



**The Sedona Academy of Chamber Singers**

Dr. Ryan Holder, Artistic Director

Nae Rim Moon, Assistant Director

Ms. Kara Piatt, Accompanist

*proudly present*

# *From the Heart*

**A Song of Joys ..... David Dickau (b. 1953)**

O to make the most jubilant song!  
Full of music – full of manhood, womanhood, infancy!

O for the dropping of raindrops in a song!  
O for the sunshine and motion of waves in a song!  
O to realize space!

The plentiousness of all, that there are no bounds,  
To emerge and be of the sky,  
of the sun and moon and flying clouds,  
as one with them.

Knowest thou the joys of pensive thought?  
Joys of the free and lonesome heart,  
the tender, gloomy heart?

Joys of the solitary walk, the spirit bowed yet proud,  
the suffering and the struggle?

The joy of soothing and pacifying,  
the joy of concord and harmony.  
O the joy of my spirit – it is uncaged.

O to have life henceforth a poem of new joys!  
To dance, clap hands, exult, shout, float on!  
To be a sailor of the world bound for all ports,  
A ship itself (see indeed these sails I spread to the sun and air,)  
A swift and swelling ship full of rich words, full of joys.

- Walt Whitman (1918-1892)

**O Vos Omnes ..... Pablo Casals (1876-1973)**

*O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,  
attendite et videte si est  
dolor sicut dolor meus.*

All ye that pass by, behold,  
and see if there be any  
sorrow like unto my sorrow.

- Lamentations 1:12

**Good Night, Dear Heart ..... Dan Forrest (b. 1978)**

*Nae Rim Moon, conductor*

Warm summer sun, Shine kindly here,  
Warm southern wind, blow softly here,  
Green sod above, lie light, lie light,  
Good night, dear heart; good night, good night.

- Mark Twain (1835-1910), written on the tombstone  
of his daughter Susy who passed away at the age of 24

**Weep No More..... David Childs (b. 1969)**

Shed no tear - O shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more - O weep no more!  
Dry your eyes - O dry your eyes,

For I was taught in paradise.  
To ease my breast of melodies.  
Weep no more.

- adapted from 'Fairy's Song' by  
John Keats (1795-1821)

**That Which Remains.....Andrea Ramsey**

What we have once enjoyed we can never lose. A sunset, a mountain bathed in moonlight, the ocean in calm and storm—we see these, love their beauty, hold the vision to our hearts. All that we love deeply becomes a part of us. Our beloved ones are no more lost to us when they die than if they were still laughing and loving and working and playing at our side. Truly, life is overlord of Death and Love can never lose its own.

- from page 131 of "The Open Door" by  
Helen Keller (1880-1968)

**Joy .....Hans Bridger Heruth (b. 1997)**

*Kara Piatt & Benjamin Saunders, pianists*

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,  
I will sing to the stars in the sky,  
I love, I am loved, he is mine,  
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,  
I have heart-fire and singing to give,  
I can tread on the grass or the stars,  
Now at last I can live!

- Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

**Set Me As a Seal .....Richard Nance**

*Jill Jones, cello*

Set me as a seal upon your heart,  
as a seal upon your arm,  
for love is strong as death.

Many waters cannot quench love,  
neither can the floods drown it.

- Song of Solomon 8:6-7

**Daemon Irrepit Callidus .....György Orbán (b. 1947)**

*Daemon irrepit callidus,  
allicit cor honoribus.  
Daemon ponit fraudes,  
inter laudes, cantus, saltus.  
Quid-quid amabile Daemon dat,  
cor Jesu minus aestimat.*

The Demon sneaks expertly,  
tempting the honorable heart.  
He offers trickery  
amid praise, dance, and song.  
However amiably the Demon acts,  
it is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

*Caro venatur sensibus;  
sen sus adhaeret dapibus;  
Inescatur, impinguatur dilatatur.  
Quid-quid amabile caro dat,  
cor Jesu minus aestimat.*

The flesh is tempted by sensuality;  
gluttony clings to our senses;  
It overgrows, encroaches, stretches.  
However appealing the flesh is,  
it is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

*Adde mundorum milia,  
mille millena gaudia;  
quid-quid amabile Totum dat,  
cor Jesu minus aestimat.  
Cordis aestum non explebunt,  
non arcebunt, Daemon!*

Though the universe may confer,  
thousands upon thousands of praises;  
however appealing the whole universe is,  
it is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.  
They neither fulfill nor put out  
the desire of the heart, Demon!

**Don't Be Afraid..... Allyson Reigh / arr. Jennifer McMillan**

*Aaliyah Bancod, soloist*

The "Don't BE Afraid" message was born out of overwhelming fear. In October 2013, Scott Jones was left paralyzed after being attacked in his hometown of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. In the following weeks, Scott was afraid. His family and friends were afraid, and his community was afraid. But instead of dissolving into this fear, Scott chose to emerge with a strong and hopeful message: "Don't BE Afraid." The message became the launching point for the Don't BE Afraid: LGBTQ Awareness Society, a non-profit organization. Don't BE Afraid works to eliminate fear surrounding homophobia and transphobia and promote acceptance for all through honest conversation and creative expression.

