

Northwestern University

HENRY AND LEIGH
BIENEN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Come, Sweet Death

University Singers

A.J. Keller, *conductor*

Jack Reeder, *graduate assistant conductor*

Charles Foster, *accompanist*

MARY B. GALVIN RECITAL HALL
2019–20 SEASON

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MONDAY, MARCH 2, 2020 AT 7:30 P.M.

Come, Sweet Death

“I tire of this world”

<i>Komm, süßer Tod</i> , verse 1	J.S. Bach (1685–1750)
<i>Hear My Prayer, O Lord</i>	Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
<i>Ave verum corpus</i>	William Byrd (1543–1623)
<i>Hallelujah</i>	William Walker (1809–1875)

“It will all be better in heaven”

<i>Komm, süßer Tod</i> , verse 2	J.S. Bach
<i>Selig sind die Toten</i>	Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672)
<i>O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf</i>	Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

“The world is a torture chamber”

<i>Komm, süßer Tod</i> , verse 3	J.S. Bach
<i>I live in pain</i>	David Lang (b. 1957)
“ <i>The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement</i> ” from <i>Americana</i>	Randall Thompson (1899–1984)
<i>Ain’-a That Good News</i>	William Dawson (1899–1990)

“I just want to go to heaven and the blue canopy of stars”

<i>Komm, süßer Tod</i> , verse 4	J.S. Bach
<i>From Carols of Death</i>	William Schuman (1910–1992)
<i>The Unknown Region</i>	
<i>To All, to Each</i>	

“So, world, goodnight”

Komm, süßer Tod, verse 5 J.S. Bach
From *Quatre petites prières de saint François d'Assise* Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)
Seigneur, je vous en prie
O mes très chers frères

Jacob Webb, *soloist*

Funeral Ikos John Tavener
(1944–2013)

Immortal Bach Knut Nystedt
(1915–2014)

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

In 1736, Georg Christian Schemelli published the *Musicalisches Gesangbuch*, a volume of sacred songs likely meant for private worship and religious contemplation. Of the 954 songs in the collection, 69 contained music in the form of a melody and a figured bass line. Three of these pieces have been attributed to J.S. Bach, and one of these — the aria *Komm, Süßer Tod* — acts as the musical through-line and poetic framework for tonight’s concert. Although ultimately a poem about hope for life after death, the aria’s anonymous text subtly explores a variety of related themes, and in our program, each verse acts as a thematic springboard for the works that follow it.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Komm, süßer Tod, verse 1 J.S. Bach

Text by Anonymous Author

<i>Komm, süßer Tod, komm, selge Ruh!</i>	Come, sweet death, come blessed rest!
<i>Komm, führe mich in Friede,</i>	Come lead me to peace
<i>Weil ich der Welt bin müde,</i>	For I am weary of the world,
<i>Ach komm! Ich Wart auf dich,</i>	Oh come! I wait for you,
<i>Komm bald und führe mich,</i>	Come soon and lead me,
<i>Drück mir die Augen zu.</i>	Close my eyes.
<i>Komm, selge Ruh!</i>	Come, blessed rest!

Hear my prayer, O Lord, Z. 15 Henry Purcell

Text from Psalm 102:1

Primarily a composer of theatrical music, the majority of Purcell’s sacred work dates from the 1680s. Due to the limited output of sacred music from English composers during the puritanical Commonwealth period (1649-1660), Purcell had few contemporaneous musical models and therefore resorted to studying the works available to him — those of the pre-Civil War English composers. He adopted the “full anthem” and “verse anthem” forms made conventional by Orlando Gibbons’ generation, whereas his harmonic language appears to have been influenced by the previous generation of composers, namely William Byrd and Thomas Tallis. The dissonances produced by cadential cross-relations in the works of these composers made their way into Purcell’s music, but he stretched these sorts of gestures to new harmonic extremes, resulting in dense pitch-clusters and often shocking moments of outlandish dissonance, which the composer uses throughout this anthem for emotional effect.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my crying come unto thee.

Ave verum corpus

William Byrd

Text by Pope Innocent VI (c.1282-1362)

William Byrd's setting of this 14th-century communion hymn was published in the first volume of *Gradualia*, a collection of settings of Mass Propers for various church feast days. Following Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603, recusant Catholics in England, including William Byrd, were unsure of their standing in society. Soon after Byrd published *Gradualia*, a group of angry provincial English Catholics planned to blow up the House of Lords in Parliament. One of the participants in the foiled plot was found carrying a copy of *Gradualia* and was imprisoned. The social stigma and uncertainty shared by Byrd and his fellow English Catholics is evident in Byrd's musical writing; throughout the motet, limited vocal ranges present subdued harmonies which bloom into fully romantic gestures throughout the motet, painting a picture of reverent but humble Tudor Roman Catholic worship.

