

# KHORIKOS

presents



## Our Nature

Saturday, March 30, 2019 7:30pm  
The Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua, NYC

## KHORIKOS

### **Soprano**

Manon Blackman  
Rachel Boeglin  
Emily Cohen  
Noele Flowers  
Mary Legunn  
Alessandra Levy-Brickman  
Alyssa Manzi

### **Alto**

Anna Bansil  
Arielle Datz  
Erika Ji  
Maggie Dobbins  
Carah A. Naseem  
Hannah Sheldon-Dean

### **Tenor**

Justin Ballard  
Peter Murphy  
László Ryan Seress  
Pedro Sequera  
Nick van Vliet  
Richard Whitney

### **Bass**

Gordon Bartow  
John Clinton  
Christian Holslin  
Benjamin Martinson  
Kai Okada  
Adam Stasiw

**Principal Conductor: Alec Galambos**

# KHORIKOS Presents SAROS Cycles: Our Nature

Saturday, March 30, 2019

The Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua, New York, NY

*Please refrain from applause until the end of each group of pieces.*

Chiaro <i>cond. Justin Ballard</i>	b. 1947	György Orbán
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Toi, le cœur de la rose from <i>L'enfant et les sortilèges</i>	1875-1937	Maurice Ravel <i>Transcription:</i> Clytus Gottwald
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Bánat (Regret) BB 111 Vol. 7 No. 1	1881-1945	Béla Bartók
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Hate whom ye list No. 4 from <i>Four Madrigals</i>	b. 1928	Thea Musgrave
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Kyrie From <i>Missa Hercules dux Ferrariae</i>	c. 1450- 1521	Josquin des Prez
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Kyrie From <i>Messe chascun me crie ... même Hercule (After Josquin)</i> <i>Soloist: Pedro Sequera</i>	b. 1944	Maurice Bourbon
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Teth Bonum est Viro Iod From <i>Lamentations</i>	1555-1617	Alonso Lobo
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Ich bin so müd von Seufzen 1580-1639

Melchior Franck

From Psalm 6, "Ach Herr,  
straff mich nicht in deinem  
Zorn"

*Mary Legunn, Rachel Boeglin,  
Carah A. Naseem,  
Pedro Sequera, Gordon Bartow,  
Alec Galambos*

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Troparion of the  
Resurrection "When Thou  
hadst risen again"  
Op.37 *All-Night Vigil*, No. 14

1873-1943

Sergei Rachmaninoff

**brief intermission**

Gerard Manley Hopkins  
Looks at the Sky\*

b. 1987

Benjamin Martinson

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Pavane de la Belle au bois  
dormant  
*Soloists: Manon Blackman  
(Soprano), Carah A. Naseem  
(Alto), Maggie Dobbins  
(Whistle)*

1875-1937

Maurice Ravel  
*Transcription:  
Thierry Machuel*

Coral del Arrecife  
VII from *Oceana*

b. 1960

Oswaldo Golijov

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The Gallant Weaver  
*Soloists: Mary Legunn,  
Alyssa Manzi, Alessandra  
Levy-Brickman*

b. 1959

James MacMillan

\*World Premiere performance

KHORIKOS seeks to identify the connective tissue in music from across centuries, and so we're always grateful to be able to draw from a repertoire filled with revealing, unsparing music. It's also hard to program choral music without stumbling upon nature. As it goes, though, the language we use to describe our world often can't quite contain it, so when those words meet the score, we're left with music that's more about us.

*Chiaro* is unlike so much music: blossoming gradually and relentlessly, unconstrained by a fixed meter, unwavering in tonality, and never wasting time with arduous self-reflection. Dante's natural imagery describes a perfect, immaculate love, and sets some pretty high expectations. In contrast, Clytus Gottwald's five-voice deconstruction of Ravel's aria *Toi, le cœur de la rose* encases the melody in echoes of itself, and a flowing but steady *andante* contextualizes all this beauty as just the "rest of a dream". In *Bánat*, yearning suspensions and a couple plodding sequences of minor intervals remind us that nature in music is not all flowers and florid counterpoint.

Angry music is so often angular and constrained, as if an attempt to make order out of chaos. No exception, Thea Musgrave's singular treatment of *Hate whom ye list*, a ~500-year-old text, is infinitely relatable. Her phrases seem to trip over themselves on purpose, demanding the singers articulate clearly but nearly denying them the time and energy to do so. The piece quickly veers away from a grounding chordal texture and paints denial into a repetitive tirade of descending scales. Maurice Bourbon's urgent *Kyrie* takes up Josquin's modal material (in Josquin's case, a plaything, with pitches derived from the vowels in the Duke Ercole's name) and pushes back at the formal constraints of early polyphony with dense canon and a desperate, virtuosic solo, demonstrating that no other text in the choral repertoire pleads quite like a *Kyrie*. Lobo's sprawling counterpoint embodies the defining resignation of the *Lamentations* text, before Franck tires of grief, turning defiantly to the relative major, buoyed for just a moment.