## INTERMISSION

**The Human Heart .....Eric William Barnum (b. 1979)**

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—  
  
Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

- excerpts from "Ode: Intimations of Immortality" from *Recollections of Early Childhood* by William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

**Odi et Amo ..... Mark D. Templeton (b. 1974)**

*Odi et amo. quare id faciam fortasse requiris.  
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*

I hate and I love. Why do I do this, perhaps you ask.  
I do not know, but I feel it happening and I am tortured.

- Catullus (84-54 B.C.E.)

**Dance on My Heart..... Allen Koepke (1939-2012)**

Once two handsome gentlemen asked a  
fair young maid a question:  
"What must we do to win your hand and  
gain your kind affection?"  
One said he was "stronger by far,"  
than any other man that she'd meet.  
Also being braver than most, said,  
"Please marry me- I'm adoringly sweet."  
  
Then, said the other, "What if I give you  
diamonds and pearls, would you be my bride?  
I can offer power and riches.  
All through your life you'll be satisfied!"  
  
"Well," she replied, "I'd make my selection,  
and you'd receive my love and affection  
if you danced on my heart, if you sang to my soul.  
But alas! My heart is not pounding

and your songs are not sounding.  
Therefore, I cannot marry you."

Then a kindly gentleman asked the  
fair young maid the question:  
"What must I do to win your hand  
and gain your kind affection?  
I can only promise to love you,  
be at your side through all of my life.  
I will be your faithful companion!  
Come take my hand, say you'll be my wife."

"Sir," she replied, "you are my selection,  
and you'll receive my love and affection  
for you dance on my heart, you sing to my soul.  
I'll take your hand,  
wear your wedding band.  
Yes, kind sir, I will marry you!"

**And So It Goes.....Billy Joel (b. 1949)  
arr. Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)**

*Thommy Long, soloist*

In every heart there is a room  
A sanctuary safe and strong  
To heal the wounds from lovers past  
Until a new one comes along

I spoke to you in cautious tones  
You answered me with no pretense  
And still I feel I said too much  
My silence is my self defense

And every time I've held a rose  
It seems I only felt the thorns  
And so it goes, and so it goes  
And so will you soon I suppose

But if my silence made you leave

Then that would be my worst mistake  
So I will share this room with you  
And you can have this heart to break

And this is why my eyes are closed  
It's just as well for all I've seen  
And so it goes, and so it goes  
And you're the only one who knows

So I would choose to be with you  
That's if the choice were mine to make  
But you can make decisions too  
And you can have this heart to break

And so it goes, and so it goes  
And you're the only one who knows

**Oh My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose..... Rene Clausen (b. 1953)**

*Allison O'Bryant, violin & Jill Jones, cello*

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

- Robert Burns (1759–1796)

**Please Stay..... Jake Runestad (b. 1986)**

*Jill Jones, soloist*

No! Don't go!

Don't let your worst day be your last.  
The storm is strong, but it will pass.  
You think you can't go on another day,  
but please stay. Just stay.

Hope is real. Help is real.  
You are breath, you are life,  
you are beauty, you are light.

Your story is not over.  
You are not a burden to anyone.

Please stay. Just stay.

[Text adapted from tweets using #IKeptLiving — expressions of hope from those who battle depression and chose to live.]

**"All of Us" from *Considering Matthew Shepard*..... Craig Hella Johnson (b. 1962)**

*Heather Lake, Katherine Rosenfeld, & Mandy Matthews, soloists*

What could be the song?  
Where begin again? Who could meet us there?  
Where might we begin? From the shadows climb,  
Rise to sing again; Where could be the joy?  
How do we begin?  
Never our despair,  
Never the least of us,  
Never turn away,  
Never hide our face;  
Ordinary boy,  
Free us from our fear, Only all of us.

Only in the Love,  
Love that lifts us up,  
Clear from out the heart  
From the mountain's side,  
Come creation come, Strong as any stream;  
How can we let go? How can we forgive?  
How can we be dream?

Out of heaven, rain,  
Rain to wash us free;  
Rivers flowing on, Ever to the sea;

Bind up every wound, Every cause to grieve;  
Always to forgive, Only to believe.

(CHORALE) Most noble Light, Creation's face,  
How should we live but joined in you,  
Remain within your saving grace Through all we say and do  
And know we are the Love that moves The sun and all the stars?  
O Love that dwells, O Love that burns  
In every human heart.

This evergreen, this heart, this soul,  
Now moves us to remake our world,  
Reminds us how we are to be Your people born to dream;  
How old this joy, how strong this call, To sing your radiant care  
With every voice, in cloudless hope of our belonging here.

Only in the Love . . . Only all of us . . .

(Heaven: Wash me . . .)

All of us, only all of us.

What could be the song? Where do we begin?

Only in the Love, Love that lifts us up. All Of Us

- Michael Dennis Browne (b. 1940)

*FROM THE HEART and The Sedona Academy of Chamber Singers are underwritten by John and Suzanne Moore on the occasion of their 51<sup>st</sup> wedding anniversary for the purpose of recognizing and honoring the outstanding musicians who constitute the superb music program at The Church of the Red Rocks.*

