps.
Quia illic interrogaverunt nos,	For then they who interrogated us,
Et quia duxerunt nos,	they who led us away captive,
verba cantionum:	required of us a song:
Hymnum cantate nobis de canticis Sion.	“Sing us one of the songs of Sion.”
Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini	How shall we sing the Lord's song
in terra aliena?	In a strange land?

Fyer, Fyer! – Thomas Morley (1558 - 1603)

Ah, dear heart – Orlando Gibbons (1583 - 1625)

Madrigals were the popular songs of the Renaissance. They were performed by amateurs and professionals alike in a variety of settings. The texts often dealt with everyday matters, including food and drink, travels, the pursuit of love, and death. The madrigal developed in Italy and quickly spread north through Europe and across the English Channel. The earliest English madrigals were often “borrowed” Italian madrigals, but the genre quickly found new life and a style of its own through composers like Morley and Gibbons, who developed a descriptive and often playful style for these short, entertaining pieces.

Mentre gira costei, Arde il mio cor – Carlo Gesualdo

Don Carlo Gesualdo di Venosa was born to a wealthy landowning family in southern Italy, and though his music was revolutionary in many respects, he is today best remembered as the murderer of his adulterous first wife and her nobleman lover. Though Gesualdo married again and went on to compose a well-respected body of work, his reputation would always be linked to the murders, his fiery temperament, and his many eccentricities. Free of the constraints of composing for the Church, the Prince of Venosa was unencumbered by traditional rules of harmony and contrapuntal function. Gesualdo's madrigals are the

most evocative of his compositions, owing mostly to his striking use of dissonance and unexpected harmony. *Mentre gira costei* and *Arde il mio cor* reveal Gesualdo's mercurial tendencies.

Mentre gira costei

Mentre gira costei,	While she sends
ora veloci or tardi,	(sometimes swift, sometimes tardy)
fieri e soave suoi amorosi sguardi,	her wild and tender loving looks,
sento ch'amor, qual timido augelletto,	I feel that Love, like a bashful cherub,
vola, fugge e rivola nel mio petto.	takes flight, flees, and flutters in my breast.
Deh, ver me volgi omai	Ah, who now sends to me
sempre sereni rai,	her ever-shining rays,
che farà nel mio core	so that in my heart
suo dolce nido Amore.	Love can make his sweet nest.

Arde il mio cor

Arde il io cor ed è sì dolce il foco	My heart burns and the fire is so sweet
che vive nell'ardore	that it lives in the blaze
onde lieto si more.	and thus dies joyfully.
O mia felice sorte,	O, my blissful fate,
o dolce, o strana morte!	o sweet, o strange death!

Selections from *Chansons Françaises* – Francis Poulenc

French composer and pianist Francis Poulenc was a member of *Les Six*, a group of composers working in Paris in the first part of the twentieth century. Poulenc eschewed the daring harmonic language of many of his contemporaries (he once wrote, "I think there is room for *new* music which doesn't mind using other people's chords"). He found, instead, a musical language that is easily recognizable in his numerous compositions, most notably his songs and choral music.

The desire to compose for a *cappella* chorus came to Poulenc after hearing a performance of Monteverdi madrigals presented by Nadia Boulanger. His *a cappella* output runs the gamut from light "entertainment" music to religiously fervent motets, reflecting the dichotomy of Poulenc's own spirituality and modern Parisian proclivities. His *Chansons Françaises* (1948) are settings of old peasant tunes, most often employing a verse-refrain format. The subject matter ranges from the ribald to the melancholy, and Poulenc displays his characteristic light touch, combining drollery and bittersweet sentiments while preserving the charm and simplicity of the rustic original tunes.

Pilons l'orge

Pilons l'orge, pilons l'orge, pilons la. Grind the barley, grind the barley, grind it there.

Mon père m'y maria	My father's married me off...
Pilons l'orge pilons la.	(Grind the barley.)
à un villain m'y donna,	to a peasant...
tirez vous ci, tirez vous la.	(Pull this way, pull that way.)
<i>Pilons l'orge...</i>	<i>Grind the barley...</i>

À un villain m'y donna, He gave me to a peasant
 qui de rien ne me donna. who did not give me anything.
 Mais s'il continue cela But if he continues that way
 battu vraiment il sera. he is going to regret it.
Pilons l'orge... Grind the barley...

Clic, clac, dansez sabots

Clic, clac, dansez sabots Click, clack, dance clogs
et que crèvent les bombardes. and let the cannons explode.
Clic, clac, dansez sabots Click, clack, dance clogs
et qu'éclatent les pipeaux. and let the reed-pipes sing out.

