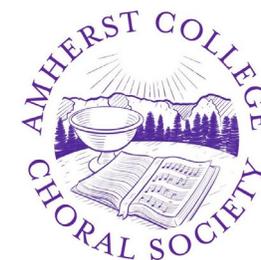


Amherst College Glee Club



Soprano:

Alexandra Conklin* \$
Cameron Mueller-Harder *\$
Sylvia Lanni *#
Amira Reyad *#
Sedalia Gomez *#
Brenna Kaplan-Keshguerian*#
Abigail Dustin *^
Annika Bajaj *
Logan Maniscalco *
Shuyao Charlotte Wang *
Mina Lee #
Isabelle Anderson
Catherine Sarosi #
Julissa Tello
Jo Hoskins
Jessica Huang
Bek Herz
Eugena Chang
JiaJia Zhang #
Claire Kenny *

Alto:

Ana Varona Ortiz *
Marie Fagan *#
Woohyun Kwen
Evelyn Chi
Charlotte Domittner
Alexis Scalese #
Umaimah Ahmed
Jessica Yu #
Ryan Kyle
Priscilla Lee
Eva Tsitohay
Kelly Huang #
Ally Woodford
Victoria Gallastegui
Hannah Gariepy
Eva Nelson #
Katya Besch *
Michelle Contreras Catalan
Hanah Lee
Soyon Choi
Belem Oseguera
Anna Lyons *

Tenor:

Haoran Tong *
Ezra Curtis *^#
Shay Hernandez *
Patrick Spoor *\$
Sam Wright *

Bass:

Nat Roth *
Owen Cannon *
Brett Donshik
Gilbert Wermeling *\$
Sean Kim *
Nicolas Graber-Mitchell #
Thomas Brodey #
Kameron Melvin # \$
Kenny Chen #
Hahram Kim #

- Senior

* - Concert Choir

\$ - Madrigals

^ - Smith College

Everlasting Voices

Friday April 29th 8 p.m.

Buckley Recital Hall

Arianne Abela, Director

Gilbert Wermeling '19, Assistant Director

Maura Glennon, Pianist

Program:

Wangol Sten Källman

Gilbert Wermeling, Nat Roth,
Patrick Spoor, Percussion

The Everlasting Voices Sam Wright '23

Amherst College Glee Club

Miagete Goran Yoru no Noshi o Izumi Taku

Tenors and Basses of the Amherst College Glee Club

The Parting Glass Arr. The Wailin' Jennys

Sopranos and Altos of the Amherst College Glee Club

Since Robin Hood Thomas Weelkes

Dawn Ritz Rakotomalala

My heart doth beg you'll not forget Orlando di Lasso

Amherst College Madrigal Singers

Tchaka Sydney Guillaume

Gilbert Wermeling, Nat Roth,
Patrick Spoor, Noah Horn, Percussion

Water Night Eric Whitacre

Alleluia Jake Runestad

Concert Choir

Lao Rahal Soti Arr. Shireen Abu-Khader
Julissa Tello, Solo

Because you sang Arianne Abela
Shuyao Charlotte Wang, Conductor

John the Revelator Arr. Paul Caldwell / Sean Ivory

Three Gifts Lisa Smith Van der Linden '89

Senior Song J.S. Hamilton '06

Amherst College Glee Club

**We will be accepting donations for the
Ukraine Crisis Relief Fund!**

The Concert Choir is excited for the May 29th premier of its collaborative project with the University of the Philippines, *Buklod*.

With many thanks to Brandon Waddles, Jean Bernard Cerin, Sydney Guillaume, Jake Runestad, Shireen Abu Khader, and Haitham Haidar for Zooming with us and sharing your insights.

Thank you also to Alisa Pearson, Ted Keyes, and Suzette Farnham.
Your help is invaluable.

Wangol

Wangol oh w ale.
Ki lé w a vini wé m anko w ale?
Peyia chanje.

Sten Källman (b. 1952)

Wangol, you are leaving.
When will I see you again?
The country is changing.

