

Sierra

Master
Chorale
and Orchestra



Sunday
May 21, 2017 · 2pm

Tuesday
May 23, 2017 · 7:30pm

Underwritten by:
Robert and Carol Hamilton
Sponsored by: Gerri Griswold,
Matthew Zelear, MD
of Sierra View Medical Eye, Inc.

 **InConcert**
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Real graphic



Welcome and Dedication from our Artistic Director

This marks the last set of performances for an outstanding and memorable 2016-17 season. The Sierra Master Chorale has been working diligently for the past thirteen weeks and eagerly anticipates your enthusiastic applause! I say that in jest; however, I do anticipate that you will be moved and inspired by the works we are performing.

Last fall, I had chosen to program the Brahms' Requiem for this spring cycle. However, after the November election, there was an obvious mixture of emotions felt and vocalized -- locally, nationally and globally. Regardless of anyone's political leanings, the idea of a requiem seemed inappropriate. After much thought, I chose a program that I hope will bring us together as a community, beginning with the choir and reaching out to the audience and possibly beyond. My goal has been to celebrate and acknowledge the many things we have in common, presenting them through the language of music that brings us together.

The music is programmed around the theme of Americana and democracy, with music set to the words of great American poets, Robert Frost and Walt Whitman.

Based on the words of American poet Walt Whitman, British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams's *Toward The Unknown Region* portrays an optimistic vision of a world inspired by human and scientific endeavor and a spirit of adventure.

Also based on a Walt Whitman text, Howard Hanson's *Song of Democracy* sees the future of America in the "sparkling eyes" of its youth and suggests the mystery and majesty of "the soul's voyage." I will leave the rest up to you, the listener.

The four spirituals on the program not only honor our nation's African-American heritage, they give us all an uplifting energy that will raise the roof.

With poetry by Robert Frost, Randall Thompson's *Frostiana* will warm us like a fire in the chill of spring, leaving us with the crowning hope of "Choose Something Like a Star."

In closing, I'd like to dedicate these two chorale performances to my dear friend and InConcert Sierra supporter, Lowell Robertson, who passed away earlier this year. Lowell was one of those welcomed friends who would tell it like it is and offer advice without strings. I miss him sitting in the audience, eyes closed, smile on his face, basking in the music he greatly enjoyed. I can imagine he is smiling now. He would have loved this program... and he would "choose something like a star."

Yours in music,



Welcome from our SMC Chairperson



We've come a long way!

We were ready and excited to perform our very first concert as the Sierra Master Chorale... but would anyone come? As incentive, we offered free admission and, that night, as people continued to stream into the Peace Lutheran Church fellowship hall, we scrambled to set up all the extra chairs we could find. By the time we proceeded in from the warm-up room, many attendees were sitting on the floor and the singers had to avoid stepping on them on the way to the front of the room.

That successful beginning in December of 2008 launched our chorus on a trajectory that is still climbing. The mutually beneficial integration of SMC into InConcert Sierra provided SMC with the organizational structure and staff support we needed. Many of the responsibilities previously held by members of the SMC Coordinating Committee were handed off to the InConcert staff, and the chair of the Coordinating Committee now serves on the InConcert board of directors. This arrangement has enabled both SMC to make great strides in reaching its goal of becoming a "master chorale," and InConcert Sierra to take immense pride in claiming the chorus as its own.

In the early years of the SMC we raised funds by holding yard sales, sing-alongs, internal auctions for goods and services, and, after several false starts, by holding our first MusicaliTea event in January of 2011. This wildly successful event now occurs each spring and involves each member of the SMC as well as InConcert volunteers and staff. It is always great fun for both the chorus and the community!

What's it like to sing with SMC? Nora Kinney, an alto, puts it this way, "I really look forward to going to rehearsal every week because, even though we all work hard, Ken makes it such a positive and fun experience, we don't realize we are learning. And what could be more thrilling than getting to perform with a full orchestra!"

