THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH AND THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS PROUDLY PRESENT:

FALL CHORAL CONCERT

BEL CANTO
MATTHEW LYON HAZZARD, CONDUCTOR
ANGELOS NTAIS, PIANO

CANTUS
AMANDA MITTON, CONDUCTOR
RONIN DEL CASTILLO, PIANO

FORTY-NINER CHORUS
BRIAN DOKKO, CONDUCTOR
RONIN DEL CASTILLO, PIANO

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2018 8:00PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL
PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.
PROGRAM

FORTY-NINER CHORUS
Brian Dokko—conductor, Ronin del Castillo—piano

Hark, I Hear Harps Eternal .......................................................... arr. Alice Parker (b. 1925)
Afternoon On A Hill ........................................................................ Eric William Barnum (b. 1979)
Moonglow ....................................................................................... Darmon Meader (b. 1961)

CANTUS
Amanda Mitton—conductor, Ronin del Castillo—piano

Dies Irae .......................................................................................... Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)
Beati Mortui ...................................................................................... Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847)
Dance of Gnomes ............................................................................ Edward MacDowell (1860-1908)
Soon Ah Will Be Done ...................................................................... William Dawson (1899-1990)
The Longest Time ........................................................................... arr. Roger Emerson (b. 1950)
Jake Tuaniga, David Limon
Patrick Rosal, Isaiah Chacon—soloists

BEL CANTO
Matthew Lyon Hazzard—conductor, Angelos Ntais—piano

They're Red Hot ............................................................................. Moira Smiley
A Girl's Garden ................................................................................ Randall Thompson (1899-1984)
Three Mountain Ballads ................................................................. Ron Nelson (b. 1929)
  1. He's Gone Away
  2. Will He Remember?
  3. Barbara Allen

She Weeps Over Rahoon ................................................................. Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
  Damian Nguyen—English horn

Day Break ....................................................................................... Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)
Now Let Me Fly ............................................................................. Stacey V. Gibbs (b. 1964)

COMBINED CHOIRS

Shenandoah ..................................................................................... James Erb (1926-2014)
Down By The Riverside ................................................................. Moses Hogan (1957-2003)
  Jake Tuinaga—tenor, Myles Mineer—bass
  Matthew Lyon Hazzard—conductor
Hark, I Hear Harps Eternal

Hark, I hear the harps eternal, ringing on the farther shore,
As I near those swollen waters, with their deep and solemn roar.

Hallelujah, praise the Lamb! Hallelujah, glory to the great I Am!

And my soul through stained with sorrow, fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o’er those waters to the city far away.

Souls have crosses before me, saintly, to that land of perfect rest;
And I hear them singing faintly in the mansions of the blest.

Afternoon On A Hill

I will be the gladdest thing under the sung!
I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And when lights begin to show up from the town.

Moonglow

It must a’ been moonglow, way up in the blue,
It must have been moonglow, that led me straight to you.
I still hear you sayin’, “Dear one, hold me fast,”
And I started praying, “Oh Lord please let this last.”

We seemed to float right through the air;
Heavenly songs comin’ from everywhere, and they’re singin’ to you.

And now when there’s moonglow, way up in the blue,
I always remember, that moonglow gave me you.

Moonglow, I’m talkin’ bout.
You know I can’t stop talkin’ bout that ol’ moonglow.
It’s got me thinkin’ only of you and you alone,
Don’t need to be on my own,
As long as we got moonglow to guide us we’ll be here to stay.

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don’t you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land where all is peace?
Oh, deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Dies Irae

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando index est venturus
Cuncta stricte discussurus!
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

Day of Wrath

Day of wrath, day that will
Dissolve the world into burning coals,
As David prophesied with the Sibyl.
How great trembling there will be,
When the judge comes
To strictly sentence all.
Merciful Lord Jesus,
Grant them rest.
**Beati Mortui**

_Beati mortui in Domino morientes deinceps,_  
_Dicit enim spiritus,_  
_Ut requiescant a laboribus suis_  
_Et opera illorum sequuntur ipsos._

**Blessed are the Dead**

Blessed are the dead who henceforth die in the Lord.  
Thus says the spirit,  
that they may rest from their labors,  
That their works may follow them.