Mais comment mener la danse But how is one to call the tune
 quand les belles n'y sont pas? *Clic, clac...* when the pretty girls are not here? *Click, clack...*
 Allons donc quérir les filles Let us seek the girls—
 Ben sur qu'il n'en manquera pas? *Clic, clac...* surely we won't go without them? *Click, clack...*
 Ben l'bonjour messieurs et dames "Well, good-day, lords and ladies,
 donnerez-vous la belle que v'la? *Clic, clac...* will you give us the pretty girl there?" *Click, clack...*
 LE PÈRE: Les filles c'est fait pour l'ménage *THE FATHER: Girls are made for housework*
 et pour garder la maison. *Clic, clac...* and for looking after the home. *Click, clack...*
 Ouais mais pour faire mariage "Yes, but to get married,
 vous faudra bien des garçons. *Clic, clac...* you must have boys around them." *Click, clack...*
 Vous n'en avez point fait d'autre "You did not do things any differently,
 vous patronne et vous patron. *Clic, clac...* you, Sir, and you, Madam." *Click, clack...*
 LE PÈRE: Allez donc ensemble au diable, *THE FATHER: Then you can all go to the devil,*
 ça s'ra bien un débarras. *Clic, clac...* and good riddance. *Click, clack...*
 Ah! Patron et vous patronne "Ah, sir, and you too, Madam,
 qu'on s'embrasse pour de bon. *Clic, clac...* let us embrace and be done with this." *Click, clack...*

C'est la petite fille du prince

C'est la petite fille du prince It's the prince's little daughter
 qui voulait se marier. who wants to marry.
Sus l'bord de Loire mariez-vous la belle On the banks of the Loire, you will marry the maid
sus l'bord de l'eau, sus l'bord de Loire, at water's edge, on the banks of the Loire,
joli matelot. handsome sailor.

Elle voit venir un barque et One day she saw a boat and
 quarante gallants dedans. in it were forty dandies.
Sus l'bord de Loire... On the banks of the Loire...
 Le plus jeune de quarante The youngest of the forty
 lui commence une chanson. began to sing her a song.
Sus l'bord de Loire... On the banks of the Loire...
 Votre chanson que vous dites "That song you are singing—
 je voudrais bien la savoir. I would like to learn it."
Sus l'bord de Loire... On the banks of the Loire...
 Si vous venez dans ma barque belle "Come into my boat, fair one,
 vous l'apprendrai. and I'll teach you."

<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
La belle a fait ses cent toures.	The maid paced in circles
en écoutant la chanson	as she listened to the song.
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
Tout au bout de ses cent toures	As she finished circling,
la bell'se mit à pleurer.	the girl began to cry.
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
Pourquoi tant pleurer ma mie	"Why do you weep, my love,
quand je chante une chanson?	while I sing you a song?"
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
C'est mon Coeur qu'est plein de larmes	"It is my heart that is full of tears,
parc'que vous l'avez gagné.	Because you have won it."
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
Ne pleur' plus ton Coeur la belle	"Weep for your heart no
car je te le rendrai.	longer, pretty maid, for I return it to you."
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>
N'est pas si facile à rendre.	"A heart is not as easy to return
comme de l'argent prêté	as borrowed money."
<i>Sus l'bord de Loire...</i>	<i>On the banks of the Loire...</i>

Les tisserands

Les tisserands sont pir' que les évêques: The weavers are worse than the bishops:

Tous les lundis ils s'en font une fête. Every Monday they party.

Et tipe et tape et tipe et tape, And tip and tap and tip and tap,

est-il trop gros, est-il trop fin? Is it too coarse, is it too fine?

Et couchés tard, levés matin. And late in bed, early to rise.

En roulant la navette In plying the shuttle
le beau temps viendra. good times will come.

Tous les lundis ils s'en font une fête Every Monday they party
 et le mardi ils ont mal à la tête. and on Tuesday they have a headache.

Le mardi ils ont mal à la tête On Tuesday they have a headache,
 et le mercredi ils vont charger leur pièce. and on Wednesday they go to load their looms.

Le mercredi ils vont charger leur pièce On Wednesday they go to load their looms,
 et le jeudi ils vont voir leur maîtresse. and on Thursday they go to see their mistress.

Le jeudi ils vont voir leur maîtresse, On Thursday they go to see their mistress,
 et le vendredi ils travaillent sans cesse. and on Friday they work without ceasing.

Le vendredi ils travaillent sans cesse, On Friday they work without ceasing,
 et le samedi la pièce n'est pas faite. and on Saturday their place is not quite finished.

Le samedi la pièce n'est pas faite, On Saturday their place is not quite finished,
 et le dimanche il faut de l'argent maître. and on Sunday, money is needed, master.

Et tipe et tape et tipe et tape... And tip and tap and tip and tap...

