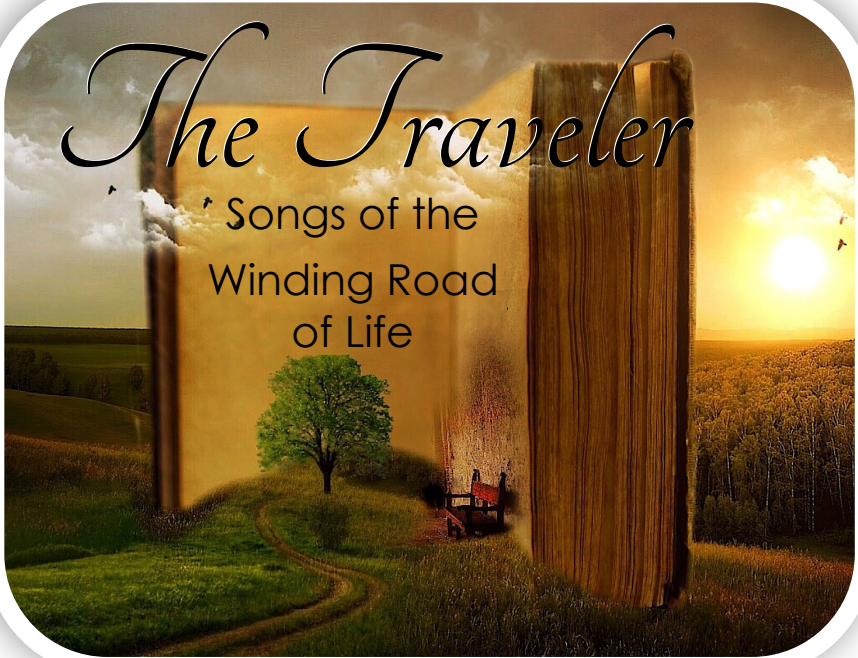


Genesee CHORALE

The Traveler

Songs of the
Winding Road
of Life



Ric Jones, Music Director
Janine Fagnan, Associate Conductor
Doug Hanson, Accompanist

Sunday, May 15, 2022

4:00 PM

Elba High School Auditorium
57 South Main Street
Elba, New York

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The Genesee Chorale

Ric Jones, Music Director
Janine Fagnan, Associate Conductor
Doug Hanson, Accompanist

Soprano

Dorothy Carrigan
Marsha Coy
Ruth Doyle
Joan Ellison
Merry Lou Holley 🎵
Kaitlyn Seymour
Rachel Sovocool *
Caryn Wood *

Bass

Mark Christensen 🎵
Ronald DeFazio
Jim Ellison
George Graham *
Chuck Herman
Keith Konopa
Dan Warner

Alto

Sara Balbi
Marie Barcomb
Patti Bartz
Jane Christensen
Deb Davis
Lindsay Edwards *
Marianne Garigen *
Julie Graham
Nancy Hoag
Karen Jones
Amanda Konopa
Kathy Meloon *

Tenor

Alan Barcomb 🎵
Janine Fagnan 🎵 *
Robin Lewis
Eric Wood *

* Genesee Chorale Board Member

🎵 Section Leader

Ric Jones

Music Director

Ric Jones is the founder and partner of Imagine Music Publishing LLC, a publishing company that sells original instrumental and vocal music, arrangements, commissioned works, as well as educational and curricular materials. Ric received both his Bachelor and Master Degrees in Music Education from Ithaca College (NY).



Currently, Ric serves as the Music Director of the Middleport Community Choir (NY), Music Director of the Genesee Chorale (Batavia, NY), and Music Director of the Brighton Symphony Orchestra (Rochester, NY). He is also the organist and Music Director at St. Peter Lutheran Church in Medina (NY), and organist at Trinity Lutheran Church in Wolcottville (NY).

His educational experience includes directing high school bands, marching bands, pep bands, and chamber ensembles at Corinth High School (NY), Cincinnatus High School (NY), Greater Johnstown High School (NY), Cicero-North Syracuse High School (NY), Medina High School (NY), and Fonda-Fultonville High School (NY).

Ric has also served as Principal Trombonist with the Tri-Cities Opera Orchestra, St. Cecilia Orchestra, and the Gerald Wolff Singers Orchestra.

In addition to his musical endeavors, Ric enjoys being a freelance web designer. He is a member of the Orleans Renaissance Group, Inc., a volunteer organization dedicated to revitalizing the arts, culture and architecture in Medina (NY). Ric also serves on the staff of the Oak Orchard Review, an online literary and art magazine that features writers and artists from the Western New York region.

