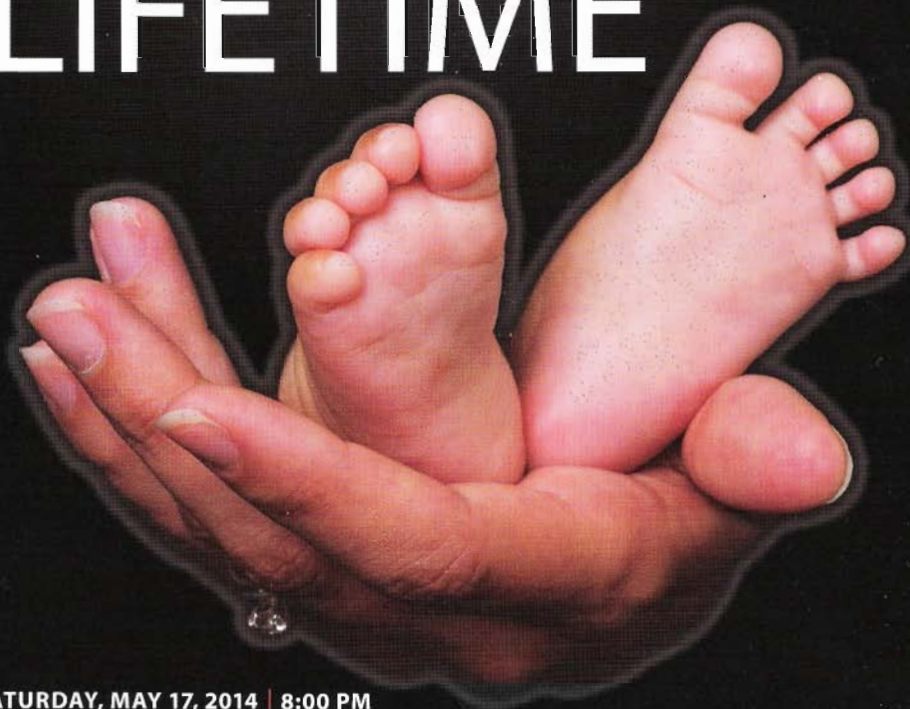




SONGS *for a* LIFETIME



SATURDAY, MAY 17, 2014 | 8:00 PM
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 2014 | 3:00 PM
FIRST UNITED METHODIST | 21ST & J STREETS
SACRAMENTO

DR. RALPH HUGHES | artistic director & conductor
TINA HARRIS | assistant conductor
HEIDI VAN REGENMORTER | accompanist



SACRAMENTO REGION
COMMUNITY FOUNDATION

SACRAMENTO REGION
ARTS
COMMISSION



SACRAMENTO MASTER SINGERS

Songs for a Lifetime | MAY 2014

The Circle Game

JONI MITCHELL; ARR. BEN BRAM

For You I Sing

PEGGY NES; ARR. MELANIE DEMORE

Rocking Softly (on Mother's Knee)

CHRISTINA BRICE DOLANC

Soloists: Eva Cranstoun, Nancy Slocum

We Are

YSAYE M. BARNWELL

Soloist: Debra Kahan

Sing a Song of Sixpence

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Soloists: Elli Johnston, Nancy Slocum

My Little Picture Frame

RENARS KAUPERS; ARR. ĚRIK ĚŠENVALDS

Soloists: Kelsey Smith, Matt Wihl

This Marriage

ERIC WHITACRE; TEXT BY RUMI

Asya Pleskach Memorial Scholarship Presentation & Winner Performance

Uniamo in Amore

KEVIN MEMLEY

*Soloists: Stephen Hill, Carol McCormick,
Justin Vaughn*

INTERMISSION

100 Years

JOHN ONDRASIK; ARR. RYAN JAMES

Hide and Seek

IMOGEN HEAP;
ARR. CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS

Fix You

COLDPLAY; ARR. PHILIP LAWSON

Dream On

AEROSMITH; ARR. BEN BRAM

Slow Me Down

EMMY ROSSUM, STUART BRAWLEY,
AND BRIDGET BENENATE

Soloists: Tina Harris, Kelsey Smith

Bridge Over Troubled Water

PAUL SIMON; ARR. BEN BRAM

Soloist: Andrew Smith

*Quartet: Matt Wihl, Dave Segura, Chris Goff,
William Zinn*

If I Sing

DAVID SHIRE; ARR. CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

Father of Fathers

DAVID SHIRE; ARR. CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

On the Wings of Grace

MELANIE DEMORE

Love Psalm

DARMON MEADER

Long Road

ĚRIK ĚŠENVALDS; WORDS BY PAULINE BARDA

Pilgrim Song

RYAN MURPHY;
LYRICS BY PAT PAGENDARM





soprano

Angela Boardman
Emily Burr
Eva Cranstoun
Ann Gilbert
Tina Harris* †
Jennifer Helm
Debbie Hill
Julie Jenness
Elli Johnston
Amber Lidskin
Nancy Slocum
Kelsey Smith

