

About Anne Heider



Anne Heider is an award-winning conductor, composer, arranger, and teacher. She is Associate Professor of Music and Resident Choral Conductor at Chicago College of Performing Arts, Roosevelt University; is active as a guest conductor and choral consultant; and serves on the board of Chorus America. Her research in early vocal music has been supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Newberry Library, and Roosevelt University. She is artistic director emeritus of the Chicago-based professional chamber choir Bella Voce, of which she was a founding singer and which she led for over sixteen years to consistent critical acclaim and international recognition. She has recorded with Bella Voce (founded as His Majesty's Clerkes) for Harmonia Mundi, Cedille Records, Centaur Records, and Narada.

About Cantate

Founded in 1997, Cantate is a mixed chamber choir comprised of professional and avocational singers whose goal is to explore mainly *a cappella* music from all time periods, cultures, and lands. Previous appearances include services and concerts at various Chicago-area houses of worship. Cantate has been featured many times in public concerts at the Chicago Botanic Garden's "Celebrations" series and at Evanston's First Night. Cantate has also appeared at the Chicago Historical Society and the Chicago Cultural Center.

This concert is the first in Cantate's season-long American Music Festival. Cantate will present three completely different programs of American choral music. Come join us for the others!

For more information, visit our website: www.cantatechicago.org

Cantate Singers:

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Amanda Cenzer	Trelana Daniel*	Alan Barney	Luke Bruckner
Joan Daugherty*	Carol Donovan	Howell Browne	Robert Fox
Elsie Mann*	Natalie Ferwerda	Daniel LaSpata*	William Geuss
Deb Plager	Laura Sucher	Timothy Quistorff	Warren Kammerer*
Ellen Pullin		Dirk Walvoord	Timothy Lindstrom
			Benjamin Rivera*

* *soloist*

About Our Director

Benjamin Rivera, now in his seventh concert season as conductor of Cantate, is the bass section leader of the Chicago Symphony Chorus and also performs with the Grant Park Chorus and Chicago *a cappella*. With these and other groups, he has shared the stage with many of today's foremost musicians. He appears regularly as a soloist throughout the Midwest, often in the works of Bach. He is also the Worship Leader of Cross & Crown, a non-denominational church on the northwest side of Chicago. He holds the Master of Music degree in Music Theory from Roosevelt University and is the Artistic Director of the Choir Academy Charter School of Chicago.



"Early Music of the Americas"

with special guest conductor Dr. Anne Heider

Friday, October 19, 2007 8:00 pm
Immanuel Lutheran Church
616 Lake Street, Evanston

Sunday, October 21, 2007 3:00 pm
Luther Memorial Church
2500 W. Wilson Avenue, Chicago

Ave sanctissima Maria..... Anonymous (16th cent.)
Salve Regina Juan de Lienas (c.1580-c.1650)
Eso rigor e repente Gaspar Fernandez (c.1575-1629)



Cantate Domino Anonymous (17th cent. Québec)
Pour St. Joseph Anonymous (17th cent. Québec)
Magnus Dominus Anonymous (17th cent. Québec)



Jordan William Billings (1746-1800)
David's Lamentation..... William Billings
An Anthem for Thanksgiving..... William Billings

– Intermission –

Montgomery..... Justin Morgan (1747-1798)
Morning Amos Pilsbury (1772-1812)
Down steers the bass Daniel Read (1757-1836)



Africa..... William Billings
Anthem: Mourn, mourn..... William Billings



Hallelujah William Walker (1800-1875)
Morning Trumpet..... B.F. White (1800-1879)
arranged by Anne Heider

We appreciate your applause at the end of sets and at the end of the program. Thank you!

EARLY MUSIC OF THE AMERICAS

Program Notes by Anne Heider

What exactly is “early music?” To some, it’s anything before Bach; to others, anything before Wagner. This program encompasses music from 200 years before Bach (the 1550’s) to just about the time of Wagner’s earliest operas (the 1840’s). But this program does not—cannot—include representation of the many different peoples who left the Old World for the New, nor for the many kinds of music they brought with them or created here. Rather, this program samples a few repertoires that are particularly suitable for choral singers.

Much of the wealth the Spanish conquerors found in the New World was shipped back to enrich the Old World; but some stayed behind and was used to build and endow magnificent cathedrals. The native Americans who made up the artisan guilds—who actually sang the music, painted the frescoes, constructed the harps and vihuelas, carved the altar screens—had a wonderful facility in the arts. In particular their singing surpassed in sweetness that of European choirs, according to contemporary reports, and they performed with equal facility polyphonic works in European style (*Ave sanctissima Maria, Salve Regina*) and their own, rhythmically intricate native music. The importation of African slave labor added other potent musical traditions to New World culture. Composers who emigrated from Spain and Portugal found all this rhythmic vitality irresistible and unleashed it in villancicos such as *Eso rigor e repente*. Villancicos were written in the vernacular, often in dialects, for performance in para-liturgical pageants and processions. Their subtitles—Guineo, Canario, Indio, Negrillo, etc.—indicate not only the ethnicity evoked but also, taken together, the richness and heterogeneity of Latin America. Musicologists such as Robert J. Stevenson and Robert J. Snow have worked prodigiously to research, transcribe, and interpret this fascinating repertoire.