Ric resides in Medina (NY) with his wife Karen, and is the proud father of three boys; Nicholas, Ryder, and River.

Doug Hanson

Accompanist

Doug Hanson became the accompanist for the Genesee Chorale in September 2014.

He received his Bachelor of Music from University of Nebraska at Lincoln and his Master of Arts in Music from the University of Connecticut at Storrs.

Doug also has a Master of Music in Piano Performance from the Eastman School of Music as well as a Master of Science in Computer Science from the Rochester Institute of Technology.



Doug served as organist and choir accompanist for the Union Church of Churchville before becoming the ECMS Adult Choir accompanist for two years at the prestigious Eastman School of Music. He later became the organist of the Lutheran Church of Peace, and was the chorus accompanist for the Red Creek School System in Wayne County.

Program Notes

The Open Road - John Leavitt

This youthful look at life by Walt Whitman comes from his classic collection *Leaves of Grass*. In this setting, the spirit of youthful life is portrayed in the energetic piano accompaniment. The piece is contrasted with narration under which chords paint a palette of spacious texture and freedom. While this text speaks to the infinite opportunities of life, the piano ends with a dissonant chord which suggests a tension of choices, possibilities, and the unknown.

*Afoot and light hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.
From this hour, freedom!*

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginery lines.

*Going where I list, my own master,
List'ning to others and considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, contemplating, with undeniable will,
I inhale great draughts of space;*

*I am larger, better than I thought;
I did not know I held so much goodness.
All seems beautiful to me.*

*You have done such good to me,
I would do the same to you.*

The Road Not Taken (from "Frostiana") - Randall Thompson

Frostiana was premiered on October 18, 1959 with the composer conducting and Frost in attendance. The pairing of Frost and Thompson was an inspired one. There is a deceptive simplicity in Frost's poetry, with its straightforward language and rhyming schemes. Frost finds magic and wonder in even the most commonplace occurrences of life. Thompson responded in kind, providing seven exquisitely crafted movements that perfectly catch the meaning and cadence of the poetry. Thompson makes use of tone painting, especially in the accompaniment illustrating the heavy tread of steps in *The Road Not Taken*. Frost was never particularly happy to have his poetry set to music, but at the conclusion of the premiere performance he is reported to have

leapt to his feet, applauding and shouting "Sing it again!"

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, 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 traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

This Is Thy Hour—Michael John Trotta

The text of this piece is taken from the final poem in the section "From Noon to Starry Night" in the seventh edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1881) by Walt Whitman.

A majestic opening unfolds to a rhythmic ostinato that acts as the underpinning for the text of this work. A plaintive middle section contrasts with legato vocal lines for the text "thee fully forth emerging." The work concludes by revisiting the opening material and ends with triumphant homophonic chords before a restatement of the softer middle section, expressing the wonder of that which the poet loves best.

*This is thy hour O Soul,
thy free flight into the wordless,
Away from books, away from art,*

*the day erased, the lesson done,
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing,
pondering the themes thou lovest best,
Night, sleep, death and the stars.*

The Impossible Dream—arr. John Leavitt

After opening off-Broadway in 1965, “Man of La Mancha” transferred triumphantly to Broadway three years later, where it enjoyed a long run. The show’s most familiar musical number, “The Impossible Dream,” has been a vehicle for countless solo artists, among them Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Johnny Mathis, and Jennifer Hudson.

The show’s protagonist, Miguel de Cervantes, is in prison, where the convicts surrounding him want to steal the contents of his trunk. He’ll yield to them if he’s defeated in a mock trial. Cervantes offers his own defense through a play of his own devising, impersonating the knight Don Quixote de la Mancha while the prisoners take on the other parts. One of those characters is Aldonza, a serving girl at an inn where Quixote stops on his adventures. The idealistic Quixote views Aldonza as his lady, calling her “Dulcinea.” He sings to her about his quest in a mesmerizing melody that begins quietly but gradually builds to a stupendous climax. The song reveals Quixote’s longing to right all wrongs, however difficult the odds against him may be.

*To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run where the brave dare not go;
To right the unrightable wrong,*

*To love, pure and chaste, from afar,
To try, when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable star!*

*This is my Quest to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right
Without question or pause,
To be willing to march into hell
For a heavenly cause!*

*And I know, if I'll only be true
To this glorious Quest,
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm*

When I'm laid to my rest.

*And the world will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage,
To reach the unreachable stars!*

Fulfillment—Dwight Bigler

Fulfillment is the first in the set of three pieces inspired by the poems of Langston Hughes. *Fulfillment* captures the joy and innocence of childhood. It takes us back to days of playing in the sun with siblings and friends.

