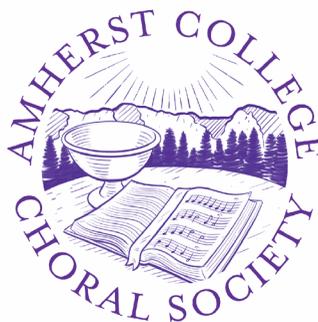


AMHERST COLLEGE CHORAL SOCIETY PRESENTS

HOMECOMING CONCERT

ARIANNE ABELA, CONDUCTOR
GILBERT WERMELING, ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR
MAURA GLENNON, ACCOMPANIST



NOVEMBER 13, 2021, 6:00PM
BUCKLEY RECITAL HALL
ARMS MUSIC CENTER
AMHERST COLLEGE

Family Weekend Concert

October 22, 2021

8:00pm, Buckley Recital Hall

Dr. Arianne Abela, Conductor

Gilbert Wermeling, Assistant Conductor

Maura Glennon, Accompanist

Chorus

Tundra

Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)

“The lyrics for Tundra were written by Charles Anthony Silvestri, specifically for this work. I asked Tony to write a text based on the title, and some photos of a part of my native Norway that is very dear to me; the Hardangervidda mountain plateau. It’s pretty close to where my father grew up, a ski resort town called Geilo, in the mountains between Oslo and Bergen. This area is quite barren, and intensely beautiful. It is easy to feel that you are treading on sacred land.” -Ola Gjeilo

Wide, worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse
Of green and white and granite grey;
Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth,
Unmoving;
While clouds dance
Across the vast, eternal sky.

Alice Rogers, soloist

They're Red Hot

Moira Smiley

Early blues legend Robert Johnson's playful street-call song "Hot Tamales" distilled into voices. With original body percussion & a new bridge.

Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale
Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale
 She got two for a nickel, got four for a dime
 Would sell you more, but they ain't none of mine
Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale, I mean
 Yes, she got'em for sale, yes, yeah

Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale
Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale
 You know grandma loves them and grandpa too
 Well I wonder what in the world we children gonna do now
Hot tamales and they're red hot, yes she got'em for sale, I mean
 Yes she got'em for sale

Parting Glass

Traditional Irish folk song,
arranged by the Wailin' Jennys

Written versions of "The Parting Glass" can be found as early as the 1600s in a collection of Scottish airs called the Skene manuscript, assembled between 1615 and 1635. Made popular in the 1950s by the Clancy Brothers, it has since been recognized as an Irish parting song, second in popularity only to "Auld Lange Syne."

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.

Glee Club

Što mi e milo

Macedonian folk song,
arranged by Petko Stainov (1896-1977)

Boy: How pleasing and delightful, mother, in the town of Struga having a shop would be!

Mother: Lele! Scram boy, young boy Kalino, in the town of Struga having a shop would be!

Boy: On my little stool, mother, I would sit, the girls of Struga, mother, I would watch.

Mother: Lele! Scram boy, young boy Kalino, the girls of Struga, mother, I would watch.

Boy: The one, mother, who fetches the water, in those jugs, mother, colorful jugs.

Mother: Lele! Scram boy, young boy Kalino, in those jugs, mother, colorful jugs.

Which is the Properest Day to Drink?

Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

arranged by Marshall Bartholomew (1885-1978)

Which is the Properest Day to Drink was written by the English composer Thomas Arne (1710-1778), who is also known for a version of God Save the King, and the songs Rule,

Britannia! and A-Hunting We Will Go. This song quite jovially asks the most appropriate day of the week to drink, with the conclusion seeming to be that every day of the week is “properest.”

-Nathan Yao, '16

“Which is the properest day to drink?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday?”

“Each is the properest day I think,

Why should I name but one day?”

“Tell me but yours, I’ll mention my day,

Let us but fix on some day.”

“Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.”

Jimmy Murphy

Traditional Irish folk song

It was in Kilkenny the great row was making,
And poor little Jimmy Murphy was the last to be taken.

We’re far from the last road, from east to Downpatrick,
Where lies poor little Jimmy Murphy on the sweet green mossy banks,
Skinny malink, killymajoe, whisky frisky toorahloo,
Rankadiddle dido ding dooralidoh.

We marched through the town and we marched through the city
With our hands tied behind us and the ladies cried, “Pity!”

