



The Stockton Chorale

Singing In The Valley Since 1952

Of Birds and Bees and Butterflies



Presented By The Stockton Chorale
Bruce Southard, Artistic Director

2015-2016 SEASON

Saturday, March 5th, 2016 - Lodi

Sunday, March 6th, 2016- Stockton



“Of Birds and Bees and Butterflies”



STOCKTON CHORALE, MASTER CHORALE, AND YOUTH CHORALE

Saturday, March 5, 2016 — 7:30 p.m.

The Episcopal Church of St. John the Baptist, Lodi

Sunday, March 6, 2016 — 4:00 p.m.

Central United Methodist Church, Stockton

Bruce Southard, Artistic Director and Conductor

Esther Roche, Accompanist

Joan Calonico, Youth Chorale Conductor

Mary Monroe, Accompanist

Selections from *The Creation* (1798)

Awake the Harp

The Heavens Are Telling

Achieved Is Thy Glorious Work

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Amanda Kihlthau, Kenneth Kihlthau, Michael Kizer, *soloists*

Stockton Chorale

Revecy venir du Printans

Dianne England, Diane Jaffe, Joan Calonico, Matthew Short, Kenneth Brewer, *soloists*

Claude Le Jeune (1528-1600)

El grillo

Josquin des Prez (c. 1450-1521)

Lady, the Silly Flea

Giles Farnaby (c. 1566-1640)

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Jacques Arcadelt (1507-1568)

Quel augelin che canta

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Paruparong Bukid

Filipino Folk Song, arr. George Hernandez

Dianne England, *soprano*

Master Chorale

Rockin' Robin

Debbie Hernandez, Rosalie Mehan, Pheon Davison, Dianne England, Nancy Fish, and Debbie Rooker

Jimmie Thomas, arr. Kirby Shaw

The Sow Took the Measles

Yankee Farmer Song from the Early 19th Century, arr. Ehret

Stockton Youth Chorale

Bumblebee

Jean Berger (1909-2002)

Text by Betty Chancellor

Sherri Porterfield

Text by Michael Ross

Listen

Michael Hernandez, *recorder*

Treblemakers

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär

Robert Schumman (1810-1856)

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Manning Sherwin, arr. Billingsley

Lyric by Eric Maschwitz

Concert Choir

“The World is Full of Poetry” from *Earthsongs*

David L. Brunner

Text by James Gates Percival

Peace on Earth... and lots of little crickets

Paul Carey

Text by Oliver Twigge

Stockton Youth Chorale

Little Birds

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

American Folk Song, arr. Gail Kubik

Dianne England, Sue Kiminkimen, Ric Campero, *soloists*
Stockton Chorale

No Rocks A-Cryin'

Rollo Dilworth (b. 1970)

Stockton Chorale Combined Choirs

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Revecy venir du Printans**Refrain:**

Once again Spring returns,
 The season of love and beauty.

Seeking running waters once again,
 Summer's brook becomes clear,
 And the sea, calmed of its tempests,
 Tames its gloomy ill temper.

The duckling makes merry, diving
 And gracefully washing himself in the water,
 And the crane, changing direction,
 Crosses the sky once more and vanishes.

The sun shines radiant
 With the light of a clearer sky:
 The shadow flees from the cloud,
 Which plays, darts about, and darkens.
 The toil of man turns
 Forests, fields, and hillsides green again,
 And the meadow reveals its flowers.

Cupid, the son of Venus,
 Sowing the universe with his darts,
 Will with his flame rewarm
 The animals that fly in the air,
 The animals that creep in the fields, and
 The animals that swim in the waters.
 The man who does not feel amorous
 Will melt nonetheless from bliss.

Let us also laugh and seek
 The amusements and games of Springtime.
 Everything laughs from delight:
 Let us celebrate the cheerful season/

El grillo

The cricket is a good singer
 Who can sustain a long phrase.
 Drink, cricket, drink and sing some more.
 The cricket is a good singer.
 But unlike the other singers, the birds,
 Who after having sung a bit
 Fly off to another place,
 The cricket is ever constant,
 When the heat is the greatest,
 Then he sings only for love.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

The white and gentle swan dies singing,
 While I approach the end of my own life weeping.
 Such a strange and different fate:

He dies disconsolate, while I die happy.
 O Death, which in dying
 Fills me completely with joy and desire:
 If I felt no other pain while dying,
 I would be content to die a thousand deaths.

Quel augellin che canta

That little bird which sings
 So sweetly
 And gaily flies
 Now from the fir to the beech tree
 And now from the beech to the myrtle,
 If he had a human mind,
 Would say: I burn with love, I burn with love!
 But in his heart he burns indeed
 And calls to his beloved
 Who replies to him:
 I too am burning with love!
 How fortunate you are,
 Sweet little loving bird!

Paruparong Bukid

Field butterfly, fly around
 In the middle of the road flapping its wings
 Wearing a nine meter-long apron over her back skirt
 A handspan tall is the butterfly sleeves
 Her skirt, shaped like a grand piano,
 Has a train with the length of the entire rack of cloth
 She even has an ornamental double comb – wow!
 And even a decorative comb – wow!
 She shows her petticoat embroidered with eyelet.
 She faces the church's altar and looks at her beauty in the mirrors
 Then she struts swaying her hips.

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär

If I were a little bird
 and also had two little wings
 I would fly to you.
 But because that cannot be,
 I remain just here.

Equally if I am far from you,
 yet I am with you in sleep
 and talk to you.
 When I become awake,
 I am alone.

There is no hour of the night goes by
 that my heart does not wake
 and is thinking of you,
 that many thousandfold
 you gave your heart to me.