

VOCE Presents:
Bruckner and His Contemporaries:
Choral Music of the 19th Century

About today's performers:

VOCE is a small semi-professional choral ensemble based in Carmel, IN. Originally founded by Dr. Charles Goehring in 2006, VOCE has become a premiere vocal ensemble in central Indiana, and creates unique programs for the community and special events. In recent years, VOCE has performed at the Carmel Christkindlmarkt, The Indianapolis Arts Garden, St. Christopher's Episcopal Church, Indianapolis Hebrew Congregation, St. Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church (Columbus, IN), St. Joan of Arc Catholic Church, and many other venues. VOCE is available to perform at your event and has small and larger group ensembles depending on your needs. More information can be found at our website: www.voceindy.org.

Rachelle Woolston, soprano, was born and raised in Houston, Texas, and completed her bachelor's degree in voice at Brigham Young University, then master's and doctoral degrees at the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music. A Rocky Mountain Region Finalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, some of Dr. Woolston's favorite stage roles include Angelica (Suor Angelica), Nedda (I Pagliacci), Adina (Elixir of Love), Violetta (La Traviata),

Cio-Cio San (Madama Butterfly), The Queen of the Night (The Magic Flute), Valencienne (The Merry Widow), and Mother Abbess (The Sound of Music). She has performed both as a soloist and ensemble member with numerous choral groups and orchestras, including the Varna International Orchestra in Italy, Midland-Odesa Symphonic Choir, VOCE, Indianapolis Symphony Pops, Kokomo Symphony, Vox Society of Los Angeles, Southern California Mormon Choir, Vocal Arts Ensemble, and multiple local church choirs. Dr. Woolston has an eighteen-year career as a private voice instructor and was most recently an adjunct professor at Midland College and the University of Texas Permian Basin, where she taught applied voice, lyric diction, vocal pedagogy, music appreciation, introduction to music in theater, and ran a summer musical theater camp. She has worked as the Director of Education & Community Engagement for Indianapolis Opera, and as faculty of Marian University in Indianapolis. Rachelle enjoys collaborating with talented musicians in recital performances, including with her bassoonist husband, PJ. In her free time, she loves to travel, listen to podcasts, practice yoga, and enjoy her four children.

Robert Richter is the Director of Music & Organist at St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Carmel Indiana. He received degrees in organ performance from Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and Arizona State University. In his spare time Robert enjoys swimming, biking, running, and cooking.

Hal'luyah – Louis Lewandowski (1821-1894)

Hal'luyah

Hal'lu eil b'kodsho;

Hal'luhu birkiya uzo.

Hal'luhu big'vurotav;

Hal'luhu k'rov gudlo.

Hal'luhu b'teika shofar;

Hal'luhu b'neivel v'chinor.

Hal'luhu b'tof u'machol;

Hal'luhu b'minim v'ugav.

Hal'luhu b'tzil-tz'lei shama;

Hal'luhu b'tzil-tz'lei truah.

Kol han'shama t'haleil Yah.

Hal'luyah!

Hallelujah!

Praise God in His sanctuary;

Praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise Him for His mighty acts;

Praise Him according to His abundant greatness.

Praise Him with the blast of the horn;

Praise Him with psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with timbrel and dance;

Praise Him with stringed instruments and pipes;

Praise Him with the loud-sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Hallelujah!

Locus iste – Anton Bruckner (1824-1896)

*Locus iste a Deo factus est,
inaestimabile sacramentum,
irreprehensibilis est.*

This place was made by God,
a priceless sacrament;
it is without reproach.

Tantum ergo (WAB 32) – Bruckner

*Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
et antiquum documentum
novo cedat ritui.
Praestet fides supplementum
sensuum defectui.
Genitori genitoque
laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
sit et benedictio!
Procedenti ab utroque
compar sit laudatio!
Amen.*

Therefore, so great a Sacrament
Let us venerate with heads bowed
And let the old practice
Give way to the new rite;

Let faith provide a supplement
For the failure of the senses.
To the Begetter and the Begotten,
Be praise and jubilation,
Hail, honor, virtue also,
And blessing too:
To the One proceeding from Both
Let there be equal praise.
Amen.

