

Choral Union

Sopranos

Merrissa Brambila
Jisel Corrales
Susan Davis
Malia Durling
Marya Endriga
Qiana Hester
Amiliya Ostapenko
Julie Pimentel
Claire Usher
Lori Usher

Altos

Jasmine Castillo
Abigail Cole
Ramona Howard
Sarah McFadyen
Mary Morton
Anke Mueller-Solger
Jordan Powell
Deidre Sessoms
Pia Wong

Tenors

Eric Claravall
Aaron Montes
Daniel Murray
Robert Ursua

Basses

Dante Camacho
Robert Camilo
Victor Carrillo
Tim Erdenesaikhan
Sebastian Ibanez-Garcia
William Neiderheiser
Sky Regan
Morgan Shadle
Jacob Sicat
Aryan Singh
Matthew Swanson
Stephan Whelan

University Chorale

Sopranos

Brianna Brock, Sariah Bryce, Isabelle Ceballos
Deidra Hall, Teresa Lee
Alissa Prince, Annabelle Terry, Leah Woods

Altos

Hosna Alacozy, Rachel Ashlin, Valerie Simonson
Anastasia Sullivan, Kelly Zurita

Sac State Choral Ensembles

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

SATURDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MAY 4, 2024
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Choral Union

Gospel Mass

Robert Ray (1946-2022)
Text Ordinary of the Mass,
trans. & adapt. by Robert Ray

I. Kyrie

Jake Michael, tenor; Brianna Brock, soprano

II. Gloria

Valerie Simonson, alto; Alissa Prince, soprano

III. Credo

Jordan Powell, alto; Brianna Brock, soprano

IV. Acclamation

V. Sanctus

Matthew Swanson, bass; Victor Carrillo, tenor

VI. Agnus Dei

Jake Michael, tenor

Dr. Ryan Enright, piano | Steven Phan, percussion
Theodore Barrish, electric bass

BRIEF INTERMISSION

University Chorale

I Thank You God

Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)
text by E.E. Cummings (1894-1962)

Jazz Songs of Innocence

Bob Chilcott (b. 1955)
text by William Blake (1757-1827)

I. Piping Down the Valleys Wild

II. The Lamb

III. The Little Boy Lost/The Little Boy Found

IV. The Echoing Green

V. The Divine Image

Dr. Ryan Enright, piano | Brianna Brock, tambourine
Steven Phan, percussion | Theodore Barrish, electric bass

Let it ring through hope.
I'll sing of the joy that fills my heart when freedom rings.

I'll sing of the joy,
I'll sing of the love.
I'll sing of the peace,
I'll sing of the hope.

I'll sing of the love that fills my heart.
I'll sing of the peace that fills my heart.
I'll sing of the hope that fills my heart.
I'll sing of the joy that fills my heart when freedom rings!

Paulus *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?

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.

And our sports have an end:
 Round the laps of their mothers,
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest;
 And sport no more seen,
 On the darkening Green.

The Divine Image

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 All pray in their distress;
 And to these virtues of delight
 Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is God, our father dear,
 And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
 Is Man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
 Pity a human face,
 And Love, the human form divine,
 And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine,
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
 Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
 There God is dwelling too.

Powell / *Will Sing*

I will sing! I will sing! I will sing!
 I'll sing of the joy that fills my heart when freedom rings.
 I will sing! I will sing! I will sing!
 Let freedom ring, let it ring.
 Let it ring through love.
 Let it ring through peace.

Combined Choirs

I Will Sing Rosephanye Powell (b. 1962)

Dr. Ryan Enright, piano | Steven Phan, percussion
 Theodore Barrish, electric bass

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

Merrissa Brambila, soloist

Ray Gospel Mass

Kyrie (Lord Have Mercy)

In the name of the Father,
 In the name of the Son,
 In the name of the Holy Spirit,
 The Blessed Three in One.

Oh Lord, have mercy.
 Kyrie eleison.
 Oh Lord, have mercy.
 Oh Lord, have mercy on me.

Send us a Savior, set my soul free.
 Give us Your word and teach us to pray.
 I want to praise and serve You always.
 Lord God of Abraham,
 Isaac and Jacob look down, have mercy upon us.

Oh Christ have mercy.
 Kyrie eleison.
 Oh Christ have mercy.
 Oh Christ have mercy on me.