**Dance of Gnomes**

Ha, ha, ha, ha  
From the shadow, through the moonlight,  
In the forest’s deepest glades  
Dainty dances often have we,  
In the midnight’s balmy shades.

Flower fairies,  
Proud frail mockers,  
Call us ugly, hairy, imps,  
Could we snare ye in our circle  
Could we catch ye with our magic.

Then gay flaunters would we teach ye  
How all true love conquers kind,  
Our long beards and “ugly” noddles  
Would be lovely to your mind.

Ha! Laugh on ye willful hussies,  
Play your pranks on other guys!  
While the moonbeams light our gambols  
Can we live without your eyes.

Mockers call us ugly hairy imps!

**The Longest Time**

If you said goodbye to me tonight,  
There would still be music left to write.  
What else would I do,  
I’m so inspired by you.  
That hasn’t happened for the longest time.

Once I thought my innocence was gone.  
Now I know that happiness goes on.  
That’s where you found me,  
When you put your arms around me.  
I haven’t been there for the longest time.

I’m that voice you’re hearing in the hall,  
And the greatest miracle of all,  
Is how I need you and how I needed me too.  
That hasn’t happened for the longest time.

Maybe this won’t last very long,  
But you feel so right, and I could be wrong.  
Maybe I’ve been hoping too hard,  
But I’ve gone this far and it’s more than I hoped for.

Who knows how much further we’ll go on.  
Maybe I’ll be sorry when your gone.  
I’ll take my chances I forgot how nice romance is.  
I haven’t been there for the longest time.

**Soon Ah Will Be Done**

Soon ah will be done a’wid de troubles ob de worl’,  
Goin’ home t’live wid God.  
I wan’ t’ meet my mother,  
No more weepin an’ a wailin’,  
I’m goin’ t’ live wid God!

**They’re Red Hot**

Hot tamales and they’re red hot  
Yeah, she got ‘em for sale  
Hot tamales and they’re red hot  
Yeah, she got em for sale  
She got two for a nickel, got four for a dime  
Would sell you more but it ain’t none a’ mine  
Hot tamales and they’re red hot  
Yeah she got em for sale, I mean  
Yeah she got em for sale.
You know, grandma left and grandpa too…
What in the world we chil'Un gonna do?
Hot tamales and they're red hot
Yeah she got em for sale, I mean
Hot tamales and they're red hot
Yeah, she got 'em for sale
Hot tamales and they're red hot
Yeah she got em for sale.

A Girl’s Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, “Why not?”

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, “Just it.”

And he said, “That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm.”

It was not enough of a garden,
Her father said, to plough;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don’t mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load.

He’s Gone Away

He’s gone away for to stay a little while,
But he’s comin’ back if he goes ten thousand miles.
Oh, who will tie my shoes?
And who will glove my hands?
And who will kiss my ruby lips when you are gone?

Look away, look away over Yandro…

Will He Remember?

Will he remember the morning dew?
Will he remember the roses too?
Will he remember my eyes that love?
Will he remember the turtle dove?

Look away, look away over Yandro…

Will he remember my soft caress?

O Lord in heav’n take me from this place.
O let me see again his shinin’ face.

Let him remember that I’m alone.
**Barbara Allen**

‘Twas in the merry month of May when all the green buds were swellin’
A young man on his Deathbed lay for love of Barb’ra Allen

He sent his servant to the town,
he sent him to her dwellin’
“My master’s sick and he sends for you,
if you are Barb'ra Allen.”

Oh she walked in, oh she walked in
And placed her eyes upon him
And all she said when she got there was
“My true love, you're dyin’.”

Oh Mother come and make my bed
Oh make it soft and narrow
For my true love has died today
And I shall die tomorrow.

**She Weeps Over Rahoon**

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

**Day Break**

The day breaks—the first rays of the rising Sun, stretching her arms,
Daylight breaking, as the Sun rises to her feet,
Sun rising, scattering the darkness, lighting up the land...
With disk shinning, bringing daylight, lighting up the land...
People are moving about, talking, feeling the warmth,
Burning through the gorge she rises, walking westwards,
Wearing her waistband of human hair.
She shines on the blossoming coolibah tree,
with its sprawling roots,
Its shady branches spreading.