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5 "Vocalise" – Heitor Villa-Lobos, arr. Ben Jones

Heitor Villa-Lobos, a native of cosmopolitan Rio de Janeiro, showed himself to be a fiercely independent thinker at a young age. His parents hoped he would study medicine and managed his studies in such a way that he was only introduced to music at the amateur level (with the exception of the cello, which he studied formally and played throughout

his life). Rather than focusing on medicine or classical music, Villa-Lobos preferred to spend his time immersed in Rio de Janeiro's vibrant popular music scene. There, he was introduced to the guitar—an instrument he quickly mastered—and the rich variety of Brazilian dance rhythms and instrumental styles that would help define his compositional voice later in life. Indeed, much of Villa-Lobos' work reveals his love for the guitar and the cello by using both in innovative instrumentation theretofore unseen in classical music.

With a young mind full of melodies and rhythms, Villa-Lobos tried several times in early adulthood to study composition at the university level (including a stint at the National Music Institute of Rio de Janeiro), but his non-conformist tendencies and active imagination left him restless. Ultimately he dropped out of class and returned to the Bohemian cafes and lounges of Rio, and the popular Brazilian music that captured his imagination years before. He continued composing, writing a great deal of music in many genres while making a living as a cellist, and eventually gained notoriety amongst critics and the public alike. Critical reviews were often mixed, but his popularity grew significantly with the premier of his third symphony, commissioned for the visit of Belgian royalty in 1922. The performance was successful and allowed Villa-Lobos to secure government funding for a European tour that lasted from 1923-1930. His enormous success in Paris cemented his international reputation as a quality composer, and he returned to Brazil to establish, with some degree of irony, a Conservatory of Music. Fittingly, his pedagogical methods were somewhat unorthodox and placed a strong value on the popular musical traditions of Brazil.

Villa-Lobos habitually studied compositions by fine composers of preceding generations and had a particular affinity for Johann Sebastian Bach. He wrote nine pieces entitled *Bachianas Brasileiras* (literally “Bach-ian Brazilian”), which illuminate his admiration for Bach. Each piece employs compositional forms mastered by Bach during the Baroque era (i.e., Prelude, Fugue, Toccata) to set traditional Brazilian melodies with local dance rhythms and the Brazilian instrumentation for which Villa-Lobos became famous. Bach and Villa-Lobos might seem an unlikely pairing, but it has proven quite memorable; indeed, the *Bachianas Brasileiras* are among Villa-Lobos' most famous and beloved compositions. In addition to these pieces, Villa-Lobos made multiple transcriptions of Bach's piano inventions (for cello, voice, chorus, and guitar). In this spirit, his *Bachianas Brasileras No. 5 “Vocalise”*—originally scored for eight cellos and one soprano soloist—has been transcribed for Chanticleer. The text, by Ruth V. Corrêa, captured the imagination of tenor/arranger Ben Jones, who shares the following:

In Corrêa's poetry, I'm particularly drawn to the idea of “a cruel longing that laughs and cries.” We performers spend a great deal of time on the road, away from what we hold most dear. We've chosen the Bohemian lifestyle; in that sense, we are all gypsies. During rehearsal, we constantly examine our connection to music and poetry, and we force ourselves to contemplate our longings. At times those longings haunt us. The *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* gave me an opportunity to expand the setting of the poetry beyond just the soloist's voice, and this line of text plays a dominant role in the arrangement.

<p>Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela! Surge no infinito a lua docemente, enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela que se apresta e a linda sonhadamente, em anseios d'alma para ficar bela. grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza! Cala a passara da aos seus tristes queixumes e reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza... Suave a luz da lua desperta agora a cruel saudade que ri e chora!</p> <p>Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente, sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!</p>	<p>Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud in the air, dreamy and beautiful! From infinity, the moon sweetly emerges, decorating the afternoon like a gentle maiden who prepares herself and the beauty dreamily, with deep desires from her soul to be made beautiful. She clamors to the sky, to the Earth, all of Nature! A flock of birds silence to its sad moans, and the sea reflects Her splendor... Softly the light of the moon now awakens a cruel longing that laughs and cries!</p> <p>Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud in the air, dreamy and beautiful!</p>
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Thanks to Virginia de Freitas Battersby for Portuguese translation and assistance.

Aftonen – Hugo Alfvén

A champion of the late-Romantic idiom in Sweden, Hugo Alfvén was regarded as one of the best Swedish conductors and composers of his time. Much like his contemporaries, Alfvén was interested in programmatic music, and his writing often evokes the landscape of Sweden. His orchestral writing—complex and colorful—is sometimes compared to that of his contemporary Richard Strauss (of whose work Alfvén was apparently quite fond). Most of his choral works were written for male chorus, but the richly atmospheric *Aftonen* (“Evening”) is an outstanding example of his skill in writing for a mixed-voice choir. The Swedish text paints a picture of the pastoral countryside, each verse closing with a shimmering hum, contrapuntally harmonized to resemble the echo of shepherds’ horns as they call their flocks home at day’s end.

