



Evening Concert Series

2009-2010 Season

Sunday, April 25
Helen M. Hosmer Hall
3:00 PM

Potsdam Community Chorus
Jeffrey Francom, Conductor
Nancy Hull, Piano

Requiem, Op. 48 (1887-90)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Laura Toland, Organ
PCC Chorus Orchestra

1. Introit and Kyrie

Rest eternal grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.
A hymn befits thee, O God in Zion,
and to thee a vow shall be fulfilled in Jerusalem.
Hear my prayer, for unto thee all flesh shall come.
Lord have mercy upon us.

2. Offertory

James Cahill, Baritone

Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory,
liberate the souls of all the faithful departed
from the pains of hell and from the deep pit;
deliver them from the lion's mouth;
let not hell swallow them up,
let them not fall into darkness:
but let Michael, the holy standard-bearer,
bring them into the holy light, which once
thou promised to Abraham and to his seed.
Sacrifices and prayers of praise,
O Lord, we offer to thee.

Receive them, Lord, on behalf of those souls
we commemorate this day.
Grant them, O Lord,
to pass from death unto life,
which once thou promised to Abraham
and to his seed.

3. Sanctus

Kama Prellwitz, Violin

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

4. Pie Jesu

Emma Simon, Soprano

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest.

5. Agnus Dei

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
grant them rest, grant them eternal rest.

6. Libera Me

William Melchior, Baritone

Deliver me, O Lord, from death eternal,
on that dreadful day:
when the heavens and the earth shall quake,
when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.
I am seized by trembling, and I fear
until the judgment should come,
and I also dread the coming wrath.
O, that day, day of wrath,
day of calamity and misery,
momentous day, and exceedingly bitter,
when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.
Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

7. In Paradisum

May the angels lead you into paradise;
May the Martyrs welcome you upon your arrival,
and lead you into the holy city of Jerusalem.
May a choir of angels welcome you,
and, with poor Lazarus of old,
may you have eternal rest.

Intermission

All Things Bright and Beautiful (1983)

Ray Toland, Conductor

John Rutter (b. 1945)

*All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.*

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
All things bright ...

The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one:
All things bright ...

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things bright ...

--Cecil Alexander (1823-95)

Sure On This Shining Night (2005)

Jeffrey Francom, Conductor

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

--James Agee (1909-55)

In Remembrance (from *Requiem*) (1994)

Eleanor Daley (b. 1955)

Ray Toland, Conductor

Do not stand at my grave and weep.
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glint on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle morning rain.
And when you wake in the morning's hush,
I am the sweet uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there, I did not die.

--Anonymous

Potsdam Community Chorus Ensemble

Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959)

Randall Thompson (1899-1984)
Poetry by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

1. The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step has trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

2. The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear I may):
I shan't be gone long. You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother.
It's so young it totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long. You come too.

3. Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music – hark!
Now if it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the wood for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went –
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars:
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked,
And I hadn't been.

4. The Telephone

“When I was just as far as I could walk
From here today,

There was an hour
All still
When leaning with my head against a flower
I heard you talk.
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say –
You spoke from that flower on the window sill –
Do you remember what it was you said?"

"First tell me what it was you thought you heard."

"Having found the flower and driven a bee away,
I leaned my head
And holding by the stalk,
I listened and I thought I caught the word –
What was it? Did you call me by my name?
Or did you say –
Someone said 'Come' – I heard it as I bowed."

"I may have thought as much, but not aloud."

"Well, so I came."

5. A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden
Her father said, to plow;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in a wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,
And even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted
That a cider-apple
In bearing there today is hers,
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village
How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right,
She says, "I know!

"It's as when I was a farmer..."
Oh never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.

6. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.
The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

7. Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud –
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.

Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says "I burn."
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.

It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

Potsdam Community Chorus

Potsdam Community Chorus Orchestra

Violin

Kama Prellwitz

Viola

Kimberly Callahan

Kathryn Hess

Rebecca Miller

Codi Ng

Alyssa Raduns

Kirstin Teall

Cello

Carol Dolgon

Stacy King

Natasha Jaffe

Lydia Zervanos

Bass

Dylan Perrillo

Michael Pitocchi

Horn

Tyler Thomas

Alyssa Cherson

Harp

Kathryn Sloat

Organ

Laura Toland

Potsdam Community Chorus Ensemble

Soprano

Stephanie Backofen

Betsy Baker

Becky Fulton

Lora Lunt

Marybeth McGreevy

Tenor

Steve Easter

Jeffrey Francom

Andrew Gillcrisp

David Lauzon

Richard Lunt

Alto

Amanda Allen

Sue Bonnell

Jennifer Freego

Laura Toland

Carolyn Watters

Bass

Lance Myler

Corey Reichhart

John Schwaller

Mark Shatrow

Ray Toland

Potsdam Community Chorus

Soprano

Julia Atkins

Stephanie Backofen

Betsy Baker

Donna Lee Behnke

Mary Betz

Suzanne Betz

Elizabeth Bocinski

Elisabeth Brandt

Erin Brockway

Cynthia Coleman

Shalvi D'Arcangelo

Colleen Flaherty

Jennifer Freego

Becky Fulton

Kelli Grewell

Sarah Johnson

Nichole Kelder

Jessica Lopez

Lora Lunt

Janet McFarland
Marybeth McGreevy
Elise Mills
Cynde Morin
Aleksandra Nowakowska
Andrea Palma
Jackie Petriello
Victoria Rogers
Deborah Scharbach
Kaley Schrecengast
Jessica Seaver
Page Silverman
Emma Simon
Erica Trocino

Alto

Amanda Allen
Natalie Alvarez
Sue Barkley
Christine Benincasa
Sue Bonnell
Brienne Borden
Kimberly Callahan
Sara Chatalbash
Katelyn Cross
Lois Cutter
Alana DeStefano
Carol Dolgon
Nicole Downs
Danielle Edwards
Erin Farrell
Ting Ting Goh
Melanie Haberman
Samantha Heagerty
Cristina Henkel
Sarah Hope
Rosalie Jadlos
Sharon Jones
Lindsey Kenyon
Polly Lewis
Alexandra Morris
Samantha Pecotte
Jamie Roscoe
Jing Ruan
Fiona Scales
Jamie Scotto

Laura Toland
Sarah Wigley
Carolyn Watters

Tenor

Michael Alfieri
Joel Bailey
Scott Bergersen
James Cahill
John Cross
Michael Deshaies
Stephen Easter
Andrew Gillcrist
Donald LaBarge
David Peter Lauzon
Richard Lunt
Kevin Murray
Gregory Razzano
Kevin Toomey

Bass

Gregory Bennett
John Bernstein
Ogden Brandt
David Brawn
Joseph Durant
Matthew Hartnett
Nathan Herman
Jake Hoover
Carter Jones
Michael Kaiser
Daniel Lamancuso
Jeffrey Lyons
William Melchior
Lance Myler
Nicholas Natalie
Alex Neubert
Michael Oquendo
Nicholas Petrone
Corey Reichhart
Justin Richardson
John Schwaller
Timothy Schwob
Mark Shatraw
Ray Toland
Kevin Urvalek

In order to ensure a pleasant concert experience for both performers and audience, please refrain from:

- Entering or leaving during the performance.
- Bringing food or drink into the concert hall.
- Taking flash photographs.
- Using electronic devices (please remember to turn off your cellular phone, pagers and watches that chime on the hour).

Children who are able to sit quietly during the performance are welcome to our concerts.

Tape/video recording of performances is strictly prohibited without permission of the performers!

Thank you!