

The University of Oregon choral program provides a dynamic and enriching environment for choral musicians of all ability levels. Consistently promoting choral excellence while fostering a sense of community, each season hundreds of singers - both music majors and non-majors alike - form four choirs to study and perform a diverse body of outstanding choral repertoire.

The Chamber Choir is a highly select mixed chamber ensemble of 24-32 voices specializing in a cappella repertoire from the sixteenth through twenty-first centuries. Comprised of undergraduate and graduate students, the UO Chamber Choir has garnered international acclaim in recent years, winning First Prize at the 2013 Fleischmann International Trophy Competition at the Cork International Choral Festival in Cork, Ireland, and taking top honors in two categories at the 2011 Tallinn International Choral Festival in Tallinn, Estonia. In May, 2015, the Chamber Choir was one of 10 choirs worldwide invited to compete at the 14th International Chamber Choir Competition in Marktoberdorf, Germany, where they received second prize overall, won a special prize for the best interpretation of the compulsory work, and were the only student group to achieve a Level I recognition for an "excellent performance at the international level." Following the competition, they were honored to serve as the rehearsal choir for the International Masterclass for Choral Conductors at the Bavarian Music Academy under the leadership of Volker Hempfling (Germany) and Jonathan Velasco (Phillipines). In 2014 the Chamber Choir became a resident ensemble at the Oregon Bach Festival, performing each summer under the direction of Matthew Halls and Helmuth Rilling. In addition, they have performed through juried audition at state and divisional conferences for the American Choral Directors Association and the National Association for Music Education.

Repertoire Singers serves as a recital and laboratory chorus for the graduate students in conducting. They perform choral works from all styles and periods in concert once or twice each term.

University Singers is the premier large choral ensemble on campus, with a choral tradition at the University of Oregon extending back to 1945. The University Singers perform choral music from all periods and styles, with concerts both on and off campus. Members are experienced singers representing a wide variety of majors from across campus. The University Singers frequently have the opportunity to perform with instrumental ensembles such as the University Symphony Orchestra, the Oregon Wind Ensemble, and the Eugene Symphony Orchestra.

The intensive training provided by the choral program complements the core curriculum of the School of Music and Dance, and balances the broad spectrum of liberal arts disciplines offered at the University of Oregon.

Recording of UO concerts and events without prior permission is prohibited.

Performances sponsored by the UO School of Music and Dance are sometimes video recorded and photographed for a variety of uses, including both live simulcast and digital archive on the UO website, or for publicity and publications. Images of audience members may be included in these recordings and photos. By attending this event, audience members imply approval for the use of their image by the UO and the School of Music and Dance.



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE



On What Can Be Lost

- My looks
- Material conditions
- People
- Minor talents and accomplishments
- Ability to write

On What Can Remain

- My life force
- My integrity
- My heart
- My love of nature
- My values
- My inmost being

REPERTOIRE SINGERS and SOSPIRO
with poetry by PEGGY FREYDBERG

Paul John Rudoi, conductor
Dr. Sharon Paul, faculty advisor

Hung-Yun Chu, piano
Joseph Vranas, trumpet
Evan Miles and Brittany Rudoi, readers

Beall Concert Hall
Friday, December 1, 2017 | 8 p.m.



SOSPIRO

Reading | *Chorus of Cells*

ALL

Every morning,

READER

even being very old,
(or perhaps because of it),
I like to make my bed.
In fact, the starting of each day
unhelplessly,
is the biggest thing I ever do.
I smooth away the dreams disclosed by tangled sheets,
I smack the dented pillow's revelations to oblivion,
I finish with the pattern of the spread exactly centered.

ALL

The night is won.

And now the day can open.

READER

All this I like to do,
mastering the making of my bed
with hands that trust beginnings.
All this I need to do,
directed by the silent message of the luxury of my breathing.

ALL

And every night,

READER

I like to fold the covers back,
and get into bed,
and live the dark, wise poetry of the night's dreaming,
dreading the extend of its improbabilities,
but surrendering to the truth it knows and I do not;
even though its technicolor cruelties,
or the music of its myths,
feels like someone else's experience,
not mine.

