

Elegiac/Ecstatic

Program by Howard Eckdahl

Lang: where you go

Ruth; C minor [last sonority is B-flat major in chorus (after Cm) with sop. I solo on D-natural], 10:00

where you go
where you stay
where you live
where you die
don't make me leave you
don't make me turn away from you

where you go i will go
where you stay i will stay
where you live i will live
where you die i will die

don't make me leave you; i will never leave you
don't make me turn away from you; i will never turn away from you
don't make me go; i will never go

Brahms: *Verleih uns Frieden*

Luther; E-flat Major, 5:00

In these our days so perilous,
Lord, send us peace in mercy;
No God but thee can fight for us,
No God but thee defend us;
Thou, our God alone.

Mahler: *Urlicht*

Wunderhorn; B-flat minor/D-flat, 5:30; arr. Eckdahl for Chorus and Chamber Ensemble

O red rose,
Man lies in direst need,
Man lies in direst pain,
I would rather be in heaven.

I then came upon a broad path,
An angel came and sought to turn me back,
Ah no! I refused to be turned away.

I am from God and to God I will return,
Dear God will give me a light,
Will light my way to eternal blessed life.

Eckdahl: *The Sun Also Rises*

Ecclesiastes; D, 4:00

5 The sun also ariseth,
and the sun goeth down,
and hasteth to his place where he arose.
6 The wind goeth toward the south,
and turneth about unto the north;
it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.
7 All the rivers run into the sea;
yet the sea is not full;
unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.
4 One generation passeth away,
and another generation cometh:
but the earth abideth forever.

Howells: Take Him, Earth, For Cherishing

Prudentius; D major > B Major, 9:00

Take him, earth, for cherishing,
to thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling,
by the breath of God created.
High the heart that here was beating,
Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee,
not unmindful of his creature
shall he ask it: he who made it
symbol of his mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed
to fulfil the hope of men,
then must thou, in very fashion,
what I give, return again.

Not though ancient time decaying
wear away these bones to sand,
ashes that a man might measure
in the hollow of his hand:

Not though wandering winds and idle,
drifting through the empty sky,
scatter dust was nerve and sinew,
is it given to man to die.

Once again the shining road
leads to ample Paradise;
open are the woods again,
that the serpent lost for men

Take, O take him, mighty leader,
take again thy servant's soul.
Grave his name, and pour the fragrant
balm upon the icy stone.

Kurnat: Epitaph for a Romantic Woman

Bogan; F major > G major, 4:30

She has attained the permanence
She dreamed of, where old stones lie sunning.
Untended stalks blow over her
Even and swift, like young men running.

Always in the heart she loved
Others had lived,—she heard their laughter.
She lies where none has lain before,
Where certainly none will follow after.

Spencer: At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners

Donne; A > D major, 2:00

At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go;
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace
When we are there; here on this lowly ground
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

Garrop: Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!

Whitman; G major, 4:30

Baritone soloist:

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunsets—earth of the mountains misty top!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed earth—rich apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I, to you, give love.
O unspeakable passionate love!

[segue]

Garrop: A Blade of Grass

Whitman; Open D, 2:00

A blade of grass is the journeywork of the stars.
Long and long has the grass been growing,
Long and long has the rain been falling,
Long has the globe been rolling round.

[*segue*]

Brahms: *Denn alles Fleisch, es ist wie Gras*

1 Peter; B-flat minor>B-flat major, 5:30, Chamber Ensemble

For all flesh, it is like grass
And all glory of mankind is like the grass' flowers:
The grass is withered, and the flower fell off.

James; G-flat major (cut horn transition for *segue*)

So now be patient, dear brothers, for the **future of the Lord**.
See, a farmer **patiently waits on the delicious fruit**
Until he receives the morning rain and the evening rain.

[*segue*]

Harris: Faire is the Heaven

Spencer; D-flat Major, 5:00; *a Capella*

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie;
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine, **Eternall Majestie**;
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins
Which all with golden wings are overdight.
And those eternall burning Seraphins
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both and much more bright
Be the Angels and Archangels
Which attend on God's owne person without rest or end.
These then in faire each other farre excelling
As to the Highest they approach more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling
Fairer than all the rest which there appeare
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

[*segue*]

Brahms: *Denn alles Fleisch, es ist wie Gras*

1 Peter; B-flat minor>B-flat major, 10:00, Chamber Ensemble

For all flesh, it is like grass
And all glory of mankind is like the grass' flowers:
The grass is withered, and the flower fell off.

Isaiah

But the Lord's word remains in eternity
The redeemed of the Lord shall again come,
And go to Zion with rejoicing;
Eternal joy shall be on their heads
Joy and bliss shall they possess
And pain and sighing must go away