*The earth-meaning
Like the sky-meaning
Was fulfilled.*

*We got up
And went to the river,
Touched silver water,
Laughed and bathed
In the sunshine.*

*Day
Became a bright ball of light
For us to play with,
Sunset
A yellow curtain,
Night
A velvet screen.*

*The moon,
Like an old grandmother,
Blessed us with a kiss
And sleep
Took us both in
Laughing.*

This Is Me—arr. Mac Huff

This is Me is the heartfelt anthem from “The Greatest Showman” that won the Golden Globe for Best Original Song. *This is Me* is performed by actress and singer Keala Settle, who plays the role of the bearded lady Lettie Lutz

in “The Greatest Showman.” The song includes the line ‘I am who I’m meant to be, this is me’ and is an anthem of acceptance for P.T. Barnum’s cast of circus performers. The film is based on the real-life story of Barnum, a 19th-century showman who searched for ‘human oddities’ to perform in his circus.

*I am not a stranger to the dark
Hide away, they say,
'Cause we don't want your broken parts
I've learned to be ashamed of all my scars
Run away, they say,
No one will love you as you are*

*But I won't let them break me down to dust
I know that there's a place for us,
For we are glorious*

*When the sharpest words wanna cut me down
I'm gonna send a flood, gonna drown them out
I am brave, I am bruised
I am who I'm meant to be, this is me
Look out 'cause here I come;
And I'm marching on to the beat I drum
I'm not scared to be seen
I make no apologies, this is me*

*Another round of bullets hits my skin
Well, fire away, 'cause today, I won't let the shame sink in
We are bursting through the barricades
And reaching for the sun (we are warriors)
Yeah, that's what we've become*

*I won't let them break me down to dust
I know that there's a place for us,
For we are glorious*

*When the sharpest words wanna cut me down
Gonna send a flood, gonna drown them out
I am brave, I am bruised
I am who I'm meant to be, this is me
Look out, 'cause here I come;
And I'm marching on to the beat I drum
I'm not scared to be seen
I make no apologies, this is me*

*When the sharpest words wanna cut me down
Gonna send a flood, gonna drown them out
This is brave, this is bruised
This is who I'm meant to be, this is me*

*Look out, 'cause here I come;
And I'm marching on to the beat I drum
I'm not scared to be seen,
I make no apologies, this is me*

*Whenever the words wanna cut me down
I'll send a flood to drown them out.*

This is me

Spirit - arr. Mac Huff

Spirit is a song composed for the 2019 remake of “The Lion King.” In the film, it is heard when Simba plans to return to Pride Rock to stop Scar from ruling the Pride Lands, replacing the song *Busa* from the original film.

*Yeah, yeah, and the wind is talkin',
Yeah, yeah, for the very first time.
Will the melody that pulls you towards it
Paint in pictures of paradise,*

*Saying: Rise up to the light in the sky, yeah
Watch the light lift your heart up,
Burn your flame through the night.
Whoaaa,*

*Spirit, Watch the heavens open, yeah.
Spirit, can you hear it calling? Yeah.*

*Yeah, yeah, and the waters crashing.
Trying to keep your head up high.
While you're trembling, that's when the magic happens,
And the stars gather by, by your side, saying:*

*Rise up to the light in the sky, yeah,
Let the light lift your heart up,
Burn your flame through the night, yeah.*

*Spirit, watch the heavens open, Yeah.
Spirit, can you hear it calling? Yeah.*

*Your destiny is coming close;
Stand up and fight.*

*So, go into that far-off land
And be one with the Great I Am.
Boy becomes a man. Whoa,*

*Spirit, watch the heavens open, Yeah.
Spirit, can you hear it calling? Yeah.*

*Your destiny is coming close;
Stand up and fight.*

*So, go into a far-off land
And be one with the Great I Am.*

You'll Never Walk Alone—arr. Johnny Mann

"You'll Never Walk Alone" is a show tune from the 1945 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Carousel*. In the second act of the musical, Nettie Fowler, the cousin of the protagonist Julie Jordan, sings "You'll Never Walk Alone" to comfort and encourage Julie when her husband, Billy Bigelow, the male lead, stabs himself with a knife whilst trying to run away after attempting a robbery with his mate Jigger and dies in her arms. The song is reprised in the final scene to encourage a graduation class of which Louise (Billy and Julie's daughter) is a member. The now invisible Billy, who has been granted the chance to return to Earth for one day in order to redeem himself, watches the ceremony and is able to silently motivate Louise and Julie to join in with the song.

