

Hey Nonny No! from *Four English Songs*

Crystal La Point Kowalski (b. 1958)

Koowu

Maryam Khoury (b. 1983)

Dominic Juliana, *dumbek*

La mort d'Ophélie from *Tristia, Op. 18*

Hector Berlioz (1803 – 1869)

*Beside a stream, Ophelia gathered along the bank - in her sweet and tender madness - some periwinkles, some buttercups, some opal-colored irises, and some of those pale pink flowers that one calls dead men's fingers. Ah! Then lifting in her white hands the morning's happy treasures, she hung them on the branches of a nearby willow. But, being too frail, the branch bent, it broke, and poor Ophelia fell, her garland in her hand. For some moments, her robe spread out and bore her on the current; and like a swelling sail she floated along still singing some old ballade, like a naiad born in the midst of that stream. But this strange melody faded quickly, like a passing sound; the dress, weighed down by the waters, soon dragged the poor, mad girl down into the deep abyss, leaving her melodious song hardly begun. Ah!*¹

All in green went my love riding from *earthsongs*

Ronald Perera (b. 1941)

~Women's Ensemble~

Beati mortui

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809 – 1847)

*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*²

My Pierwsza Brygada from *Three Polish War Songs*

arr. Derek J. Myler (b. 1990)

*The legions are the soldiers' note. The legions are the sacrificial pyre. The legions are the soldiers' pride. The legions are the soldiers' fate. We the First Brigade, a group of armed men - we've thrown our life's fate on the pyre. How much suffering and toil, how much blood and tears have flowed. Despite it all there's no doubt that the end of the journey gave us strength. We the First Brigade... For the sake of posterity, we'll devote the rest of our days to sow honor amid duplicity, heedless both to blame and to praise. We are the First Brigade...*³

Down Among the Dead Men

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

~Men's Ensemble~

Adoramus te, Christe

Quirino Gasparini (1721 – 1778)

*We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you. For by your holy cross and passion you have redeemed the world.
O Lord, have mercy upon us.*⁴

Gloria from *Coronation Mass in C*, K. 317

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 – 1791)

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to people of good will. We praise thee. We bless thee. We worship thee.
We glorify thee. We give thanks to thee because of thy great glory. Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father
almighty. Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son. Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father. Thou who takes
away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Thou who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us. For
Thou alone art Holy. Thou alone art the Lord. Thou alone art the most high, Jesus Christ. With the Holy Spirit in
the glory of God the Father. Amen.*⁵

Laura Haney, *soprano*; Olivia Brophy, *alto*; Matthew Dugan, *tenor*; Ryan Sesler, *bass*

Jindallaeggot

Christopher L. Boyd Tressler (b. 1982)

*When seeing me sickens you and you walk out, I'll send you off without a word, no fuss. I'll scatter azaleas from
Yongbyon's Mount Yaksan by the armful in your path. With parting steps on those strewn flowers, tread lightly. Go
on - leave. When seeing me sickens you and you walk out, why, I'd rather die than weep one tear. The day will come
when you loathe me and leave me; Goodbye! That's all, it's over. I'll have them strew your road with azaleas from
Yaksan in Yongbyon. Then be off, march briskly over those withered petals. The day will come when you leave me; you
think I'll cry? Not on your life. I won't!*⁶

The Battle of Jericho

Moses George Hogan (1957 – 2003)

Evelyn Griffith, *soprano*

~College Choir~

In Meeting We Are Blessed

Troy D. Robertson (b. 1978)

Dominic Juliana, *djembe*

Citadel Hill

arr. Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

~Combined Choirs~