I know that I could no more cease
to want to make my bed each morning,
and fold the covers back at night,
that I could cease
to want to put one foot before the other.

SOSPIRO

Cera Babb, Soprano I
Rachel Petty, Soprano II
Carly Walker, Alto I
Amanda Smith, Alto II
Paul John Rudoj, Tenor I
Jack Strother-Blood, Tenor II
Gabriel Elder, Bass I
Dylan Bunten, Bass II

REPERTOIRE SINGERS

SOPRANO

Cera Babb
Delaney Dziwak
Jaley Johnson
Bridget Kraus
Shihan Liu
Julia Nyman
Yue Pan
Chloe Smithson
Eva Shen
Yanjie Wang

ALTO

Elizabeth Anajovich
Molly Aton
Daisy Arriola
Zaira Castillo-Ramos
Meredith Dyall
Hidemi Fukushima
Ting Hsun Hsieh
Callista Hunt
Tiana Husted
Anna Kradolfer
Maire O'Brien
Colleen Rooney
Tianhui Zhang

TENOR

Evan Miles
Lizzie Allen
Palmer Hogen
Stefan Reichardt
Sam Weber

BASS

Robert J. Bohall
Michael Gerondale
Leo Guyn
Luke Smith
Tom Slaff

Margaret Howe Freydberg was born March 6, 1908 in Rochester, New York. At 90-years-old, Peggy was no longer able to write in long form and began writing the poems in Poems from the Pond. Desperate to continue to express herself, she described the day it occurred to her to write poetry as, "A force that had lodged in my head and demanded to come out." Peggy passed away at 107 in March 2015. At the time, she was living in in her home on Martha's Vineyard with her treasured cat. The wheels driving Peggy to understand herself and confront her fears continued to spin searching for answers to life's simple and complex questions. It was essential to her longevity... that and dark chocolate, she suggested.

The Sospiro Vocal Ensemble is one of many student-led ensembles that comprise the Oregon Composers Forum at the University of Oregon. The goal of Sospiro is to give voice to new music written specifically for the ensemble by composers within and outside of the University of Oregon. This year, Sospiro was designed as a vocal chamber ensemble to help educate its members and audiences about the benefits of collaborative music making and realization.

Paul John Rudoj is an award-winning composer, conductor, tenor vocalist, and music-tech entrepreneur. As a vocalist, Paul has performed and recorded a wide range of music with various professional vocal ensembles including Seraphic Fire, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and Cantus. Paul's compositions have been commissioned and performed by various ensembles and artists throughout North America and Europe. His work has garnered numerous grants from the Jerome Foundation, the ACF, MRAC, MSAB, the NEA, and ASCAP. His music is published through PJR Music alongside Graphite, Santa Barbara, Walton, Morningstar, and ECS music publishers. Paul is also a fierce advocate for new music trends, resources, and issues. His presentation at the 2015 NDSU Choral Symposium, "LIVING SETS: Choral Organisms for the 21st Century," proposed that the entire choral field should consider new music in the context of composers' lifelong musical contributions, not just one's next popular published work. He has also started an online platform, "Consortio," designed to help composers, conductors, and ensembles find common themes and interests for consortium-based commissioning while offering tools and services to make such commissioning more readily accessible and feasible. Paul holds a degree from the Hartt School and is pursuing a Master's of Music in Choral Conducting at the University of Oregon. His teachers have included Sharon Paul, Robert Kyr, Libby Larsen, and Edward Bolkovac. divisional conferences for the American Choral Directors Association and the National Association for Music Education.

by the growing will to be restored,
 and by a feeling in the center of my forehead,
 contained within a clear-edged mass
 of something dense but without form,
 like smoke,
 awaiting transformation
 into what was there to know –
 finally,
 I picked up yellow pad and yellow pencil.
 And I began to write:
 A Poem.
 Born to clarify.
 The first of those to come.
 And here it is.