<p>Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar. Hör, huru tjusande vallhornet lullar. Kvällsolens bloss, sänker sig, sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg. Ibland dälдер, gröna kullar, eko kring nejden far...</p>	<p>The forest is still, the heavens are clear. Hear the enchanting shepherds’ horns sing lullabies. The sunset blazes and slowly disappears, fading into the calm, clear waves. Among the valleys and green hills, the echo resounds near and far...</p>
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Idegen földön – György Ligeti

György Ligeti was one of the most influential *avant-garde* composers of his time. He was born in Romania to a Hungarian Jewish family and lived in Hungary before later becoming an Austrian citizen. When he was a child, Ligeti’s family moved to Cluj (Kolozsvár, Klausenburg), where he was educated and in 1941, began studying composition with Ferenc Farkas at the city’s conservatory. After taking private lessons in Budapest with Pál Kadosa in 1942-43, he was sent into forced labor as a Jew. The Nazi occupation destroyed his family, but Ligeti resumed his studies with Farkas and Sándor Veress at the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest at the end of World War II. He spent a year doing field research in Romanian folk music after his graduation in 1949 but returned to the Liszt Academy in 1950 as a teacher of harmony, counterpoint and formal analysis. He remained there until

he fled from Hungary after the revolution in 1956. Ligeti did not set Hungarian texts again until 1983.

Early in his career, in order to retain his standing as a composer, Ligeti was resigned to writing many arrangements of folksongs (most of his original work could not be performed or published in Communist-controlled Hungary). Nevertheless, in the 1940s Ligeti began to develop his own style. The year 1945 saw the completion of *Idegen földön* (“Far from Home”), written prior to the death of Stalin in 1953. At the time, composers were quite limited in their artistic output due to rigid cultural restrictions. Thus, *Idegen földön* is written in the Hungarian language to avoid comprehension by vigilant Russian censors, who decried many of Ligeti’s original compositions for their “excessive dissonance” and “adolescent recalcitrance.”

The four short movements of *Idegen földön* pose as Hungarian folksongs, but are in fact Ligeti’s original compositions. The text of *Siralmas nékem* (“Lament”) is by Bálint Balassa (1554 - 1594), Hungarian knight, adventurer, and the most significant Hungarian lyric poet of the Renaissance. His poetry, inspired by military heroism, love, and religion, also experimented with drama. The three other movements are based on folk literature.

I. Siralmas nékem I. Lament

Siralmas nékem	It is miserable for me
idegen földön	to grow old
már megnyomorodnom,	in exile;
szívem meghervadt	my heart has withered
nagy bánat miatt,	because of my great sadness;
nincs már hova fognom.	I don't have anywhere to go.

Laktam földemről,	When I am thinking,
szép szerelmemről	it comes into my mind
mikor gondolkodom,	how I lived in my homeland,
jutván eszemben	and then, my beautiful love,
ott én mint éltem,	my tears fall,
könyveimet hullatom.	for I live on foreign land.

II. Egy fekete holló II. A dark raven

Imhol kerekedik egy fekete felho.	Here a black cloud gathers.
Abba tollászokdik egy fekete holló.	Inside it, a dark raven preens.
Állj meg, holló, állj meg,	Stop raven, stop,
vidd el leveletem	take my letter straight
apámnak, anyámnak,	to my father, to my mother
jegybéli mátkámnak.	and to my betrothed lover.
Ha kérdik hol vaghok,	If they ask where I am,
mondjad, beteg vagyok,	tell them, tell them I'm ailing;
idegenbe csak,	tell them I'm exiled in foreign lands,
bujdosó bagyok.	far away from them, I feel so lonely.

III. Vissza ne nézz III. Do not look back

Mikor a nagy erdon kimész When you leave the big forest,
arra kérlek, vissza ne nézz, I beg you not to look back;
ne legyen szívednek nehéz don't make your heart heavy
hogy az idegen folder mész. because you are going into exile.

IV. Fujdogál a nyári szél IV. Summer sends a gentle breeze

Fujdogál a nyári szél. Summer sends a gentle breeze.
hozzad az illatot, Bring me back its scent!
nyári szél, felho kél Summer breeze, and cloud, come
hints le rank harmatot. Sprinkle dew on us!

Zöld erdo minden fád Green forest, all your trees
aranyba foglalom, I will deck with gold,
ha látnád, elhoznád if you see my beloved
hozzám a galambom. and bring her to me.

Négy Regi Magyar Népdal (“Four Old Hungarian Folksongs”) – Béla Bartók

Alongside Liszt and Kodály, Bartók is considered one of Hungary’s greatest composers. He was born in present-day Romania (then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) to a Hungarian father and German-speaking mother who taught him piano from a very young age. His childhood, while riddled with ill health, revealed his talents as a prodigious young musician. His studies led him all over the Kingdom of Austria-Hungary, but he settled at the Royal Academy of Music in Budapest by age seventeen. It was here that he met Kodály, with whom the young composer began a lifelong friendship.

