

CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR

Music Department

presents

Music of Nature

featuring

The COS Choir, The COS Youth Choirs,
The COS Handbell Choir &
COS Staff Musicians

Director of Music

Taylor Vazquez-Reyes

Accompanist

Jane Lin

Saturday May 14th, 2022 | 4:00 PM



CHURCH OF
OUR SAVIOUR

Program

COS Choir and COS Youth choirs

'Praise, Praise, Praise the Lord'

Arr. Ralph M. Johnson

Louez le Seigneur!
Louez son saint nom. Alleluia!
Praise, Praise, Praise the Lord
Praise God's holy name Alleluia

'God of Great and God of Small'

Natalie Sleeth

God of great and God of small, God of one and God of all
God of weak and God of strong, Go to whom all things belong
Alleluia, Alleluia, praised be Thy Name
God of land and sky and sea, God of life and destiny
God of never-ending power, yet beside me every hour
Alleluia, Alleluia, praised be Thy Name
God of silence, God of sound, God in whom he lost are found
God of day and darkest night, God whose love turns wrong to right
God of heaven and God of earth, God of death and God of birth
God of now and days before, God who reigns forever more
Alleluia, Alleluia, praised be Thy Name. Praised be thy Name

Guitar Duet

Joe Cambra and George Silva

'Disciplined'

George Silva

'Cycles'

Joe Cambra and George Silva

COS Handbell Choir
Directed by Alice Rucker

'Fleur De Lis' (Lily Flower)

Lew Gillis

Voice and Piano
Matthew Aldrich and Jane Lin

'Der Lindenbaum' (The Linden Tree)

Franz Schubert

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore, Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wander Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten, Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle, Hier findst du deine Ruh'!
Die kalten Winde bliesen Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe, Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen: Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Cello Solo
Dustin Seo

Selections from '*Sept Papillons*' (Seven Butterflies)

Kaija Saariaho

Papillon I

Papillon II

COS Choir and A Joyful Noise Youth Choir (ages 9-13)
Instruments played by A Joyful Noise Choir

'The Lone, Wild Bird'

Arr. Allan Mahnke

The lone wild bird in lofty flight. Is still with thee, nor leaves thy sight.
And I am thine! I rest in thee. Great Spirit, come, and rest in me.
The ends of earth are in thy hand, the sea's dark deep and far off land.
And I am thine! I rest in thee. Great Spirit, come, and rest in me.

'The Clouds'

Cynthia Grey

Gently falling rain, falling from the sky. Streaming down like tear drops,
Tear drops from on high.
Clouds oh won't you tell us, what those tears are for?
Do you weep for something, something we've ignored?
Could it be that, from your lofty post so high above,
you have seen how little we have given of your love?
Do you see the lonely, weary, troubled and the poor?
Have you seen the fighting and the war?
Clouds, there must be some way to make your crying cease.
Share with us the secret of happiness and peace.
Do you mean to say that each of us can play a part?

With each spark of love we light, a flame of love may start.
Reaching all around us, giving hope to those we know;
This, you say may help true peace to grow?
Clouds, though you are parting, your point you've made quite clear.
Peace will never happen unless we start it here.
Unless we start it here, unless we start it here.

'Be like The Bird'

Abbie Betinis

Be like the bird that, pausing in her flight awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her,
And sings, and sings, and sings, knowing she hath wings

COS Handbell Choir
Directed by Alice Rucker

'Mountain Springs'

Sandra K. Tucker

Chamber Trio
Sara Jones, Jane Lin, Elizabeth Su

'Dormant Tree'

Jane Lin

Star Chorus Youth Choir
(ages 5-8)

'Tall, Tall, Tree'

Debbie Carroll

This is my trunk, I'm a tall, tall tree
In the springtime the blossoms grow on me,
they open, they open
This is my trunk, I'm a tall tall tree,
In the summer the breezes blow through me,
I bend, I bend.
This is my trunk, I'm a tall tall tree,
In the autumn the apples grow on me,
They drop, they drop
This is my trunk, I'm a tall tall tree,
In the winter the snowflakes fall on me,
Burr! Burr!
This is my trunk, I'm a tall, tall tree
In the springtime the blossoms grow on me,
they open, they open, they open, they open.