alto

Celia Buckley
Lucy Bunch
Katharine Hall
Laurie Hanschu
Suk Holmes
Carol Horner*
Debra Kahan
Laura Lofgren
Carol McCormick*
Gretchen Morgan
Mary Patt
Haruko Sakakibara

tenor

Stephen Hill
Byron Jackson
David Kasperik
Kurtis Kroon
Paul Miller
Kirk Rosander
Dave Segura
Andrew Smith
David Temme*
Justin Vaughn
Mark Watkins
Matt Wihl

bass

David Aagaard
Keith Atwater
Cody Blackburn
Chris Goff
Bernard Hinlo
John Masters
David Robinson
Jon Sorensen
Ian Tillman
Thomas Voigt
William Zinn*

† Assistant Conductor

* Section Leader



Dr. Ralph Hughes

instrumentalists

HORN

Chris Jones

RECORDER

Kurtis Kroon

TUNED WINE GLASSES

Chris Goff
Elizabeth Johnston
David Robinson

PIANO

Ian Tillman

BASS

David Robinson

DRUMS

Thomas Voigt





artistic director
Dr. Ralph Hughes

assistant conductor
Tina Harris

accompanist
Heidi Van Regenmorter

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**sms artistic
advisory board**
Lynn Stevens
James Wheatley
Barbara Zettel

The Sacramento Master Singers (SMS) is a group of 50+ singers from the greater Sacramento area who are dedicated to the advancement of choral music. Established in 1982, the group is known for its commitment to delight, challenge, and inspire audiences with seasons programmed to include premieres, classics, and a wide variety of musical periods and styles.

SMS offers profound thanks to the numerous guest directors who have conducted the choir. These include Joseph Jennings, Perla Warren, Moses Hogan, Maria Guinand, Oscar Escalada, Brian Stratton, Alice Parker, and Vance George. We are also grateful to the numerous individuals and ensembles with whom we have had the opportunity to collaborate. These include the Boston Pops, Sacramento Philharmonic, Sacramento Youth Symphony, Lynn Stevens and the Sacramento

Children's Chorus, James Wheatley and Celebration Arts, Linda Goodrich and the Sacramento Black Art of Dance, Sacramento Opera, Gershwin expert and pianist Richard Glazier, the Folsom Symphony, and celtic music duo Men of Worth.

SMS plays a leadership role in bringing high-quality choral music to area youth through outreach programs, collaboration with college choirs, scholarships for young singers, and children's holiday concerts. SMS was selected to perform at the international choral festival America Cantat in Venezuela. We have toured the Carolinas and participated as the headliner choir in the Maui Choral Festival. SMS was the only community choir invited to perform at the American Choral Directors Association 2012 convention in Reno, Nevada. We remain committed to advancing the art and lifting the soul.



Asya Pleskach Scholarship for Young Choral Singers: The 2014 Winners!

Asya Pleskach was a 2002 Cordova High School graduate who performed and toured with the Sacramento Master Singers while still in her teens. A talented and promising young vocalist, she had just begun music studies at American River College when a car accident claimed her life at the age of 18. After Asya and her family immigrated to the United States in the mid-1990's, she began singing in the Bethany Slavic Missionary Church choir and in the Cordova High School Choral program. Asya also spent two summers at the prestigious Young

Musicians Program at UC Berkeley and had recently sung in the opera chorus at Capitol Opera Sacramento.

To honor her memory and encourage other young singers, the Sacramento Master Singers established **The Asya Pleskach Memorial Scholarship for Young Choral Singers**. With our donors' ongoing support, we have been able to expand the annual scholarship program to include singers ages 20-22.

Visit www.smsasyascholarship.com for more information about the scholarship and audition information.



