



Alison Unsworth, *conductor*
Josh Scribner, *assistant conductor*
Halie Augustus, *accompanist*

Saturday, 6 November, 7 p.m.
Orem Public Library Hall
58 North State Street, Orem

PROGRAM

Voices of Earth, Mark Sirett

Maury Giauque, *violin*

We have not heard the music of the spheres,

The song of star to star, but there are sounds

More deep than human joy and tears,

That Nature uses in her common rounds;

The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain

The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain

That falls by minutes in the summer night.

These are the voices of earth's secret soul,

Uttering the mystery from which she came.

To him who hears them grief beyond control,

Or joy inscrutable without a name,

Wakes in his heart thoughts bedded there, impearled,

Before the birth and making of the world.

—Archibald Lampman

Earth Song, Frank Ticheli

Sing. Be. Live. See...

This dark stormy hour,

The wind, it stirs.

The scorched earth

cries out in vain:

O war and power,

You blind and blur.

The torn heart

cries out in pain.

But music and singing

Have been my refuge,

And music and singing

Shall be my light.

A light of song

Shining strong: Alleluia!

Through darkness, pain and strife, I'll

Sing, Be, Live, See...

Peace.

Hymns of Praise to Creator

Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite, George Frideric Handel,
from "Samson"

Let their celestial concerts all unite, let their celestial concerts all
unite,

Ever to sound His praise, to sound His praise in endless morn of
light, To sound His praise in endless morn of light,

Let their celestial concerts all unite, let their celestial concerts all
unite,

Ever, ever, ever to sound His praise in endless morn of light, ever,
ever, ever to sound,

to sound His praise in endless morn of light, in endless, endless
morn of light.

Psalm 8 (Adonai, Adonenu), Dan Forrest

Maury Giauque, *violin* and Rennie Paredes, *djembe*
Adonai, Adonenu. Adonai, Adonenu.

O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Your name in all the earth!

When I consider Your heavens, the work of Your fingers, the
moon and stars, that You have set in place,

What are mortals? What are mortals that You care for them, O Lord?

O Lord, Adonai, Adonenu, our Lord, Adonai, Adonenu,

How majestic is your name, Adonai, Adonenu, in all the earth!

O Lord, our Lord, our Lord, Adonai, Adonai.

Creations

Five Flower Songs: 4. The Evening Primrose, Benjamin Britten

When once the sun sinks in the west,

And dewdrops of pearl the evening's breast;

Almost as pale as moonbeams are,

Or its companionable star,

The evening primrose opes anew

its delicate blossoms to the dew

And, hermitlike, shunning the light,

Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;

Who, blindfold to its fond caresses

Knows not the beauty he possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by;

When day looks out with open eye

'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun

It faints and withers and is gone.

Across the Vast, Eternal Sky, Ola Gjeilo
Weary, I fly.

 Across the vast eternal sky.
High in the heavens,
 Where awaits my destiny.
Grey skies are thickening;
 Soon now my time will come,
Time to return home
 'Cross the vast eternal sky.
When I was young I flew in the velvet night;
 Shining by day, a firebird bathed in light!
Grey now my feathers, which once were red and gold;
 My destiny to soar up to the sunlight!
Sunlight shines on my face;
 This is my grace, to be
Restored, born again,
 In flame!
Do not despair that I am gone away;
 I will appear again
When the sunset paints
 Flames across the vast eternal sky!
 —Charles Anthony Silvestri

The Blue Bird, Charles Villiers Stanford
 Jessica Heaton and Tricia Stolworthy, *sopranos*
The lake lay blue below the hill,
 O'er it, as I looked there flew
Across the waters, cold and still
 A bird whose wings were palest blue.
The sky above was blue at last,
 The sky beneath me blue in blue,
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
 It caught his image, his image as he flew.
The lake lay blue below the hill.
 —Mary E. Coleridge

Emerald Stream, Seth Houston
Come, now, and gather in the glade
 Where the Em'rald Stream and the Evening Shade,
And meditate on the works He's made,
 Great God, our sov'reign Lord.
Join us, now, the meadow is green
 And the waters pure and the woods serene
And the flowing air is fresh and clean
 Where God his blessings pour'd.
See the wind come down,
 Hear it whistle as it blows,

It brings us sun and it brings us snows,
A blessing from above.
And the sun comes up,
And the sun goes down,
And the stars and the moon go 'round and 'round,
In witness to His love.
Hear, now, ye sons of men,
For danger lurks in this great garden;
The Lord will visit once again
To see what we have done.
As God is the shepherd and we are the sheep,
We our mother Earth must keep,
Maintain the air, protect the deep;
At Judgment Day He'll come.
See the Lord come down,
Hear Him whistle as he goes,
He bears a thunderbolt and a rose,
Remember all his pow'r.
See the Lord come down, face shining bright,
His holy feet are soiled
But his robe is white;
You will regret that hour.
So, now, my people beware,
You're in charge of the seas and the earth and the air,
You'd better take extr'ordinary care
Of the Earth, our only home.
All glory be to God on high,
Shout praises loudly to the sky,
Listen to the Earth and hear her cry,
And in Heaven forever roam.

Rain and Storm

Rainsong, Houston Bright
Clouds hang heavy above the plain,
They bring the smell of a summer rain,
And my heart, my heart is heavy too,
my spirits are heavy too.
(See how the rains do pour,
As if forevermore.)
Clouds drift low in a shadowed spell,
They bring the mem'ry of one farewell,
When a spirit from life withdrew, withdrew,
When the soul of my love withdrew.
(See how the rains do pour,
As if forevermore.)
Raindrops fall from a sodden sky,
They drum a querulous lullaby,
As in mem'ry of one who sleeps, who sleeps,

As if crooning to one who sleeps.
(See the rains pour forever more,
As if forevermore!)

