

The Patricia H. Snyder Concert
and Lecture Series presents

Chanticleer



Sunday, February 25, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Neu Chapel

 **University
of Evansville**



Patricia H. Snyder Concert and Lecture Series

The Patricia H. Snyder Concert and Lecture Series was created in 1997 to bring speakers and performers of national or international renown to Evansville at no cost to the public. For over 25 years now, the local community has witnessed talent spanning a wide range of topics and genres. These events are made possible by the late Patricia H. Snyder, trustee and longtime friend of the University of Evansville.

Patricia H. Snyder recognized the importance of providing unique opportunities for students through philanthropy. Her vision has helped propel the University *FORWARD*>>.

Previous Events

2023 Take 6

2020 Bobby McFerrin and the UE Chorus

2019 Veronika Scott

2019 André Watts with UE Symphony Orchestra

2018 Col. Eileen Collins

2018 State of our Union: Insights from Political Science

2018 State of our Union: Making Sense of Current Affairs

2017 Policing in America: The Changing Landscape of Our Cities & Law Enforcement's Role in Protecting Our Communities

2017 Doc Severinsen and UE Jazz Ensemble

2016 Brain Storm: Dr. Bennet Omalu and the Concussion Crisis

2015 Daymond John

2014 Barbara Pierce Bush and Jenna Hager

2013 Amy-Jill Levine

2012 David Ilan

2012 Sheryl WuDunn

Chanticleer

The GRAMMY® Award-winning vocal ensemble Chanticleer is known around the world as “an orchestra of voices” for its wide-ranging repertoire and dazzling virtuosity. Founded in San Francisco in 1978 by singer and musicologist Louis Botto, Chanticleer quickly took its place as one of the most prolific recording and touring ensembles in the world, selling over one million recordings and performing thousands of live concerts to audiences around the world.

Chanticleer’s repertoire is rooted in the renaissance and has continued to expand to include a wide range of classical, gospel, jazz, popular music, and a deep commitment to the commissioning of new compositions and arrangements. The ensemble has committed much of its vast recording catalog to these commissions, garnering GRAMMY® Awards for its recording of Sir John Tavener’s “Lamentations & Praises” and the ambitious collection of commissioned works entitled “Colors of Love”. Chanticleer is the recipient of the Dale Warland/Chorus America Commissioning Award and the ASCAP/Chorus America Award for Adventurous Programming. Music Director Emeritus Joseph H. Jennings received the Brazeal Wayne Dennard Award for his contribution to the African American choral tradition during his tenure with Chanticleer.

Named for the “clear-singing” rooster in Geoffrey Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, Chanticleer continues to maintain ambitious programming in its hometown of San Francisco, including a large education and outreach program and an annual concert series that includes its legendary holiday tradition “A Chanticleer Christmas”.

Chanticleer, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit corporation, is the current recipient of major grants from The William & Flora Hewlett Foundation, The Bernard Osher Foundation, The Bob Ross Foundation, Grants for the Arts/San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund, and The National Endowment for the Arts. Chanticleer’s activities as a nonprofit corporation are supported by its administrative staff and Board of Trustees.

Alphadyne Foundation
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Ayanna Woods, *Composer-in-Residence*

Artist Management: Opus 3 Artists, Ltd.
Founder: Louis Botto (1951 - 1997)
Music Director Emeritus: Joseph H. Jennings

chanticleer.org

Music of a Silent World

Tavian Cox, Cortez Mitchell, Gerrod Pagenkopf*,
Bradley Sharpe, Logan Shields, Adam Brett Ward, *countertenor*
Vineel Garisa Mahal*, Matthew Mazzola, Andrew Van Allsburg, *tenor*
Andy Berry*, Jared Graveley, Matthew Knickman, *baritone and bass*

Tim Keeler, *Music Director*

I

- Lost in the StarstKurt Weill (1900 - 1950)
arr. Gene Puerling
- Abendständchen - *Op. 83, No. 3*.....Max Reger (1873 - 1916)
- Stardust..... Hoagy Carmichael (1899 - 1981)
arr. Jared Graveley