Rachmaninoff's large choral works share the same rich, intricate kind of voice leading that defines his towering piano and symphonic repertoire. This excerpt of the *All-Night Vigil* is dense and dynamic, but never shouty, and seems to avoid celebration—it skirts around the tonic chord, subverts cadences, and hinges on *pianissimo*. The liturgical text it sets claims victory over death; the music ends unresolved.

Benjamin Martinson's premiere prompts us to rethink how nature behaves. Like *Chiaro*, *Gerard Manley Hopkins Looks at the Sky* is a continuous thought, asking the singers to ignore meter, honoring the natural weight of the text—but here, with unambiguous harmony and a sense of structure that relays the source material with unrestrained clarity. In response, Ravel's plaintive, chromatic lullaby tells a story about captivity. Richter's poetry—a reflection on Charles Perrault's telling of *The Sleeping Beauty*—is delivered by the king and queen to their daughter before her castle is encased in trees, brambles, and thorns.

Golijov's *Oceana* breaks free. From the composer:

I do hope that water and longing, light and hope, the immensity of South America's nature and pain, are here transmuted into pure musical symbols, which nevertheless should be more liquid than the sea and deeper than the yearning they represent.

In *The Gallant Weaver*, allusions to nature are tentative—optimistic, but questioning—and love is an act of defiance.

Thank you so much for coming, supporting KHORIKOS, and allowing us to share this amazing music with you.

—Alec Galambos

Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo figlio,  
umile e alta più che creatura,  
termine fisso d'eterno consiglio,

tu se' colei che l'umana natura  
nobilitasti sì, che 'l suo fattore  
non disdegnò di farsi sua fattura.

Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore,  
per lo cui caldo ne l'eterna pace  
così è germinato questo fiore.”

Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,  
Humble and high beyond all other creature,  
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,

Thou art the one who such nobility  
To human nature gave, that its Creator  
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.

Within thy womb rekindled was the love,  
By heat of which in the eternal peace  
After such wise this flower has germinated.

– From Paradiso: Canto XXXIII by Dante Alighieri (c. 1265-1321),  
translated from the Italian by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

## **Toi, le cœur de la rose**

**Maurice Ravel**

Toi, le cœur de la rose,  
toi, le parfum du lys blanc,  
tes mains et ta couronne,  
tes yeux bleus et tes joyaux.

You heart of the rose,  
you perfume of white lillies,  
your hands and your crown,  
your blue eyes and your jewels.

Tu ne m'as laissé  
comme un rayon de lune,  
qu'un cheveu d'or sur mon épaule,  
et le débris d'un rêve.

You have left me nothing  
but, like a ray of the moon,  
a golden hair upon my shoulder  
and the rest of a dream.

– Colette (1873-1954),  
translated from the French by Earl Rosenbaum

## **Bánat**

**Béla Bartók**

Könnyebb a kősziklát  
Lágy iszappá tenni,  
Mint két egyes szívnek  
Egymástól elválni.  
Mert ha két édes szív  
Egymástól megválík,  
Még az édes mez is  
Keserűvé válik.

## **Regret**

It is easier to turn stone cliffs to sludge  
than to separate two hearts that are as one.  
For if two sweethearts are separated,  
even sweet honey turns bitter.

– Traditional folksong, translated from the Hungarian by László  
Ryan Seress



## Hate whom ye list

Thea Musgrave

Hate whom ye list, for I kare not;  
Love whom ye list and spare not;  
Do what ye list and drede not:  
Think what ye list, I fere not.  
For as for me, I am not  
But even as one that reckes not,  
Whyther ye hate or hate not.  
For, in your love I dote not  
Love whom ye list and spare not  
Therewith I am content.  
Hate whom ye list and spare not  
For I am indifferent,  
Do what ye list and drede not  
After your own fantasy  
Think what ye list and fere not  
For all is one to me.  
For, as for me, I am not wavering, as the wind  
But even as one that reckes not  
Which way you turn your mind  
For in your love I doubt not  
But as one that reckes not  
Whyther you hate or hate not  
Is least charge of my thought  
Wherefore I pray you forget not  
But that I am well content  
For I'm indifferent.

– Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1552)

**Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison.

**Josquin des Prez**

Lord, have mercy.

**Kyrie**

Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.

**Maurice Bourbon**

Lord, have mercy.  
Christ, have mercy.

