The Boston Cecilia presents

LES BONNES CHANSONS

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 2024 8:00 PM All Saints Parish, Brookline

MICHAEL BARRETT MUSIC DIRECTOR



THE BOSTON CECILIA

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The Boston Cecilia: Past...Present...Future

The Boston Cecilia was founded in 1876 by Boston pianist and conductor **B.J. Lang.** Cecilia's history is a history of music in Boston. Antonin Dvořák led the chorus, then called the Cecilia Society, in Boston's first performance of his *Requiem* in 1892. And when the newly built Symphony Hall was inaugurated in 1900, Cecilia performed Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with conductor William Gericke and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. During the Depression and World II, Cecilia, under the direction of **Arthur Fiedler**, was the official chorus of the BSO, but the post-war years proved difficult for Cecilia. The late evolutionary biologist and historian Stephen Jay Gould sang with Cecilia for many years, and has written that it was when Cecilia recognized the need to find its own mission and style that the chorus blossomed once again.

Donald Teeters became conductor in 1968 and set a new and ambitious path. He became the first in Boston to perform Bach and Handel with period instruments. In his 44-year tenure he conducted all but two of Handel's oratorios. But he also made sure that Cecilia would be known for attention to contemporary music and Cecilia presented premieres of a number of pieces, including the American premiere of Benjamin Britten's *Phaedra*.

Nicholas White served as Music Director from 2013–2017, and brilliantly continued that tradition, exploring music of the 20th and 21st centuries while also conducting acclaimed performances of Baroque music performed on period instruments. George Case took up the baton in 2017 and similarly presented great works of the choral repertoire as well as contemporary pieces. Under his leadership, Cecilia commissioned composer Paul John Rudoi to write a piece with the voices of the Transcendentalist movement in the form of a Passion—an American Passion. The performance of the piece—long delayed by the COVID Pandemic- was finally presented and well received in April of 2022.

When George Case left the Boston area in the spring of 2020, Cecilia appointed **Michael Barrett** as its new Music Director. Barrett's arrival in the middle of the Pandemic did not stop him from engaging the singers and our audiences with virtual work. And by the fall of 2021, he had brought a vaccinated and masked Cecilia back to live concerts. An accomplished singer himself with particular expertise in singing and conducting early music, Barrett continues the Cecilia tradition of performing both early and contemporary music as he leads a newly invigorated Boston Cecilia toward its Sesquicentennial.

Les Bonnes Chansons

Saturday, March 16, 2024 at 8:00 рм | All Saints Parish, Brookline

Michael Barrett, conductor

PROGRAM

PRÉLUDE

~ Le pont Mirabeau ~ Music: Lionel Daunais (1902–1982) Text: Guillaume Apollinaire (1880–1918)

LES SOURCES

∼ Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans ~
MUSIC: CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918) TEXT: CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLÉANS (1304–1465)

I. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder! III. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Montie Meyer, Marylène Altieri, Connor Vigeant, Ndang Azang-Njaah, *solo quartet*

∼ Hymne au Soleil ∼ Music: Lili Boulanger (1893–1918) Text: Casimir Delavigne (1793–1843)

Jamie Chelel, soloist Kevin Neel, piano

∼ Trois chansons ∼ II. Trois beaux oiseaux de Paradis TEXT AND MUSIC: MAURICE RAVEL (1875–1937)

Deborah Greenman, Connor Vigeant, Leyla Yildiz, Benjamin Perry, soloists

~ Un soir de neige ~
 I. De grandes cuillers de neige
 II. La bonne neige
 MUSIC: FRANCIS POULENC (1899–1963) TEXT: PAUL ÉLUARD (1895–1952)

DES AMIS ALLEMANDS

∼ Six Chansons ∼ Music: Paul Hindemith (1895–1963) Text: Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926) I. La biche V. En Hiver III. Puisque tout passe

ENTR'ACTE (INTERMISSION)

NOUVELLE-FRANCE

∼ Le Ballet des fantômes ∼ Text and music: Louis Desjarlais (b. 1990)

Kevin Neel, piano

← Ave Verum ~ from 3 motets en l'honneur de la Sainte Famille, Op. 14 TEXT AND MUSIC: RACHEL LAURIN (1961–2023)

