

MARCH 9, 2023 - SPRING BREAKS FORTH

STOCKTON CHORALE

ANTIPHON from *Five Mystical Songs* by Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)

Let all the world in every corner sing,
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

The Church with Psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out.
But above all, the heart must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King.

ABENDLIED, OP. 69, NO. 3 by Josef Rheinberger, (1839 - 1901)

Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.

Denn es will Abend werden.

Und der Tag hat sich geneiget, sich geneiget.

Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.

Und der Tag hat sich geneiget, sich geneiget.

Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden.

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STOCKTON YOUTH CHORALE

The Robin is the One

(Music by Neil Ginsberg (b. 1969))

The robin is the one that interprets the morn.
With hurried few, express reports, when March is scarcely on.

The robin is the one that overflows the noon.
With her cherubic quantities an April but begun.

The robin is the one that speechless from her nest,
Submit that home and certainty and sanctity are best.

-Emily Dickenson (1830-1886)

The Bumblebee No. 3 from "Three More Bugs"

(Music by Jean Berger (1909-2002))

Bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble,
Bumblebee, bumblebee, bumble, bumble, bumblebee,

Bumblebee, bumblebee, You can't be a humble bee:

People say that you can't fly,
Yet you buzz around the sky.

Tumble, tumble, fumble, fumble in the flowers,
Showing off, showing off your magic powers.
Then like a seven twenty-seven,
Off you go to soar to heaven,

Off you go to soar to heaven, like a seven twenty-seven
Bumblebee, bumblebee, you can't be a humble bee:
People say that you can't fly, yet you buzz around the sky.

Bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble, bumble,
Bumblebee, bumblebee, bumble, bumble, bumblebee,

Bumblebee, bumblebee, You can't be a humble bee:

People say that you can't fly,
Yet you buzz around the sky.

Tumble, tumble, fumble, fumble, tumble, tumble, fumble, fumble,
In the flowers, bumblebee!

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-Betty Chancellor

The World is Full of Poetry from Earthsongs

(Music by Davie L. Brunner (b. 1953))

The world is full of poetry, the air is living with its spirit,
And the waves dance to the music of its melodies
And sparkle in its brightness, and sparkle in its brightness.

-James Gates Percival

Crawdad Hole (American Folk Song, Arranged by Mary Goetze)

Well, you get a line and I'll get a pole,
We'll go fishin' in a crawdad hole!

You get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey.
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole, we'll go fishin' in a crawdad hole,
Honey, Baby mine!

Get a pole and let's go fishin', my honey, my baby,
Get a pole and let's go fishin', my honey, my baby,
Get a pole and let's go fishin', my honey, my baby,
Let's go now, come on, come on, get your pole, let's go!

Honey, Baby mine.
Have you got a hook line and sinker?
Yes, I have a hook.

Well, sittin' on the bank till my feet get cold, Honey. (Hook, line and sinker)
Sittin' on the bank till my feet get cold, Babe. (Hook, line and sinker, yes, I have a hook)
Sittin' on the bank till my feet get cold, lookin' down that crawdad hole,
Honey, Baby mine! (Hook, line and sinker, Hook, line and sinker)
Let's go now, come on, come on, get your pole, let's go! (Let's go!)

Well, what you gonna do if the pond is dry, Honey? (Catch me a horsefly)
What you gonna do if the pond is dry, Babe? (I'll catch a horsefly if the pond is dry)
What you gonna do if the pond is dry? Sit on the bank, catch an old horsefly
Honey, Baby mine! (Catch me a horsefly, catch me a horsefly)

Well, you get a line and I'll get a pole, Honey. (Hook, line and sinker)
You get a line and I'll get a pole, Babe. (Hook, line and sinker, yes, I have a hook)
You get a line and I'll get a pole, we'll go fishin' in a crawdad hole,
Honey, Baby mine! (Hook, line and sinker, Hook, line and sinker)
Let's go now, come on, come on, get your pole, let's go! (Let's go!)

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Honey, Baby mine! (Hook, line and sinker, Hook, line and sinker)
Let's go now, come on, come on, get your pole, let's go! (Let's go!)
Let's go!

