Texts and Notes

La Fede (Rossini)

Allor che l’alma afflitta,
Nei giorni aquilonar,
Si sente in cor trafitta
La sua virtu’ mancar,

Un astro appar repente
Dell’etra in sul confin,
Piu’ che ragion possente,
Piu’ ardente del mattin.

Quel mistico splendore
E’ sol di Dio la fe’;
Egli che dice al core:
Costante credi in me.

Del dubbio reo la vita
Spegne quel suon divin;
E la sua man ne addita
D’un bel tramonto il fin.

Faith

When, in the windy days,
the afflicted soul
feels its heart pierced
and it’s virtue missing,

a star suddenly appears
from the ends of the sky,
stronger than reason,
burning more than the morning.

This mystical splendor
is only from God’s faith;
He who says to the heart,
“Always believe in me.”

The divine sound extinguishes
the life of that guilty doubt;
and His hand points to the purpose
of a beautiful sunset

- Translated by Annie Creech ’13

La Carità (Rossini)

O carità de, virtù del cor
Tu l’uomo infervori di santo ardor.

Tu l’affratelli e nei martir,
Cosolì il povero de’ suoi sospir.

Iddio rivelasì solo per te:
Tu inspirì al misero del ben la fe’

L’alma che accendesi del tuo fervor
Spande sugli uomini divin fulgor.

Allor che il mondo tua voce udrà.
Di guerra il fremito si spegnerà;

L’ira, l’orgoglio fían vintì allor
Da un sacro vincolo d’eterno amor.

Charity

Oh charity, virtue of the heart
You excite saintly passion in man

You unite men in brotherhood
And console the poor in their sufferings

God manifests himself only for you
You inspire good faith in the wretched

The soul that is ignited by your fervor
Spreads your divine splendor in men

When the world hears your voice
The thrill of war will disappear

Anger and pride will then be conquered
By the sacred bond of eternal love

- Translated by Skyla Lowery ’14

O vos omnes (Juneau)

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
attendite et videte si est dolor,
sicut dolor meus

O all of you who pass along this way,
behold and see if there is any sorrow
like unto my sorrow. (Lamentations 1:12)
**Texts and Notes for Cassandra’s Lament**

**From the letters of Cassandra Austen**
"The last sad ceremony is to take place on Thursday morning, her dear remains are to be deposited in the Cathedral—it is a satisfaction to me to think that they are to lie in a Building she admird [sic] so much—her precious soul I presume to hope reposes in a far superior Mansion. May mine one day be reunited to it . . .

"What I have lost, no one but myself can know. I have lost a treasure, such a Sister, such a friend as never can have been surpassed. She was the sun of my life, the gilder of every pleasure, the soother of every sorrow. I had not a thought concealed from her, and it is as if I had lost a part of myself. I loved her only too well, [but] not better than she deserved . . .

"When I asked her if there was anything she wanted, her answer was she wanted nothing but death and some of her words were ‘God grant me patience, Pray for me Oh Pray for me.’"

**From the Prayers of Jane Austen**
Give us grace almighty father, so to pray, as to deserve to be heard . . . Look with compassion on the afflicted . . ., assuage the pangs of disease, comfort the broken in spirit.

**From the Anglican Requiem**
*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; When you arrive, may the Martyrs receive you, and lead you to the holy city of Jerusalem. May a choir of Angels receive you, and with Lazarus, once a poor man, may you have eternal rest.

**Program Note:** As Jane Austen’s work often explores the gap between private feelings and their public expression, *Cassandra’s Lament* explores what may have been such contrasts in her sister Cassandra’s bereavement: the private experience of torment and dislocation at odds with public, prayerful sacraments of serenity, composure, and acceptance. In memories, a legacy of elegant and eloquent words may be at odds with the urgent utterances of terminal illness. So it must have been for Cassandra Austen at the time of her sister Jane’s death. In Cassandra’s wrenching experience of loss, her memories of Jane’s own words and reflections about death – both the transcendent and the tortured – appear in sharp contrast but ultimately in harmony with the steady, inexorable Anglican funeral chant that publicly accompanied Jane’s body to its final resting place. *Cassandra’s Lament* is a collage of melodies and words, elements of Cassandra Austen’s psychic soundscape at the time of her sister’s death. Brief excerpts from the traditional, serene Anglican Requiem chant are juxtaposed with phrases from Cassandra’s distraught and poignant letters, lines from Jane’s formal prayer (hanging at the St. Nicholas Church, Steventon), and the simple agonized words Jane uttered on her deathbed. The texts and melodies associated with each of these recur, and recur, reflecting the ruminative process of grief. The reappearances of the serpentine lines seem at first to be identical, but each apparent repetition is subtly altered, changing as grief changes with healing, imperceptibly and from the inside out. – Joelle Wallach
Texts and Notes for *Three Poems from the Parlour*

