

CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING AND CINEMATIC ARTS  
**Boyer College of Music and Dance**

**Temple University Graduate Conductors Chorus (USA)**  
**Hannah Grasso and Joy Vernon, conductors**

**Silver Ensemble (Argentina)**  
**Federico Chlopecki, conductor**

April 25, 2021  
Presented Virtually

Sunday  
3:00pm

Seid begrüßt (Herbstlied)

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

Ave Maria

R. Nathaniel Dett

Brady Ketelsen, baritone

Graduate Conductors Chorus  
Joy Vernon, conductor  
David Pasbrig, audio and video engineer

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Mujeres Argentinas

1. Alfonsina y el mar (Alfonsina and The Sea)
2. Dorotea la cautiva

Ariel Ramírez  
arr. Oreste V. Chlopecki  
arr. Javier Zentner

Silver Ensemble  
Federico Chlopecki, conductor  
Juan Martín Albariño, audio engineer  
Mireya Golstein Benzecry, video editor

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Schöne Fremde from *Gartenlieder*

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

When Storms Arise from *Three Dunbar Hymns*

Adolphus Hailstork

Graduate Conductors Chorus  
Hannah Grasso, conductor  
David Pasbrig, audio and video engineer

\* \* \*

Missa pro defuncto Archiepiscopo Sigismundo, MH 155

Michael Haydn

Introitus et Kyrie

1. Requiem aeternam

Hannah Grasso, conductor

Sequentia

2. Dies irae

Joy Vernon and Federico Chlopecki, conductors

Offertorium

3. Domine Jesu Christe

Joy Vernon, conductor

4. Versus: Hostias

Joy Vernon and Federico Chlopecki, conductors

5. Sanctus

Joy Vernon, conductor

6. Benedictus

Federico Chlopecki and Joy Vernon, conductors

7. Agnus Dei

Federico Chlopecki, conductor

8. Cum sanctis tuis

Hannah Grasso, conductor

9. Requiem aeternam

Hannah Grasso, conductor

Graduate Conductors Chorus Soloists:

Alexis Lapreziosa, soprano; Ali Hodges, alto

Kyle Ryan, tenor; Baker Purdon, bass

Silver Ensemble Soloists:

Lisel Althaus, soprano; Estefanía Maite Cap, alto

Ignacio Martín Fonsalido, tenor; Jonatan Nicolás Favilla, bass

David Pasbrig, audio and video engineer

Lex Simakis, Jonah Pfluger, assistant audio and video engineers

## Program Notes

### Seid begrüßt (Herbstlied)

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel was a pianist and composer so highly regarded that she often served as a compositional advisor to more famous composers, including her brother, Felix Mendelssohn, and Charles Gounod. In 1846, she composed *Gartenlieder* (Garden Songs), a set of part-songs that musically paints the poems through intriguing harmonic progressions. Published in 1847, the collection features texts by different poets including Hensel's husband, Wilhelm Hensel, as well as Johann Uhland and Joseph von Eichendorff. In Uhland's poem "Seid begrüßt (Herbstlied)" (Autumn Song), Hensel depicts a surprising "springtime" welcome with sweeping lines, leaping grace notes, followed by a time of reflection. The homophonic texture changes often when the lower three voices break away to support and emphasize the buoyant, lead soprano line in its warm melodies. A brief, suspicious section in A minor tells us spring is welcomed and embraced, but it is only an illusion.

*Note by Joy Vernon*

Seid begrüßt mit Frühlingswonne,  
blauer Himmel, goldne Sonne!  
drüben auch aus Gartenhallen  
hör' ich frohe Saiten schallen.

Greetings to you with springtime joy,  
Blue heavens, golden sunlight!  
Yonder, too, from the garden bowers  
hear happy strings resounding.

Ahnest du, o Seele wieder  
sanfte, süße Frühlingslieder?  
sieh umher die failben Bäume,  
ach, es waren holde Träume.

O soul, do you discern once again  
Soft, sweet songs of spring?  
Look about you at the dun-coloured trees.  
Ah, it was a lovely dream!

