

*Auf immer, auf immer, so weiche denn,  
Sonne,  
Dem Mädchen von Kola, sie schläft!  
Nie erhebt sie wieder in ihrer Schöne!  
Nie siehst du sie lieblich wandeln mehr.*

Forever, forever then, Sun,  
surrender  
to the maiden of Colla; she sleeps!  
Never will she rise again in her beauty!  
Never again will you see her lovely  
wandering.

Translation from English to German by  
Johann Herder

*Translation of the German back to English  
by Emily Ezust.*

Original English text was by James Macpherson, who claimed to have discovered a cycle of epic poems in Gaelic by “Ossian” in 1760. However, he most likely wrote the poems himself, creating “the most successful literary falsehood in modern history.”



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# NEC Chamber Singers and Concert Choir

Erica J. Washburn and Jonathan Richter, conductors  
Stephanie Beatrice, graduate conductor

with  
NEC Wind Ensemble

Monday, April 25, 2016  
7:30 p.m.  
NEC’s Jordan Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Michael Weinstein**  
(b. 1960)

**Gott Hämmerl** (2015)

Marschlied  
Den Ausziehenden  
Die Schlacht bei Saarburg  
Heervolk  
Abschied  
Das Heerlager  
Zerschossener Baum  
Überfall  
Den Lebenden

Meghan Jolliffe, *soprano*  
SarahAnn Duffy, *alto*  
Steven Keen Hyland, *tenor*  
Matthew O'Donnell, *bass*

NEC Chamber Singers  
NEC Wind Ensemble

*Intermission*

**Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol**  
(b. 1974)

**Şu Yalan Dünya**

*dedicated to the loving memory of  
my father, Dr. Hüseyin Parkan Sanlıkol*

Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol, *soloist*  
Richard Rivale, *piano*

*Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,  
lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken  
oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.*

*Und dann möcht ich tauchen in die Tiefen,*

*mich versenken in den Wunderschein,  
und mir ist, als ob mich Engel riefen  
in die alte Wunderstadt herein.*

Wilhelm Müller

**Darthulas Grabesgesang**

*Mädchen von Kola, du schläfst!  
Um dich schweigen die blauen Ströme  
Selmas!  
Sie trauren um dich, den letzten Zweig  
von Thruthils Stamm!*

*Wann erstehst du wieder in deiner Schöne?*

*Schönste der Schönen in Erin!  
Du schläfst im Grabe langen Schlaf,  
dein Morgenrot ist ferne!*

*Nimmer, o nimmer kommt dir die Sonne  
weckend an deine Ruhestätte: "Wach auf!*

*Wach auf, Darthula!  
Frühling ist draußen!"*

*"Die Lüfte säuseln,  
Auf grünen Hügeln, holdseliges Mädchen,  
Weben die Blumen!  
Im Hain wallt sprießenden Laub!"*

A beautiful world is sunk there,  
its ruins have stood fast,  
often sending up golden, heavenly  
sparks  
visible in the mirror of my dreams.

And then I would like to plunge into the  
depths,

to immerse myself in the miracle light,  
for it seems to me as if angels called me  
into the ancient miracle-city.

**Darthula's Funeral Hymn**

Maiden of Colla, you sleep!  
Around you the blue streams of Selma  
are silent!  
They mourn for you, the last branch  
of Thruthil's line!

When will you rise again in your  
beauty?

Fairest of the fair in Erin!  
You sleep the long sleep of the grave;  
the glow of morning is distant.

Never, o never will the sun come  
to your resting-place and awaken you:  
"Wake up!

Wake up, Darthula!  
Spring has come!"

"The breezes whisper;  
upon the green hills, sweet maiden,  
flowers wave!  
In the grove, sprouting leaves flutter!"

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

## Abendständchen

Hör es klagt die Flöte wieder  
Und die kühlen Brunnen rauschen,  
Golden wehn die Töne nieder,  
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen!

Holdes Bitten, mild Verlangen,  
Wie es süß zum Herzen spricht!  
Durch die Nacht die mich umfängen,  
Blickt zu mir der Töne Licht.

Clemens von Brentano

## Vineta

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
klingen Abendglocken, dumpf und matt.  
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde  
von der schönen, alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoß hinabgesunken,

blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn.  
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken  
widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer

einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,  
nach der selben Stelle schiff't er immer,  
ob auch ringsumher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde  
klingt es mir wie Glocken, dumpf und matt.

Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde  
von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

## Evening Serenade

Hark, the flute laments again  
and the cool springs murmur;  
golden, the sounds waft down -  
be still, be still, let us listen.

Lovely supplication, gentle longing,  
how sweetly it speaks to the heart!  
Through the night that enfolds me  
shines the light of the music.

## Vineta (a legendary sunken city)

From the ocean's deep, deep depths  
toll evening bells, muffled and faint,  
to give us wonderful tidings  
of the beautiful, ancient miracle-city.

Sunk deep down beneath the surging  
tide,  
its ruins have stood fast.  
Its battlements send up golden sparks  
that reflect visibly on the surface.

And the sailor who once saw this  
magical shimmer  
in the bright sunset  
always sails back to the same place,  
despite the circle of menacing cliffs  
above.

From the heart's deep, deep depths  
rings a sound like bells, muffled and  
faint.

Ah, it sends such wonderful tidings  
of the love that it has loved.

**Anthony Maglione**  
(b. 1978 )

**Night, Veiled Night** (2012/2016)

Andrew Haig, *baritone*  
Marza Merophi Wilks, *cello*

NEC Chamber Singers  
Erica J. Washburn, conductor

*Brief pause*

**Arvo Pärt**  
(b. 1935)

**Da pacem Domine** (2004/2006)

**Josef Rheinberger**  
(1839–1901)

from **Fünf Hymnen, op. 140**  
Tribulationes  
Ave Regina

Stephanie Beatrice, graduate conductor

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833–1897)

**Drei Gesänge, op. 42**  
Abendständchen  
Vineta  
Darthulas Grabgesang

NEC Concert Choir  
Jacob Hiser, *piano*

Jonathan Richter, conductor

## **Weinstein Gott Hämmer**

*Gott Hämmer* for chorus and wind ensemble is offered as a memorial tribute to the German Jewish veterans of the First World War. They served Kaiser and country in large numbers for the same patriotic reasons as their fellow Germans. One hundred years ago, at this exact time, the ultimate disaster of disasters at Verdun was in full swing. Ernst Toller was there briefly and never recovered from his experience in the front lines (today we call it PTSD). Alfred Lichtenstein and Walter Heymann were both killed in action on the Western front within the first year of the war. Their poems are terrifyingly prescient and poignant. The title for the piece comes from the poem “Heervolk” by Leo Sternberg published in 1916. The last line of the poem reads “Gott hämmert ein Volk” (*God hammered a people*). Above the poem there is a quotation from Nehemiah Chapter 4:18 about the Jews rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem after the Babylonian captivity in the 5<sup>th</sup> century. Their immediate neighbors were not happy with the idea, and the Jews were required to wear their swords even while climbing the scaffolds during the reconstruction work. This is a fairly obscure and late portion of the Old Testament, but I suspect Sternberg equated Germany’s situation in 1914 with that of the Israelites. How ironic that the contributions of the German Jewish veterans were ultimately ignored and even suppressed by the Nazis as they came to power. In wartime the hammer strikes all people.

When I was growing up in Albany, NY during the 1960s and 70s my German mother befriended Hanna Gumpel (1902-1995). She and her physician husband Oscar had fled Germany in the 1930s; her parents died in the Holocaust. Frau Gumpel, as she was affectionately known, became our substitute mother/grandmother figure, and may she be of blessed memory. Knowing my interest in history, she gave me a WWI service medal given to some member of her family – it is in my pocket tonight and was on my music stand during the composition of this piece. On the face of the medal is a silhouette of Kaiser Wilhelm and Emperor Franz Joseph under the title EINIG UND STARK (*unified and strong*). She gave it away freely because I suspect it had lost meaning for her as her native Germany turned out to be yet another Babylon for the Jews.

The nine poems were written just before or during the war except for Toller’s “Den Lebenden.” The idea of walking through the gate towards a brighter tomorrow is a hopeful image.

I am grateful to Erica Washburn and Charles Peltz and the NEC Chamber Singers and Wind Ensemble for the opportunity to write a piece that I have been waiting my whole life to create.