Sophia Palomo



Anna Crumley



Ireland Webb



Justin Pratt

CATEGORY I: AGES 14-16

1st place (Tie; \$400)

Sophia Palomo,
Victory Christian School

Anna Crumley,
St. Francis HS

3rd place (\$150)

Kathryn Rose,
Ponderosa HS

Commendation Award

(voice lessons)

Anna Crumley,
St. Francis HS

CATEGORY II: AGES 17-19

1st place (\$400)

Ireland Webb,
St. Francis HS

2nd place (\$250)

Ashley Arbis,
Ponderosa HS

3rd place (\$150)

Jessi Fry, Placer HS

CATEGORY III: AGES 20-22

1st place (\$400)

Justin Pratt, UOP

2nd place (\$250)

Elise Savoy, CSUS

3rd place (\$150)

Zachary Franklin, ARC





IN MEMORY OF

Joan Tooker

1937 - 2014

Joan Tooker was born in Monterey Park, California, on November 28, 1937. The youngest of three children, she was always a lover and supporter of music and the arts. She would recall fondly when her sister, Mary, took her to see Sammy Davis Jr. in concert; she was a fan of the Rat Pack from then on.

Joan grew up in Alhambra, California, and received a Bachelor of Arts in education from the University of California at Los Angeles. At UCLA, she was active in the Alpha Delta Pi sorority where she would play her guitar and help lead their "Spring Sing." She taught elementary school in Southern California, where music was still a part of the everyday curriculum.

In 1967, she married John Tooker and moved to Sacramento the following year. Her son, Jonathan, was born in 1969 and her son, Joshua, followed in 1971.

She was a past president of her PEO (Philanthropic Educational Organization) group, the Northridge Elementary PTA, and Junior Music Sponsors, a local group which supported a youth symphony orchestra.

She supported her children's many activities including making costumes for theatrical productions, organizing various fundraisers and running the snack bar at the local little league field.

She was a founding board member of Fiji Aid International, a charitable organization that established a much needed health clinic in Fiji. She was also active in the lives of her grandchildren, Maya and Jay, and introduced them to music and theatre.

Joan began volunteering for the Sacramento Master Singers in 1990 and supported the group until her death on January 28, 2014.

My teaching career began in 1984 at Bella Vista High School in Fair Oaks, where I taught choir and drama. Jon Tooker (SMS's house manager) was one of my students in choir. In the first month of school, his mother, Joan, came to me with an offer to help with fund raising, organizing concerts, making refreshments, and a myriad of other kinds of support. I quickly had her phone number memorized, and she became an amazing resource to the fine arts program.

During the past two decades, she has quietly supported the choir as an usher, selling tickets and CDs, and helping to make concerts flow smoothly. She surely greeted many of you with her signature warm smile. She is missed!

—Ralph Hughes

*The American Poet, Maya Angelou ends her uplifting poem **Human Family** with “We are more alike, my friends, than we are unlike.” We are all born and die, we all laugh and moan, we all love and have our hearts broken, and we all have a relationship with our world — both physical and spiritual. This concept of **Songs for a Lifetime** provided the singers and me a unique opportunity to share and exchange songs that tie in with these key events and passages of one’s lifetime. Some singers recommended songs that “look forward” and dream about a life ahead, one filled with endless possibilities. Yet, for other singers, it has been a chance to slow down and savor some of life’s events and passages. In the concerts we reflect on the passages from childhood to adolescence to adulthood, and we cherish “first loves” and becoming a parent for the first time. Later, the roles of parent to child reverse as we begin to realize that our parents’ lives are finite on this earth. As penned by Joni Mitchell, “We’re captive on the carousel of time. We can’t return, we can only look behind from where we came and go round and round and round in the circle game.” —Ralph Hughes*

The Circle Game

JONI MITCHELL; ARRANGED BY BEN BRAM

*Joni Mitchell is a singer, songwriter, guitarist, and painter born in Fort Macleod, Alberta, Canada, 1943. Born Roberta Joan Anderson, Joni Mitchell, as she later called herself, gravitated towards music from an early age. By the 1970s she was highly regarded as one of the best songwriters of that time. Her third album, **Ladies of the Canyon**, featured the already familiar song The Circle Game (it was well known because Buffy Sainte Marie had recorded it in 1970). The song is a hopeful rite-of-passage song, the song of a twenty-year-old boy dreaming of his life, which lies ahead.*

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,
And tearful at the falling of a star.

CHORUS

And the seasons, they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We’re captive on the carousel of time.
We can’t return, we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round
In the circle game.

Then the child moved ten times
 round the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams.
Words like, when you’re older,
 must appease him,
And promises of someday make
 his dreams.