Bartók’s influences were many and varied. His exposure to Debussy, Strauss, and Liszt was no more important than his familiarity with more traditional composers like Brahms. Additionally, he had a fondness for the folk music of Hungary that is apparent in much of his compositional output (indeed, he and Kodály were so taken with the study of folk music that they made a point of incorporating scales and rhythms from peasant songs in many of their formal compositions). Bartók spent a good portion of his early thirties collecting and arranging folksongs from all over the Empire, with particular attention paid to the songs in his native *Magyar* (Hungarian) language. **Four Old Hungarian Folksongs** is a fine example of his arranging style in this genre, employing rich and unexpected re-harmonizations—to the extent that the new setting resembles a composition as much as an arrangement. The texts are rich with folk imagery, nonsense wordplay, somewhat ribald double-entendre, and the idealization of Budapest as a cosmopolitan center. Throughout these robust arrangements for men’s voices, Bartók includes dance rhythms from the Hungarian countryside.

Bartók’s love for his homeland was disrupted by the World Wars and the accompanying political situation in Hungary. Ultimately, Bartók and his wife joined in the great migration of Eastern Europeans fleeing to the United States (settling in New York City). While he never felt completely comfortable in his new home, he continued to work as a composer, pianist, ethnomusicologist, and teacher until his death in 1945. His work with Kodály

in Hungary was influential in the field of modern music education, and many American teachers today employ pedagogical methods conceived by these two Hungarian masters.

I.

Rég megmondtam, bús gerlice I've long told you, sad turtle-dove,
Ne rakj fészket útszéjre! Do not make a nest by the side of the road.
Mer az úton sokan járnak, For many pass along that road,
A fészedb l kihajhásznak. And will drive you from your nest.

Rakjál fészket a s r be, Make your nest in the depths of the wood,
Bánatfának tetejibe; Atop the tree of sorrow;
Aki kérdi; ezt ki rakta? When asked, who made this?
Mondjátok; egy árva rakta, Reply, 'twas an orphan,

Kinek sem apja, sem anyja, Who has neither a father nor a mother,
Sem egy igaz atyjafia. Nor even a true friend.

II.

Jaj istenem! kire várok: Oh my Lord, who am I waiting for:
Megyek Budapestre, I'm off to Budapest,
ott sétálok a lányokkal To take a stroll with the girls
Minden szombat este. Every Saturday night.

Kipirosítom az arcom, I'll rouge my cheeks,
Magam nagyra tartom; I'll think highly of myself;
Úgy szeretnek meg engem a lányok That's how the girls will fall for me
Ott a Dunaparton. There on the banks of the Danube.

III.

Ángyomaszszony kertje, bertje, My sister-in-law's garden, larden,
Nem tom mi van belévetve: I've no idea what it's growing:
Szederje, bederje, Blackberries, very-berries,
Kapsom donom donom deszka, Lollyberries, erries, erries, plankies,
Kántormenta fodormenta, Singing-mint and spearmint,
Jaj de furcsa nóta, ugyan cifra nóta! Hey what a weird ditty, a well-twisted ditty!

Cs röm alatt öt rozsasztag, In my barn I've five sheaves of oat,
A kertembe hat rozsasztag, In my garden six sheaves of oat,
Szederje, bederje, Blackberries, very-berries,
Kapsom donom donom deszka, Lollyberries, erries, erries, plankies,
Kántormenta fodormenta, Singing-mint and spearmint,
Jaj de furcsa nóta, ugyan cifra nóta! Hey what a weird ditty, a well-twisted ditty!

IV.

Béreslegény, jól megrakd a szekeret, Farm laborer lad, load the cart well,
Sarjútüske böködi a tenyered! The stubbles prickle your palm!

Mennél jobban böködi a tenyered The more they prickle your palm,
Annál jobban rakd meg a szekeredet. The better you load your cart.

Translation by Nicholas Bodoczky and Anna Sütő.

Esti Dal - Trad. Hungarian, arr. Zoltán Kodály (1882 - 1967)

Composer, arranger, musicologist, and pedagogue Zoltán Kodály is perhaps best known for his impact in the field of music education. Music teachers worldwide are familiar with the Kodály Method (created posthumously to reflect Kodály's pedagogical philosophy). He was born into a family of amateur musicians in the small Hungarian city of Kecskemét. At the age of eighteen, his parents sent him to Budapest to study science, but Kodály instead enrolled himself in the Liszt Academy of Music, where he met Béla Bartók, with whom he developed a lifelong friendship. Kodály, like Bartók, was a versatile composer. His *oeuvre* includes operas, children's music, solo songs, chamber music, a symphony, and an extensive catalog of choral compositions. Hungarian folk music had an enormous impact on both men (though Kodály's aesthetic is tied more to Romanticism than Bartók's), and its influence is virtually omnipresent in Kodály's writing—even his most complex works feature folk rhythms and melodies. Many of his most beloved compositions are beautifully nuanced harmonizations of old folksongs, which Kodály painstakingly collected on phonograph cylinders during his travels to rural Hungary in the early twentieth century. Such is the case with *Esti Dal*, a beautifully harmonized setting of a traveler's earnest, simple prayer for safe passage in a strange land.