II

- Cibavit eosHeinrich Isaac (1450 - 1517)
- Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen..... Heinrich Isaac
- Lieblich hat sich gesellet - *Op. 83, No. 2*..... Reger
- I Remember Stephen Sondheim (1930 - 2021)
arr. Joseph Jennings

III

- I Am a Tree from *The Rivers are our Brothers*Majel Connery (b. 1979)
arr. Connery and Doug Balliett
*Arrangements co-commissioned by Chanticleer and Musica Sierra in 2023
with support from Ken Grant*
- I miss you like I miss the trees..... Ayanna Woods (b. 1992)
Commissioned by Chanticleer in 2023
- Abschied - *Op. 83, No. 9*..... Reger
- Willow Weep for Me..... Ann Ronell (1905 - 1993)
arr. Jennings

Intermission

IV

I Am a River from *The Rivers are our Brothers* Connery
arr. Connery and Balliett

Washing of the Water† Peter Gabriel (b. 1950)
arr. Mason Bates
Arrangement commissioned by Chanticleer in 2013

V

I Am the Air from *The Rivers are our Brothers* Connery
arr. Connery and Balliett

Hochsommernacht - *Op. 83, No. 5* Reger

Eine ganz neue Schelmweys - *Op. 83, No. 6* Reger

VI

I Am a Cloud from *The Rivers are our Brothers* Connery
arr. Connery and Balliett

Both Sides Now† Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)
arr. Vince Peterson
Arrangement commissioned by Chanticleer in 2013

VII

(to be selected from)

I Am Snow from *The Rivers are our Brothers* Connery
arr. Connery and Balliett

Shenandoah† Traditional
arr. Marshall Bartholomew and James Erb

Little April Shower Frank Churchill (1901 - 1942)
arr. Adam Brett Ward

The Weather Clyde Lawrence, Gracie Lawrence, Jonathan
David Bellion, Jonathan Koh, Jordan Cohen
arr. Vineel Garisa Mahal

Wildflowers..... Tom Petty (b. 1950)
arr. Tim Keeler

Blue Skiest Irving Berlin (1888 - 1989)
arr. Jennings

Somebody to Lovet Freddie Mercury (1946 - 1991)
arr. Peterson

†These pieces have been recorded by Chanticleer.

**Andy Berry occupies The Eric Alatorre Chair given by Peggy Skornia. Vineel Garisa Mahal occupies The Tenor Chair, given by an Anonymous Donor. Gerrod Pagenkopf occupies The Ning G. Mercer Chair for the Preservation of the Chanticleer Legacy, given by Ning and Stephen Mercer.*



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Program Notes

By Tim Keeler

A river gurgles. Wind rushes. Branches creak. Snowflakes faintly fall. Every piece of the world has a sound. But if you listen *really* closely, you might also find that each of these pieces has a voice. In *Music of a Silent World*, Chanticleer sings the songs of the natural world and gives a voice to the otherwise voiceless rocks, stones, trees, and rivers that share this planet with us. While inhabiting those voices, we also explore what the world might be like without them.

The program centers around a new arrangement of Majel Connery's song cycle, *The Rivers are our Brothers*, which was written in, around, and about the Sierra Nevada mountains. Each movement inhabits a different part of the Sierra's natural beauty: from its high peaks to its forests, rocks, rivers, and snowbanks. "The goal," she says, "is to give nature a voice. I wanted to allow these vibrant things to speak on their own behalf." By giving agency to these inanimate parts of our world, we are compelled to empathize with otherwise silent beings, uncovering their unique characters, personalities, and motivations. Connery describes herself as a "vocalist, composer, and roving musicologist making electro-art-dream-pop with repressed classical influences." She tours frequently with her art-rock band, Sky Creature, and is the host and producer of *A Music of Their Own*, a podcast exploring female experiences in the music industry (CapRadio/NPR).

