

Dr. Brett Alan Judson, a California native, is a distinguished musician with an impressive educational background, including degrees from Yale School of Music, Eastman School of Music, and The Hartt School, where he earned his doctorate under Edward Bolkovac. He has served as Assistant Director of the New Haven Chorale, preparing Orff's *Carmina Burana*, and has conducted various significant works, such as Handel's *Messiah*. Brett is currently the Director of Choral Ensembles and a Lecturer at California State University, Sacramento, where he teaches music theory and directs the choral program. His leadership extends to Trinity Episcopal Church in Folsom, where he directs two adult choirs and a children's choir. An accomplished organist, Brett has performed at notable venues across the U.S. and internationally. He was a finalist in the Poister Organ Competition and has appeared on *Hour of Power* and *Pipedreams*. His research includes an in-depth exploration of Stephen Paulus's *Visions from Hildegard*. Passionate about choral innovation, Brett is committed to commissioning works from underrepresented composers and expanding the choral repertoire. Outside of music, he enjoys weightlifting and tennis, residing in Roseville, California. Explore more at www.brettjudson.com.

A native of Montreal, Quebec, **Dr. Ryan Enright** received both his bachelor's and master's degrees—and Artist Diploma—in organ performance from McGill University. His teacher for the first two degrees was John Grew and the third was William Porter. Enright received his DMA in organ performance from the Eastman School of Music, where he studied repertoire and improvisation with William Porter. His first organ teacher in Montreal, Marc-André Doran, an excellent musician and organist, instilled in him a passion for organ playing and the great works of the literature. Additional teachers in Montreal were Gaston Arel and Jean LeBuis. Enright has studied the art of improvisation with William Porter and Julian Wachner, and has taken workshops with Gerre Hancock, Thierry Escaich, Pamela Ruiten-Feenstra, and Christophe Mantoux on various styles and techniques of improvisation.

Sac State Choral Ensembles

Dr. Brett Alan Judson, conductor
Dr. Ryan Enright, piano

SATURDAY, 4:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 26, 2024
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Choral Union

- "A Jubilant Song" from *A Song of Joys* René Clausen (b. 1953)
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)
 soloist: Valerie Simonson
- Refuge Elaine Hagenberg (b. 1979)
Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)
 William Masters, cello
- The Cloths of Heaven Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)
William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)
- The Seal Lullaby Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)
- The Gift to be Simple Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)
traditional Shaker text
- Flight Song Kim André Arnesen (b. 1980)
Euan Tait (b. 1968)
- "Sanctus" from *St. Cecilia Mass* Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
traditional Latin mass
 soloist: Jake Michael, tenor

University Chorale

- Cry Out and Shout Knut Nystedt (1915-2014)
from Isaiah 12, adapt. by Frank Pooler (1926-2013)
- I Thank You God for Most This Amazing Day Eric Whitacre
E.E. Cummings (1894-1962)
 soloist: Brianna Brock

Choral Union**Sopranos**

Emma Archer
 Rebekah Brown
 Julieana Carranza
 Melissa Cifuentes
 Susan Davis
 Marya Endriga
 Allisen Fong
 Mattisse Graham
 Deidra Hall
 Qiana Hester
 Emma Kolodrivsky
 Kate Kyungah Lim
 Susan O'Connell
 Amiliya Ostapenko
 Elizabeth Turcan

Tenors

Eric Claravall
 Natalia Dayton
 Braden Kerr
 Robert Ursua

Altos

Jasmine Castillo
 Cecilia Contreras
 Jisel Corrales
 Chantal Frankenbach
 Cassandra Lane
 Sarah McFadyen
 Mary Morton
 Angelica Pascual
 Jordan Powell
 Deidre Sessoms
 Pia Wong

Basses

Isboset Bautista
 Robert Camilo
 Victor Carrillo
 Diego De La Torre
 Adrian Duran
 Tim Erdenesaikhan
 Jacob Farr
 Skylar Manzanetti
 William Neiderheiser
 Edward Oleynik
 Jacob Sicat

After wind, after rain,
 When the dark is done,
 As I wake from a dream
 In the gold of day,
 Through the air there's a calling
 From far away,
 There's a voice I can hear
 That will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
 Come away is the call,
 With the love in your heart
 As the only song;
 There is no such beauty
 As where you belong,
 Rise up, follow me,
 I will lead you home.

University Chorale

Soprano

Hosna Alacozy
 Leah Anonuevo
 Brianna Brock
 Sariah Bryce
 Ellen D'Elia
 Manqi Liang
 Valerie Simonson

Tenor

Aaron Montes
 Adam Murillo
 Sakthi Satheesh
 Justin Trujillo

Alto

Rachel Ashlin
 Abigail Cole
 Ella Muraff
 Sydnie Speer
 Anastasia Sullivan

Bass

Victor Carrillo
 Ben Jilbert
 Nathan Montevirgen
 Daniel Murray
 Michael Parks
 Sky Regan
 Morgan Shadle
 Aryan Singh

Four Pastorales
 I. No Mark
 II. Noon
 III. Basket
 IV. Wood

Cecil Effinger (1914-1990)
Thomas Hornsby Ferril (1896-1988)

Curtis Kidwell, oboe

Alleluia
 Randall Thompson (1899-1984)

How Can I Keep from Singing
 Robert Lowry (1826-1899)
 and Z. Randall Stroope
Anna Bartlett Warner (1827-1915)

soloist: Sky Regan

TaReKiTa
 Reena Esmail (b. 1983)

Combined Choirs

The Road Home
 Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)
Michael Dennis Browne (b. 1940)

soloist: Valerie Simonson

A Jubilant Song

O! Listen to a jubilant song!
 The joy of our spirit-it is uncaged,
 it darts like lightning!
 My soul it darts like lightning!
 For we sing to the joys of youth,
 and the joy of a glad light-beaming day.
 Our spirit sings a jubilant song that is to life full of music,
 a life full of concord, of music, a life full of harmony.
 We sing prophetic joys, of lofty ideals,
 We sing a universal love awaking in the hearts of men.
 O! to have life, a poem of new joys,
 to shout, dance, exult, and leap.
 O! to realize space and flying clouds,
 O! to realize space, the sun and moon,
 O! to be rulers of destiny and of life.

