



ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE

*presents*

# KINDRED SPIRITS

MUSIC OF HENRY PURCELL & BENJAMIN BRITTEN

H. MICHIE AKIN, *Conductor*

DAVID REECE, *Tenor*

SUNDAY    NOVEMBER 19, 2006    8:00 PM

CATHEDRAL GUADALUPE    2215 ROSS AVENUE    DALLAS ARTS DISTRICT



## PROGRAM

ALTHOUGH BORN THREE CENTURIES' APART, British composers Henry Purcell (1659–1695) and Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) were kindred spirits in their love of language and drama. Britten was an inspired interpreter of Purcell's music, drawing from it many lessons and influences. Tonight's presentation celebrates the music of both composers in a sequence of works, which are, by turn, moving, inspirational, spiritual, joyful, humane and ceremonial.

O SING UNTO THE LORD HENRY PURCELL

CHACONY IN G MINOR FOR FOUR STRINGS HENRY PURCELL

SAINT NICOLAS, OP. 42 BENJAMIN BRITTEN

**O SING UNTO THE LORD HENRY PURCELL**

PATRICIA BROOKS, *soprano*; JULIE NAVAR, *alto*; JOHN O'NEAL, *tenor*; ROBERT BROOKS, *bass*

HENRY PURCELL'S POSITION among the greatest of English composers was acknowledged in his lifetime, but it was not until the bicentenary of his death that this judgment came to be accepted by later generations. The work of the Purcell Society and of composers such as Holst and Vaughan Williams helped to rehabilitate him. Benjamin Britten of a later generation paid him the compliment of imitation and also restored many of his works to the concert-hall, aided by the 20th-century revival of interest in performance of the music of Purcell's time in authentic style. Purcell's brilliance of invention, his sense of drama, and the "common touch," which endeared him to his contemporaries (both musicians and non-musicians) give his music freshness and immediacy.

The wonderful verse anthem, *O Sing Unto the Lord*, is full of dancing melodies and shining harmonies. Showing Purcell at his most Italianate, the piece has some truly magical moments. It was composed for the exceptionally fine voice of the Rev. John Gostling, then at Canterbury, but afterwards a gentleman of His Majesty's chapel. Purcell wrote several anthems at different times for this extraordinary voice, a *basso profondo*, which is known to have had a range of at least two full octaves, from D below the bass staff to the D above it.

O sing unto the Lord a new song. Alleluia. Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name;  
Sing unto the Lord all the whole earth. Alleluia. Be telling of His salvation from day to day.

Declare His honor unto the heathen, and  
His wonders unto all people.  
Glory and worship are before Him,  
Power and honor are in His sanctuary.

The Lord is great, and cannot worthily be  
praised: He is more to be feared than all gods.

As for the gods of the heathen, they are but idols;  
but it is the Lord that made the heavens.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;  
Let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

Tell it our among the heathen that the Lord  
is King;

And that it is He Who hath made the round  
world so sure that it cannot be moved.

And how that He shall judge the people  
righteously.

Alleluia.

#### CHACONY IN G MINOR FOR FOUR STRINGS

HENRY PURCELL

Very little of Purcell's functional music for four-part viol consort survives. Only the incomplete *Suite in G major*, Z. 770, and the *Chacony in G minor*, Z. 730, are known. "Chacony" is a variant of the English *chacone* and is the same as the French *chaconne* and Italian *ciaccona*. It was a relatively new type of composition in England. The earliest known English example is the three-part *Chacone* by Robert Smith, published in 1677.

Purcell's Chacony is restrained and stately, much more suited to dancing than a similar piece by John Blow from the same time, which has intricate contrapuntal sections and shifting accents. Purcell builds his melodies from groups of dotted notes (an aspect of the French *chaconne*), and the piece is nearly devoid of contrapuntal artifice, making it easy to perceive the rhythms and turns of the melody and ground bass. Apparently, it was intended to be performed without continuo.

~ ALL MUSIC GUIDE

#### SAINT NICOLAS, OP. 42

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

DAVID REECE, *Nicolas*      TRUETT DAVIS, *Young Nicolas*

IAN MACLIN, PATRICK MAHURIN and TOUBERT NADALINI, *the Three Pickled Boys*

Britten's nine-part dramatic cantata, *Saint Nicolas*, was commissioned to celebrate the centenary of Lancing College, Sussex. Its first official performance took place at the College in July 1948, though in fact it had already received an unofficial premiere six weeks earlier, at the opening concert of the very first Aldeburgh Festival.

