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David Gilson and Sara Smith for making rehearsals enjoyable and productive

Church of the Gesu, University Heights

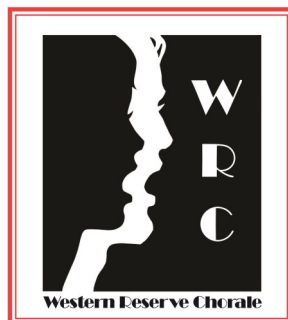
Church of the Saviour, Cleveland Heights

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Please visit our website to download the full program book, watch the video replay, and stay informed about our 2023-24 Season

WesternReserveChorale.org

**Western Reserve Chorale
presents**

***One if by Land, Two if by Sea
The British are Coming!***

Songs of Land and Sea from the British Isles



David Gilson, Artistic Director

Sara Smith, Accompanist

Sunday, June 4, 2023

3:30 pm

Church of the Gesu, University Heights, OH

Western Reserve Chorale Members

(participating in today's concert)

SOPRANO

Alice Bewie
Nell Davidson
Rosalyn Gaier
Veronica Gallo
Katie Harbage
Suzanne Harrington
Beth Herchek
Mary Holmes
Leona Jackson
Nancy Jamieson
Karen Ling
Katharine Lobas
Ginie Mast
Katherine McCarty
Stacy Newman
Lydia Oppmann
Laura Otis*
Paula Pronio
Linda Rahal
Jane Richmond
Elizabeth Spencer
Deana Stein
Ginna Taft
Sally Wilson
Melodie Yates

ALTO

Cynthia Ahern
Andrea Ber
Kim Bihler
Sharon Core
Jessica Crist
Joan Delahay*
Linda Frank
Elizabeth Gockel
Linda Haligowski
Janice Katz
Christie Leece
Leslie Leventhal
Carole Moran Krus
Maxine Myers
Barbara Opie
Patti Pinkerton
Marianne Prebet
Ashley Schwartzman
Ruth Shoskes
Julie Siegel
Kara Singleton
Carol Steiner
Kelsey Tarase
Diana Vargo
Wendy Wagner
Blossom Williams

TENOR

Debbie Boyd-Tressler
Eric Brandt
Bill Davis
Rick Drake
Dan Ivancic
Alex Jamieson
Karl Kaups
Bryan McGucken
Josh Patton
Jim Pintner
John Sherck
Ban Twaddell*
Mark Wakefield
Mark Wallach

BASS

Aaron Ballonoff
David Bell
John Blackwell
Chris Brandt
Don Chilcote
Bob Gaier
Donald Hylton
Dennis Jakse
Jeff Lobas
Dean Myers
Dave Rainey*
Don Robbins

*Section Leader

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DAVID GILSON, Artistic Director

David Gilson has served as Artistic Director for the Western Reserve Chorale since 2012. He also serves as Director of Music for Church of the Saviour in Cleveland Heights. Additionally, David serves on the faculty of Case Western Reserve University and holds degrees in music from Allegheny College and the Cleveland Institute of Music (CIM) with major studies in the fields of vocal performance, choral conducting and Dalcroze eurhythmics. David recently stepped down from the Cleveland Institute of Music following a 30-year career of administration and teaching (choral conducting and eurhythmics).

David has served as a choral coach and clinician to numerous school choirs across the country. David has also conducted North-East Ohio ensembles including Choral Arts Cleveland, the Singers' Club of Cleveland, the University Circle Chorale and Chamber Choirs, and the CIM Singers. David appeared as the guest conductor/clinician for the Fireland's District Music Festival. Additionally, he has also served as choral director for Chagrin Falls UMC, Park Synagogue, Pathfinder Music Camp, Bethany Covenant Church, and the Allegheny College Chapel Choir.

As a vocalist, David has appeared numerous times as a recitalist in Northeast Ohio, Florida, New York and Pennsylvania and as soloist with various choral ensembles. He has appeared in musicals and operas including productions with the Chagrin Valley Little Theatre, CIM Opera and Lyric Opera Cleveland.

SARA SMITH, Accompanist

With Bachelor & Masters degrees from The Eastman School of Music, Sara works as an educator, arranger, coach and accompanist in the Cleveland area. Regional venues have included Great Lakes Theatre, Cleveland PlayHouse, PlayHouse Square Foundation, Shaker Ensemble Theatre, Opera Per Tutti, Cleveland Opera on Tour, Blossom Festival Opera, Access to the Arts, and assorted other theatre, dance and choral organizations.

Currently a staff accompanist at Baldwin-Wallace Conservatory, she was previously collaborative staff for 10 years at The Cleveland Institute of Music. She also served as Head of the Accompanying Dept at the Cleveland Music School Settlement, where she was on the piano, accompanying and theory faculties for 18 years.

Sara is a proud member of the American Federation of Musicians, Local 4.

17. Yesterday

John Lennon (1940-1980) & Paul McCartney (b. 1942)
Arr. Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)

Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away.
Now it looks as though they're here to stay,
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be.
There's a shadow hanging over me,
Oh, yesterday came suddenly.

Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away,
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say.
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play.
Now I need a place to hide away,
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

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1. Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred?

Ann Mounsey Bartholomew (1811-1891)
Text: Shakespeare, from *The Merchant of Venice*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it – Ding, dong, bell.

2. The Dark Eyed Sailor

English Folksong
Arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

It was a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor all on her way,
So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady, why walk alone?
The night is coming and the day near gone."
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
"It's a dark-eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.

