

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd

A Requiem "For those we love"

on the poem by
WALT WHITMAN

Music by
PAUL HINDEMITH



WILKES COLLEGE CHORUS

Richard Probert, *Conductor*

Julie Levoy, *Accompanist*

Marlene Atherholt, *Mezzo Soprano*

Richard Chapline, *Baritone*



TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1970 — 8:30 P.M.

Wilkes College Center for the Performing Arts

WILKES COLLEGE ARCHIVES
Eugene Sheldon Farley Library

PRELUDE

BARITONE AND CHORUS

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOOR-YARD BLOOM'D

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned — and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

O ever-returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring;
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

O powerful, western, fallen star!
O shades of night! O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd! O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless! O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud, that will not free my soul!

In the door-yard fronting an old farm-house, near the white-wash'd
palings,
Stands the lilac bush, tall-growing, with heart-shaped leaves of
rich green,
With many a pointed blossom, rising, delicate, with the perfume
strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle . . . and from this bush in the door-yard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms, and heart-shaped leaves of rich
green,
A sprig, with its flower, I break.

ARIOSO — MEZZO SOPRANO

In the swamp, in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.
Solitary, the thrush,
The hermit, withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.
Song of the bleeding throat!
Death's outlet song of life — (for well, dear brother, I know
If thou wast not gifted to sing, thou wouldst surely die).

MARCH — CHORUS AND BARITONE

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes, and through old woods, (where lately the violets peep'd
from the ground, spotting the gray debris);
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes — passing the
endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in
the dark-brown fields uprising;
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards;
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags, with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves, as of crape-veil'd women,
standing,
With processions long and winding, and the flambeaus of the night,

With the countless torches lit — with the silent sea of faces, and
the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising
strong and solemn;
With all the mournful voices of the dirges, pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid
these you journey,
With the tolling, tolling bells' perpetual clang;
Here! coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

(Nor for you, for one, alone;
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring:
For fresh as the morning — thus would I carol a song for you,
O sane and sacred death.

(All over bouquets of roses,
O death! I cover you over with roses and early lilies;
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious, I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes;
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you, and the coffins all of you, O death.)

BARITONE AND CHORUS

O western orb, sailing the heaven!
Now I know what you must have meant, as a month since we
walk'd,
As we walk'd up and down in the dark blue so mystic,
As we walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell, as you bent to me night after
night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down, as if to my side, (while
the other stars all look'd on);
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something, I know
not what, kept me from sleep);

As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west, ere you
went, how full you were of woe;
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze, in the cold transpar-
ent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black
of the night,
As my soul, in its trouble, dissatisfied, sank, as where you, sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

ARIOSO — MEZZO SOPRANO

Sing on, there in the swamp!
O singer bashful and tender! I hear your notes — I hear your call;
I hear — I come presently — I understand you;
But a moment I linger — for the lustrous star has detain'd me;
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.

SONG — BARITONE AND CHORUS

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has
gone?

And what shall my perfume be, for the grave of him I love?
Sea-winds, blown from east and west,
Blown from the eastern sea, and blown from the western sea, till
there on the prairies meeting:

These, and with these, and the breath of my chant,
I perfume the grave of him I love.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring, and farms, and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid
and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking
sun, burning, expanding the air;

INTRODUCTION AND FUGUE — CHORUS

With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves
of the trees prolific;

In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a
wind-dapple here and there;

With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky,
and shadows;

And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense, and stacks of
chimneys,

And all the scenes of life, and the workshops, and the workmen
homeward returning.

Lo! body and soul! this land!

Mighty Manhattan, with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying
tides, and the ships;

The varied and ample land — the South and the North in the light
— Ohio's shores, and flashing Missouri,

And ever the far-spreading prairies, cover'd with grass and corn.

Lo! the most excellent sun, so calm and haughty;

The violet and purple morn, with just-felt breezes;

The gentle, soft-born, measureless light;

The miracle, spreading, bathing all — the fulfill'd noon;

The coming eve, delicious — the welcome night, and the stars,

Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

INTERMISSION

MEZZO SOPRANO, BARITONE SOLI AND DUET

Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird!

Sing from the swamps, the recesses — pour your chant from the
bushes;

Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother — warble your reedy song;
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid, and free, and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul! O wondrous singer!