Woven around her song cycle and in dialogue with those vibrant parts of the natural world are works from across the choral spectrum, including selections from Max Reger's *Zehn Gesänge für Männerchor* (Opus 83). Written in 1904 for the Vienna Men's Choral Society, much of this collection features early German Romantic poetry about nature, which Reger sets with his typically dense, late romantic harmony, where chromatic voice leading is the standard instead of the exception ("Abendständchen," "Abschied," and "Hochsommernacht"). Paired with these harmonically complex movements are simple songs in four-part harmony that hearken back to the early days of German männerchor singing. "Lieblich hat sich gesellet" is a lilting love song, and "Eine ganz neue Schelmweys" is a lively drinking song. Admittedly, these two movements also have their fair share of 20th-century harmonic twists and turns, but their sentiment is one of nostalgia.

The concert begins by placing us and our natural world in a larger context. Kurt Weill's "Lost in the Stars" comes from his musical adaptation of Alan Paton's novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*. Set in the years immediately before apartheid in South Africa, Paton's black protagonist, Stephen Kumalo, sings "Lost in the Stars" when confronting a crisis of faith in the face of an unjust society. His feelings of helplessness resonate today, as we continue to grapple with our respect for each other and for the natural world. Gene Puerling arranged "Lost in the Stars" for Chanticleer in 1995.

Our own bass-baritone, Jared Graveley, arranged the Hoagy Carmichael tune, "Stardust." Its nostalgic tone sets the stage for the second set of the program, which explores feelings and sentiments that might exist if we were to lose our connection with the natural world. "Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen," by the Netherlandish Renaissance composer Heinrich Isaac, is a lament on leaving the city of Innsbruck, Austria. Nestled among the Alps and overlooking the powerful Inn river, Innsbruck was for Isaac a symbol of stability and a beautiful home. In this program, Innsbruck represents an idyllic former world untouched by concerns of a changing climate. Due to his talent and popularity, Isaac was one of the first musicians in history to be called a "composer" by his contemporaries. His music remained popular into the 20th century, with many German Romantics considering him a kind of national and musical ancestor of J.S. Bach. Isaac wrote prolifically in many languages, genres, and styles, but his largest undertaking by far was the *Choralis Constantinus*, a collection of over 375 settings of Mass propers in three volumes. "Cibavit eos," an introit for the Feast of Corpus Christi, comes from this collection.

Stephen Sondheim wrote "I remember" for 1966 made-for-TV musical, *Evening Primrose*, which tells the story of a small community hiding from the outside world and living in a department store. "I remember" is sung by a young woman, Ella, who has not seen the sky for 13 years. Ella's aching text, "I remember sky, it was blue as ink, or at least I think..." takes on new meaning for those of us around the country who are all too familiar with smoke and haze and orange skies, or who

find themselves spending most of their time indoors because of extreme heat. The third set begins our exploration of Connery's song cycle and features a new work by our composer-in-residence, Ayanna Woods. "I miss you like I miss the trees" takes its text from Franny Choi's 2019 poem, "How to Let Go of the World." It is an intense exploration of climate grief, and wrestles with feelings of helplessness in the face of powers beyond our control. Ayanna Woods is a GRAMMY nominated performer, composer, and bandleader from Chicago. Her music explores the spaces between acoustic and electronic, traditional and esoteric, wildly improvisational and mathematically rigorous. "I miss you like I miss the trees" is her third composition for Chanticleer.

The remainder of the program contains some favorite arrangements from our library, including Vince Peterson's version of "Both Sides Now" by Joni Mitchell, which we recorded on our most recent album, *On a Clear Day*. New for this season are three arrangements by current members of the group: "Little April Shower," from *Bambi*, arranged by alto Adam Brett Ward, "The Weather," by Lawrence, arranged by tenor Vineel Garisa Mahal, and "Wildflowers," by Tom Petty, arranged by music director Tim Keeler.

Texts and Translations

Lost in the Stars

Kurt Weill, arr. Gene Puerling

My Lord, what a mornin' when the stars begin to fall...

Before the Lord God made the sea and the land
He held all the stars in the palm of His hand,
And they ran through His fingers like grains of sand,
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star on the wind down there
And He stated and promised He'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost no more.

