NOVA Community Chorus
Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director

Annual Chorus Benefit Concert

Bravo Beethoven!

featuring pianists
Christine Hagan and David Hagan

Tuesday, October 2, 7:30 p.m.
Rachel M. Schlesinger Concert Hall
PROGRAM

Sonata in D Major, Opus 6
  Allegro molto
  Rondo

Symphony No. 1, Opus 21
  Adagio molto – Allegro con brio
  Andante cantabile con moto
  Menuetto
  Adagio – Allegro molto e vivace

Christine and David Hagan, pianists

INTERMISSION

Four Scottish Folk Songs
  The Banner of Buccleuch
  Ye Shepherds of this Pleasant Vale
  Duncan Gray (Ellie Briscoe and Raymond Lombardi, soloists)
  Auld Lang Syne

Sean Ganous, violin
Michael Bradshaw, cello

Fantasia in C minor (Choral Fantasy), Op. 80

Cynthia Gossman, soprano 1
Elizabeth Bozhich, soprano 2
Francisco Robles, tenor 1
Mike Jarvis, tenor 2
Jane Roningen, alto
Matthew Relton, bass

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CHRISTINE HAGAN holds a Master’s Degree from the University of Maryland. She has appeared as a solo recitalist throughout the East and Midwest, as well as in Germany. Ms. Hagan has been a soloist with orchestras and chamber ensembles and as accompanist has performed standard repertoire, but has also premiered many new works. She teaches privately at her studio in Arlington, Virginia and at Northern Virginia Community College. A rich talent and unique combination of scholarship, poetic sensitivity, and dramatic flair characterize Ms. Hagan’s interpretations of music old and new. To quote the Washington Post, “She has plenty of power and a lovely flowing style. She can move the line of musical thought with force and clarity.”

DAVID HAGAN received a Master of Music Degree from the Peabody Institute and has taught at New England Conservatory. He has played in many major cities in this country as well as in England, Germany, and Central America. He has made recordings of solo piano, duo piano and chamber music for Columbia, Vox, Musical Heritage, Titanic and Golden Crest. The Boston Globe observed, “Mr. Hagan gave a passionate, involved reading of the Chopin B Minor Sonata; his technical command was impressive, his sound rich, his personal view of the piece projected without disturbing the architecture of the work.”

The NOVA COMMUNITY CHORUS is eighty-voice ensemble that combines singers from the NVCC Music Program and the surrounding community. The chorus performs regularly with the Alexandria Band, the Washington Metropolitan Philharmonic and the Alexandria Symphony. Special engagements in past years have included Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, and the National Theater. The chorus toured Spain and performed at the 1992 World’s Fair in Seville. The chorus has sung in England (2006), at the Leipzig International Choral Festival in Germany (2008) and in France (2010).

DR. MARK WHITMIRE holds degrees from Abilene Christian University, the University of Texas, and the University of Maryland, where he received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree. Further studies include Dartmouth College and the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh, England, where he worked with Sir Peter Pears. He has received numerous grants and awards, including a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Dr. Whitmire was named Outstanding Faculty of the Year by the college in 1990. In 2004 he was awarded the President’s Sabbatical, and in 2010 received the NVCC Alumni Federation Award for Outstanding Service to the College.
Four Scottish Folksongs

The Banner of Buccleuch* (a song that sounds like a tale of a heroic battle, but is in fact about little village that takes its soccer matches very seriously)

1. From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.
Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her
With heart and with hand, like our fathers of yore.

2. When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew;
For around them were marshaled the pride of the border,
The flowers of the Forest, the bands of Buccleuch.
A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail glove has grasped her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

3. And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure,
To each laird and each lady that witnessed our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.
May the forest still flourish, both borough and landward,
From the hall of the peer to the herd's inglenook;
And huzza! My brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke.

-- Walter Scott (1771-1832)

*Buccleuch is a hamlet in the Scottish Borders area of Scotland. The Buccleuch name comes from 'Buck Cleugh' which is a little to the east of the hamlet which was the original dwelling place of the family of Sir Walter Scott.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale

1. Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale, where Yarrow* glides along,
forsake your rural toils and join in my triumphant song!
She grants, she yields one heavenly smile, atones her long delays,
one happy minute crown the pains of many suffering days.