MASTER CHORALE

FAIR PHYLLIS I SAW (by John Farmer, 1565-1605)

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone feeding her flock near to the mountain side.
Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone feeding her flock near to the mountain side.
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
But after her love, Amyntas hied.
Up and down he wandered. Whilst she was missing; when he found her,
O, then they fell a kissing, o, then they fell a kissing.

SOIR SUR LA PLAINE (by Lili Boulanger)

Vers l'Occident, làbas, le ciel est tout en or!

Le long des prés déserts où le sentier dévale

La pénétrante odeur des foins coupés s'exbale.

Et c'est l'heure émouvante,

Où la terre s'endort, où la terre s'endort. (section repeated)

Le faux des moissonneurs a passé sur les terres

Et le repos succède aux travaux des longs jours.

Parfois une charrue oubliée aux labours

Sort comme un bras levé, des sillons solitaires.

La nuit à l'Orient

Verse sa cendre fine le au couchant s'attarde une barré de feu.

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Et dans l'obscurité qui s'accroît peu à peu
La blancheur de la route à peine se devine,
Puis tout sombre et s'enfonce en la grande unité
Le ciel enténébré rejoint la plaine immense.
Ecoute! Ecoute! Un grand soupir traverse le silence,
Et voici que le cœur du jour s'est arrêté. Ecoute!

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

(by George David Weiss & Bob Thiele; Arranged by Rene Clausen)

(Do, do, do...)
I see trees of green, red roses too,
I see them bloom for me and you,
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue and clouds of white,
The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night,
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces of people goin' by.
I see friends shakin' hands, saying, "How do you do?"
They're really saying, "I love you."

I hear babies cry, I watch them grow.
They'll learn much more than I'll ever know
And I think to myself, what a wonderful world. (repeat song)

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BEAR CREEK HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR

TUNDRA Ola Gjeilo

Oh,
Wide worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse of green and white and graphite grey.

Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth.

Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth, unmoving.

Whole clouds dance
Across the vast eternal sky, eternal sky.

ABIDE WITH ME by William Monk | arranged by Moses Hogan

Abide with me, fast falls the evening tide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

O thou who changest not abide with me.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

-Henry F. Lyte

GOODNIGHT MOON by Eric Whitacre

There was a great green room,

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There was a telephone and a red balloon.
And a picture of the cow jumping over the moon.

And there were three little bears sitting in chairs,
And two little kittens and a pair of mittens.
And a little toy house and a young mouse,
And a comb, and a brush, and a bowl of mush.

And a quiet old lady who was whispering "hush".

Goodnight room, goodnight moon,
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon,
Goodnight light and the red balloon.

Goodnight bears, goodnight chairs,
Goodnight kittens and goodnight mittens.

Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks,
Goodnight little house and goodnight mouse.

Goodnight comb and goodnight brush,
Goodnight nobody and goodnight mush.

And goodnight to the old lady whispering "hush".
Goodnight stars, goodnight air,
Goodnight noises everywhere.

-Margaret Wise Brown

PAINTED ON CANVAS by Gregory Porter

We are like children we're painted on canvases
Picking up shades as we go.
We start off with gesso, brushed on by people we know.
Watch your technique as you go.

Step back and admire my view.
Can I use the colors I choose?
Do I have some say what you use?

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Can I get some greens and some blues?

We're made by the pigment of paint that is put upon.
Our stories are told by our hues.
Like Motley and Bearden, these masters of peace and light,
Layers of color and time.

Step back and admire my view.
Can I use the colors I choose?
Do I have some say what you use?
Can I get some greens and some blues?

We are like children we're painted on canvases
(Instrumental and doo, doo, doo)

We are like children we're painted on canvases
Picking up shades as we go.
We start off with gesso, brushed on by people we know.
Watch your technique as you go.

Step back and admire my view.
Can I use the colors I choose?
Do I have some say what you use?
Can I get some greens and some blues?

We're made by the pigment of paint that is put upon.
Our stories are told by our hues.
Like Motley and Bearden, these masters of peace and light,
Step back and admire my view.
Can I use the colors I choose?
Do I have some say what you use?
Can I get some greens and some blues?
Ooo.