Now a man don't mind if the stars get dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him
So long as the Lord God's watchin' over him
Keepin' track how it all goes on.

But I've been walkin' through the night and the day
'Til my eyes get weary and my head turns gray
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away
Forgetting the promise that we heard Him say

And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars, blowin' thru the night.

Text by Maxwell Anderson (1888 - 1959)

Abendständchen (Evening Serenade)

Max Reger

Hör', es klagt die Flöte wieder, und die kühlen Brunnen rauschen, golden weh'n die Töne nieder, stille, laß uns lauschen!	Listen, the flute laments again and the cool fountains murmur, Golden, the sounds waft down, Be still, let us listen in silence!
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Holdes Bitten, mild Verlangen, wie es süß zum Herzen spricht! Durch die Nacht, die uns umfängen, blickt zu uns der Töne Licht.	Gentle longing, mild supplication, How sweetly it speaks to the heart! Through the night that surrounds us, The light of music shines upon us.
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Text by Clemens Brentano (1778 - 1842)

Stardust

Hoagy Carmichael, arr. Jared Graveley

And now the purple dusk of twilight time
Steals across the meadows of my heart.
High up in the sky the little stars climb
Always reminding me that we're apart.
You wander down the lane and far away
Leaving me a song that will not die.
Love is now the stardust of yesterday,
The music of the years gone by.

Sometimes I wonder why I spend
My lonely nights
Dreaming of a song.
That melody haunts my reverie,
And I am once again with you.
When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration;
Oh! But that was long ago, and now my consolation
Is in the stardust of a song.

Beside the garden wall, when stars are bright,
You are in my arms.
The nightingale tells his fairy tale
Of paradise where roses bloom;
Though I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain:
My stardust melody,
The memory of love's refrain.

Text by Mitchell Parish (1900 - 1993)

Cibavit eos

Heinrich Isaac

Cibavit eos ex adipe frumenti, alleluia.	He fed them from the abundance of the wheat, alleluia.
Et de petra melle saturavit eos, alleluia.	And sated them with honey from the rock, alleluia.
Exultate Deo adjutori nostro, Jubilate Deo Jacob.	Rejoice in God our helper, sing for joy to the God of Jacob.

Psalm 81:1,16

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

Isaac

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen, ich fahr dahin mein Straßen im fremde Land dahin. Mein Freud ist mir genommen, die ich nit weiß bekommen, wo ich im Elend bin.	Innsbruck, I must leave you For I am traveling the road to a foreign land. There, deprived of my joy and not knowing how to get it back, I will be in misery.
Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen, das ich allein tu klagen dem liebsten Buhlen mein Ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen im Herzen dein Erbarmen daß ich muss von dannen sein.	I am burdened with great sorrow which I can shed only through the one dearest to me. O my love, leave me not bereft of compassion in your heart that I must part from you.
Mein Trost ob allen Weiben, Dein tu ich ewig bleiben stets treu, der Ehren fromm. nun muss dich Gott bewahren, in aller Tugend sparen, bis daß ich wieder komm!	My comfort above all other women, I remain yours forever, always faithful, in true honor. And now, may God protect you, safe in virtue, until I return.

Lieblieh hat sich gesellet (Lovingly has my heart been joined)

Max Reger

Lieblieh hat sich gesellet mein Herz in kurzer Frist zu einer, die mir gefället, Gott weiß wohl, wer sie ist. Sie liebet mich ganz inniglich, die Allerliebste mein, in Treuen ich sie mein.	Lovingly has my heart been joined in just a short span of time with one who pleases me, God knows well who she is. She loves me deeply, my dearest one, faithfully, she is mine.
--	--

Wohl für des Maien Blüte hab ich sie auserkor'n, sie erfreut mir mein Gemüte. Treu' Minne hab' ich g'schworn, den will ich halten ewiglich, mit Willen untertan, dieweil ich's Leben han.	The blossoms of May I have chosen well for her, so much she pleases my soul. I have sworn my true fidelity, I will hold her in constancy, and be her willing subject while I have my life.
---	--