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, John Rutter
Josh Scribner, *assistant director*

Blow, blow, thou winter winds,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most frendship, is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.
Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not,
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly,
Most frendship, is fayning; most Loving, mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most jolly.

—William Shakespeare, Act II of *As You Like It*

A Rainy Day: 2. After the Rain, Lane Johnson

Darkness expelled by a Light through the clouds,
Heaven compelled to dissolve lightless shrouds,
Tears dried by Son Light no longer remain
After the rain.
Storms overhead no more darken the way,
Shadows have ceased to bedim the noonday
Then Brilliant beams of hope are born and brightness regained
After the rain.
Oh how the cloudburst and tempest refine,
As we allow Light to encompass and shine,
Freely the soul sings for respite attained
After the rain,
Freely the soul sings for respite attained
After the blessed rain.

Celebration

Turn the World Around, Larry Farrow
Rennier Paredes, *percussion*

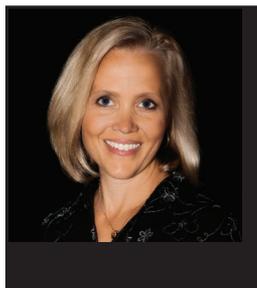
We come from the fire, livin' in the fire, go back to the fire, turn
the world around.
We come from the mountain, living in the mountain, go back to
the mountain, turn the world around.
Oh, so is life, Ah, so is life.

Do you know who I am? Do I know who you are?
See we one another clearly,
Do we know who we are?
Oh, oh, so is life abatee, Wah, ah, hah! so is life.
Water make the river, river wash the mountain, fire make the
sunlight, turn the world around.
Heart is of the river, body is of the mountain, spirit is the sun-
light, turn the world around.
We come from the mountain, living in the mountain, go back to
the mountain, turn the world around.
Oh, oh, so is life abatee, Wah, ah, hah! so is life. So is life!
—Harry Belafonte and Robert Freedman

Let the River Run, Craig Hella Johnson
Rennier Paredes, Carl Hunter, and Tricia Stolworthy,
percussion

Coming to the edge, running on the water,
Come, Let the river run,
let all the dreamers wake the nation.
Come, the new Jerusalem.
Silver cities rise; the morning lights the streets that meet them.
And sirens call them on with a song.
It's asking for the taking, trembling, shaking.
Oh, my heart is aching.
We're coming to the edge, running on the water,
coming through the fog, your sons and daughters.
Let the river run,
let all the dreamers wake the nation.
Come, the new Jerusalem.
Silver cities rise; the morning lights the streets that meet them.
And sirens call them on with a song.
Coming to the edge, running on the water,
Coming to the edge, running on the water,
Come!
—Carly Simon

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Alison Unsworth, Artistic Director

Alison Unsworth has been involved in choral music her whole life. She earned her bachelor's degree in Choral Education from Brigham Young University and her master's degree in Choral Conducting from Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina.

She has taught music in elementary, middle, and high schools, and has directed community adult and children's choirs in North Carolina and Utah. Alison is an active choral singer, having sung with the Durham Civic Choral Society, the

Vocal Arts Ensemble, and the Duke University Collegium Musicum in North Carolina, as well as the Utah Chamber Artists and the Choir of the Cathedral of the Madeleine. She currently sings as a member of the Salt Lake Vocal Artists. Alison has toured throughout the United States, China, and Europe as a choral singer.

She maintains a private piano studio in her home, teaches voice and conducting lessons, and is a frequent accompanist. She currently conducts the Sterling Singers, a community choir based in the Salt Lake Valley. Alison and her husband, Andrew, have five children and live in South Jordan.

Wasatch Chorale

Soprano

Juliana Avery
Mary Gurr
Carole Harrison
Jessica Heaton
Laurie King
Cherie Packer
Lynn Stallard
Maryann Stevens
Tricia Stolworthy
Keeara Terry
Julane Walker

Alto

Becky Butterfield
Katy Cabbage
Beryl Clayton
Anna Davis
Patti Drake
Maury Giauque
Chris Gines
Jesse Griffin
LeAnne Herdman
Vicki Jenkins
Brynne Miller

Karen Newmeyer

Janet Olcott
Charlene Pelton
Marc Schramm
Cheryl Walters

Tenor

Michael Ellsworth
Geoff Griffin
Parley Smith
Bill Stoddard
Nina Whitehead

Bass

Kevin Burnham
Lane Ferrin
Eric Huntsman
David Lewis
Vincent Newmeyer
Rick Shorten
Joshua Scribner

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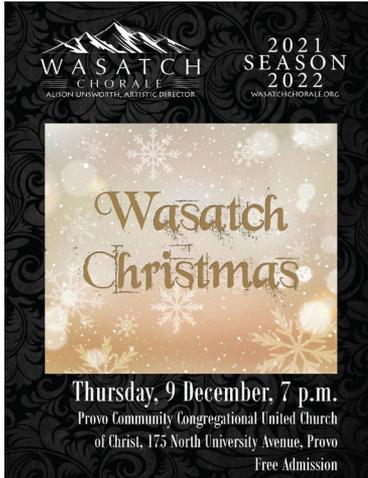
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the Chorale (listed under its former name, the Utah Valley Choral Society) and 0.5% of all your purchases will be donated to the Chorale. We appreciate your support!

Join Us

Come sing with us! Our rehearsals are from 7–9 p.m. at Provo Community Church, 175 North University Avenue, Provo. Schedule a painless audition by emailing wasatchchorale@gmail.com.



Next Concert

Wasatch Christmas, Thursday, 9 December, 7 p.m., Provo Community Congregational United Church of Christ, 175 North University Avenue, Provo, Free Admission