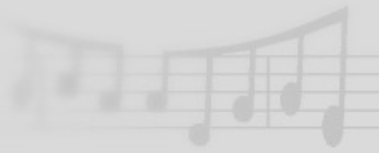




LAWRENCE
CIVIC CHOIR



Consider Joining the Choir!

Rehearsals Begin Again
on
Monday, August 22, 2005

Registration is at 7:00 p.m.
August 22nd and 29th
Rehearsals run 7:30 to 9:30 p.m.
At First Baptist Church
1330 Kasold Drive
Lawrence, KS

www.lawrencecivicchoir.org



LAWRENCE
CIVIC CHOIR

2005

Spring Concert

Choral Music 1854-2004
Featuring a Tribute to Lawrence
Phoenix of the Plains
By Geoffrey Wilcken
Conducted by Steve Eubank, *Artistic Director*

Saturday, April 30, 2005, 8:00 p.m.
Free State High School
4700 Overland Drive, Lawrence, Kansas

Monday, May 2, 2005, 7:30 p.m.
Grace Episcopal Cathedral
701 Southwest 8th Avenue, Topeka, Kansas

LAWRENCE CIVIC CHOIR

2005 Spring Concert

Choral Music 1854-2004

1869—*Liebeslieder Waltzes (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 11 and 18),*

Johannes Brahms

1908—*Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!*, Claude Debussy

1915—*Ave Maria*, Serge Rachmaninoff

1959—*Choose Something Like a Star (Frostiana)*, Randall Thompson

1973—*O Clap Your Hands*, John Rutter

1997—*The Pasture*, music by Z. Randall Stroope
words by Robert Frost

2003—*Phoenix of the Plains*, Geoffrey Wilcken

15 Minute Intermission

1856—*Gentle Annie*, Stephen Foster

1889—*The Gondoliers*, Gilbert and Sullivan

1904—*Humming Chorus from Madame Butterfly*, Giacomo Puccini

1935—*Brothers Sing On*, Edvard Grieg

1952—*Zion's Walls*, Aaron Copeland

1927—*Selections from Show Boat*, words by Oscar Hammerstein
music by Jerome Kern



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The choir is grateful for the support of grants from the **Kansas Arts Commission** and the **Lawrence Arts Commission**.

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Program Notes

The music for the 2005 Spring Concert reflects upon the last 150 years of choral music as we celebrate the 150th anniversary of the founding of the City of Lawrence. We begin with selections from the Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, continue with the premier of Geoff Wilcken's *Phoenix of the Plains*, a work commission by the Lawrence Civic Choir in honor of the Lawrence sesquicentennial, and end the concert with selections from the musical "Showboat". The wide variety of music reflects the changes we've experienced in 150 years, and highlights the enduring nature of good choral music.

Featured composers include the Romantics Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Foster and Puccini, the Impressionist Debussy, the late 19th century operetta team of Gilbert and Sullivan, the twentieth century composers Grieg, Rutter, Thompson, Stroepe, Copland, Kern, and our own twenty-first century composer Geoff Wilcken. The listener can compare European and American music during each of these eras.

This musical time capsule will take us from the stillness of the Cathedral to the serenity of a pasture, from the canals of Venice to the mighty Mississippi, from the burning heavens to the rising Phoenix of the Plains. The repertoire presented tonight provides a mere sample from the vast treasure of great choral music of the last century and a half.

I hope that you enjoy tonight's concert and thank you for coming.

Steve Eubank

Artistic Director Lawrence Civic Choir

*We appreciate your attendance at tonight's performance.
Because the concert is being recorded,
We ask your help in preventing disruptive noises.
Be sure all cell phones and beeping watches are turned off.*

**The choir wishes to thank the membership of
First Baptist Church
for allowing us to rehearse each week at the church.**

Liebeslieder Waltzes (1869)

Music by Johannes Brahms, Op. 52, Text in German from "Polydora" by Daumer

The first set of Liebeslieder Walzer (Songs of Love Waltzes) dates from 1869, when the composer was 36. They are written for piano duet and a mixed quartet of vocal soloists (soprano, alto, tenor and bass). One unusual aspect of the Liebeslieder is that it was first published for piano duet "with voices ad libitum". The vocal parts are surely integral to the work, making performances by the piano duettists alone (which can be done, however) seem devoid of essential character and colour. Eighteen waltzes make up Brahms's opus 52. They are written to texts by Brahms's contemporary, the German philosophical writer George Friedrich Daumer, from his noted anthology Polydora, translations or imitations of mainly Russian and Polish (and occasionally Hungarian) folk-songs. The work was first heard in public, played from manuscript, in Karlsruhe on October 6th, 1869.