CHORUS

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers
gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels
thru the town
And they tell him, take your time,
 it won’t be long now,
‘Til you drag your feet to slow
 the circles down.

CHORUS

So the years spin by and now
 the boy is twenty,
Though his dreams have lost some
 grandeur coming true,
There’ll be new dreams, maybe
 better dreams of plenty
Before the last revolving year is through.

CHORUS



For You I Sing

PEGGY NES; ARRANGED BY MELANIE DEMORE

*A celebrated visual artist, Margaret (Peggy) Nes was born in France, raised in North Africa, and became enchanted by the stark beauty of New Mexico, where she has lived for the past 35 years. "There's something truly magical about the scope of this landscape," she says. Nes traded her vibrant pastels for words and music to paint the images of nature in For You I Sing. This arrangement by Nes' dear friend, singer Melanie DeMore, honors the song's simplicity, and deepens its sense of beauty, mystery and childlike wonder. I first heard it on DeMore's 2012 CD **In the Mother House**. It's precisely the kind of song that I would have found comforting as a child. Enjoy!*

For you I sing the light that brings the
voices of the children,
Of golden leaves, on bending trees, the
wind that blows them over,
Across the hills and canyons wide, to touch
the water flowing,
And all along the mountainsides beyond
the fields of clover.

For you I sing the colors bright dancing on
the rainbow
That moves across the darkened sky; the
bridge that crosses over

To all the places we have been, to those
whose love has carried
Us like the birds who rise on wings through
the clouds and over.

For you I sing the light that brings the
voices of the children.
For you I sing the colors bright dancing on
the rainbow.

For you I sing, for you I sing.
For you I sing the rainbow.

Rocking Softly (on Mother's Knee)

CHRISTINA BRICE DOLANC

Christina Dolanc, a composer/arranger/violinist residing in Davis, California, composed this piece while expecting. In it, a mother cuddles her baby back to sleep, rocking in the night. Nestled in warmth, they both drift to sleep, swept away with comforting dreams of their life together as parent and child. The lyrics are penned by Suzannah Dolanc Pugh.

Rocking softly, rocking softly, softly,
Luly, lulay,
Rocking softly on mother's knee,
Time stands still, calm and free.
Damp, clean hair is twirled around,
Loving fingers, loving smooth my gown.
Luly, lulay.

Smooth is the skin, soft is the breast
Where mother holds her baby to rest.

Soft, warm breath, slows my heart,
Luly, lulay.
A song imparts.

Heavy, my lids can no longer lift,
Sleep rushes in, claims a new shift.
Gently, carefully, I'm rocked to sleep.
Heav'nly kisses are mine to keep.
Luly, lulay.



We Are

FROM "LESSONS" BY YSAYE M. BARNWELL

*The universal language of music enhances this poetic tribute to community, togetherness, and diversity. Dr. Ysaye M. Barnwell is best known for her singing with, and musical compositions performed and recorded by **Sweet Honey in the Rock**. Her lyrics are also the text of an award winning book entitled **We Are One**.*

For each child that's born
A morning star rises
And sings to the universe
Who we are.

We are our grandmothers' prayers.
We are our grandfathers' dreamings.
We are the breath of our ancestors.
We are the spirit of God.

We are
Mothers of courage
Fathers of time
Daughters of dust
Sons of great vision.

We are
Sisters of mercy
Brothers of love
Lovers of life and
The builders of nations.

We are
Seekers of truth
Keepers of faith
Makers of peace and
The wisdom of ages.

WE ARE ONE.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

JOHN RUTTER

*Rutter's **Five Childhood Lyrics**, inspired by verses and rhymes for children, includes this piece as its last. His treatment of this traditional English childhood rhyme, one of his few a cappella choral works, uses both its familiar melody and playful elaboration.*

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing—
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in the counting-house
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey,

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes.
Along came a blackbird
And snapp'd off her nose.

There is a Season

DAVID N. CHILDS

This new setting of a familiar biblical text (Ecclesiastes 3:1-8) is by a native of New Zealand currently living and teaching in Texas. Turn, Turn, Turn, Pete Seeger's version of the same text, has been recorded by such performers as the Byrds, Judy Collins, and the Limelitters.



For ev'rything there is a season,
And a time for ev'ry matter;
There's a time and there's a season
under heav'n.

There's a time to be born and a time to die;
A time to plant and a time to pick up what
is planted;
A time to kill and a time to heal.
A time to break down, a time to build up.
There's a time to weep and a time to laugh
And a time to mourn.

