‘Twas hard the words to frame to break the ties that bound us,
But harder still to bear the shame of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, "The mountain glen I'll seek at morning early,
And join the brave united men while soft wind shook the barley."

While sad he kissed away her tears, his fond arms around her finger clinging
When to my ears that fateful shot came out the wildwood ringing.
The bullet pierced my true love's breast in life's young spring so early,
And there upon my breast she died while soft wind shook the barley.

‘Twas blood for blood without remorse I took at Oulart Hollow.
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse where mine full soon may follow.
Around her grave I wandered drear noon, night and morning early,
With aching heart when e'er I hear the wind that shakes the barley.

-Robert Dwyer Joyce, 1830-1883

III
Give Me Jesus .......................................................... Traditional Spiritual
arr. Moses Hogan
Katelyn Petticoffer, soprano

No Time .................................................. Traditional Camp Meeting Song
arr. Susan Brumfield

Gaelic Blessing .......................................................... John Rutter
(b. 1945)

Amen .......................................................... John Rutter

CHOIR PERSONNEL
Soprano I: Amanda Bright, Hannah Brown, Kelley Campbell, Olivia Daniels, Tina Nguyen, Katelyn Petticoffer, Tara Solomon, Sarah Wright
Soprano II: Abigail Chetta, Elisa Chodan, Catherine Collins, Sarah Craddock, Katelyn Fenton, Colleen Fitzpatrick, Hannah Frazee, Jocie Lindmark
Alto I: Christi Dean, Janeen Hatt, Sara Pennington, Alli Pfeifle, Carla Pherson, Kristie Skaggs, Rachel Steffensmeier
Alto II: Kate Chapin, DaRin Cho, Deb Dahlhausen, Meredith Keen, Tamara McFadden, Janine Militar
Tenor I: Wes Ascher, Timothy Buttram, Judson Greene, Adam Hunt, Daniel Minnick
Tenor II: Taylor Bancroft, Andrew Felber, Tim Kamibayashiyaama, Nathan Villanova
Bass I: Joseph Bowman, Matt Estelle, Jonathan Fraga, Jason Hamilton, Kenneth Hankin, Ethan Holmes, Andrew Huish, Reed West
Bass II: Zane Addis, Jacob Bernhardt, Joel Dupont, Daniel Griffin, Michael Seibert, Vladimir Vallejo

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A recording of this concert may be ordered at the Bruins Store or online at shop.bju.edu.
Abide ..................................................................................... Dan Forrest  
(b. 1978)

“Even When He Is Silent” was premiered during the 2011 St. Olav Festival in Trondheim, just a few days after the terrorist attacks in Oslo and Utøya. The motet is a setting of a three-line anonymous poem found scratched on the wall of a cellar in the Cologne concentration camp.

“I believe in the sun even when it’s not shining. I believe in love even when I feel it not. I believe in God even when He is silent.” – Anonymous, 20th century

II

Even When He Is Silent .......................................... Kim Andre Arnesen  
(b. 1980)

Kim André Arnesen is one of the most frequently performed Norwegian classical composers today. Educated at the Music Conservatory in Trondheim, Norway, he is an elected member of the Norwegian Society of Composers and is currently the composer-in-residence for the Denver based choral ensemble Kantorei. “Even When He Is Silent” was premiered during the 2011 St. Olav Festival in Trondheim, just a few days after the terrorist attacks in Oslo and Utøya. The motet is a setting of a three-line anonymous poem found scratched on the wall of a cellar in the Cologne concentration camp.

