



MADRIGALIA

CARY RATCLIFF, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

with

Chris Doser, flute & saxophone

Ted Canning, percussion

Ben Proctor, guitar

Ines Drascovic, piano

PROGRAM

OF BEAUTY AND WONDER

For the Beauty of the Earth Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)

text: Folliott Sandford Pierpont (1835-1917)

The Earth Adorned Waldemar Åhlén (1894-1982)

(Psalm of Summer) text: Carl David af Wirsén (1842-1912)

Eagle Song Joy Harjo (b.1951)

transcribed: Cary Ratcliff

Brenda Tremblay, speaker

Jacqueline Castiglia, ankle rattles

Proud Songster Phillip Silvey (b.1965)

text: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

Great Trees Cary Ratcliff (b.1953)

text: Wendell Berry (b.1934)

OF WARNING AND CHALLENGE

Cry Glenn McClure (b.1964)

Before the Deluge Jackson Browne (b.1948)

arr. Cary Ratcliff

Lethe Joanne Metcalf (b.1958)

Spell to Bring Lost Creatures Home Bob Chilcott (b.1955)
text: Kathleen Raine (1908-2003)

OF HOPE FOR THE WORK AHEAD

The Peace of Wild Things Matthew Olson
text: Wendell Berry

Gentle Warrior Greg Artzner
transcribed: Cary Ratcliff
Jacqueline Castiglia, soloist

Cloudburst Eric Whitacre (b.1970)
text: Octavio Paz (1914-1998)
Joe Finetti and Mary Mowers, soloists

Blue Boat Home Carrie Magin (b.1981)
(*premiere performance*) text: Peter Mayer
Katherine Jefferis, soloist
'Blue Boat Home' was commissioned by Madrigalia.

Where the Light Begins Susan LaBarr (b.1981)
text: Jan Richardson

Evergreen Everblue Raffi Cavoukian (b.1948)
Joe Finetti and Megan Ormsbee, soloists

Special Thanks To:
Gaylon Arnold, curator of photography
Pam McInerney, video montage creator
Carl Johengen and the staff of
Asbury First United Methodist Church
Bill Thompson – Audio Engineer

Madrigalia delights audiences with its beauty of sound and artistic excellence. The ensemble of highly skilled vocalists presents unique and challenging programs of choral music built around illuminating themes. Their music is drawn from all times and places, spanning the riches of classic choral styles, the vast range of compelling music being written in our time, and the intriguing musical expressions of cultures throughout the world. Madrigalia promotes the appreciation of choral singing to diverse audiences through performances, recordings, broadcasts, outreach, and the commissioning of new music.

Artistic Director **Cary Ratcliff** is now in his eleventh season with Madrigalia. Under his direction, the chorus has released two CD recordings: *For Better, For Worse: Music About Marriage*, and *On This Day Earth Shall Ring*. The chorus also contributed to the recording of Ratcliff's large-scale opera *Eleni*. Known as a composer of choral, orchestral, chamber music, art song, and opera, Ratcliff also is keyboardist with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Recordings include a Harmonia Mundi 2015 release of his oratorio *Ode to Common Things* on poems of Pablo Neruda, by Conspirare under Craig Hella Johnson, which was nominated for Best Choral Performance for the 2016 Grammys; and *Kathryn Lewek sings Cary Ratcliff* on Albany Records. His compositions can be explored on [youtube.com/@caryratcliff1738](https://www.youtube.com/@caryratcliff1738).

Soprano

Glenda Brayman
Jacqueline Castiglia
Juli Elliot
Karen Hospers *
Mary Mowers §
Brenda Tremblay
Amanda von Rathonyi
Heather Watras

Tenor

Justin Doyle
Daniel McInerney
Donald Reaves *

Alto

Sarah Engel
Katherine Jefferis
Rachel Michalak
Brenda Nitsch
Megan Ormsbee
Tara Switzer

Bass

Joe Borrelli
Joe Finetti
Alan Giambattista §
Jim Jefferis
Craig Knight *

* on leave
§ guest

Chris Doser is a saxophonist and educator native to the Rochester area. He teaches 4th and 5th grade Instrumental Music at French Road Elementary School in Brighton. He attended the Eastman School of Music for classical saxophone, performing with several groups while he was there including the Eastman Wind Ensemble, Eastman Saxophone Project, and New Jazz Ensemble. When not teaching music, he can be found in the great outdoors, or spending time with friends and family.

Ted Canning, a Steel Pan (drum) player, percussionist, and teaching artist, has done extensive work performing classical music, theater, big band and jazz. Ted now performs with the steel drum here in the US, in Europe and Latin America. He has performed with national champions “Phase II Pan Groove” in Trinidad, and with multiple steelbands in Brooklyn, New York. Ted now leads the Panloco Steelband, the “Steel Alchemy” Community Steelband, and the RIT “Tiger Steel” Steelband.