There's a time to embrace
And a time to refrain from embracing;
There's a time to seek and a time to lose;
A time to keep and a time to throw away;
A time to tear and a time to sew;
There's a time to speak and a time to be
silent;
A time to hate and a time to love;
A time for war and a time for peace.

I Get a Kick Out of You

COLE PORTER; ARRANGED BY MATT FALKER

*Falker is a music professor, pianist, vocalist, organist, and guest clinician from Southern California. His setting of I Get a Kick Out of You in jazzy Afro-Cuban style for women's voices is a fresh approach to this standard tune, which was first sung in the 1934 Broadway musical, **Anything Goes**.*

I get no kick from champagne,
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me, why should it be true?
Could it be, would it be, should it be true?

Some get a kick from cocaine.
Well, I don't cause
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrifically, too,
Terribly, horribly, awfully,
So instead I get a kick out of you.
That I get a kick out of you?

I get a kick ev'ry time I see you
Standing there before me.
I get a kick though it's clear to me
You obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a plane and I won't fly,
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do.
'Cause I get a kick out of you!

I get a kick though it's clear to me
You obviously, totally, thoroughly
Want to ignore me!

My Little Picture Frame

RENARS KAUPERS; ARRANGED BY ĒRIC EŠENVALDS

Latvian composer Ešenvalds is known for his deft hand balancing "the popular and avant garde, the simple and intricate, the sacred and secular, and the modern and classical" in his compositions and arrangements. Originally entitled Mazā bilžu rāmīti, this popular song's melody was first originally performed by solo guitar.



In my little picture frame
It is you I see.
Other pictures in this world
Cannot match its beauty.

It's a quiet afternoon,
Sun is fading out.
You put dandelion blooms
In a teapot spout.

I was just a simple man,
You to me were precious gold,

I knew you before the War
In the days of old.

I was then a circus clown,
Funny nose and all.
You seemed very ladylike,
Saw you at the ball.

Times are changing, moving on,
Not much time remains.
In my little picture frame
It is you I have again.

This Marriage

ERIC WHITACRE; TEXT BY JALAL AD-DIN RUMI (1207-1273)

Whitacre composed this lovely piece as a "small and simple gift to my wife on the occasion of our seventh wedding anniversary." It is written in senza misura, translated as 'in free time,' meaning that it lacks any notated meter and is intended to be performed freely. The text is by Rumi, the 13th-century Persian poet, jurist, theologian, and Sufi mystic. Rumi's importance is considered to transcend national and ethnic borders — his poems have been widely translated into many of the world's languages.

May these vows and this marriage
be blessed.
May it be sweet milk,
Like wine and halvah.
May this marriage offer fruit and shade
Like the date palm.

May this marriage be full of laughter,
Our every day a day in paradise.
May this marriage be a sign of compassion,
A seal of happiness, here and hereafter.

May this marriage have a fair face
and a good name,
An omen as welcomes the moon
in a clear blue sky.

I am out of words to describe
How spirit mingles in this marriage.

Uniamo in Amore

KEVIN MEMLEY

Kevin Memley says that this lush and romantic song was written "...in love and gratitude to my wife." He also intended it to show off the voices of three graduating seniors at Clovis East High School, where he teaches music technology. His music has been performed across the U.S., with premieres in Carnegie Hall and the Kennedy Center.

Io sono la danza.
Voi siete la canzone.
Voi siete la danza.
Io sono la canzone.
Uniamo in amore.

*I am the dance.
You are the song.
You are the dance.
I am the song.
Let us join in love.*



Tu se il mio tutto!
Vi do il mio cuore.
Siamo nati per amare.
Non vi e'altra.
Uniamo in amore.

*You are my all in all.
I give you my heart.
We were born to love.
There is no other.
Let us join in love.*

Danza con me in dolce estasi.
Io sono con voi vivo.
Voglio cantare a cielo.
Senza di voi io sono perso.

*Dance with me in sweet ecstasy.
When I am with you, I feel alive.
I will sing you to heaven.
Without you I am lost.*

100 Years

JOHN ONDRASIK; ARRANGED BY RYAN JAMES

*John Ondrasik, whose stage name as a pop vocalist is **Five For Fighting**, composed this moving exploration of life stages and the passage of time a decade ago. Through the ages, the irony of aging has never changed: The young can't wait to age; the old want to slow time, and savor each moment.*

I'm fifteen for a moment,
Caught in between ten and twenty
And I'm just dreaming,
Counting the ways to where you are.

