CONCERT CHOIR

& Enöxa

Dean Jilek, director
Jonas Fischer, accompanist

Calvary Lutheran Church
April 29, 2023 | 7:30 p.m.
Program

It Don’t Mean a Thing 
Mills and Ellington 
arranged by Anders Edenroth

What If 
Emma Nilsdotter 
Anders Edenroth

May It Be 
arranged by Pacis Eusebe NDOLI NDAHIRO

Remember Me 
arranged by Deke Sharon

Friend Like Me 
arranged by Deke Sharon

Enöxa

Balleilakka 
Soloists: Ryan Wells, Ketina François 
Percussionist: Blake Anderson 
arranged by Ethan Sperry

I Love My Love 
Gustav Holst

Suite Dos Pescadores 
Dorival Caymmi 
Rodrigo Amorim, graduate conductor 
arranged by Damiano Cozzella

Conversion of Saul 
Z. Randall Stroope

The Music of Stillness 
Elaine Hagenberg

The Turtle Dove 
Soloist: Mathew Cherian 
Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ain’t No Grave Can Hold My Body Down 
arranged by Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

Concert Choir
Balleilakka
arranged by Ethan Sperry

*Balleilakka* is a song from the Tamil film *Sivaji*, which means “The Boss.” An old language dating back to before 300 B.C., Tamil is the native language of Singapore and Sri Lanka as well as tens of millions of Indians. The text of this piece is a tongue-twister lamenting how traditional Indian culture is being subsumed and listing the speaker's memories of his homeland in increasingly faster syllabic patterns.

Sooriyano chandirano
Yaar ivano
Sattena sollu
Saera paanidiya chozhanum ivano
Sollu sollu
Sattena sollu

Paaradi paaradi yaaradi ivano
Paaiigira siruththaiyin kaaladi ivano
Kooradi kooradi yaaradi ivano
Kettathai patten suittidum sivano

Eh balleilakka balleilakka
Saleththukka maduraikka
Madrasukka tiruchchikka thiruthanikkaka
Sh balleilakka balleilakka
Ottu moththa makkaLukka
ANNan vantha thamizhnaadum america

Kaaviri aarum kai kuththal arisiyum
maranthu poguma?
Ooh thaava Nipe NgaLum toothuvidum
kangaLum tholinthu poguma?

Namma kaLaththu maedu
Kammaakara karasikkaadu
SemmaN alLi theLLikkum roadu
sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu
sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu sadugudu

Sadugudu sadugudu aadiya maraththadi
Padu padu paaduvena porththiya pulveLi
Thoda thoda thoda thoda udaigira
panithuLi
Suda suda suda kidaikkira iddly
Thada thada thadavena athirigira raiLaadi
Kada kada kadavena kadakkira kaaviri
Viru viru viruvena madikkira vettrilai
Muru muru muruvena murikkiya meesaigal
Manathil irukkuthu mei

Graamaththu kudisaiyilae konjak kaalam
thangi paar yelae
Koorayin ottai virisalil vazhi natchchathiram eNNi paarelae
Koovum nachcharippai aNaiththu

Konjam sil vaNdin uchcharippai kaetpom
Verum kaalil seruppindri nadantu
MaNNodu paesi koNdru povom
MazhalaigaL aavom

The Sun? The Moon?
The Sun? The Moon?
Who is he? Tell me now!
Who is he? Tell me now!
Is he the medieval warrior?
Is he the medieval warrior?
Tell me tell me
Tell me tell me
Tell me now!
Tell me now!

Look, look, who is he?
He is a pouncing wild cat’s legs
Tell, tell, who is he?
The Shiva who shoots down the bad guys

Can the river Kaveri and the hand split rice be forgotten?
Oh, can the girls in Dhaavanis and expressive eyes be lost?