"It's two long years since he left the land;
He took a gold ring from off my hand,

We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other lies rolling at the bottom of the sea."

Then half the ring did young William show,
She was distracted midst joy and woe.
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold
For my dark-eyed sailor so manly, true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree.
So maids be true while your love's away,

3. The Lover's Ghost

English Folksong
Arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Well met, well met, my own true love,
Long time I have been absent from thee,
I am lately come from the salt sea,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And one of them has brought me to land,
I've four and twenty mariners on board,
You shall have music at your command.

The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious for to behold,
The sails shall be of shining silk,
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.

I might have had a king's daughter
And fain she would have married me,
But I forsook her crown of gold
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

4. Just As the Tide Was Flowing

English Folksong
Arr. R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover,
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, "Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart, by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play,"
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow, without a frown,
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We'd gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did
play,
And pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

5. Madrigals for Spring

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)
Arr. Christopher Bell

Now Is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa La
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the greeny grass.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's madness.
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground.

Fie then, why sit we musing
Youth's sweet delight refusing?
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley break?

Springtime Mantleth Every Bough

Springtime mantleth every bough,
and bowers make for shepherd's sport,
birds and beasts are of consort:

Our hearts in true love we do vow,
unto that Fairy shepherds' maid,
we with true love are repaid.

15. Skye Boat Song

Scottish Folk Tune
Arr. Bryan Sharpe, Text by Harold Boulton

Trio: Linda Haligowski, Suzanne Harrington, Elizabeth Spencer

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the
wing,
"Onward!" the sailors cry;
Carry the lad who was born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye
sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves
roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat...

16. The Wellerman

New Zealand Folk Song
Arr. Jacob Narverud (b. 1986)

There once was a ship that put to sea
The name of the ship was the Billy Of
Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped
down
Oh blow, my bully boys, blow.

All hands to the side, harpooned and
fought her
When she dived down low.

*Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done
We'll take our leave and go.*

Soon may the Wellerman come...

A line we dropped in all pursuit,
She raised her tail, one last salute,
But the harpoon lodged, there's no dis-
pute,
She took that ship in tow.

She'd not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore!
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

And then for six long days and six long
nights
She drove us South with all her might,
Until we were too tired to fight...
Then we let her go.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her,

Soon may the Wellerman come...

13. The Owl and the Pussycat

John Rutter
Text by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of
money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are, you
are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have
tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree
grows

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose, his
nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married
next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of
quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the
sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
the moon, the moon.
They danced by the light of the moon.

14. Loch Lomond

Traditional Scottish
Arr. Jonathan Quick (b. 1970)

Soloists: Karl Kaups & Bryan McGucken

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie
braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch
Lomond,
Where me and me true love were ever
wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch
Lomond.

*O ye'll take the high road, an' I'll take
the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet
again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch
Lomond.*

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady
glen,

On the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,
Where deep in purple hue, the Highland
hills we view,
And the moon comin' out in the
gloaming.

*O ye'll take the high road, an' I'll take
the low road...*

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers
spring,
And in sunshine the waters lie sleeping.
But the broken heart will ken nae second
spring again,
And the world knows not how we are
grieving.

*O ye'll take the high road, an' I'll take
the low road...*

6. Love

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
Text by Arthur Maquarie

Like the rosy northern glow
Flushing on a moonless night
Where the world is level snow,
So thy light.

In my time of outer gloom
Thou didst come, a tender lure;
Thou, when life was but a tomb,
Beamedst pure.

7. My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land

Edward Elgar
Text by Andrew Lang

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand,
And gray wash of the waves were seen,
The woven forest boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly, slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

8. It Was a Lover and His Lass

Thomas Morley
Text: Shakespeare from *As You Like It*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,

*In springtime, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Thus I looked to heaven again,
Yearning up with eager eyes,
As sunflow'rs after dreary rain
Drink the skies.

Oh glow on and brighter glow,
Let me ever gaze on thee,
Lest I lose warm hope and so
Cease to be.

And oft that month, we watch'd the
moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day.
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is cold, colder than the clay.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with a prime

*In springtime, the only pretty ring
time,...*

9. Over Hill, Over Dale

R. Vaughan Williams

Text: Shakespeare from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

10. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

John Rutter (b. 1945)

Text: Shakespeare from *As You Like It*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most
loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the
green holly...*

Short Intermission. A freewill offering will be collected.

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11. Over the Bright Blue Sea & Sir Joseph's Barge is Seen

W.S. Gilbert (1836-1911) & Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
from *H. M. S. Pinafore*

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine-pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C. B.

We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fe-ar,
In all the Royal N.
None are so smart as we are.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauties,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duties.

Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.
Flags and guns and pennants dipping!
All the ladies love the shipping.

We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty.
We're sober, sober men and true
And attentive to our duty.

Sailors sprightly
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely.
Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

12. Windy Nights

John Rutter

Text by R. L. Stevenson

Gallop and gallop and gallop about...

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

***The singers of WRC are grateful for Church of the Gesu,
our home for the past six seasons.***

We appreciate having a welcoming place to call home and to hold performances. The leadership and staff have treated us very well and we will miss being in this beautiful space for rehearsals and concerts.

WRC will send out an announcement once we have finalized plans for our home for next season and beyond.