*When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of a storm
There's a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.*

*Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on*

*With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone.*

The Quest—John Rutter

In June 2014 John Hughes, a gifted young clergyman who served as Dean of Chapel at Jesus College, Cambridge, was killed in a car accident. The sense of shock and loss felt by his family and friends was shared by his college, by Cambridge generally, and throughout the Anglican Church, where he had been very possibly destined for high office. At such times, music can play a part in healing and consolation.

Rutter states that “It was not the easiest of pieces to write. After much searching I found George MacDonald’s poem which seemed to express what we all felt, and I instantly knew that I wanted to juxtapose it with the In paradisum section of the age-old Burial Service. Oddly, once the texts were chosen, the music seemed to flow naturally from them, and the poignant voice of a solo oboe sprang into my head. I respectfully offer the piece to John’s family, friends and colleagues with the hope that they may find consolation in it.”

*I missed him when the sun began to bend;
I found him not when I had lost his rim;
With many tears I went in search of him,
Climbing high mountains which did still ascend,
And gave me echoes when I called my friend;
Through cities vast and charnel-houses grim,
And high cathedrals where the light was dim,
Through books and arts and works without an end,
But found him not—the friend whom I had lost.
And yet I found him—as I found the lark,
A sound in fields I heard but could not mark;
I found him nearest when I missed him most;
I found him in my heart, a life in frost,
A light I knew not till my soul was dark.*

*In paradisum deducant te angeli:
In tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,
Et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere
aeternam habeas requiem.*

*May angels lead you into paradise:
may martyrs receive you at your coming,
And lead you to the holy city of Jerusalem.
May choirs of angels greet you,
and with Lazarus, once a pauper,
May you have eternal rest.*

In the Morning, Joy—Mark Hayes

In this thoughtful interpretation of Psalm 30:6 Mark Hayes paints the sunrise with all of the glorious colors of joy. Together the choir and the gorgeous piano accompaniment bring the truth of the promise of joy in the morning to life for those longing for an end to the sorrows of the night. You will hear JOY in all of its dynamics!

*Blue mist rising from the hollows to the hills.
Morning comes, and with it all the joy that morning brings.
Gone the weeping, weeping of the long night slowly stills.
Morning comes, and with the morning, joy.*

*Pale sun glowing, drives the darkness from the night.
Morning comes, horizons gleam with promise for the day.
Shadows dancing freely in the breaking light.
Morning comes, and with the morning, joy.*

*Anxious mother, wayward child, lost, alone.
Grieving father, lonesome soldier far from home.
Heartsick family, weeping through the long dark night,
Wait for morning, for it comes, and with it, joy.*

*Bright sun shining, burns the rising mist away.
Morning comes, full of promise and delight.
No more waiting for the warmth of day.
Morning comes, and with the morning, joy.*

Wanting Memories—Ysaye M. Barnwell

Wanting Memories, composed by Ysaye M. Barnwell, was part of a suite of songs commissioned for a dance theater piece called *Crossings*. It was dedicated to Barnwell's father, but it was written while both of her parents were still alive.

What was special though was that as an only child and when her father died and then her mother, and she prepared to sell the house she grew up in, she found bags of photos, letters and other memorabilia - the kind of things especially an only child hopes for. So in a sense, the song was an unconscious wish or prayer that actually came true.

*I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.*

*I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.*

*You said you'd rock me in the cradle of your arms.
You said you'd hold me 'til the storms of life were gone.
You said you'd comfort me in times like these and now I need you.
Now I need you...
And you are -
gone.*

*So, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Since you've gone and left me, there's been so little beauty,
but I know I saw it clearly through your eyes.*

*Now the world outside is such a cold and bitter place.
Here inside I have few things that will console.
And when I try to hear your voice above the storms of life,
then I remember all the things that I was told.*

*Well, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
Yes, I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.*

*I think on the things that made me feel so wonderful when I was young.
I think on the things that made me laugh, made me dance, made me sing.
I think on the things that made me grow into a being full of pride.
I think on these things, for they are true.
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me.*

*You are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.
I know a "Please", a "Thank you", and a smile will take me far.
I know that I am you and you are me, and we are one.
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand.*

*I know that I am blessed,
again, and again, and again, and again,
and, again.*

*I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
to see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.
I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me
To see the beauty in the world through my own eyes.*

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Our members volunteer their time to rehearse and perform because they love to sing. But, as with all fine arts, it is an expensive love! We are challenged by the costs of paper, printing, postage, performance hall rental, advertising, and new music. Ticket revenues cover only a portion of season expenses.

The following supporters are essential to ensuring that the Genesee Chorale is able to continue it's tradition of providing fine choral music to Batavia and the surrounding communities.

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