Our paddy thrashing contoured land
The dense forests
The roads which splash wet red soil
Run, run, run, run,
Run, run, run, run,
The trees under which we play Sadugudu
The glistening grass which covers the ground
The hot idlis you get
The railways that thunder
The rapid gurgling of the Kaveri
The folding white
The fierce looking moustaches
Stay in my heart

Stay in a village hut for some time
Through the holes in the thatched roof, try counting the stars
Switch off your cell-phone noises
We can listen to the insects’ pronunciations

We can walk barefoot, without our slippers
And talk to the soil as we go
Become children again…
We could braid the roots of the Banyan tree
and adorn it with flowers
In the outskirts, we can borrow a knife
from a smith
To sharpen our pencils

In the Anjara petti box of spices
Is the taste of Mother’s cooking
The leaves crushed with a grinding stone
With native chicken

The affection we have for our goats and
cows will ask us to include them in the
house food-portions the care we have to
give buttermilk to those who asked only
for water the smell of people
Soil will fly here

When the old lady makes medicines,
Even ghosts will fle the affection with
which we cook for our next-door
neighbors lives here

Abroad as I was walking
One evening in the spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam
So sweetly for to sing;
Her chain she rattled with her hands
And thus replied she:

I love my love because I know
My love loves me

Oh cruel were his parents
Who sent my love to sea
And cruel was the ship
That bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents since they’re his
Although they’ve ruined me:

“With straw I’ll weave a garland,
I’ll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies,
I’ll mix the eglantine;

And I’ll present it to my love when he
returns from sea.
Just as she there sat weeping
Her love he came on land
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam
He ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms
And thus replied he:

She said: “My love don’t frighten me,
are you my love or no?”
“Oh yes, my dearest Nancy,
I am your love, also. I am returned to make
amends for all your injury.”

So now these two are married,
And happy may they be
Like turtle doves together,
In love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait
That have got loves at sea;
Suite Dos Pescadores
Dorival Caymmi
arranged by Damiano Cozzella

Meu irmão Caimmy eu gostaria,
De ouvir a sua poesia,
E nos contar sobre a canção do pescador...
Vamos navegar no mesmo mar de nostalgia E lembrar o dia...

De uma pescaria... em salvador...

Minha jangada vai sair pro mar,
Vou trabalhar, meu bem querer,
Se Deus quiser quando eu voltar,
Do mar,
um peixe bom, eu vou trazer...
Meus companheiros também vão voltar,
E a Deus do céu vamos agradecer!

Adeus, Adeus...
Pescador não esqueças de mim!
Vou rezar pra ter bom tempo,
Meu nego,
Para não ter tempo ruim...

Pedro! Pedro! Pedro!
Chico! Chico! Chico!
Nino! Nino! Nino!
Zeca! Zeca! Zeca!

Cade voces, homens de Deus?
Eu bem que disse a José!
Não vá José! não vá José!
Meu Deus!

Com tempo desses não se sai!
Quem vai pro mar, quem vai pro mar,
Não vém!

Pedro! Pedro! Pedro...
Chico! Chico! Chico!
Nino! Nino! Nino!
Zeca! Zeca! Zeca!

É tão triste ver...
Partir alguém...
Que a gente quer...
Com tanto amor...
E sofrer...
A agonía...
De esperar voltar...

Viver olhando o céu e o mar...
A incerteza a torturar... a gente fica só...
Tão só gente fica só...
Tão só...
É triste esperar...

Uma incelência...
Entrou no paraíso...

Adeus! irmão Adeus!
Até o dia de Juizo...

My brother Caimmy I would like,
From listening to his poetry,
And tell us about the fisherman’s song...
Let's sail in the same sea of nostalgia...
And remember the day...

From a fishing trip... in Salvador...

My raft will go out to sea,
I’m going to work, my dear,
God willing when I get back,
from the sea,
a good fish, I’ll bring...
My companions will also return,
And to God in heaven we will thank you!

Goodbye goodbye...
Fisherman, don’t forget me!
I will pray for good weather,
My Nego,
To not have a bad time...
I’ll make your bed soft...
Rosemary scented...

