

M Manhattan
School of Music

**MSM CHAMBER CHOIR
AND MSM CHORALE**
Serenade to Music

Malcolm J. Merriweather (DMA '15) and
Deborah Simpkin King, Ph.D., Conductors

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 2023 | 7 PM
NEIDORFF-KARPATI HALL



**Council on
the Arts**

Manhattan School of Music's public programs are made possible in part by the New York State Council on the Arts with the support of the Office of the Governor and the New York State Legislature.



Funded in part by a grant from the New York City Tourism Foundation.

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PROGRAM

MARQUES L. A. GARRETT *Sing Out, My Soul*
(b. 1984)

D. V. MONTOYA *African Processional: Jambo rafiki yangu* (sung in Swahili)
(b. 1978) (Text by Carah Reed and C. V. M.)
(arr. R. Kean) **Luis Vego-Torres**, baritone
Akshay Tiwaari and **Dylan Wilson**, percussion

ROSEPHANYE POWELL *To Sit and Dream*
(b. 1962) (Text by Langston Hughes)

KYLE PEDERSON *Bringers of Noise*
(b. 1971) **Akshay Tiwaari** and **Dylan Wilson**, percussion

WILLIAM AVERITT *Fire!* from *Afro-American Fragments*
(b. 1948) (Text by Langston Hughes)
Madeline Pope, soprano
Ruijie Wang, treble-hands accompanist

MSM Chorale

VICENTE LUSITANO
(c. 1520 –c. 1561)

Beati omnes qui

Inviolata

FLORENCE PRICE
(1887–1953)

Summer Clouds
(Text by Mary Rolofson Gamble)

Weathers
(Text by Thomas Hardy)

Wander-thirst
(Text by Gerald Gould)

Samuel Kuffuor-Afriyie, Conductor

Resignation

Samuel Kuffuor-Afriyie, Conductor

Song for Snow
(Text by Elizabeth Coatsworth)

CAROLINE SHAW
(b. 1982)

and the swallow

RALPH VAUGHAN
WILLIAMS
(1872–1958)

Serenade to Music
(Text By William Shakespeare)

Daisy Sigal, soprano

Amelie Jacobs, soprano

AJ Johnson, mezzo soprano

Brandon Pencheff-Martin, baritone

Matthew Jiang, baritone

Alexander Moustakerski, bass

MSM Chamber Choir

MSM CHAMBER CHOIR

Malcolm J. Merriweather (DMA'15), Conductor

Samuel Kuffuor-Afriyie, graduate assistant

Mari Hwang, piano

SOPRANO

Brianna Almonte

Mia Blanco

Szilvi Cimino

Yuanming Gao

Amelie Jacobs

Ashley Manocchi

Holly Marescot

Mary Margaret McNeil

Adaiah Ogletree

Daisy Dalit Sigal

ALTO

Maya Borisov

June Cavlan

Meredith Krinke

Anisah LaPlante

AJ Rivera Johnson

Echo Wang

Leila Zavala

TENOR

Francisco Gomez

Samuel Kuffuor-Afriyie

Gabriel Legros

Luke Magee

Brandon Thomas Pencheff-Martin

BASS

Matthew Jiang

Alex Jurak

Alexander Moustakerski

Quinlan Sellars

Anthony Wu

MSM CHORALE

Deborah Simpkin King, Conductor

Hong-You Liu, piano

Sara Zerilli, Manager

SOPRANO 1

Yuyao Chen

Lynn Kang

Stephanie Keledjian

Jiayin Li

Zheng Liu

Katie McDermott

Ahhyun Noh

Elizabeth Osborne

Kangning Shao

Mier Tao

Dylan Wilson

Ruochen Yang

SOPRANO 2

Annelise Combitsis

Sora Hoppo

Evelyn Lehmann

Wing Tung Lei

LinLin Li

Di Min

Daria Podorozhnova

Madeline Pope

Mayu Tayama

Runqingqing Wang

Yanxin Wang

Aliyah Wendelbo

Yuyue Zhou

ALTO 1

Jayla Brenord
Ha Bui
Erin Daniels
Marien Femerling Garcia
Danni Fu
Yushan Guo
Rebecca Hsiao
Xingyao Li
Haojun Sun
Xuyan Wang
Lucy Xu
Sarah Yang
Sara Zerilli

ALTO 2

Yuran Gong
Terri Ji
Elif Karakas
Yushan Lai
Jianing Sun
Xitong Wang
Yuqing Zhang
Yutong Zhang
Zixin Zhou
Jingyi Zou

TENOR

Xinchen Jia
Linus Yixuan
Kaiwei Xiao
Guanxiao Yang
XuRen Zang
Alvaro Amat

BARITONE

William Bastianon
Vincent Bos
Tek Chon Chan
Isaac Cortijo
Jacob Eddy
Nelyam Gutierrez Mustelier
Alex Howard
Jonas Liu
Luke Randazzo
David Raoul Solomon Bob
Haolin Song
Yap Sun
Akshay S. Tiwari
Seiran Tozlian
Luis Vega-Torres
Songlin Zhong
Thomas Kim

BASS

Sebastian Block
Marco Catella
Jack Dendinger
Aleksandr Denisov
Jen Impey
Tieyin Li
Hong-You Liu
Tongyu Lu
Tamazi Mzhavanadze
Bryan Seely
Bazyli Siwek
Michael Xiaopeng Wang
Jun Zhao

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Malcolm J. Merriweather (DMA '15), Conductor

Grammy-nominated conductor and baritone Malcolm J. Merriweather is Director of the New York Philharmonic Chorus and Music Director of New York City's Dessoff Chorus. He is an Associate Professor at Brooklyn College and on the faculty of Manhattan School of Music.