Not long after the Spanish conquest of Mexico, the French were exploring and colonizing the snowy forests of Canada. The *québécois* works on our program were discovered in the 1970’s in the archives of the Ursuline sisters and of the Hôtel-Dieu in Québec City. The Ursulines, who braved the stormy Atlantic to found their school for girls in 1639, were educated women with sophisticated Parisian tastes in music. Some one or ones among them wrote *Cantate Domino, Pour St. Joseph*, and *Magnus Dominus* in the French high Baroque style, complete with *agrément*s (vocal embellishments such as trills) and indications where a solo voice and where a choir should sing—but with no bass lines or harmony parts (standard amenities for everything from dance tunes to requiem masses in the Old World). There is no evidence of instrumental accompaniment for this unique repertoire, though the musicologist Erich Schwandt, whose transcriptions we are using, opines that the vocal line might have been doubled on violin or flute.

The founders of the New England colonies quite specifically did *not* want to perpetuate the musical traditions of the established church they left behind. The professionalism that raised Anglican church music to such glorious heights in the 16th and 17th centuries was antipathetic to the Puritans, who wanted every aspect of worship accessible to the common people. However, common people had little or no means of obtaining a musical education in 17th century New England, and the state of congregational singing inevitably deteriorated. By the end of the century, we find various writers describing the “Usual way” of psalm-singing as “roaring, squeaking, and grumbling,” with painfully slow tempos.

Mourn, Mourn

Mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn,
Pharaoh and Ahab prevail in our Land.
Mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn,
Achans abound and trouble the Land.
Mourn, mourn, mourn, mourn.

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
hang pendant by a slender Thread,
waiting Commission from God, the Upholder,
to fall, fall, fall and distress us.

Great God, avert th’impending Doom;
We plead no Merit of our own;
For Mercy, Lord, we cry.
Bow down thine Ear to our Complaints,
And hear from Heav’n, thou King of Saints;
O let thine Aid be nigh.

Hallelujah

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;

Refrain:

And I’ll sing hallelujah,
And you’ll sing hallelujah,
And we’ll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

The Morning Trumpet

O when shall I see Jesus, and reign with him above,
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning,
And from the flowing fountain drink everlasting love,
And shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,
When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

For now I am a soldier, my Captain’s gone before,
And I’ll hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
He has given me my orders, and bids me follow o’er
When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,
When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Then will the Lord be jealous for his Land,
and pity his People, and say, “Behold,
your Pharaohs and Achans and Ahabs are no more.”

Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his People,
“Behold, I will send you Corn, and Wine, and Oil,
and ye shall be satisfied therewith.”

Be glad then America, shout and rejoice.
Fear not, O Land, be glad and rejoice.

Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

Oh what are all my suff’rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t’appear,
And worship at Thy feet! (*Refrain*)

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day. (*Refrain*)

(Charles Wesley, 1707-1788)

His promises are faithful, a righteous crown he’ll give,
When we hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And all his valiant soldiers eternally shall live,
When they hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

Gird on the gospel armor of faith and hope and love,
And we’ll hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
And when the struggle’s ended, he’ll carry you above.
Then we’ll hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glory! for I shall mount above the skies,
When I hear the trumpet sound in that morning.
Shout, O glory, glory!
For I shall hear the trumpet sound in that morning.

(John Leland, 1754-1844)

Montgomery

Early my God without delay
I haste to see thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace;
 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.
 Thus till my last expiring day
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray
 And tune my lips to sing.

(Isaac Watts)

Morning

He dies, the friend of sinners dies,
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies,
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

(Isaac Watts)

Down Steers the Bass

Down steers the bass with grave majestic air,
And up the treble mounts with shrill career;
With softer sounds, in mild melodious maze,
Warbling between the tenor gently plays:
But if th'aspiring altus joins its force,
See! like a lark, it wings its soaring course;
Through harmony's sublimest sphere it flies,
And to angelic accents seems to rise;

From the bold height it hails the echoing bass,
Which swells to meet and mix in close embrace.
Though diff'rent systems all the parts divide,
With music's chords the distant notes are tied;
And sympathetic strains enchanting wind
Their restless race, 'till all the parts are join'd:
Then rolls the rapture through the air around,
In sweet enchanting melody of sound.