Britten himself conducted both these performances, with the part of Nicolas sung by his partner, Peter Pears, a former pupil of Lancing College. The piece is scored for chorus, treble soloists, tenor solo, piano duet, organ, percussion and strings, with a libretto by Eric Crozier. The cantata tells the story of the life and achievements — some real but mostly legendary — of Nicolas, the 4th-century bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor.

Very few facts about Nicolas' life are known for certain. It seems that he was born into a wealthy family and was educated by the Church. After his parents died of the plague, he gave all his wealth to charity and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He returned to the city of Myra where he became Bishop, serving there until his death. During the persecution of the Christians he was imprisoned by the emperor Diocletian. He was one of the 318 bishops summoned to attend the first great Church Council at Nicaea.

Little else is known about Nicolas. Nevertheless, he is immortalized in many legends that tell of his care of the poor and oppressed, and his power of appearing from great distances when called. The three golden

balls that he carries in statues and pictures symbolize the three purses of gold that he is said to have given secretly in order to rescue three girls from prostitution, a story that is the origin of the pawnbrokers' sign. Another episode relates how he rescued three sailors from drowning, as a result of which he became the patron saint of sailors.

However, the miracle attributed to Nicolas that confirmed his position as one of the most pre-eminent saints was his restoration to life of three small boys who at a time of dreadful famine had been pickled in brine by a wicked butcher. From this macabre tale emerged the practice of giving presents to deserving children. With this in mind, and the fact that the Feast of St. Nicolas falls on the 6th of December, it is easy to see how the popular image of St. Nicolas gradually evolved into the much-loved figure of Santa Claus. Following the Reformation, there was a marked decline in the status of many saints, but Nicolas' popularity continued undiminished. He is the patron saint of Russia and Greece, sailors, travelers, and of course, children.

Britten was always a very practical composer who was equally at home whether writing for modest amateur performances or for international occasions with virtuoso professional soloists. He once said, upon receiving the first Aspen Award in 1964, "It is the composer's duty, as a member of society, to speak to or for his fellow human beings...I want my music to be of use to people, to please them, to enhance their lives." All of his music testifies to this philosophy, and *Saint Nicolas* is no exception.

*Saint Nicolas* was Britten's first large-scale work written with mainly amateur performers in mind, and is a wonderful example of his outstanding ability to capture the essence of his subject-matter with a series of dramatic yet essentially simple ideas to which performers and audiences can immediately relate.

~JOHN BAWDEN, MUSICAL DIRECTOR (1994-2006), FAREHAM PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

## I. INTRODUCTION

The chorus, as contemporary people gazing back over the centuries, asks Nicolas to "strip off your glory..." and speak to them. The Saint responds across the span of 1600 years saying that the seeds of faith survive "in you" and to preserve the living faith won by those who died "that you might worship God." In response, the choir asks God for strength to serve with simplicity.

Our eyes are blinded by the holiness you bear	<i>With you it stands like forest oak</i>
The bishop's robe, the mitre	<i>or withers with the grasses underfoot</i>
and the cross of gold	<i>Preserve the living faith for which your fathers fought!</i>
obscure the simple man within the Saint	<i>For faith was won by centuries of sacrifice</i>
Strip off your glory, Nicolas, Nicolas, and speak!	<i>and many martyrs died that you might worship God</i>

<i>Across the tremendous bridge of 1600 years</i>	Help us, Lord, to find the hidden road
<i>I come to stand in worship with you as I stood</i>	that leads from love to greater love
<i>among my faithful congregation long ago</i>	from faith to greater faith
<i>All who knelt beside me then are gone</i>	Strengthen us, O Lord!
<i>Their name is dust, their tombs are grass and clay</i>	Screw up our strength to serve Thee
<i>Yet still their shining seed of faith survives in you!</i>	with simplicity
<i>It weathers time, it springs again in you!</i>	

## II. THE BIRTH OF NICOLAS

The sopranos and altos, representing school children, sing of the birth and childhood of Nicolas, even describing his enthusiasm in his bath or at his baptism. At the end of each verse, the boy Nicolas sings, “God be Glorified.” The excitement builds to the dramatic moment when the voice of the boy Nicolas is transformed into the full power and confidence of the adult Nicolas’ call: “God be Glorified.”