Text anonymous, 16th century

I Remember

Stephen Sondheim, arr. Joseph Jennings

I remember sky,
It was blue as ink.
Or at least I think
I remember sky.
I remember snow,
Soft as feathers,
Sharp as thumbtacks,
Coming down like lint,
And it made you squint
When the wind would blow.
And ice, like vinyl,
On the streets,
Cold as silver,
White as sheets,
Rain, like strings,
And changing things,
Like leaves.
I remember leaves,
Green as spearmint,
Crisp as paper,
I remember trees,

Bare as coat racks,
Spread like broken umbrellas...
And parks and bridges,
Ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces,
Muddy shoes,
Light and noise and
Bees and boys
And days.
I remember days,
Or at least I try,
But as years go by,
They're sort of haze.
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky,
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky.

Text by Stephen Sondheim

I Am a Tree from *The Rivers are our Brothers*
Majel Connery, arr. Majel Connery and Doug Balliett

I eat the sun, I drink the light.
I am a conjurer. My sugar is self-sacrifice.
I cut my arm to feed my leg.
I am waiting for nothing, needing for nothing.
I am an army, I am the mother of them all,
I can regenerate.
I clone a nation from my foot.
I am a country of one.
I am a family; I am a household.
I have skin and I can bruise and I can bleed, and I can cry.
I make my friends. We are connected.
We are inseparable. We grow intertwined.
We share the sky, we are agreed.
I can give, and I can care for.
I've got other mouths to feed.
They need me.
I am a tree. I know secrets that you will never know.
I channel lightning. I see in color.
I make the air you need to grow.
I'm not a man, I'm not a woman. Surprisingly I'm both.
And when I know that I must die

I put the best of me back into the ground.
I stretch for miles and miles and miles.
And let's not forget my leaves:
Clouds of green.

Text by Majel Connery

I miss you like I miss the trees

Ayanna Woods (b. 1992)

I don't know how to do it: hold their faces in my hands and tell them what's waiting.

Holding my love's face in my hands, I tell him I miss him. I say, I miss you like I miss the trees.

By this I mean, Look! The trees are here! Everyone's outside, darling: green in my hands...everyone's waiting for us.

This text is excerpted from Franny Choi's poem, "How to Let Go of the World"

Abschied (Farewell)

Max Reger

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
Aus den tiefen Gründen,
Droben wird der Herr nun bald
An die Sterne zünden.
Wie so stille in den Schlünden,
Abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

At evening, the forest already murmurs
from the deepest valleys,
From on high, God will soon
Rekindle the stars.
How softly in the valleys
Evening murmurs through the forest.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh.
Wald und Welt versausen,
Schaudernd hört der Wanderer zu,
Sehnt sich recht nach Hause.
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,
Herz, geh endlich auch zur Ruh.

All goes to its rest,
Forest and world cease to stir,
Awestruck, the wanderer listens
Yearning to return home.
Here, in this wooded valley,
Heart, go finally also to rest.

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

Willow Weep for Me

Ann Ronell, arr. Joseph Jennings

Willow, weep for me, willow, weep for me.
Bend your branches green along the stream that runs to sea.
Listen to my plea, listen willow and weep for me.

Whisper to the wind and say that love has sinned,
To leave my heart a-breaking and making a moan,
Murmur to the night to hide her starry light.
So none will find me sighing and crying all alone.

Weeping willow tree, weep in sympathy.
Bend your branches down along the ground.
Cover me when the shadows fall,
Bend, oh willow, and weep for me.

Text by Ann Ronell

I Am a River from *The Rivers are our Brothers*
Majel Connery, arr. Connery and Balliett

Gone! My lover's dream, lovely summer dream,
Gone and left me here to weeping tears into the stream
Sad as I can be, hear me willow and weep for me.