— translation © 2008 Sharon Krebs

### Ave Maria

R. Nathaniel Dett (1882-1943)

R. Nathaniel Dett was a Canadian-born composer whose compositions and arrangements were influenced by Medieval and Renaissance music, 19th century chordal structures, and the African American folk song tradition. Many of his choral and choral-orchestral works set out to preserve African American folksongs (spirituals), an idea inspired by Czech nationalist composer, Antonín Dvořák. A renowned educator and lifelong student, Dett held teaching positions in Tennessee (Lane College), Missouri (Lincoln Institute), Virginia (Hampton Institute), and North Carolina (Bennett College). He attended over seven colleges and universities, including Oberlin College. One of Dett's most well-known works, *Ave Maria*, uniquely features solo recitation tones, similar to psalmodic chant. The chorus moves through moments of serenity and prayerful homorhythmic sections, to calm running eighth-note lines in both single and paired voices building in swelling crescendos. Tenor and bass voices rise above the ocean of textures while other voices sustain the recurring "Ave Maria" melody first introduced by the sopranos in the beginning. The baritone's petition for prayer at the end is supported by the sustained, solemn chorus before the final, peaceful Amen.

*Note by Joy Vernon*

Ave Maria, gratia plena  
Dominus tecum,  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus.  
Sancta Maria, mater Dei,  
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus,  
Ave Maria, ora pro nobis,  
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace  
The Lord is with you,  
blessed art thou among women  
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, mother of God,  
Pray for us sinners,  
Hail Mary, pray for us,  
Now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

## Mujeres Argentinas

Ariel Ramirez

Ariel Ramirez (1921 - 2010), considered "a chief exponent of Argentine folk music," was a composer, pianist and music director. He composed the cantata *Mujeres Argentinas* in 1969 in homage to women who played an active role in the history of Argentina and other South American countries. Famous historian and journalist, Félix Luna (1925 - 2009), wrote the poetry for this piece, his second collaboration with Ramirez after *Navidad Nuestra* (1964). Each of the cantata's eight songs depicts a different woman, including: Juana Azurduy, a fighter; Rosario Vera, a teacher; Alfonsina Storni, a famous poet; Manuela Pedraza, a woman who fought during the two English invasions at the beginning of the nineteenth century; Dorotea, who was kidnapped by a native tribe and decided to remain there as the chief's wife.

*Note by Federico Chlopecki*

## Alfonsina y el mar (Alfonsina and The Sea)

Ariel Ramirez  
arr. Oreste V. Chlopecki

Even though Alfonsina Storni was a multifaceted woman (teacher, playwright, journalist), she is known best for her poetry. She had a tormented life. Not only did she suffer from poverty since an early age, but she also had an alcoholic father. Most of her life she felt like a man trapped in a woman's body. During her last years, after having surgery to treat breast cancer, she was diagnosed with schizophrenia. On October 25th, 1938, right after midnight, she left the hotel room she was staying in, and went to the beach determined to walk into the cold sea, never to come back: "You leave Alfonsina with your loneliness / What new poems you went to search?" Using chromaticism as an expressive means right from the start, the music reflects Alfonsina's anguish; the piece's chosen rhythm – zamba, a slow folk dance – depicts the swaying movement of the waves, coming and going while slowly engulfing Alfonsina.

*Note by Federico Chlopecki*

On the soft sand that the sea touches  
Her footprints won't be seen again  
A path just of pain and silence  
Came  
Til the deep water,  
A path just of muted pains  
Came  
Til the foam.

God knows the anguish that accompanied you  
What old griefs silenced your voice  
To lie down lulled by the singing  
Of the seashells  
The song that sings in the depth  
Dark of the sea  
The shell

You leave Alfonsina with your loneliness  
What new poems you went to search?  
An old voice of wind and salt  
Breaks once again your soul and it is taking it  
And you go to there like in dreams  
Slept, Alfonsina, dressed by the sea...

Five mermaids will take you  
On roads of seaweed and coral  
And phosphorescent seahorses  
Will do  
A round by your side  
And the people from the water will play  
Soon by your side.