**Jane**
Happy the lab’rer in his Sunday clothes!
In light-drab coat, smart waist-coat, well-darn’d hose,
And hat upon his head, to church he goes;
As oft with conscious pride, he downward throws
A glance upon the ample cabbage rose
Which, stuck in button-hole, regales his nose,
He envies not the gaiest London beaux.
In church he takes his seat among the rows,
Pays to the place the reverence he owes,
Likes best the prayers whose meaning least he knows.
Lists to the sermon in a softening doze,
And rouses joyous at the welcome close.

- Jane Austen

**Cassandra**
Love, they say, is like a rose;
I'm sure 'tis like the wind that blows,
For not a human creature knows
How it comes or where it goes.
It is the cause of many woes:
It swells the eyes and reds the nose,
And very often changes those
Who once were friends to bitter foes.
But let us now the scene transpose
And think no more of tears and throes.
Why may we not as well suppose
A smiling face the urchin shows?
And when with joy the bosom glows,
And when the heart has full repose,
'Tis mutual love the gift bestows.

- Cassandra Austen

**Mrs. Austen**
This morning I woke from a quiet repose,
I first rubbed my eyes, and I next blew my nose;
With my stockings and shoes I then covered my toes,
And proceeded to put on the rest of my clothes.
This was finished in less than an hour, I suppose.
I employ’d myself next in repairing my hose.
'Twas a work of necessity not what I chose;
Of my sock I’d much rather have knit twenty rows.
My work being done, I look’d through the windows,
And with pleasure beheld all the bucks and the does,
The cows and the bullocks, the wethers and ewes.
To the library each morning the family goes,
So I went with the rest though I felt rather froze.
My flesh is much warmer, my blood freer flows,
When I work in the garden with rakes and with hoes.
And now I believe I must come to a close,
For I find I grow stupid e’en while I compose.
If I write any longer my verse will be prose.

- Mrs. George Austen
**Program Note:** These three poems derive from a group of four, known as “Verses to rhyme with ‘Rose,’” composed by Jane and Cassandra Austen, their mother Mrs. George Austen, and their sister-in-law Elizabeth Bridges Austen. First published in the Brabourne edition of Austen’s correspondence (1884), they originally survived as an enclosure, in Jane’s hand, to a letter of 1807. They are the product of a parlor game where the ladies had to apply their imaginations to devising poems in which every line ended in a rhyme with “rose.” Jane’s shows a predictably sophisticated use of language, Cassandra’s is strikingly subtle, and Mrs. Austen’s demonstrates a robust sense of humor as well as a gift for versifying. The only contender in the game who seemed unsure of herself was Elizabeth, whose poem begins “Never before did I quarrel with a rose,/Till now, that I am told some lines to compose,/Of which I have little idea, God knows.” The rather shaky rhythms that unfold in her poem would make it difficult to set successfully to music. – Kathryn Libin

The first poem, by Miss Jane Austen, about a fellow who goes to church in his “Sunday best,” and what transpires over the course of the service is so true, even today. Her descriptions are so vivid, and having been a church musician for much of my life, the entire poem resonated with me, as I have witnessed it first hand, more times than I could possibly count! The second poem, by Miss Austen (Cassandra), I found to be at times heartfelt, tongue-in-cheek, and optimistic where love is concerned. You be the judge! The third poem, by Mrs. Austen, struck a particular chord of envy for me. No need for e-mail, telephone, smart phone, iPads, etc., to fill her day (not that they were available then, of course, but that is the source of my envy . . . that they weren’t prisoners of technology!). What lovely visuals are conjured here. I myself feel I was born in the wrong century, and would happily toss my computer out the window, if I could! The last three lines of the poem will remain among my favorite poetic lines of all time. – Eleanor Daley