Excerpted from a writeup by Robert Matthew-Walker (c) 1997 on GuildMusic.com

No. 1

Rede, Madchen, allzu liebes, das mir in die Brust, die kuhle, hat geschleudert mit dem Blikke diese wilden Glutgefuhle! Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen; willst du, eine Uberfromme, rasten ohne traute Wonne, oder willst du, willst du dass ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne nicht so bitter will ich bussen. Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge, komme, wenn die Sterne grussen, wenn die Sterne grussen.

No. 2

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut, heftig angetrieben; Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiss, wer da nicht zu seufzen weiss, lernt es unter'm Lieben.

No. 3

O die Frauen, o die Frauen, wie sie Wonne, Wonne tauen! Ware lang ein Monch geworden, waren nicht die Frauen, die Frauen!

Oh give answer, maiden fairest, thou whose smile my heart entrances, who hast slain me with thy glances, tell me, hath thy heart relented? Or like cloister'd nun, contented, wilt thou dwell by love forsaken? Say, how long must I entreat thee, say, oh fairest, wilt thou, wilt thou meet me?

Nay, to dwell by love forsaken, gives a doom for which I care not, Wistful eyes, take heart, despair not, when the stars are bright I'll meet thee, when they're bright I'll meet thee.

O'er the rocks the tide beats high, lash'd thro' many a furrow; If thou ne'er hast learnt to sigh, if thou ne'er hast learnt to sigh, love will teach thee sorrow.

Dark-eyed maiden, dark eye'd maiden, with all fond delights o'er laden. Long the staff and cowl had won me hadst thou not undone me, undone me!

Artistic Director

Artistic Director **Steve Eubank** loves to make good choral music with people of all ages. As Director of Choral Activities at Topeka High School for more than 30 years, he is used to dealing with young people, taking his choir on annual trips and around to grade schools and junior highs in Topeka to encourage those students to later participate in the choral program in high school. Working with the Lawrence Civic Choir has required a few adjustments on Steve's part, such as eliminating the need for chaperones on choir trips, but he's made the transition beautifully.

Steve is Minister of Music at First United Methodist Church in Topeka, and an active member of the Kansas branch of the American Choral Directors Association (ACDA). His high school choirs have been winning awards and entertaining Topeka and Kansas audiences for many years. Steve received the KCDA Harry Robert Wilsen Award for outstanding contribution to choral music in Kansas.

Instrumentalists

Phoenix of the Plains

Mary Fukushima - Flute
Tomas Korcinski – Cello
Aaron Pergram – Bassoon
Jennifer Myer – Oboe

Brahms

Janet Corwin – Piano

Accompanist and Featured Composer

Geoff Wilcken hails from Springfield, Minnesota. He studied composition under Drs. Jeffrey Prater and Gary White, both of Iowa State University. He won the Music Teachers' National Association composition contest two years in a row. He completed a Bachelor of Music degree at Iowa State University in composition in 1995, studying under Dr. Prater. He acquired a Master of Music degree in choral conducting under Simon Carrington at the University of Kansas in 1998. He serves currently as adjunct assistant professor at Johnson County Community College, where he teaches and assists with musical ensembles, and also as director of music at Immanuel Lutheran Church in Lawrence, where he conducts choirs, handbells, and serves as organist and pianist.

Mr. Wilcken's work as a composer and arranger includes much choral music for the church and for the concert hall, pieces for various instrumental chamber ensembles, larger works for orchestra and band, and a growing collection of vocal jazz arrangements, many of which are independently published by Melchizadek Music (www.melchizadekmusic.com). His works have been featured and commissioned by Iowa State University, the Ames Area Youth Orchestra, the University of Kansas, Johnson County Community College, the Jacomo Chorale, the Kansas City Fine Arts Chorale, the Ames Piano Quartet, and the Lawrence Civic Choir. He currently resides in Lawrence with his wife Wendie and stepchildren.