The Everlasting Voices

Pie Jesu Domine
Dona mihi requiem.
Requiem aeternam.
Amen.

Sam Wright '23

O sweet everlasting Voices, be still;
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander obeying your will,
Flame under flame, till Time be no more;
Have you not heard that our hearts are old,
That you call in birds, in wind on the hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore?
O sweet everlasting Voices, be still.

- *William Butler Yeats, 1865 - 1939*

Miagete Goran Yoru no Noshi o

*Miagete goran yoru no hoshi wo
Chiisana hoshi no, chiisana hikari ga
Sasayaka na shiawase wo utatteru*

Taku Izumi (1930 – 1992)

Look up at the stars in the sky
The small light from a small star
Is singing of a small happiness

- *Rokusuke Ei, 1933 - 2016*

The Parting Glass

Arr. The Wailin' Jennys

Of all the money that e'er I spent
I spent it in good company.
And all the harm that e'er I've done,
a las it was to none but me.

And all I've done
for want of wit,
to mem'ry now I can't recall.
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Oh all the comrades that e'er I've had,
are sorry for my going away.
And all the sweethearts that e'er I've had
would wish me one more day to stay.

But since it falls unto my lot,
that I should rise and you should not,
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call,
Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Since Robin Hood

Thomas Weelkes (1576 – 1623)

Since Robin Hood, Maid Marian,
And Little John are gone-a,
The hobby horse was quite forgot
When Kemp did dance alone-a.

He did labour After the tabor.
For to dance then into France.
He took pains to skip it
In hope of gains. He did trip it
On the toe, *diddle diddle diddle doe*.

Dawn

Ritz Rakotomalala (b. 1981)

When Night is almost done –
And Sunrise grows so near
That We can touch the Spaces –
It's time to smooth the Hair –

And get the Dimples ready –
And wonder We could care
For that Old – faded Midnight –
That frightened – but an Hour –

- *Emily Dickinson, 1830 - 1880*

My heart doth beg you'll not forget

Orlando di Lasso (1532 – 1594)

My heart doth beg you'll not forget
My heavy heart, with sorrow aching
And spite of jealous eyes e'en yet,
One last farewell we might be taking!
Once, smiles my lips were ever curving
And gracious words were all they knew.
Now alone for cursing they're serving
Those who banish me, love, from you.

Tchaka

Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982)

Turn up the fire!
We are going to eat tchaka!
Turn up the fire, stir up the corn, don't forget the salt pork,
We are going to eat a delicious tchaka.
We are going to cook up a mind-blowing stew.
At the sound of the three drums,
everyone yells out hurray.
If we join together we can all move forward.
Let us enmesh in lovely harmony
A delicious homemade stew, a musical tchaka.
It's a delicious homemade stew, a national tchaka,
A delicious homemade stew...
Turn up the fire! Turn up the fire!
Yanvalou, Kontredans, Rabòday are amazing.
Roots music, oh yes, that's good stuff.
Let's stick together;
side by side we can move forward.
Turn up the fire! Turn up the fire!
The tchaka is cooking!
Ibo, Bolero, Banda, Mayi, Congo, Petro, Maskaron...
These are the rhythms of our roots.
We danced Kalinda and we sang Rabòday,
Heads together, with love, let us do great things.
Turn up the fire!
We proclaimed hope and we sang of peace,
So that the light of justice spreads throughout the earth.
We'll keep on singing...
We'll keep on singing to make life more beautiful!
In justice and in love, let's eat a delicious tchaka!
Amen! Let's eat a delicious tchaka!

- *Gabriel T. Guillaume*

Water Night

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Night with the eyes of a horse that trembles in the night,
night with eyes of water in the field asleep
is in your eyes, a horse that trembles,
is in your eyes of secret water.

Eyes of shadow-water,
eyes of well-water,
eyes of dream-water.

Silence and solitude,
two little animals moon-led,
drink in your eyes,
drink in those waters.

If you open your eyes,
night opens, doors of musk,
the secret kingdom of the water opens
flowing from the center of night.