Fifteen, there's still time for you.
Time to buy and time to lose.
Fifteen, there's never a wish better than this
When you only got a hundred years to live.

I'm thirty-three for a moment,
I'm still the man, but you see I'm a they;
A kid on the way,
A fam'ly on my mind.

I'm forty-five for a moment,
The sea is high
And I'm heading into a crisis,
Chasing the years of my life.

Fifteen, there's still time for you.
Time to buy and time to lose yourself
Within a morning star.
Fifteen, I'm all right with you.
Fifteen, there's never a wish better than this
When you only got a hundred years to live.

Half time goes by,
Suddenly you're wise.
Another blink of an eye,
Sixty-seven is gone.
The sun is getting high,
We're moving on...

I'm ninety-nine for a moment,
I'm dying for just another moment
And I'm just dreaming,
Counting the ways to where you are.

Fifteen, there's still time for you.
Twenty-two, I feel her too.
Thirty-three, you're on your way.
Ev'ry day's a new day...

Fifteen, there's still time for you.
Time to buy and time to choose.
Hey, fifteen, there's never a wish better
than this
When you only got a hundred years to live.



Hide and Seek

IMOGEN HEAP; ARRANGED BY CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS

*Although this English composer has been reluctant to explain the inspiration for the lyrics, many assume it has to do with her parents' separation when she was 12. Heap has called the images contained herein as "a collection of childhood memories." Her a cappella piece gained popularity after being featured as background music for the TV show **The O.C.***

Where are we? What the hell is going on?
The dust has only just begun to fall,
Crop circles in the carpet, sinking, feeling.

Spin me 'round again and rub my eyes.
This can't be happening.
When busy streets a mess with people
Would stop to hold their heads heavy.

Hide and seek. Trains and sewing machines.
All those years they were here first.

Oily marks appear on walls
Where pleasure moments hung before.
The takeover, the sweeping insensitivity of
this still life.

Hide and seek. Trains and sewing machines.
(Oh, you won't catch me around here)
Blood and tears, they were here first.

Mmm, what you say?
Mm, that you only meant well?
Well, of course you did.
Mmm, what you say?
Mm, that it's all for the best? Of course it is.
Mmm, what you say?
Mm, that it's just what we need?
And you decided this.
What you say? Mmm, what did she say?

Ransom notes keep falling out your mouth.
Mid-sweet talk, newspaper word cut-outs.
Speak no feeling, no, I don't believe you.
You don't care a bit. You don't care a bit.

Fix You

COLDPLAY; ARRANGED BY PHILIP LAWSON

*Fix You was a collaborative effort by the four-member British alternative rock band **Coldplay**. While some sources claim the song was written to comfort Gwyneth Paltrow (the wife of lead singer Chris Martin) after her father's death, its words of sympathy and encouragement have a universal appeal.*

When you try your best
but you don't succeed,
When you get what you want
but not what you need,
When you feel so tired but you can't sleep,
Stuck in reverse.

And the tears come streaming
down your face.
When you love something you can't replace,
When you love someone
but it goes to waste,
Could it be worse?

CHORUS
Ah, lights will guide you home,
And ignite your bones,
And I will try to fix you.

And high up above or down below,
When you're too in love to let it go,
But if you never try you'll never know,
Just what you're worth.

CHORUS
Tears stream down your face,
When you lose something
you cannot replace,
I promise you I will learn from my mistakes.



Dream On

AEROSMITH; ARRANGED BY BEN BRAM

*More than 40 years after they formed the band, **Aerosmith** is the best-selling American rock group of all time. Lead singer Steven Tyler wrote the signature piece, Dream On, when he was only 17 years old. Ben Bram's 8-part arrangement for women's voices highlights that moment of epiphany when one realizes the past cannot be changed, but new dreams await.*

Every time I look in the mirror,
All these lines on my face getting clearer.
The past is gone, it went by like dust to dawn,
Isn't that the way?
Everybody's got their dues in life to pay.

Sing with me, sing for the year.
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear.
Sing with me, if it's just for today.
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take
it away.

Yeah, I know what nobody knows
Where it comes and where it goes.
I know in everybody's sin,
You got to lose to know how to win.

Dream on, dream on, dream on,
Dream until your dream come true.
Dream on, dream on, dream on.

Half my life's in books' written pages,
Lived and learned from fools and from sages.
You know it's true,
All the things come back to you.