Show Boat, a choral montage (1927)

Music by Jerome Kern, words by Oscar Hammerstein II, arranged by Hawley Aedes

Perhaps the most influential musical of the twentieth century, Show Boat combined the talents of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, both of whom had felt for some time that Broadway musical theatre was suffering from a lack of depth and needed to steer away from the fluffy musical comedies and melodramatic operetta that it was accustomed to. After choosing for their subject Edna Ferber's sprawling novel of life on the Mississippi, Kern and Hammerstein set out to deal with issues such as unhappy marriages and racial prejudice.

The story, which spans almost fifty years, deals primarily with the fortunes of an impressionable young woman named Magnolia Hawks, her father who owns a show boat named the Cotton Blossom, and a troubled riverboat gambler/actor named Gaylord Ravenal. Magnolia and Gaylord fall in love while acting on the showboat and eventually marry and move to Chicago. They separate, however, after Gaylord loses all of their money gambling. The subplot involves Magnolia's mulatto friend, the tragic Julie La Verne.

Why Do I Love You?

Why do I love you? Why do you love me? Why should there be two happy as we?
Can you see the why or wherefore, I should be the one you care for?
You're a lucky boy, I am lucky, too, All our dreams of joy seem to come true
Maybe that's because you love me, Maybe that's why I love you!

Make Believe

We could make believe I love you, Only make believe that you love me. Others find peace of mind in pretending; Couldn't you? Couldn't I? Couldn't we make believe our lips are blending In a phantom kiss, or two or three? Might as well make believe I love you, For, to tell the truth, I do.

You Are Love

You are love, here in my arms where you belong, and here you will stay, I'll not let you away; I want day after day with you.
You are spring, bud of romance unfurl'd, You taught me to see one truth forever true.
You are love, wonder of all the world. Where you go with me heaven will always be, wait and see!

Ol' Man River

Ol' man river, that ol' man river, He must know somethin' but don't say nothin', He jus' keeps rollin', he keeps on rollin' along, rollin' along.
He don't plant taters, he don't plant cotton, An' them that plants 'em is soon for gotten; But ol' man river, he jus' keeps rollin' along, rollin' along.
You and me, we sweat and strain, Body all achin' an' racked with pain. "Tote that barge!" "Lift that bale," Get a little drunk an' you land in jail.
I get weary an' sick of tryin', I'm tired of livin' an' scared of dyin', But ol' man river, he jus' keeps rollin' along.

No. 5

Die grüne Hopfenranke, sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge, schöne Dirne, so traurig ist ihr Sinn!
Du Hore, grüne Ranke! Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du hore, schöne Dirne! Was ist so schwer das Herz?
Wie hob sich die Ranke, der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne frohlich, wenn ihr der Liebste weit.

Thou tender trailing ivy, why creep so low thy branches green?
Thou damsel young and dainty, why is so sad thy mien?
Oh say, thou glist'ning ivy, why is't thou dost not heav'nward rise?
Oh say, thou damsel dainty, why melts thy heart with sighs?
What ivy can grow heav'nward with none to give it strength or stay?
Or how can a maid have pleasure, while he she loves' away!

No. 6

Ein kleiner, hubscher Vogel nahm den Flug zum Garten hin, due gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hubscher, kleiner Vogel var, ich saumte nicht, ich tate so wie der.
Leimrutenarglist lauert an dem Ort,

Was once a pretty tiny birdie, flew where fruit in garden fair hung bright to view.
If that a pretty tiny bird I were, I'd fly away and seek yon garden fair.
Lime twigs and treach'ry all its branches bore,
Ah hapless birdie, thou wilt fly no more!
If that a pretty tiny bird I were, I think of yonder garden I'd beware,
That birdie came in hand of ladye bright,
And there he had full store of fond delight.
If that a pretty tiny bird were I, like him to yonder garden straight I'd fly.

Der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort
Wenn ich ein hubscher, kleiner Vogel war, ich saumte doch, ich tate nicht wie der.
Der Vogel kam, der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand, da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht and. Wenn ich ein hubscher, kleiner Vogel var, ich saumte nicht, ich tate doch wie der.

No. 11

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den Leuten; Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten. Bin ich hiter, hegen sollich lose Triebe, bin ich still, so heisst's, ich wäre irr aus Liebe, irr aus Liebe.

No, there is no bearing with these spiteful neighbors; all one doth interpret wrongly, each one labors. Am I merry? Then by evil thoughts I'm haunted, am I sad? They say I am with love demented.