He has conducted ensembles in venues that include Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Madison Square Garden, Brooklyn Academy of Music, Westminster Abbey, and the Vatican prior to the election of Pope Francis. His repertoire covers everything from Bach to the world premiere recordings of *The Ballad of the Brown King*, *Credo*, and *Simon Bore the Cross* by Margaret Bonds (AVIE Records). At the invitation of Solange Knowles, he joined the interdisciplinary studio and creative agency Saint Heron for performances with Voices of Harlem and the Clark Sisters in *Glory to Glory: A Revival of Devotional Art*.

Dr. Merriweather has been featured as a soloist throughout the United States and has premiered dozens of contemporary solo works. He studied with Rita Shane and was a fellowship recipient at Tanglewood. Dr. Merriweather has earned degrees from Eastman, Manhattan School of Music, and Syracuse University.

IG: @maestroweather

malcolmjmerriweather.com

Deborah Simpkin King, Conductor

Deborah Simpkin King, Ph.D., is a choral conductor, artistic director, and new music advocate. She plays an active role in the vibrant Manhattan choral scene and serves the national and international music community through her guest conducting and body of published work.

Her leadership as a conductor is ongoing with Ember, the semi-professional performing ensemble of Ember Choral Arts; as a faculty member at Manhattan School of Music; as Director of Music and Arts at the historic Trinity Episcopal Church in Asbury Park, New Jersey; and as a conductor with Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival. Her commitment to nurturing the next generation in the arts can be seen through the arts education initiatives at Ember Choral Arts, her long-standing leadership of the NJ-ACDA High School Choral Festival, and the expansion of the New York Choral Consortium—which she Chairs—to include young singers through the Big Sing, Jr.

As founder of PROJECT : ENCORE, Dr. King is a leader in the new music industry, working with composers in securing post-premiere performances as well as commissioning and performing many premieres herself. Her most recent initiative is the birth of the Ember Ablaze Composer Lab with Robert Paterson as the founding composer-in-residence.

Dr. King is a published author and editor who serves the music community internationally as monthly columnist with ACDA's *Choral Journal* and host of public radio's *Sounds Choral* (syndicated through WWFM.)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sing Out, My Soul

Marques L. A. Garrett

Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy;
Sing as a happy bird will sing.
Beneath a rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Think not of death, strive not for gold,
Train up your mind to feel content,
What matters then how low your store?
It matters not.
What we enjoy, and not possess,
Makes rich or poor.

Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy; . . .

—Text by William Henry Davies

African Processional: Jambo rafiki yangu

D. V. Montoya

Jambo rafiki yangu.
Kawaida ume fahamu, ni se fahamu.

Wewe ni mwema.
Welcome my friend!

Always remember me and I will
remember you.
(Always, understand me, and I will
understand you.)
You are so wonderful.

—Text by Carah Reed and C.V.M.

To Sit and Dream

Rosephanye Powell

To sit and dream. To sit and read.
To sit and learn about the world.

Outside our world of here and now -
Our problem world -
To dream of vast horizons of the soul
Through dreams made whole,

Unfettered free - help me!
All you who are dreamers, too,
Help me to make our world anew.

—Text by Langston Hughes

Bringers of Noise

Kyle Pederson

Narration: In the time before time, all was silent.
 Hushed tones, soft rains, still waters.
 Sounds muted. Then we arrived.
 We brought the clap of the thunder.
 We brought the pound of the wave.
 We exploded the mountaintop.
 We crushed the ground under the feet of beasts.
 You hear a blast? We are there.
 You hear a howl? We are there.
 You hear a rumble and a roar? We are there.
 We are . . . the Bringers of Noise!

Beyond the narration, Bringers of Noise utilizes an imaginary language and is based on a fictional story based in the cavernous depths of Mount Olympus.

—Text by Kyle Pederson

Fire! from Afro-American Fragments

William Averitt

Refrain: Fire, Fire, Lord!
Fire gonna burn ma soul!

I ain't been good,
I ain't been clean,
I been stinkin', low-down mean. *Refrain*

Tell me, brother,
Do you believe
If you want-a go to heaven
Got to moan an' grieve? *Refrain*

I been stealin',
Been tellin' lies,
Had more women than
Pharaoh had wives. *Refrain*

—Text by Langston Hughes

Beati omnes qui
Vicente Lusitano

Beáti ómnes qui tíment Dóminum,
Qui ámbulant in víis éjjus.
Labóres mánuum tuárum
quía manducábis,
Beátus es,
et béne tíbi érit.
Uxor túa sícut vítis abúndans,
In latéribus dómus túae.