 \sim Constellation \sim

Music: Marie-Claire Saindon Text: Adapted from poem by Herménégilde Chiasson (b. 1946)

Grace Coberly, Jamie Chelel, Connor Vigeant, Benjamin Perry, solo quartet Dustin Ledgard, Lessie Tyson, Connor Vigeant, whistlers

AYITI

~ Anmwe ~ Music: Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982) Text: Gabriel T. Guillaume

Gina Marie Falk, soloist

∼ Dominus Vobiscum ∼ Music: Sydney Guillaume (b. 1982) Text: Gabriel T. Guillaume Benjamin Perry, soloist



In consideration of your fellow concert-goers, please put your electronic devices on silent mode. Also please note that all photography and audio-visual recording are strictly prohibited. Thank you.

PROGRAM NOTES

For centuries, French music has been central to the history of European art music. It was composers of France and Burgundy, adopting and adapting techniques from the English, who were the chief innovators of the musical Renaissance in Europe. During the "grand siècle" of the 17th century, the musical tastes of the Sun King Louis XIV both held sway over his own court and were imperfectly imitated by many a lesser prince and by many composers outside of France. (See, among many examples, JS Bach's suites inspired by French dance music.)

Like its most powerful European counterparts, France was an imperial and colonial power: there were French colonies throughout the African continent, and "Nouvelle-France" once included a swath of North America from the north Atlantic to the Mississippi delta, with further French presence in the Caribbean and other points south. The complex and often horrific stories of how cultures were imported — either willingly or by force — whether they survived, and how they interacted with indigenous populations, gave birth to many of the blended cultures we find in the "New World" and Africa today, from Québec to Louisiana to Haiti and beyond.

By the 19th century, Paris was the cultural nexus of much of Europe, drawing thinkers and dreamers from around the world. In some respects (notwithstanding the cultural cachet of that new kid on the block, the United States) the city has never fully relinquished that role. The musical dialects of late 19th century French art music were, in some respects, conscious efforts to break away from the Austro-German flavor of musical Romanticism that, since the time of Beethoven and before, had come to dominate European art music. Through this lens we might understand, for example, how modality and other scalar and chordal concepts favored by many French composers are a means of both adding fresh musical colors and subverting that sense of narrative drive and structure that were hallmarks of the Austro-German musical language of the 19th century. This general desire for a distinct French style was given a fresh nationalistic jolt by the unprecedented bloodshed of the "Great" War of 1914–1918, and of course by its even bloodier successor.

The stereotyped quintessence of anti-Germanness was Claude Debussy. He was given the label of Impressionist composer par excellence, though the composer himself rejected the moniker, in part because the term was first applied to another artistic medium (the visual arts) which expressed its ideas with fundamentally different means. Nevertheless, one often senses in Debussy's work a kind of studied lack of specificity, at least with respect to tonal grounding or directionality, that could be seen to have its visual analog in the works of Claude Monet and his orbit.

Claude Debussy, best known as a composer for the piano and for larger orchestral forces, seems equally in his element with his setting of three poems by the Medieval poet Charles of Orléans. In keeping with the era of his chosen texts, Debussy indulges in certain musical anachronisms, such as modality and passages of fugue-like imitation. In his setting of the refrain-form poem **Dieu! Qui la fait bon regarder**, the composer makes the interesting choice to set the refrain lines of poetry in a varied, more-or-less ternary (ABA) pattern. His setting of the poet's diatribe against winter, **Hiver, vous n'estes qu'un villain**, is a rather humorous take on the complaint, including a short passage for tenors in falsetto.

Maurice Ravel also rejected the term Impressionist that has often been applied to him, and lamented that his *Bolero*, quite a stylistic outlier for him, came to be his best known work. Ravel's only foray into a capella choral writing were his Trois chansons, with texts by the composer but in the style of older poetry. So like Debussy, there is a sense of the archaic in the musical setting. Ravel wrote these pieces, and dedicated them to a series of influential men, as part of his effort to be accepted into the army during the First World War, and the selection we perform tonight, **Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis**, tells the story of one whose beloved has gone off to fight. Meanwhile, three birds of paradise, in the colors of the French *tricolore*, visit the speaker and offer allegorical gifts.