I am a river. I am a world.
I am the distance, I am a system, I am the source.
I start my life in the ice.
With a little warmth, and a little sun,
I will travel miles.
I am a danger, I'm raging.
I am refreshment, I am a rush.
I am a sculptor, I am persuasion,
And I run. And I run! And how I run!
I am a river, I am a mother.
I give an arm, a foot, a tooth, a tongue.
I give a rib, a mouth, a hand, a lung!
When the time is right,
A sharp edge becomes skin-smooth.
When the time is right,
I change my body. I rise, and I rise!

Text by Majel Connery

Washing of the Water

Peter Gabriel, arr. Mason Bates

River, river, carry me on
Living river, carry me on
River, river, carry me on
To the place where I come from.
So deep, so wide, will you take me on your back for a ride
If I should fall, would you swallow me deep inside
River, show me how to float, I feel like I'm sinking down
Thought that I could get along
But here in this water, my feet won't touch the ground
I need something to turn myself around
Going away, away toward the sea
River deep, can you lift up and carry me
Oh roll on through the heartland
'Til the sun has left the sky
River, river, carry me high
'Til the washing of the water, make it all alright
Let your waters reach me, like she reached me tonight
Letting go, it's so hard, the way it hurts now
To get this love untied
So tough to stay with this thing, 'cause if I follow through
I face what I denied
I'll get those hooks out of me
And I'll take out the hooks that I sunk deep in your side
Kill that fear of emptiness, that loneliness I hide
River, oh river, river running deep
Bring me something that will let me get to sleep
In the washing of the water will you take it all away
Bring me something to take this pain away.

Text by Peter Gabriel

I Am the Air from *The Rivers are our Brothers*

Majel Connery, arr. Connery and Balliett

I am the air, I am everywhere
I am inside you, behind you, before you
I'm indivisible. Just try to find me.
I am uncountable.
I bring rain upon my shoulder,
I bring fire in my hand.
I tell the trees just how to blow,
I tell the storm to land.

The winds are my children,
they do the changing work.
They scatter seeds and bend the trees,
and make the leaves to fall.
North, South, East, West,
They bear the bees along.
They guide the birds,
And steal the words of those who go before them.
I am the air, I am everywhere.
I am the king of the weather.
I am tornado, I'm hurricane,
I am the gale, I am the thunder.
I always speak my mind.

Text by Majel Connery

Hochsommernacht (Midsummer Night)

Max Reger

Stille ruht die weite Welt, Schlummer füllt des Mondes Horn, Das der Herr in Händen hält.	The vast world rests in silence, slumber fills the Moon's Horn, that the Lord holds in His hands.
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Nur am Berge rauscht der Born- Zu der Ernte Hut bestellt, Wallen Engel durch das Korn.	Only the fountain murmurs on the mountain: called to guard the harvest, angels wafting over the wheat.
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*Text by Friedrich Hermann Frey (1839-1911),
under the pseudonym Martin Greif*

Eine ganz neue Schelmweys (A Completely New Rogues' Tune)

Max Reger

Wir Schelmbe sind ein feinen Hauff, da kann kein Herrgott wider auf. Die Welt ist voll von Unsern Preiß, seit Adam stahl im Paradeys.	We rogues are a fine crowd, No Lord God can control us; The world is full of our praise, Since Adam stole in paradise.
--	---

Uns bleibt kein geldt in unsern Sack, Wir sind ein fürnemb Lumpenpack. Wir han das Allergrößt Gefolg, kein fuerst vnd Hertzog hat ein solch.	There's no money left in our sack, We are a noble pack of rogues, We have the biggest following No prince and duke has such a one.
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Zu nie keyn Diensten taugen Wir
als für dem Edlen Malwesier.
Dem tun wir fröhnden und nit faul:
ein jede Flaschen findt jr maul.

We are no use for any service
Except for the noble Malwesier.
For it we are never lazy in serving:
Every bottle finds its mouth.

Wir han nit weib, wir han nit Kindt,
Wir sind die rechten Sausewind.
Und läßt uns eine Dirn nit ein,
die ander wird so süßer sein!

We have no wife, we have no child,
We are the real whirlwinds.
And if a girl does not let us in,
The others will be all the sweeter!