**Now Let Me Fly**

Some glad morning when this life is over, I’ll fly away.
Let me fly away to a home on God's celestial shore.

Now let me fly to Mt. Zion yes, Lord, now let me fly.

Way down yonder in the middle of the field,
See the angels workin' on the chariot wheel.
I’m not so partic’lar ‘bout the workin’ of the wheel,
But I just wanted to see how the chariot feel.

See that hypocrite on the street, good Lord,
First thing he de do is show his teeth, my Lord,
And the next thing he do is to tell a lie,
And the best thing to do is just pass him by.

I got a mother in the Promised Land,
And I ain't gonna stop 'til I shake-a her hand,
No, I'm not so partic’lar 'bout shaking her hand, Lord,
I just want to meet her in the Promised Land.

**Shenandoah**

Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river.
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

‘Tis seven long years since last I've seen you,
Away, you rolling river.
‘Tis seven long years since last I've seen you.
Away, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

**Down By The Riverside**

I’m gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
I’m gonna lay down my burden, down by the riverside
To study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more...

Well, I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside
To study war no more...

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more...

Well, I'm gonna put on my long white robe, down by the riverside (Oh)
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside
I'm gonna put on my long white robe, down by the riverside
To study war no more

I ain't a gonna study war no more, I ain't a gonna study war no more...
PERSONNEL

BEL CANTO
Matthew Lyon Hazzard—conductor
Angelos Ntais—piano

CANTUS
Amanda Mitton—conductor
Ronin del Castillo—piano

Soprano
Maral Abrjian
Katherine Boerger*
Josefina Carrillo
Emily Kiertzner
Elicia Park
Tess Rose
Valentina Bocca
Julia Chapman*
Alanna Geren
Elizabeth Gomez
Lauryn Jessup
Summer Le
Hillary Ngo
Katherine Odell
Bailey Sparks

Alto
Rebecca Seeley
Emily Becker
Cheryl Lake
Kaitlyn Kimura
Courtney Anderfelt
Joey Carini*
Rosie Sahagun
Lynne Wainfan

Tenor
Isaiah Chacon*
Jae Shu
Jake Tuaniga
Christian Valdez
Patrick Rosal

Bass
Myles Mineer*
Lawrence Mueller
Ian Luna
Charles Egger*
David Limon

FORTY-NINER CHORUS
Brian Dokko—conductor, Ronin del Castillo—piano

Soprano
Sarah Brown
Kelsie Christensen
Elizabeth Cortez Gomez
Ducky Ecevedo
Daniela Fajardo
Kathleen Fitzsimmons
Stephanie Gilman
Lea Guardado
Susan Haddadian
Erin Haworth
Jaclyn Neuffer
Terra Perrone
Kelsey Reynolds
Hana Rohfeld
Kristen Speir
Nicole Peppel
Leila Yumiko Gonzalez

Alto
Madeleine Adragna
Melina Adragna
Phoebe Bui
Maggie Escarcega
Anastasia Gastelum
Rachel Haering
Sarah Lindell
Kira Magoon
Elaina Miskiel
Harumi Muranaka
Makaela Olin
Denise Pham
Serena Ruiz
Jordan Rupp
Sarah Baiedi
Natalie Meyer

Tenor
Slater Astle
Cesar Ballardo, Jr.
Tom Flores
Max Grasso
Jungmin Kim +
Alexander Kupelian
Luke McCandless
Francis Paras
Jesus Sanchez
Stephen Tontz, Jr.
Jake Tuaniga
Soupie Dethlefsen
Tu-Huy Tang

Bass
Vincente Bastidas
Jacob Brand
Taylor Bredberg
Joseph Bucisit
Matthew Henry
John Lonergan
Addison Love
Noah Lovold
Carlos Martinez
Zepeda
Ryan Ragland
Brent Vallevuoco

*section leader
+assistant conductor

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