

PERSONNEL

Corner Pocket Director—Jonathan Arenas
Collaborative Keyboard Artist—Chan Lee
ConChord Conductor—Michael McKenzie
Vocal Wave Director—Cap Sharon

ConChord

Michael McKenzie—director

Morgan Baltazar
Macy Boren
Kayla Cheney
Breanna Dodge
Dorrian Estrada
Jake Gutierrez
Kristen Henry
Giovanni Montesano
Meztli M. Morales
Clara Nguyen
Gabriel Nunez
Joon Oh
Elicia Park
Angel Sanchez
Emerson Smith
Lesly Shanelle Valtierra
Ai Vo
Leilani Zarina Zaragoza

Vocal Wave

Cap Sharon—director

Marit Buffington
Alyssa Curiell
Jake Gutierrez
Youngjin Kim
Sasha Ortega
Cyrus Payne
Cap Sharon
Bianca Varner

Corner Pocket

Johnny Arenas—director

Emma Holm
Nina Bashmakian
Hillary Ngo
Amanda Koobatian
Morgan Delaney
Trinity Alwood
Brianna Estrada
Miriam Adhanom
Jonathan Wright
Davon DeBerry-Martin
Nathan Jimenez
Jake Gutierrez
Vinny Ordonez
Ariel Banuelos
Calvin Hsu
Brandon Muhawi
Michael Neufeld

Guitar—Oscar Rodriguez
Bass—Michael Parchaiski
Drums—Ryan Dong

SPECIAL THANKS

Performing Arts Technician— Marcus Carline
Interim Director of the BCCM—Dr. Alicia Doyle
Performance / Data Coordinator—Kate Gillon
Director of Vocal Jazz—Christine Guter
Director of Choral Activities—Dr. Jonathan Talberg

For ticket information please call 562.985.7000 or visit:

CSULB.EDU/MUSIC

**BOB COLE
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC**
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH

This concert is funded in part by the INSTRUCTIONALLY RELATED ACTIVITIES FUNDS (IRA) provided by California State University, Long Beach.

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



ConChord

MICHAEL MCKENZIE, DIRECTOR

A BETTER HOME: ART AFTER THE PANDEMIC

Vocal Wave

CAP SHARON, DIRECTOR

Corner Pocket

JONATHAN ARENAS, DIRECTOR

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 2022 7:30PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

ConChord

Michael McKenzie—director / Chan Lee—keyboard artist

Remember

I Am Leaving Miriam Sonstenes (b. 1984)

Outbreak

Dies Irae..... Ryan Main (b. 1984)

Prayer

RequiemEliza Gilkyson (b. 1950)
arr. Craig Hella Johnson

Isolation

Wanting Memories from Crossings..... Ysaye M. Barnwell (b. 1946)

Reflections

Chasing Visions.....Don Macdonald (b. 1966)

New Hope

Glory BoundRuth Moody (b. 1975)

Zane Johnson—banjo, Macy Boren, Kayla Cheney—soprano
Kristen Henry, Meztli M. Morales, Lesly Shanelle Valtierra—alto
Dorrian Estrada, Giovanni Montesano—tenor

Better Home

North.....Ryan O'Neal (b. 1983)
arr. George Chung

Macy Boren, Leilani Zarina Zaragoza—soprano
Kristen Henry—alto, Jake Gutierrez, Giovanni Montesano—tenor
Gabriel Nunez—bass

I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me.
You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know a "Please", a "Thank you", and a smile will take me far.
I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.
I know that I am blessed,
again, and again, and again, and again, and, again.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.

Chasing Visions

People often wonder
Why I look so tired
I've been chasing old sweet memories
Memories of your scattered and few
I'm chasing them most of the time.

Clouds are now invading
Memories once sky blue
Midnight visions one in color
Now black and white and fading from sight
I'm chasing them most of the time.

Sometimes I'm lucky here in the night
I see your brown eyes as my memory takes flight
Carried away in visions of yesterday
And I'm with you one more time.