–Program note by Jack Reeder

*Ave verum corpus,
natum de Maria Virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine,
Cuius latus perforatum, unda fluxit
sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine.*

Hail true Body,
born of the Virgin Mary,
who truly suffered, sacrificed
on the cross for humanity,
from whose pierced side
flowed blood,
Be for us a foretaste
in the test of death.

*O dulcis, o pie,
O Jesu Fili Mariae,
miserere mei.
Amen.*

O sweet, O holy,
O Jesus, son of Mary,
have mercy on me.
Amen.

Hallelujah

William Walker

Text by Charles Wesley (1707–1788)

William Walker occupied the generation following the First New England School of composers, the most famous of which being William Billings. Walker published four books of vocal music written in the shape-note format, most notably his *Southern Harmony*, which included about a dozen pieces which were included in the first edition of the famous *Sacred Harp* songbook. Shape-note and, later, *Sacred Harp* singing emerged in the U.S. in the late 18th century and have developed into a widespread practice independent from other forms of music-making, producing countless

communities of people eager to meet regularly to sing tunes from this rich repertoire of early American vocal music. According to the Sacred Harp Musical Heritage Association, this particular tune is the most frequently performed piece at Sacred Harp conventions worldwide.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die.
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t'appear,
And worship at Thy Feet!
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day,
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

Komm, süßer Tod, verse 2**J.S. Bach**

*Komm, süßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh!
Im Himmel ist es besser,
Da alle Lust viel größer,
Drum bin ich jederzeit
Schon zum Valet bereit,
Ich schließ die Augen zu.
Komm sel'ge Ruh'!*

Come, sweet death, come blessed rest!
It is better in Heaven,
For there all pleasure is greater
Therefore I am at all times
Prepared to say "Farewell,"
I close my eyes.
Come blessed rest!

Selig sind die Toten**Heinrich Schütz****Text from Revelation 14:13**

Heinrich Schütz's setting of this text, which was perhaps most famously set by Johannes Brahms in the closing movement of his *German Requiem*, comes from a collection of motets entitled *Geistliche Chormusik (Sacred choral music)*. The collection was published in 1648, in the final year of one of the most devastating military conflicts in European history: the Thirty Years' War. Death had been in the front of Schütz's mind for three decades, and, understandably, the collection is full of texts of consolation and pleas for peace, such as this motet: *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*. The primary impetus for the motets in this collection was the composer's frustration with trends in the music of his contemporaries, namely the heavy reliance on basso continuo in the absence of any kind of sophisticated counterpoint. As the composer states in the preface to the collection:

"Compositions without contrapuntal techniques, even if they sound heavenly to non-musicians, are beneath the skills of experienced composers."

Schütz suggests a variety of performance options with these works, which may be performed a cappella, with continuo accompaniment, or with certain vocal parts being completely replaced by organ or other instruments — an inheritance from his studies with Giovanni Gabrieli in Venice.

*Selig sind die Toten,
Die in dem Herren sterben,
Von nun an.
Ja, der Geist spricht:
Sie ruhen von ihrer Arbeit
Und ihre Werke folgen ihnen nach.*

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 after them.

O Heiland reiss die Himmel auf, Op. 74, No. 2**Johannes Brahms****Text by Friedrich Spee (1591-1635)**

Like many of Brahms' choral works, this motet is heavily influenced by the style of J.S. Bach. This brief, five-movement motet is a setting of the five verses of a well-known Lutheran hymn, and each of the movements uses the chorale tune either as a cantus firmus or, more loosely, as the seed of musical inspiration, much like Bach's chorale cantatas or his motet *Jesu, meine Freude*. Brahms produces a sense of development in the piece by composing each movement in a progressively more contemporary musical style, beginning with an archaic, modal style employing perfect intervals and avoiding modulation. As the piece progresses, Brahms employs more frequent instances of text-painting and exploratory harmonies, culminating in the fourth movement's Romantic depiction of longing for the afterlife, followed by a grotesquely celebratory finale, employing an inverted double-canon in all of the voices — another nod to the dense and ingenious counterpoint of Bach.