Erdő mellett est vélédtem,	Evening darkness overtook me near the woods;
Subám fejem alá tettem,	I made my coat a pillow under my head.
Öszszetéttem két kezemet,	I have put my hands together
Ugy kértem jó Istenémet:	to pray to the Lord like this:
Én Isteném, adjál szállást,	Oh, my Lord, give me a place to sleep,
Már meguntam a járkálást,	I am tired of wandering,
a bujdosást,	of walking,
Az idegën földön lakást.	of living in a strange land.
Adjon Isten jó éjszakát,	May God grant me a good night,
Küldje hozzám szent angyalát,	send a Holy Angel,
Bátorítsa szívünk álmát,	encourage our hearts' dreams;
Adjon Isten jó éjszakát.	May God grant me a good night.

Túrótt eszik a cigány – Trad. Hungarian, arr. Zoltán Kodály

Kodály arranged several Hungarian folk songs based on playful Romani dancing songs or referencing “gypsy” dances that were well known in Hungary. *Túrótt eszik a cigány* (“See the gypsies”) is the first setting of several texts on this program dealing with the Romani or “gypsy” people and their traditions, either directly or as observed by their countrymen.

Túrótt eszik a cigány, duba	See the gypsies eating cheese,
Veszekédik azután, léba.	after that they become quarrelsome.
Mégazt mondja pofon vág, duba	They even say they will slap your face;
Vágja biz a nagyapját, léba.	Why, they'll slap their own grandfather!
Csipkefa bimbója Kihajlott az útra,	The buds of the briar hang over the road,
Rida rida bom bom bom...	Rida rida bom bom bom [dancing sounds]...
Arra mënt János ka, szakajt ëgygyet róla.	Little Janos went that way and picked one of them.

Nana, from *Siete canciones populares Españolas* - Manuel de Falla, arr. Jace Wittig

Manuel de Falla was born in **Cádiz**, a whitewashed city on the coast of Andalusia in southern Spain. One of the oldest continually inhabited cities in Europe, Cádiz has long been a meeting point for many peoples, and was a point of entry for one branch of the Romani people arriving in Spain via northern Africa. Their influence in Andalusia is thoroughly integrated into local customs; so much so that it is quite difficult to discern the difference between Andalusian and Romani elements of local culture. Andalusian *flamenco*, for instance, has been adopted and adapted by the Romani people virtually since its creation—the music and dance are deeply affected by the gypsies who have championed it.

Steeped in the modes and tonality of Andalusian music from a young age, Manuel de Falla penned his *Siete canciones populares Españolas* (“Seven Popular Spanish Songs”) in 1914, scored for a solo vocalist and piano accompaniment. Though written for solo voice, they share an ideal with Poulenc’s *Chansons Françaises*, as both composers endeavor to celebrate their native folk music through creative harmonizations and sophisticated performances. The fifth song in the cycle, **Nana** is a haunting lullaby in which De Falla utilizes a blend of the melodic minor scale and the modern Phrygian mode to create the “Andalusian cadence” prevalent in many pieces of *flamenco* music (A-minor, G-major, F-major, E-major). In *flamenco* the cadence is quite easy to hear but in *Nana*, De Falla creatively juxtaposes this cadence with a pedal tone and a chain of inner-voice suspensions, creating a captivating sense of time standing still while a mother sings her newborn to sleep.

Duérmete, niño, duerme, Sleep, child, sleep,
duerme, mi alma, sleep, my soul,
duérmete, lucerito de la mañana. sleep, little light of the morning.
Nanita, nana, nanita, nana. Lullaby, lullay, lullaby, lullay.
Duérmite, lucerito de la mañana. Sleep, little light of the morning.

Niño de rosas, from *Three Mystical Choruses* - Steven Sametz (b. 1954)

Steven Sametz is Professor of Music and Director of Choral Activities at Lehigh University. After completing his undergraduate studies at Yale University and the Hochschule für Musik in Frankfurt, he received his Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Dr. Sametz is active as a conductor, editor, and composer whose works have been performed both nationally and internationally. Sametz’s association with Chanticleer is longstanding and has resulted in some of the ensemble’s most beloved concert repertoire, such as “I Have Had Singing” and “in time of.”