Lili Boulanger was a rising star of the French musical scene, the first female winner of the Prix de Rome and an all-too-rare example of a woman in this largely male-dominated field. But she died at age 24 from tuberculosis, survived by her older sister Nadia. Nadia went on to compose but mostly teach, and came to be regarded as perhaps the greatest music teacher in the European tradition of the 20th century. Lili's setting of Delavigne's paean to the sun, **Hymne au Soleil**, with its mythical imagery, is one of great vigor, framed by triumphant choral declamations, and setting the description of the horses that drive the sun chariot with intricate and inventive counterpoint.

Francis Poulenc is a member of the next generation of French composers, and as such was touched by both of the 20th century's devastating European wars, in both of which he served for a time. Poulenc came to be seen as possessing something of a dual personality, one that could be at home equally in irreverent mischief or spiritual sobriety. He set a four-movement cycle (of which we will perform the first two movements) to the poetry of Paul Éluard, **Un soir de neige**, that contains symbolic references to the struggles of the French Resistance.

Paul Hindemith set the French language serendipitously, thanks to the two world wars. Hindemith fled Nazi Germany for Valais in Switzerland, where a Swiss choral director introduced him to a set of French-language poems on nature by Rainer Maria Rilke, who had himself fled to Switzerland during the First World War. Tonight we perform three of Hindemith's resulting *Six chansons*. La biche ("The doe") evokes, both in poetry and music, a dreamy, somewhat surreal encounter with, and understanding of, the animal. In En hiver ("In winter"), Death comes for the people in winter but is (partly) driven away by the advent of spring. Finally, **Puisque tout passe** ("Since all is passing") is a short and humorous "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" bit of verse, set, appropriately by Hindemith, at full speed.

The first French Canadian on tonight's program, our *prélude*, is Lionel Daunais. He composed and sang, winning a prize that enabled him to study in France in his 20s. His setting of the Apollinaire poem, **Le pont Mirabeau**, seems almost designed to be an exemplar of common French harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic tropes, and thus seemed a fitting *amuse-bouche* for our program.

The remaining Québecois composers on tonight's program are representatives of the younger generations of French Canadian talent. Cecilia has had the good fortune to work with Québecois composer Louis Desjarlais. The composer joined us via Zoom to discuss his work and to offer feedback as we rehearsed. As the composer himself explained to us, his text emerged from the idea that those who die remain in some sense alive as long as they are remembered, and so they die a kind of second death after those who remember them are gone as well. His work describes "a dance of ghosts held like puppets by people that remember them... and when the people that remember them disappear, the puppets are not attached to any strings and are free to fly away."

Rachel Laurin, who died just last year, was active as an organist and composer. Her set of three motets in honor of the Holy Family (of which we perform the first, **Ave Verum**) are written in an advanced tonal language, veering in unexpected directions and reminiscent of Arnold Schoenberg's post-Romantic experiments such as Friede auf Erden. At the same time, the neo-late Romantic language seems well suited to a certain ardent Catholic mysticism, suggesting a love that almost tips from the sacred to the profane.

Marie-Claire Saindon is a versatile musician, equally at home in film scoring and Irish fiddle music. In her setting of a poem by Herménégilde Chiasson, **Constellation**, she asks for the extended techniques of whistling and aleatoric murmuring to create, as the composer describes in the score, an "effervescent texture."

To complete our program, we turn from French to Haitian Creole, the language that emerged as a blending of French and other languages of Europe and Africa, just as Haitian culture blends cultures from at least two continents. Haitian-American composer Sydney Guillaume is a leading composer and advocate of Haitian choral music. In his compositions we find a wealth of stylistic influences, but perhaps the first thing that may strike us, especially after what one will have heard so far tonight, is an energy and vitality that takes us far from the dreamiest of our Impressionistic examples. Guillaume takes advantage of the cumulative power of repetition, both varied and unvaried, and in those respects he might be seen as a kindred spirit with both the pop world and Stravinsky, or the minimalists of the post-World War II era. But the roots of this writing are his own roots, traditions existing largely apart from stylistic developments in Europe and those influenced by European art music.