We're far from the last road, from east to Downpatrick,
Where lies poor little Jimmy Murphy on the sweet green mossy banks,
Skinny malink, killymajoe, whisky frisky toorahloo,
Rankadiddle dido ding dooralidoh.

Now Jimmy Murphy wasn't hanged for sheep-stealing
But for courtin' a pretty maiden, and her name was Kate Whalen!

We're far from the last road, from east to Downpatrick,
Where lies poor little Jimmy Murphy on the sweet green mossy banks,
Skinny malink, killymajoe, whisky frisky toorahloo,
Deedledumdi arrahnapogue uisce fuisce sheedanabo
Kalamadu skilimiba alaka kalaka danaga bu
Rankadiddle dido ding dooralidoh.

He Could Only Sing a C

Geoffrey O' Hara (1882-1967)

There once was a manly baritone,
but alas! no star was he,
for while other fellows sang every note
of the scale,
he could only sing a C.

It was in vain he tried to sing an A,
the sound came out like a donkey's bray.
It was in vain he tried to sing the B,
but oh! His lovely perfect C!

So he sang with the chorus,
and they planned it so that he could
skip the A, B, D, E, F and G,
and sing his great big C.

I wish I were like that singer,
no genius need I be,
If in just a little way, of this world's dizzy plan
I could always sing a perfect C.

I might not set the world on fire,
I might not to big things aspire,
but in one thing perfect I would be,
just like that guy who sang a C.

I'd be a part of of the chorus,
that was planned for you and me.
Skip the A, B, D, E, F, and G,
but I'd sing my great big C.
(He said a C)
"I said a C!"

Haoran Tong, soloist

Concert Choir

As There are Flowers

Colin Britt (b. 1985)

I wrote "As there are flowers" in 2010 as a Valentine's Day gift for my then-girlfriend (now wife), Tori. I had already set many texts by Edna St. Vincent Millay, but I was drawn to the simple elegance of the poem's eight lines, and the repeated combination of "flowers, song, and you." The first verse, carried by the altos, is accompanied by a gently repeating chord progression in the low voices; the second verse is more contrapuntal and builds to a climax as the poet expresses that beauty "may not die, as long as there are flowers and you and song."

- Colin Britt

Still must the poet as of old,
In barren attic bleak and cold,
Starve, freeze, and fashion verses to
Such things as flowers and song and you;
Still as of old his being give
In Beauty's name, while she may live,
Beauty that may not die as long
As there are flowers and you and song.

Hallelujah

Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)

I'm a die-hard J.R.R. Tolkien buff, from way back, long before the movies. Images from his writing are permanently engraved in my mind, and often re-emerge as I work on new projects. Early in the Fellowship of the Ring, the hobbit Frodo awakens one morning from a beautiful dream-vision: "...[he] heard a sweet singing running in his mind: a song that seemed to come like a pale light behind a grey rain-curtain, and growing stronger to turn the veil all to glass and silver, until at last it was rolled back, and a far green country opened before him under a swift sunrise."

To me, this is very close to how I would love to imagine an arrival to one's "heavenly home." The accompanimental melodies that open "Hallelujah" are my imaginings of what the "sweet singing" of Frodo's dream-vision might have sounded like, from afar off. The main Sacred Harp melody, first emerging in the baritones, then increasing in strength as the other men join, depicts the growing light that at last reveals the "green country [opening] before him under a swift sunrise."

I first heard the Sacred Harp "Hallelujah" at the Midwest Sacred Harp Convention in Chicago in 1999. It is a perennial favorite in the Sacred Harp community, with its memorable chorus:

"And I'll sing hallelujah, and you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah, when we arrive at home."

The arrangement cycles through two florid verses, filled with active counterpoint, before a quiet, lingering third verse anchors things emotionally:

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, take life or friends away....
But let me find them all again in that eternal day."

After a final chorus, a return to the opening material brings the arrangement full circle, with heavenly-sounding voices welcoming the soul "home."

-Shawn Kirchner

And let this feeble body fail,
And let It faint or die;
My soul shall quite this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet.
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day

Tchaka

Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982)

Tchaka is one of the most popular meals in Haitian cuisine. It's a "melting pot" – a tasty mélange of different food products such as corn, beans with pork, and crustaceans. Likewise, Haitian folklore consists of a huge variety of rhythms and dances that when mixed together give birth to extraordinary works.

-Sydney Guillaume

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!

