

2021 -
2022
A SEASON OF
LIGHT AND
IMAGINATION



TOWARD THE UNKNOWN REGION



MENDELSSOHN
CHOIR OF PITTSBURGH

Matthew Mehaffey, Conducting

For more information:

www.themendelssohn.org



THE HEINZ
ENDOWMENTS
HOWARD HEINZ ENDOWMENT
VIRA I. HEINZ ENDOWMENT



The Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh

CHORUS MEMBERS

Salvatore Amelio	Eric Gordon	Gina Morgano
Regina Anesin	Mary Kay Gottermeyer	John Mummolo
Earle Ashbridge	Kimberly Graham	Ernie Nelson
Amelia Baisley D'Arcy	Marcus Graham	Denis Newman-Griffis
Michael Baker, Jr.	Jeffrey Gross	Scott M. O'Neal
Daniel Banko-Ferran	Sheryl Harbaugh	Susan K. Oerkvitz
Chris Bartley	Nathan Hart	Timothy M. Ore
Norrie Bastedo	Timothy Heavner	Cynthia Ortiz
Chuck Beard	Kyla Ann Heller	Susan Ouchis
Rebecca Belan	Caleb Hixon	Ann Paulini
Sue Bertenthal	Tricia Hixon	DJ Pickell
Andrew Bloomgarden	Al Hogan	Greg Popcak
David C. Bodette	Tyler Humphries-Randolph	Lucky T. Rattan
Melanie Boozell	Mary Jane Jacques	Samantha Reig
Emily Bovan	Edward Jaicks	Anastasia L. Robinson
Briana Brickner-York	Sydney Kaczorowski	Domenic Rodriguez
Thomas Brown	Maia Kamenova	Kassaundra Rodriguez
Carol Burgman	Daniel Kaupa	Joseph Rogers
Alison Celigoi	Hayden Keefer	Gail Elizabeth Roup
Ashley Cesaratto	Laura Kingsley	MaryBeth Salama
Tianying Chen	Johanna Knapic	JoAnn Salzman
Thespina Christulides	Susan Komlyn	Janet Sarbaugh
Chelsea Cockburn	Yangming Kou	MaryColleen Seip
Michael J. Conway	Anna Lahti	Jeffrey Siegfried
Hannah Cranville	Matthew Lamberti	Matthew Soroka
Charles Colton Croskey	Emma Lamberton	Teresa Steigerwalt
Fred Cullen	Emily Leal-Santiesteban	Mayim Stith
Stephanie Sue Curtice	M. Denice Leonard	Scott R. Thistle
Beth Damesimo	Liāna Dz. Alksnīte Lloyd	Christine Thompson
Deborah Dimasi	Paul Long	Mike Thompson
Troy Dinga	Adam Loucks	Bill Vandivier
Charlotta Dragenflo	Jonathan A. MacDonald	Megan Wall
Lynn Streater Dunbar	Tom Maddigan	Majorie Weinstock
Lauren Corcoran Emrich	Emily Marinar	Andrew Wilkinson
Brian Filtz	Timothy Marquette	David L. Wright
Victoria Anne Fisher	Roy J. Matway	Larry W. Wright
Zanna Fredland	Kelli M. McElhinny	Paul Yeater
Andrew Frey	John Milnthorp	Jonathan Zellhart
Samuel Froehlich	Bethany Mingle	Joan Zolko

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Walter Morales, piano

PROGRAM & TEXTS

WANTING MEMORIES

Ysaÿe M. Barnwell (b.1946)

(refrain) 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.

refrain

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.

refrain

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.

refrain

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.

refrain

ACROSS THE EMPTY SQUARE

Ellen Gilson Voth (b. 1972),
text by Fr. Richard Hendrick, OFM

They say that in the streets of Assisi
People are singing to each other
Across the empty squares,
Keeping their windows open
So that those who are alone, are not alone.

They say that in Wuhan after so many years of noise
You can hear the birds again...
The sky is no longer thick,
But blue and grey and clear.

Yes, there is fear,
But there need not be hate.
In our isolation
We need not pass on loneliness.
In our sickness, we can halt disease of the soul.

Listen, the birds are singing again,
The sky is clearing,
And we are always encompassed by Love.

Open the windows of your soul.
And though you may not be able
To touch across the empty square,

Sing.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

1. Invocation – William Blake (1757-1827)

O Earth, O Earth, return!

2. The narrow bud opens her beauties to the sun – William Blake (1757-1827)

The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.
The spirits of the air live in the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.

3. Answer July – Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Answer July –
Where is the Bee –
Where is the Blush –
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July –
Where is the Seed –
Where is the Bud –
Where is the May –
Answer Thee – Me –

Nay – said the May –
Show me the Snow –
Show me the Bells –
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay –
Where be the Maize –
Where be the Haze –
Where be the Bur?
Here – said the Year –

4. Hot sun, cool fire – George Peele (1556-1596)

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair;
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaïd desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

5. Ah, Sun-flower! – William Blake (1757-1827)

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire,
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

6. Adieu! Farewell earth's bliss! Farewell – Thomas Nashe (1567-1601)

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys,
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

7. Ring out, wild bells – Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

TO SEE THE SKY

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

One by one, like leaves from a tree,
All my faiths have forsaken me;
But the stars above my head
Burn in white and delicate red,
And beneath my feet the earth
Brings the sturdy grass to birth.
I who was content to be
But a silken-singing tree,
But a rustle of delight
In the wistful heart of night,
I have lost the leaves that knew
Touch of rain and weight of dew.
Blinded by a leafy crown
I looked neither up nor down—
But the little leaves that die
Have left me room to see the sky;
Now for the first time I know
Stars above and earth below.

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN REGION

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

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 undream'd 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 bounding 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!