The first of Sametz’s *Three Mystical Choruses*, **Niño de rosas** (“Child of roses”) sets the poetry of 17th-century poet Jacinto de Evia, one of the earliest documented poets from Ecuador. The poem narrates a mystical encounter between a gypsy girl and Jesus Christ in his childhood. Much of the text is sung by a soloist, portraying the fortune-telling gypsy girl, who reads the young Christ’s palm. She initially asks for alms as payment but, after her visions of his future crucifixion, she requests only glory.

Ah, mi Niño, Niño bendito... Ah, my Child, Blessed Child...
Dame una limosnita, Niño bendito, Give me alms, Blessed Child,
si me das la mano, Infante divino, if You would give me Your hand, divine Child,

la buenaventura versa que te digo.	I will tell your fortune to you.
<i>Niño de rosas,</i>	<i>Child of roses,</i>
dale a la gitanita paga de glorias.	give this little gypsy girl glory as payment.
Miro aquí la raya, que muestra	I read on your palm the line that reads:
que aunque niño	though You are a child,
verterás tu sangre, baño a mis delitos.	You will shed Your blood, which cleanses my sins.
<i>Niño de rosas...</i>	<i>Child of roses...</i>
Serás de tres reyes Rey reconocido,	By three kings, You will be venerated as the King,
y a este mismo tiempo	and at the same time,
de un rey perseguido.	by a king You shall be persecuted.
<i>Niño de rosas...</i>	<i>Child of roses...</i>
Miro esotra raya, (¡o con qué prodigios!)...	I see in another line (oh, what wonders!)...
A los treinta y tres, dejarás la vido,	At thirty years You will give up Your life,
de amores rendido.	exhausted by love.
<i>Niño de rosas...</i>	<i>Child of roses...</i>
Dame una limosnita,	Give me alms,
dale a la gitanita paga de glorias.	give this little gypsy girl glory as payment.
<i>Niño de rosas!</i>	<i>Child of roses!</i>

Niška Banja - Trad. Serbian/Roma Folksong, arr. Evan Price

Járbă, màrè járbă – Zoltán Horváth, arr. Stacy Garrop

Scânteii solare - Jonathan Pieslak (poetry by Sabina Pieslak), adapted by Jace Wittig

The folk music of Eastern Europe, filled with dance rhythms and the unique harmonic language of its native country, is rich and varied. The Romani people represent a large portion of the present-day population in Serbia, Hungary, and Romania, and have contributed to the canon of folk music in each country they inhabit. Their songs often tell of daily life—simple, charming, or otherwise.

Niška Banja

Niška Banja, topla voda	The public baths at Niš, with hot waters,
za mangupe živa zgodá,	a real convenience for pesky boys.
Em ka lavlam, em kamavla,	I will find her, I will love her,
and'o Niši ka mekav la!	and in Niš I will leave her!
Mi Cigani meraklije,	We Gypsies have a good time,
ne možemo bez rakije.	and we can't make it without plum brandy.
Bez rakije, šljivovice,	Without grape brandy, without plum brandy,
i bez mlade Cigančice.	and without a beautiful Gypsy girl.
Jedan, dva, tri, četir, pet, šest,	One, two, three, four, five, six,
sedam, osam, devet, deset.	seven, eight, nine, ten.
Deset, devet, osam, sedam,	Ten, nine, eight, seven,
šest, pet, četir, tri, dva, jedan.	six, five, four, three, two, one.
Deset, devet, osam, sedam,	Ten, nine, eight, seven,
šest, pet, četir, tri, dva, nula.	six, five, four, three, two, zero.
Duj, duj, dešuduj	Two, two, twelve,
čumidav la and'o muj.	I'll kiss her on the face.
Em ka lavla, em kamavla,	I will find her, and I will love her,
and'o Niši ka mekav la.	and in Niš I will leave her.

Járbă, mǎr e j arb a

J�arb�a, m�ar�e j�arb�a, m-�as dusj�e �ak�asz�a, d�a nu pot, k�a �am zsur�at, m�ar�e j�arb�a, vergy�e j�arb�a nu m�a pot dusj�e �ak�asz�a. J�arb�a, m�ar�e j�arb�a, m-�as dusj�e �ak�asz�a, d�a nu pot, k�a �am zsur�at!	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home but I cannot, because I have sworn to the green grass that I would not. Green grass, tall grass, Oh, that I cannot go home!
O m�etsz n�an�a d�a p�in sz�at, m�aj, �aj l�asz�at kulyikb�a gala, Ingurzit�a inpunz�ita d�a-j plyina da szarasjij�e, M�ar�e j�arb�a, vergy�e j�arb�a nu m�a pot dusj�e �ak�asz�a!	My mother has left the village; she left the hut empty, adorned with leaves but full of poverty. Tall grass, green grass, oh that I cannot go home!
J�arb�a, m�ar�e j�arb�a, m-�as dusj�e �ak�asz�a, d�a nu pot, k�a �am zsur�at!	Green grass, tall grass, I would like to go home, But I cannot because I have sworn that I would not!

