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N | EW
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presents

A Concert of New Works

featuring Ensemble Veritas

Dr. Andrew Clark and Stephen Sands, *conductors*

Dr. Robert Kyr, Ph.D. '89, *mentor & composer-in-residence*

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 2024

5:00 PM | PAINE HALL

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Performing premieres by Harvard Student Composers:

Joe Bradley '25, Anika Liv Christensen '26, Ben du Pont '25,
Jerry Li '26, Isaac Newman '25, Caitlin Paul '25, Eddie Raj '25,

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING INDIVIDUALS,
ORGANIZATIONS, AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENTS:

The Harvard Choruses

The Office for the Arts at Harvard

The Harvard University Department of Music

Stephen Sands

Dr. Robert Kyr

Dr. Andrew Clark

Olivia Porada

A Concert of New Works

PERFORMED BY
ENSEMBLE VERITAS

Friday, September 27, 2024 | 5:00 P.M.
Paine Hall, Harvard University

Dr. Andrew Clark and Stephen Sands, *conductors*
Andrew Courtney, *piano*

Go Slowly	Joe Bradley '25
Le Pont Mirabeau	Isaac Newman '25 <i>Elizabeth Bates and Nickolas Karageorgiou, soloists</i>
Conversation in Crisis	Caitlin Paul '25 <i>Sonja Tengblad, soloist</i>
Terragenesis	Anika Liv Christensen '25
The Wind	Jerry Li '26
Dust of Snow	Benjamin du Pont '25
Sunday Brunch	Eddie Raj '25 <i>Sylvia Leith, soloist</i>

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Go Slowly **Joe Bradley '25**

Gentle prayer
Freezing air
Sugarcane
In flushing rain
In searing pain

Suit and tie
Northern sky
Home at last
Patch of grass
Wilting past

In the whirlwind I begin to breathe in
Overtaken, taking in flushing rain in searing pain
In the sour I begin to see starlight
Just a flower frozen in a patch of grass in the wilting past

Go slowly
Stay this way

And as I let down
The weight of my strife
Breathing in
I see the good life
Going by

And as I let out
The sigh of my life
Breathe it in
And scream, or whisper
To the sky

Let me go
Slowly

Le Pont Mirabeau **Guillaume Apollinaire**

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine
Et nos amours
Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienn
La joie venait toujours après la peine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Les mains dans les mains restons face à face
Tandis que sous
Le pont de nos bras passe
Des éternels regards l'onde si lasse

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante
L'amour s'en va
Comme la vie est lente
Et comme l'Espérance est violente

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Passent les jours et passent les semaines
Ni temps passé
Ni les amours reviennent
Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

The Mirabeau Bridge **Isaac Newman '25, translation**

Under the Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine
And our loves
Must I remember
Joy always comes after pain

The night comes the hour rings
The days go by I remain

Hand in hand we stand face to face
While underneath
The bridge of our arms pass
The waves so tired of endless glances

The night comes the hour rings
The days go by I remain

Love flows away like this running water
Love flows away
O, how slow life is
And how violent is hope

The night comes the hour rings
The days go by I remain

The days pass by and the weeks pass by
Neither passed time
Nor love ever returns
Under the Mirabeau Bridge flows the Seine

The night comes the hour rings
The days go by I remain

Conversation in Crisis

Caitlin Paul '25

Audre Lorde

I speak to you as a friend speaks
or a true lover
not out of friendship or love
but for a clear meeting
of self upon self
in sight of our hearth
but without fire.

I cherish your words that ring
like late summer thunders
to sing without octave
and fade, having spoken the season.
But I hear the false heat of this voice
as it dries up the sides of your words
coaxing melodies from your tongue
and this curled music is treason.

How the young are tempted
and betrayed
into slaughter or conformity
is a turn of the mirror
time's question only.

Must I die in your fever
as the flames wax take cover
in your heart's culverts
crouched like a stranger
under the scorched leaves
of your other burnt loves
until the storm passes over?

How the young are tempted
and betrayed
into slaughter or conformity
is a turn of the mirror
time's question only.

Terragenesis

Anika Liv Christensen '25

Excerpts from:

**Emily Dickinson's "Summer Armies"*

***Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself"*

I want to build the atmosphere.
I want to build a dome in the sky.
I want to build the atmosphere.

I want to crush rocks!
I want to throw mud!
I want to drink waterfalls!
I want to leave town!

The regiment of wood and hill

In bright detachment stand.

*Behold! Whose multitudes are these?**

The world is a great big ball of clay,
And I hold it in my hand.

Do I contradict myself?

Very well then, I contradict myself.

*I am very large, and I contain multitudes.***

I have made a fog.
I have called the rain.
I have walked the wildflower field.
I live in the side of a hill!