Almost shockingly, Guillaume brings this rhythmic energy to a text, by his father, in which a mother laments the death of her three children during a conflict between university students and the Haitian government. We hear in the Guillaume father-and-son work a meditation on many expressions of grief: anger, resignation, and finally, even hope. The recurring exclamation **Anmwe** is hard to translate. According to the composer, "['Anmwe'] is a very powerful exclamation in the Creole language. To cry 'Anmwe' is to convey pain, emotional torment and heartache on the deepest level." Sydney Guillaume's setting may bring those of us who do not speak the language a bit closer to understanding its power.

Our second selection by Guillaume, **Dominus vobiscum**, is a setting of his father's meditation on the divine. The poem both declares the presence of God and offers a litany of the kinds of light that God offers to the human condition. Sydney Guillaume's setting subtly morphs from a gentle lyricism, supporting the soloist's intonation of "The Lord is with you" to a rhythmically charged declaration of joy.

— Michael Barrett

\sim SAVE THE DATE \sim

Take a walk through music history with The Boston Cecilia



Saturday, June 1st, 2024 Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, MA

Tours at 10am and 2pm

Take a walk in Mt. Auburn Cemetery through Boston's music history starting in the late 19th century. Hear stories about Cecilia's first 50 years—a time when Cecilia played an important role in Boston's emergence as an American center for classical music in the late 19th century. With guided narration, the 90-minute walk will begin at the gravesite of B.J. Lang, Cecilia's first music director, then will stop by the gravesites of historic figures with ties to Cecilia.

Watch for details & sign up information.

The Boston Cecilia is pleased to be sharing this musical offering in the glorious surroundings of the All Saints Parish, its home for the past fifty-five years.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Daunais, Le pont Mirabeau

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine Et nos amours Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienne La joie venait toujours après la peine Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante L'amour s'en va Comme la vie est lente Et comme l'Espérance est violente Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure Passent les jours et passent les semaines Ni temps passé Ni les amours reviennent Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Mirabeau Bridge

Under the Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine And our love Causes me to recall That joy follows always behind pain When night comes, the hour strikes The days go by but I remain Love flows by like water Love flies away How slow life is And how violent hope is When night comes, the hour strikes The days go by but I remain The days pass, the weeks pass No time passes Love does not return Under the Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine When night comes, the hour strikes The days go by but I remain

Debussy, Trois Chansons Charles d'Orléans (1, 3)

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,

La gracieuse bonne et belle; Pour les grans biens que sont en elle, Chascun est prest de la louer. Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser? Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder, La gracieuse bonne et belle!

Par deça, ne delà, la mer, Ne scay dame, ne damoiselle Qui soit en tous biens parfais telle! C'est un songe d'y penser.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

God, what a vision she is; one imbued with grace, true and beautiful! For all the virtues that are hers everyone is quick to praise her. Who could tire of her? Her beauty constantly renews itself.

God, what a vision she is; one imbued with grace, true and beautiful!

On neither side of the ocean do I know any girl or woman who is in all virtues so perfect; it's a dream even to think of her;

God, what a vision she is.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain;

Esté est plaisant et gentil, En tesmoing de May et d'Avril Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

Esté revest champs, bois et fleurs, De sa livrée de verdure Et de maintes autres couleurs, Par l'ordonnance de Nature.

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plain De nège, vent, pluye et grézil; On vous deust banir en éxil. Sans point flater, je parle plain.

Winter, you are nothing but a villain;

Summer is pleasant and kind, As witnessed by May and April, Who accompany it evening and morning.

Summer clothes fields, woods and flowers, With its verdant clothing, And many other colors, By the command of nature.

But you, Winter, too full of Snow, wind, rain and hail; You ought to be exiled. Winter, you are nothing but a villain.

Boulanger, Hymne au Soleil

Du soleil qui renaît bénissons la puissance. Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour. Couronné de splendeur, il se lève, il s'élance. Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.

Sept coursiers qu'en partant le Dieu contient à peine, Enflamment l'horizon de leur brûlante haleine. O soleil fécond, tu parais!

Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts, ses bois épais, La vaste mer de tes feux embrasée, L'univers plus jeune et plus frais, Des vapeurs du matin sont brillants de rosée.

Du soleil...