'Funga Alafia'

Traditional African Folksong

Funga Alafia, ashay, ashay

With my mind I greet you
With my words I greet you
With my heart I greet you
With my prayers I greet you

Guitar + Voice Solo

George Silva

'The Bed I've Made'

George Silva

Voice and Piano
Matthew Aldrich and Jane Lin

'(Just) Another Song'

Matthew Aldrich

It's just another, 'nother song
It knows no right, not no right from wrong
But If you give a listen, you may find what you're missin'
And then you can move and move right along
It's just another, 'nother song
And if it's goin', goin' wrong
Well then if it's your thing, then you'll be free to bring
Other thoughts and feelings into a song

It's just another, 'nother song
It knows no right, not no right from wrong
It's just another, 'nother song
And if it's goin', going wrong
Goin' wrong, It's all right
All right, All right, All right

Violin and Piano
Sara Jones and Jane Lin

Violin Sonata No. 5 in F Major, Op. 24
'Spring': 1. Allegro

Ludwig van Beethoven

COS Choir

'A Girl's Garden'

Randall Thompson

Women's Ensemble

A neighbor of mine in the village, likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did, A childlike thing

One day she asked her father, to give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself, and he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner, he thought of an idle bit
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you, an ideal one-girl farm
And give you a chance to put some strength, on your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden, her father said, to plough;
So she had to work it all by hand, but she don't mind now

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow, along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left, her not-nice load

And hid from anyone passing, and then she begged the seed
She says she thinks she planted one, of all things but weed

A hill each of potatoes, radishes, lettuce, peas
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn, and even fruit trees

And yes, she has long mistrusted, that a cider apple tree
In bearing there today is hers, or at least may be

Her crop was a miscellany, when all was said and done
A little bit of everything, A great deal of none

Now when she sees in the village, how village things go
Just when it seems to come in right, she says, "I know!

It's as when I was a farmer--" Oh, never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale, to the same person twice

'There is No Time Like Spring'

Richard Burchard

There is no time, no time like Spring
Like Spring that passes by, passes by
There is no life like Spring, born to die, born to die
Piercing the sod, the sod
There is no time, no time like Spring,
like Spring that passes by, passes by
There is no life like Spring born to die,
piercing sod, clothing the uncouth clod
Hatched in the nest, the nest, fledged on the windy bough,
the windy bough, the windy bough
Strong on the wing, on the wing, strong on the wing, on the wing
There is no time, no time like Spring
Like Spring that passes by, passes by
Now newly born, and now hastening to die, to die
There is no time like Spring

* Please sing-along with us!!! *

'Edelweiss'
featured in the musical *The Sound of Music*

Rogers and Hammerstein
arr. John Cacavas

Edelweiss, edelweiss, every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright, you look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.

Edelweiss, edelweiss, every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright, you look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow may you bloom and grow, bloom and grow forever.
Edelweiss, edelweiss, bless my homeland forever.

***Please join us for our Annual Church
BBQ following the concert
\$10 per person***

Program Notes

‘Louez le Seigneur!’ (Praise, Praise, Praise the Lord) arr. Ralph M. Johnson

This short song of praise comes from the French speaking people of *Cameroon* in West Africa. This is a processional song used by women in Cameroon. The song was collected by Elaine Hanson, a missionary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America who spent 11 years in Cameroon and was a member of Femmes pour Christ (Women for Christ). This particular group used French as their common language, hence the French verse. Traditionally, this piece was used as a processional for Communion Sunday.

Translation:

French

Louez le Seigneur! Louez son saint nom. Alleluia! (2x)

Louez son saint nom. Alleluia! Louez son saint nom. Alleluia! (2x)

English

Praise, praise, praise the Lord! Praise God’s holy name. Alleluia! (2x)

Praise God’s holy name. Alleluia! Praise God’s holy name. Alleluia! (2x)

‘God of Great and God of Small’

Natalie Sleeth

This simple piece written for unison voices asks the question, where do we see God in our lives? Is he present in all things? Through our darkest days and moments when we feel lost, do we find our way back to God? As this piece takes us through all of life’s journeys, we discover that we are never truly alone. Alleluia!