You only I hear . . . yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart);

Yet the lilac, with mastering odor, holds me.

Now while I sat in the day, and look'd forth,

In the close of the day, with its light, and the fields of spring, and
the farmer preparing his crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land, with its lakes and
forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds, and the
storms);

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the
voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides — and I saw the ships how they sail'd,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy
with labor,

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with
its meals and minutia of daily usages;

And the streets, how their throbbings throb'd, and the cities pent
— lo! then and there,

Falling upon them all, and among them all, enveloping me with
the rest,

Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail;

And I knew Death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,

And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,

And I in the middle, as with companions, and as holding the hands
of companions,

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night, that talks not,

Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the
dimness,

To the solemn shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me;
The gray-brown bird I know, receiv'd us comrades three;
And he sang what seem'd the carol of death, and a verse for him
I love.

From the deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars, and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held, as if by their hands, my comrades in the night;
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

DEATH CAROL — CHORUS

DEATH CAROL

*Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate 'round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.*

*Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee — I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come
unflatteringly.*

*Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so — when thou has taken them, I joyously sing the
dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee — adornments and feast-
ings for thee;
And the sights of the open landscape, and the high-spread sky,
are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night, in silence, under many a star;
The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave, whose voice
I know:
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veil'd Death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song!
Over the rising and sinking waves — over the myriad fields, and
the prairies wide;
Over the dense-pack'd cities all, and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!*

BARITONE AND CHORUS

*To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the night.*

*Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist, and the swamp-perfume;
And I with my comrades there in the night.*

*While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.*

I saw askant the armies;
And I saw, as in noiseless dreams, hundreds of battle-flags;
Borne through the smoke of the battles, and pierc'd with missiles,
I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and
bloody;
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men — I saw them;
I saw the debris and debris of all the dead soldiers of the war;
But I saw they were not as was thought;
They themselves were fully at rest — they suffer'd not;
The living remain'd and suffer'd — the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child, and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

FINALE —

BARITONE, MEZZO SOPRANO SOLI AND CHORUS

Passing the visions, passing the night;
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands;
Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the tallying song of my
soul,
(Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying, ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding
the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again
bursting with joy,
Covering the earth, and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses),
Passing, I leave thee, lilac with heart-shaped leaves;
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee;
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing
with thee,
O comrade lustrous, with silver face in the night.

Yet each I keep, and all, retrievements out of the night;
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star, with the countenance full
of woe,

With the lilac tall, and its blossoms of mastering odor;
With the holders holding my hand, nearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine, and I in the midst, and their memory ever I keep
— for the dead I loved so well;
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands . . . and this
for his dear sake;

Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk and dim.

WILKES COLLEGE CHORUS

Ann Agolino	James Ferrario	Mary Elizabeth Morris
Joseph Ales	Kathryn Franks	Julie Morse
Celeste Ametrano	Karen Fry	Helen Murray
Marlene Atherholt		
	Caryn Gangi	Janyne Naill
	Ronald Ganis	
Ann Barnes	Angelo Garofalo	Margaret Occhipinti
Lauree Barnes	Anthony Graci	
Karen Bates	Sheryl Grayson	Joanne Pavill
Louise Beebe		Carol Pochaski
Cheryl Bennett		Abigail Pratt
Thomas Birkett	Kathryn Hafich	
James Bone	Clark Hamman	Grace Ritchie
John Boon	Sarah T. Hutchings	Charles Robbins
Eugene Bourque		Alan Rosenbaum
Kevin Boyle	Carol Johnson	Elliot Rosenbaum
Ina Brown	Thomas Jones	
	Linda Kandel	Judith Sanger
	Marcia Kempinski	William Sauder
Paula Cardias	Kathleen Koterba	Anthony Saullo
Frank Carey	Carolyn Kresge	Raymond Smith
Shirley Christian	Arlene Kunigel	John Sopp
Eileen Connor		Diana Stinziano
Jane Corrigan	Julie Levoy	
Corrine Crispell	Patricia Lewis	Pen Utiskul
	Thomas Livingston	
	Anne Lovecchio	Margaret Waligorski
Deborah Dalon	Sheryl Luckner	Catherine Walsh
Deborah Daniels	Andrea Lukesh	Judith Williams
Shirley Davis		Gretchen Winfield
Sheila Denion		Louise Wintermute
M. Bell Dewitt	Bruce Marianelli	
	Patricia Mezanko	Stanley Yunkunis
	Mary Ann Mickulik	Andrew Zaher
Dennis English	Andrea Mitchell	Janice Zamos

WILKES COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

presents

The Wilkes College Chorus

Richard Probert, *conductor*

Julie Levoy, *accompanist*

Messa di Gloria

by

WILKES COLLEGE ARCHIVES
Eugene Simpson Library
Giacomo Puccini



Tuesday Evening, November 16, 1971 — 8:30 P.M.

