



# Grant Park Music Festival

Seventy-fifth Season

Grant Park Orchestra and Chorus

Carlos Kalmar, *Principal Conductor*

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

**Eighth Program:** Exploring Music with Bill McGlaughlin,  
Made in America

**Tuesday, June 30, 2009 at 6:30 p.m.**

**Thursday, July 2, 2009 at 6:30 p.m.**

Harris Theater for Music and Dance

GRANT PARK CHORUS

Christopher Bell, *Chorus Director*

Bill McGlaughlin, *Narrator*

HOVHANESS	A Rose Tree Blossoms, Op. 246, No. 4
CORIGLIANO	L'Invitation au Voyage
Lauridsen	Nocturnes Sa nuit d'Été Soneto de la Noche Sure on this Shining Night
COPLAND	Four Motets Help Us, O Lord Thou, O Jehovah, Abideth Forever Have Mercy on Us, O My Lord Sing Ye Praises to Our King
CRABTREE	Five Romantic Miniatures from <i>The Simpsons</i> Abe Lisa Homer Marge Homer
BARBER	Sure on this Shining Night
SAMETZ	I Have Had Singing

CARLOS KALMAR's biography can be found on page B2.



**BILL McGLAUGHLIN** is host of Exploring Music and the Peabody Award-winning St. Paul Sunday as well as radio programs from Wolf Trap and the Library of Congress. A native of Philadelphia, McGlaughlin graduated from Temple University before serving as a trombonist with the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Symphony. He then embarked on a twenty five year career as orchestral conductor with orchestras ranging from the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra to the Kansas City Symphony. Guest conducting credits include the Baltimore, Denver, Houston, National, New Orleans,

Oregon, Pittsburgh and St. Louis Symphonies as well as the Minnesota Orchestra, Opera Theatre St. Louis, American Music Theater Festival, Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra and the San Antonio Festival.

McGlaughlin is active as a composer with premieres this past spring at Wolf Trap, the Kimmel Center in Philadelphia, Carnegie Hall and Boston's Symphony Hall. He recently contributed a chapter on the conducting of Leonard Bernstein to the new book published by the New York Philharmonic: Leonard Bernstein, American Original (pub. Harper Collins, 2008).

McGlaughlin insisted on including all the above in order to establish the fact that he began life as an honest musician (more or less) before falling into such debased activities as conducting and radio hosting. There seems to be little hope of redemption for him as he enjoys thoroughly the prospect of continuing to host Exploring Music as long as he is able to stagger into the studio. In fact, he is especially pleased to be a part of these gala festivities at the Grant Park Festival, since he enjoyed himself so much during the orchestral concerts a year ago that it proved very difficult to get him to go home and start making radio again.



**A ROSE TREE BLOSSOMS, OP. 246, NO. 4 (1971)**  
**Alan Hovhaness (1911-2000)**

Alan Hovhaness, one of the most intriguing and prolific figures in American music, was born Alan Vaness Chakmakjian in Somerville, Massachusetts on March 8, 1911; his father was an Armenian chemistry professor and his mother was Scottish. He began improvising and composing at an early age, and studied at the New England Conservatory in the 1930s with Frederick Converse. In 1940, Hovhaness was appointed organist in an Armenian church near Boston, from which post he investigated the music of his father's native land. Two years later, he attended the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood on scholarship. However, the criticism there of his music by Copland and Foss, his intensive study of Oriental music, philosophy and religion, and his increasingly mystical attitude toward his art left him dissatisfied with his earlier work, so he summarily destroyed most of what he had written before 1940, which was said to have consisted of several hundred compositions, including seven symphonies, five string quartets and a number of operas. The influence of Armenian and Oriental music on Hovhaness' work became pervasive after 1945.