*O Heiland reiß die Himmel auf,
Herab, herauf vom Himmel lauf,
Reiß ab vom Himmel Tor und Tür,
Reiß ab was Schloß und Riegel für.*

O Savior, tear open the heavens,
Flow down to us from heaven above,
Tear off heaven's gate and door,
Tear off every lock and bar.

*O Gott ein Tau vom Himmel gieß
Im tau herab o Heiland fließ,
Ihr Wolken brecht und regnet aus
Den König über Jakobs Haus.*

O God, a dew from heaven pour,
In the dew O Savior, downward flow.
Clouds, break and rain down
The king of Jacob's house.

*O Erd schlag aus, schlag aus, o Erd,
Daß Berg und Tal grün alles werd,
O Erd herfür dies Blümlein bring,
O Heiland aus der Erden spring.*

O earth, burst forth, burst forth, O earth,
So that mountain and valley become green,
O earth, bring forth this little flower,
O Savior, spring forth from the Earth.

*Hie leiden wir die größte Not,
Vor Augen steht der bitter Tod,
Ach komm, für uns mit starker Hand,
von Elend zu dem Vaterland.*

Here we suffer the greatest distress,
Our eyes see our bitter death,
Come and lead us with your powerful hand
From this misery to our Father's land.

*Da wollen wir all danken dir,
Unserm Erlöser für und für,
Da wollen wir all loben dich,
Je allzeit immer und ewiglich.*

Therefore we all thank you,
Our Redeemer, forever and ever,
Therefore we all praise you,
At all times, always, and forever.

Komm, süßer Tod, verse 3

*Komm, süßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh!
O Welt, du Marterkammer,
Ach! Bleib mit deinem Jammer
Auf dieser Trauerwelt,
Der Himmel mir gefällt,
Der Tod bringt mich darzu.
Komm sel'ge Ruh!*

J.S. Bach

Come, sweet death, come blessed Rest!
Oh world, you torture chamber,
Ah! Stay with your misery
In this sad world,
It is Heaven that I desire,
Death shall bring me there.
Come, blessed rest!

I live in pain

David Lang

**Text by the composer
(after Beatriz de Dia, c. 1175–1212)**

The composer writes:

I wrote *I live in pain* as a present for my friends Donald Nally and the excellent Philadelphia chorus *The Crossing*. The piece is a love song, and the text describes an intense longing for a lover who is no longer there. I was inspired to write the text by my attempts to read the works of the 12th-century troubadour, Beatriz de Dia, often referred to as the Contessa de Dia, probably the most famous woman troubadour. I say my 'attempts to read' because she wrote in medieval Occitan, the antiquated version of a regional language of a small area in Southern France, which I don't speak or read. Luckily I found a translation of some of her texts into Italian, which I also don't really speak or read, but which I know at least well enough to push me in the direction of the text I finally made.

I live in pain
For someone I once had wanted
For someone I once knew
For someone I once loved without measure
I see now that he left me
Because I did not give him all my love
I see now I was wrong
And now I sleep alone
I live in pain
For someone I once wanted
For someone I once knew
For someone I once loved without measure
Alone
I want to hold him in my naked arms
I want to lie beside him in my bed

I want him more than any long forgotten lovers ever loved before I want
to give him everything
My heart
My love
My senses
My sight
My life
Good friend
Kind friend
Fearless friend
When will I have you
When will you lie beside me
When will I give you my love
You know how much I want you
Promise me
Do what I say you will do what I say
Please do what I say
Do what I say

From *Americana*

Randall Thompson

**IV. The Sublime Process of Law Enforcement Text by Joseph B. Wirger,
reporter of *Little Rock Gazette***

One of Randall Thompson's most popular works, *Americana*, consists of five settings of excerpts from *The American Mercury*, a literary magazine published from 1924-81. The excerpts include an anti-Modernism editorial from a conservative preacher, an excerpt from a psychic's advice column, and a leaflet issued by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. All of the movements display Thompson's tongue-in-cheek humor, but this, the fourth and longest movement of the piece, shows him at his most intense and dramatic. The text consists of a news report about justice being delivered...incompetently. Of course, not to be taken too seriously, he follows up this movement with an absurdly delightful setting of text from an advertisement for a book of poetry.

One scene in the death chamber was particularly unpleasant, even gruesome. That occurred the morning four white men were executed a few minutes apart. The condemned men were Duncan Richardson, Ben Richardson, F. G. Bullen and Will De Bord. The first three had been convicted of the murder of one man. De Bord was condemned for murdering an old couple.

