

JAMES MADISON UNIVERSITY CHOIRS

Treble Chamber Choir

Sophia Anzalone
Virginia Ballard
Mikayla Bushkar
Ellie Brann
Emily Bryson
Emily Chapman
Abigail Cordova
Sarah Damers
Erin Dixon
Kathryn Dobyns
Alyssa Downing
Laura Eaton
Camryn Finn
Leah Finn

Kate Gibson
Emily Gulli
Becca Gustafson
Maggie Hallauer
Janelle Harris
Jamaiah Harrison
Maggie Madamba
Camilla Maric
Kathryn Morgan
Lucy Moss
Megan O'Brien
Teresa Perez
Ella Poletto

Makenzie Rodriguez
Hannah Sayles
Vanessa Siracusa
Kaylee Shuey
Alex Stenseth
Emily Swett
Hannah Thomas
Adrienne Tomlinson
Michael Trulio
Abigail Wallen
Nora Winsler
Emily Wylie

University Men's Chorus

Ammad Akbari
Jeremy Alexander
Nick Altman
Eric Ballman
Brent Barnes
Stan Bottcher
Keith Brown
Connor Burch
Garrett Christian
Coleman Cox
Manny Davis
Thomas DeGraba
Noah Galbreath
Trevor Goldhush
Gunter Greenhaigh
Antonio Griffin
David Gwynn

Parker Hicks
Douglas Hines
Benjamin Jackson
Robert Jackson
Daniel Jenkins
Mohammad Khan
Benjamin Kniceley
Kris Kouzougian
Justin Long
Raymond Ma
Andrew Magruder
Riley Millward
Bryce Morgan
Brandon Morris
Danny Nguyen
Chris Ogunfowora
Daniel Oliver

Franco Ortiz
Benjamin Ostapovicz
Ben Pryse
David Ramirez
Seth Rapkins
Ian Ring
Brian Sauerwald
Robert Schiber
Seth Rapkins
Ian Ring
Brian Sauerwald
Robert Schiber
Dan Wash
Kyle Wenger
Charles White
Reid Wilkins
Jeremy Wojton
Nathaniel Wolters

VIII. In Freezing Winter Night

Behold, a silly tender babe, in freezing winter night, In homely manger trembling lies Alas, a piteous sight! The inns are full; no man will yield This little pilgrim bed. But forced he is with silly beasts In crib to shroud his head. This stable is a Prince's court, This crib his chair of State; The beasts are parcel of his pomp, The wooden dish his plate. The persons in that poor attire His royal liveries wear; The Prince himself is come from heav'n; This pomp is prizéd there. With joy approach, O Christian wight, Do homage to thy King. And highly praise his humble pomp, Wich he from Heav'n doth bring.

IX. Spring Carol

Pleasure it is to hear ivois, The Birdès sing, The deer in the dale, The sheep in the vale, The corn springing God's purvayance For sustenance. It is for man. Then we always to him give praise, And thank him than.

X. Deo Gracias

Deo Gracias! Adam lay ibounden, bounden in a bond; Four thousand winter thought he not to long. Deo Gracias! And all was for an appil, an appil that he took, As clerkès finden written in their book. Deo Gracias! Ne had the appil takè ben, Ne haddè never our lady A ben hevenè quene. Blessèd be the time That appil takè was. Therefore we moun singen. Deo Gracias!

Nurit Hirsch is a contemporary Jewish composer, and is considered one of Israel's most prolific and diverse composers. **Bashana Haba'ah**, translated as "Next Year", is arguably one of her most popular songs. As its lyrics suggest, it was originally set in an upbeat, more "pop" style. John Leavitt has taken the music and has set it in a beautiful and more contemplative setting for choir and clarinet. The ensuing dissonances and their austere and beautiful resolution create an evocative, emotional subtext to this prayerful setting.

*Next year we will sit on the porch and count migrating birds.
Children on vacation will play catch between the house and the fields.
You will yet see, you will yet see, how good it will be next year.*

Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas was originally sung by Judy Garland in the 1944 MGM musical *Meet Me in St. Louis*. The song has become an iconic Christmas favorite and was determined to be the third most performed American Christmas carol. This arrangement highlights the sentimental quality of this holiday favorite. Garland's original recording of this song became popular among United States troops during World War II and is reported to have brought many soldiers to tears. Tonight's arrangement has become an annual tradition for University Men's Chorus.

