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Spring 6-8-2017

## Dissonance for Dissidents Choral Concert

Eastern Washington University Concert Choir

Eastern Washington University Collegians

Eastern Washington University Guitar Ensemble

Eastern Washington University Symphonic Choir

Melissa Gren

*See next page for additional authors*

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**Performer(s)**

Eastern Washington University Concert Choir, Eastern Washington University Collegians, Eastern Washington University Guitar Ensemble, Eastern Washington University Symphonic Choir, Melissa Gren, Brian Rebar, Jillian McCord, and Braden House

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The key to the mystery of a great artist is that for reasons unknown, he will give away his energies and his life just to make sure that one note follows another... and leaves us with the feeling that something is right in the world. ~ Leonard Bernstein

# **Dissonance for Dissidents**

**EWU Choral Concert**

**June 8, 2017      7:30pm**

**Cheney Congregational Church**

featuring:

**Concert Choir  
Collegians  
Guitar Ensemble  
and  
Symphonic Choir**

Kristina Ploeger, Director of Choral Activities

Carolyn Jess, Collaborative Pianist

Michael Millham, Director of Guitar

Wentao Xing, Recording Engineer

*We would like to give special thanks to:  
Cheney Congregational Church's Pastor, Dave Kruger-Duncan  
Cheney Congregational Church's Music Director, Kathleen Francis*

This will be our reply to violence: to make music more intensely, more beautifully, more devotedly than ever before.

~ Leonard Bernstein

# Dissonance for Dissidents

Nda Wana (Playing) ..... African Traditional  
Arranged by Michael Barrett (1982-)  
*Concert and Symphonic Choirs*

Homage ..... Z. Randall Stroope (1953-)  
*Jillian McCord, conducting*

Refuge, from Sing Evermore ..... Gwyneth Walker (1947-)  
Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)  
*Concert Choir*

Do Not Go Gentle ..... Douglas Gade (1989-), EWU composition major  
Poetry by Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)

The Caged Bird Sings ..... Gwyneth Walker (1947)  
Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906)

Te Quiero ..... Alberto Favero (1944-)  
arranged Liliana Cangiano (1951-1997)  
*Melissa Gren, Brian Rebar, Jillian McCord, and Braden House; soloists*

*Symphonic Choir*

To Sing is to Fly ..... Gwyneth Walker  
Joan Baez (1941-)

*Sopranos and Altos of Symphonic and Concert Choirs*

Human ..... Ian Loe (1994-), Gonzaga University composition major  
I. Escape  
II. Mercy

*Guitar Ensemble*

Murder By Numbers ..... Andy Summers (1942)  
 Sting (Gordan Matthew Thomas Sumner) (1951), Arranged by Kerry Marsh (1976-)  
 Those Clouds Are Heavy, You Dig? ..... Kurt Elling (1967-)  
 Adapted from a story by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)  
 Compared to What ..... Eugene McDaniels (1935-2011)  
 Arranged by Kerry Marsh

*Collegians*

Prayer of the Children ..... Kurt Bestor (1958-)  
 Arranged by Andrea Klouse (1955-)

*Tenors and Basses of the Symphonic and Concert Choirs*

Everyone Sang ..... Gwyneth Walker  
 Poetry by Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967)

*All Choirs*

It has been a full and successful year for EWU choirs. We have performed works by: John Francis Wade, Gerald Finzi, David Willcocks, Victor C. Johnson, Michael Isaacson, Jason Robert Brown, Charles Wesley, Bob Dorough, Sonny Rollins, Jerome Richardson, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Thad Jones, Freddie Hubbard, Rob Hyatt, James Pierpont, Scott Farthing, Dan Forrest, Andre Thomas, Ralph Vaughan Williams, Rene Clausen, Erik Esenvalds, Guiseppe Verdi, Johnny Mercer, Harold Arlen, Bernard Ighner, Cy Coleman, Carolyn Leigh, Cassandra Wilson, Desmond Early, Z. Randall Stroepe, Douglas Gade, Alberto Favero, Lauren McKinley, Sting, Kurt Elling, Eugene McDaniels, and Kurt Bestor. We have sung medieval carols, traditional songs from various countries, jazz standards, some famous poetry, a couple of Bach cantatas, and performed two major works with the Spokane Symphony (just four weeks ago). And now, we are glad to finish our year here at Cheney Congregational Church with our friends and family. Thank you for your support. These students are working diligently to be the best musicians and people they can. It is an honor for me to be part of their process, and we all appreciate your being here for them.

