



Cantilena
presents

Ripple Effect

***Songs for Expanding
Community***

Conducted by
Elinor A. Armsby
Music director

Piano accompanist
Kelvyn Koning
Collaborative pianist



Sunday, May 15, 2022
at 4 pm

First Parish Unitarian Universalist
630 Massachusetts Avenue,
Arlington Center

Cantilena: About Us

Cantilena, a women's chorale, is an ensemble dedicated to performing music written for the treble voice. Our challenging and diverse repertoire spans the fifteenth to twenty-first centuries and includes works in many different languages and musical forms. We strive to introduce both our members and our audience to works they are unlikely to encounter in other forums, with an emphasis on music composed specifically for women's voices. Cantilena was founded in 1968 as the Cambridge Chorale, an ensemble of mixed (SATB) voices. In 1980, the group became a women's chorus and, in 2000, we changed our name to Cantilena.

Cantilena Singers

Erdmute Benoit	Joan Goodman
Ashley Brueske	Vera Ryen Gregg
Jaime Church #	Beverly Hjorth
Mollie Davis	Mara Moldwin #
Casey DeMarsico	Karen Nichols
Lindsay Garrard	Patricia Pepper
Chris Lull	Gina Sonder
Erin Maloney	Jeanne Sparrow
Janice Darling	<i>Section leaders #</i>

Director Emeritus

Kenneth Seitz

Upcoming Auditions

Fall 2022/late August

Spring 2023/early January

7:30-10:00 p.m.

See our website for details.

Next Season Concert

December 2022

Cantilena Board of Directors

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More Information at:

www.cantilena.org

Facebook.com: CantilenaVoices

Twitter: CantilenaVoices

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*Cantilena is a member of the
Greater Boston Choral Consortium*

**GREATER
BOSTON
CHORAL
CONSORTIUM**

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PROGRAM

We Shall Be Known

Karisha Longaker

Now I Become Myself

Gwyneth Walker

Text: May Sarton

In a Neighborhood in Los Angeles

from *Alarcón Madrigals*

Roger Bourland

Text: Francisco X. Alarcón

Choose Something Like a Star

from *Frostiana*

Randall Thompson

Text: Robert Frost

Will the Circle Be Unbroken

Traditional Appalachian

Arranged by J. David Moore

Text: Betsy Rose, Cathy Winter &

Marcia Taylor

Soloists: Ashley Brueske, Mollie Davis,

Beverly Hjorth

Instrumentalist: **Henry Goldberg**, Percussion

Audio/Video: **Cooper Evello**, sound engineer/

Josh Keehn, videographer

Graphic Design: **Joan Goodman**

Would You Harbor Me

Ysabe Barnwell

Iraqi Peace Song *

Traditional Iraqi

Arranged by Lori Tennenhouse

Soloists: Mara Moldwin, vocal,

Henry Goldberg, percussion

Ukuthula

Traditional Zulu Gospel

Arranged by André van der Merwe

Soloists: Erin Maloney, Lindsay Garrard,

Beverly Hjorth

One Voice

Ruth Moody, Of the Wailin' Jennys

Arranged by Marcelline Moody

Still I Rise

Rosephanye Powell

Soloists: Jaime Church, Lindsay Garrard

Stone Circles

Anne Lister

* Thanks to the Women's Voices
Chorus of Chapel Hill, NC for the loan
of this music

Elinor A. Armsby: *Music Director*



We are delighted to welcome Elinor A. Armsby as our new Music Director! She comes to Cantilena with over twenty years of experience as a choral director in New England and beyond, working with choirs of varying ages and abilities, including college and high school students, church choirs, and community choruses. She holds a

Bachelor's degree in music from Indiana University and a Master's degree from Temple University. Ms. Armsby has also been involved in music publishing for many years, working for Theodore Presser Company from 1994 to 2005. Since 2007, Ellie has held the office of president of the Hildegard Publishing Company, expanding its catalogue of music by women composers. Ellie is a native of Newton, Massachusetts.

Kelvyn Koning: *Collaborative Accompanist*



Kelvyn Koning (he/they) celebrates his second season with Cantilena.

He specializes in composing for choir and theatre and performing as a countertenor and pianist. He holds a Bachelor of Arts in Composition from Calvin University in Grand Rapids, MI and a Master of Music in Composition from the Boston Conservatory at Berklee. Kelvyn has been commissioned to write pieces for Boston Latin School, Chandler MS, Zeeland HS, Batesville HS, Arlington HS, the Da Camera Singers, Northwest Hills United Methodist Church, Quorum, and the Oriana Consort.

His latest works include two full-length musicals, *The Glassblower's Daughter* at the Regent Theater and *The Prince and the Painter* with Moonbox Productions. Kelvyn is a founding member of the Nightingale Vocal Ensemble, for whom he sings and composes music. He has also premiered several new vocal and piano works by his friends in Boston. Kelvyn accompanies voice lessons, choirs, and musical theatre at Boston Conservatory and plays piano as a soloist and accompanist around Boston.

Notes from our Director

This afternoon's program explores the idea that as we work within ourselves to become confident in our abilities, committed to our ideals, and loving of those around us, our efforts "ripple" outward to the community that surrounds us.

The program opens with a simple processional song written by MaMuse (Sarah Nutting and Karisha Longaker), ***We Shall Be Known***. This opening reminds us that we both shape and are shaped by the communities we choose. Beginning from a single melody, the song builds as additional voices enter and hand claps are added towards the end.

