

NOVA COMMUNITY CHORUS
Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director
Christine Hagan, Accompanist

SOPRANO 1

Therese Antonio
Alexandra Berman
Sara Dudley Brown
Nicole Derksen
Ingrid Hoffman
Lene Jensen
Patty Korin
Terri LaGoe
Phyllis McKenzie
Rosemary McKillips
Judith Robb
Maria Rynn
Jane Simpson
Lisa Twedt
Mary Yee
Kimberly Young

SOPRANO 2

Whitney Armenia
Cathy Brown
Lisa Clark
Pat Connors
Stacy Dumas
Shellie Grant
Margaret Harrison
Sheila Keys
Barbara Lowrey
Marty Maher
Jill Meyer
Althea Schottman
Nancy Ruth Wood

ALTO 1

Terry Arnold
Christina Boelk
Elle Briscoe
Elizabeth Bull
Kate Cantrell
Bette Cohen
Linda Crawford
Leslie Davies
Pat Flagg
Holly Hambley
Christine Pieper
Elaine Johnston
Norma Jean Lawton
Elizabeth McGinley
Michelle Neyland
Deborah Peetz
Carol Pelenberg
Maria Rinaldi
Jane Roningen
Desta Shaw
Mira Yang
Cynthia Young

ALTO 2

Susan Bilodeau
Sarah Bordelon
Arlene Brigida
Martha Evans
Martha Halperin
Izola Hawkins
Ruth Herndon

JoVan Howard
Dorothea Kamara
Joyce Lombardi
Marion Mangus
Meghan Mann
Tyra Newman
Vicki Ratcliffe
Cristina Salamone
Baiba Seefer
Victoria Simmons
Carol Uri
Barbara Wade
Grace White

TENOR 1

Chris Carrigan
Tom Donlan
Estee Herndon
Jonathan Knox
Bill Reilly
Francisco Robles
Kirk Sullivan
Bob Trexler

TENOR 2

John Connors
Addison Dhouti
Ray Gavert
Bob Gerbracht
Larry Goldschmidt
Dave Knepper
Bill Meyer

Fred Schottman
Andrew Scott
Alex Thomas

BASS 1

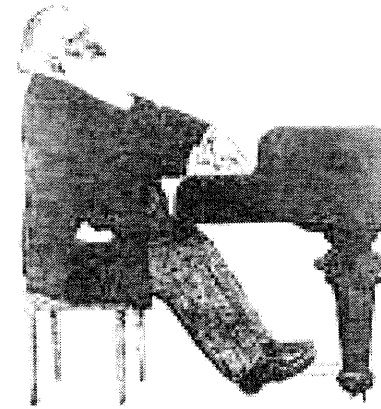
Bernie Cohen
Lock Handley
Scott Hedges
Sam Howell
Richard Kennedy
Ray Lombardi
Jerry Moore
Tom Ondra
Steven Rich
Jim Stewart
Fred Wulff

BASS 2

Rob Ardura
Bill Brown
Alan Bunner
Fredy Burgos
Larry Carnahan
Bob Clark
Bill Gallagher
Nick King
Ken Klocek
Alan Krause
Barry Maguire
Steve Miner
Will Russell
Patrick Walsh

NOVA Community Chorus
Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director

Johannes Brahms
A GERMAN REQUIEM



Performed in the composer's own arrangement
for piano four-hands, with

Christine and David Hagan, pianists

Rachel M. Schlesinger Concert Hall and Arts Center
Northern Virginia Community College
Tuesday, October 27, 2009

Johannes Brahms

A GERMAN REQUIEM, OP. 45

English translation by William J. Bullock

1. Blest are they who are grief-stricken
2. All mortal flesh is like the grass
3. Lord, help me to see that my days upon the earth must end
William Brown, baritone
4. How lovely your heavenly dwellings are
5. You now are sorrowful
Theresa LaGoe, soprano
6. Here on earth we have no secure place of rest
Nicholas King, baritone
7. Blest are they that perish

NOVA Community Chorus
Dr. Mark Whitmire, Director
Christine and David Hagan, Pianists