Nicolas was born in answer to prayer and leaping from his mother’s womb he cried: <i>God be glorified!</i>	<i>God be glorified!</i> When he went to church at Christmastide he climbed up to the font to be baptized <i>God be glorified!</i>
Swaddling-bands and crib awaited him there but Nicolas clapped both his hands and cried: <i>God be glorified!</i>	Pilgrims came to kneel and pray by his side he grew in grace, his name was sanctified <i>God be glorified!</i>
Innocent and joyful, naked and fair he came in pride on earth to abide <i>God be glorified!</i>	Nicolas grew in innocence and pride His glory spread in rainbow round the countryside “Nicolas will be a Saint!” the neighbours cried <i>God be glorified!</i>
Water rippled Welcome in the bath-tub by his side he dived in open-eyed, he swam, he cried:	

## III. NICOLAS DEVOTES HIMSELF TO GOD

At the beginning, Nicolas relates his feelings as he views the “wider world of man,” living in poverty, doomed to die “in everlasting fear of everlasting death.” Nicolas sells his lands to feed the poor, but is still heartsick and angry. He asks God to “purge my angry soul” and prays for sweet humility. The discords of the music come to rest indicating that the prayer of Nicolas is answered.

<i>My parents died all too soon I left the tranquil beauty of their home and knew the wider world of man Poor Man! I found him solitary, racked by doubt: born, bred, doomed to die in everlasting fear of everlasting death: the foolish toy of time, the darling of decay – hopeless, faithless, defying God</i>	<i>I gave my goods to charity but love demanded more Heartsick, I cast away all things that could distract my mind from full devotion to His will I thrust my happiness behind but love desired more still Heartsick, I called on God to purge my angry soul to be my only master, friend and guide I begged for sweet humility and love was satisfied</i>
<i>Heartsick, in hope to mask the twisted face of poverty I sold my lands to feed the poor</i>	

## IV. HE JOURNEYS TO PALESTINE

The men of the choir relate a sea voyage. On the journey, the sailors jeer at Nicolas who predicts a storm ahead. Darkness falls and, as the crew settles down to sleep, the wind arises and the waves begin to pour over the deck. The sailors try to launch the lifeboats and shorten sail, but finally break into cries of help. Schoolgirls sing of the lightning hissing through the night and of the angry roar of the wind and waves. At the height of the storm, the sailors kneel and pray. Nicolas joins the sailors and begs God to make the storm to cease. The thunder dies down, and wind loses its violence, and the waves lay down to rest. As the ship sails on, the stars appear in the calm sky and Nicolas kneels down in thankfulness.

Nicolas sailed for Palestine across the sunlit seas	The South West wind blew soft and fair seagulls hovered through the air and spices scented the breeze
--	---

Everyone felt that land was near:  
all dangers now were past:  
except for one who knelt in prayer  
fingers clasped and head quite bare  
alone by mizzen-mast

The sailors jeered at Nicolas  
who paid them no regard  
until the hour of sunset came  
and up he stood and stopped their game  
of staking coins on cards

Nicolas spoke and prophesied  
a tempest far ahead  
The sailors scorned such words of fear  
since sky and stars shone bright and clear  
so “Nonsense!” they all said

Darkness was soon on top of them  
but still the South wind blew  
The captain went below to sleep  
and left the helmsman there to keep  
his course with one of the crew

Nicolas swore he’d punish them  
for mocking at the Lord  
The wind arose, the thunder roared

lightning split the waves that poured  
in wild cascades on board

Waterspouts rose in majesty  
until the ship was tossed  
abaft, aback, astern, abeam  
lit by the lightning’s livid gleam  
and all aboard cried, “Lost!”

Lightning hisses through the night  
blinding sight with living light!  
Ah! “Spare us!” – “Man the pumps!”  
π“Axes!” – “Save us, Savior!”

Winds and tempests howl their cry  
of battle through the raging sky!