I have had the privilege of singing with and helping guide the SMC from the time we gathered as a group of singers to set ambitious goals and commit to work hard to meet them. Now that we've heard and felt the joy of singing as one with the director, we only want to repeat that "fix" again and again.

I am in this reflective mood because I am stepping down as chair of the SMC Coordinating Committee but will continue to sing and participate on the Committee. My years as chair have been a highlight of my life and I thank you, our appreciative audience, for making this experience possible!

..Barry Howard

Sierra Master Chorale & Orchestra

Ken Hardin, conductor

Toward the Unknown Region

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Poetry of Walt Whitman (1818-1892)

Song of Democracy

Howard Hanson (1770-1827)
Poetry of Walt Whitman

-Intermission-

Please enjoy refreshments in the reception hall
Treat donations go toward InConcert Sierra educational programs

Ezekiel Saw de Wheel

William L. Dawson (1899-1990)

Standin' in the Need of Prayer

Moses Hagan (1957-2003)

Poor Man Lazrus

Jester Hairston (1901-2000)

Soon Ah Will Be Done

William L. Dawson

Frostiana

Randall Thompson (1899-1984)
Poetry of Robert Frost (1874-1963)

1) *The Road Not Taken*

4) *The Telephone*

2) *The Pasture*

5) *A Girls Garden*

3) *Come In*

6) *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*

7) *Choose Something Like a Star*

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Thank you to our Sierra Master Chorale Underwriters:

Robert and Carol Hamilton

and to our sponsors:

Gerri Griswold

**Dr. Matthew Zealear of
Sierra ViewMedical Eye, Inc.**

New Moon Cafe



Grass Valley Veterinary Hospital

About the Music

Toward the Unknown Region – *Ralph Vaughan Williams*
Poetry of Walt Whitman

Darest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O Soul;
Nor dost thou--all is a blank before us;
All waits, undreamed of, in that region--that inaccessible land.

Till, when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds, bound us.

Then we burst forth--we float,
In Time and Space, O Soul--prepared for them;
Equal, equipt at last--(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfill, O Soul.

Song of Democracy - *Howard Hanson*
Poetry of Walt Whitman

An old man's thought of school,
An old man gathering youthful memories and blooms, that youth itself cannot.
Now only do I know you! O fair auroral skies! Now only do I know you!

O morning dew upon the grass! O morning dew upon the grass!

And these I see, these sparkling eyes,
These stores of mystic meaning, these young lives,
Building, building — equipping like a fleet of ships — immortal ships!
Soon to sail out over the measureless seas,
On the Soul's voyage.

Only a lot of boys and girls?
Only the tiresome spelling, writing, ciphering classes? Only a public school?
Ah more, infinitely more.
And you America, America,
Cast you the real reckoning for your present?
The lights and shadows of your future, good or evil?
To girlhood, boyhood look, the teacher and the school.

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About the Music

Sail — sail thy best, ship of Democracy! Of value is thy freight —
'tis not the present only, The past is also stored in thee!

Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone - Not of thy Western continent alone;
Earth's resume entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is steadied by thy spars,
With thee time voyages in trust - the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee;
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars,
Thou bear'st the other continents;
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination port triumphant.

Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman,
Thou carriest great companions,
Venerable priestly Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee,

Sail — sail thy best, ship of Democracy! Of value is thy freight —
'tis not the present only, The past is also stored in thee! Sail!

Ezekiel Saw de Wheel — *William Dawson*

Ezekul saw de wheel
Way up in de mid'l of de air (repeat)
De lit'l wheel run by faith
And de big wheel run by de grace of God
A wheel in a wheel
Way in de mid'l of de air.

Some go to church for to sing and shout
Hallelu, hallelu, hallelu-jah!
Way in de mid'l of de air
Befo' six months deys all turn'd out
Way in de mid'l of de air.

Way in de mid'l of de... Way up in de air.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

— *Moses Hogan*

[Refrain] *It's me, it's me, it's me, oh Lord*
Standing in the need of prayer (repeat)

Not my brother...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

[Refrain]

Not my sister...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

[Refrain]

Not my mother...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not my father...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not the deacon...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

Not the preacher...but it's me, oh Lord
Standing in the need of prayer.