*Notes and Translations*

Michael Barrett's arrangement of *Nda Wana* (playing) is the perfect place for us to start exploring tonight's theme. When we are children, we think all the best things must happen while we are asleep—so we resist it with all our might (our first act of defiance whether it be instinctual or willful).

Nda wana vhana vha tschi khou tam ba	I found the children playing
Vha tshi imbelela tshino ni	while the birds were singing
Vha tshi ri tungununu nemulambo kumedza	by the river (mulambo) as they resisted sleep

Homage was commissioned and premiered at the 2008 FVA District MPA. Below is an excerpt taken from the commissioning organization's website which explains the purpose of the song:

The piece was commissioned by the Cypress Lake Center for the Arts Vocal Department in the winter of 2007 to honor the memory of three fathers that passed away during a 6 week span in the fall of 2007. Dr. Stroope graciously accepted our commission and then made the piece even more special by using text from his own father who had lost both of his parents when he was a small child. ... All three men were full of spirit and humor and lived life to the fullest. ... This has been a powerfully emotional time for these students and their families. In order to help process our deep sense of loss, we commissioned this piece inspired by our desire to celebrate and honor the lives of these fathers.

Inside the doorway, fleeting memories burn,  
And fragile silence speaks at every turn.  
Remember me as I remember you,  
The muted laughter that our eyes once knew.

Out of his strength I now have life.  
Out of his tears I now have joy.  
And out of his soul I now see God.

Heart sing softly, softly to me.

May nothing harm dissuade the journey's end,  
To silent fields where frost has never been.  
There midnight and noon flow in a sea of light,  
Drenched by the spray of wisdom and delight.

Out of his strength I now have life.

Out of his tears I now have joy.  
And out of his soul I now see God.

Heart sing softly, softly to me.

Heaven fills my lamp with oil  
and lights a window of my soul.  
Cling to my fire in silence or storm.  
And let my heart once more, if only for awhile,  
Walk the same bright earth with him,  
ev'ning beguile.

Out of his strength I now have life.  
Out of his tears I now have joy.  
And out of his soul I now see God.

Heart sing softly, softly to me

---

*Sing Evermore!* is a set of nine songs written by Gwyneth Walker. The set was commissioned by Choral Spectrum and the Oberlin Choristers, Oberlin, Ohio for their anniversary seasons: Choral Spectrum (50th season), Choristers (25th season) and it premiered on May 1, 2016 in Oberlin, Ohio. I was drawn to the set because of some of the poets, particularly Sara Teasdale, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and Siegfried Sassoon. Gwyneth Walker wrote program notes to explain her thoughts regarding her set, *Sing Evermore!*

The texts for these songs span many centuries – from Richard Barnfield's "In Praise of Music and Poetry" (published in 1598) to the uplifting "Everyone Sang," written by Siegfried Sassoon at the end of World War I. There is even a reference to Merlin, of King Arthur's court, in Emerson's opening poem "Merlin's Song." From early to recent, the poems have the common thread of praising music for its power, its magic, its solace and its liberation. And it is this universal message that has inspired *Sing Evermore!*



For tonight's concert, we will be performing movements 4 *Refuge*, 5 *The Caged Bird Sings*, and 9 *Everyone Sang* because of the authors of the poetry. The first selection, movement four of the set, is by Sara Teasdale. In Gwyneth Walker's words:

Sara Teasdale's poem, "Refuge," is a testament to the strength of human spirit. For despite adversity, one can still sing, and in the singing find a refuge, *a house of shining words*. [The *shining* image leads to a shimmering accompaniment.] *And when I sing, I am free*.

From my spirit's gray defeat,  
From my pulse's flagging beat,  
From my hopes that turned to sand  
Sifting through my close-clenched hand,  
From my own fault's slavery,  
If I can sing, I still am free.  
For with my singing I can make  
A refuge for my spirit's sake,  
A house of shining words, to be  
My fragile immortality.

If I can sing ...  
and when I sing, I sing, and I am free.  
For in my singing I can hear  
the words of healing soft and clear,  
the melding of the parts to whole,  
the very language of the soul.