‘Disciplined’

George Silva

This is an original composition by our very own COS guitarist George Silva. For my parents, Carmen and George A. Silva, whose sense of discipline continues to inspire and remind me of what is possible in this life.

‘Cycles’

Joe Cambra and George Silva

This is an original composition by our very talented COS guitarists Joe and George. Joe and George met in 2009 at Los Angeles College of Music, and have been playing together since. Joe and George wrote this piece with joy to show their appreciation for the COS community.

‘Fleur De Lis’ (Lily Flower)

Lew Gillis

Fleur-de-lis is translated loosely to mean a French lily flower. This piece is a shimmering arrangement of 8th notes and is primarily based on 7th chords. Today we play it on hand chimes, as well as one player using mallets on selected handbells hanging on the “bell tree.”

‘Der Lindenbaum’ (The Linden Tree)

Franz Schubert

This song is part of the song cycle "The Winter Journey." The tree, a reminder of happier days, seems to call him, promising rest. But he turns away, into the cold wind. And now, miles away, he still hears it calling him: Here you would find peace.

Translation:

By the well, before the gate, stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt many a sweet dream.
In its bark I carved many a word of love;
in joy and sorrow I was ever drawn to it.
Today, too, I had to walk past it at dead of night;
even in the darkness I closed my eyes.
And its branches rustled as if they were calling to me:
‘Come to me, friend, here you will find rest.’
The cold wind blew straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head; I did not turn back.
Now I am many hours’ journey from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling: ‘There you would find rest.’

Selections from ‘*Sept Papillons*’ (Seven Butterflies)

Kaija Saariaho (2000)

Papillon I

Papillon II

Often, we perceive the butterfly as a symbol of beauty, peace, and tranquility- particularly in its metamorphosis process: the unassuming caterpillar weaves its resting home, and when ready, emerges gracefully and spreads its wings to flaunt its awe-inspiring transformation to the world. But we often forget what happens inside the cocoon. Metamorphosis is not a peaceful process; on the contrary, metamorphosis of the caterpillar is a viscerally violent endeavor. In its pupa stage, the caterpillar uses the same digestive fluids it had used to consume food to break down its own body into imaginal cells, which then become the building blocks to give birth to its new adult body.

In the first movement *Sept Papillon*, Saariaho explores this metamorphosis process through various extended cello techniques including harmonics, scratch tones, and overpressure. I hear the second movement as the first emergence of the butterfly from its cocoon. Through a whirlwind of harmonics and fast cycling notes, Saariaho captures the disorientation the butterfly must feel as it first attempts to take flight after enduring its pupate process. As the butterfly slowly gains momentum, it slowly vanishes gracefully into the horizon. Although it's hard to argue that this piece is "peaceful" to listen to, I encourage you to dial in on the fascinating sound world Saariaho explores- rather than paint with melodies and harmonies, Saariaho paints with timbre (sound quality). To my ear, she captivates the air in the room and suspends the listener and performer mid-air, just like the butterfly first taking flight.

Although not the most glamorous depiction of the butterfly life cycle, I find this honest process of transformation of the caterpillar an empowering metaphor and lesson for our own human growth: we can be brave to face our own violent metamorphosis and trust the sanctification process that God has in store for us.

‘The Lone, Wild Bird’

Arr. Allan Mahnke

This simple and peaceful piece at first glance, describes a bird who appears to be lonely, but knows that she is in the company of God. But as we take a deeper look, the piece tells a story of all living things, great and small, are interconnected to one another through God's Spirit.

‘The Clouds’

Cynthia Grey

This reflective piece ponders the human conditions through the lens of the clouds. As the clouds sit high above us, they see and hear all things happening down below. The narrator of this piece is the human voice, asking the clouds questions about what they have observed. ‘Have you seen how little we have given of your love? Have you seen the fighting and the war?’

As the piece concludes, the narrator asks how to obtain happiness and peace, and realizes that WE must do the work in the world to work towards peace, and it must start now.

‘Be like The Bird’

Abbie Betinis

This song, composed for Christmas 2009, continues a tradition started in 1922 by Abbie’s great-grandfather Rev. Bates G. Burt, who wrote an original carol every year and sent it as a Christmas card for family and friends.