Slow Me Down

EMMY ROSSUM, STUART BRAWLEY, AND BRIDGET BENENATE

*Of the three composers, Emmy Rossum is best known as a movie and TV actor, singer, and for her award-winning performance as Christine Daae in **Phantom of the Opera** on Broadway. We commissioned Ben Bram to arrange this piece for the women of the Sacramento Master Singers.*

Rushing and racing, and running in circles
Moving so fast, I'm forgetting my purpose
Blur of the traffic is sending me spinning,
getting nowhere

Sometimes I fear that I might disappear
And the blur of fast forward I falter again
Forgetting to breathe, I need to sleep,
I'm getting nowhere

My head and my heart are colliding, chaotic
Pace of the world, I just wish I could stop it
Try to appear like I've got it together, I'm
falling apart

All that I've missed I see in the reflection
Passed me while I wasn't paying attention
Tired of rushing, racing and running,
falling apart

Save me, somebody take my hand and
lead me
Slow me down, don't let love pass me by
Just show me how 'cause I'm ready to fall

The noise of the world is getting me
caught up
Chasing the clock and I wish I could stop it
Just need to breathe, somebody please
slow me down!

Slow me down, don't let me live a lie
Before my life flies by
I need you to slow me down



Bridge Over Troubled Water

PAUL SIMON; ARRANGED BY BEN BRAM

*In the summer of 1969, Simon wrote this ballad largely as a solo for his singing partner, Art Garfunkel. (The chorus lyrics were partly inspired by a line from a 1958 song called Mary Don't You Weep, by the **Swan Silvertones**: "I'll be your bridge over deep water if you trust in me.") Bridge Over Troubled Water won Grammy awards for Record of the Year and Song of the Year in 1971.*

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes,
I will dry them all;
I'm on your side when times get rough
And friends just can't be found.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,
When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you.

I'll take your part when darkness comes
And pain is all around.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

Sail on silvergill, sail on by.
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine.
If you need a friend I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.

If I Sing

DAVID SHIRE, LYRICS BY RICHARD MALTBY, JR.; ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

*This piece, and the one that follows, are both from the 1989 Off-Broadway musical revue in two acts, **Closer Than Ever** by Yale classmates, Shire and Maltby. The revue contains no dialogue and explores the "modern world" and its everyday struggles. We turned to our resident arranger and composer, Clifford Shockney, to arrange both pieces for the men of the Sacramento Master Singers.*

My father's pride
Was in his hands.
The piano was his soul.
I watched and wondered
As he played show tunes,
Miles off from rock and roll.
What he loved he taught me.
Now music's what I do.
And often when I'm writing,
In my hands, Dad's there, too.

If I sing, you are the music.
If I fly, you're why I'm good.
If my hands can find some magic,
You're the one who said they could.

When the child who's still inside me
Finds a song in empty air,

When there is joy in making music,
It is you who put it there.

My dad grew old.
His hands grew numb.
And now he cannot play.
I came to visit.
He sat and asked me,
"How can it be this way?"
I couldn't find an answer.
I played this tune for him instead.
My father sat there smiling
For he knew what it said.

If I sing, you are the music.
If I love, you taught me how.
Every day your heart is beating
In the man that I am now.



If my ears are tuned to wander.
If, when I reach, the chords are there.
If there is joy in making music,
It's a joy that we both share.

I never told you.
It took time 'til I could see
That if I sing, you are the music
And you'll always sing in me.

Yes, you'll always live in me.

Father of Fathers

DAVID SHIRE, LYRICS BY RICHARD MALTBY, JR.; ARRANGED BY CLIFFORD SHOCKNEY

*Maltby's "Urban File," a collection of disparate lyric fragments, musical ideas, song fragments, rhythmic ideas, philosophical observations, and anecdotes about various people, ultimately led to the musical revue **Closer Than Ever** and this song.*

Man One

Hey, Billy, my baby.
Hey, kid, look at me.
It's clear you've got your mother's eyes,
But who do they see?
The nurse just called me father.
Well, hell, I guess that's what I am,
But what makes her think I'm a family man?

Those fathers of fathers, fathers of mothers,
How can you know what it's worth?
For all my aspiration,
Are you to be the indication
That I walked the face of this earth?

Man Three

My children, I miss you.
How much you can't know...
I laughed with you, I cried with you,
Helped each of you grow.
I kissed you ev'ry bedtime,
Your laughter woke me every dawn.
Then one day I woke
and you'd grown and gone.