Ah! “Spare us!” – “Lifeboats!”  
“Lower away!” – “Save us, Savior!”

Waves repeat their angry roar  
Fall and Spring again once more!  
Ah! “Let her run before the wind!”  
“Shorten sail!” – “Reef her!” – “Heave her to!”

Thunder rends the sky asunder  
with its savage shouts of wonder!  
Ah! “Pray to God. Kneel and pray!”  
Lightning, thunder, tempest, ocean  
praise their God with voice and motion

Nicolas waited patiently till they were on their knees  
then down he knelt in thankfulness  
begging God their ship to bless  
and make the storm to cease

*“O God! We are all weak, sinful, foolish men  
We pray from fear and from necessity at death  
in sickness or private loss  
Without the prick of fear our conscience  
sleeps, forgetful of Thy grace*

*Help us, O God, to see more clearly  
Tame our stubborn hearts*

*Teach us to ask for less and offer more gratitude to Thee  
Pity our simplicity  
for we are truly pitiable in Thy sight. Amen”*

*The winds and waves lay down to rest  
the sky was clear and calm  
The ship sailed onward without harm  
and all creation sang a psalm  
of loving thankfulness*

*Beneath the stars the sailors slept  
exhausted by their fear, while I  
knelt down for love of God on high  
and saw his angels in the sky  
smile down at me, and wept*

#### V. HE COMES TO MYRA AND IS CHOSEN BISHOP

The full choir proclaims Nicolas Bishop of Myra. A small ensemble follows each action of the ceremonial acceptance of the mitre, the golden robe, the dalmatic, and the crozier. Following the setting of the ring on Nicolas’ hand, the “Amen’s” quicken to an energetic fugue: “Serve the Faith and spurn his enemies.” At the conclusion of the fugue, there is a pause for the audience to “join the choir in singing the familiar hymn, ‘All people that on earth to dwell’ . . .”

<p>Come Stranger sent from God!          Come, man of God!          Stand foremost in our church          and serve this diocese as Bishop Nicolas          our shield, our strength, our peace!</p> <p><i>I, Nicolas, Bishop of Myra and its diocese          shall with the unfailing grace of God          defend his faithful servants          comfort the widow and fatherless          and fulfill his will for this most blessed church</i></p> <p>Amen</p> <p>Place the mitre on your head          to show your mastery of men!</p> <p>Amen</p>	<p>Take the golden robe that covers you          with Christ's authority!          Amen</p> <p>Wear the fine dalmatic woven with          the cross of faith          Amen</p> <p>Bear the crozier as a staff and comfort          to your flock!          Amen</p> <p>Set the ring upon your hand          in sacramental sign of wedlock with thy God!          Amen</p> <p>Serve the faith and spurn his enemies!</p>
---	--

PLEASE JOIN THE CHOIR IN SINGING:



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell,  
 2. O en - ter then His gates with praise,  
 3. For why? the Lord our God is good:



Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice:  
 Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to,  
 His mer - cy is for e - ver sure;



Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
 Praise, laud and bless His name al - ways,  
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood,



Come ye be - fore Him and re - jice.  
 For it is seem - ly so to do.  
 And shall from age to age en - dure.

## VI. NICOLAS FROM PRISON

Nicolas tells of the persecution of the church for eight years by the Romans and relates having to celebrate communion with prison bread. Then he angrily admonishes those who “embrace the lash of sin” and “build your temples fair without and foul within...” Nicolas calls them to turn away from sin and “bow down your hard and stubborn hearts.”

<i>Persecution sprang upon our church and stilled its voice Eight barren years it stifled under Roman rule: And I lay bound condemned to celebrate my lonely sacrament with prison bread while wolves ran loose among my flock. – O man!</i>	<i>pour your treasures out to bribe distress You build your temples fair without and foul within: You cultivate your wilderness Yet Christ is yours, yours! For you he lived and died God in mercy gave his Son to bless you all, to bring you life and Him you crucified to desecrate your wilderness Turn, turn away from sin! Ah! Bow down your hard and stubborn hearts! Confess, confess yourselves to Him in penitence and humbly vow your lives to Him, to holiness</i>
<i>The world is set for you as for a king! Paradise is yours in loveliness The stars shine down for you for you the angels sing yet you prefer your wilderness You hug the rack of self embrace the lash of sin</i>	

## VII. NICOLAS AND THE PICKLED BOYS

The choir sings of approaching travelers struggling along a wintry road seeking food in the city. Three women call for their missing boys, “Timothy, Mark and John are gone.” Upon reaching the inn, the travelers order a meal and invite Nicolas to join them. But Nicolas suddenly warns them not to touch the meat, for it is the flesh of the missing boys who have been killed by the butcher and pickled in salt. Before the eyes of the travelers, Nicolas calls the three boys back to life. They enter hand-in-hand, singing, “Alleluia.” The choir joins them in praising God for the miracle.