– Michael Weinstein

**Michael H. Weinstein** is a composer, theorist, educator, and hornist. He studied at S.U.N.Y. Purchase (B.F.A.), New England Conservatory (M.M.), and received his Ph.D in Composition and Theory from Brandeis University in 1991. He is the chair

## **Brahms Drei Gesänge Op. 42**

The *Drei Gesänge* Op. 42 originate from Johannes Brahms’ first period of maturity as a choral composer. The date of composition of these three partsongs (1859-1861) coincides with the period of Brahms’ early career in which he famously led a small women’s chorus in his hometown of Hamburg. Born out of a group of acquaintances and students, this Frauenchor rehearsed regularly on Monday mornings and established a rather high level of amateur musical standards. Aside from being a formative social experience for the dapper young pianist/composer (idyllic stories abound of Brahms’ interactions with this group of admiring women), this period also saw Brahms mature rapidly as a writer for vocal ensembles. During this time Brahms studied, rearranged, and conducted the music of a broad range of earlier vocal composers including Palestrina, Byrd, Hassler, Handel, and J. S. Bach. These three partsongs would not be premiered in their current form until after Brahms moved away from Hamburg and assumed the conductorship of the Vienna Singakademie in 1863. However, they stand as well-wrought, representative works from this period of significant growth for the composer.

The Op. 42 set is unique in Brahms’ oeuvre in that all of the movements are scored for six voice parts. Inherent in such a voicing is the option for three-part antiphonal textures (male/female), and Brahms capitalizes on this option in each of the three partsongs. Furthermore, the addition of optional piano *ad libitum* provides a level of artistic freedom and flexibility for the performer. While the texts of each partsong are disparate with regard to their authorship and subject matter, the musical construction of the set makes for a satisfyingly cohesive whole. The outer movements are both tonally centered around G, and they each oscillate back and forth between the parallel G major and G minor modes in unique and innovative ways. The key of the middle movement creates a bright contrast to the others as a result of its setting in a chromatic mediant key area, the major III (B major).

The first of the three partsongs, the *Abendständchen* serves as an invitation for the listener to “be still” and admire the “light of the music” (“die Töne Licht”). The first phrase immediately sets up the effect of antiphonal, offset female and male choirs. As the movement progresses, Brahms uses simple yet specific harmonies to highlight differences in the text such as the “golden” sounds and the “night that enfolds me.” The second partsong, *Vineta*, first existed as a work for four-part women’s voices and was prepared by the Hamburg Frauenchor. Set in a Ländler-like tempo, this movement foreshadows the atmosphere to be found in the much-beloved sets of *Liebeslieder Waltzes* later in the 1860s. The last of the set, *Darthula’s Grabesgesang* repeatedly utilizes a chant-like motif as the melodic basis for the entire song. The text is based on a German translation of one of James Macpherson’s Ossian poems and it mourns the passing of Darthula, the “maiden of Colla.”

– Jonathan Richter

sins of the believer (“peccata mea”). *Ave Regina*, on the other hand, utilizes a warm D-flat major sonority and a lush Romantic harmonic progression to express admiration and praise for the “Queen of Heaven,” the Virgin Mary.

### **Tribulationes**

<i>Tribulationes cordis mei dilatatae sunt: de necessitatibus meis eripe me, Domine. Vide humilitatem meam, et laborem meum: et dimitte omnia peccata mea.</i>	The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses. Look upon mine affliction and my pain; And forgive all my sins.
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Psalm 25:17-18

### **Ave Regina**

<i>Ave Regina caelorum, ave Domina Angelorum: salve radix, salve porta, ex qua mundo lux est orta.</i>	Hail, Queen of Heaven! Hail, Mistress of Angels! Hail root, hail portal from which the Light for the world has risen.
<i>Gaude Virgo gloriosa, super omnes speciosa, vale, O vale decora, et pro nobis Christum exora.</i>	Rejoice, glorious Virgin, beautiful above all others, Farewell, most gracious, And pray for us to Christ.

Marian antiphon (ca. 12th c.)

**Stephanie Beatrice** has worked and performed as both a conductor and a chorister in many choirs throughout New England. Currently, she is pursuing her Master of Music degree in Choral Conducting at New England Conservatory, where she studies with Erica J. Washburn and works with Jonathan Richter as the graduate conductor of the NEC Concert Choir. Outside of NEC, Beatrice holds a conducting internship with the Commonwealth Chorale under the direction of NEC alumnus David Carrier. She is a graduate of the University of Maine where she earned a Bachelor of Music degree in Music Education with a concentration in voice.