Nat Roth, Gil Wermeling, and Maura Glennon, percussion

Amherst College Choral Society

Water Fountain

The Tune Yards
arr. Kristopher Fulton

No water in the water fountain
No side on the sidewalk
If you say Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Nothin' much to do when you're goin' nowhere
Wooha! Wooha! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house.

No water in the water fountain
No wood in the woodstock
If you say Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Nothin' much to do when you're goin' nowhere
Wooha! Wooha! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house.

Nothing feels like dying like the drying of my skin and lawn
Why do we just sit here while they watch us wither 'til we're gone?
I can't seem to feel it,
I can't seem to feel it,
I can't seem to feel, I'll kneel
I'll kneel, the cold steel,

You will ride the whip, You'll ride the crack no use in fighting back,
You'll sledge the hammer if there's no one else to take the flak
I can't seem to feel it
I can't seem to find it
Your fist clenched my neck
We're neck and neck and neck and neck and neck and

No water in the water fountain
No phone in the phone booth

If you say Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there
Jump back, jump back Daddy shot a bear
Wooha! Wooha! Gotcha
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house

I saved up all my pennies and I gave them to this special guy,
When he had enough of them he bought himself a cherry pie
He gave me a dollar, a blood-soaked dollar
I cannot get the spot out but it's okay it still works in the store

Greasy man come and dig my well,
Life without your water is a burning hell,
Stuff me up with your home-grown rice,
Anything make me look nice,

Se pou zanmi mwen, se pou zanmi mwen *
And a two-pound chicken tastes better with friends
A two-pound chicken tastes better with two
And I know where to find you,

So listen to the words I said
Let it sink into your head
A vertigo round-and-round-and-round

Now I'm warm in your bed
How did I get ahead?
Woo!
Thread your fingers through my hair
Fingers through my hair
Give me a dress
Give me a dress
a give a thing a caress
Would-ja, would-ja, would-ja

Listen to the words I say!
Sound like a floral bouquet
A lyrical round-and-round-and-round

Okay take a picture it'll last all day, hey
Run your fingers through my hair
Do it 'til you disappear,
Gimme your head
Gimme your head
Gimme your head!
Head! Head! Head! Head!

No water in the water fountain
Floral bouquet
A lyrical round-and-round-and-round
No side on the sidewalk
Okay take a picture it'll last all day, hey
Your fingers through my hair
If you say Hair, there?
Do it 'til you disappear,
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere

Wooha! Wooha! Gotcha Gotcha

We're gonna get the water from your house, your house
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house
We're gonna get the water from your house, your house

* Haitian Creole for: "It is for my friends, it is for my friends"

Annika Bajaj, Charlotte Wang,
Gil Wermeling, Nat Roth, Anna Lyons,
Maura Glennon, percussion

Paige's Horse

W. P. Bigelow 1889

Brightly from the study window
Gleams my chummy's student lamp,
While across the wintry meadows
I am wandering home from "Hamp"

Let the student lamp be burning,
Send its gleam across the snow,
So that I from "Hamp" returning,
May find the way to go.

Paige's horse is in a snowdrift,
Paige's sleigh is upside down,
And my head goes reeling, reeling
As I stagger in to town.

Let the student lamp be burning,
Send its gleam across the snow,
So that I from "Hamp" returning,
May find the way to go.

Hand me down my bonnet

Arr. by N. P. Foster, '1906

Hand me down my bonnet,
And hand me down my shawl,
And hand me down my calico dress.
I'm going to Calico ball.

Well, as we go marching,
And the band begins to P - L - A - Y,
You can hear the people shouting,
The Amherst team is out to win today.

First she have me candy,
And then she gave me cake,
And then she gave me gingerbread,
For kissing her at the gate.

Well, as we go marching,
And the band begins to P - L - A - Y,
You can hear the people shouting,
The Amherst team is out to win today.

She used to give my whiskey,
She used to give me gin,
She used to give me crême de mint,
For kissing her on the chin.

Well, as we go marching,
And the band begins to P - L - A - Y,
You can hear the people shouting,
The Amherst team is out to win today.