[Refrain]

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About the Music

Poor Man Lazrus

— *Jester Hairston*

Poor man Lazrus, sick and disabled
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

He had to eat crumbs from the
rich man's table
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

[Refrain]
I'm tormented in the flame!
I'm tormented in the flame!
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
'cause I'm tormented in the flame!

Rich man Dives he lived so well
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

And when he died he went straight to hell
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

[Refrain]

I love to shout, I love to sing
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

I love to praise my heavenly King
Dip your finger in the water
Come and cool my tongue
Cause I'm tormented in the flame!

[Refrain]

Soon Ah Will Be Done

— *William L. Dawson*

[Refrain]
Soon ah will be don'
a-wid de troubles ob de worl',
Troubles ob de worl',
De troubles ob de worl'.
Soon ah will be don'
A-wid de troubles ob de worl',
Goin' home t'live wid God.

I wan' t' meet my mother,
I wan' t' meet my mother,
I wan' t' meet my mother,
I'm goin' t' live wid God.

[Refrain]

No more weepin' an' a-wailin',
No more weepin' an' a-wailin',
No more weepin' an' a-wailin',
I'm goin' t' live wid God.

[Refrain]

I wan' t' meet my Jesus,
I wan' t' meet my Jesus,
I wan' t' meet my Jesus,
I'm goin' t' live wid God,
(In de mornin' Lord!)

I'm goin' t' live wid God.
I'm goin' t' live wid God.

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About the Music

Frostiana — Randall Thompson
poetry of Robert Frost

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverg'd in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one trav'ler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I...
I took the one less travel'd by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music -- hark!
Now if it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.
Too dark in the woods for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west

Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went --
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.
But no, I was out for stars;
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked;
And I hadn't been.

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About the Music

The Telephone

'When I was just as far as I could walk
From here today,
There was an hour All still
When leaning with my head
against a flow'r, I heard you talk.
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say—

You spoke
from that flower on the window sill
Do you remember
what it was you said?'

'First tell me what it was you thought you heard.'

Having found the flower and driven a bee away,
I leaned my head, And holding by the stalk,
I listened and I thought I caught the word—
What was it?
Did you call me by my name?
Or did you say—
Someone said "Come" -- I heard it as I bowed.'

I may have thought as much, but not aloud.'

"Well, so I came.'

A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring,
When she was girl on a farm,
She did a child-like 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 ideal bit
Of wall'd 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 wheel'd 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 said 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.

About the Music

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star, The fairest one in sight
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud.
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.

Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn in your reserve is not allowed.

Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says 'I burn.'
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.

And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.



Sierra
Master
Chorale

The logo features the word "Sierra" in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below it, the words "Master" and "Chorale" are stacked in a clean, sans-serif font.

About Conductor Ken Hardin



Ken Hardin — pianist, conductor, and artistic director was born in Whittier, California. He began piano lessons at the age of four and also studied violin, trumpet, accordion and voice. He received a full scholarship to Whittier College but, prior to finishing his degree, returned to playing music professionally in the Los Angeles area.

In L.A., Ken was noted for playing jazz and Broadway. He was a member of the popular 1970's jazz group, Big North, which unfortunately disbanded just prior to signing a recording contract with a new label, Penthouse Records!

Ken continued his education, receiving a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance from CSU Northridge, with extensive training in choral and instrumental conducting under composer, conductor, pianist and arranger, Jay Blackton, best known for his work as music director and conductor for Rodgers & Hammerstein. He also studied conducting and piano-stylings with the noted composer and arranger, Johnny Green.