“I believe in the sun even when it’s not shining. I believe in love even when I feel it not. I believe in God even when He is silent.” – Anonymous, 20th century

Precious Lord, Take My Hand............................... Thomas A. Dorsey  
(1899–1993)

arr. Roy Ringwald

Precious Lord, Take My Hand was Thomas A. Dorsey’s response to the terrible loss of his wife and son in childbirth in 1932. The Chicago gospel choir director, previously known as blues pianist Georgia Tom, based his slowly ascending melody largely on the 1844 hymn tune MAITLAND (Must Jesus bear the cross alone). His text is a plea for divine intervention that gives’s voice to a longing for a better place while enduring the very personal struggles of this life. The transparent vulnerability and urgent longing of this tune and text gave rise to what is now called the Golden Age of Gospel. Recorded by nearly every gospel artist of the day, the song resonated with Martin Luther King – his struggles and his dreams. He had Mahalia Jackson sing it at civil rights rallies and asked her to sing it at his funeral should she survive him. She did so following King’s assassination in 1968. The same year, Roy Ringwald (1910-1995) arranged the song in King’s memory, incorporating lines from his 1963 visionary call for equality, “I have a dream.”

Precious Lord, take my hand, bring me home through the night,  
Through the dark, through the storm, to Thy light.  
I have been to the mount, I have seen the Promised Land,  
Precious Lord, precious Lord, take my hand.  
Precious Lord, take my hand, bring Thy child home at last,  
Where the strife and the pain all are past.  
I have dreamed a great dream that Thy love shall rule our land,  
Precious Lord, precious Lord, take my hand.  
Precious Lord, take my hand, take Thy child unto Thee,  
With my dream of a world that is free  
For that day when all flesh joins the glory Thou hast planned,  
Precious Lord, precious Lord, take my hand.  

-Thomas A. Dorsey, 1899-1993

Dan Forrest writes: “I first encountered Jake Adam York’s poem, ‘Abide,’ when a friend sent me an article from New York Times Magazine memorializing his untimely death in 2012 at the age of 40. York is known for his collections of poetry elegizing the martyrs of the Civil Rights Movement in the U.S. ‘Abide,’ chosen by U.S. Poet Laureate Natasha Trethewey for the NY Times article, may be his finest. The poem is part of his collection by the same title published in 2012. It was inspired by a vinyl recording of Thelonious Monk performing the classic hymn, ‘Abide with Me.’ My setting hints at that hymn and seeks to evoke a sense of Americana on a warm late-summer evening. Inspired by York’s own direct manner of reading his own poetry, I chose to set most of his text in a rather homophonic and syllabic style, surrounding it with richer textures which envelop and embrace his own honest voice. Special thanks to the family of Jake Adam York for granting permission to set his work to music for the first time. York’s poem is worth pondering deeply on many levels, and I hope this musical setting enables repeated and ever-deeper reflection on the work of this gifted poet.”

Forgive me if I forget with the birdsong  
and the day’s last glow folding into the hands of the trees,  
forgive me the few syllables of the autumn crickets,  
the year’s last firefly winking like a penny in the shoulder’s weeds,  
if I forget the hour, if I forget the day as the evening star  
pours out its whiskey over the gravel and asphalt I’ve walked for years alone,  
if I startle when you put your hand in mine,  
if I wonder how long your light has taken to reach me here.  
-Jake Adam York, 1972–2012

The Wind That Shakes the Barley...............................Traditional Irish  
adpt. Robert Dwyer Joyce  
arr. Dan Davidson

Andrew Smith, guitar and Janine Militar, war drum

The Wind That Shakes the Barley was written by Irish poet and professor of English Literature, Robert Dwyer Joyce (1836–1883). Set during the 1798 Irish Rebellion, the ballad tells the story of a young rebel choosing between love for a young woman and love for his dear Ireland. As the Irish rebels resisted British rule and were killed in the struggle, the barley they carried in their pockets for provisions would sprout in the spring for the shallow graves into which their bodies were thrown. The barley grown every year became a symbol of the never dying Irish resistance to British rule and oppression.

I sat within a valley green, I sat there with my true love,  
And my sad heart strove to choose between the old love and the new love.  
The old for her, the new that made me think on Ireland dearly,  
While soft the wind blew down the glade and shook the golden barley.