Send us Your comfort, grant us Your peace.
 You are the way, the truth and the light.
 I love You more each day and each night.
 Jesus the Rock of salvation, the Light of the world, have mercy upon us.

Oh Lord have mercy.
 Kyrie eleison. Oh Christ have mercy.
 Christe eleison.
 Oh Lord have mercy.

Gloria (Glory to God in the Highest)

Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace to all men of good will.
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
 We adore Thee, we glorify Thee.

We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory
 We praise Thee, we bless Thee,
 We adore Thee, we glorify Thee.

Lord God, King, of heav'n
 Father Almighty One
 Glory be to Jesus Christ, Lamb of God
 The Father's only Son.

Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace to all men of good will.

Thou who takes away all the sins of the world,
 Have mercy on us.
 Thou who takes away all the sins of the world,
 Receive our prayers.
 Thou who sits at the right hand of God
 The Father Almighty in heav'n
 Have mercy on us.

For only Thou are holy,
 Only Thou art the Lord

The child was wet with dew.
 The mire was deep, & the child did weep
 And away the vapour flew.

The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
 Led by the wandering light,
 Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
 Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
 And to his mother brought,
 Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
 Her little boy weeping sought.

The Echoing Green

The sun does arise,
 And make happy the skies.
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring.
 The skylark and thrush,
 The birds of the bush,
 Sing louder around,
 To the bells' cheerful sound.
 While our sports shall be seen
 On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair
 Does laugh away care,
 Sitting under the oak,
 Among the old folk,
 They laugh at our play,
 And soon they all say.
 'Such, such were the joys.
 When we all girls & boys,
 In our youth-time were seen,
 On the Echoing Green.'

Till the little ones weary
 No more can be merry
 The sun does descend,

So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read—”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek and he is mild.
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

The Little Boy Lost

Father, father, where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost,
The night was dark no father was there

Only Thou art most high.
We come to praise Your name today,
We want to serve You in ev'ry way.
Name of the Holy Ghost.
The Blessed Three in One,
Oh Amen!

Credo (I Believe in God)

I believe in God
The Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ
His only Son our Lord,
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost.
Born of the Virgin Mary,
Suffer'd under Pontius Pilate,
Crucified, died and was buried,
He descended into hell.

On the third day
He arose,
He ascended to heaven, from death
He was set free.
Now He sits at the right hand
And He's waitin' for you and me.
He will judge all the world.
He will judge you and me.

I believe in the Holy Spirit
And the Holy catholic church.

Acclamation (Hallelujah Praise the Lord)

Hallelujah
Praise the Lord.
Hallelujah
Let us praise the Lord.
Praise Him with stringed instruments.
Praise Him with dance.
Praise Him on the psalt'ry and harp.
Ev'rything that has breath ought to praise Him.
Hallelujah

Praise the Lord.
Hallelujah
Let us praise the Lord.

Sanctus (Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts)

Holy holy Lord God of hosts.
Hosanna be to Thee in the highest
Who gave me victory.

There was a man
Sittin' by the roadside;
He was blind he could not see.
Then the Master of the earth and skies;
Touch'd his eyes and he look'd around saying
Holy holy Lord God of hosts.
Hosanna be to Thee in the highest.
Who gave me victory,

Another man lay by a poolside;
Thiry eight years with his infirmity.
Then the Lord troubled the water;
The man arose and he jump'd for joy saying
Holy holy Lord God of hosts.
Hosanna be to Thee in the highest
Who gave me victory.
Blessed is He who comes
In the name of the Lord,
We will always sing Thy praise,
Hosanna in the highest.

Like the blind man and the lame man,
I was lost, living in sin.
Then I opened up my heart one day,
I let the Savior in.
Now I shout saying
Holy holy Lord God of hosts.
Hosanna be to Thee in the highest
Who gave me victory.

Agnus Dei (Lamb of God)

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us, have mercy on us

For You came to die for me,
Suffer'd, bled, and died on Calvary.

In Your word You showed us how,
We are trying Lord,
Hear our pray'r right now

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world,
Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thy peace.
Amen.

Walker, I Thank You God

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 birthday of life and of 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.

Chilcott Jazz Songs of Innocence

Piping down the valleys wild

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"