Glory Bound

When I hear that trumpet sound
I will lay my burdens down
I will lay them deep into the ground
Then I'll know that I am glory bound

I'll be travelling far from home
But I won't be looking for to roam
I'll be crossing o'er the great divide
In a better home soon I will reside

Hallelujah

When I'm in my resting place
I'll look on my mother's face
Never more will I have to know
All the loneliness that plagues me so

So I'm waiting for that train to come
And I know where she's coming from
Listen can you hear her on the track
When I board I won't be looking back

Hallelujah

North

We will call this place our home
The dirt in which our roots may grow
Though the storms will push and pull
We will call this place our home

We'll tell our stories on these walls
Every year, measure how tall
And just like a work of art
We'll tell our stories on these walls

Refrain: Let the years we're here be kind, be kind
Let our hearts, like doors, open wide, open wide
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine

A little broken, a little new
We are the impact and the glue
Capable more than we know
To call this fixer upper home

With each year, our color fades
Slowly, our paint chips away
But we will find the strength
And the nerve it takes
To repaint and repaint and repaint every day
Refrain

Smaller than dust on this map
Lies the greatest thing we have
The dirt in which our roots may grow
And the right to call it home

A NOTE FROM THE CONSERVATORY

If you are able, we would love for you to support our program by opening this QR code and giving to the Bob Cole Conservatory of Music. Your donations directly benefit our students and help us continue providing great music to you and the community.



INTERMISSION

Vocal Wave

Cap Sharon—director

Some Nights Fun
arr. Deke Sharon

Crazy Gnarles Barkley(2003-2010)
arr. Vocal Wave

Corner Pocket

Jonathan Arenas—director

Honeysuckle Rose Fats Waller(1904-1943)
arr. Matt Catingub

Love Johnaye Kendrick
arr. Ryan Espinosa

On Green Dolphin Street..... Bronislau Kaper (1902-1983)
& Ned Washington (1901-1976)
arr. Kerry Marsh

Through The Years Edward Heyman(1907-1981)
& Vincent Youmans (1898-1946)
arr. Gene Puerling

Takes Her Time Brian Eichenberger (b.1976)
arr. Jeremy Fox

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

I Am Leaving

Refrain: I am leaving, I am leaving,
Don't you cry – it won't be long.
I'll hold to one sweet memory
Singin' songs until the dawn.

Take my hand, it's getting late now, sing a song to dry the tears.
Still in dreams I will remember all that we lost through the years.

Refrain

Can you still see the reflection of the stars arising high:
On the river at midnight – not a cloud was in the sky.

Though it's springtime, you're still waiting,
Plant the seed and watch it grow.
Leave your fears – they only bind you,
You will reap just what you sow.

Refrain

Dies Irae

Dies Irae! Dies Illa!	Day of Wrath! O Day of mourning
Solvat Saeclum in favilla:	See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Teste David cum Sibylla!	Heaven and Earth in ashes burning.
Quantus tremor est futurus,	Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
Quando judex est venturus,	When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!	On whose sentence all dependeth!

Requiem

Mother Mary, full of grace, awaken
All our homes are gone, our loved ones taken
Taken by the sea.

Mother Mary, calm our fears, have mercy
Drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy
Hear our mournful plea.

Our world has been shaken,
We wander our homelands forsaken

In the dark night of the soul
Bring some comfort to us all,
O Mother Mary come and carry us in your embrace
That our sorrows may be faced.
Mary, fill the glass to overflowing

Illuminate the path where we are going
Have mercy on us all

In funeral fires bringing
Each flame to your mystery returning

In the dark night of the soul
Your shattered dreamers, make them whole,
O Mother Mary find us where we've fallen out of grace,
Lead us to a higher place.

In the dark night of the soul
Our broken hearts you can make whole,
O Mother Mary come and carry us in your embrace
Let us see your gentle face, Mary.

Wanting Memories from Crossings

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
You said you'd rock me in the cradle of your arms.
You said you'd hold me 'til the storms of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you.
Now I need you...
And you are - gone.

So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.
Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place.
Here inside I have few things that will console.
And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,
then I remember all the things that I was told.
Well, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.
I think on these things, for they are true.

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.