How Can I Keep From Singing? arr. Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)

*My life flows on in endless song
 above earth's lamentation.
 I hear the real though distant song
 that hails a new creation.*

*Through all the tumult and the strife
 I hear the music ringing.
 It sounds an echo in my soul,
 how can I keep from singing?*

*What though the tempest round me roars,
 I hear the truth, it's living!
 What though the darkness round me close,
 songs in the night it's giving!*

*No storm can shake my inmost calm
 while to that rock I'm clinging.
 Since I believe that love abides,
 how can I keep from singing?*

*When tyrants tremble when they hear
 the bells of freedom ringing.
 When friends rejoice both far and near,
 how can I keep from singing?*

*In prison cell, in dungeon dark,
 our thoughts to them are winging.
 When friends hold courage in their heart,
 how can I keep from singing?*

*No storm can shake my inmost calm
 while to that rock I'm clinging.
 Since I believe that love abides,
 how can I keep from singing?*

Being very old and so because of it,
 all this I am compelled to do,
 day after day,
 night after night,
 directed by the silent message
 of the constancy of my breathing,
 that bears the news I am alive.

Secret*

Sarah Jordan (b. 1992)

Mountain*

Brent Lawrence (b. 1991)

*Hey! Look at that mountain!
 It towers above and consumes the sky.
 If I could just climb its side I could
 see the whole world from here.*

*When I start my fated climb. The hill
 may steepen as I go. My feet will
 anchor in the dirt sending
 rocks down to the base.*

*As I climb the hill comes alive.
 I see each plant on its own.
 As I climb the hill comes alive.
 I see each insect as itself.
 Climbing and climbing and climbing*

*and climb I must keep climbing to
 reach the top and see the view. And
 burn, burn, my legs burn me.
 They've pushed my weight so far!*

*As I climb the hill comes alive.
 I see each plant on its own.
 As I climb the hill comes alive.
 I see each insect as itself.*

*The mountain's still as it always is.
 Wind whips and seems to say,
 "Look out there, soak in the vastness.
 Notice that you're alone."*

– Brent Lawrence

Reading | *Preparing Oneself for Dying*

READER

Compulsively,
I strive to find a method
for a confrontation with what must be done
to save my children from the task of doing it when I die.
Make lists.

ALL

Make lists.

READER

I sharpen pencils with an out-damn-spot intensity.
In shaded rooms, on yellow pads,
I hide myself from sun
to settle my affairs:
“The Steuben heart of glass, though chipped,
will go to Bet, who never scolds imperfect hearts.”
“The primitive I painted years ago,
while sitting in a field behind the house,
will go to Jocelyn, who understands it was
the first day of my life I saw what I was looking at.”

ALL

**Clean out the attic,
go through the endless drawers of files,**

READER

spend what little time is left to me
in scuttling all the props
on table tops,
and all the evidence of the “getting and the spending
that laid waste my powers...”

But?

Must I throw the stack of twenty journal-notebooks
in the trash,
with no mind for the dignity
of the burial of my secrets?

All at once,
answering myself,
I sit tiredly in the emptied room,
cold in the evening light.
I have forgotten to light a fire.
There is no color of a flame.
I am in a large white death.

READER

in shock,
and wonder,
and then,
in sudden slaughtering disbelief.

How could I have seen this,
thought this,
felt this?
How could I have written such a book?
And what remained
of me who made this book so many years ago?
And was there anything in 99’s infirmity,
that justified ongoingness,
now that creativity had ended?

...

I stayed in this condition
of being blown to bits
for days
for weeks.
No pill,
no Hospice-like encouragement from
counselor, or family, or friends,
restored to me
the loss of what I once had been.
The life I’d once observed so plentifully,
the nutriment of being that observer,
of being the partaker of the whole of the fruit,
was gone.
And thus,
abandoned by identity,

ALL

I was ended.

READER

So what was there to live on,
between now,
and finally,
then?

...But live I must.

ALL

Of course.

READER

And finally
pushed towards restoration

On My Dreams

*Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light;
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.*
– Cloths of Heaven,”
by W.B. Yeats (1865-1948)

Reading | *Restoration*

READER

On impulse,
I began to read,
again,
a novel I had written,
long ago.

Once having started it,

ALL

I could not stop.