Put the lamp down a little more  
Let me to sleep in peace, nurse  
And if he calls don't tell him I am here  
Tell him that Alfonsina won't come back. .  
And if he calls, don't ever tell him that I'm here  
Tell him I have gone...

You leave Alfonsina with your loneliness  
What new poems you went to search?  
An old voice of wind and salt  
Breaks once again your soul and it is taking it  
And you go to there like in dreams  
Slept, Alfonsina, dressed by the sea...

### Dorotea la cautiva

Ariel Ramírez  
arr. Javier Zentner

Dorotea Bazán is an archetypal figure based on Jorge Luis Borges' literature and the book *Una excursión a los indios ranqueles* [An excursion to the indios Ranqueles] written by Lucio V. Mansilla, about a white woman born in Córdoba under the name Fermina Zárate. After being kidnapped during a tribal raid, Fermina became chief Ramón's wife and mother of his three children. When offered to come back to her people, she refuses – "I am not huinca [white, descended from Europeans], I am an indian for love, captain." The music is based on the Milonga, a dance form born in the city of Buenos Aires. The contrast between the urban style of the Milonga, and the longing nature of the text, reflects the duality that lies within Dorotea's character.

*Note by Federico Chlopecki*

I am not huinca, captain  
I was time ago  
Let me return to the south  
Let me go there.

My name I almost forgot  
Dorotea Bazán  
I am not huinca, I am india  
For love, captain.

I miss the pampa air and odor  
Of the Ranquel camps  
The dark copper skin of my lord  
In that empire of grass  
Leather and sun.

You wonder captain  
Why I want go back  
A howl of malón  
It is claiming my skin.

I became india and now I am  
More captive than yesterday  
I want to stay in pain  
With my Ranquel people.

I want to stay in pain  
With my Ranquel people.

## Schöne Fremde from *Gartenlieder*

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel, one of the most prolific female composers of the nineteenth century and a prodigious pianist, was underappreciated in her lifetime. In deference to societal expectations for upper-class women and to the fame of her brother Felix, Hensel confined much of her music-making to the home. She composed *Gartenlieder*, a collection of short choral pieces on nature themes, for a singing group that she directed on Friday afternoons. The poems of German writer Joseph von Eichendorff provided inspiration for most works in the set, including “Schöne Fremde.” When Felix finally helped Fanny pursue her long-held dreams of publication in 1846, *Gartenlieder* was one of the first collections she shared with the world.

An air of mystery and wonder permeates the forest in the night: quick-moving consonants serve as rustling treetops, and reaching, ascending vocal lines evoke ancient, tall trees. The speaker seeks meaning and solace in the shadowy splendor of nature. Her questions - “what are you trying to say to me?” - grow more and more urgent, bursting into a cry of “Phantastische nacht!” towards the sky. She finds her answer in the “glowing, loving gazes” of the stars and the tipsy whispers of the rustling foliage: they promise love and happiness. The shift from minor to major, the lively allegro tempo, and dynamic contrasts in the second section paint her unbridled joy.

Note by Hannah Grasso

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund  
Um die halbverfallenen Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund.

The treetops rustle and shiver,  
as if at this hour  
about the half-fallen walls  
the old gods are making their rounds.

Hier unter den Myrtenbäumen  
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,  
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Here, under the myrtle trees,  
in secretly darkening splendor,  
what are you trying to say, as if in the confusion of  
dreams,  
to me, fantastic night?

Es funkeln mir zu alle Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die Ferne  
Wie vom künftigem, großem Glück.

The stars glitter down on me  
with glowing, loving gazes,  
and the distance speaks tipsily,  
it seems, of great future happiness.

— translation: Emily Ezust from the LiederNet Archive

## When Storms Arise from *Three Dunbar Hymns*

Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the first African-American poet to garner widespread national critical acclaim, often wrote about the difficulties faced by members of his race and the fight for African-American equality. Composer Adolphus Hailstork set Dunbar’s poem “When Storms Arise” as the centerpiece of his cantata *Crispus Attucks*. The cantata honors the African-American who was the first man to give his life in the American fight for independence. The poem’s search for solace amidst strife and its discovery of refuge in the Lord (perhaps only in heaven, after death) is a fitting tribute to Attucks’s sacrifice.