Preparations for this unusual execution were not as complete as they might have been. There were no accommodations for the undertaker who was to take the four bodies away. The death chamber was too small for the four coffins and the augmented crowd of witnesses and there was no other room convenient.

Hence the four coffins were deposited in the run around of the death house directly in front of the cells in which the four men were confined awaiting their turn in the chair. It was an unintentional cruelty on the part of the officials. If the doomed men looked through the doors of their cells, the grim row of coffins was directly in view. If they looked out the windows, they could see the hearses waiting to carry them away after the execution. So they sat on their bunks with their faces in their hands and awaited the execution.

Duncan Richardson was the first to go. After it was all over for him his body was carried back and laid in the coffin where the other three could see if they lifted their heads. And when Ben Richardson started his death march he passed by the row of coffins, one of which contained all that remained of his brother.

Ain'-a That Good News!

arr. **William L. Dawson**
Traditional Text

Dawson has become most famous for his plethora of arrangements of African American spirituals. Dawson sought to elevate the genre in the eyes of the "classically-trained" musical community by crafting musically-sophisticated arrangements of this repertoire and programming them with his own choirs at the Tuskegee Institute. Prior to his famous, 25-year appointment as the director of the institute, Dawson also spent a brief period of his life as a member of the Chicago musical community, studying at the (now deceased) American Conservatory of Music and playing first trombone in the Chicago Civic Orchestra for four seasons, during which time he also directed the choirs at Ebenezer Baptist Church. It was this church appointment that inspired him to begin publishing his spiritual arrangements. These arrangements express a wide array of emotions and aesthetic sensibilities and, along with Dawson's instrumental works, are an under-appreciated part of the repertoire.

I got a crown up in-a the Kingdom, Ain'-a that good news!
I got a crown up in-a the Kingdom, Ain'-a that good news!

I'm a-goin; to lay down this world;
Goin'-a shoulder up-uh my cross,
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain'-a that good news!

I got a harp up in-a the Kingdom, Ain-a that good news!
I got a harp up in-a the Kingdom, Ain-a that good news!
I'm a goin' to lay down this world,
Goin'-a shoulder up-uh my cross,
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus, Ain'-a that good news!
I got a robe up in-a the Kingdom, Ain'a that good news!
I got a robe up in-a the Kingdom, Ain'a that good news!
I'm a goin' to lay down this world,
Goin'-a shoulder up-uh my cross,
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain'-a that good news!

I got a Savior in-a the Kingdom, Ain'a that good news!
I got a Savior in-a the Kingdom, Ain'a that good news!
I'm a goin' to lay down this world,
Goin'-a shoulder up-uh my cross,
Goin'-a take it home-a to my Jesus,
Ain'-a that good news!

Komm, süsßer Tod, verse 4

*Komm, süsßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh'!
O dass ich doch schon wär
Dort bei der Engel Heer,
Aus dieser schwarzen Welt
Ins blaue Sternenzelt,
Hin nach dem Himmel zu.
O sel'ge Ruh'!*

J.S. Bach

Come, sweet death, come blessed Rest!
Oh, that I was already
There among the hosts of angels,
Out of this black world
Into the blue, starry firmament,
Towards Heaven.
Oh, blessed rest!

Carols of Death

William Schuman

Text by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Considered one of the most famous and recognizable American composers in his time, William Schuman held such posts as composition professor at Sarah Lawrence College, president of the Julliard School, and president of Manhattan's Lincoln Center, and he was the first composer to be awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Music for his 1943 cantata entitled *A Free Song*, based

on the poetry of Walt Whitman. His *Carols of Death* consist of three short, a cappella settings of Whitman's poetry, taken from two different sections of *Leaves of Grass*.

The first of the selections performed tonight is a setting of text from the opening of the section *Whispers of Heavenly Death*. Schuman employs a modernist, post-tonal harmonic language freely undulating between non-functional, common chords and unorthodox harmonies that produce a vaguely familiar, but at times discordant, harmonic landscape — a sort of aural uncanny valley to stretch one's imagination about what Whitman's conception of the "Unknown Region" may actually look, sound and feel like.

The second selection is the work that closes the set — *To All, to Each*. The text comes from one of Whitman's most famous poems, written in honor of President Lincoln after his assassination: "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." The section that Schuman sets is actually Whitman's depiction of the song of the hermit thrush — a song that openly embraces death as the inevitability that unifies all living creatures.

The Unknown Region

Darest thou now O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land-

The unknown region.

To All, To Each

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,

Sooner or later, delicate death.