<i>Famine tracks us down the lanes hunger holds our horses' reins winter heaps the roads with snow O we have far to go! Starving beggars howl their cry snarl to see us spurring by times are bad and travel slow O we have far to go! We mourn our boys, our missing ones! We sorrow for three little ones! Timothy, Mark and John are gone, are gone! Landlord, take this piece of gold! Bring us food before the cold makes our pangs of hunger grow O we have far to go!</i>	<i>Day by day we seek to find some trace of them but oh! Unkind! Timothy, Mark and John are gone, are gone! Let us share this dish of meat Come, my friends, sit down and eat! Join us, Bishop, for we know that you have far to go! Mary meek and Mother mild who lost thy Jesus as a child our Timothy, Mark and John are gone, are gone! Come, your Grace, don't eat so slow! Take some meat! O do not taste! O do not feed on sin! But haste to save three souls in need!</i>
--	---

*The mothers' cry is sad and weak  
within these walls they lie  
whom mothers sadly seek  
Timothy, Mark and John  
put your fleshly garments on!  
Come from dark oblivion! Come!*

See! Three boys spring back to life  
who, slaughtered by the butcher's knife  
lay salted down!  
And entering, hand in hand they stand and sing  
"Alleluia" to their King!

#### VIII. HIS PIETY AND MARVELOUS WORKS

The choir thanks Nicolas for being Bishop – “our shepherd and our gentle guide...” – for forty years. They recall his courage, kindness, and of being “a spendthrift in devotion.” On many occasions, he saved them from prison, from famine, from shame of sin, from death, from shipwreck, and from oppression of being ruled by unjust men. The choir asks to keep the memory of Nicolas alive through his legends.

For forty years our Nicolas  
our prince of men, our shepherd  
and our gentle guide walked by our side  
  
We turned to him at birth and death  
in time of famine and distress  
in all our grief to bring relief  
He led us from the valleys  
to the pleasant hills of grace  
He fought to fold us in from mortal sin  
O! He was prodigal of love!

good Bishop ransomed them  
by throwing purses in  
  
The gates were barred, the black flag flew  
three men knelt by the block  
But Nicolas burst in like flame  
and stayed the axe's shock  
  
“O help us, good Nicolas!  
Our ship is full of foam!”  
He walked across the waves to them  
and led them safely home

A spendthrift in devotion to us all  
and blessed as he caressed  
We keep his memory alive  
in legends that our children  
and their children's children treasure still

He sat among the bishops  
who were summoned to Nicaea:  
then rising with the wrath of God  
boxed Arius's ear!

A captive at the heathen court  
wept sorely all alone  
“O Nicolas is here, my son!  
And he will bring you home!”  
“Fill, fill my sack with corn!” he said  
“We die from lack of food!”  
And from that single sack he fed  
a hungry multitude

He threatened Constantine the Great  
with bell and book and ban:  
till Constantine confessed his sins  
like any common man

Three daughters of a nobleman  
were doomed to shameful sin

Let the legends that we tell  
praise him, with our prayers as well  
  
We keep his memory alive  
in legends that our children  
and their children's children treasure still

## IX. THE DEATH OF NICOLAS

Nicolas hears the summons of death and eagerly looks forward to “Him who waits for me above.” During his final prayer, the choir sings the *Nunc dimitis* (Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace) with the voices growing in strength towards the final Amen. The sound of the organ quietly announces the beginning of the final hymn and the cantata concludes with the audience joining the choir and singing: “God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.”