While both a student and faculty member at CSU Northridge, Ken coached several singers who later became successful, such as Kurt Hansen ("Miss Saigon" and "Mamma Mia" on Broadway), Steve Lawrence and Edie Gorme's son Michael Lawrence, actress Lee Remick, and pop sensation Leif Garrett, among others. He also directed, composed, and accompanied musicals and played for auditions throughout Los Angeles. He was sought out as a pianist for honor choirs by choral conductors such as Paul Salumonovich and Roger Wagner. He continued on the faculty at CSU Northridge until moving to Nevada County in 1984.

Ken's talents span the genres of jazz, Broadway, and classical with strong, diverse experience and education in conducting, performing and teaching. He is currently artistic director for InConcert Sierra and music director and conductor for the Sierra Master Chorale. Additionally, Ken is the principal keyboardist for the Reno Philharmonic and active as a freelance pianist.

Sierra Master Chorale Members

Established in 2008, the Sierra Master Chorale is an auditioned group of singers who perform choral music of wide variety and with such high quality that both the listening audience and the performers share a sense of great enjoyment and pride.

Alto

Peggy Brewer
Sally Buckthal
Debra Buddie*
Barbara Dakin
Susan Duey
Linda Foreman
Carole Gibson
Julie Hardin
Lynda Jamieson
Elizabeth Jens
Kate Laferriere
Tarla Leighton
Linda Maloney
Karen Oakley
Jeanne Palmer
Ljubica Petrasic
Rosalie Plummer
Shirley Porter
Lisa Schliff
Tamara Unger
Carolyn Valle
Mimi Vishoot
Diane Walker
Kaye Wedel
Cynthia Yaguda
Nancy Zeisler*

Tenor

David Bess
Ken Getz
Alex Henderson*
Lee Laferriere
Jerry Maloney
Steve Mendoza
Dan Richards
Gary Shannon
John Simon
Barry Turner
Michael Vierra
David Wahler

Bass

John Bush
Rod Fivelstad
Reed Hamilton*
Lennart Hjord
Barry Howard
Bruce Lattyak
Doug Morgan
Steve Nicholson
Dave Olsen
Keith Porter
Stephen Tassone
Sarito Whatley
Charlie Zimmerman

Soprano

Valarie Bush
Vicki Cambron
Kathy Chastain*
Mary Anne Davis
Colette Dennison
Connie Dorland
Laura Drucker
Andrea Fox
Sue Garcia
Analiese Lumbard
Kathleen Madeira
Amy Mauk
Cheryl Maxwell*
Carol Menaker
Rosemary Motz
Marsha Ostrom
Mary Scovel
Betsey Severn
Nina Stillwell
Krista Thomas
Hannah Wellman



Beloved Accompanist and Rehearsal Assistant

Nancy McRay

* = section leaders

bold = membership director

italics = SMC committee members

Orchestra Members

The Sierra Master Chorale is fortunate to always perform with the InConcert Sierra Orchestra, which is comprised of professional local and regional musicians.

We wish to express our gratitude to Orchestra Coordinator Cathy Collings, and to the riser crew who builds the stage for every orchestral performance.

Conductor

Ken Hardin

(podium sponsored by Jackie Wilson)

Violin 1

Richard Altenbach, concertmaster

(chair sponsored by Aileen James)

Nancy Hill

Catherine Heusner

Peiyun Lee

Violin 2

Jolán Friedhoff, principal

Rose-May Mickelson

Randi Soule

Amanda Lostritto

Viola

David Thorp, principal

Kristen Autry

Cello

David Speltz, principal

Jia-mo Chen

Bass

Bryce Holmes, principal

Flute

Kirsti Powell, principal

Shannon Devir

Oboe

Murray Campbell, principal

Anne Thorsby

Clarinet

Elizabeth McAllister, principal

Karen Stenger

Bassoon

Dave Riddles, principal

Cathy Collings

Horn

Cara Jones, principal

Steve Pierce

Trumpet

Michael Meeks, principal

John Frantz

Trombone

Steven Thompson, principal

Bass Trombone

Jeff Reynolds

Timpani/Percussion

Thomas Rance, principal

Ryan Goodpastor

Bob Thomas

Keyboard

Nancy McRay, principal

Harp

Sage Po, principal