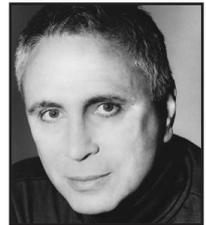
*A Rose Tree Blossoms*, the last of the Four Motets, Op. 246 that Hovhaness composed in 1971, sets a text by the composer himself in which he expressed the core mysticism of his creative philosophy: *Behold! behold! What wonder! Sudden, solemn, sacred sight, glory beaming, holy light, in vast darkness burning bright. A rose tree blossoms in deepest night.*

Lost in winter snow,  
 tossed as ice winds blow,  
 crying, dying, torn by storm asunder,  
 worn by frozen plunder,  
 behold! behold! What wonder!  
 Sudden, solemn, sacred sight,  
 glory beaming, holy light,  
 in vast darkness burning bright.  
 A rose tree blossoms in deepest night.

**L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE (1971)**  
**John Corigliano (born in 1938)**

John Corigliano, one of today's most prominent and frequently performed American composers, was born in New York City on February 16, 1938, and raised in a family rich in musical talent — his father, John, Sr., was for many years the concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic and his mother was an accomplished pianist and teacher. From 1955 to 1960, Corigliano studied at Columbia University with Otto Luening and at the Manhattan School of Music with Vittorio Giannini. He served as Composer-in-Residence with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra from 1987 to 1990, and has taught at the Manhattan School of Music and at Lehman College of the City University of New York, which recently established a composition scholarship in his name; he has also been on faculty of the Juilliard School of Music since 1991. Corigliano has been recognized with such distinguished honors as the Pulitzer Prize, Grawemeyer Award, two Grammy Awards, the Horblit Prize and an Academy Award (for *The Red Violin*). In 1992, *Musical America* named John Corigliano as that publication's first "Composer of the Year."

Corigliano writes, "*L'Invitation au voyage*, composed in 1971, is a setting of Richard Wilbur's translation of Baudelaire's poem. Wilbur's poignant setting pictures a world of obsessive imagination — a drugged vision of heaven full of sensual imagery. The music echoes the quality of the





repeated refrain in Wilbur's lush translation: *There, there is nothing else but grace and measure, richness, quietness, and pleasure.*"

My child, my sister, dream  
How sweet all things would seem  
Were we in that kind land to live together,  
And there love slow and long,  
There love and die among  
Those scenes that image you,  
that sumptuous weather.  
Drowned suns that glimmer there  
Through cloud disheveled air  
Move me with such a mystery as appears  
Within those other skies  
Of your treacherous eyes  
When I behold them shining through  
their tears.

There, there is nothing else but grace  
and measure,  
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.

Furniture that wears  
The lustre of the years  
Softly would glow within our glowing chamber,  
Flowers of rarest bloom  
Proffering their perfume  
Mixed with the vague fragrances of amber;  
Gold ceilings would there be,  
Mirrors deep as the sea,

The walls all in Eastern splendor hung —  
Nothing but should address  
The soul's loneliness,  
Speaking her sweet and secret native tongue.

There, there is nothing else but grace  
and measure,  
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.

See, sheltered from the swells  
There in the still canals  
Those drowsy ships that dream  
of sailing forth;  
It is to satisfy  
Your least desire, they ply  
Hither through all the waters of the earth.  
The sun at close of day  
Clothes the fields of hay,  
Then the canals, at last the town entire  
In hyacinth and gold:  
Slowly the land is rolled  
Sleepward under a sea of gentle fire.

There, there is nothing else but grace  
and measure,  
Richness, quietness, and pleasure.



### **NOCTURNES FOR CHORUS AND PIANO (2005)** **Morten Lauridsen (born in 1943)**

Morten Lauridsen, born in Colfax, Washington in 1943 and raised in Portland, Oregon, attended Whitman College in Walla Walla and the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, where his principal composition teachers were Ingolf Dahl, Halsey Stevens and Robert Linn. Lauridsen has taught since 1967 at USC, where he was Chair of the Composition Department from 1990 to 2002; among his significant accomplishments at the school is the foundation of the advanced studies program in scoring for motion pictures and television. He has been recognized by the university with the Phi Kappa Phi Creative Writing Prize, Thornton School of Music Outstanding Alumnus Award, Ramo Award and Alpha Lambda Delta Citation for Teaching Excellence. In November 2007, he was presented with the National Medal of Arts at a ceremony at the White House. From 1994 to 2001, he served as Composer-in-Residence with the Los Angeles Master Chorale.