Ben Proctor lives in Brighton with his wife and four children. He enjoys teaching music at Fairport Schools and the Kanack School of Musical Artistry. A graduate of the Eastman School of Music, Ben performs and writes songs with several local groups, including acclaimed Americana band The Crooked North. He has a passion for American music and advocates for participation in social music traditions.

**Photographers that contributed images
for the video montage include:**

Gaylon Arnold
Martha Price
Joan Weetman

Pianist **Ines Draskovic** is Professor of Music at Finger Lakes Community College, and has taught at the College since 1996. Prior to this, she was a faculty member at Ithaca College. Dr. Draskovic received a Doctorate of Musical Arts in Piano Performance and Literature from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, and a Master of Music in Piano Performance from Ithaca College. Her teachers include Alexei Nasedkin, Phiroze Mehta and Rebecca Penneys. Ines has performed in Europe and the United States, and has won several piano competitions, including the Ithaca College Concerto Competition and Republic of Serbia Piano Competition in Belgrade (Serbia). She was the finalist in Piano Competition in Stresa (Italy) and has participated in festivals and master classes in Italy, Poland, Germany, and former Yugoslavia. In addition to her solo career, Ines performs regularly with the Finger Lakes Chorale and College Singers (Canandaigua, NY), as well as the Finger Lakes Choral Festival and the chamber orchestra Cordancia, both based in Rochester, NY.

A Call for Volunteers!

Are you available 45 minutes before a Madrigalia concert? That's all it takes to be an usher for one of our concerts - and you'll be our guest for the concert, too! We are looking for a few volunteers to be ushers or greeters next season.

Visit our website for more details.

www.madrigalia.org

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If you notice a discrepancy, please call Dan McInerney at 585-230-2894
or email info@madrigaliaROC.org.

Thank you for your continued support!

Gifts in memory of Jeff Tabor:
Robert Tabor
Abigail Thomas

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in vocal chamber music to an ever-expanding audience
of people from all walks of life.

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Thank you.



Donate now!

Texts & Translations

For the Beauty of the Earth & The Earth Adorned

text: Folliot Sandford Pierpont (1835-1917)

text: Carl David af Wirsén (1842-1912)

For the beauty of the earth, for the splendor of the skies,
for the love which from our birth over and around us lies:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

The earth adorned in verdant robe sends praises upward surging,
while soft winds breathe on fragrant flowers from winter now emerging.
The sunshine bright gives warmth and light to budding blossoms tender,
proclaiming summer splendor.

For the wonder of each hour of the day, and of the night,
hill and vale and tree and flower, sun and moon and stars of light:
Source of all, to thee we raise this, our hymn of grateful praise.

Eagle Song

text: Joy Harjo (b.1951)

To pray you open your whole self	Like eagle that Sunday morning
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon	over Salt River. Circled in blue sky
To one whole voice that is you.	In wind, swept our hearts clean
And know there is more	With sacred wings.
That you can't see, can't hear	Like eagle roundin' out the mornin'
Can't know except in moments	Inside us.
Steadily growing, and in languages	We pray that it will be done
That aren't always sound but other	In beauty.
Circles of motion.	In beauty.
Like eagle that Sunday morning	
over Salt River. Circled in blue sky	
In wind, swept our hearts clean	
With sacred wings.	
We see you, see ourselves and know	
That we must take the utmost care	
And kindness in all things.	
Breathe in, knowing we are made of	
All this, and breathe, knowing	
We are truly blessed because we	
Were born, and die soon within a	
True circle of motion,	

Proud Songster

text: Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

The thrushes sing as the sun is going
and the finches whistle in ones and pairs
and as it gets dark loud nightingales in bushes pipe,
as they can when April wears as if all Time were theirs.

These are the brand new birds of twelve months' growing
which a year ago or less than twain
no finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain, and earth, and air, and rain.

Great Trees

text: Wendell Berry (b.1934)

Slowly, slowly, they return,
to the small woodland let alone.
Great trees, outspreading and upright,
apostles of the living light.
Patient as stars, they build in air
Tier after tier a timbered choir,
Stout beams upholding weightless grace of song,
a blessing on this place.
They stand in waiting all around,
Uprisings of their native ground,
Down-comings of the distant light;
They are the advent they await.
Receiving sun and giving shade,
Their life's a benefaction made,
And is a benediction said
Over the living and the dead.
In fall their brightened leaves, released,
Fly down the wind, and we are pleased
To walk on radiance, amazed.
Oh light come down to earth, be praised!

Cry

text: Glenn McClure (b.1964)

The ice is crying.
The waters will rise with every tear.