He passed the tradition to his son Alfred Burt, now famous for holiday tunes like ‘Caroling, Caroling’ and ‘Some children see him’.

Abbie, Alfred’s grandniece, first tried her hand at the family tradition in 2001 and immediately caught the attention of Minnesota Public Radio. Now each year, Abbie and her friends go into the MPR studios to record the newest addition to the Burt Family Carols.

Emily Burt Betinis, Abbie’s mom, designs and assembles all the Christmas cards. Abbie dedicates her carol to the High Rocks for Girls, a unique and comprehensive school founded by Susan Burt, in the mountains of rural West Virginia.

‘Mountain Springs’

Sandra K. Tucker

This is a delightful, original dance-like piece. There are separate melodies that occur singly but eventually come together. A couple of special techniques are used in this piece: plucking, and wow-wow (echo). See if you can notice them.

‘Dormant Tree’

Jane Lin

I came across a group of burnt trees while hiking a remote trail on Mount Wilson. While these trees appear to be completely dead on the outside, their roots remain strong and

continue to absorb nutrients through the soil. It's almost as though they are gathering their energy and power while asleep, waiting for the right time to reawaken.

I found this imagery powerful and inspirational. These trees have gone through a catastrophic natural disaster, and yet they remain persistent and resilient. I think about all the challenges we as human beings currently face: the Covid pandemic, wars and their ensuing humanitarian crises and climate change.

I hope we can all draw inspiration from the strength and perseverance of those dormant trees atop Mount Wilson.

'Tall, Tall, Tree'

Debbie Carroll

This fun-filled piece describes the life cycle of a tree. The singers are speaking from the perspective of the tree. The tree takes us on a journey through Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and describes the physical change it goes through every year. The children will be using scarves to help depict the changes the tree experiences.

'Funga Alafia'

Traditional West African Folksong

In West Africa, the Yoruba people often use this song as a welcome or gathering song when greeting new people. The translation has been interpreted in the United States to mean 'we really welcome you' or 'we enthusiastically welcome you'. Other translations of 'Funga Alafia' are good health, or inner peace.

In all the different translations, the common thread is using your entire body to greet someone. Which is why we begin the song with greeting you with our mind, words, heart, prayers.

'The Bed I've Made'

George Silva

Although we have little control over what happens to us in this life, we have a lot more control over our reactions than we often give ourselves credit for.

'(Just) Another Song'

Matthew Aldrich

This piece is part of the song cycle "Songs All Sizes" for orchestra, barbershop quartet, soprano choir, children's choir, and sampled electronic sounds. It is arranged here for baritone voice and piano. Its simple lyrics address the song itself, as well as music in general, with entreaties for the audience to find their own musical appreciations and inspirations . . . whatever they may be.

Violin Sonata No. 5 in F Major, Op. 24

Ludwig van Beethoven

'Spring': 1. Allegro

The "Spring" Sonata is a four-movement piece written in 1801 and dedicated to Count Moritz von Fries. The nickname of the piece was actually not something Beethoven gave himself. The "Spring" name came after his death. Nicknames for a classical piece are not usually given by the composer. It was probably a way to help identify a piece easily for the audience and musicians.

Though this wasn't originally written with Spring in mind, the sounds of the season can easily be heard. The first movement you'll hear today opens with a theme on the violin that can be imagined as a blossoming flower, a sunrise, or a stream going through the forest. After the violin completes the theme, the piano takes over to play it as well. At that time, sonatas were beginning to shift from a work featuring a solo instrument and accompaniment to more of a duet between two instruments. Throughout the movement, you will hear the melodic lines switching back and forth between the violin and piano as if it were a conversation. We could imagine these conversations as birds or other types of animals communicating with each other. The darker themes and passages towards the middle could remind the audience of a spring storm passing through and slowly fading away to let the scene of nature to continue on as before.

'A Girl's Garden'

Randall Thompson

The text from this piece is taken directly from the Robert Frost poem, 'A Girl's Garden', which he wrote in 1916. Robert Frost often injects his poems with valuable life lessons, and aside from the overarching theme of a child reaching maturity through responsibility and experience, he offers a unique message when it comes to the performance of the girl's garden.

**Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.**

In this light, the garden operates as a metaphor for life. The seeds she sows are her hopes and dreams; the diversity of what she ultimately reaps are the fruition of those hopes and wishes. Perhaps she did not get that which she wanted most from the soil of her garden, but she got many other things in smaller amounts, and with this she is content.

Lastly, we learn through the way the poem is delivered that one's experiences and the lessons learned from them never halt with the person. Experiences are shared from person to person, with each individual taking from another's experience a unique lesson that applies to their life. The narrator of the story is the girl's neighbor, and this person is telling the story to us as the girl must have told it to the narrator and to many other people in the village. Thus, one girl's gardening experience has the ability to teach many, or, at the very least, to appeal to the shared experience of being human.

'There is No Time Like Spring'

Richard Burchard

The text in this piece is inspired by the poem 'Spring', written by Christina Rossetti. In the poem, the text depicts the moments in which Spring is on the verge of returning to the earth. Throughout the piece, the speaker looks around at the world and describes some of the many features of the coming season. The warmth of the sun, the green shoots of plants growing from the ground, and how the wind blows through the boughs of trees. These are charming and heartening sights to behold, but ones that will not last forever. The beauty of Spring comes from its temporal nature. Sooner rather than later, everything born is going to die.

'Edelweiss'

Rogers and Hammerstein

featured in the musical *The Sound of Music*

arr. John Cacavas

I would like to dedicate this piece to my parents Dennis and Nancy Duling. Growing up, our home was always filled with an eclectic selection of music from Rock, to Motown, Jackson 5 to musicals, music and singing filled the halls of our home. The Sound of Music was the first musical I watched as a child, and I have loved it ever since. Thank you mom and dad for introducing to music as a child, for it truly was those first experiences singing and dancing in our home, that made me fall in love with music. I LOVE YOU!

Participants

COS Choir

Matthew Aldrich

Michele Baker

Tiffany Bowles

Laurel Bullock

Tori Cooper

Lisa Hsu

Juli Kennedy

Samuel Liu

Maya Origel

Phyllis Scorcio (my aunt)

Kim Sirean

Cheryl Townsend

**Guest singers*

*Kate Correnti

*Jeffrey Fahey

*Jessica Gonzalez-Rodriguez

*Christian Pieratt

*Argenta Walther

COS Youth Choirs

Madison Castro

Malina Castro

Loghan Duran

Morgan Duran

Avery Fu

Alla Huang

Allia Huang

Kate Klychkova

Lea Leung

Ethan Liu

Henry Mork

Kaitlyn Ngork

Maxine Stewart

Eleanor Thornberg

Hattie Thornberg

COS Handbell choir

Alice Rucker- Director
Debbie Andersen
Tori (Victoria) Cooper
Sara Dooley
Kathy Macauley
Robin Nixon
Phyllis Scordia
Dustin Seo
Kim Sirean
Patti Teele

COS Staff/Guest Musicians

Matthew Aldrich- Bass
Joe Cambra- Guitar
Sara Jones- Violin
Jane Lin-Accompanist
Dustin Seo-Cello
George Silva- Guitar
Elizabeth Su- Cello



Thank You!



Thank you Carrie Voris for making our incredibly cute music t-shirts! We LOVE them! Thank you to all the volunteers, who helped sell tickets, beverages, and prepare the patio and cleaver hall for our delicious BBQ. Thank you to Kathi Davis and Nancy Duling (my mom) for setting up and decorating our dinner tables. Thank you Keith Davis and Dennis Duling (my dad) for cooking up a delicious BBQ feast. Thank you to the COS staff for setting up for the concert and BBQ. Thank you to all my musicians big and small for your hard work and dedication to making this concert great! And a special thank you to my accompanist Jane Lin, who started with us this past August and has been my right-hand lady. The gifts she brings to our church are immeasurable, and I am so blessed and thankful to have her by my side.

BBQ Volunteers

Russ Case	Keith and Kathi Davis
Dennis and Nancy Duling	Mark and Linda Goluskin
Jeff Ross	Lilia Padilla
David Waller	