No. 18

Es bebet das Gestrauche, gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vogelein,
In seiner Art erbebet die Seele mir, erschuttert von Liebe, Lust und Liede, von Liebe, gedenkt sie dein.

A tremor's in the branches, a bird has brush'd his pinions thro' yonder tree.
And thus my heart within me thro' all its depths is trembling; in love and joy and sorrow, I think of thee.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder! (1908)*Music by Claude Debussy, text by Charles d'Orleans, from Trois Chansons*

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder;
 La gracieuse bone et belle;
 Pour les grans biens que sont en elle,
 Chascun est prest de la louer.
 Que se pour roit d'elle lasser?
 Tous jours sa beaute renouvelle.

Dieu, qu'il la fait bon regarder,
 La gracieuse bonne et belle!
 Pardeca, ne dellamer,
 Nescay dame nedamoiselle.
 Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.
 C'estung songe que d'I penser:
 Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! Oh how fair she is to see.
 This graceful, good and peerless creature;
 such is the virtue that is in her,
 Full of her praise the world will be.
 She is a source of constancy,
 Each day her beauty seems yet purer.

Lord, oh how fair she is to see,
 This graceful, good and peerless creature!
 Over sea, far away, or near,
 Ev'ry other maiden excelling,
 There's none can match a beauty so telling.
 Happy I as I dream of her: Lord!
 Oh how fair she is to see!

Ave Maria (1915)*Music by Serge Rachmaninoff, Op. 37, No. 6, Edited by Norwood Hinkle*

Ave, ave, Maria, gratia plena,
 Maria gratia plena,
 Dominus te cum,
 et benedicta tu in muli eribus,
 et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus,
 ora pronobis peccatoribus nuc et in hora
 mortis nostrae. Amen.

Hail, O Mother, Mary, pure and holy.
 O Mary full of grace,
 our Lord is with thee,
 Holy Mary, Mother of God,
 holy Mary full of grace,
 O pray for us now and ever, now and ever.
 Amen

Choose Something Like a Star (Frostiana) (1959)*Music by Randall Thompson, text from Steeple Bush, by Robert Frost (1947)*

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
 We grant your loftiness the right
 To some obscurity 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.'
 By 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.

Brothers, Sing On! (1935)*Music by Edward Grieg, Words after the Swedish original by Herbert Dalmas; arranged and edited by Howard D. McKinney*

Come and let our swelling song
 Mount like the whirling wind,
 As it meets our singing throng,
 So blithe of heart and mind.
 Care and sorrow now be gone,
 Brothers in song, sing on!
 Brothers, sing on, sing on!

Youth is a wand'ring troubadour,
 Sailing the singing breeze,
 Wooing a maid on a distant shore,
 Over the tossing seas;

Steering by the stars above,
 His vessel a song of love.
 Brothers, sing on sing on!

Errant minstrels, thus we greet you,
 List to our voices strong,
 With glad and open hearts we meet you
 In our festival of song,
 Care and sorrow now be gone,
 Brothers in song, sing on!
 Brothers, sing on, sing on!

Zion's Walls (1952)*Adapted by Aaron Copland, arranged by Glenn Koponen, Revivalist Song*

Come fathers and mothers, Come sisters and brothers,
 Come join us in singing the praises
 of Zion. O fathers don't you feel determined to meet
 within the walls of Zion.
 We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion.

Special Thanks

Lois Orth-Lopes and Margaret Holdeman, *women's attire*
 Andi Parson, *men's attire and music librarian*
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 Marlene Merrill and Jeanine Morton, *grant writing*
 Joan Pease, Elaine & Larry McCullough, Sandra Walton, *hospitality*
 Lindsay Williamson, *page turner*

Gentle Annie (1856)

Music by Stephen C. Foster, arranged by Dennis Eliot

Stephen Foster is fondly remembered as one of the great early American composers. He died in 1864 at the age of 37, leaving behind a legacy that includes songs such as “Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair” (1854), “Beautiful Dreamer” (1862), and “Oh! Susanna” (1849). Gentle Annie was written by Foster following the death of a dear family friend, Annie, and was reported to be a family favorite and a favorite of Abraham Lincoln.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, like
a flow’r thy spirit did depart; Thou art
gone, alas! like the many that have bloomed
in the summer of my heart.