Komm, süsßer Tod, verse 5

Komm, süsßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh'!
Ich will nun Jesum sehen
Und bei den Engeln stehen.
Es ist nunmehr vollbracht,
Drum, Welt, zu gutter Nacht,
Mein Augen sind schon zu.
Komm sel'ge Ruh'!

Come, sweet death, come blessed rest!
I will now see Jesus
And stand among the angels.
It is now completed,
So, world, good night,
My eyes are already closed.
Come, blessed rest!

J.S. Bach

Quatre petites prières de saint François d'Assise, FP 142 Francis Poulenc **Text by Francis of Assisi (c.1181-1226)**

In 1948, Francis Poulenc was given a translation of four prayers attributed to Francis of Assisi by his great-nephew, a friar in Poissy. Poulenc was raised in a liberally Catholic household, and eventually grew away from his faith as he moved to Paris. However, upon the death of his friend and fellow composer Pierre-Octave Ferroud in 1936, Poulenc was drawn back into Catholicism, living out his faith through his music and life. On *Quatre petites prières* he is quoted as saying, "I wished to perform an act of humility. This, in the fourth piece, for example, a simple solo is heard at the beginning, like a monk leading his brothers in prayer." The third and fourth movements are both clearly compositions of Poulenc: simple but angular harmonies that present the prayers in a paradoxically complex and simple, but beautiful, light.

Program note by Jack Reeder

III.

Seigneur, je vous en prie,
que la force brûlante et douce
de votre amour
absorbe mon âme
et la retire de tout
ce qui est sous le ciel.
Afin que je meure
par amour de votre amour,
puisque vous avez daigné mourir
par amour de mon amour.

Lord, to you I pray,
That the burning and gentle force
of your love
Absorb my soul
And withdraw it from all
that is under Heaven
That I might die
through love of your love
Since thou didst deign to die
Through love of my love.

IV.

<i>Ô mes très chers frères et mes enfants bénis pour toute l'éternité, écoutez-moi, écoutez la voix de votre Père: Nous avons promis de grandes choses, on nous en a promis de plus grandes; Gardons les unes et soupirons après les autres; le plaisir est court, la peine éternelle. La souffrance est légère, la gloire infinie. Beaucoup sont appelés, peu sont élus; tous recevront ce qu'ils auront mérité. Ainsi soit-il.</i>	Oh my very dear brothers and my children blessed for all of eternity, Listen to me, listen to the voice of your Father: We have been promised great things, We have been promised things yet greater than them; Let us keep the first and long after the others; The pleasure is brief, the punishment eternal. The suffering is light, the glory infinite. Many are called, few are chosen. All will receive what they have merited. So be it.
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Funeral Ikos

John Tavener

Text from the Orthodox service for the burial of priests

Translated by Isabel Hapgood (1851-1928)

Along with Arvo Pärt and Henryk Górecki, Tavener has been dubbed, somewhat reductively, as one of the principal “holy minimalist” composers. Most of his early music was influenced by his Catholicism, but 1977 marked a turning point for him, when he converted to Orthodoxy, first through the Russian Orthodox Church and later gravitating toward Greek Orthodoxy. The text for *Funeral Ikos* consists of six verses excerpted by the composer from Isabel Hapgood’s English translation of the extensive Orthodox service for the burial of priests. The verses he chose focus on the impermanence of material splendor and the necessity of charitable behavior in the material world. The chanted verses are each followed by an uplifting “alleluia” refrain which is centered around a chord recognizable by those familiar with Tavener’s famous carol *The Lamb* — dubbed by the composer as the “joy/sorrow” chord, consisting of a minor third sounded simultaneously with a major third beginning a ninth above it. The result is a piece that laments the impermanence of life while simultaneously celebrating the promise of the eternal.

Why these bitter words of the dying,

O brethren, which they utter as they go hence?
I am parted from my brethren.