Pedro! Pedro! Pedro!
Boy! Boy! Boy!
Nino! Nino! Nino!
Zeca! Zeca! Zeca!

Where are you men of God?

I told Jose!
Don’t go Jose! don’t go Jose!
My God!

With weather like that, you can’t go out!
Who goes to the sea, who goes to the sea,
Do not come!

Pedro! Pedro! Pedro...
Boy! Boy! Boy...
Nino! Nino! Nino...
Zeca! Zeca! Zeca...

Looking forward to returning...

Live looking at the sky and the sea...
The uncertainty torturing we are left alone...So alone we are alone...
So alone...
It’s sad to wait...

An incense...
Entered paradise...

Goodbye! Goodbye brother!
Until the Day of Judgment!
Conversion of Saul
Z. Randall Stroope

After the stoning of Stephen, Saul launched an all-out persecution of the early Christian church and became legendary in his pursuit to exterminate all who “believed.” But as Saul (also called Paul) later wrote, he was blinded by a light from heaven as he traveled to Damascus and was confronted by a voice that called out to him, saying “Saul, why do you persecute me?” This event has become known as “the conversion of Saul,” as Saul turned from his murderous deeds and spent the remainder of his life as a Christian missionary. This musical work (The Conversion of Saul) begins with a raucous depiction of death and destruction through highly accentuated rhythmic treatment and repeated agitation of the text. A pedal tone emerges in the middle of the piece, symbolizing the “one true light.” This continuum of light brings Saul to his knees, and “commissions” him to a life of “turning hatred into love” and bringing compassion to those around him.

Caedite, vexate, ligate vinculis! Saul! Murder, harass, bind into chains! Saul!
Vinculis, condemnate vexate! Chain, prosecute and harass!

Why do you persecute me, Saul?
Why, why, why?
Fall down on your knees, turn hatred into love.
Turn darkness into light.
Bow down, Saul! Bow down, Saul!
Saul, Saul, Saul.

The Music of Stillness
Elaine Hagenberg

Sara Teasdale was an American lyric poet who was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1884. Sara had poor health for much of her childhood, so she was home schooled until age 9. It was at age 10 that she was well enough to begin school. The Teasdale family lived at 3668 Lindell Blvd. and then 38 Kingsbury Place in St. Louis, Missouri. Both homes were designed by Sara’s mother. The house on Kingsbury Place had a private suite for Sara on the second floor. Guests entered through a separate entrance and were admitted by appointment. This suite is where Sara worked, slept, and often dined alone.

From 1911 to 1914 Teasdale was courted by several men, including the poet Vachel Lindsay who was truly in love with her but did not feel that he could provide enough money or stability to keep her satisfied. She chose to marry Ernst Filsinger, a well-to-do expert on foreign trade and manufacturing.

Filsinger’s constant business travel caused Teasdale much loneliness. In 1929, she moved interstate for three months, thereby satisfying the criterion to gain a divorce. She did not wish to inform Filsinger, only doing so at her lawyers’ insistence as the divorce was going through. Filsinger was shocked. After the divorce she moved only two blocks from her old home on Central Park West. She rekindled her friendship with Vachel Lindsay, who was now married with children.

In 1933, she died by suicide, overdosing on sleeping pills. Lindsay had died by suicide two years earlier.

There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the roof-tops crowned with snow
A reign of rest, serene forgetting
The music of stillness holy and low

I will make this world of my devising
Out of a dream in my lonely mind
I shall find the crystal of peace, – above me.
Stars I shall find
The Turtle Dove
Ralph Vaughan Williams

"Fare Thee Well" (sometimes known as "The Turtle Dove") is an 18th-century English folk ballad. In the song, a lover bids farewell before setting off on a journey, and the lyrics include a dialogue between the lovers.