Shall we nevermore behold thee; never hear
thy winning voice again, When the spring-
time comes, gentle Annie, when the wild
flow’rs are scatter’d o’er the plain?

The Gondoliers (1889)

*Music by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan; Libretto by William Schwenk Gilbert
Arranged by Henry Clough-Leigher with piano accompaniment by G. Wallace
Woodworth*

Dance a cachuca, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we’ll drink, Manzanilla, Montero;
Wine when it runs in abundance
enhances the reckless delight
of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter;
And the clitter, clitter, clatter; ...
We’ll dance!

Old Xeres we’ll drink, Manzanilla, Mon-
tero,
For wine, when it runs in abundance,
enhances the reckless delight
of that wildest of dances,
That wildest of dances,
The reckless delight!

Once more, gondolieri,
Both skilful and wary,
Free from this quandary,
Contented are we.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder near
the silent spot where thou art laid, and my
heart bows down when I wander by the
streams and the meadows where we strayed.

Shall we nevermore behold thee; never hear
thy winning voice again, When the spring-
time comes, gentle Annie, when the wild
flow’rs are scatter’d o’er the plain?

From Royalty flying,
Our gondolas plying,
And merrily crying our “preme”, “stali!”

So goodbye, cachuca, fandango, bolero,
We’ll dance a farewell to that measure;
Old Xeres, adieu, Manzanilla, Montero,
We leave you with feelings of pleasure!

Once more, gondolieri,
Both skilful and wary,
Free from this quandary,
contented are we.

Once more, gondolieri, gondolieri,
contented, contented are we!

So goodbye, cachuca, fandango, bolero,
We’ll dance a farewell to that measure;
Old Xeres, adieu, Manzanilla, Montero,
We leave you with feelings of pleasure,
with feelings of pleasure!

O Clap Your Hands (1973)

Music by John Rutter, Psalm 47, vv. 1-7

O clap your hands together all ye people;
O sing unto God with a voice of melody.
For the Lord is high and to be feared:
He is the great King upon all the earth.
He shall subdue the people under us:
and the nations under our feet.
He shall choose out an heritage for us:
even the worship of Jacob whom he loved.
God is gone up with a merry noise,
with a merry noise, with a merry noise:
and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

O sing praises, sing praises unto our God:
O sing praises sing praises unto our King.
For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.
O clap your hands together all ye people:
O clap your hands, clap your hands,
clap your hands, clap your hands,
clap your hands together, all ye people,
clap your hands together, all ye people,
clap your hands, all ye people.

The Pasture (1997)

*Music by Z. Randall Stroope, Text by Robert Frost, No. 2 from “Where the Earth
Meets the Sky”*

I’m going to clean the pasture spring: I sha’n’t be long.
I’ll only stop to rake the leaves away: I sha’n’t be long.
(and watch the water clear I may, and watch the water clear I may):
I sha’n’t be gone long, I sha’n’t be gone long. You come too.

I’m going out to fetch the little calf: I sha’n’t be long.
The calf that’s by the mother, I sha’n’t be long.
It is so young, it is so young it totters, totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha’n’t be gone long, I sha’n’t be gone long: You come too. You come too.

**From Conversations with Robert Frost, by Morris P. Tilley, Professor at the
University of Michigan; published in *The Inlander*, the student newspaper,
February 1918**

Frost is a delightful personality, frank, straightforward, honest. I have been charmed with his candor. He is without pretense of any kind. His personal view of everything is most pronounced. “I am very personal,” he said to me once; and it is true. There is no restraint about him at all...In his poetry, Frost avoids poetic diction. He uses only words of his own, always striving to be natural and sincere....He felt that he wanted to get the qualities of intimate conversation into his poetry... “Words must be the ordinary words that we hear about us, to which the imagination must give an iridescence. Then only are words really poetic. ... The music of poetry is not like the music of an instrument, however. It is something different. Music in poetry is obtained by catching the conversational tones which are the special property of vital utterances. There is the sense the words convey, and there is also an emotional quality, an interpretative quality, in the tone in which the words are uttered. To gather these, because they are significant and vital and carry through the ear an appeal of sincerity, is the main effort in poetry.”

