

Celebrating our 36th Season

The Cherry Creek Chorale

presents

The Celtic Festival Goes to Wales

☘ ☘ ☘ March 11, 12 & 13, 2016 ☘ ☘ ☘

Special Guests

Beth Leachman Gadbbaw, Margot Krimmel and Jessie Burns

Michael Collins Pipes & Drums

Rick Seaton, Organist

Pipes and Drums: *It's a Long Way to Tipperary, 20 Men from Dublin Town, Roddy McCorley, The Minstrel Boy, Kelly, The Boy from Killane, The Wearing of the Green*

Home Again to Wales.....arr. by Rick Seaton

Commissioned in honor of John Beardall, friend of the Chorale, father of Andrew Beardall, father-in-law of Margaret Beardall, and a great Welshman.

Based on "We'll Keep a Welcome" by Lyn Joshua, James Harper, & Mai Jones and "Calon Lan" by Daniel James & John Hughes

Welcome Home. Far away a voice is calling, bells of mem'ry chime.
Come home again, they call through the oceans of time.
We'll keep a welcome in the hillside, we'll keep a welcome in the glen,
This land you knew will still be singing, when you come home again to Wales.

This land of song will keep a welcome, and with a love that never fails,
We'll kiss away each hour of hiraeth, when you come home again to Wales.

If I cherish earthly treasures, swift they flee and all is vain;
A clean heart enriched with virtues brings to me eternal gain.

Morn and evening my petition, wings its flight to heav'n in song.
In the name of my Redeemer, make my heart clean, pure and strong.

Land of My Fathers.....James James

English translation: W.S. Gwynn Williams

Chorus: Home, home, true I am to home, (*first sung in English and then in Welsh after each verse*)
While seas secure the land so pure,
O may the old language endure.

The land of my fathers is dear unto me, old land where the minstrels are honoured and free;
Its warring defenders, so gallant and brave, for freedom their life's blood they gave.

Old land of the mountains, the Eden of bards, each gorge and each valley a loveliness guards;
Through love of my country, charmed voices will be its streams and its rivers to me.

Though foemen have trampled my land 'neath their feet, the language of Cambria still knows no retreat;
The muse is not vanquished by traitor's fell hand, nor silenced the harp of my land.

Men of Harlech..... **Welsh traditional song**
sung by the men of the Chorale Directed by Uri Ayn Rovner arr. by C. Armstrong Gibbs

Hark, I hear the foe advancing, barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets, in the sunbeams glancing, glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming? See ye not their falchions gleaming?
While their pennants gaily streaming, flutter in the breeze.

From the rocks rebounding, let the war cry sounding
Summon all at Cambira's call, the haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory, see your banner, famed in story,
Waves these burning words before ye, "Britain scorns to yield."

Mid the fray see dead and dying, friend and foe together lying,
All around the arrows flying scatter sudden death.
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing, brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying with their parting breath.

See they're in disorder. Comrades, keep close order.
Ever they shall rue the day they ventured o'er the border.
Now the Saxon flees before us, vict'ry's banner floateth o'er us.
Raise the loud exulting chorus, "Britain wins the field".

The Ash Grove..... **Welsh Folk Melody**
soloist: Michael Spatz arr. by Mark Hayes

The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking, the wind through its playing has language for me.
Whenever the light through its branches is breaking a host of kind faces is gazing on me.
The friends of my childhood again are before me, each step wakes a mem'ry as freely I roam,
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me, the ash grove, the ash grove again is my home.

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander, where twilight is fading I pensively rove.
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
Around us for gladness the bluebells were springing, the ash grove, the ash grove that sheltered my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness, old countryside measures steal soft on my ears.
I only remember the past and its brightness, the dear ones I mourn for again gather here.
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me, and wistfully searching the leafy green dome.
I find other faces fond bending to greet me, the ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home.

Goldfinger **Music by John Barry**
sung by the women of the Chorale Lyrics by Leslie Briscusse and Anthony Newly
soloist: JoEllen Nikkel arr. by Andrew Halladay

Goldfinger, He's the man, the man with the Midas touch, a spider's touch.
Such a cold finger, beckons you to enter his web of sin, but don't go in.
Golden words he will pour in your ear, but his lies can't disguise what you fear.
For a golden girl knows when he's kissed her, it's the kiss of death from Mister Goldfinger.
Pretty girl, beware of this heart of gold. This heart is cold, he loves only gold.

Delilah..... **Music by Leslie David Reed**
sung by the men of the Chorale Directed by Uri Ayn Rovner **Lyrics by John Barry Mason**
arr. by Karl Jenkins

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window,
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind.
She was my woman. As she deceived me, I watched and went out of my mind.

My, my, my Delilah! Why, why, why Delilah!
I could see that girl was no good for me,
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free.

At break of day when that man drove away I was waiting.
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the door.
She stood there laughing. I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more.

My, my, my Delilah! Why, why, why Delilah!
So before they come to break down the door,
Forgive me Delilah, I just couldn't take anymore.

A Welsh Alleluia.....arr. by Rick Seaton

Commissioned in honor of John Beardall.