Let us bless the power of the sun reborn. With all the universe let us celebrate its return. Crowned with splendor, it rises, it soars. The waking of the earth is a hymn of love. Seven rushing steeds that God barely contains when they leave Enflame the horizon with their burning breath. Oh, fruitful sun, you appear! With its fields in bloom, its mountains, its thick forests, The vast sea ablaze by your fires, The universe, younger and fresher, The morning vapors are bright with dew.

Let us bless...

Ravel, Trois chansons

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis,

(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre), Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre), Le second était couleur de neige, Le troisième rouge vermeil.

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre), Beaux oiselets du Paradis, Qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur, (Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"

- "Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,
- Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."

"Oiseau vermeil du Paradis, (Mon ami z-il est à la guerre), Oiseau vermeil du Paradis, Que portez vous ainsi?"

"Un joli cœur tout cramoisi, (Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)." "Ha! je sens mon cœur qui froidit . . . Emportez-le aussi." Three lovely birds from Paradise (My belov'd is to the fighting gone) Three lovely birds from Paradise Have flown along this way.

The first was bluer than Heaven's blue (My belov'd is to the fighting gone) The second white as the fallen snow The third was wrapt in bright red glow.

"Ye lovely birds from Paradise (My belov'd is to the fighting gone) Ye lovely birds from Paradise What bring ye then this way?"

"I bring to thee a glance of azure (Thy belov'd is to the fighting gone)" "And I on fairest snow white brow A fond kiss must leave, yet purer still."

"Thou bright red bird from Paradise (My belov'd is to the fighting gone) Thou bright red bird from Paradise What bringest thou to me?"

"A faithful heart all crimson red, (Thy belov'd is to the fighting gone)" "Ah! I feel my heart glowing cold... Take it also with thee."

Poulenc, Un soir de neige

De grandes cuillers de neige

Ramassent nos pieds glacés Et d'une dure parole Nous heurtons l'hiver têtu

Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air Chaque roc son poids sur terre Chaque ruisseau son eau vive Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

La bonne neige le ciel noir

Les branches mortes la détresse De la forêt pleine de pièges Honte à la bête pourchassée La fuite en flêche dans le cœur

Les traces d'une proie atroce Hardi au loup et c'est toujours Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours Le dernier vivant que menace La masse absolue de la mort

I. Great snowy spoons

Great snowy spoons Pick up our icy feet And with a harsh word We confront stubborn winter

Each tree has its place in the air Each rock its weight on the earth Each stream its living water But we have no fire

II. The good snow

The good snow, the black sky The dead branches, the pain Of the forest full of traps Shame to the hunted creature Flight like an arrow in its heart

The tracks of a ferocious prey Onward, wolf, and it's always The finest wolf and it's always The last one alive threatened by The absolute weight of death

All Poulenc poems: Paul Éluard

Hindemith, Six chansons (1, 3, 5)

Ô la biche: quel bel intérieur

d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde; combien de confiance ronde mêlée à combien de peur.

Tout cela, porté par la vive gracilité de tes bonds. Mais jamais rien n'arrive à cette impossessive ignorance de ton front.

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre dans les maisons; Elle cherche la soeur, le père, et leur joue du violon. Mais quand la terre remue, sous la bêche du printemps,

La mort court les rues et salue les passants.

Puisque tout passe, faisons la mélodie passagère; celle qui nous désaltère, aura de nous raison.

Chantons ce qui nous quitte avec amour et art ; soyons plus vite que le rapide départ.

Le Ballet des fantômes

Les mémoires étalées sur un écran de ciel dévoilent une image éthérée. Ainsi naissent les spectres, valsant après l'aurore, hululant les chansons d'autrefois. Le ballet des fantômes pendus aux empyrées par les ficelles du souvenir qui une nuit se hissent avec ceux qui les portent et les frêles esquisses s'envolent.

Oh, the doe: what beautiful interior

of ancient forests abound in your eyes; drunk with so much confidence mixed with so much fear.

All this, carried by the lively gracefulness of your leaps. But nothing ever happens to that docile ignorance of your forehead.

In winter, deadly death enters the houses;He looks for the sister, the father, and plays for them upon the violin.But when the earth shakes under the spade of spring,Death runs in the streets and greets the passersby.

Since everything passes,

Let us make a passing melody. That which quenches our thirst Will be right for us.

Let us sing what leaves us With love and art; Let us be faster Than the fast departure.