of the music department at the Cambridge School of Weston, an Assistant Professor of Composition at Berklee College of Music, and teaches theory classes at New England Conservatory’s Preparatory Division. He is third horn with the Symphony New Hampshire. His works have been commissioned, performed, and recorded by organizations such as the NEC Wind Ensemble and Symphony Orchestra, the USAF Band (Washington, D.C.), the Boston Landmarks Orchestra, the Boston Classical Orchestra, the Symphony by the Sea, the Civic Symphony of Boston, the Boston Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, the MIT Wind Ensemble, the Washington Winds, the ars nova ensemble Berlin, the University of Washington Wind Ensemble, and the League ISCM – Boston among others. His music is published by Boosey & Hawkes and Micha Music. Recent performances have taken place in Seattle, New York, Washington, D.C., Boston, Berlin, Paris, and Moscow.

### **Marschlied**

*Wir Wandrer zum Tode,  
Der Erdnot geweiht,  
Wir kranzlose Opfer  
Zu Letztern bereit.*

*Wir Preis einer Mutter,  
Die nie sich erfüllt,  
Wir wunschlose Kinder  
Von Schmerzen gestillt,*

*Wir Tränen der Frauen,  
Wir lichtlose Nacht,  
Wir Waisen der Erde  
Ziehn stumm in die Schlacht.*

Ernst Toller

### **Marching Song**

We walk towards death  
Given over to the world’s urging  
We uncrowned offerings  
Ready to the last.

We prize of a mother  
Whose dream will never be fulfilled,  
We contented children  
Nursed by pain,

We tears of the women,  
We lightless night,  
We orphans of the Earth  
Go silently into the battle.

### **Den Ausziehenden**

Kennt keiner das Buch, in dem geschrieben steht,  
daß dieser falle und jener heil heimwärts geht.  
Doch später ist in Stein und Lied zu lesen,  
die im Kampfe fielen, sind unsere Besten gewesen.

Viele aber glauben, es sei vorbestimmt,

Ob einen die Kugel ausläßt oder herübernimmt -  
und bliebest du zu Hause und wärest nicht dabei,  
in Kriegszeiten irren viele Kugeln frei.

Wo aber steht es geschrieben, frag ich, daß von allen  
ich übrig bleiben soll, ein anderer für mich fallen?  
Wer immer von euch fällt, der stirbt gewiß für mich -  
Und ich soll übrig bleiben? Warum denn ich!

Walter Heymann

### **Die Schlacht bei Saarburg**

Die Erde verschimmelt im Nebel.  
Der Abend drückt wie Blei.  
Rings reißt elektrisches Krachen  
Und wimmernd bricht alles entzwei.

Wie schlechte Lumpen qualmen  
Die Dörfer am Horizont  
Ich liege gottverlassen

### **To the Departed**

No one knows the book, in which it is written,  
That this one dies, and another goes home unscathed.  
Yet later we read in stone and song  
Those who fell in battle, were our best.

But many believe, that it is predetermined,  
Whether the bullet misses one or takes another –  
And were you to stay at home and were not there,  
In wartime many bullets miss their mark.

But where is it written, I ask, that of everyone  
I should remain behind, and someone else fall for me?  
And whoever falls, you die for me -  
And I should be left behind? Why me!

### **The Battle at Saarburg**

The earth covered like mold in fog.  
The evening presses down like lead.  
All around the sound of electrical clicks  
And whimpering everything breaks in two.

Like trash heaps the villages  
Smolder on the horizon  
I lie godforsaken

### **Da pacem Domine**

*Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris  
Quia non est alius qui pugnet pro nobis  
nisi tu Deus noster.*

Give peace, O Lord, in our time  
Because there is no one else who will fight for us  
if not You, our God.

### **Rheinberger Tribulationes and Ave Regina**

Though not as commonly heard on modern concert stages as many of his contemporaries, Josef Rheinberger's varied body of work – as a composer, teacher, chorusmaster and organist – was quite significant. Born in Lichtenstein in 1839, Rheinberger based his entire professional career out of Munich. After graduating from the Munich Conservatorium at just twenty years old, the young composer accepted a professorship at the institution to teach piano and composition. Over the next four decades Rheinberger would go on to have over 250 theory and composition students including Wilhelm Fürtwangler, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, Englebert Humperdinck, and two of the “Boston Six” composers, Horatio Parker and George Whitefield Chadwick. In addition to his teaching duties, Rheinberger held the most prominent church music positions in Bavaria, including Kapellmeister at the Royal Chapel in Munich.