If I can sing ...  
and when I sing ...  
and then I sing,  
I sing, and I am free.

---

*Do Not Go Gentle* was written for the EWU Symphonic Choir by EWU composition major, Douglas Gade, utilizing a poem by Dylan Thomas. Gade's words about the piece are below:

*Do Not Go Gentle* is based on the famous poem by Dylan Thomas *Do not go gentle into that good night*. He wrote this poem at a difficult point in his life, as he was losing his father in his mid 30s. In the poem I perceived an inner struggle of emotions: those of anger, bitterness, confusion, grief, regret, resentment, and empathy. In this poem Thomas explores and expresses the different ways people face death and how they all seem to long for more. These emotions are the direct cause of polychordal aspects of the piece imitating the inner frustration and confusion of that experience. When writing for this poem, I wanted to create a unique and raw piece to bring this feeling to the forefront, so I chose to ignore the standard tendencies we experience in music, but still focused on things like counterpoint and word painting.

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

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The second of Gwyneth Walker's *Sing Evermore!* set this evening, *The Caged Bird Sings*, was chosen because of the poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar. He wrote the poem *Sympathy* in 1917 from which *The Caged Bird Sings* was excerpted. Dunbar, one of the earliest African American poets to gain recognition, was the son of freed slaves from Kentucky. Despite being one of the top students in his class, Dunbar could not attend a university. He worked as an elevator operator and sold his poems to the people who would ride in his elevator. Eventually he befriended Frederick Douglass who helped him move to Chicago, found him a job as a clerk, and helped him to gain recognition and publish more of his work.

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slope;  
When the wind stirs soft through  
    the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings  
    and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from it's chalice  
steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels.

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he ride on the bough a-swing;  
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars,

And they pulse again with a keener sting—  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
When his wing is bruised  
    and his heart is sore, —  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer he sends  
    from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, the upward to Heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings.

A prayer, a plea, he sings,  
And would be free!

---

Uruguayan poet, playwright, novelist, and journalist, Mario Benedetti, wrote the poem, *Te Quiero*. *Te Quiero* is likely inspired by the time he spent living in exile in Argentina, Peru, Cuba, and Spain while Uruguay was ruled by a civic-military dictatorship (1973-1985). During this time that Benedetti was detained, deported, and given amnesty in various places,



Argentina suffered through the "Dirty War" (approximately 1974-1983). During this war, it is estimated that between 7,000-30,000 people "disappeared." By 1977, the main targets were unions, churches, artists, university students, and intellectuals. It is in this framework that the poetry was conceived.

Alberto Favero, an Argentinian composer, conductor, pianist, saxophone player, musical director, jazz musician, and more, wrote the music we associate with *Te Quiero*. It is likely that the original song was written in the 1970's as Favero suffered under the weight of the "Dirty War."

**Chorus: Chorus:**

*si te quiero es porque sos* If I love you it's because you are  
*mi amor mi cómplice y todo* my love, my confidant, and my everything.  
*y en la calle codo a codo* And in the street arm in arm  
*somos mucho más que dos* we are so much more than two.

*Tus manos son mi caricia* Your hands are my caress,  
*mis acordes cotidianos* my daily reminders.  
*te quiero porque tus manos* I love you because your hands  
*trabajan por la justicia* work for justice.

**Chorus Chorus**

*tus ojos son mi conjuro* Your eyes are my spell  
*contra la mala jornada* against a cursed day.  
*te quiero por tu mirada* I love you for your gaze  
*que mira y siembra futuro* that looks and plants the future.

*tu boca que es tuya y mía* Your mouth that is yours and mine,  
*tu boca no se equivoca* your mouth doesn't lie.  
*te quiero porque tu boca* I love you because your mouth  
*sabe gritar rebeldía* knows how to shout rebellion.

**Chorus Chorus**

*y por tu rostro sincero* And for your open face  
*y tu paso vagabundo* and your wanderer's footstep  
*y tu llanto por el mundo* and your weeping for the world;  
*porque sos pueblo te quiero* because you are of the people, I love you.

*y porque amor no es aureola* And because love is not a halo  
*ni cándida moraleja* nor morality tale  
*y porque somos pareja* and because we are a couple  
*que sabe que no está sola* that knows it is not alone,  
*te quiero en mi paraíso* I love you in my paradise.