READER

The turning of each page brought awe,
for I saw there
full bloom of me who once observed each blade of grass,
each mountain,
and was compelled to bring this into words
to try to match such beauty;
who saw and understood
each lifted eyebrow,
each heart confused, rejoicing, stricken.

ALL

All this I saw,

Jocelyn Hagen (b. 1980)

ALL

Go back.

Live with my mistakes.

Leave my clutter.

READER

After I am gone,
when those of you who loved me
walk in this room,
you will find,
to your surprise
that I'm still here.

If I can stop one heart from breaking* Daniel Sabzghabaei (b. 1992)

*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*

– Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Reading | *Blizzard*

READER

It takes courage to see beauty
in a world spread deep and silent
with interminable whiteness;
and to keep on being awed
by such uncommon splendor
while trying to suppress
a fundamental fear
of being buried by it.

But I know it as it is:
Beauty is everlasting.
And winter's burial is not.
Underneath cold winter bone,
the flesh of summer sleeps.

Now Breaks the Glowing Light*

Paul John Rudoï (b. 1985)

*So when the swirling snow begins to fall
outside where frigid dreams begin to dance
their tarantellas to the gods of chance,
these wintry symbols list to bear their all
upon a mind obsessed with eating gall.
When will the boy awaken from the trance
of darkened lullabies that hiss their glance
of times that passed and times that never call?
Now breaks the glowing light beyond the scene
when I can both recall and sense the grace
of lips so warm, and softly from your face
begins the swell of newfound winter's keen.
I blink, and through my shattered visions see
The flow'r of Spring that beckons you and me.*

– David Sidwell (b.1996)

Definición de amor*

Martín Quiroga Jr. (b. 1987)

*Es hielo abrasador, es fuego helado,
es herida que duele y no se siente,
es un soñado bien, un mal presente,
es un breve descanso muy cansado;
es un descuido que nos da cuidado,
un cobarde, con nombre de valiente,
un andar solitario entre la gente,
un amar solamente ser amado;
es una libertad encarcelada,
que dura hasta el postrero parasismo;
enfermedad que crece si es curada.
Éste es el niño Amor, éste es su abismo.
¡Mirad cual amistad tendrá con nada
el que en todo es contrario de sí mismo!*

– Francisco de Quevedo (1580-1645)

*Like burning ice, frozen fire it is,
An aching wound one does not feel,
A blessing one dreams of, a present evil,
A brief repose, so very tiresome;
Like carelessness taking great care of us,
A coward going by a valiant name,
Loneliness as one walks through a crowd,
Loving just being loved;
Like freedom imprisoned it is,
Lasting until the final paroxysm;
A disease unleashed when treated.
This is Love's putto, this is his abyss.
Woe betide he who on all counts himself antagonizes,
For he will surely befriend nothing!*

– Trans. Juan Ribó Chalmeta and Irina Urumova

Reading | *Call Me Love and I'll be Newly Baptized*

READER

I stood in the doorway of my dining room,
beside the man I was falling in love with.
We had been drinking lots of wine by candlelight and firelight,
talking about being already more than half-way through
our half-filled lives.

Reading | *The Final Change*

READER

Being blind,
the fundamental thing my sister could not tolerate,
was change.
If her panic-fluttering fingers,
groping ahead in apprehensive search
for the familiar,
touched something alien,
she would halt, freeze, and then begin to whimper softly,
in heaven knows what depths of terror.

The years went by.
Her innocent, heroic heart gave out at last.
She died.
And I grew old.

In the course of time,
one night in sudden darkness of a blackout,
I lived my sister's panic
while groping for the light switch on the wall
I knew was there but could not find.
And, with the loss of some essential faith
in what is naturally due me,
like the permanence of my breathing,
all at once my blind eyes saw my death,
as fear-ful as the thousand deaths my sister died
each time she touched the empty dark.

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)

*Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.*

*Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.*

– Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

in the peripheral existence of an old woman?
 Must I surrender to the contradiction
 of an imperishable sea and my impermanence,
 and the fate of being very old,
 and solitary,
 and so, unharboured?

Looking at the sea that does not answer,

ALL

I find the answer,

Reader

coming from the oracle within–

ALL

the only place that knows;

READER

for what the sea tells me, is what I have already told the sea.

