

As a community we gather to

Remember ...

and seek healing,

in their honor.

A time to stop:

to acknowledge our lost loved ones,
and our lost innocence;

to grieve if we haven't fully done so,
and to find them with us in our lives today;

to heal enough to help build a brighter future,
upon the strength of their memory within us.

Schola Cantorum on Hudson

Deborah Simpkin King, Artistic Director and Founder

The Schola Repertory Singers (*in Manhattan*)

The Passing Notes (*in Montclair*)

September 10, 2011 • 8:00 PM • St. John's in the Village, Manhattan

September 11, 2011 • 5:30 PM • First Congregational Church, Montclair

We'd not have wished it, but we were there—and couldn't have been anywhere else. It wasn't easy, but we sang—and couldn't have done anything else. Ten years later the horror is still vivid—and from it we seek better ways, through love, through truth, through song. It is the balm we know.

*Please silence all cell phones, pagers, watch alarms, and other electronic devices.
Please feel free to video record portions of this event that are meaningful to you,
making sure to avoid any use of flash photography during the performance.*

Thank you!

PROGRAM

Choral Reflection on Amazing Grace

arr. Roger Ames

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear;
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Remember

music: Stephen Chatman
text: Dante Gabriel Rosetti

Schola Repertory Singers
Manhattan only

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the
hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep [⌘]

J. Lanier
text after Mary Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there, I did not die.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints of snow.
Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

I am the flowers that bloom.
I am a quiet room.

Of quiet birds in circling flight,
I am the soft starlight of night.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush.

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.

i carry your heart with me

David C. Dickau
text: e.e. cummings

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)
i fear
no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my
true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always
meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of
the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called
life;which grows
higher than the soul can hope or mind can
hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the
stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

[⌘] This work is part of PROJECT : ENCORE™ of *Schola Cantorum on Hudson*. PROJECT : ENCORE™ works have been premiered, and then evaluated via blind adjudication by prestigious conductors as being works of excellent quality. The online, searchable database is located at: www.scholaonhudson.org/project_encore.

America the Beautiful (*Materna*)

arr. D.S. King

Narration written and read by Penny Vance

O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber
waves of grain,
for purple mountain majesties above the
fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on
thee,
and crown the good with brotherhood from
sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating
strife,
who more than self their country loved, and
mercy more than life!
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry
flaw,
confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty
in law.

Prayer of St. Francis

music: Allen Pote
text: St. Francis of Assisi

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.
Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, thy pardon, Lord.
Where there is doubt, let there be faith.
Oh Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.
Where there's despair, let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness, let there be light.
Where there is sadness, let there be joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console,
To be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive, and it is in pardoning that we are pardoned.
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Give Us Hope

music: Jim Papoulis
lyrics: Jim Papoulis, Leo Schaff and Regine Urbach
arr. Francisco J. Núñez

Thoughts of an adult:

Of all the feelings that a young person can have, there is one that makes life seem desolate...empty...
And sometimes not even worth living...When it is not there: "Hope"
Hope for the future...Hope to be loved...Hope to be heard...
When children are without hope, they are robbed of one of the most defining parts of their childhood...
We must never underestimate the power of giving hope to a child.

Thoughts of a child:

The whispers of my heart speak so softly...
Are they really there if no one hears them?...
My voice is so small, and so soft...can you hear me?
Give us hope, and we'll show you the way.

Listen to the sound of my voice.
Can you feel the beat of my heart?
Listen to the questions I have.
Listen to me,
It's all very simple to see what we need.
Give us hope, my voice is calling.
Can you see?
Look in my eyes.
Can you feel, my hand is reaching.
Give us hope and we'll show you the way.

Listen to the sound of my voice.
Can you feel the beat of my heart?
Listen to the questions I have.
Listen to me,
We are the future, help us believe.
Take my hand, now look in my eyes, tell me
what you see.

Please feel free to join us in singing the refrain.

5 Give us_ hope, My voice is call- ing. Can you see? Look in my eyes,
7 Can you_ feel?_ My hand_ is reach - ing
Give us_ hope_ and we'll show you the way.

AUDITIONS

A few openings remain for
a few (additional) good men
for the remainder of the SCH 2011–2012 season.

Interested?

Visit *www.scholaonhudson.org_auditions*

or

Call 888-407-6002 ext. 3

or

Speak to a Schola member today

Auditions continue through Monday, September 19, 2011.

<http://www.scholaonhudson.org/>