*es decir que en mi país* Which is to say, in my ideal country  
*la gente viva feliz* people live happily  
*aunque no tenga permiso* without having to have permission.

**Chorus Chorus**

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*To Sing is to Fly* is one of four Gwyneth Walker compositions you will hear this evening. It is the only one that is not from the set *Sing Evermore!*. This piece, instead, was a commission for the Indianapolis Women's Chorus chosen because of the author of the lyrics, Joan Baez. Her career spanned almost sixty years releasing thirty albums often broaching the subject of social justice.

To sing is to love and affirm, to fly and soar,  
to coast into the hearts of people who listen,  
to tell them that life is to live,  
that love is there,  
that nothing is a promise,  
but that beauty exists  
and must be hunted for and found.

---

Ian Loe graduated from Gonzaga University this Spring. Our Director of Guitar Studies, Michael Millham, chose Ian's composition to complement this evening's literature. Below are Ian's thoughts about his work:

*Human* is a dramatic guitar quartet that uses music to convey an urgent message: all people are human. The piece focuses primarily on the Syrian Refugee Crisis, conjuring up an image for the listener to ponder about the nature of the crisis and the fact that these victims are in all ways human like us. Middle Eastern sounds and scales place the pieces and the audience into a new cultural mindset.

Movement I, *Escapé*, is focused on the desperation of the Syrian people as they flee their homelands and everything they've ever known to find safety and peace for themselves, and for their families. The danger and chaos are clearly heard and felt in the rhythmic passages and edgy riffs throughout.

Movement II, *Mercy*, is focused on our part: treating these people as people. The movement focuses on the reaction of the public to refugees, transforming from an apprehension to tension, and finally to anger and even fear. The movement's C section begins with a single voice speaking out against the masses, rising above the rest in a motion of love that slowly spreads. The piece ends with a question for all of us: will we extend our hearts and hands to the vulnerable? If we cannot accept the needy and helpless, how can we ask for help ourselves?

---

*Murder By Numbers* is a satire of the political decision-making processes. It talks about getting in the mind set of killing to compare that mind set with the deeds of politicians (be they intentional or not). The title refers to votes – 'numbers' and the damage that can be done with those votes 'murder.' Guitarist, Andy Summers brought a set of chords to Sting for which he asked Sting to write lyrics. The band was on tour on the Caribbean Island of Montserrat. Sting took a tape with him on a hike to the top of the mountain. There he wrote the lyrics while smelling the sulfur of the volcano. It first appeared on the album, *Synchronicity*, by *The Police* in 1983.

Once that you've decided on a killing  
First you make a stone of your heart.  
And if you find that your hands are still willing  
Then you can turn a murder into art.

There really isn't any need for bloodshed.  
You just do it with a little more finesse.  
If you can slip a tablet into someone's coffee,  
Then it avoids an awful lot of mess.

*Chorus:*

It's murder by numbers, one, two, three  
It's as easy to learn as your ABC's.

Now if you have a taste for this experience,  
If you're flushed with your very first success,  
Then you must try a twosome or a threesome.  
You'll find your conscience bothers you much less.

Because murder is like anything you take to  
It's a habit-forming need for more and more.  
You can bump off every member of your family  
And anybody else you find a bore.

*Chorus*

Now you can join the ranks of the illustrious  
In history's great dark hall of fame.  
All our greatest killers were industrious  
At least the ones that we all know by name.

But you can reach the top of your profession  
If you become the leader of the land.  
For murder is the sport of the elected  
And you don't need to lift a finger of your hand.

*Chorus*

---

Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond's song originally titled *Audrey*, was lyricized and renamed *Those Clouds Are Heavy, You Dig?* by Kurt Elling. Kurt Elling took German philosopher R.M. Rilke's short story, *How the Thimble Came to be God* and wrote the lyric you will hear tonight. There are multiple interpretations of Rilke's story, including concepts regarding the dangers of idolatry, a misunderstanding of the constant nature of God, the frailty of human understanding of the divine, and many others. For this author, it is a springboard for thought that allows for open interpretation.

Once upon a time a cloud (a little cloud) gathered her friends together and began to say, aloud, "Friends, we can't find God. {Isn't it odd?}"

And they all agreed it was very odd, indeed, to blow about the sky like a brainless seed. "Something's really gone awry when older clouds oversimplify when they say that it's just another day. It's imperative we be somewhat more truly demonstrative in becoming provocative.