Rheinberger's conservative compositional traits are often likened to those of his more traditionalist contemporaries, particularly Brahms, as well as earlier models such as Felix Mendelssohn and Franz Schubert. In contrast to the trending styles that became increasingly popular through the rise of the New German School composers, Rheinberger instead focused his compositional energies on sound counterpoint and structural symmetry and cohesion. However, as Paul Weber's recent research and analysis has shown, Rheinberger's Catholic listening audience in Munich was one that had only recently become receptive to modern styles of liturgical music. Elsewhere in Germany, Cäcilien reformers advocated for a greater emphasis on chant and the return of *a cappella* singing in the liturgy. By comparison Rheinberger's compositional language was rather forward thinking, despite its relative conservatism when viewed against the more adventurous secular composers of the day.

*Tribulationes* and *Ave Regina* each exhibit the intelligent formal design and contrapuntal integrity for which Rheinberger was so widely admired. These motets were composed in 1878 and 1884 respectively and were published as the first and fourth works in the Op. 140 set of five “hymns.” Of the two, *Tribulationes* more broadly employs the technique of word-painting, as it uses sophisticated harmonic and textural devices to emphasize the “enlarged” sorrows (“*dilatae sunt*”) and the

## Night, Veiled Night

Make me thy poet, O Night, veiled Night!  
There are some who have sat speechless for ages in thy shadow;  
Let me utter their songs.  
Take me up in thy chariot without wheels, running noiselessly from world to world,  
thou queen in the palace of time, thou darkly beautiful!  
Many a questioning mind has stealthily entered thy courtyard, and roamed though  
thy lampless house searching for answers.

From many a heart, pierced with the arrow of joy from the hands of the Unknown,  
have burst forth glad chants, shaking the darkness to its foundation.  
Those wakeful souls gaze in the starlight in wonder at the treasure they have  
suddenly found.  
Make me thy poet, O Night, the poet of thy fathomless silence.

Rabindranath Tagore

## Pärt *Da pacem Domine*

Arvo Pärt began the composition of *Da pacem Domine* on March 13, 2004, two days after the terrorist attacks on the Madrid train system. Conceived as a prayer for peace, the work is based on a sixth century antiphon text that is traditionally associated with Pentecost. The work's opening tempo marking of *pacato* (Spanish for peaceful, tranquil) both characterizes the overall feeling of the music and makes subtle reference to the provenance of the work.

Much of Pärt's vocal music features the technique that he dubbed *tintinnabuli*, so named for its emulation of bell tones in the musical texture. This compositional style splits the conventional SATB chorus into two separate roles, wherein two voice parts sing notes solely from the tonic triad while the other two parts simultaneously sing diatonic, scalar melodies. *Da pacem Domine* adheres to this strict compositional plan only in part. In this work the sopranos and tenors often perform the conventional *tintinnabuli* role, however at specific structural moments Pärt employs pseudo-medieval, contrapuntal passages with pitch content from the full diatonic scale in all parts. Pärt establishes a "bell-like" quality in another sense, though; the work's predominant texture is characterized by voice parts that enter separately on single syllables - indeed sometimes only vowel sounds - that are extracted from within the text. In so doing, Pärt's work serves as a meditation, in a post-minimalist idiom, on the elusiveness of peace.

*In der knatternden Schützenfront.*

*Viel kupferne feindliche Vögelein  
Surren um Herz und Hirn.  
Ich stemme mich steil in das Graue  
Und biete dem Morden die Stirn.*

Alfred Lichtenstein

*Und die Bauleute hatten jeder sein Schwert  
um die Hüfte gegürtet und baueten.*

Nehemiah 4:18

## Heervolk

*Wir stehen als Wächter auf den Zinnen  
das Baugerüsts; als Posten auf den Wällen  
der Schienen und Schächte, mit gegürteten  
Sinnen  
am Werke des Friedens, erwartend das  
Trompetengellen,  
das uns reißt zur Schlacht.*

... Gott hämmert ein Volk.

Leo Sternberg

## Abschied

*Vorm Sterben mache ich noch mein  
Gedicht.  
Still, Kameraden, stört mich nicht.*

*Wir ziehn zum Krieg. Der Tod ist unser  
Kitt.  
O, heulte mir doch die Geliebte nit.*

In the crackling frontlines.

Many copper enemy birds  
Zip around heart and head.  
I brace myself in the greyness  
And offer death my forehead.