Before the Deluge

text: Jackson Browne (b.1948)

Some of them were dreamers,
Some of them were fools who were making plans and thinking of the future.
With the energy of the innocent they were gathering the tools
They would need to make their journey back to nature.
While the sands slipped through the opening,
And their hands reached for the golden ring,
With their hearts they turned to each other's hearts for refuge,
In the troubled years that came before the deluge.
Some of them knew pleasure,
Some of them knew pain
And for some of them it was only the moment that mattered.
And on the brave and crazy wings of youth
They went flyin' around in the rain
And their feathers, once so fine, grew torn and tattered.
And in the end they traded their tired wings
For the resignation that living brings
And exchanged love's bright and fragile glow
For the glitter and the rouge.
And in a moment they were swept before the deluge.
Now let the music keep our spirits high
And let the buildings keep our children dry.
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by.
When the light that's lost within us reaches the sky.
Some of them were angry
At the way the earth was abused
By the men who learned how to forge her beauty into power.
And they struggled to protect her from them
Only to be confused
By the magnitude of her fury in the final hour.
And when the sand was gone and the time arrived
In the naked dawn only a few survived
And in attempts to understand a thing so simple and so huge
Believed that they were meant to live after the deluge.
Now let the music keep our spirits high,
Let the buildings keep our children dry.
Let creation reveal its secrets by and by, by and by.
When the light that's lost within us reaches the sky.

Lethe

text: Joanne Metcalf (b.1958)

I come from the land of shadows
I stand on the shore of a bitter dream
the storm did not end
the flood took us all

let me drink from the waters of Lethe
let me hear the music of another land
let me run like a river to the great, still sea

I walked through the dark wood
I spoke to the shade of things to come
I heard the raging of the Furies
I heard the signal but I did not run

let me drink from the waters of Lethe
let me hear the music of another land
let me run like a river to the great, still sea

sing me to sleep
I will dream no dreams
let me wake and forget

let me drink from the waters of Lethe
let me hear the music of another land
let me run like a river to the great, still sea

Spell To Bring Lost Creatures Home

text: Kathleen Raines (1908-2003)

Home, home, wild birds home,
Lark to the grass, wren to the hedge,
Rooks to the treetops,
swallow to the eaves,
Eagle to its crag and raven to its stone.
All birds home!

Home, home, strayed ones home,
Rabbit to burrow, fox to earth,
Mouse to the wainscot, rat to the barn,
Cattle to the byre, dog to the hearth
All beasts home!

Home, home, wanderers home,
Cormorant to rock, gulls from the storm,
Boat to the harbor,
Safe sail home!

Children home, at evening home,
Boys and girls,
from the roads come home,
Out of the rain, sons come home,
From the gathering dusk,
Young ones home!

Home, home, all souls home
Dead to the graveyard,
living to the lamplight,
Old to the fireside,
girls from the twilight,
Babe to the breast, heart to its haven.
Lost ones home!

The Peace of Wild Things

text: Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Gentle Warrior

text: Greg Artzner

The wonder of their winged journey northward every year
Bringing back their music to the birth of springtime here.
For thousands of miles over land and over sea
The circle is unbroken, forever wild and free.
Just one part of its tapestry that we stand to lose,
Sacrifice for our comfort: it's up to us to choose.
One woman stood before the world with chilling words to say
A gentle urgent warning to find another way.

Refrain: O gentle warrior, gentle warrior for the earth,
Walk beside me.

She stood with quiet dignity as a firestorm swirled around,
Facing the accusers who tried to bring her down,
Soon her words of prophecy were known the whole world wide,
Her vision for the earth would cause the turning of the tide. *Refrain.*

And did they try to silence her? They tried to smear her name
Scientists of industry had to cover up their shame.
Now down on the rocky coastline where the soft winds damp and cool,
Where there's a miracle of the web of life in every tidal pool,
Whenever you hear a virie or a thrush sing out his song,
The soul of Rachel Carson is there singing along. *Refrain.*

Cloudburst

text adapted from: The Broken Water-Jar
Octavio Paz (1914-1998)

The rain....

Eyes of shadow-water,
Eyes of well-water,
Eyes of dream-water.

Blue suns, green whirlwinds,
Birdbeaks of light pecking open
Pomegranate stars.

But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?
Only blood, only dust,
Only naked footsteps on the thorns?

The rain awakens...

We must sleep with open eyes,
We must dream with our hands,
We must dream the dreams of a river seeking its course,
Of the sun dreaming its worlds,
We must dream aloud,
We must sing 'til the song puts forth roots,
Trunk, branches, birds, stars,
We must find the lost word,
And remember what the blood,
The tides, the earth, and the body say,
And return to the point of departure...