Wir schieren umb kein Pfaff uns nit,
Wir han unß Eignen Segen mit.
Und pfeifen wir am letzten loch:
der Teuffel nimpt in Gnad uns doch!

We don't bother with any priest,
We have our own blessings with us.
And when we're on our last legs:
The Devil will still take us in his grace!

Text by Richard Dehmel (1863 - 1920)

Translation by Dr. Anthony Fox

I Am a Cloud from *The Rivers are our Brothers*
Connery, arr. Connery and Balliett

I am a cloud. I am upside down.
I am together, I am apart.
Upon the blue sky, now.
I spin around the world.
I change a thousand miles a minute
I am just born, and I'm disappearing.
I'm like the waves in the sky.
I'm a reflecting pool.
I mirror every ripple far below me.
I am an answer, I am surprising,
and I only take dictation from the wind.
I am a cloud, you do the work:
Just tell me what to be.
I am a thousand shapes upon the palette of the sky
I am a bird, I am a ship, I am a tree.
I am the music! I'm getting louder now.
I'm the original art form etched upon a blank slate.
I am the earth-shattering image of a face up in the sky,
I am the untold story of the beginning of time.
I'm the original conversation, and an ongoing negotiation.
I am purposeful obscurity, I'm spectacular multiplication.
I'm the universal symphony, and the centuries in reverse,
I'm the singular revelation of articulate matter,
I am the untrained genius of the childlike mind,
I am the waves in the sea!
I am disappearing.

Text by Majel Connery

Both Sides Now

Joni Mitchell, arr. Vince Peterson

Rows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere.
I've looked at clouds that way.
But now they only block the sun.
They rain and they snow on everyone.
So many things I would have done
but clouds got in my way.
I've looked at clouds from both sides now,
from up and down and still somehow
it's cloud illusions I recall.
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels,
the dizzy dancing way that you feel,
as ev'ry fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show.
And you leave 'em laughing when you go.
And if you care, don't let them know.
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now,
From give and take and still somehow,
It's love's illusions that I recall.
I really don't know love at all.

Tears and fears and feelin' proud,
to say "I love you" right out loud,
dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way.
But now old friends are acting strange.
They shake their heads, they say I've changed
somethin's lost, and somethin's gained
in living every day.
I've looked at life from both sides now,
from win and lose and still somehow
it's life's illusions I recall.
I really don't know life,
I really don't know life at all.

Text by Joni Mitchell

I Am Snow from *The Rivers are our Brothers*
Majel Connery, arr. Connery and Balliett

I start life as a vapor.
My heart is made of sand.
My pattern is impossible.
I'm a diagram, one hundred hands.
I live among the dancers.
We fall but we don't die.
Together we're destructive,
Intensifying white.
Total noise, and total silence.
We drown the light, we drown the life!
A crystal. A diamond in the sky.
I am a wonder. I am the music of a silent world.

Text by Majel Connery

Shenandoah

Traditional, arr. Marshall Bartholomew and James Erb

O Shenandoah, I long to see you
And hear your rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I long to see you
'way, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley
And hear your rolling river,
I long to see your smiling valley
'way, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I see you
And hear your rolling river
'Tis seven long years since last I see you
'way, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river
O Shenandoah, I long to see you,
'way, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

Little April Shower

Frank Churchill (1901 - 1942), arr. Adam Brett Ward

Drip, drip, drop little April shower
Beating a tune as you fall all around.
Drip, drip, drop little April shower
What can compare with your beautiful sound?

Drip, drip, drop, when the sky is cloudy
Your pretty music can brighten the day.
Drip, drip, drop, when the sky is cloudy
You come along with a song right away.
(come with your beautiful music...)

Drip, drip, drop little April shower
Beating a tune as you fall all around.
Drip, drip, drop little April shower
What can compare with your beautiful sound?

Drip, drip, drop, when the sky is cloudy
You come along with your pretty little song.
Drip, drip, drop, when the sky is cloudy
You come along with your pretty little song.

Gay little rondelay, song of the rainy day,
How I love to hear you patter, pretty little pitter-patter,
Helter-skelter when you pelter,
Troubles always seem to scatter!