Adapted from A Song of Joys by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

Refuge

From my spirit's gray defeat,
 From my pulse's flagging beat,
 From my hopes that turned to sand
 Sifting through my close-clenched hand,
 From my own fault's slavery,
 If I can sing, I still am free.

For with my singing I can make
 A refuge for my spirit's sake,
 A house of shining words, to be
 My fragile immortality.
 - Sara Teasdale

The Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
 embroidered cloths of heaven
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths

3.

And you to turn and whisper no,
 And seven wondrous stags that I
 Could not believe walked slowly by!

How Can I Keep from Singing

My life goes on in endless song
 Above earth's lamentation.
 I hear the real, though far-off song
 That hails a new creation

No storm can shake my in-most calm
 While to that rock I'm clinging
 It sounds an echo in my soul
 How can I keep from singing?

Although the storms around me blow
 I know the truth will guide me
 Although the darkness 'round me grow
 My song's the light beside me

No storm can shake my in-most calm
 While to that rock I'm clinging
 While Love is lord of heav'n and earth
 How can I keep from singing?

TaReKiTa

Dha Tarekita, Dhum Tarekita, Nom Tarekita, Takadimitaka
 Takadimi Takajanu Takadimi Na

The Road Home

Tell me where is the road
 I can call my own,
 That I left, that I lost,
 So long ago?
 All these years I have wandered,
 Oh when will I know
 There's a way, there's a road
 That will lead me home?

8.

But where you die the sky is black
 A little while with cracking flak
 The ocean closes very still
 Above your skull that held our will
 O swing away, white gull, white gull;
 Evening star, be beautiful.

Four Pastorales II. Noon

Noon is half the passion of light,
 Noon is the middle prairie and the slumber,
 The lull of resin weed, the yucca languor,
 The wilt of sage at noon is the longest distance any nostril knows.
 How far have we come to feel the shade of this tree?

Four Pastorales III. Basket

Know me, know me, know me, know me then.
 The children out of the shade have brought me a basket
 Very small and woven of dry grass
 Smelling as sweet in December as the day I smelled it first.
 Only one other ever was this to me,
 Sweet birch from a far river,
 You would not know, you did not smell the birch,
 You would not know, you did not smell the grass,
 You did not know me then.

Four Pastorales IV. Wood

There was a dark and awful wood
 Where increments of death accrued
 To every leaf and antlered head
 Until it withered and was dead,
 And lonely there I wandered
 And wandered and wandered.
 But once a myth-white moon shone there
 And you were kneeling by a flow'r,
 And it was practical and wise
 For me to kneel and you to rise,
 And me to rise and turn to go,

Of night and light and the half-light,
 I would spread the cloths under your feet:
 But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
 I have spread my dreams under your feet;
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The Seal Lullaby

Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
 And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
 The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us,
 At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
 Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
 Oh weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
 The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
 Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!
Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936

The Gift to Be Simple

The gift to be simple, the gift to be free...

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
 'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
 And when we find ourselves in a place just right,
 't will be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
 To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed.
 To turn, turn will be our delight,
 'Til by turning, turning we come round right.

The gift to be simple, the gift to be free...

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
 'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
 And when we find ourselves in a place just right,
 't will be in the valley of love and delight.

The gift to be simple, the gift to be free...

Flight Song:

All we are, we have found in song:
 You have drawn this song from us
 Songs of lives unfolding
 Fly overhead, cry overhead:
 Longing, rising from the song within

Moving like the rise and fall of wings
 Hands that shape our calling voice
 On the edge of answers
 You've heard our cry, you've known our cry:
 Music's fierce compassion flows from you

The night is restless with the sounds we hear
 Is broken, shaken by the cries of pain:
 For this is music's inner voice
 Saying, yes, we hear you
 All you who cry aloud
 And we will fly, answering you:
 So our lives sing, sing
 Wild we will fly
 Wild in spirit we will fly

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
 Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
 Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.

Osanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy,
 Lord God of Hosts.
 Heaven and earth are full
 of your glory,
 Hosanna in the highest.

Cry Out and Shout

Cry out!
 And shout!
 Ye people of God!
 Ye people of God!
 The Lord is strength and song!
 Therefore with joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation

5.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water from the wells of salvation
 Therefore with joy With joy With joy Shall ye (Therefore with joy shall ye)
 Draw water from the wells of salvation Cry out!
 Cry out!
 And shout!
 Ye people of God!
 Cry out!
 And shout!
 Ye people of God!

I thank You God for this most amazing day

I thank You God for most this amazing
 Day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
 And a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
 Which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today
 And this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
 Day of life and love and wings: and of the gay
 Great happening illimitably earth)

How should tasting touching hearing seeing
 Breathing any-lifted from the no
 Of all nothing-human merely being
 Doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
 Now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

Four Pastorales I. No Mark

Corn grew where the corn was spilled
 In the wreck where Casey Jones was killed,
 Scrub-oak grows and sassafras
 Around the shady stone you pass
 To show where Stonewall Jackson fell
 That Saturday at Chancellorsville,
 And soapweed bayonets are steeled
 Across the Custer battlefield;

6.