<i>Death, I hear thy summons and I come</i>	<i>before the face of all people</i>
<i>in haste, for my short life is done</i>	<i>Christ, receive my soul with tenderness</i>
<i>And O! my soul is faint with love</i>	<i>to be a light to lighten the gentiles</i>
<i>for Him who waits for me above</i>	<i>for in my last of life I bless</i>
<i>Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant</i>	<i>and to be the glory of Thy people Israel</i>
<i>Lord, I come to life, to final birth</i>	<i>Thy name who lived and died for me</i>
<i>depart in peace, according to Thy word</i>	<i>Glory be to the Father</i>
<i>I leave the misery of earth</i>	<i>and dying, dying yield my soul to Thee</i>
<i>For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation</i>	<i>and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost</i>
<i>for light, by Thy eternal grace</i>	<i>As it was in the beginning</i>
<i>which Thou hast prepared</i>	<i>is now and ever shall be world without end.</i>
<i>where I shall greet Thee face to face</i>	<i>Amen</i>

PLEASE JOIN THE CHOIR IN SINGING:

*p* 1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way  
*mf* 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines  
*ff* 3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take,  
 His won - ders to per - form;  
 Of nev - er fail - ing skill  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 He plants His foot - steps in the sea,  
 He trea - sures up His bright de - signs,  
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break  
 And rides up - on the storm.  
 And works His sov - ereign will.  
 In bless - ings on your head.



## THE ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE

H. MICHIE AKIN, *artistic director and conductor*

SOPRANO	ALTO	TENOR	BASS
Amanda Benedict	Risa Brown	Steve Crews	Robert Brooks
Patricia Brooks	Patrice Higgins	Robert O'Brien	Mike Dobbins
Rhonda Bush	Jole Luehrs*	Don Mills	Carl Huddleston
Charlotte Gomez	Diana McKnight	Tom Morgan	Jack Luby
Leigh McAtee*	Susan Morgan	Edwin Noyce	Robert Manosky
Kim O'Neil	Julie Navar	John O'Neal*	Bill Metz
Courtney Perez	Carol St. George	Patrick Reid	Geoffrey Moore*
Justina Silwood	Jeanne Stephens*	Dave Reinig	Ethan Winn
Gwen Zylks	Kate Tunison		Bob Robertson
	Ruth Vera		Tim Stephens
	Shelly West		

LINDA IRWIN, *rehearsal accompanist*

\*DENOTES *section leader*

VIOLIN I	VIOLA	PIANO	BASS
Kristin Van Cleve, <i>concertmaster</i>	Tonia Bricker	Linda Irwin	Michael Lelevich
Beth Rudy	Andrew Ding	Fredrica Phillips	Steve Brown
Amy Faires	CELLO	ORGAN	TIMPANI/PERCUSSION
VIOLIN II	Mitch Maxwell	Brian Bentley	Greg White
Becky Rathbun	Debbie Brooks	Damin Spritzer	Deborah Mashburn
Lisa Shields			Steve Kimple
Ellen Lovelace			

## SPECIAL THANKS

The Arts District Chorale is grateful to the many supporters who had a part in preparing tonight's presentation:

- Rev. J. Eduardo González and the staff of Cathedral Guadalupe for tonight's extraordinary venue
- The Episcopal Church of the Ascension for rehearsal space
- Cynthia Nott, artistic director, Children's Chorus of Greater Dallas, for preparing the boy soloists
- John Hammond, carillonneur, for tonight's pre-concert carillon recital
- Joel Martinson and Geoffrey Moore for artistic and technical support
- James Hineman Custom Murals ([www.jameshineman.com](http://www.jameshineman.com); 940.368.1529) for the exquisite stained glass mural that was given as a door prize.

## ABOUT THE ARTS DISTRICT CHORALE

FOUNDED IN 1989, the Arts District Chorale is a Dallas-based vocal ensemble of both amateur and professional musicians from all walks of life. We share the joy and beauty of choral music with the community by promoting choral excellence through artistic performance in a variety of downtown venues – particularly those within the Dallas Arts District. The Arts District Chorale is a not-for-profit, 501(c)3 organization.