The Wind

Jerry Li '26
Emma Miao

The wind touches everything—
The swaying grass, the picnic table tilted
by our weight

our hands. Snakes through the
windowsill over the laughter on Saturday night

Living room, out the fire escape kissing the black steel
Curling over the roof.

Sunflowers pressed against houses in the winter storm;
The places I used to call home
Now need different names

color: purple bike

wooden bench, Red heart.

the leaves shedding
and I think about lifetimes, lifelines

I too want to know I can lose

everything and find myself

In Spring, again.

Dust of Snow

Benjamin du Pont '25
Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And spared some part
Of a day I had rued

Sunday Brunch

Eddie Raj '25

Choir

Oh my God! I love your dress!
Who shined your shoes?
Can you see her diamond ring?
Her husband's new!

Soloist

This husband...
What does he do?

Choir

Why would she ask?
Why does she care?
Is she that rude?
Let's all sit down; Let's order drinks!

Soloist

So what's new?

Choir

Did she not hear?
We just explained:
new suit, new ring..

Soloist

I mean besides your new attire.
Any big plans or goals for the future?

Choir

Is she still sober?
Well in fact,
I saw this car I want to buy!
I need this car!

Soloist

But other than your car,
do you have thoughts or worries,
or real life problems,
or real--

Choir

Why does she worry?
She seems unwell...
Let's get some drinks!
We need them now.
Let's get champagne.

Let's order two.

We're not ourselves,
we need a drink,
she needs a drink!

Soloist

Let's just be frank!
Am I forbidden
to move past clothes
and food and drinking—
to try and understand
each other better?—

Choir

She's yelling now;
she's not herself..
We need a photo!
Let's all squeeze in!
We need to smile.

Where is the staff?
They're not around;
they're running late.
This is unacceptable!
We need our photo!

Soloist

Why did we harass
all of these waiters?
Do we care more for looks
than one another?

Choir

They're just the staff...
Does she not care?
Why does she wonder?

Soloist

I can't help wonder...
are we happy?
Am I happy?
I'm not sure...

Choir

*Maybe she's tired.
Look at her scowl.
This photo's bad...*

Let's take one more.
Make sure to smile.
One more won't hurt!
We need one more.
Where is the staff?
We need another photo!

Oh my God!
You look so good!
Look at your smile!

Soloist

You're right!
This photo turned out better.
I'm glad we insisted on another.

Choir

*Of course it did;
she didn't scowl.
They're just the staff*

Soloist

Look at me smile...
I am myself

Choir

*At least she smiled.
Thank God she smiled.*

Soloist

But, it's just a photo.
This doesn't change
what I was saying...

Choir

You look perfect.
Everyone smile!
This is so fun;
you look so good.
I'm going to post.
We're going to post!

Soloist

I do look good...

Choir

*She does look better;
she didn't scowl.*

Soloist

Look at me smile...
I look so happy.
Maybe I'll post.
They'll see my dress
and his new suit
and her new husband!

Choir

*She's going to post.
Make sure she tags us!*

Soloist

I do look good!

Choir

She's so confident!

Soloist

Look at my dress!
Look at my smile!

Choir

Look at your dress!
Look at your smile!
More champagne!
Another glass!

Soloist

I'll have one too.
Let's make that two.

Choir

You're so much fun.
Another round!

Soloist

Oh my God!
Where is the staff?

Tutti

We need more drinks!

ENSEMBLE VERITAS

SOPRANO

Elizabeth Bates
Cassandra Extravour
Kristin Sands
Sonja DuToit Tengblad

ALTO

Carrie Cheron
Kim Leeds
Sylvia Leith
Kirsten Sollek

TENOR

Jonas Budris
Ethan DePuy
Nickolas Karageorgiou
Stephen Sands

BASS

Stephen Hrycelak
David McFerrin
Edmund Milly
Marcus Schenck

MANAGING DIRECTOR

Stephen Sands

THE HARVARD CHORUSES NEW MUSIC INITIATIVE

Launched in fall 2016, the **Harvard Choruses New Music Initiative** is a comprehensive mentorship program devoted to the creation of new works and to the nurturing of undergraduate composers. As its fundamental components, it features an extensive mentorship process, commissions, competitions, residencies, and premiere performances. Each HCNMI composer is closely mentored by an acclaimed composer-educator, who works with them through a yearlong process of creating text and music for a substantial choral work, which is then rehearsed and performed by one of Harvard's choruses or Ensemble Veritas, a professional vocal ensemble established for this purpose. This innovative, unique initiative seeks to build upon Harvard's reputation as an international leader committed to advancing the choral tradition through the creation of new works and as a leading collegiate training program for students interested in choral composition and other genres. HCNMI strives to provide a transformative and essential part of the music program at Harvard.

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