And the workers each had their sword  
girded around their hips and built.

## Army Folk

We stand as watchmen on the  
pinnacle  
of the scaffolding, as sentinels on the  
ramparts  
of the rails and shafts, with girded  
senses  
doing the work of peace, waiting for the  
trumpet sounds  
that rouses us to battle.

... God hammered a people.

## Taking leave

Before dying I still write my poem.  
Quiet, Comrades, don't bother me.  
We go to war. Death is our lot.  
O, don't let my beloved cry.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

Was liegt an mir. Ich gehe gerne ein.  
Die Mutter weint. Man muß aus Eisen sein.

What is it to me. I go gladly.  
The Mothers cry. One must be made  
out of Iron.

Die Sonne fällt zum Horizont hinab.  
Bald wirft man mich ins milde Massengrab.

The sun goes down on the horizon.  
Soon someone will throw me into a  
mass grave.

Am Himmel brennt das brave Abendrot.  
Vielleicht bin ich in dreizehn Tagen tot.

In the sky sunset burns sweetly red.  
Perhaps in thirteen days I will be dead.

Alfred Lichtenstein

### Das Heerlager

Unser Erwachen:  
“Wie steht die Schlacht?”  
Wenn wir uns niederlegen:  
“Was wird sich entscheiden die Nacht?”  
Zum heerlager wurde die Welt ... Mit den  
Toten

Seite an Seite liegen wir und träumen:  
Rauschen fahnen im Dunkeln?  
Die Sterne funkeln  
Schweigend ... flügelwehen der Boten

zwischen den himmlischen Räumen  
und der Schlacht...

Leo Sternberg

### Zerschossener Baum

Der Baum am Meer  
gepeitscht vom Nordweste;  
der Baum starrt leer,  
reckt sturmzerschossene Äste  
senhsüchtig auf zur himmlischen Feste.  
Er hat den Stürmen,  
die ihn umwittert,  
nicht fallen müssen.

### The Encampment

Our awakening:  
“How goes the battle?”  
When we lie down:  
“What will happen in the night?”  
The world has become an army camp ..  
with the dead

Side by side we lie together and dream:  
Do flags rustle in the dark?  
The stars shine  
Silently ... flapping wings of the  
messenger  
Between the celestial spaces  
And the battle...

### Shot up Tree

The tree on the water  
Lashed from the northwest;  
The tree stares vacantly,  
Stretched storm-damaged branches  
Longing for heavenly protection.  
The storms  
That shrouded him  
Did not need to fall.

the poetry of the Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941). I was immediately enamored with the stunning imagery and deeply spiritual texts within his collection entitled *Fruit Gatherings*(1916) in which this poem falls twentieth. It was no surprise to me to discover that among his many accomplishments, he was the first non-European to win the Nobel Prize in Literature (1913) and among his creative output were plays, novels, stories, and a great many songs. So, when I was approached with a commission for a TTBB/TTBB work for the Miami University Men's Glee Club, this poem sprang to mind. *Night, Veiled Night* was given its premiere at the 2012 Intercollegiate Men's Choruses National Conference held at Morehouse College by the Miami University Men's Glee Club with cellist, Pansy Chang (Pink Martini). At the request of Erica Washburn, *Night, Veiled Night* was re-voiced for SSAATTBB choir and cello and will receive its first performance in this new format tonight.

I have a great affinity for Indian music and I felt compelled to use certain compositional devices. However, *Night, Veiled Night* is not an attempt to recreate Indian music, but a merging of this lovely Indian text, my distinctly “Western” compositional style, and eastern influences. The work begins with a drone over which the cellist serves as a means to bind these styles through notated “improvisations” on an Indian raga which were inspired by the great Indian classical vocalist Parveen Sultana. The entire work is intended to feel almost improvisational with its sudden bursts of color and long, moving lines. — Anthony Maglione

Conductor/Composer **Anthony J. Maglione** is a graduate of Westminster Choir College of Rider University, East Carolina University, and the University of California, Los Angeles. He is the Director of Choral Studies at William Jewell College where, under his direction, the Concert Choir was Runner Up (2nd Place) for the 2015 American Prize in Choral Performance, College/University Division. In addition to his responsibilities at William Jewell College, he serves as Director of the Greater Kansas City AGO Schola Cantorum, Conductor Emeritus of the Freelance Ensemble Artists of NJ, a symphony orchestra based in Central NJ and recently was appointed the Michael and Ginger Frost “Artist-in-Residence” at St. Mary's Episcopal Church in Kansas City.