Man One & Three

And fathers of fathers, fathers of mothers,
Strange how kids measure your worth.
They're here and then they scatter,
And in some way they make it matter
That I walked the face of this earth.

Man Two

Hey, father, I love you.
I pray you'll pull through.
You cared for me, it's my turn now
To take care of you.
I've tried to show my children
The kind of strength you showed to me.
I feel such a longing to be a son.
Instead now I'm one of those...

All

Fathers of fathers, fathers of mothers,
What man can say what it's worth
This commonest of pleasures?
Why should it be a thing that measures
That I walked the face of the earth?

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On the Wings of Grace

MELANIE DEMORE

*Melanie DeMore is a singer, composer, choral conductor, educator and arranger. She is also a founding member of groups ranging from the Grammy-nominated vocal ensemble **Linda Tillery and the Cultural Heritage Choir** to the **Threshold Choir** — a national nonprofit whose local chapters provide lullaby-like singing to those approaching death. Singer/songwriter Sonya Heller describes how DeMore “has chanted and toned to awaken the newcomer into this world, and soothed many a weary soul about to pass, with praises and hymns for a life well-lived.” Those weary souls have included DeMore’s own beloved sister, Drena, for whom she wrote On the Wings of Grace in the final hours of her life.*

Gently I go, softly I know.
Nothing to fear, spirit is here.
Love, be my guide.

Lift me, I'll fly
Far from this place
On the wings of grace.

Love Psalm

DARMON MEADER

Some describe this piece as a secular hymn. With rich jazz-tinged harmonies that impart a special warmth, Meader’s psalm is a tender message of love.

Days come, days go.
We try to take the time to let love grow.
Don’t ignore the sands of time.
Just let a little love in, yours and mine.

Ev’ry season,
Listen to the rhythm of the earth and sky.
The rhyme and the reason.
Of living in today,
While thinking of tomorrow.

Friends come and friends will go.
The ones that last a lifetime, savor so.
Life flows on, so sublime.
But only if we stop and take some time.

Days pass and nights unfold.
The innocence of youth
Becomes the wisdom of the old.
We must remember love and once again,
We’ll learn to live a life we love. Amen.

Long Road

ĒRIK ĒSEVALDS; WORDS BY PAULINE BARDA

This love poem by Bārda was written for her late husband, the Latvian poet Frīcis Bārda. Ēsenvalds, also Latvian, takes the listener on a journey of memory, using larger and smaller groupings of voices, solo singers, and an unusual ensemble of instruments.

I love you night and day
As a star in the distant sky.
And I mourn for this one thing alone
That to love, our lifetime was so short.

But a longer road leads to your heart,
Which to me seems distant as a star.

A long road to heaven’s shining meadow,
And never could I reach its end.

High above the arch of heaven bends
And light so clear is falling.
Like a flow’ring tree the world is blooming.
Overwhelmed, my heart both cries
and laughs.



Pilgrim Song

RYAN MURPHY; LYRICS BY PAT PAGENDARM

I loved this early American hymn tune and this particular setting. I challenged the choir to help create lyrics that were more embracing of all of our lives, and Pat Pagendarm met the challenge. Pat is not able to sing this concert, but her spirit is with us through her lyrics. "I'll walk this journey strong, growing more with ev'ry turn."

A trav'ler, I am bound
To pass across this ground,
To find my way, not stray.
If fates arrange I care,
I hope that I can share
The warmth or chill of each day.

CHORUS

My spirit longs to know
That as I am to go
Along this pilgrim's sojourn.
However short or long,
I'll walk this journey strong,
Growing more with every turn.

This place I roam beguiled,
I see it as a child;
I am a child of wonder.
May life be filled with love
To share and soar above
All hollowness trod under.

CHORUS

I hope to dance and sing
And hear an echo ring
And contemplate the power
That blows the wind my way.
I'll laugh or cry each day
And cherish ev'ry hour.

CHORUS



The Sacramento Master Singers will be touring Scotland from June 19-27, 2015, and we'd love to have you join us. We'll meet and make music with the Rosenethe Singers (the foremost Chamber Choir in Central Scotland), tour Edinburgh Castle (seen above), see how scotch is made at the Glenturret Distillery, and more. A few spots are still available to our supporters who would enjoy travelling with us. If that describes you, talk to an usher or contact our tour coordinator, Laurie Hanschu, at hanschu1@comcast.net for more details.



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