WILKES COLLEGE CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

PIANO I — JULIE LEVOY

PIANO II — MARGARET BELL DEWITT

SOLOISTS

STANLEY YUNKUNIS, *TENOR*

GARY ESLINGER, *BASS*

WILLIAM METCALF, *BASS*

CHARLES ROBBINS, *BARITONE*

DAVID LUTZ, *TENOR*

THEODORE DENNIS, *BARITONE*

KYRIE

GLORIA

Stanley Yunkunis, *tenor*

CREDO

Gary Eslinger and William Metcalf, *basses*

SANCTUS

Charles Robbins, *baritone*

AGNUS DEI

David Lutz, *tenor*

Theodore Dennis, *baritone*

CHORUS PERSONNEL



Agolino, Anne D.	Gambucci, Gilbert	Mills, Frederick J.
Ales, Joseph	Gangi, Caryn M.	Morris, Mary E.
Ametrano, Celeste	Garritty, Paul E.	Morse, C. Julie
Antanelis, Eva	Good, Mary E.	Murray, Helen M.
Bates, Karen D.	Greenberg, Nancy E.	Oliveri, Constance R.
Baumann, Catherine A.	Gregson, Deborah	Pacolitch, Fred J.
Beebe, Louise	Griffiths, Jaret	Petrillo, Rosemary
Billet, Mark	Haegel, Linda	Phair, Bruce E.
Blitzstein, Sybil	Haynycz, Joanne	Pickett, Leda
Bogusko, Andrea A.	Hofbauer, Nancy K.	Platt, Kay M.
Bonanne, Joanne	Hookey, Robert T.	Pochaski, Carol D.
Boyle, Kevin J.	Hoover, Harold	Richie, Grace E.
Cardias, Paula	Hughes, Amy F.	Riebe, Michael
Castrucci, Paula D.	Johnson, Carol J.	Robbins, Charles
Cavallini, Theresa	Jones, Joel	Sanger, Judith A.
Celubniak, Rita M.	Jones, Ruthanne	Saslaw, Kenneth S.
Competti, Regina M.	Kandel, Linda E.	Sauerhoff, John
Connor, Eileen A.	Kempinski, Marcia T.	Schonfeld, Debra L.
Cooper, David J.	Kinsley, George W.	Shuleski, Ronald A.
Crispell, Corinne E.	Kmietowicz, Karen R.	Smith, Mary J.
D'Andrea, Marilyn J.	Kresge, Carolyn A.	Tretter, Terry H.
Daring, Lorene N.	Kunigel, Arlene P.	Unger, Christopher F.
Davis, Shirley L.	Leach, Robert	Vadeboncoeur, Jean P.
Denion, Sheila	Leaser, Mary	Vivian, Ann L.
Dennis, Deborah	Levoy, Julie A.	Vivian, Jean
Dennis, Theodore	Lewandoski, Joanne	Waligorski, Margaret
Dewitt, Ruth C.	Livingston, Thomas E.	Whaley, Jean E.
Dewitt, M. Bell	Lukesh, Andrea M.	Williams, Judith M.
Dillon, Grayson Sheryl	Lutz, David	Winfield, Gretchen
Donahue, Christine	Mainwaring, John R.	Woolf, Janice A.
Drost, Diane	Malone, Stephen E.	Yee, Judy
Dungey, Clifton	Marianelli, Bruce A.	Youngkin, Susan J.
Eslinger, Gary S.	McCarty, Catherine	Yunkunis, Stanley
Feris, Bernadette	McDowell, Molly A.	Zampetti, Robert M.
Fink, Pamela J.	McLean, Carol M.	Ziegler, Roman A.
Frale, James	Metcalf, William J.	Zola, Judith A.
Fry, Karen	Miller, Mary Lou	Zupko, Christine M.