An active composer, Anthony's choral works are growing in popularity and are published on GIA's “Evoking Sound” choral series. In the last several years his music has appeared at state and national-level conventions, on TV, in video games, and has been recorded on Gothic Records and Centaur Records. In 2014 and 2015, Anthony was honored as a Semi-Finalist and Finalist (respectively) for the American Prize in Composition, Professional Choral Division and was recently awarded the 2016-2017 William Jewell College Spencer Family Sabbatical, a year-long fully funded sabbatical in order to compose two new large-scale works for choir, soloists and chamber orchestra.

## Şu Yalan Dünya

Ah şu yalan dünya...	Oh, this false world...
Şu yalan dünyaya geldim geledi viran oldum	Ever since I came to this false world I have been ruined
Tas tas içtim ağuları sağ iken Kahbe felek virmez benim muradım	I drank mugs full of venom in this life This backstabbing destiny does not grant my wishes
Viran oldum mor sümbüllü bağ iken	I am now ruined but I used to be a garden full of purple hyacinths
Ah şu yalan dünyaya geldim geledi vay...	Oh, ever since I came to this false world...
Aradılar bir tenhada buldular Yaslandılar şıvgalarını kırdılar Yaz bahar ayında bir od verdiler	They looked for and found me alone They destroyed and weakened me It was during Spring, Summertime when I became sorrowful
Yandım gittim ala karlı dağ iken	Though I was like a great snowy mountain, I am finished now
Şu yalan dünyaya geldim geledi Tas tas içtim ağuları sağ iken Kahbe felek virmez benim muradım	Ever since I came to this false world I drank mugs full of venom in this life This backstabbing destiny does not grant my wishes
Viran oldum [ben] mor sümbüllü bağ iken	I am now ruined but I used to be a garden full of purple hyacinths
Karac'oğlan derki bakın olana	Karac'oğlan says, take a look at what happened
Ömrümün yarısı gitti talana Sual eylen bizden evvel gelene Kim var imiş [vay] biz burada yoğ iken	Half of my life has been ruined Question those who came before us Who lived [here] before our time...
Karacaoğlan	Translations by Öznur Tülüoğlu and Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol

## Maglione Night, Veiled Night

In the summer of 2007, while searching for public domain texts, I stumbled upon

Nun ist ihm von Schüssen  
vom Freund und Feind  
die Krone zersplittert.  
Entarmt und kahl,  
schwarz, karg, fahl,  
bettelt er Knospen vom Sternenheer.

Walter Heymann

## Überfall

Schon Untergang -  
Das war aber schnell ...  
Kaum Spur von Aufgang - -

Ich bin über die Welt gewachsen.  
Ich bin der Allgott geworden  
Und furchtbar wach.  
Und jetzt muß ich den Tod wegwerfen ...

Mein Sterben ist stumm  
Und ohne Bilder  
Ohne Erlösung —

Alfred Lichtenstein

## Den Lebenden

Euch ziemt nicht  
Trauern,  
Euch ziemt nicht  
Verweilen,  
Euch ward Vermächtnis  
Getränkt  
Vom Herzblut der Brüder  
Euer  
Wartet die schaffende  
Tat

Now the shots  
From friend and foe  
Have split the crown.  
Without arms and bald,  
black, austere, pale  
he begs for buds from the host of stars.

## Ambush

Twilight already -  
That was fast ...  
Hardly a trace of the dawn —

I have grown greater than the world.  
I have become the God of all things  
And terrifyingly awake,  
And now I must throw off death ...

My death is mute  
And without images  
Without salvation ---

## To the Living

It is not seemly  
For you all to mourn,  
It is not seemly  
For you all to linger  
You have become the legacy  
Soaked  
From the lifeblood of the brothers  
Yours  
Wait the completed  
Deed

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

<i>Lastend</i>	Is burdening
<i>Bedränged den Nacken</i>	Is oppressing your necks
<i>Die Zeit</i>	Time
<i>Aufsprenge</i>	Bursts open
<i>Dem helleren Morgen</i>	The gates
<i>Die Tore!</i>	To the bright morning!