Os justi meditabitur – Bruckner

*Os justi meditabitur sapientiam:
et lingua ejus loquetur judicium.
Lex Dei ejus in corde ipsius:
et non supplantabuntur gressus ejus.
Alleluia.*

The mouth of the righteous utters wisdom,
and his tongue speaks what is just.
The law of their God is in their heart:
and their feet do not falter.
Alleluia.

Salvum fac populum – Bruckner

*Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine,
et benedic haereditati tuae.
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.*

Per singulos dies benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum, et in saeculum saeculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri.

*Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos,
quemadmodum speravimus in te.*

Save your people, Lord, and bless your inheritance.

Shepherd them and raise them to eternal life.

Day by day, we bless you

and praise your name for endless ages evermore.

Be gracious, Lord, on this day,

and keep us from all sin.

Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy.

May your mercy be upon us, Lord,

as we place our trust in you.

O for the wings of a dove (from Hear my Prayer) – Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

O for the wings, for the wings of a dove!

Far away, far away would I rove!

In the wilderness build me a nest,

and remain there for ever at rest.

Ave Maria (WAB 5) – Bruckner

Ave Maria, gratia plena,

Dominus tecum.

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.*

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among women,
and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.

Ave Maria – Antonín Dvořak (1841-1904)
(see above)

**Zum Fest der heiligen Cäcilia (excerpt) – Fanny
Hensel (1805-1847)**

*Domine, Dominus noster, quam admirabile est nomen
tuum in universa terra!*

*Cæli enarrant gloriam Dei, et opera manuum ejus
annuntiat firmamentum.*

Alleluja

*Gloria in excelsis
et laudem dicam tibi Domine.*

O Lord our Lord, how admirable is thy name in the whole earth!

The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declares the work of God's hands.

Alleluia

Glory in the highest,

And I will give praise to you, O Lord.

Sous le dôme épais – Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin

A la rose s'assemble,

Sur la rive en fleurs riant au matin,

Viens, descendons ensemble.

Doucement glissons

De son flot charmant

Suivons le courant fuyant:

Dans l'on de frémissante,

D'une main nonchalante,

Viens, gagnons le bord,

Où la source dort

Et l'oiseau, l'oiseau chante.

Sous le dôme épais,

Sous le blanc jasmin,

Ah! descendons ensemble!

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite,

S'empare de moi,

Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;

Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

*Pourquoi le Dieu Ganeça le protège,
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.*

*Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.
Ensemble*

Under the thick dome, where the jasmine white
At the rose assembles,
On the bank in blooming laughing in the morning,
Come, let's go down together.
Gently gliding
From its charming flow
Let's follow the current running away:
In the quivering one,
With a nonchalant hand,
Come, win the edge,
Where the source is sleeping
And the bird, the bird sings.
Under a dome,
Under the jasmine white,
Ah! let's go down together!

But, I do not know what sudden fear,
Take hold of me,
When my father goes alone to their cursed city;
I tremble, I tremble with terror!

Why the God Ganesha protects him,
Up to the pond where frolic
Swans with snow wings,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.

Yes, near the swans to the eves of meige,
Let's go pick the blue lotus.
Together

**Stridono lassu – Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1919)**

*Qual fiamma avea nel guardo.
Gli occhi abbassai per tema ch'ei leggesse
Il mio pensier segreto.
Oh! S'ei mi sorprendesse,
Brutale come egli è. Ma basti, orvia.
Son questi sogni paurosi e fole!
O che bel sole di mezz'agosto!
Io son piena di vita, e, tutta illanguidita
Per arcano desìo, non so che bramo!
(guardando in cielo)
Oh! Che volo d'augelli, e quante strida!
Che chiedono? Dove van? Chissà?
La mamma mia, che la buona ventura
Annunciava, comprendeva il lor canto
E a me bambina così cantava:
Hui! Stridono lassù, liberamente
Lanciati a vol come frecce, gli augel.*

What a fire in his glance!
I lowered my eyes for fear
that he read my secret thoughts.
Oh, if he ever caught me,
brute that he is! But enough of that.
These are mere fearful dreams and folly.
Oh, beautiful midsummer sun!
And I, bursting with life, languid with desire,
and yet not knowing what it is I long for!
(She looks up at the sky.)
Oh, what a flight of birds, what clamour!
What do they seek? Where do they go? Who knows?...
My mother, who foretold the future,
understood their song and even so
she sang to me as a child.
Hui! How wildly they shout up there,
launched on their flight like arrows!