And if you close your eyes,
a river, a silent and beautiful current,
fills you from within,
flows forward, darkens you,
night brings its wetness to beaches
in your soul.

- Octavio Paz, 1914-1998

Alleluia

Jake Runestad (b. 1986)

Alleluia

Lao Rahal Soti

Arr. Shireen Abu-Khader (b. 1972)

مُتْرَا حَلَّ مَا صَوْتِي رَا حَلَّ لَوَا رَا حَلَّ حَنُ
وَنِي يَ عَى كُرَا عَلِي بَاب لَمُ وَق عَك مُمُ
وَي رَا حَلَّ مَعْنُ الْ طَلَّتْ غَانِي بِالْأُ
وَبَتَّ جَمْعُ لَوَا رَا لَق مَكْسُ لَنِي رَا عَتَّ بَوَالُ

If my voice departs, your voices will not...
I see tomorrow and my heart is with you...
If the singer goes (dies), the songs will remain...
bringing together the broken and suffering heart...

- Samir Shqer

Because you sang

Arianne Abela

Who will bear this burden?
What harbinger of spring
Will weather storm and clamor
And living future, bring?
Fortified, and boundless,
With voice unwavering
Because you sang I sing, I sing
Because you sang, I sing

Armored with each other
Though newly had you met
Sounding ever outwards,
For souls not entered yet
Louder yet the uproar
Against oppression's sting
Because you sang I sing, I sing
Because you sang, I sing

A choir of a thousand
Distinguished woven parts
Perfect in its union
Of common beating hearts
I'll add my voice, my vigor
The song you raised will ring
Because you sang I sing, I sing
Because you sang, I sing

- *Ruthie Prillaman*

John the Revelator

Arr. Paul Caldwell / Sean Ivory

O tell me who is that writin'?
John the Revelator,
Writin' in the book seven seals.

O tell me what is he writin'?
'Bout the Revelation,
Writin' in the book of seven seals.

When John looked over Calvary's hill,
Heard a rumblin' like a chariot wheel.
Well, Tell us, John, what did you see?
I saw a beast rising from the sea!

O tell me who is that writin'?
John the Revelator,
Writin' in the book seven seals.

O tell me what is he writin'?
'Bout the Revelation,
Writin' in the book of seven seals.

Talk to us, John! What's the good news?
The wounded are healed and they are singin' the blues.
Oh John, in the graveyard, whadaya see?
The dead are dancin' round me.

Oh Tell us: Who is writin'?
Tell us: What he's writin'!
Tell us why he's writin'.

Time for revelation and for jubilation.
Tell us what you're writin' read it to us, John!

Well, John, just tell it in your precious book,
Well, John, just tell it in that book of seven seals. John!

Three Gifts

Lisa Smith Van der Linden '89

Whose woods these are I think I know:
These woods belong to me.
That line of mountains,
All the sky I see.

Thank you Amherst for three places you've given me:
A place right here a place for roots.
A growing place, a greening place,
A warmth when it's cold.
A second place I'll go someday,
A place awaiting me:

A line of mountains I can see from here
that someday I will climb and maybe
from their heights,
I'll see another line...

And then above me, all the sky
A limitless expanse
Where I will stretch my mind and soul like wings
And fly, and I will fly.

These gifts will last me till I die:
These gifts of woods
And mountains
And sky!

Senior Song

J.S. Hamilton '06

Strangers once we came to dwell together,
Born of a mother wise and true,
Now we're bound by ties that cannot sever,
All our whole life through.
Gather closer hand to hand,
The time draws near when we must part,
Still the love of college days will linger
Ever in each heart.

So raise the rosy goblet high,
The senior chalice and belie
The tongues that slander and defile
for we have yet, a little while
To linger, youth, and you and I in college days.

We have climbed together up the pathway,
On to the goal where life doth wait,
Where in bright and bek'ning fields of promise
Lieth fame or fate.
Form'd among these dear old halls
Friendships that can never die,
Strength to keep us faithful and devoted
To our purpose high.