Ernst Toller *Translations by Michael Weinstein and Gary Harger*

### Members of NEC Wind Ensemble

Charles Peltz, conductor

<i>Flute</i>	<i>French horn</i>	<i>Tuba</i>
Bi-le Zhang	Seann Trull	Ray Liu
Fanya Wyrick-Flax	Hajime Goto	<i>Double Bass</i>
<i>Oboe</i>	Christian Gutierrez	Boyang Yu
Jonathan Gentry	Julia Dombek	<i>Percussion</i>
Samuel Sise Waring	<i>Trumpet</i>	Rainice Lai
<i>Clarinet</i>	Samuel Thurston	Sean Van Winkle
Nicholas Brown	Gianluca Farina	
Ye Hu	Matthew McConnell	
Zi Hao Yang	<i>Trombone</i>	<i>Graduate Assistants</i>
<i>Bassoon</i>	Taylor Blanton	Holly Choe
Jesse Gardner	Kens Lui	Boyang Yu
Kai Rocke	<i>Bass Trombone</i>	<i>Dept. Assistant</i>
	Christopher Bassett	Maria Currie
		<i>Student Librarian</i>
		Eric J. Rizzo

### Sanlıkol *Şu Yalan Dünya*

This composition was commissioned by an amateur choir in Bursa, Turkey which was founded by my late father to feature professionals such as doctors and lawyers. As a result, I decided to rely on the piano harmonically while writing simpler melodies and countermelodies for the voices. The text was selected by my father who had also specified a desire toward a Turkish folk music inspired composition. Since I did not want to arrange an already existing Turkish folk song I first began by composing the Turkish folk song-like tune which is sung by a soloist according to the specifics of Turkish makam (mode) tradition at the end of the composition.

After creating this tune I then created the larger structure of the composition with the goal of setting this tune up. The polyphonic as well as the harmonic structures throughout the piece have been carefully constructed with the unique qualities of the chosen makam in mind. – Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol

**Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol** made his Carnegie Hall/Zankel debut in April of this year premiering his commissioned piece *Harabat/The Intoxicated* with the American Composers Orchestra. Other recent works have been heard at Tanglewood's Ozawa Hall and on A Far Cry's Grammy-nominated recording *Dreams and Prayers*. Sanlıkol has been praised by critics all over the world for his unique, pluralist, multicultural and energetic musical voice. He hails from Cyprus and Turkey, and is also JAZZIZ's Top 10 Critics' Choice 2014 pick, a Jazz pianist, a multi-instrumentalist, an active ethnomusicologist, a Harvard research fellow as well as Emerson College and Holy Cross faculty member. *The Boston Globe* noted that Sanlıkol's "music is colorful, fanciful, full of rhythmic life, and full of feeling. The multiculturalism is not touristy, but rather sophisticated, informed, internalized; Sanlıkol is a citizen of the world", "...and he (Sanlıkol) is another who could play decisive role in music's future in the world."

A musical polymath, Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol has composed for, performed and toured with international stars and ensembles such as Dave Liebman, Bob Brookmeyer, Anat Cohen, Esperanza Spalding, Antonio Sanchez, Tiger Okoshi, The Boston Camerata, A Far Cry string orchestra, American Composers Orchestra, Boston Cello Quartet, Okay Temiz, Erkan Oğur, Omar Faruk Tekbilek and Brenna MacCrimmon.

On the other hand, Sanlıkol's unique blend of jazz composition and Turkish music has been praised by the *Boston Globe* as "a true fusion of jazz and folkloric Turkish language and colors." He is now in the process of working on his next CD release with his unique jazz orchestra/combo, Whatsnext. Sanlıkol pairs Turkish instruments such as zurna (double reed wind), ney (end-blown flute), kös (large kettledrums) and nekkare (small kettledrums) with the jazz orchestra/combo to perform his Turkish music-influenced compositions, in which Turkish makam (mode) and usul (rhythmic cycles) are intertwined with modern jazz as well as specifically film noir influenced music.

Sanlıkol studied western classical piano with his mother Fethiye Sanlıkol and started giving piano recitals as early as age five. Later on he studied with the internationally acclaimed Turkish composer/Jazz pianist Aydın Esen and won a scholarship to Berklee College of Music. While at Berklee Sanlıkol studied jazz composition with such accomplished composers like Herb Pomeroy and Ken Pullig. After studying with composers such as George Russell, Bob Brookmeyer and Lee Hyla, in the year 2004 Sanlıkol completed his DMA degree in Composition at New England Conservatory and helped find the organization DÜNYA based in Boston.