Va, pensiero! – Giuseppe Verdi (1831-1904)

*Va, pensiero, sull'ali dorate;
Va, ti posa sui clivi, sui colli,
ove olezzano tepide e molli
l'aure dolci del suolo natal!*

*Del Giordano le rive saluta,
di Sionne le torri atterrate...
Oh mia Patria sì bella e perduta!
O membranza sì cara e fatal!*

*Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,
perché muta dal salice pendi?
Le memorie nel petto raccendi,
ci favella del tempo che fu!*

*O simile di Solima ai fati,
traggi un suono di crudo lamento;
o t'ispiri il Signore un concerto
che ne infonda al patire virtù!*

Hasten thoughts on golden wings.
Hasten and rest on the densely wooded hills,
where warm and fragrant and soft
are the gentle breezes of our native land!

The banks of the Jordan we greet
and the towers of Zion.
O, my homeland, so beautiful and lost!
O memories, so dear and yet so deadly!

Golden harp of our prophets,
why do you hang silently on the willow?
Rekindle the memories of our hearts,
and speak of the times gone by!

Or, like the fateful Solomon,
draw a lament of raw sound;
or permit the Lord to inspire us
to endure our suffering!

Abendlied (Friedlich bekämpfen) – Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

*Friedlich bekämpfen Nacht sich und Tag;
wie das zu dämpfen, wie das zu lösen vermag.
Der mich bedrückte, schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte, was war's doch, mein Herz?
Freude wie Kummer, fühl ich, zerran,
aber den Schlummer führten sie leise heran.
Und im Entschweben, immer empor,
kommt mir das Leben ganz wie ein Schlummerlied vor.*

Night and day are engaged in peaceful struggle
as if they are able to dampen or to dissolve.
Are you asleep, Grief, who depressed me?
What was it then, my heart, that made me happy?
Both joy and sorrow, I feel, did melt away
but gently they introduced slumber.
And, while evermore floating upward,
life itself appears to me like a lullaby.

Beautiful Dreamer – Stephen Foster (1826-1864) arr. Robert Bolyard

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away!
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody;

Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;
Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Du bist wie eine Blume – Bruckner

*Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.*

*Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.*

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay

My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Vorwärts – Clara Schumann (1819-1896)Lass das

*Träumen, lass das Zagen,
Unermüdet wandre fort!
Will die Kraft dir schier versagen,
'Vorwärts' ist das rechte Wort.*

*Darfst nicht weilen, wenn die Stunde
Rosen dir entgegenbringt,
Wenn dir aus des Meeres Grunde
Die Sirene lockend singt.*

*Vorwärts, vorwärts! Im Gesange
Ringe mit dem Schmerz der Welt,
Bis auf deine heisse Wange
Goldner Strahl von oben fällt,*

*Bis der Kranz, der dichtbelaubte,
Schattig deine Stirn umwebt,
Bis verklärend überm Haupte
Dir des Geistes Flamme schwebt.*

*Vorwärts drum durch Feindes Zinnen,
Vorwärts durch des Todes Pein,
Wer den Himmel will gewinnen,
Muss ein rechter Kämpfer sein!*

Leave off dreaming, leave off hesitating.
Wander on tirelessly!
When your strength is nearly failing,
'Onward' is the right word.

You must not tarry when the hour
Brings you roses;
When from the depths of the sea
The siren tempts you.

Onward, onward! In song
Wrestle with the pain of the world,
Until upon your burning cheek
Falls a golden beam from above.

Until the wreath, thick with leaves,
Weaves about and shadows your brow.
Until your head is transfigured
By the flame of the spirit hovering above it.

Onward then through the foe's battlements,
Onward through the pain of death,
Those who wish to win [entrance to] Heaven,
Must be true warriors!

Up, up, ye dames – Henry Leslie (1822-1896)

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,

And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Dance a Cachuca – Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we'll drink – Manzanilla, Montero –
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter,
And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter,
we'll dance.