2. Take, take whatever of bliss or joy you fondly fancy mine;
whatever of joy or bliss I boast, love renders wholly thine.
The woods struck up to the soft gale, the leaves were seen to move,
the feathered choir resumed their voice, and music filled the grove.

--William Hamilton (1665-1751)

*The Yarrow Water is a river in the Borders in the south east of Scotland. It is a tributary of the Ettrick Water and renowned for its high quality trout and salmon fishing.
Duncan Gray

Text
1. Duncan Gray cam here to woo
   (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!)
   On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou
   Maggie coost her head fu' high,
   Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
   Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh

2. Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd
   Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig
   Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
   Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin',
   Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn

3. Time and Chance are but a tide
   Slighted love is sair to bide
   'Shall I like a fool,' quoth he,
   'For a haughty hizzie die?
   She may gae to - France for me!

4. How it comes, let doctors tell
   Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
   Something in her bosom wrings,
   For relief a sigh she brings,
   And O! her een they spak sic things!

5. Duncan was a lad o' grace
   Maggie was a piteous case
   Duncan could na be her death,
   Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
   Now they're crouse and canty baith

Translation
Duncan Gray came here to woo
(Ha, ha, the wooing of it!)
On blithe Christmas Eve when we were full
Maggie cast her head full high,
Looked askance and very skittish,
Made poor Duncan standoff

Duncan wheedled, and Duncan prayed
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig (a rocky island)
Duncan sighed both out and in,
Wept his eyes both bleary and blind,
Spoke of leaping over a waterfall

Time and Chance are but a tide
Slighted love is sore to endure
'Shall I like a fool,' said he,
'For a haughty hussy die?
She may go to - France for me!'

How it comes, let doctors tell
Meg grew sick, as he grew hale
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O! her eyes they speak such things!

Duncan was a lad of grace
Maggie was a piteous case
Duncan could not be her death,
Swelling pity smothered his wrath;
Now they're proud and jolly both

--Robert Burns (1759-1796)
Auld Lang Syne

Text
1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

2. We twa hae run about the braes,
and pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
sin auld lang syne.

We two have run about the slopes,
and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
since auld lang syne.

3. We twa hae paidl'd i'the burn,
frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
sin auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream,
from morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad have roared
since auld lang syne.

4. And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
and gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
for auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend!
And give us a hand o' thine!
And we'll take a right good-will draught,
for auld lang syne.

Translation
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind?
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
and old lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

We two have run about the slopes,
and picked the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the stream,
from morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad have roared
since auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty friend!
And give us a hand o' thine!
And we'll take a right good-will draught,
for auld lang syne.
Choral Fantasy, Op. 80

Text

Schmeichelnd hold und lieblich klingen
unsres Lebens Harmonien,
und dem Schönheitssinn entschwingen
Blumen sich, die ewig blühn.
Fried und Freude gleiten freundlich
wie der Wellen Wechselspiel.
Was sich drängte rauh und feindlich,
ordnet sich zu Hochgefühl.

Wenn der Töne Zauber walten
und des Wortes Weihe spricht,
muss sich Herrliches gestalten,
Nacht und Stürme werden Licht.
Äuss’re Ruhe, inn’re Wonne
herrschen für den Glücklichen.
Doch der Künste Frühlingssonne
lässt aus beiden Licht entstehn.

Großes, das ins Herz gedrungen,
blüht dann neu und schön empor.
Hat ein Geist sich aufgeschwungen,
halt ihm stets ein Geisterchor.
Nehmt denn hin, ihr schönen Seelen,
froh die Gaben schöner Kunst:
Wenn sich Lieb und Kraft vermählen,
lohnt den Menschen Göttergunst.

Translation

With grace, charm and sweet sounds
The harmonies of our life,
And the sense of beauty engenders
The flowers which eternally bloom.
Peace and joy advancing in perfect accord,
Like the alternating play of the waves;
All harsh and hostile elements
Render to a sublime sentiment.

When the magic sounds reign
And the sacred word is spoken,
That strongly engender the wonderful,
The night and the tempest divert light,
Calm without, profound joy within,
Awaiting the great hour.
Meanwhile, the spring sun and art
Bathe in the light.

Something great, into the heart
Blooms anew when in all its beauty,
Which spirit taken flight,
And all a choir of spirits resounds in response.
Accept then, oh you beautiful spirits
Joyously of the gifts of art.
When love and strength are united,
The favour of God rewards Man.