Composer's Notes

Phoenix of the Plains began with a poem written in July of 2003 about the history of Lawrence, which was the first theme that struck me when the Lawrence Civic Choir offered me a commission to mark the Lawrence Sesquicentennial. The original poem became the first movement of the choral suite, and traces the city's triumphs and conflicts through its 150 years. The music is dramatic in style, highlighting the defining moments in the city's history; the open plains surrounding the early settlement are suggested by musical references to another musical tribute to America, Dvorak's *New World Symphony*.

The second movement is a call to awareness of the many different kinds of people and the many different sacrifices, costs, and failures which have come with our successes; its brooding statements and elegiac instrumental soli appeal to us on behalf of the fallen, the downtrodden, and the outcast, who have also suffered on our behalf, just as our heroes.

The third movement is a hymn about the importance of character and of our individual decisions, large and small, which add up to the character and soul of an entire city; how the atmosphere, the "feel" of a town grows from each person's attitude towards even the most trivial and mundane daily activities. This atmosphere, in turn, can have a powerful influence on all who live in a community. This movement, with dignity and conviction, appeals to each of us to treat each other with compassion and respect, to learn to live with our differences rather than persecute each other, and to view ourselves as a community together rather than as adversaries.

The choir is accompanied by four single instruments, each with a very different and highly individual tone color: the flute, the oboe, the bassoon, and the violoncello. The blending of these unique and distinctive sounds into a harmonious whole with the choir symbolizes Lawrence's greatest asset of the past and its greatest need of the present: that people with different goals, different needs, and different abilities, must tolerate each other and even work together for the common good rather than seek to drive each other out into the cold. In recent years, the need for this message has become increasingly urgent, as fear and paranoia have risen and love and reason have receded; when our nation and even our city have seen vindictive and even vicious quests gain momentum and even widespread acceptance, while voices of sanity and self-restraint have been silenced or driven into the ground; these, like the "bleeding Kansas" days of Lawrence's birth, are times when the message of Lawrence's founders is desperately needed.

--Geoff Wilcken, 2005

Phoenix of the Plains

Built by the mixture of idealists and entrepreneurs
Which is America.

Built by architects of freedom,
By those who rejected the lash and the chain,
Here is Lawrence, an infant astride a river,
a dream of righteousness.

Burned in spite by a sheriff of fraud,
Struck and beaten by pretenders to legislature,
The dream of light struggles but endures;
Her banner is raised again.

Burned again amid the greater war
By criminals, poisonous with revenge,
She rebounds from deeper injury with deeper strength.
Defiant, proud, convicted of the right.
Here is Lawrence, a child astride a river,
The phoenix of the plains.

Through years she bears the conflict yet endures.
Though her first champions struggle with each other,
Though gold and silver battle for her love,
She strides, armed by the memory of her past
And crowned with the blazing lamp of study--
Like steel tried and cured in fire.

She burns again in anguish with the nation's wars.
Unfinished work against slavery torments her again.
And yet the warrior astride a river
burns and is born again. Lighting the plains,
For she is strongest when ablaze.
--Geoff Wilcken, 20.07.2003

Remember Those

REMEMBER THOSE WHO BEAR THE COST OF FREEDOM: THOSE WHO FALL AS OTHERS RISE.
REMEMBER THAT EACH OBJECT WE RELY ON WAS MADE BY SOME PERSON WHO RELIES ON US.

REMEMBER THAT EACH PERSON HAS A FOOTPRINT, EACH LIFE AFFECTS EACH LIFE IN ITS WAY. WHAT MESSAGE WILL BE READ IN OUR LIFE? WHAT KIND OF FOOTPRINT ARE WE LEAVING? DO WE PLANT OR DO WE TRAMPLE?

YOU CANNOT BE GRATEFUL FOR THE THINGS YOU DO NOT NOTICE.
YOU CANNOT HONOR THOSE OF WHOM YOU ARE NOT AWARE.
YOU CANNOT LOVE ANOTHER WHEN YOUR GAZE IS ON YOURSELF.

REMEMBER THOSE WHO BEAR THE COST OF FREEDOM: THOSE WHOM OUR JUSTICE SADLY FAILS TO SEE. REMEMBER THAT EACH PERSON IS A PERSON— WITH A VOICE, A LIGHT, A BURDEN, AND A SONG. REMEMBER THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN FOR US, AND THOSE WE HAVE PRESSED DOWN. REMEMBER THOSE WHO BEAR THE COST OF FREEDOM.
-GAW 21.08.03