All Hindemith poems: Rainer Maria Rilke

The Ballet of ghosts

Memories spread on a screen made of sky unveil an ethereal image. Thus arise specters, waltzing after dawn, hooting songs of yesteryear. The ballet of ghosts hanging from the Empyrean^{*} by the strings of remembrance one night arise with those who hold them and the frail sketches fly away.

Translation by the composer * highest part of the sky where gods and angels live

Laurin, Ave verum

Nous vous adorons, Vrai corps né de la vierge Marie,

Qui avez réellement souffert Immolé sur la croix pour les hommes, Et dont le côté transpercé a laissé Couler l'eau et le sang.

Soyez notre réconfort Dans le combat de la mort, O doux Jésus, O bon Jésus, Fils de Marie. We adore you, True body born of the virgin Mary,

Who truly suffered Sacrificed on the cross for human beings, And whose pierced side let flow water and blood.

Be our comfort In the battle of death, O sweet Jesus, O good Jesus, Son of Mary.

Constellation

Les étoiles d'or ... Ah les belles étoiles comme des points lumineux pour clouer le ciel sur les piliers de la nuit ...

Les étoiles d'or ...

Ah les belles étoiles qui tournent sur leurs pointes sinistres, enchantement où la poussière navigue sur le tapis magique de la nuit ...

Les étoiles d'or ... Ah les belles étoiles, vous qui pâlissez comme autant de genèses, insoupçonnées dans le besoin futile d'être uniques, escalier étroit pour monter dans les ténèbres enivrantes jusqu'aux voûtes de la nuit ...

Les étoiles d'or, et moi je dors dans le silence de leur voyage gigantesque, m'inventant des profondeurs où le temps n'a plus de prix et l'ennui plus d'emprise Golden stars... Ah beautiful stars, shining dots nailing the sky to the night's pillars...

Golden stars... Ah beautiful stars spinning on their eerie tips, spellbound dust sailing upon the night's enchanted carpet...

Golden stars... Ah beautiful stars, you fade as so many genesis, unsuspected in their vain thirst for uniqueness, narrow staircase climbing through the exhilarating darkness up to the canopies of the night...

Golden stars, and sleep I in the silence of their tremendous journey, devising for myself depths wherein time costs no more and boredom loses its lure

Herménégilde Chiasson courtesy translation by Pierre Thibaudeau

Anmwe

Si nou kapab, di mwen Ki doulè ki pi gran Pase doulè manman

Kè mwen ap dechire Zantray mwen ap rache Kilès k'ape di mwen Pouki yo touye pitit mwen

Ede'm kriye, ede'm rele Doulè yon moun se doulè tout moun Bay kou bliye, pote mak sonje Yon jou pou chasè, yon jou pou jibie

Mwen sèmante twa fwa Sa pap pase konsa M'ap kriye, m'ap rele M'ap fè latè tranble Pou jistis ak lapè Ka blayi sou la tè

Dlo nan je mwen seche Tout zo nan kò'm kraze Lespri'm fin deraye M'ape rele anmwe

Lannuit kou lajounen Mechan yo dechennen Malveyan pran lari Inosan ap peri

Anmwe, sekou souple Lanmou sou la graba Le mond'nan tèt anba

Men tout rèl gen sekou N'a jwenn la vi yon jou Lè sa tè-a va bèl Bèl tankou lakansièl

—Gabriel T. Guillaume january 2005 Tell me, tell me What pain is greater Than a mother's sorrow

My heart is torn My soul is aching Can you tell me why Why they killed my child

Hear me cry, hear my scream We all share this pain The giver of the blow forgets, the bearer of the scar remembers* A day for the hunter, a day for the prey*

I swear, oh i swear I'll turn this curse around Through my screams, through my tears And through my defiant strength I'll see that justice and peace Spread throughout our world

I have tears no more I know strength no more I can think no more I can only speak my pain

Night and day The ruthless are unchained Haunting our lives Snatching our youth

Help, help, oh please help Love is held hostage In a world of violence

We must not despair For we'll know life again In a new day full of hope Filled with our children

*Haitian proverbs

Dominus vobiscum

Gran Mèt-la avèk nou, Li la nan mitan nou, Li la nan fon kè nou, Amen, Amen, Aleluya.