DAVID HAGAN and his sister CHRISTINE HAGAN rarely played piano duets while they were growing up together in Frederick, Maryland. They pursued separate concert careers before they were first asked to team up in 1980 to play a benefit recital for a scholarship fund in memory of their first teacher. Although Christine lives in Virginia and David in Massachusetts, they enjoyed the duos thoroughly and have been commuting and performing regularly ever since. Among many places in greater Boston, they have been heard on PBS, and at Jordan Hall. In the Tidewater area, the Hagans have given concerts in Alexandria and Richmond, as well as the Baltimore area. They have given many duet recitals at NOVA, on both one and two pianos. This is their second appearance with the NOVA Community Chorus; the first was at the October 2001 opening of the Schlesinger Center in a performance of Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

NOVA COMMUNITY CHORUS is a one hundred-voice ensemble that combines singers from the NVCC Music Program and the surrounding community. The chorus has distinguished itself both locally and internationally. It performs regularly at the Schlesinger Center with the Alexandria Campus Band and the Washington Metropolitan Philharmonic. 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. Last summer members of the chorus sang at the Leipzig International Choral Festival in Germany.

MARK WHITMIRE is Director of NOVA Community Chorus and Professor of Music at Northern Virginia Community College. Dr. Whitmire has received numerous grants and awards, including a scholarship for post-graduate studies at the Britten-Pears School in England (where he studied with Sir Peter Pears), and a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities for research and writing on the music of Benjamin Britten. In 1999 he was named "Outstanding Faculty of the Year" by the college, and in 2004 he was awarded the "President's Sabbatical," the highest honor given by the college. In 2003 he was conductor-in-residence at Gloucester Cathedral; in 2006 he returned to England to direct choirs at Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral. Next summer he will lead a choral tour of France, conducting performances at Chartres Cathedral, Rouen Cathedral, La Madeleine (Paris) and Notre Dame. Dr. Whitmire attended Abilene Christian University, the University of Texas, and the University of Maryland, where he received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree.

Brahms Requiem
Translation by William J. Bullock

- I
Blest are they who are grief-stricken, for they shall find great comfort.
They who are tearful sowers, soon shall be joyful reapers.
And bearing seed so precious shall come back rejoicing that they may bring their sheaves home.
- II
All mortal flesh is like the grass, and all the majesty of man is like the fragile wildflowers.
The grass has now withered, and the flower it bore has faded.
So you must be patient, my dear brothers, as you await God, the Lord.
See how the farmer waits calmly for the earth's precious fruit to ripen, and how he watches in patience till it is
nourished by morning showers and by the late rain. You, too, be patient.
But yet, the Lord's word lives on forevermore.
Those redeemed by God, the Lord, shall return with joy and come to Zion shouting in triumph; joy everlasting
forevermore shall crown their heads; rapture and gladness then shall overcome them; and pain and sighing shall flee
then.
- III
Lord, help me to see that my days upon the earth must end, that my life is so fleeting, that I soon perish.
Truly, all my days here are a mere handful to you; my whole lifetime is some breath to you.
Every mortal, however righteous, lives a vain life of frailty!
Man moves to and fro, a mere shadow, and in his restless rush through life, he ends up nowhere;
his treasures, piled up in vain, go he knows not where.
So, Lord, where shall I find comfort? My hope is in you.
For the righteous souls are in the hand of God, where grief and pain plague them no more.
- IV
How lovely your heavenly dwellings are, almighty Lord!
Ah, my soul faints from yearning and longing so for the Lord's heavenly courts;
my soul and body sing for joy, sing to the true, living God.
O blest are they how make your house their dwelling; they praise you, Lord, evermore.
- V
You now re sorrowful; but then, I once again will see you, and you'll rejoice with a glad heart,
rejoice with gladness that no one can deny you.
I'll give you comfort, as one is given his mother's comfort.
Look at me, then: though only for a little while were toil and labor my lot, I found the greatest of comforts.
- VI
Here on earth we have no secure place of rest, therefore, we seek one to come.
Listen, and I will unfold a mystery: we shall not all lie in death's slumber, but we shall all be transfigured.
This will happen in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the final call of the trumpet!
With a blast shall the trumpet sound forth, and the dead shall be raised up incorruptible, and we shall be transfigured.
Then shall scripture come true; God's word then shall be fulfilled:
Now death has been swallowed, victory won.
Death, where is your victory! Grave, O where is your sting!
Lord, you deserve to receive all praise and honor and might; by you alone were all things created; it is by your will that
they reveal their being and were created.
- VII
Blest are they that perish, who trust the Lord at death's hour, from now on.
"Yes," the Spirit says, "they may rest from their toil and labor; the fruits of their labor follow after them."