Our parents neglect God, it's true - all their world is askew. They go about bickering and scheme of possessing things as though they own us, too, and own all that we do. Yet they can't understand just how foolish it is to build a house on sinking sand. And when we cry, they say, "Oh my!

You'll grow out of it soon and start singing a grown-up tune." {So the clouds made a vow, since the grown-ups had lost God, somehow.} They would pick something out that would keep them aware that they could take with them anywhere {like a lock of hair, or a pear} - not an animal, or too big. So the little ones looked around and up and down and in and out and came up with a list:



They had a feather, erasers and string, pen knives and pencils and pieces of things that they found in their pockets to spare (and which they began to compare). But the shiniest object (when looking them over) the thimble was brightest and so they decided the thimble was rightest for taking along and for knowing God was staying long and in their every day. They knew where to find their peace of mind playing a game of tag or 'fame' they simply had to call out the thimble's name.

{Then, one day, the smallest cloud took a big fall and dropped the thimble from her hand. And God turned to sand.}

Just then, a wise old woman cloud happened along and she asked the little cloud, "What's wrong?" And the little cloud replied, "God's gone." But the older cloud knew right away, so she said to the little one, "Here's your thimble. I found it today."

*Compared to What* (1966) is a social justice tirade written by Eugene McDaniels. B. Lee Cooper, a music critic wrote in the article "Oral History, Popular Music, and Les McCann" published in *Social Studies* that the song "of social criticism attacked a variety of social practices as being based on hypocritically 'unreal values.'" Cooper also noted the contrast in the lyrics between "the social myth of equality and the economic reality of poverty in the stratified American society." Another topic referenced is the Vietnam War. Since its original release in 1969 by Roberta Flack, it has been covered by Les McCann (the most popular version), Brian Auger, and Terrance Blanchard and used in a variety of movies and TV Shows.

Now you know,  
 you know just how the whole story goes.  
 Just in case the rain and the clouds get too dark,  
 Thought I'd think you know what I'm thinkin' on.

Confusion	All around the town
Delusion	the town
Just Show Me	You Know it
You Know It	Baby, you can show it C'mon now, you can discover
Discover	You know you can recover
Recover	You'll be
Arrivin'	half new
Arisin'	it'll be
Surprisin'	you'll be
Revisin'	keep growin'
Keep Growin'	showin'
Keep Showin'	keep it true and stong
Keep Strong,	in your heart
and,	and you'll be fine

But, only if you make it real!

We love the lie and lie the love,  
 A-hangin' on with push and shove.  
 Possession is the motivation  
 that is hangin' up the whole nation.  
 Looks like we always end up in a rut.  
 Tryin' to make it real — compared to what?

Slaughterhouse is killin' hogs  
 Twisted children killin' frogs  
 Poor dumb biggots getting' farther  
 Tired old ladies are kissin' dogs.  
 Isn't the human race a bony mutt (I can't use it!)  
 Try to make it real — compared to what?  
 The President, he's got his war  
 Folks don't know just what it's for  
 They change the game, ain't no rhyme or reason  
 Drop the man's flag and they call it treason  
 We're chicken-feathers, roastin' like a nut.  
 Tryin' to make it real — compared to what?

Church on Sunday, sleep and nod  
Tryin' to duck the wrath of God  
Preacher's fillin' us with fright

They never wondered if they got it right.  
I got a fire burnin' in my gut (I can't use it!)  
Tryin' to make it real — compared to what?

---

*Prayer of the Children* was written by Kurt Bestor. The arrangement you will hear this evening is by Andrea Klouse, who has published the piece as SSAA, SATB, and TTBB so many choirs can experience Bestor's moving song. Below are Bestor's comments about the piece:

I wrote it out of frustration over the horrendous civil war and ethnic cleansing taking place in the former country of Yugoslavia. Having lived in this now war-torn country back in the late 1970's, I grew to love the people with whom I lived. It didn't matter to me their ethnic origin - Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian - they were all just happy fun people to me and I counted as friends people from each region. Of course, I was always aware of the bigotry and ethnic differences that bubbled just below the surface, but I always hoped that the peace this rich country enjoyed would continue indefinitely. Obviously that didn't happen.