Basses begin alone, and the upper voices surge in with an ominous, striking reply; it’s as though the basses see dark clouds in the distance, then the thunder rolls in. Amidst the storm, the choir looks to the Lord in search of safety. The growth to a full *forte* as the singers ascend adds desperation to the prayer. As the singers reach “solace,” the verse relaxes at last, fading to a soft close. The second verse affirms the safety granted by the Lord: its full dynamic and assured consonants convey absolute strength and security. The tender, soft final verse feels almost cathartic. Now that safety is certain, we release all fear and embrace the peace of salvation.

Note by Hannah Grasso

It is no wonder that Michael Haydn wrote his masterful Requiem in only two weeks. After the death of his infant daughter in 1768, Haydn was never the same; his serene disposition had been overtaken by constant melancholy. The death of Haydn's friend and patron, Prince-Archbishop Sigismund Graf Schattenbach of Salzburg, on December 16th, 1771 must have been too much to bear for a man already in mourning. This second, fresh loss drove Haydn to a feverish rush of creativity, and the *Requiem* was complete by the New Year. Haydn's stately setting of the traditional Requiem Mass text is a fitting tribute to the Archbishop, but the undercurrent of emotion that drives the composition illuminates a deeply personal sense of loss and search for solace.

Duetting, swelling violins usher in the Introit; the ebb and flow of their lines feels almost like sighs. A constant bass line beneath these longer phrases creates a steady sense of motion, like that of a funeral march. The choir soon layers in, taking up the ebb-and-flow theme. Those familiar with Mozart's Requiem will notice distinct similarities; listen especially for the familiar rhythmic convergence at "Et lux perpetua." Mozart was present at the first performance of Haydn's work and drew inspiration from this movement. The flowing "Te decet hymnus" section suggests peace and reverence with a shift to the relative major key, a chantlike line in the high voices, and cascading violins. After an intimate passage for solo quartet, the opening music returns as the choir implores the Lord for mercy ("Kyrie eleison.")

The fiery "Dies irae" jolts us out of the Introit's mournful contemplation. Flurrying strings, trembling staccati, and startling dynamic contrasts invoke the wrath of the impending judgement day. Soloist passages offer some respite, but energetic accompaniment preserves a sense of urgency and fear. Listen for the longer, sustained lines as the choir sings "Lacrimosa dies illa;" after the quick-moving, marcato choral passages earlier in the movement, this evocation of weeping is unmistakable.

Haydn uses range as a key expressive tool in "Domine Jesu Christe." The choir plunges into the murky depths of the lake, and a descending theme invoking the deep pits of Tartarus (the underworld) serves as a point of imitation. After a shimmering soprano solo returns us to the holy light of the heavens, the lively "Quam olim Abrahae" fugue seems to spin out into eternity, just as the generations of Abraham will carry on in perpetuity. The warmly surging violins that open "Hostias" embody the deeply-felt sentiment of the prayers offered to the Lord. As the violins drop suddenly to a soft steady eighth-note pulse, the alto soloist invokes the souls of the departed: it is as though the speaker restrains their emotion momentarily to pay proper respects. The violins swell again as the moment passes; again, we allow ourselves to feel fully. The return of the "Quam olim Abrahae" fugue, now with cascading, energetic violins, reinforces that the dead will live forever in heaven just like the generations of Abraham.

The choir's triumphant, regal "Sanctus" entrance propels surges in the brass and timpani. The tonal center, ambiguous at first, finds sure footing as the choir sings "gloria tua;" the glory of the Lord brings security. The alto soloist leads a gentler "Hosanna" trio, but before long, the full consort returns to joyfully close the movement. Playful violins usher in the light, calmly content "Benedictus," where the quartet of soloists shines. After a short choral response, the "Hosanna" returns, with the reverent quartet passage followed by a glorious choral close.