All my friends do I abandon, and go hence.
But whither I go, that understand I not,
neither what shall become of me yonder;
Only God who hath summoned me knoweth.
But make commemoration of me with the song:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
But whither now go the souls? How dwell they now together there? This
mystery have I desired to learn; but none can impart aright.
Do they call to mind their own people, as we do them?
Or have they forgotten all those who mourn them and make the song:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We go forth on the path eternal, and as condemned,
with downcast faces, present ourselves before the only God eternal.
Where then is comeliness? Where then is wealth?
Where then is the glory of this world?
There shall none of these things aid us, but only to say oft the psalm:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

If thou hast shown mercy unto man, O man,
that same mercy shall be shown thee there
And if on an orphan thou hast shown compassion,
the same shall there deliver thee from want.
If in this life the naked thou hast clothed,
the same shall give thee shelter there, and sing the psalm:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Youth and the beauty of the body fade at the hour of death,
and the tongue then burneth fiercely, and the parched throat is inflamed.
The beauty of the eyes is quenched then, the comeliness of the face all altered,
the shapeliness of the neck destroyed; and the other parts have become
numb, nor often say:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

With ecstasy are we inflamed if we but hear that there is light eternal yonder;
that there is Paradise, wherein every soul of Righteous Ones rejoiceth.
Let us all, also, enter into Christ, that we may cry aloud thus unto God:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Immortal Bach

Knut Nystedt

In this re-working of Bach's aria, Nystedt calls for the choir to sing the first three phrases of the piece two times through — the first time as originally notated, the second time stretched, with the choir divided into quartets that each sustain the pitches of the chorale for a different number of seconds. Nystedt's piece is ultimately about time — not only rhythmic time, but chronological time. As the choir repeats the same pitches we've grown accustomed to hearing, the asymmetrical augmentation in each quartet produces counterpoint that appears to expand and contract, creating clusters of sound that feel simultaneously modern and ancient.

Komm süßer Tod, komm selge Ruh, *Come sweet death, come blessed rest,*
Komm führe mich in Frieden. *Come lead me to peace.*

UNIVERSITY SINGERS

A.J. Keller, *conductor*

Jack Reeder, *graduate assistant conductor*

Charles Foster, *accompanist*

Bella Abbrescia	Clay Lawhead
Yasmeen Altaji	Justin Liu
Annalise Biesterfeld	Lucy London
KC Boatright	Mariana Mathewson
Ashley Brewer	Mark May
Annie Burgett	Daphne Meng
Garett Byrne	Luke Mott
Sabrina Chen	Kevin Park
Adam Clayton	Carly Passer
Ted Deddens	Antonio Ruiz-Nokes
Azalea Ely	Ranna Shahbazi
Olivia Escousse	Morgan Small
Adam Flam	William Tanski IV
David Garcia Suarez Jr.	McKenna Troy
Brian Hwang	Jacob Webb
Eugene Hwang	Sean Zuckerman

CHORAL ORGANIZATIONS

Director of Choral Organizations	Donald Nally
Program Collaborative Keyboardist	Charles Foster
Administrative Assistant	Jesse Borower
Lecturer in Choral Literature	Tom Tropp

Bienen Contemporary/Early Vocal Ensemble	
Conductor	Donald Nally
Graduate Assistant Conductor	Andrew Major

University Chorale	
Conductor	Donald Nally
Graduate Assistant Conductor	Corey Everly

University Singers	
Conductor	A.J. Keller
Graduate Assistant Conductor	Jack Reeder

Northwestern Camerata	
Conductor	Jeremy Edelstein
Accompanist	Pan Xiao

Alice Millar Chapel Choir	
Conductor	Stephen Alltop
Organist and Music Associate	Eric Budzynski

CONCERT MANAGEMENT OFFICE STAFF

Director of Concert Management	Jerry Tietz
Concert Operations Manager	Jason Shadle
Ticketing Manager	Claire Guyer
Marketing Manager	Laura Nielsen
Marketing Coordinator	Tess Coffey
Technical Services Manager	Bill Milgram
Technical Services Coordinator	Henry Stewart
Concert Business Manager	Meg Lindsey
Supporting Staff	150 Northwestern Students
Dean, Bienen School of Music	Toni-Marie Montgomery

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

- Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of the house manager. In consideration of the artists and other members of the audience, patrons who must leave before the end of the concert are asked to do so between pieces.
- Photography and audio/video recording of performances is strictly prohibited without prior written consent of the Concert Management Office. Patrons are requested to leave cameras and recording devices with an usher.
- A limited number of assisted listening devices are available for the hearing impaired. Inquire at the box office.
- Smoking is prohibited by law in all Bienen School of Music performance venues.
- Every patron who will be occupying a seat must have a ticket in order to be admitted into the concert.
- The presenter reserves the right to ask any patron who is disrupting the event in any way to leave the concert hall.
- In the event of a medical emergency, please notify the nearest usher.
- To request a large-print program, contact the business manager at 847-491-5441 at least three business days prior to the concert.
- When joining us for upcoming concerts, please leave the Concert Management Office phone number (847-491-5441) with anyone who might need to reach you in case of emergency.