*Nocturnes* was commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association and premiered at that organization's conference in Los Angeles in February 2005 by the Donald Brinegar Singers; the composer was the pianist. *Nocturnes* sets three texts in three languages, all related by the subject of night. *Sa nuit d'été* is by Rainer Maria Rilke, who broke his customary German-language idiom to write a number of French verses while serving as secretary to the sculptor Auguste Rodin in Paris in 1910. *Soneto de la noche* is one of the most beloved poems by the Chilean Nobel Prize laureate, Pablo Neruda. *Sure On This Shining Night* sets a meditative verse that appeared in 1934 in *Permit Me Voyage*, the first published collection of poems by the American writer, journalist and critic James Agee.

## Sa nuit d'été ("Summer Night")

Si je pourrais avec mes mains brûlantes  
fondre ton corps autour ton coeur d'amante,  
ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente  
le prenant pour un astre attardé  
qui toujours dès le premier temps des mondes  
était perdu et qui commence sa ronde  
et tâtonnant de la lumière blonde

sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été.

If, with my burning hands, I could melt  
the body surrounding your lover's heart,  
ah! how the night would become translucent,  
taking it for a late star,  
which, from the first moments of the world,  
was forever lost, and which begins its course  
with its blonde light, trying to reach

out towards  
its first night, its night, its summer night.

## Soneto de la noche ("Sonnet of the Night")

Cuando yo muera quiero tus manos  
en mis ojos:  
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas

pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:  
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido,  
te espero,  
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,  
que huelas el aroma del mar que  
amamos juntos  
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo  
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,

por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,  
para que alcances todo lo que mi amor  
te ordena,  
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,  
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:

I want the light and the wheat of your  
beloved hands  
to pass their freshness over me one more time:  
I want to feel the gentleness that changed  
my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,

I want your ears to still hear the wind,  
I want you to smell the scent of the sea  
we both loved,  
and to continue walking on the sand  
we walked on.

I want all that I love to keep on living,  
and you whom I loved and sang  
above all things

to keep flowering into full bloom,  
so that you can touch all that my love  
provides you,  
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,  
so that all may know the reason for my song.

## Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.



## FOUR MOTETS (1921) Aaron Copland (1900-1990)



In June 1921, Copland sailed for France to imbibe that country's heady artistic atmosphere and to study at the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau, near Paris. His teacher at Fontainebleau was Nadia Boulanger, then just beginning a career that would make her the most influential musical pedagogue of the 20th century. She was strict, meticulous and nurturing with her students' instruction, and Copland revered her. He composed slowly and carefully under her guidance, and by the end of the year had finished only four succinct unaccompanied choral settings of his free adaptations of Biblical texts that he titled *Four Motets*. "She was rather taken with them," he recalled sixty years later. Boulanger tried them out several times in her classes and helped Melville Smith, another of her students, prepare for their public premiere in Paris in November 1924, five months after Copland had returned to America. Following the performance, she reported to him that "those Motets sound in the voices in a stunning manner," but they remained unpublished until a manuscript copy turned up in 1979. ("She had the highest standards, and you measured up to them or else," Copland explained of their delayed appearance.) "The Motets are among my first pieces," Copland said, "and their musical style is not yet very personal. They are pretty much in the style of standard choral music of the day, with perhaps a touch of Mussorgsky. The first one, *Help Us, O Lord*, is solemn yet rather pretty. The second, *Thou, O Jehovah, Abideth Forever*, is vigorous and seems to have a Hebraic, cantorial tone. The third, *Have Mercy on Us, O My Lord*, sounds somewhat French — perhaps a little *à la Chanson*? I seem to have had Renaissance choral music on my mind when I composed the last motet, *Sing Ye Praises to Our King*."

### 1. Help Us, O Lord

Help us, help us O Lord.  
For with Thee is the fount of life.  
In Thy light shall we see light.  
Let us march and try our ways.  
Turn to God, turn to God.