The "Agnus Dei" calls back subtly to the Introit: the key returns to C minor, the slow tempo adds solemnity, and *forte* brass pulses mimic those in the opening. Mournful solo passages precede flowing, imploring choral statements of "dona eis requiem" (grant them eternal rest). Dissonance and suspensions in these choral passages lend urgency and sincerity. The delicate "Lux aeterna," with shimmering strings and a rising soprano line, builds anticipation.

The mighty "Cum sanctis tuis" fugue that follows does not disappoint: above steadfast motion in the basso continuo, the choral voices layer in with an assured subject. Its development and transformation seems everlasting, like the eternal security of rest with the Lord and his saints. In a momentary pause, the soloists reprise their "Requiem aeternam" passage from the Introit: its tenderness allows for a moment of reflection and quiet, intimate reverence. Before long, the "Cum sanctis" fugue surges back; the everlasting peace of rest in the Lord is again triumphantly assured.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.  
Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion,  
et tibi redetur votum in Jerusalem.  
Exaudi orationem meam,  
ad te omnis caro veniet.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis

Kyrie eleison.  
Christe eleison.  
Kyrie eleison.

Dies irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus  
Quando iudex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum.  
Mors stupebit et natura  
Cum resurget creatura  
Judicanti responsura.  
Liber scriptus proferetur

In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus iudicetur.  
Iudex ergo cum sedebit  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum togaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salve me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuae viae,  
Ne me perdas illa die.  
Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti crucem passus,  
Tantum labor non sit cassus.  
Juste iudex ultionis  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis.

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,  
and may perpetual light shine on them.  
Thou, O God, art praised in Sion,  
and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.  
Hear my prayer,  
unto Thee shall all flesh come.  
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,  
and may perpetual light shine on them.

Lord have mercy upon us.  
Christ have mercy upon us.  
Lord have mercy upon us.

Day of wrath, that day  
Will dissolve the earth in ashes  
As David and the Sibyl bear witness.  
What dread there will be  
When the Judge shall come  
To judge all things strictly.

A trumpet, spreading a wondrous sound  
Through the graves of all lands,  
Will drive mankind before the throne.  
Death and Nature shall be astonished  
When all creation rises again  
To answer to the Judge.  
A book, written in, will be brought forth

In which is contained everything that is,  
Out of which the world shall be judged.  
When therefore the Judge takes His seat  
Whatever is hidden will reveal itself.  
Nothing will remain unavenged.

What then shall I say, wretch that I am,  
What advocate entreat to speak for me,  
When even the righteous may hardly be secure?

King of awful majesty,  
Who freely saves the redeemed,  
Save me, O fount of goodness.

Remember, blessed Jesu,  
That I am the cause of Thy pilgrimage,  
Do not forsake me on that day.  
Seeking me Thou didst sit down weary,  
Thou didst redeem me, suffering death on the cross.  
Let not such toil be in vain.  
Just and avenging Judge,  
Grant remission  
Before the day of reckoning.



Ingemisco tamquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus,  
Supplicanti parce, Deus.  
Qui Mariam absolvisti  
Et latronem exaudisti,

Confutatis maledictis  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.  
Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrimosa dies ilia  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus.  
Huic ergo parce, Deus,  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.

Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum  
de poenis inferni, et de profundo lacu:

libera eas de ore leonis,  
ne absorbeat eas tartarus,  
ne cadant in obscurum,

Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae,  
libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum  
de poenis inferni, et de profundo lacu:

libera eas de ore leonis,  
ne absorbeat eas tartarus,  
ne cadant in obscurum,  
sed signifer sanctus Michael  
repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam,  
quam olim Abrahae promisisti  
et semini ejus.

Hostias et preces, tibi, Domine,  
laudis offerimus:  
tu suscipe pro animabus illis,  
quarum hodie memoriam facimus:  
fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam,  
quam olim Abrahae promisisti  
et semini ejus.

Sanctus. Sanctus, Sanctus,  
Dominus Deus Sabaoth!  
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.  
Osanna in excelsis

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.  
Osanna in excelsis.