**Teth**

**Bonum est viro**

**Iod**

**Alonso Lobo**

Teth.

Bonum est viro cum portaverit iugum ab adolescentia sua.

Iod.

Teth.

It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.

Iod.

– *de lamentationae Jeremiae Prophetae*

Ich bin so müd von Seufzen;  
Ich schwemme mein Bett die ganze Nacht  
Und netze mit meinen Tränen mein Lager.  
Meine Gestalt ist verfallen für Trauren und ist alt worden;  
Denn ich allenthalben geängstiget werde.  
Weichet von mir, all Übeltäter;  
Denn der Herr höret mein Weinen,  
Der Herr höret mein Flehen;  
Mein Gebet nimmt der Herr an.  
Es müssen alle meine Feinde zuschanden werden  
Und sehr erschrecken,  
Sich zurücke kehren und zuschanden werden plötzlich.

I am weary with my groaning;  
All the night make I my bed to swim;  
I water my couch with tears.  
Mine eye is consumed because of grief;  
It waxeth old because of all mine enemies.  
Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity;  
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.  
The Lord hath heard my supplication;  
The Lord will receive my prayer.  
Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed:  
They shall turn back, they shall be ashamed suddenly.

**Troparion “When Thou hadst  
risen again”**

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**

Voskres iz groba i uzi rasterzal yesi ada,  
razrushil yesi osuzhdeniye smerti, Gospodi,  
fsya ot setey vraga izbaviviy,  
yaviviy zhè Sebe apostolom Tvoim,  
poslal yesi ya na propoved',  
i temi mir Tvoy podal yesi fselenney,  
yedine Mnogomilostive.

Being risen from the tomb and having burst the bonds of Hades,  
Thou hast, O Lord, loosed the condemnation of death, delivering  
all from the snares of the enemy; and manifesting Thyself to Thine  
apostles, Thou didst send them forth to preach, and through them  
hast granted Thy peace to the universe, O all-merciful Lord.

– Russian Orthodox liturgy

We have had other such afternoons, one today- the sky a beautiful grained blue, silky lingering clouds in flat-bottomed loaves, others a little browner in ropes or in burly shouldered ridges swanny and lustrous, more in the Zenith stray packs of a sort of violet paleness. White-rose cloud formed fast, not in the same density-- some caked and swimming in a wan whiteness, the rest soaked with the blue and like the leaf of a flower held against the light and diapered out by the worm of veining of deeper blue between rosette and rosette. Later / moulding, which brought rain: in perspective it was vaulted in very regular ribs with fretting between: but there are not ribs; they are a “wracking” install made of these two realities-- frets, which are scarves of rotten cloud bellying upwards drooping at their ends and shaded darkest at the brow or tropic where they double to the eye, and the whiter field of sky shewing between: the illusion looking down the “waggon” is complete. These swaths of fretted clouds move in rank, not in file.

– From the journal of Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

## **Pavane de la Belle au bois dormant**

**Maurice Ravel**

Le grand lit est froid  
Reste près de moi  
Là ! Attends le bon-sommeil

The large bed is cold  
Stay near to me  
There! Wait for the good sleep

Je suis là  
Assise auprès de toi  
Ma main repose sur ta main  
Et te veille

I am there  
Sitting beside you  
My hand rests on your hand  
And you awake

(Vois la nuit  
qui avance  
comme un chat dans  
le noir)

(See the night  
Which moves  
Like a cat in  
the dark)

Tu vas rejoindre ton nom d'enfant    You will join your childhood name

Le grand lit est froid  
Reste près de moi  
Là ! Attends le bon-sommeil

The large bed is cold  
Stay near to me  
There! Wait for the good sleep

Je suis là  
Assise auprès de toi  
La nuit avance sur ton âme  
Et te veille

I'm here  
Sitting beside you  
The night advances on your soul  
And you awake

– Benoît Richter, translated from the French by Manon Blackman

Oceana, dame las conchas del arrecife  
Para cubrir con sus relámpagos los muros,  
Los Spondylus, heroes coronados de espinas,  
El esplendor morado del murex en su roca:  
Tú sabes como sobre la sal ultramarina  
En su nave de nieve navega el argonauta.

**Chorale of the Reef**

Oceana, give me the shells of the reef  
To cover the walls with their lightning  
The Spondylus\*, heros crowned with thorns  
The splendor of the murex\* on the rocks:  
You know how, over the ultramarine salt,  
In his vessel of snow, the Argonaut sails.

– Pablo Neruda (1904-1973), translated from the Spanish by Nick Jones

\*Spondylus and murex both refer to families of mollusks that were prized across the ancient world.