Depi nan tan benbo Nap mache, nap chèche, nap mande: Ki lè, ki tan, ki jou, Limyè-a va leve pou vin delivre nou? Limyè lapè-a, Limyè la verite-a Limyè la joua-a, Limyè lespwa-a, Limyè lanmou-a, Limyè la vi-a.

Jodia an nou chante: "Dominus vobiscum"

Gran Mèt-la avèk nou, Li la nan mitan nou, Li la nan fon kè nou, Amen, Amen, Aleluya.

Mache, chèche, mande: Li la nan mitan nou. Mache, chèche, mande: Li la nan fon kè nou.

Amen, Amen, Aleluya.

—Gabriel T. Guillaume

The Lord be with you

The Lord is with us, He is among us, He is in the depths of our hearts, Amen, Amen, Alleluia.

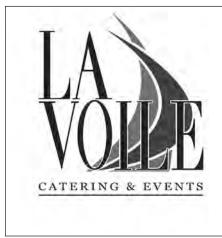
Since the beginning of time We have been searching, seeking, asking: When will the light come, at last, to deliver us? The light of peace, The light of truth, The light of joy, The light of hope, The light of love, The light of life.

Today, let us sing: "Dominus vobiscum"

The Lord is with us, He is among us, He is in the depths of our hearts, Amen, Amen, Alleluia.

Search, seek, ask: He is among us; Search, seek, ask: He is in the depths of our hearts.

Amen, Amen, Alleluia



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MICHAEL BARRETT

Michael Barrett is a Boston-based conductor, singer, multi-instrumentalist, and teacher who has served as music director of The Boston Cecilia since 2020. He also served as Music Director of Convivium Musicum, a chamber choir specializing in Renaissance music, from 2007 until 2022. Michael is an Assistant Professor at the Berklee College of Music, where he teaches courses in conducting and European music history, and until recently served as Interim Director of the Five College Early Music Program in western Massachusetts.

Michael has performed and recorded with many professional early music ensembles, including Blue Heron, the Boston Camerata, the Huelgas Ensemble, Vox Luminis, the Handel & Haydn Society, Nederlandse Bachvereniging (Netherlands Bach Society), Seven Times Salt, Schola Cantorum of Boston, and Nota Bene, and can be heard on the harmonia mundi, Blue Heron, Coro, and Toccata Classics record labels.



KEVIN NEEL

Kevin Neel enjoys a versatile career as organist, collaborative pianist, conductor, and singer. He has been heard at the organ in numerous venues including Symphony Hall (Boston), Old South Church, Trinity Church Copley Square, Old West Church, Methuen Memorial Music Hall, as well as numerous venues in the Southeast. He also has appeared as organ and piano accompanist for multiple choral ensembles in the New England area. In December 2016 he co-founded "et al.," a choral ensemble whose mission is to tell stories through diverse,

thoughtful programming performed at the highest level. As a singer, he has sung with Emmanuel Music, Cantata Singers, Marsh Chapel Choir, and VOICES 21C. He is Director of Music and Organist at All Saints Episcopal Church in Worcester, where he directs the All Saints Choir (choristers and adults), manages the Music Series, oversees music education programs, plays the Rice Memorial Organ (IV/132 Aeolian Skinner Op. 909), and collaborates with Worcester-area music and arts organizations. He previously served as Organist and Chapel Choir Director at Emmanuel Church in Boston. He was named in the Diapason Magazine's 2019 Class of "20 under 30" which recognizes young talents in the fields of organ and harpsichord performance, organ and harpsichord building, carillon, and church music. He holds degrees from Boston University in Choral Conducting and Indiana University in Organ Performance and is originally from the Charlotte, NC area.

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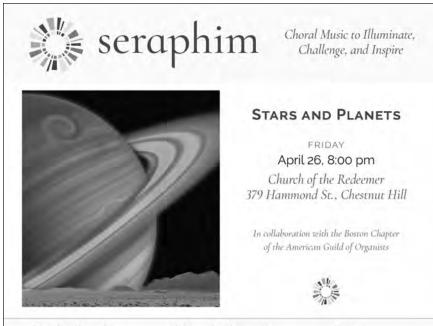
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For tickets and season details, visit www.convivium.org



For details and in person and virtual tickets, visit www.seraphimsingers.org



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