Text by Larry Morey (1905 - 1971)

The Weather

Clyde Lawrence, Gracie Lawrence, Jonathan David Bellion, Jonathan Koh,
Jordan Cohen, arr. Vineel Garisa Mahal

I won't talk about the weather,
Not with you, we're not together;
'Cause even when the sky is gray, I'm feeling blue,
And though the winds are always changing
And the clouds are rearranging,
Part of me will always be in love with you.

There's a fire in L.A.,
And since you moved there back in May
I wonder, should I call to see if you're alright?
You're a million miles away,
But I still think of you each day,
And hope the weather doesn't keep you cold at night.

So I won't talk about the weather
No, I won't talk about the weather
I won't talk about the weather
Not with you, we're not together
'Cause even when the sky is gray, I'm feeling blue
And though the winds are always changing
And the clouds are rearranging
A part of me will always be in love with you.

Aakaasa deseana aashaad'ha maasanaa
Meriseti oh meghama,
Virahamo dhaahamo vidaleni mohamo
Vinipinchu naa cheliki meghasandhesam...

[In the sky country, oh flashing cloud,
In the rainy season,
Please give this message to the love of my life,
That I am miserable, lost, and lonely without her...]

So I won't talk about the weather
No, I won't talk about the weather
I won't talk about the weather
Not with you, we're not together
And it's hard to say if we will ever be
But I'll admit my greatest fear
Is that the air will never clear
So I just wish that we could talk like you and me.

No, I won't talk about the weather
Not with you, we're not together
But I wonder if we're ever really through
'Cause if we're talking about whether
You and I should be together
Oh, I know I'll always be in love with you
Oh, yes I know I'll always be in love with you.

*Text by Clyde Lawrence and Gracie Lawrence
Telugu text by Veturi Sundararama Murthy, translation by Harini Mahal*

Wildflowers

Tom Petty (b. 1950), arr. Tim Keeler

You belong among the wildflowers,
You belong in a boat out at sea
Sail away, kill off the hours
You belong somewhere you feel free.

Run away, find you a lover
Go away somewhere all bright and new
I have seen no other
Who compares with you.

You belong among the wildflowers,
You belong in a boat out at sea.
You belong with your love on your arm,
You belong somewhere you feel free.

Run away, go find a lover
Run away, let your heart be your guide
You deserve deepest of cover
You belong in that home by and by.

You belong among the wildflowers
You belong somewhere close to me
Far away from your trouble and worry
You belong somewhere you feel free
You belong somewhere you feel free.

Text by Tom Petty

Blue Skies

Irving Berlin, arr. Joseph Jennings

Blue skies smilin' at me
Nothin' but blue skies do i see.
Bluebirds singing a song
Nothin' but bluebirds all day long.
Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going oh so right.
Noticing the days hurrying by
When you're in love, my how they fly...
Blue days, all of them gone
Nothing but blue skies from now on.

Text by Irving Berlin

Somebody to Love

Freddie Mercury, arr. Vince Peterson

Can anybody find me somebody to love?
Each morning I get up, I die a little,
Can't barely stand on my feet.
Take a look in the mirror and cry,
Lord what you're doing to me.
I've spent all of my years believing you,
But I just can't get no relief, Lord!
Can anybody find me somebody to love?

I work hard every day of my life!
I work till I ache my bones!
At the end of the day,
I take home my hard earned pay all on my own.
I get down on my knees and I start to pray,
And the tears run down from my eyes, Oh!
Somebody find me somebody to love!

Everyday! I try and I try and I try,
But everyone wants to put me down,
They say I'm goin' crazy.
They say I've got water in my brain,
Got no common sense,
I got nobody left to believe.

Got no feel, I got no rhythm,
I just keep losing my beat.
I'm OK, I'm alright,
Ain't gonna face no defeat.
I just gotta get out of this prison cell,
One day I'm gonna be free, Lord!

Find me somebody to love,
Can anybody find me somebody to love?

Text by Freddie Mercury

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THE UNIVERSITY OF EVANSVILLE
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