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VALLEY YOUTH A CAPPELLA

Seasons of Love from the Broadway Musical "Rent"

(Words and Music by Jonathan Larson; Arranged by Philip Lawson)

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six-hundred minutes,
Five hundred twenty-five thousand moments so dear.
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six-hundred minutes,
How do you measure, measure a year?

In daylights, in sunsets, in midnights, in cups of coffee,
In inches, in miles, in laughter and strife,
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six-hundred minutes,
How do you measure a year in the life?

How about love? How about love?

Five hundred twenty-five thousand six-hundred minutes,
Five hundred twenty-five thousand journeys to plan.
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six-hundred minutes,
How do you measure the life of a woman or a man?

In truth that she learned or in times that he cried,
In bridges he burned or the way that she died.
It's time now to sing out, though the story never ends.
Let's celebrate, remember a year in the life of friends.

Remember the love. Remember the love.

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

(Music by Albert Von Tilzer Words by Jack Norworth; Arranged by Marshall Webb)

Peanuts! Cracker Jacks! Play ball!
Take me out to the ballgame,
Take me out with the crowd.
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack.
I don't care if I never get back.
For it's root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win it's a shame,
For it's One! Two! Three! Strikes you're out
At the old ballgame.

When I Fall in Love

(Words by Edward Heyman Music by Victor Young; Arranged by Kirby Shaw)

When I fall in love, it will be forever,

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Or I'll never fall in love.
In a restless world like this is, love is ended before it's begun
And too many moonlight kisses seem to cool in the warmth of the sun.

When I give my heart, it will be completely,
Or I'll never give my heart.
And the moment I can feel that you feel that way too,
Is when I fall in love with you.

Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight

(Words and Music by Calvin Carter and James Hudson; Arranged by Deke Sharon and Anne Raugh)

Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, Sweetheart, goodnight.

Well, it's three o'clock in the morning.
Baby, I just can't treat you right.
Well, I hate to leave you baby, I don't mean maybe
Because I love you so.

Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, Sweetheart, goodnight.

Now, your mother and your father
Might hear if I stay here too long.
One kiss, and we'll part, and I'll be going,
I hate, I hate to go.

Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
Goodnight, Sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
I hate to leave you, but I really must say,
Goodnight, Sweetheart, goodnight.

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FRESH AND FEARLESS (by Daniel Elder)

The spring is fresh and fearless
And every leaf is new,
The world is brimmed with moonlight,
The lilac brimmed with dew.
Here in the moving shadows
I catch my breath and sing -
My heart is fresh and fearless
And over-brimmed with spring.

-Sara Teasdale (1884 - 1933)

SHENANDOAH (American Folk Song, Arranged by James Erb)

O Shenando', I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river.
O Shenando', I long to see you,
'Way we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley,
And hear your rolling river,
I long to see your smiling valley,
'Way we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis sev'n long years since last I see you,
And hear your rolling river,
'Tis sev'n long year since last I see you,
'Way we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

O Shenando', I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river.
O Shenando', I long to see you,
'Way we're bound away, Across the wide Missouri.

FLOOD THE GOLD EARTH (by David von Kampen)

My thoughts are like fire-flies, pulsing in moonlight;
My heart like a silver cup, filled with red wine;

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My soul a pale gleaming horizon, whence soon light
Will flood the gold earth with a torrent divine.

-George MacDonald (1824 - 1905)

FINALE - ALL GROUPS

NO ROCKS A-CRYIN' (by Rollo Dilworth)

Oh clap your hands, all you lands.
Shout unto God with cries of joy, Praise the Lord!
For the Lord is worthy, He's worthy of the praise.
Oh, I don't want the rocks, cryin' out for me!

Praise to the Lord most high, He's the King.
He will protect us from our foes, Praise His name!
Praise Him for His mercy, I'll praise Him for His grace.
Oh, I don't want the rocks, cryin' out for me!

Sing praises to God, Sing praise, to our King, sing praise. (repeat phrase)

No, no, no, no rocks a cryin', no rocks a cryin',
No rocks a cryin' out for me. (repeat section)

Oh! I don't want the rock, I don't want the rocks,
I don't want the rocks cryin' out for me, for me!