It is good that man should wait.  
It is good that man should hope,  
Hope for the salvation of the Lord.  
Help us, help us O Lord. Ah!

### 2. Thou, O Jehovah, Abideth Forever

Thou, O Jehovah, abideth forever.  
God reigneth over all men and nations.  
His throne doth last  
And doth guide all the ages.

Wherefore wilt Thou forsake us ever?  
When then wilt Thou forget us never?

Thou, O Jehovah, abideth forever  
And all the length of our days  
Will ever be our Savior.  
When then wilt Thou forget us never?  
Thou, O Jehovah, abideth forever.

3. Have Mercy on Us, O My Lord

Have mercy on us, O my Lord.  
Be not far from us, O my God.  
Give ear unto our humble prayer.  
Attend and judge us in Thy might.  
Uphold us with Thy guiding hand.  
Restore us to Thy kindly light.

Have mercy on us, O my Lord.  
Be not far from us, O my God.  
Be not far off, my God.  
Oh my heart is sorely pained  
And calls on Thee in vain.  
Cast me not away from Thee.  
Ah, cast me not away from salvation.  
Then we shall trust in Thee,  
Then we will bear our place.

Have mercy on us, O my Lord.  
Be not far from us, O my God.

4. Sing Ye Praises to Our King

Sing ye praises to our King and Ruler.  
Come and hear all ye men  
Come and hear my praises.  
He doth bless all the earth,  
Bringeth peace and comfort.  
Shout unto God all ye men.  
Shout unto God all your praises.  
He doth bless all the earth,  
Bringeth peace and comfort.  
Come hear, come hear.

Sing ye praises to our King.  
O sing ye praises.  
Come and praise Him all ye men.  
Shout and praise Him all ye men.  
He doth bless all the earth,  
Bringeth peace to all men.  
O Sing ye praises to our King and Ruler.



***FIVE ROMANTIC MINIATURES FROM THE SIMPSONS (1999)***  
**Paul Crabtree (born in 1960)**

Paul Crabtree was born in 1960 in Rugby, England (ten miles east of Coventry), graduated from the Music Faculty at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, where he studied composition with Kenneth Leighton, and won a scholarship for two years of post-graduate study in composition at the Musikhochschule in Cologne, Germany. Crabtree grew up interested in both rock culture and classical music, and he was disappointed that his

European academic training never acknowledged the world of rock and pop, so he moved to the San Francisco Bay area in 1984 and has since remained there and become a United States citizen. He says that “exposure to the musically permissive culture in the Bay Area led me to integrate the



various strands of my personal history to embrace and intermingle ideas as diverse as Latin poetry and 1960s girl groups, yet my music maintains a seriousness of purpose that intensifies both its ‘high’ and ‘low’ cultural references.” Crabtree’s works, most for voices, draw upon a wide range of references and styles: from spiritual settings to *Tenebrae Responsories on Songs by Bob Dylan*; from folksong arrangements to *Pax et Bonum*, which ironically juxtaposes the last letter that a young tenor friend wrote before his sudden death with a Shakespeare sonnet on immortality; from *Glenn Miller is Missing*, which sets Emma Lazarus’ poetry about the ecstasies of music in the style of a jitterbug, to *Annunciata*, which combines the lovelorn Victorian poetry of Emmeline Stuart-Wortley with Gabriel’s message to the Virgin. Crabtree’s work has been recognized with numerous commissions and an AMC Composer’s Assistance Program Award (2007), three ASCAPLUS awards (2004, 2007, 2008), a Subito Award from the American Composers Forum (2005), and a residency with Carolina Chamber Music Festival in New Bern, North Carolina (2009).

*The Simpsons* is a television phenomenon — it has won 24 Emmys, earned a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, spawned a movie that earned a half-billion dollars, been named the 20th-century’s best television series by *Time* magazine, and tied *Gunsmoke* as TV’s longest-running prime-time entertainment series when it began its twentieth season in September 2008. Crabtree found inspiration in *The Simpsons* for a set of *Five Romantic Miniatures* using texts from the show that he said are “totally serious pieces about these little characters. They’re not cartoony or cheap in any way. They’re an in-depth probing of these cartoon lives.... It is their simplicity and their profundity that drew me to these five short outbursts of affection.