The Chorale's broad-based repertoire, level of musical excellence and desire to collaborate with Dallas-area arts and nonprofit organizations allow us to bring music to unlikely audiences in magnificent, sometimes unexpected and always interesting places. From the majesty of Poulenc's *Gloria* on the stage of the Meyerson Symphony Center to the sass of Cole Porter in the intimate setting of the Crow Collection of Asian Art, the Chorale's mission is to provide a memorable experience for everyone. Thank you for being with us tonight.

## UPCOMING PERFORMANCES

### MESSIAH (PART I - COMPLETE)

CONSTANTINA TSOLAINOU, GUEST CONDUCTOR

Friday, December 15, 2006, 8:00 p.m.

First United Methodist Church

Athens, Texas

Sunday, December 17, 2006, 8:00 p.m.

St. Gabriel the Archangel Catholic Church

McKinney, Texas

'Tis the season for glorious music! Join the Arts District Chorale in venues around the Metroplex for the magnificent Baroque masterpiece by G.F. Handel. Free admission. Messiah is presented in cooperation with Trinity Valley Community College, Lakeland Community Concerts and the Ginger Murchison Foundation (Athens performance); the City of McKinney through the City of McKinney Arts Commission (McKinney performance); with additional funding provided by Greg Swalwell and Terry Connor through the Greg Swalwell Foundation.

### LOVE IN ANY LANGUAGE - A VALENTINE'S SERENADE

H. MICHIE AKIN, CONDUCTOR

Wednesday, February 14, 2007, 7:00 p.m. & 8:30 p.m.

Crow Collection of Asian Art, Dallas Arts District

Join us for the fifth installment of this popular standing-room-only concert – with love songs from stage, theatre, opera and concert hall – in the Crow Collection Galleries surrounded by works of Asian art from 3500 B.C. to the early 20th century. Make it a Valentine's Day to remember combining the concert with a romantic dinner at Aija in Trammell Crow Center. Concert and dinner is \$150.00 per couple, with choice of early or late seating and performance. Seating is limited and by reservation only. A limited number of concert-only tickets also available. To be notified when tickets become available, e-mail [tickets@artsdistrictchorale.org](mailto:tickets@artsdistrictchorale.org) or call us at (214) 942-5085.

### MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

H. MICHIE AKIN, CONDUCTOR

Sunday, May 6, 2007, 2:00 p.m.

Dallas Museum of Art, Dallas Arts District

A concert occasioned by the 400th anniversary of the arrival of the first American settlers in Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Tickets go on sale in early April and are \$15 general admission; \$10 seniors (age 60+); \$7 students. To be notified when tickets become available, e-mail [tickets@artsdistrictchorale.org](mailto:tickets@artsdistrictchorale.org) or call us at (214) 942-5085.

## IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This concert is sponsored in part by the generous support of the City of Dallas – Office of Cultural Affairs and the Arts District Foundation. The Arts District Chorale also acknowledges those who eagerly embrace and support our mission, especially the patronage of our many benefactors. Their participation, financial support and in-kind gifts allow the Chorale to accomplish its mission:

### **SUSTAINING PATRON (\$5,000 PER YEAR FOR 3 YEARS)**

Trammell S. Crow

### **DIAMOND (\$1000–\$4999)**

Exxon Mobil Corporation  
Master Chorale of Dallas  
H. Michie Akin  
Frances Tynan

### **PLATINUM (\$500–\$999)**

Ardath Huddleston  
Carl Huddleston  
David E. Reinig  
Michael & Nancy van Breda

### **GOLD (\$250–\$499)**

Raymond Gressett  
John Mitchell  
Michael & Nancy Van Breda  
Tim Stephens

### **SILVER (\$100–\$249)**

Anonymous  
Chris Brunt  
Jane R. Burruss in honor of  
Wiley Beveridge & in  
memory of Michael  
Ed & Paulette Coleman  
Mary M. Drew  
John Giesler  
Mike & Nancy Korman  
Maggie & Ross Lucas  
Dan & Theresa Luby

John M. Luby  
Sterling & Kay Moore  
Michele Studer  
Joan Tallis  
Peg & Doug Weisbruch  
Margarita & Lejeune Wilson  
J. Mark Wolf

### **BRONZE (\$25–\$99)**

Anonymous  
Colleen Brashear  
Leslie Burkett  
Nancy Elledge  
Rudy & Suzanne Guerra  
Dwayne Jones  
Lou H. Kryder  
Lee Papert