## **The Gallant Weaver**

**James MacMillan**

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,  
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,  
There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
He is the gallant Weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,  
And I was feared my heart would tine,  
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd the tocher-band  
To gie the lad that has the land,  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;  
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;  
While corn grows green in simmer showers,  
I love my gallant Weaver.

– Robert Burns (1759-1796)



**Justin Ballard** is a vocalist and conductor based in New York City. Justin began vocal studies at age thirteen, and two years later he was selected as an elite vocalist in the Governor's School for the Arts Program. He received his Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance from the University of Kentucky, where he performed lead roles in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *The Little Prince*. He has also performed lead roles in the musicals *Children of Eden*, *Damn Yankees*, *Carousel*, *1776*, and *Annie Get Your Gun*. He has been working in New York City as a singer of opera and choral music since July 2006. May 2008 marked his conducting debut with KHORIKOS, and October 2008 his European conducting debut, when KHORIKOS toured the Czech Republic and Germany.

**Alec Galambos** is a New York City-based conductor, composer, and vocalist. After growing up on a steady diet of piano and choral music, he studied composition at Emory University and then moved to New York to pursue a M.M. degree in Composition and Film Scoring at NYU. Alec has since recorded scores and incidental music for independent features, documentaries, and shorts, and has contributed music and sound design to nationwide advertising campaigns and video games. His passion for vocal music has led him to create original works for KHORIKOS and the Greenwich Village Chamber Singers, as well as over a hundred vocal arrangements for ensembles across the country, ranging in scope from barbershop quartet to 250-singer choral army. His music has somehow ended up at a Film Festival in Croatia, at New York's Merkin and Carnegie Halls and Galapagos Art Space, and on a baseball field with Maestro Itzhak Perlman conducting.

Since taking on the role of Principal Conductor in 2016, Alec has led KHORIKOS through performances across the Northeast and the Midwest U.S., including a collaboration with Chicago's The Marion Consort, appearances in the Gotham Early Music Series and the Boston Early Music Festival Fringe Concert Series, world premieres at National Sawdust, and KHORIKOS' 3rd ORTUS International New Music Competition. In collaboration with composer Kile Smith and audio engineer Dan Dzula, Alec brought his commitment to innovative media to KHORIKOS with *Vespers 360*, the group's pioneering spatial audio project.

**Benjamin Martinson** is a composer, programmer, and vocalist. He holds a Master of Music in composition from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music and a Bachelor of Music in composition from Butler University.

Benjamin has written for a variety of ensembles and media, spanning from choir to interactive electronics, from baroque ensemble to the iPhone. All of his output is influenced deeply by his experience as a vocalist, his work as a programmer, and his passion for early and contemporary music.

**KHORIKOS** is one of New York City's most distinguished vocal ensembles. KHORIKOS presents unique programming that puts invigorating interpretations of early vocal music in conversation with works by today's most dynamic composers. We seek to weave together musical languages and themes that span centuries, and to deliver an unprecedented level of artistry and expressive focus. We offer a fresh take on an age-old art form. KHORIKOS is a project of Dorian Artists Corporation, a 501(c)(3) organization.

Coming up in our 2019 season, KHORIKOS will be performing a special album release concert at the Dimenna Center for Classical Music on Friday, May 24th; please join us to hear selections from our forthcoming album *Joy and Grief and Rest* and our unique recording of Josquin des Prez's motet cycle *Vultum tuum deprecabuntur*. Follow us on social media and sign up for our email newsletter for more updates about our summer and fall programming!

KHORIKOS would principally like to thank Father Mario, Brother Chuck, and the generosity of the Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua for our continued residence in this beautiful space.

Thanks as well to Dan Dzula for recording and technical assistance, and to Hannah Sheldon-Dean for her work putting together the program for tonight's concert. Special thanks also go to Manon Blackman and László Ryan Seress for the translations they generously provided.

Continual thanks go to Founding Director Jesse Mark Peckham, and to Dorian Artists Corporation and its board of directors for their support.

All KHORIKOS concert tickets are sold for a \$20 suggested donation. We depend on your generous support in order to keep our self-produced concerts alive! Please consider making a tax-deductible donation to KHORIKOS today. Please make any checks out to "Dorian Artists Corp.", our 501(c)(3) organization.

This *Saros: Cycles* performance is part of our *Old New, Uptown Downtown* series, in which we bring our musical mission to communities across Manhattan. *Old New, Uptown Downtown* is made possible in part with public funds from Creative Engagement, supported by the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in partnership with the City Council and administered by LMCC. LMCC empowers artists by providing them with networks, resources, and support, to create vibrant, sustainable communities in Manhattan and beyond.

Our concerts are also made possible in part by The Aaron Copland Fund for Music, Inc.



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Thank you for coming and supporting KHORIKOS!

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