“1. Grandpa Simpson re-experiences teenage infatuation. 2. Lisa exults in the name of her elementary school sweetheart. 3. Homer tries to express love for his wife. 4. Marge covers her embarrassed son with kisses. 5. Homer confesses that he has nothing to offer his wife but his need to be loved.

“There are two paternal influences that helped me frame these portraits. The first is my father, Raymond Crabtree, whose brutal selfishness and alarming immaturity were tempered by a genuine love which he could not express, and who is uncomfortably like Homer Simpson. The second is my teacher Kenneth Leighton, to whom I looked to provide an academic balance to my own father’s passionate ineffectualness. The *Miniatures* are dedicated to their memory.”

1. Abe

You know, you remind me of a poem I can’t remember,  
And a song that may never have existed,  
And a place I’m not sure I’ve ever been to.  
I feel all funny — I’m in love.

(from *Lady Bowvier’s Lover* 1F21)

2. Lisa

I like Langdon Alger. He’s very quiet and he enjoys puzzles.

(from *Bart on the Road* 3F17)

3. Homer

Marge, you make the best pork chops. Mmmmm, pork chops.

(From *Itchy and Scratchy and Marge* 7F09)

4. Marge

I love you so much, my little bitty Barty.

(From *Marge Be Not Proud* 3F07)

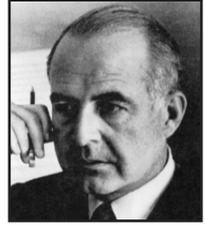
5. Homer

Marge, I need you more than anyone else on this entire planet could possibly ever need you. I need you to take care of me, to put up with me, and most of all I need you to love me, because I love you.

(From *Secrets of a Successful Marriage* 1F20)

**SURE ON THIS SHINING NIGHT (1938, ARRANGED FOR CHORUS IN 1961)****Samuel Barber (1910-1981)**

Barber's *Sure On This Shining Night* (1938), the third of the Four Songs, Op. 13, sets a meditative verse that appeared in 1934 in *Permit Me Voyage*, the first published collection of poems by the American writer, journalist and critic James Agee; Barber returned to Agee's poetry a decade later for his *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*. *Sure On This Shining Night* proved to be one of Barber's most popular solo songs, and he arranged it for chorus and piano in 1961.



Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.  
The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.  
Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

**I HAVE HAD SINGING (1993)****Steven Sametz (born in 1954)**

Steven Sametz is Ronald J. Ulrich Professor of Music and Director of Choral Activities at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He also serves as Artistic Director of New Jersey's Princeton Singers, and is the founding director of the Lehigh University Choral Composer Forum, a summer course of study designed to mentor emerging choral composers. After completing his undergraduate studies at Yale University and the

Hochschule für Musik in Frankfurt, Sametz earned his Master of Music and Doctor of Musical Arts degrees at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. As a conductor, he has appeared in the Netherlands, Taipei and from coast to coast in this country. He has also served as a panelist for the National Endowment for the Arts and for Chorus America, and directed choral activities at Harvard during the spring of 1985.

English writer and editor Ronald Blythe (b. 1922) was editor of Penguin Classics for more than twenty years, but he is best known for *Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village* (1969), which wove an informal history of life in a fictional agricultural village from the turn of the 20th century to the 1960s from interviews with life-long residents of rural Suffolk. In 1974, Peter Hall made a film titled *Akenfield* in which the villagers of Charsfield acted out scenes from the three generations recalled in Blythe's book. Twenty years later, in 1993, Steven Sametz made a poignant choral setting of a musical reminiscence that Blythe took down from the 85-year-old horseman Fred Mitchell: *I Have Had Singing*.

The singing.  
There was so much singing then and this was my pleasure, too.  
We all sang: the boys in the fields, the chapels were full of singing,  
always singing.  
Here I lie.  
I have had pleasure enough.  
I have had singing.