Fílii túi, sícut novéllae olivárum,
In circúitu ménsae túae.
Ecce sic benedicétur hómo
Qui tímet Dóminum.
Benedícat tíbi Dóminus ex Sión,
Et vídeas bóna Jerúsalem
óm nibus diébus vítae túae;
Et vídeas fílios filiórum tuórum,
Pácem super Israel.

Inviolata
Vicente Lusitano

Inviolata, integra, et casta es Maria,
quae es effecta fulgida caeli porta.

O Mater alma Christi carissima,
suscipe pia laudum praeconia.

Te nunc flagitant devota corda et ora,
nostra ut pura pectora sint et corpora.

Tu per precata dulcisona,
nobis concedas veniam per saecula.

O benigna! O Regina! O Maria,
quae sola inviolata permansisti.

Blessed are all who fear the Lord,
Who walk in his ways.
The labors of your hands
mean you will eat;
You are blessed,
and it will be well with you.
Your wife fruitful like a vine,
within the bricks of your house

Your children, like olive shoots,
Around your table.
Behold, thus will one be blessed
Who fears the Lord.
May the Lord bless you from Zion,
and may you see the goods of Jerusalem
all the days of your life;
And may you see your children's children,
Peace be upon Israel.

Inviolata, spotless and pure art thou,
O Mary Who wast made the radiant
gate of the King.

Holy mother of Christ most dear,
receive our devout hymn and praise.

Our hearts and tongues now ask of thee
that our souls and bodies may be pure.

By thy sweet sounding prayers
obtain for us forgiveness forever.

O gracious queen, O Mary,
who alone among women art inviolate.

Summer Clouds

Florence Price

The summer clouds go sailing by
Like silver ships across the sky,
Or stretching out like furrowed plain,
Or white-capped billows on the main.
What matters how their course we view,
If now and then the blue peeps through?
Sometimes they rise like mountain bold,
Peak after peak, all tinged with gold,
Sometimes they frown, sometimes are gray
Sometimes bring darkness while 'tis day.
What matters when we know 'tis true:
The azure will soon come peeping through
For well we know the sky is there,
Above the clouds all bright and fair.
The silver ship and furrowed plain
And mountain break and billowy main.
Will pass: but skies are firm and true
The azure will soon come peeping through.

So clouds must come into each life,
Some silver tinged, some gray with strife.
But God's rich mercy, like the sky,
Broods over all as years go by.
And many be the clouds or few,
God's love is always peeping though.

—Text by Mary Rolofson Gamble

Weathers

Florence Price

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly;
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at 'The Traveller's Rest,'
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,

And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

—Text by Thomas Hardy

Wander-Thirst **Florence Price**

Beyond the East the sun rise,
Beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander thirst that will not let me be.
It works in me like a madness
to bid me say goodbye.
For the seas call and the stars call, and Oh!
The call of the sky.
I know not where the white roads run, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend and for his guide a star.
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice us heard,
For the river calls, and the roads call, and oh the call of a bird.
Yonder the long horizon lies,
And there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again,
the young ship sail away.
And come I may, but go I must and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky,

—Text by Gerald Gould

Resignation

Florence Price

My life is a pathway of sorrow.
I've struggled and toiled in the sun,
With hope that the dawn of tomorrow
Would break on a work that is done.
My Master has pointed the way
He taught me in prayer to say,
Lord, "Give us this day our daily bread"
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.
My feet, they are wounded and dragging,
My body is tortured with pain,
My heart it is shattered and flagging
What matter if Heaven I gain?
Of happiness once I have tasted.
'Twas only an instant it paused.
Tho' brief was the hour that I wasted,
Forever the woe that it caused.
I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there.
They're waiting for me to come,
Where mansions are bright and fair.

Song for Snow

Florence Price

The earth is lighter than the sky,
The world is wider than in spring,
The earth is lighter, the world is wider than in spring
Along white roads the sleighs go by;
Along the roads the sleighs go by.
Icily sweet, The sleigh bells ring.
The birds are gone into the south.
The leaves are fallen to the ground
But singing shales.
Each sleigh bell's mouth and leaf-like ears,
Turn to the sound.

—Text by Elizabeth Coatsworth

and the swallow

Caroline Shaw

How beloved is your dwelling place,
o lord of hosts,
my soul yearns, faints,
my heart and my flesh cry out.

The sparrow found a house,
and the swallow her nest,
where she may raise her young.

They pass through the Valley of Bakka,
they make it a place of springs;
the autumn also covers it with pools.

Serenade to Music

Ralph Vaughan Williams

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted... Music! hark!

It is your music of the house.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Silence bestows that virtue on it.

How many things by season season'd are.
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.

(Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.)

—Text by William Shakespeare