Oh Amherst, Our Amherst

James Shelley Hamilton, '1906
with revised lyrics by members of the classes
of '61, '19, '20, and '22

Lyrics by Robert Siegel '61, Richard Klein '61,
Richard Dimond '61, and Charles Husbands '61
With editing by Patrick Spoor '22, Nicolas Graber-Mitchell '22,
Kassidy Zhang '20, and Kai-Isaak Ellers '19

For many years, *Lord Jeffrey Amherst*, the lyrics and melody of which were written by J.S. Hamilton, Class of 1906, was the unofficial fight song and anthem of the college. Research has revealed Lord Jeffery Amherst's hatred for the Native Peoples of North America, whom he opposed in the French and Indian War, and his support for giving them smallpox-infected blankets. As a result of student-led movements to dissociate the College from Lord Jeffrey Amherst, the song bearing his name had ceased to be performed at Choral Society events by 2016.

Prior to their 55th Reunion in 2016, four members of the Class of '61 rewrote the lyrics, focusing them solely on the College while preserving the original melody. In early 2019, five members of the 2018/19 Amherst College Choral Society worked with the Class of '61 team to make the final revision. These nine lyricists hope that *O Amherst, Our Amherst* will preserve the melody that had been sung and loved for over a century by thousands of Amherst graduates and will foster pride in all those who share the community of Amherst College.

-Note co-written by students and alumni

O let's sing our praises to the College on the Hill,
We shall sing them wherever we may be
For the name of Amherst College resonates, and always will,
Both at home and across the sea.
Both at home and across the sea.

From its classrooms and athletic fields, fair Amherst shines its light,

And to it we will ever be true.
Amherst welcomes all the challenges that come within its sight
And looks around for more when there are few.

O Amherst, our Amherst!
'Tis a name known to fame from shore to shore.
May it ever be glorious
'Til the sun shall climb the heavens no more.

Since the days of Amherst's founding back in eighteen twenty-one,
It's excelled as the College on the Hill.
The memories of its graduates and honors they have won
Abide here among us still,
Abide here among us still.

You may talk about your Wesleyan, your Williams and the rest,
For these schools will always play their part,
But give us our Fairest College, which has proven it's the best.
To the end it will be in our heart.

O Amherst, our Amherst!
'Tis a name known to fame from shore to shore.
May it ever be glorious
'Til the sun shall climb the heavens no more.

The Chorus

Soprano:

Katie Mina Lee
Héloïse Schep
Shreya Mathew
Eleanor Walsh
Logan Maniscalco
Shuyao "Charlotte" Wang+
Annika Ridky
Isabelle Anderson
Cat Sarosi
Julissa Tello
Alice Rogers+
Josephina Hoskins
Jessica Huang

Alto:

Ryan Kyle
Woohyun Kwen
Anna Hogarth
Priscilla Lee
Catherine Charnoky
Yuchen (Cherry) Tian
Eva Tsitohay
Ally Woodford
Zoe Jonas
Callie Slevin *+
Anna Lyons+
Marie Fagan
Hee Won Youn
Lynca Kaminka
Bek Herz

* Smith College friends

+ section leader

Officers:

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Vice President: Julissa Tello
Librarian: Anna Lyons

Glee Club

Tenor:
Shay Hernandez
Andres De La Torre+
Haoran Tong
Patrick Spoor
Ryder Coates

Bass:
Owen Cannon
Gil Wermeling+
Cole Graber-Mitchell
Thomas Brodey
Ankit Sayed
Kameron Melvin

+section leader

Officers:

President: Patrick Spoor
Vice-President: Shay Hernandez
Librarian: Ryder Coates

Choral Society Officers:

Treasurer: Ryan Kyle
Social Chair: Marie Fagan

Concert Choir

Soprano:

Alexandra Conklin
Tina Zhang
Cameron Mueller-Harder
Sylvia Lanni
Amira Reyad
Sedalia Gomez
Brenna Kaplan-Keshguerian
Alice Rogers+
Abigail Dustin *
Annika Bajaj

Alto:

Callie Slevin *
Eleanor Lee
Ana Belén Varona Ortiz
Anna Hogarth
Anna Lyons
Marie Fagan
Woohyun Kwen
Shuyao “Charlotte” Wang+

Tenor:

Haoran Tong
Ezra Curtis *
Shay Hernandez
Andres De La Torre+
Patrick Spoor

Bass:

Tyler Fields
Nat Roth
Owen Cannon
Brett Donshik
Isaiah Doble
Gil Wermeling+

* Smith College friends
+ section leader

Officers:

President: Haoran Tong
Vice President: Alice Rogers
Librarian: Shuyao “Charlotte” Wang
Supreme Chancellor: Cameron Mueller-Harder