

Herbstlied

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Oh, how soon the cycle ends, spring turns into wintertime! Oh, how soon all happiness turns to sad silence! The last sounds soon fade! The last songbirds are soon flown! The last green is soon gone! They all want to return home! Oh, how soon the cycle ends, merriness turns to longing sorrow. Were you a dream, you thoughts of love? Sweet as the spring and fast disappearing? Only one thing will never wane: the longing that never goes. ¹

Miss Jane Austen from *Three Poems from the Parlor*

Eleanor Daley (b. 1955)

Huron Carol

arr. Paul Halley (b. 1952)

Jane Ellen Nickell, Emily Spitz, Jessica Morgan, *handbells***I Saw Three Ships**

arr. David Willcocks (1919-2015)

~*Women's Ensemble*~**The Boar's Head Carol**

arr. Robert Shaw (1916-1999)

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

God Rest You Merry

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

In taberna quando summus from *Carmina Burana*

Carl Orff (1895-1982)

When we are in the tavern, we do not think how we will go to dust, but we hurry to gamble, which always makes us sweat. "What happens in the tavern, where money is lost?" you may well ask, and hear what I say. Some gamble, some drink, some behave loosely. But of those who gamble, some are stripped bare, some are dressed in sacks. Here no one fears death, but they throw the dice in the name of Bacchus. First of all it is to the wine-merchant that the libertines drink, one for the prisoners, three for the living, four for all Christians, five for the faithful dead, six for the loose sisters, seven for the footpads in the wood. Eight for the errant brethren, nine for the dispersed monks, ten for the seamen, eleven for the squabblers, twelve for the penitent, thirteen for the wayfarers. To the Pope as to the king they all drink without restraint. The mistress drinks, the master drinks, the soldier drinks, the priest drinks, the man drinks, the woman drinks, the servant drinks with the maid, the swift man drinks, the lazy man drinks, the white man drinks, the black man drinks, the settled man drinks, the wanderer drinks, the stupid man drinks, the wise man drinks. The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks, the exile drinks, and the stranger, the boy drinks, the old man drinks, the bishop drinks, and the deacon, the sister drinks, the brother drinks, the old lady drinks, the mother drinks, this man drinks, that man drinks, a hundred drink, a thousand drink. Six hundred pennies would hardly suffice, if everyone drinks immoderately and immeasurably. However much they cheerfully drink, we are the ones whom everyone scolds, and thus we are destitute. May those who slander us be cursed and may their names not be written in the book of the righteous. Io, io, io! ²

Michael Dolan, *conductor*~*Men's Ensemble*~

Zigeunerleben

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

In the forest shadows, among the beech branches, something stirs and rustles and whispers. The flames flare and the light flutters around the colorful figures and leaves and rocks. It is the wandering gypsy band, with lightning-like eyes and wild, flowing hair, nursed at the Nile's sacred stream, burned by Spain's southern warmth. Around the blazing fire, in the swelling grass, lie the men, wild and bold; the women crouch and prepare the meal, and busily fill the old goblet. Legends and songs are heard around the circle, as florid and colorful as the gardens of Spain, and magic sayings to ward off misery and danger are told by the old woman to the attentive band. Black-eyed maidens begin the dance. The torches sparkle in the red glow. The guitar beckons, the cymbal rings, as the dance becomes wild and wilder. Then they rest, weary from the nocturnal dance, lulled to sleep by the beech trees' rustling, and, banished from their homeland, they see this happy land in their dreams. But now in the east, as the morning awakes, the beautiful images of the night vanish; the mule paws the ground as the day begins.

The figures steal away--who can say whither? ³

Evelyn Griffith, Olivia Brophy, Matt Dugan, Ryan Sesler, Laura Haney, Michael McCormick, *soloists*
Rae Robison, Nolan Kons, *percussion*

Alleluia

Randall Thompson

Hanukkah Blessings

Ron Jeffers (b. 1943)

Blessed You, Lord our God, King of the world, who has sanctified us by your commandments and has commanded us to light the candle of Hanukkah. Blessed You, Lord our God, King of the world, who has performed miracles for our forefathers in all the days of this season. Blessed You, Lord our God, King of the world, who has granted us life and who has allowed us to reach this season.⁴

And the Glory of the Lord from Messiah

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

~College Choir~

The Angel Recitatives from Messiah

George Frideric Handel

There were shepherds abiding in the field

And the angel said unto them

And suddenly, there was with the angel

Carol Niblock, *soprano*

Glory to God from Messiah

George Frideric Handel

Gloucestershire Wassail

arr. Bruce Borton (b. 1947)

~Combined Choirs~