**Biographies**

Born and raised in Parry Sound, Ontario, **Eleanor Daley** received her Bachelor of Music degree in organ performance from Queen’s University and holds diplomas in piano and organ from the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto, and Trinity College, England. She has been the Director of Music at Fairlawn Avenue United Church in Toronto since 1982. During this time, she has established a thriving choral program for which much of her music has been composed, thanks to the continuing support and talent of her choirs. Ms. Daley has published over 140 choral compositions and is commissioned extensively throughout North America. Included in her unpublished choral works are dozens of anthems, fifteen Missae Breves, three pageants, and hundreds of descants, introits and psalm settings. **Rose Trilogy,** commissioned by the ORIANA Women’s Choir of Toronto, received the National Choral Award for Outstanding Choral Composition of the Year in 2004. **Requiem,** recorded by the Amadeus Choir of Toronto in 2000 on their CD, Songs of the Spirit, received the same honor. The CD won the National Choral Award for Outstanding Recording in 2002. **Requiem** received its German debut in Bayreuth in March 2010. She was commissioned by the American Choral Directors Association to write a work for the 2008 Regional Conventions, the first Canadian composer to receive this honor. Ms. Daley was invited to be the first Composer-in-Residence at the international choral festival, FESTIVAL 500, in July 2005, in St. John’s, Newfoundland. **Canticle to the Spirit,** a CD now in its fourth printing, was released to critical acclaim in November 2000. It features twenty-three original compositions sung by the choirs of Fairlawn Avenue. A second CD entitled **What Sweeter Music,** featuring twenty-one of Eleanor’s Christmas choral compositions, was released in November 2003.
Christine R. Howlett is Assistant Professor and Director of Choral Activities at Vassar College, where she conducts the Vassar College Women’s Chorus and Vassar College Choir, and teaches music theory and voice. Her choruses have sung at Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall, and have toured in Europe and the United States. She is the Artistic Director of Cappella Festiva, an organization that supports an adult choir, treble choir, and Summer Choral Festival for young singers. As a soloist, Ms. Howlett has performed throughout the United States and Canada. In 2011 she made her operatic debut at Symphony Space in New York in Richard Wilson’s opera Aethelred the Unready. She collaborates with Patrick Wood Uribe, violin, and Holly Chatham; their debut recording, Love Raise Your Voice, with works by Leonard Enns, Carson Cooman, Tarik O’Regan, and Richard Wilson, was released in January 2012. She studied voice performance at the University of Toronto, and earned both a master’s degree in Early Music Voice Performance and a DMA in Choral Conducting from Indiana University.

Joelle Wallach composes music for orchestra, chamber ensembles, solo voices, and choruses. Her String Quartet (1995) was the American Composers Alliance nominee for the 1997 Pulitzer Prize in Music. The New York Philharmonic Ensembles premiered her octet, From the Forest of Chimneys, written to celebrate their 10th anniversary; and the New York Choral Society commissioned her secular oratorio, Toward a Time of Renewal, for 200 voices and orchestra, to commemorate their 35th Anniversary Season in Carnegie Hall. Ms. Wallach’s ballet, Glancing Below, a 1999 Juilliard Dance Theater showcase production originally commissioned by the Carlisle Project, was premiered in Philadelphia during the summer of 1994, entered the repertory of the Hartford Ballet in February 1995, and received its New York premiere that June. In 1980 her choral work, On the Beach at Night Alone, won first prize in the Inter-American Music Awards. Ms. Wallach grew up in Morocco, but makes her home in New York, where she was born. Her early training in piano, voice, theory, bassoon, and violin included study at the Juilliard Preparatory Division, and she earned bachelor’s and master’s degrees at Sarah Lawrence College and Columbia University respectively. In 1984 the Manhattan School of Music, where she studied with John Corigliano, granted her its first doctorate in composition. Ms. Wallach serves as Visiting Professor of Composition at the University of North Texas, while remaining a pre-concert lecturer for the New York Philharmonic, where she speaks on a broad range of musical subjects, bringing fresh insights to familiar works and opening doors to modern ones.

Once known, before men were admitted to the college, simply as the Vassar Choir, the Vassar Women’s Chorus was founded in 1876 by Charlotte Finch (class of 1872). Throughout its history the all-women’s ensemble has collaborated with other colleges to perform masterworks, as well as performing on campus. Repertoire includes a cappella and accompanied works from the Renaissance to the 21st century. The Women’s Chorus has performed in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia, has toured in Turkey and Spain, and joined Vassar’s other choral ensembles in a tour to London, Oxford, and Paris in spring 2012. The ensemble performed at the Rose Theater of New York’s Jazz at Lincoln Center in 2009, and was honored with invitations to perform at conferences for the American Choral Directors Association and the National Collegiate Choral Organization in 2010. The Vassar Women’s Chorus is thrilled to be premiering new works by Eleanor Daley and Joelle Wallach at JASNA’s 2012 AGM.