And so,
 to it I give this answer I have found,
 because I want the everlasting sea to know
 what I, with sudden clearness,
 know is everlasting, too:

An old woman,
 in a long, loose dress that covers imperfections,
 is sitting in a row of empty chairs reserved for wallflowers,
 hoping, though she fears it may not happen,
 that an old man,
 someone she has never known,
 will come along,
 and stop before her chair,
 and bow,
 and take her hand in both of his,
 asking for the last dance.

Der Tanz

*The young talk and dream so much
 of dancing, horseback riding, and feasting;
 all at once they reach a treacherous goal,
 then they start to sigh and complain.*

*Soon the throat hurts, and then the chest–
 gone is the heavenly joy.*

*“If only my health would return once more!”
 Thus the hopeful glance implores from heaven!
 – “Hoffnung,” by Friedrich Schiller*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

ALL

and we were now unharnessed.

READER

I was saying things I'd never known I knew.
 My mind's time had stopped.
 And with slow dazzle,
 my heart's timelessness
 may have begun.

As we stood,
 Richard Strauss' Der Rosenkavalier
 which had been playing quietly in the living room –
 solitary, far from our mood,
 softening corners –
 burst astonishingly into the great crescendo of the waltz.

I turned to look at him.
 Grave, startled,
 he looked back at me.

ALL

And this had meaning.

READER

It had connection with the sudden blast of music
 which was rising up in me like an eruption
 of the earth beneath my feet.

Then all at once,
 instead of body,
 I was fountain.
 I was not woman,
 I was water with another name.
 With perfect, innate delirium,
 I was torrent
 sparkling from the earth
 up to the sky.

The earth had quaked,
 and blown me straight up.
 And, I could feel that he was quivering on a launch pad,

ALL

**that we were racing up and up together,
 that we were an air-borne couple,**

READER

bombing upwards
towards a heaven's surprise.

With each fusillade of music,
I stabbed my arms towards heaven's great, waiting emptiness,
feeling that each ascending lunge
of fountain-music jetting from my finger-tips
was draining out of me the sludge of long-unloving blood;
while in its place,
transfused clean blood hosed upwards
towards a prophecy of re-creation.

And I was on my way to it.
At last.
Believing in my arrival,
straining with every fiber of my being,
I rose,
and kept on rising.

REPERTOIRE SINGERS

Clap/Bang

John Conahan (b. 1974)

Cuncti Simus

Anon. from Llibre Vermell, Ed. Ricardo Soto

Let us all sing: Hail Mary!

*The Virgin was alone
When the Angel appeared
He was called Gabriel
And was sent from heaven*

*With radiant face he declared,
(Listen, dear ones)
You shall conceive, Mary.
Hail Mary.*

*You shall conceive, Mary
(Listen, dear ones)
and will bear a son.
Hail Mary.*

*You will bear a son
(Listen, dear ones)
and shall call him Jesus Christ.
Hail Mary.*

Reading | *The Dance*READER

Here I stand,
in a long, loose dress that covers imperfections,
looking through the glass wall of the room,
to the dazzling and complete perfection of the sea,
considering the contradiction of what lasts,
and what does not,
and asking the sea if there is any better way to think,
or any better way to feel,
about what ends?

All the objects in this room behind me,
once a part of the dance of him and me,
now seem as motionless
as their reflection in the wall of glass.
What does the melodious grand piano have to do
with the old woman, as finished as the keyboard never tuned,
who does not play it for him any more,
who flings a helpless but still questioning hand
toward the sea that never ages,
wanting to know about what endures,
and how to live with what does not?

ALL**Remember the wallflower,**READER

the only girl in the row of chairs around the dance floor,
sitting with her hoping heart
beneath the cold stiff taffeta's rustling invitation,
waiting for a boy to come along,
and bow,
and take her hand,
and lead her to the center,
where the dance is.

All the time,
these days,
standing by the closed piano,
and the pale polaroid stillness of a flowering hibiscus
reflected in the wall of glass,
I ask the sea to tell me
whether there is any way to live
with the broken-function years
of being very old?

Can I find peace,
find being,