Sc antei solare

Soare �i stele multe, m�arunte, Joc de lumin�a pe v�arf de munte; S-a topit z�apada u�or, Curge limpede spre izvor. V�antul cald a purtat prim�avara, Salt�a prin v�ai din nou c�aprioara. Bea din r�aul pur cristalin, Care-n mare se vars�a lin; Prim�avara se na�te din plin. Cre�te marea, valuri cu spum�a, P�as�ari c�al�toare se-adun�a, O siren�a le c�ant�a dulce, "La da lo..."	Sun and stars, many tiny ones, A game of light on the mountain peak; The snow has melted easily, It flows clearly toward the spring. The warm wind carried the spring; The doe once again leaps through the valleys. She drinks from the pure, crystal river That pours itself smoothly into the sea; Springtime is fully born. The sea is rising, waves with foam, Migrating birds are gathering, A siren sings sweetly to them, "La da lo..."
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Text and translation by Sabina P au a Pieslak

Caravan - Duke Ellington, arr. Mills Brothers, adapted Brian Hinman

Embraceable You - George Gershwin / Ira Gershwin, arr. Jace Wittig

Lost in the Stars - Kurt Weill, arr. Gene Puerling

My Ship - Kurt Weill, arr. Jace Wittig

Blue Skies - Irving Berlin, arr. Joseph Jennings

Journey to Recife - Bill Evans, arr. Joseph Jennings

The first half of the twentieth century saw American popular music flourish and take the world by storm. Access to records and record-players allowed worldwide listeners to hear the latest hits, ushering in an era dominated by the great songwriters and lyricists from the 1920s in Tin Pan Alley through the Broadway and Hollywood musicals of the 1950s. The brightest stars of this era (Harold Arlen, Duke Ellington, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, and Irving Berlin, among others) are credited with creating and contributing to the Great American Songbook—a generally agreed-upon collection of the most popular and memorable songs of the era. Today, these pieces are so widely familiar, musicians simply call them “standards.” Within the greater world of American popular song, vocal jazz became genre all its own. Each arranger crafted his own unique writing style, often tailored for a specific ensemble. The Mills Brothers were a groundbreaking vocal quartet who became the first African

American musicians with a network radio show when they signed a three-year contract with CBS in 1930. Years later, Gene Puerling found remarkable success with his arrangements for the Hi-Lo's and the Singers Unlimited (both groups under his direction), and Joseph Jennings' many arrangements for Chanticleer have become a cornerstone of the ensemble's repertoire. The selections on this program share a sense of *wanderlust* and a virtuosic arranging style.

The Washing of the Water - Peter Gabriel, arr. Mason Bates

Chega de saudade - Antonio Carlos Jobim, arr. Jorge Calandrelli

In the summer of 2013, Chanticleer returned to Skywalker Sound in Marin County, California, for the first time in many years to record the genre-bending album *Someone New*. The album represents Chanticleer's first recording comprised of entirely pop and jazz music sung *a cappella*. Celebrated composers Mason Bates and Jorge Calandrelli have written for Chanticleer on numerous occasions, and each contributed one arrangement in his signature style.

Chega de saudade

Chega de saudade a realidade é que sem ela não pode ser...

("No more longing, the reality is that life can't go on without her...")

Vamos deixar desse negócio de você viver sem mim!

("Let's stop this nonsense of you living without me!")

Thanks to Virginia de Freitas Battersby for Portuguese translation and assistance.

Calling My Children Home - Doyle Lawson / Charles Waller / Robert Yates,
arr. Joseph Jennings

There is a Balm in Gilead - Trad. Spiritual, arr. Joseph Jennings

Poor Pilgrim of Sorrow - Trad. Spiritual, arr. Joseph Jennings

Sit Down Servant / Plenty Good Room - Trad. Spiritual, arr. Joseph Jennings

African American sacred music is a fountain that never runs dry. Long before blues or jazz, African American musicians sought to integrate the sounds of Europe and America. Their joy resided in the tension between the formal strictures of the concert hall and the unbridled freedom of the church. Impeccable enunciation—often of dialect, as if to highlight the singers' identification with, and distance from, slavery—was combined with a moaning tonality incarnated in American music's greatest indigenous sound, the blue note. The ensemble sound was typically huge and the vocal range immense. Contemporary gospel and spiritual arrangements have taken on a complex arranging style, including syncopation and blue notes, unresolved harmonic sevenths, the interplay of classical and secular idioms, and the glittering use of musical allusion.

In the course of his extended tenure with Chanticleer, Joseph Jennings' arrangements have become popular favorites with audiences worldwide. The spirit of longing for a new home in a strange land is prevalent amongst these final selections, which are fine examples of Mr. Jennings' ability to inject the vocal freedom inherent in the Southern Baptist tradition into the structure of classical music.