"Fare Thee Well" shares several lyrics which parallel those of Robert Burns's A Red, Red Rose. The lyrics are also strikingly similar to a folk song titled, My Dear Mary Ann that dates back to the mid-19th century. Similarities include the meter and rhyme scheme, as well as the alternative title of "Ten Thousand Miles". Lyrical similarities include the opening line, "Fare thee well my own true love", "Ten thousand miles or more" (word-for-word matches), and the question of seeing a dove or other bird crying for its love. The subjects of the songs are practically identical: Lovers mourning their separation and longing to return to one another.

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam, though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down
arranged by Paul Caldwell & Sean Ivory

Ain't No Grave (also known as Gonna Hold This Body Down) is a traditional American gospel song attributed to Claude Ely of Virginia.

Claude Ely, a songwriter and preacher from Virginia, describes composing the song while sick with tuberculosis in 1934 when he was twelve years old. His family prayed for his health, and in response he spontaneously performed this song.

Ain't No Grave is rooted in old-time Appalachian gospel music. It is a marriage of the old, with Brother Claude Ely's original chorus and the new.

Ain't no grave can hold my body down. They ain't no grave can keep a sister under ground. I will listen for the trumpet sound.

Ain't no grave can hold my body down. Ain't no grave can hold my body down.

They rolled a stone on Jesus. And then they tried to bury me. But then the Holy Ghost it freed us. So we could live eternally. Sister you better get your ticket if you wanna ride.

In the mornin' when Jesus call my number, I'll be on thee other side. Ain't no grave is gonna hold me. bury me. trick me.

I will fly to Jesus in the mornin' when I die. I know he will take me home to live with him on high. I will fly with Jesus in the mornin'.
Personnel

**Soprano**
Hanna Beck, *Frazee, MN*
Lisi Clarke, *Austin, TX*
Brooklyn Evans, *Grand Forks*
Katelyn Evans, *Grand Forks*
Ketina Francois, *Bismarck* *
Kylee Gifford, *Bismarck*
Ella Henry, *Grand Forks*
Megan Hubley, *Bismarck* *
Jocelyn Kennedy, *Fargo*
Kylar Moltzan, *Watford City*
Mayu Murakami, *Hiroshima, Japan*
Oliver Pelowski, *Brainerd, MN* *
Amber Sickler, *Grand Forks*
Katie Smiley, *Hastings, MN*
Lucy Welsh, *Grand Forks*
Allie Werth, *Wahpeton* *

**Alto**
Rodrigo Amorim, *Goiânia, Brazil*
Belle Bernhardt, *Wing*
Rebecca Bradbury, *Grand Forks*
Sydney Crockett, *Langdon*
Jerrica Eldridge, *Valley City*
Hailey Ernst, *Mayville*
Natalie Helfrich, *Berthold*
Evelyn Jordan, *Northfield, MN* *
Katie Kasper, *Moorhead, MN* *
Brenna Olsen, *Bismarck*
Ilana Petson, *Mayville* *
Sophia Roehl, *Grand Forks*
Alyssa Rud, *Bismarck*
Ciara Sayler, *Jamestown* *
Alissa Schell, *Baker, MT* *
Lauren Tatrow, *St. Michael, MN*
Henrietta Tracey, *Williston*
Ashlyn Veitz, *East Grand Forks, MN*

**Tenor**
Grant Anderson, *Grand Forks*
Tanner Bercier, *Williston*
Ethan Bergeman, *Forman*
Mathew Cherian, *Columbia, MD* *
Benjamin Clark, *Moorhead, MN*
Camden Gifford, *Minot* *
Carsten Irgens, *Bismarck* *
Isaac Nordick, *Moorhead, MN*
Carter Schmisek, *Grand Forks* *
Ryan Wells, *Jamestown*

**Bass**
Jayden Catarra, *Papillion, NE*
David Dickinson, *Grand Forks*
Kaden Dowling, *Bismarck* *
Elijah Fricke, *Bismarck*
Kaden Knabe, *Grand Forks*
Zachary, *Lunde, Jamestown*
Aiden Packard, *Owatonna, MN*
Brady Pagnac, *Stephen, MN*
Justin Schreier, *Grand Forks*

*Members of Enöxa.  +Officers

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