I groan like a guilty man.  
Guilt reddens my face.  
Spare a suppliant, O God.  
Thou who didst absolve Mary Magdalene  
and heard the prayer of the thief.

When the accursed have been confounded  
And given over to the bitter flames,  
Call me with the blessed.  
I pray in supplication on my knees.  
My heart contrite as the dust,  
Safeguard my fate.

Mournful that day  
When from the dust shall rise  
Guilty man to be judged.  
Therefore spare him, O God.  
Merciful Jesu,  
Lord Grant them rest.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
deliver the souls of all the faithful  
departed from the pains of hell and from the bottomless  
pit.

Deliver them from the lion's mouth.  
Neither let them fall into darkness  
nor the black abyss swallow them up.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory,  
deliver the souls of all the faithful  
departed from the pains of hell and from the bottomless  
pit.

Deliver them from the lion's mouth.  
Neither let them fall into darkness  
nor the black abyss swallow them up.  
And let St. Michael, Thy standard-bearer,  
lead them into the holy light  
which once Thou didst promise  
to Abraham and his seed.

We offer unto Thee this sacrifice  
of prayer and praise.  
Receive it for those souls  
whom today we commemorate.  
Allow them, O Lord, to cross from death into the life  
as Thou didst promise to Abraham  
and his seed.

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord God of Sabaoth.  
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona eis requiem.  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,  
cum sanctis in aeternum,  
quia pius es.  
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis,  
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,  
quia pius es.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
grant them rest.  
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
grant them everlasting rest.

May eternal light shine on them, O Lord.  
with Thy saints for ever, because  
Thou art merciful.  
Grant the dead eternal rest, O Lord,  
and may perpetual light shine on them,  
with Thy saints for ever,  
because Thou art merciful.

**Temple University Graduate Conductors Chorus**

Hannah Grasso and Joy Vernon, conductors

Mitos Andaya Hart, faculty advisor

Kim Barroso, pianist

**SOPRANO**

Katie Hahn  
Alexis Lapreziosa  
Allison Maney  
Conway McGrath  
Hillary Rhydderch  
Lindsey Salamone  
Joy Vernon

**ALTO**

Jenna Camacho  
DianeMarie DiLabio  
Shannon Foley  
Hannah Grasso  
Ali Hodges  
Miles Salomé  
Elizabeth Scianno

**TENOR**

Jason Garcia-Kakuk  
Marcus Huber  
Colin Kase  
Brady Ketelsen  
Kyle Ryan

**BASS**

Matthew Garvey  
Arthur Newman  
Baker Purdon  
Adeniyi Samuel

**Graduate Conductors Chorus Orchestra**

**VIOLIN I**

Xuan Yao  
Irina Rostomashvili  
Zi Wang

**VIOLIN II**

Shannon Lanier  
Sendi Vartanovi  
Jiyuan Yang

**CELLO**

Marcela Reina  
Harris Banks

**DOUBLE BASS**

William Valencia

**TRUMPET**

Anthony Casella, clarino 1  
Maria Carvell, clarino 2  
Noah Gordon, trumpet 1  
Jacob Springer, trumpet 2

**TIMPANI**

Zach Strickland

**ORGAN**

Kim Barroso

**Silver Ensemble**

Federico Chlopecki, conductor

Lisel Althaus, soprano

Estefanía Maite Cap, alto

Ignacio Martín Fonsalido, tenor

Jonatan Nicolás Favilla, bass

Mabel Serrano Mirabal, violin I

Ricardo Chiani, violin II

Juan Villavicencio, cello

Ariel Fabián Santini, double bass

Gonzalo Hugo Kein, organ

Juan Martín Albariño, sound engineer

Mireya Golstein Benzecry, video and photography

Agostina Sarmiento Parlatore and Kuyen Albaneece, camera crew

**Special Thanks**

Leslie Cochran, coordinator, department of Vocal Arts

David Pasbrig, audio and video engineer

Lex Simakis, assistant audio and video engineer

Jonah Pfluger, assistant audio and video engineer

Eric Schweingruber, director of instrumental operations

Three hundred forty-third performance of the 2020-2021 season.