(Mather Byles, 1734-1814)

Africa

Now shall my inward joy arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty Love inspires my heart;
and Pleasure tunes my tongue.

Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender Thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

God on his thirsty Sion's-Hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his Love
To show'r Salvation down.

"Yet," saith the Lord, "should Nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting Love.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame."

(Isaac Watts)

A reform movement got under way in the early 18th century, and members of the clergy urged the "Regular way" of singing—that is, singing from printed notes—on their congregations. Singing schools sprang into existence, typically led by an itinerant singing master who stayed a few months in one community and then moved on. Singing schools stimulated the growth of a distinctly American style of composition, the first New England School, whose members were amateurs in the best sense of the word. Though they earned their livings in ordinary ways—Billings a tanner, Morgan a tavern keeper and horse breeder, Read a general store-keeper—they loved choral singing, wrote and published choral music, and traveled widely to teach choral singing. (Amos Pilsbury's occupation isn't known, though we know his father Samuel was an inspector in the U.S. Customs House in Charleston, South Carolina.) The music they composed is vigorous, tuneful, sometimes surprisingly dissonant, and boundlessly optimistic in spirit.

William Billings stands out among them for his fiery patriotism, his entrepreneurial energy, his indifference to his own financial well-being (he is buried in a pauper's grave), and his prodigious output. Where other composers compiled anthologies containing perhaps a dozen original works of their own, Billings published—at his own expense, of course—six substantial anthologies of choral music containing entirely his own compositions. For some of these collections he wrote extended introductions, explaining the rudiments of music and providing advice on good singing, how to run a singing school, how to determine proper tempos for each time signature, and much more.

The first New England School was short-lived. After the War of Independence, when normal trade with Europe was restored, professional musicians immigrated to our land of opportunity in significant numbers. A vogue for "scientific" music, that is, music which conformed to the rules of eighteenth-century European practice, swept the urban North, and bland adaptations of Haydn and Mozart tunes supplanted the rough-hewn music of the Yankee tunesmiths in hymnals and anthem collections of the day.

But the most popular works of Billings and his contemporaries were preserved in a living choral tradition by transcription into shape-notes and wide dissemination throughout the rural South and Midwest. Shape-notation uses a differently-shaped notehead for the different steps of the scale (a triangle for *fa*, a rectangle for *la*, and so forth), without abandoning other notational conventions (staves, clefs, key signatures and time signatures). Nineteenth-century compilers of shape-note anthologies, such as William Walker and Benjamin Franklin White, added their own compositions and arrangements (*Hallelujah*, *Morning Trumpet*) to an ever-growing body of folk hymnody. Itinerant teachers spread musical literacy and a sturdy, no-frills singing style along with their tunebooks, and this tradition continues, unbroken, right down to the present. In fact, in the last thirty years it has bloomed throughout the U.S., Canada and the U.K., and "singings" and "conventions" of shape-note singers increase in number every year. Here in Chicago there are two major events annually, one on the second Sunday in January and one on Memorial Day weekend, when hundreds of singers will gather to raise their voices together.



TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Ave sanctissima Maria

*Ave, sanctissima Maria, mater Dei,
Regina coeli, porta paradisi.
Domina mundi, pura, singularis.
Tu es Virgo; tu concepisti Jesum sine peccato;
tu peperisti Creatorem et Salvatorem mundi,
in quo non dubito.
Libera me ab omni malo et ora pro peccato meo.
Amen.*

Hail, most holy Mary, Mother of God,
Queen of Heaven, Gate of Paradise,
Mistress of the world, pure, unique.
You are the Virgin; you who are without sin conceived Jesus;
you gave birth to the Creator and Savior of the world,
in whom I do not doubt.
Deliver me from all evil and pray for my sins.
Amen. *(translation by Robert J. Snow)*

Salve Regina

*Salve, Regina, mater misericordiae:
Vita, dulcedo, spes nostra, salve.
Ad te clamamus, exsules, filii Hevae.
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes
in hac lacrimarum valle.
Eia ergo, Advocata nostra,
illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui.
Nobis post hoc exsilium ostende.
O clemens, O pia: O dulcis Virgo Maria.*

Hail, Queen, merciful mother,
our life, sweetness, and hope, hail.
To thee we cry, exiles, children of Eve.
To thee we sigh, mourning and weeping
in this valley of tears.
Therefore, our advocate,
turn thy merciful eyes towards us,
and show us Jesus, blessed fruit of thy womb,
after this exile.
O merciful, O pious, O sweet virgin Mary.
(translation by Robert J. Snow)