When Yugoslavian President Josip Broz Tito died, different political factions jockeyed for position and the inevitable happened - civil war. Suddenly my friends were pitted against each other. Serbian brother wouldn't talk to Croatian sister-in-law. Bosnian mother disowned Serbian son-in-law and so it went. Meanwhile, all I could do was stay glued to the TV back in the US and sink deeper in a sense of hopelessness.

Finally, one night I began channeling these deep feelings into a wordless melody. Then little by little I added words....*Can you hear....? Can you feel.....?* I started with these feelings - sensations that the children struggling to live in this difficult time might be feeling. Serbian, Croatian, and Bosnian children all felt the same feelings of confusion and sadness and it was for them that I was writing this song.

Someone heard the song in Pullayup, Washington and got it into the hands of Andrea Klouse who felt it would work perfectly as a vocal arrangement for children's choir. Already a talented arranger with many titles to her credit, she worked with me on a version that would soon be the de facto SSA arrangement of the song. This made its way throughout the Northwest. ... Eventually reknowned choir director Weston Noble heard the piece and began performing it with his Luther College Nordic Choir.



Can you hear the prayer of the children?  
On bended knee,  
in the shadow of an unknown room  
Empty eyes with no more tears to cry  
Turning heavenward toward the light

Crying Jesus, help me  
To see the morning light-of one more day  
But if I should die before I wake,  
I pray my soul to take

Can you feel the hearts of the children?  
Aching for home,  
for something of their very own  
Reaching hands, with nothing to hold on to,  
But hope for a better day a better day

Crying Jesus, help me  
To feel the love again in my own land

But if unknown roads lead away from home,  
Give me loving arms, away from harm

Can you hear the voice of the children?  
Softly pleading  
for silence in a shattered world?  
Angry guns preach a gospel full of hate,  
Blood of the innocent on their hands

Crying Jesus, help me  
To feel the sun again upon my face,  
For when darkness clears I know you're near,  
Bringing peace again

Dali cujete sve dječje molitve?  
(Croatian translation:  
'Can you hear all the children's prayers?')  
Can you hear the prayer of the children?

---

*Everyone Sang* was the first text I chose for this concert, "Dissonance for Dissidents." It is also the only text remaining after having completely changed every song from the original set of chosen music. The original musical setting chosen was Craig Carnahan's *Armistice 1918* (*Everyone Sang*). I eventually changed to Gwyneth Walker's setting because of the continuity it created with the other two pieces by Gwyneth Walker. The reason I am so attached to the idea of this poem is that it takes the strife and discord of dissident Siegfried Sassoon's experience and frames it in the global shared joy experienced at the end of World War I.

Siegfried Sassoon, a wealthy Jewish gentleman, lived an almost aristocratic life before WWI pursuing his two major interests poetry and fox hunting. That all changed when he joined a line infantry regiment of the Royal Army in 1914 and was sent to war in 1915. His service was genuine and intense. He received awards for bringing back soldiers under enemy fire, and was eventually wounded in action. While recovering from his wounds in combat, risking court martial, he wrote a letter to the war department in which he refused to fight anymore. Because of his social status, the letter was read in the House of Commons in which he stated, "I believe the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it." He was hospitalized for shell-shock.

During his time in the hospital, he continued to write angrily about the terror and viciousness of trench warfare. His poems often satirized leaders quite unflatteringly for their ineptitude and unquestioning support of the war. He wrote over 100 poems protesting the continuation of

WWI. After the war he wrote more poetry and novels. Later in his career he was drawn to the subject of religion which is reflected in his writing. By 1957 Sassoon had converted to Catholicism.

What I find beautiful is that this poet, who endured horrors most of us cannot imagine in our comfortable first-world, twenty-first century life, could recognize the beauty of Armistice—and saw it with none of the irony or satire utilized in the rest of his poetry. I marvel that he wrote this uplifting poem describing everyone’s collective song rising like a bird, and that he could let go of his years of dissent and agony to recognize the beauty of this singular moment. That, for the jaded nature of the works before and after this poem, this stands as the one shining example where he could transcend the past and create a work of pure loveliness.

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields;  
on - on - and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;  
And beauty came like the setting sun:  
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
Drifted away ... O, but Everyone  
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the  
singing will never be done.