*Based on the hymn tune "Ebenezer" by Thomas Williams, with text, "Thy Strong Word" by Martin Franzman;
and on the hymn tune "Cwm Rhondda" by John Hughes,
with text, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer" by William Williams*

Thy strong word did cleave the darkness; At thy speaking it was done.
For created light we thank thee, While thine ordered seasons run.
Alleluia! Praise to thee who light dost send! Alleluia without end.

Guide me, O thou great redeemer, Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand,
Bread of heaven, Feed me now and evermore.

Lo, on those who dwelt in darkness, Dark as night and deep as death.
Broke the light of thy salvation, breathed thine own lifegiving breath.
Alleluia! Praise to thee! Alleluia without end!

When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction, Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

Give us lips to sing thy glory, Tongues thy mercy to proclaim,
Throats that shout the hope that fills us, mouths to speak thy holy name.

Alleluia! May the light which thou dost send fill our songs with alleluias,
Alleluias without end!

Guide me, O Thou great redeemer, God of grace, guide me now, Alleluia! Amen!

❁ ❁ ❁ *Intermission* ❁ ❁ ❁

Our guest artists, Beth Leachman Gadbaw (vocals & bodhran) and Margot Krimmel (harp & backing vocals) with Jessie Burns on the fiddle

An Mhaighdean Mhara (The Mermaid) Traditional

Across the Western Ocean Traditional
(with "Dunagore" and "The View Across the Ocean," traditional reels) adapted by Gadbaw & Krimmel

Birder..... Music by Beth Gadbaw and Margot Krimmel
Accompanied by the Chorale **Poems by Welsh Poet Laureate Gwyneth Lewis**

I. Midwinter, season for seeing through
Time and space. Before the War,
You were 'sparrow'. Now I hear
Geese in your breathing, oboe sighs.
Overhead they're leaving too. Each bird's
A letter, making sense
For a moment, then not. Cirrus of snow
Lays over the woods. Sluggish
With ice, the creek's pulse slows.

II. Morning performance on the stage
Under the feeder. Enter wild turkeys,
A corps de ballet in copper tutus.
Solo of a startle – entrechat, entrechat,
Pas de bourées – then the tom
Leads off his harem, one by one,
No curtsey, no curtain call. Then gone.

III. Fashion show: a black-eyed junco
Models its species – train,
Down jacket (in white and slate),
Then profile. When I die
I want to hear birds ricochet
Outside my window, feel the strobe
Of small flocks feeding. I'd like
To deserve this litany:
Woodpecker, waxwing, chickadee.

IV. It's no small thing to have lived your life
In cardinals' and tree-creepers' eyes.
They'll see you first as a rendezvous missed,
Then hunger. Your body's the birds
Waiting as they rise and scatter
To a final slam of the kitchen door.

Téir abhaile riú (Go Away Home) Traditional Irish Melody and Words
sung in Irish by the women of the Chorale arr. by David Mooney

Go away home, Mary.
Go away home and stay there because your contract is made.

Refrain: It does not matter whether you do it or not, It does not matter, Mary.
It does not matter whether you do it or not, Because your contract is made.

Marry the piper, Mary,
Marry the piper at eventide and your contract will be made. (*Refrain*)

My contract isn't, your contract is, my contract isn't made. (*Refrain*)

Three Anniversary Pieces

*With love from Ann and Ron Lester to our friends at the Cherry Creek Chorale,
in honor of the Chorale's 35th Anniversary, and also to Brian Patrick Leatherman,
in honor of his 20th Anniversary as the Chorale's Artistic Director and Conductor*

Consider the Lilies..... Music by K. Lee Scott
Words from Matthew 6: 26-29

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.
They do not toil nor spin.

flute: Renee Posey

Yet, I say to you that Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of them.
Look at the birds of the air, which neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns,
Yet, your heav'nly Father feeds them.
Are you not worth more than they?
And which of you by worrying can add one moment to life?
And why worry about clothes?

Friendship.....Music by K. Lee Scott
sung in Italian and English **Italian Proverb; Victor Hugo, from The Hunchback of Notre Dame**
flute: Uri Ayn Rovner

Whoever finds a friend finds a treasure.

Do you know what friendship is? It is to be brother and sister;
Two souls which touch without mingling, two fingers on one hand.

The True Glory.....Music by K. Lee Scott
Words by Sir Francis Drake and W. H. Murray with lines attributed to Goethe
flutes: Renee Posey and Uri Ayn Rovner

There must be a beginning to any great matter but the continuing to the end,
Until it is thoroughly finished, yields the true glory.
Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back.
The moment one is committed, then Providence moves as well.
A whole stream of events issues from that decision,
Raising all manner of unforeseen incidents of which no one could have dreamed.
What you can dream you can do, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.

Michael Collins Pipes & Drums: *The Battle of Waterloo, John McInnes, Cullen Bay, Bob Tracy*

The Parting Glass.....Traditional
soloists: Margaret Beardall, Beth Gadbar, & Margot Krimmel arr. by Margot Krimmel
fiddle: Jessie Burns with the Michael Collins Pipes & Drums

Of all the money that e'er I had
I spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas, it was to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit
To mem'ry now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
Would wish me one more day to stay
But since it fell into my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all.

So fill to me the parting glass,
And drink a health whate'er befalls
I'll gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be to you all.