Eso rigor e repente

*Eso rigor e repente. Juro aqui se ni yo siquito. Que aunque nace poco branquito turu somo noso parente.
No tememo branco grande. Tenle primo, tenle calje! Husihe husiha paraçia. Toca negriyo tamboritiyo.
Canta parente! Sarabanda tenge que tenge, sum bacasu cucumbe. Ese noche branco seremo.
O Jesu que risa tenemo! O que risa Santo Tomé!
Vamo negro de Guinea a lo pesebrito sola, no vamo negro de Angola que sa turu negla fea.
Queremo que niño vea negro pulizo y galano, que como sa noso hermano tenemo ya fantasia.
Toca viyano y follia baylaremos alegremente! Toca parente! Sarabanda...*

Hola! I may be little, and the baby may be white, but I swear we're kindred spirits. Hold him tenderly,
keep him calm, play a little lullaby on your drum! and everybody sing: Sarabanda, sarabanda [a lively dance].
Sumbacasu cucumbe [African phrase, translation unknown]. O Jesus and Saint Thomas, how we're laughing!
Let's go by ourselves to the manger, us folk from Guinea, not with the people from Angola — they're all ugly!
We want the baby Jesus to see how charmingly we dance for him. Hey, play the guitar and everybody sing:
Sarabanda... *(translation by Sonia Czarzar)*

Cantate Domino

*Cantate Domino canticum novum
laus eius in ecclesia sanctorum.
Quia beneplacitum est Domino in populo suo
et exaltabit mansuetos in salute.*

Sing unto the Lord a new song,
and his praise in the congregation of saints.
For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people;
he will beautify the meek with salvation. *(Psalm 149:1,4)*

Pour St. Joseph (For Saint Joseph)

*O Joseph, sponse virgo Virginis Mariae.
Te collant, te laudent, te celebrent omnes fideles.
Josephum laudemus, celebremus, colamus, amemus.
O lux novae legis, Christi pater et custos:
fulgebis in aeternum, in domo Domini.*

O Joseph, chaste spouse of the Virgin Mary,
all the faithful do honor you; they praise and extol you!
Let us also praise, extol, honor, and love Joseph.
O Light of the New Covenant, Christ's father and guardian:
may you shine forth forever in the house of the Lord.
(translation by Erich Schwandt)

Magnus Dominus

*Magnus Dominus, et laudabilis nimis.
Parvus Dominus, et amabilis nimis.
Regnat in caelo, dominatur in excelso
Jacet in foeno, dormit in praesepio.
Ab aeterno genitus, in splendoribus sanctorum,
In saeculo natus, pro salute hominum.*

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.
Tiny is the Lord, and ever so dear.
He reigns in Heaven on high;
he lies in the hay, asleep in a manger.
Begotten from all eternity in the splendor of the saints,
he is born into the world for the salvation of mankind.
(translation by Erich Schwandt)

Jordan

There is a land of pure delight	There everlasting spring abides,	O could we make our doubts remove,
Where saints immortal reign	And never-withering flowers:	Those gloomy doubts that rise,
Infinite day excludes the nights	Death, like a narrow sea, divides	And see the Canaan that we love
And pleasures banish pain.	This heavenly land from ours.	With unbeckoned eyes!
Sweet fields beyond the swelling	But timorous mortals start and	Could we but climb where Moses stood,
flood	shrink	And view the landscape o'er,
Stand dressed in living green	To cross this narrow sea;	Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,	And linger, shivering on the brink,	Should fright us from the shore.
While Jordan rolled between.	And fear to launch away.	<i>(Isaac Watts, 1674-1748)</i>

David's Lamentation

David the king was grieved and moved; He went to his chamber, his chamber and wept,
And as he went, he wept and said, "Oh my son! Oh my son! Would to God I had died!
Would to God I had died for thee! Oh Absalom, my son, my son!" *(II Samuel 18:33)*

An Anthem for Thanksgiving

O praise the Lord of Heaven; praise Him in the Height, praise Him in the Depth;
O praise the Lord of Heaven, praise Him all ye Angels, praise Jehovah.
Praise Him Sun and Moon and blazing Comets, praise the Lord.
Let them praise the Name of the Lord, For He spake the Word and all were made;
He commanded and they were created; admire, adore.
Ye Dragons whose contagious Breath, People the dark Abodes of Death,
Change your dire Hissings into heav'nly Songs, And praise your Maker with your forked Tongues.
O praise the Lord of Heaven; Fire, Hail and Snow, Wind and Storms,
Beasts and Cattle, creeping Insects, flying Fowl, Kings and Princes, Men and Angels, praise the Lord;
Jew and Gentile, Male and Female, Bond and Free, Earth and Heaven, Land and Water, praise the Lord;
young Men and Maids, old Men and Babes, praise the Lord.
Join Creation, Preservation, and Redemption join in one; no Exemption, nor Dissention,
one Invention, and Intention reigns through the Whole, to Praise the Lord.
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. *(Psalm 148)*