## EWU Concert Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Carolyn Jess, Accompanist

Ben C Brougher	Evan Jarms	Franco Paniagua	William Wepler
Tyler C Coulston	Jacob E Johnson	Kelly Noelle Parks*	Nicole Wiley
Dennis DeMille	Maya Jones	Karina Pogorelova	
Kelsi Garvin	Madeline Kreder	Emma Robinette	
Douglas S Gade	Kyle Labish	Michael A Sinitza	
Chris Green	Jillian McCord*	Kimberly Snow	
Scott Hansen	Cheyann Nelson	Aaron Sturgill	
Tyree Hastings	Maia J Nussbaum	Alexis R Wendle	* Graduate Students

## EWU Symphonic Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Carolyn Jess, Accompanist

<u>Soprano</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>
Svetlana Bilous	Rachel Brown	Taylor Anzivino	Ryan Gunn
Elizabeth Mae	Taylor Alyse Clarke	Slavik Bilous	Scott Hansen
Melissa Gren	Erika Demmert	Douglas Gade	Caleb Heath
Jillian McCord*	Emily Eichelberger	James Henry*	Braden House
Kelly Noelle Parks*	Carolyn Hall	Aaron McCullough	Brian Rebar
Alyssa Preston	Malene Hundley	Barrett Soth	Tristan Thompson
Jessica Stradling	Brittney Murray		
Kristina Vakulich	Marissa Wendt		* Graduate Students

## EWU Guitar Ensemble

Michael Millham, Director

Tyler Coulston	Jacob Johnson	Aaron McCullough
Jeff Heatwole	Jared Kroll	

## EWU Collegians Choir

Kristina Ploeger, Director; Riley Gray, Rhythm Section Coach & Piano

<u>Soprano I</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Baritone</u>	<u>Guitar</u>
Taylor Alyse Clarke	Malene Hundley	Ryan Gunn	Tyler Coulston
Kelly Noelle Parks*	Marissa Wendt	Tristan Thompson	<u>Bass</u>
<u>Soprano II</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>	Kyle Labish
Melissa Gren	Taylor Anzivino	Braden House	<u>Drums</u>
Jessica Stradling	Barrett Soth	Brian Rebar	Gavin Davis
			* Graduate Student

## Graduating Seniors' Kukui Nut Lei

Kukui nut leis have long been a symbol of Hawaiian culture. Hawaiian royalty wore kukui nuts as a status symbol, and to honor the God of agriculture, peace, rain, love and fertility-Lono. That is not why our graduates wear the leis tonight, however. Kukui nuts (in particular Kukui nut oils) have been used for medicine, beauty products, food, and most often in early Hawaiian history, for light. Hawaiians would use the stem of a coconut leaf to string many kukui nuts together and light the top. This torch would burn for hours. So, while Hawaiian tourists often see ceremonial use of the kukui nut lei to honor Lono, more recently in educational circles, this lei has come to symbolize enlightenment and wisdom. Another common belief is that the lei can be filled with the wearer's spiritual energy (Mana) and worn for protection. It is with pride in our graduates' respect for learning; and hope for their continued protection that we send them on with the kukui nut lei.

## Thanks to

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... EWU's incredible voice professors: Steve Mortier, Dr. Randel Wagner and Susan Windham for working with all of the applied voice students who are valued members in these ensembles

... Michael Millham for generously sharing the music of the guitar ensemble with our choral community

... Alan McCoy for tuning the piano on Wednesday afternoon for us

... Student composers, Douglas Gade and Ian Roe for their contributions to the program

... Colleen Hegney and Erin Foster for helping to edit this program

... Jillian McCord, Kelly Noelle Parks, and Symphonic Choir for creating tonight's Prezi

... Alexandra Rannow and Dr. Jane Ellsworth for running the Prezi during the concert

... Wentao Xing, Lecturer of Audio Engineering, and her staff for recording this evening's concert

... The entire EWU Music Department faculty and staff for all of their hard work with the numerous musicians performing tonight

... The many teachers, family members, and friends who have made all of our musical lives possible

## Special thanks to

... Kate Francis, the Music Director here at Cheney Congregational Church, who helps us utilize this incredible acoustic environment and friendly musical community

... Pastor Dave Krueger-Duncan for opening this church and church community to us