In **African Noel** André Thomas has created a jubilant, energetic arrangement of this Liberian folksong, where the refrain is a chant called *Bunarwa*. *Bunarwa* is widely known by Liberian refugees who know it as the word used in one African dialect as knocking on a door. This arrangement is divided into two parts: a repeated refrain and one verse. The syncopated rhythms of this wonderful song create a joyous, festive mood.

Rosephayne Powell's *Ogo ni fun Oluwa!* (*Glory to God in the Highest*) is rousing Nigerian Christmas song. However, the combination of its text and joyful setting make it singable all year round!

Poet Robert Burns is credited with the codifying of the famous text of the renowned Scottish New Year's air, **Auld Lang Syne**, although there are some academic sources that conjecture he actually wrote the final verses himself. The Meaning of 'Auld' is "Old" and the meaning of 'Lang Syne' is "Long Since". The lyrics, "*We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet*" refers to the tradition of raising a glass, or a cup o' kindness, meaning with "*good will, friendship and kind regard*" and in remembrance of "*noble deeds.*" The custom of drinking a "*health*" at a special gathering to the prosperity or good health of another dates back to antiquity. The old Christmas term '*wassail*' derives from the Old Norse phrase '*ves heill*,' meaning "*be healthy.*" Set by FSU colleagues and friends Michael Hanawalt and Justine Sasanfar, this beautiful arrangement features Scottish dialect interspersed with English text, a macaronic approach to text setting. This touching and lush arrangement is a joy to sing, and with this closer of our Christmas set, the UWC wishes you a most wonderful Holiday Season and a Blessed New Year!

Auld Lang Syne - Times Gone By (Old Long Since/Ago)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintances be forgotten, and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and auld lang syne!
Should old acquaintances be forgotten, and days of long ago!

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne.
For times gone by, my dear, for times gone by,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.
We will take a cup of kindness yet, for times gone by.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp, and surely I'll be mine!
And surely you will pay for your pint, and surely I will pay for mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.
And we will take a cup of kindness yet, for times gone by!

We twa hae run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine;
We two have run about the hillsides, and pulled the daisies fine,
But we've wandered mony a weary fit, sin' auld lang syne.
But we have wandered many a weary foot, for times gone by.

We twa hae paddled i' the burn, frae morning sun till dine;
We two have paddled/waded in the stream from noon until dinner time,
But seas between us braid hae roared, sin' auld lang syne.
But seas between us broad have roared, since times gone by.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere, and gie's a hand o' thine!
And surely you will pay for your pint, and surely I will pay for mine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught, for auld lang syne.
And we will take a cup of kindness yet, for times gone by!

Rosephayne Powell has been hailed as one of America's premiere female composers of choral music. Her work often uses Gospel idioms in new and fresh ways. Her beautiful new piece **Ring the Bells!** is a rhythmic celebration of the joy of the season. The refrain features "fa la la" madrigalisms often associated with Christmas carols. The text offers a powerful vision for the world: "As we ring the bells of love, love will fill the earth. No more war, or poverty or greed. Everyone is free; free to truly be!"

The "**Hallelujah Chorus**" is the most famous movement from Handel's most famous oratorio, *Messiah*, completed in September, 1741. Text for "Hallelujah" comes from the book of Revelation in the New Testament. Revelation 19:6: "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Revelation 19:16: "And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords." Revelation 11:15 reads, "And he shall reign for ever and ever."

CHRISTMAS CAROL SING-ALONG

Angels we have heard on high
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains
Gloria, in excelsis Deo

Joy to the world! The Lord is come:
let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room
and heaven and nature sing.

O Come All Ye Faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

The First Noel, the Angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel.

Silent Night Holy Night
All is calm All is bright
Round yon virgin Mother and child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise
Join the triumph of the skies
With angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Deck the halls with boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la la la la!
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la la la la!
Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la la la la la la!
Troll the ancient Yuletide carol,
Fa la la la la la la la!

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.
Good tidings we bring
To you and your kin;
Good tidings for Christmas
And a happy New Year!
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a happy New Year.