May Sarton's poem ***Now I Become Myself*** speaks of being true to ourselves and living an intentional life. Gwyneth Walker's setting reflects the text masterfully from the crashing opening chords in the piano, through the insistent rhythmic ostinato of "now I become myself..." heard throughout the piece, and finally to the fortissimo choral statement of "stand still and touch the sun!" which ends the piece.

The importance of the family as a foundational community is heard in ***In a Neighborhood in Los Angeles***. This piece is one of a set by Roger Bourland based on poetry by Francis X. Alarcón (*Alarcón Madrigals*). In this poem, the poet reminisces about his Mexican grandmother and the things he learned from her. Bourland's setting is light and quirky. One imagines Alarcón's grandmother was as well!

Randall Thompson's iconic setting of the Frost poem ***Choose Something Like a Star***, like the piece above by Gwyneth Walker, speaks to how we as individuals center ourselves and focus our energies on what we truly believe. The piano accompaniment serves as a kind of heartbeat, grounding us in our own bodies while the ethereal octave leaps in the first soprano reach out for the distant, taciturn star. After some tension builds in the piece through dissonance, accents and forte dynamic, the piece ends with assurance and tranquility.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken with its open harmonies, lively rhythms and text imagery takes the listener immediately to the hills and hollows of the Appalachian mountains. Similarly to the Alarcón text, this folk-hymn speaks of finding community and a spiritual "home" in a particular place or faith community.

The next three pieces invite us to take a more global view of community and welcome others into our circle.

Would You Harbor Me by Ysaye Barnwell challenges listeners to welcome the stranger into our midst. Chant-like, with swells in dynamics, the enigmatic ending of the piece leaves us to ponder the question asked in the title.

*Music Director's program notes
continued on next page*

Iraqi Peace Song and ***Ukuthula*** are both calls for peace emanating from two different areas of the globe. With its haunting melody and continuous rhythmic pulse, *Iraqi Peace Song* is a traditional song in the style of a lullaby with the singer asking for peace in her homeland, for her children and for the world. *Ukuthula* originated as a hymn in churches in the townships of pre-democratic South Africa. The basic musical phrase is repeated multiple times, each time with a different beginning word, giving the phrase a slightly different meaning. The piece concludes softly as the voices drift upward, as if the prayer for peace is ascending to heaven.

Ruth Moody, a folk musician from Canada is perhaps best known as part of the group The Wailin' Jennys. Her classical upbringing and passion for Celtic traditional music can be heard in her infectious ***One Voice***. The bubbly rhythms of the piano accompaniment and syncopations in the vocal lines give the song a decidedly optimistic tone, especially as they culminate in the verse "This is the sound of all of us singing with love and the will to trust."

Still I Rise is an uplifting work by Rosephanye Powell which circles back to the theme of building our own resilience and strength so that we can create strong families and communities. With its gospel style, and call and response structure, the work speaks poignantly of the struggles of African-American women.

Our program ends in a similar way to how it began. ***Stone Circles*** builds from a single vocal line, adding more complexity with each verse, first with a simple drone vocal accompaniment and then with additional harmony parts. The piece and our program ends appropriately with the text "...even if at times it seems that we are all alone, we're in stone circles..."

We hope these pieces touch and inspire you as they have inspired us in learning them. May the community that we feel together as an ensemble ripple out to you, our audience, and beyond.

Texts and translations

We Shall Be Known

by Karisha Longaker

We shall be known by the company we keep
By the ones who circle round
to tend these fires

We shall be known by the ones who
sow and reap

The seeds of change, alive from deep
within the earth

It is time now, it is time now that we thrive
It is time we lead ourselves into the well
It is time now, and what a time to be alive
In this Great Turning we shall learn to
lead in love (2x)

Now I Become Myself

by May Sarton

Now I become myself. It's taken
Time, many years and places;
I have been dissolved and shaken,
Worn other people's faces,
Run madly, as if Time were there,
Terribly old, crying a warning,
"Hurry, you will be dead before—"
(What? Before you reach the morning?
Or the end of the poem is clear?
Or love safe in the walled city?)

Now to stand still, to be here,
Feel my own weight and density!

The black shadow on the paper
Is my hand; the shadow of a word
As thought shapes the shaper
Falls heavy on the page, is heard.

All fuses now, falls into place
From wish to action, word to silence,
My work, my love, my time, my face
Gathered into one intense
Gesture of growing like a plant.
As slowly as the ripening fruit
Fertile, detached, and always spent,
Falls but does not exhaust the root,

So all the poem is, can give,
Grows in me to become the song,
Made so and rooted by love.

Now there is time and Time is young.
O, in this single hour I live
All of myself and do not move.
I, the pursued, who madly ran,
Stand still, stand still, and stop the sun!

In at Neighborhood in Los Angeles

by Francisco X. Alarcón - 1954-2016

translated by Francisco X. Alarcón

I learned Spanish from my grandma,
mijito, don't cry, she'd tell me
on the mornings my parents would leave
to work at the fish canneries
my grandma would chat with chairs.
sing them old songs,
dance waltzes with them in the kitchen,
when she'd say, niño barrigón, she'd laugh
with my grandma, I learned to count clouds.
to recognize mint leaves in flowerpots
my grandma wore moons on her dress,
Mexico's mountains, deserts, ocean in her eyes.
I'd see them in her braids. I'd touch them
in her voice, smell them
one day, I was told: she went far away
but still I feel her with me
whispering in my ear...
mijito...mijito...mijito.

En un barrio de Los Ángeles

by Francisco X. Alarcón

el español lo aprendí de mi abuela
mijito, no llores, me decía
en las mañanas cuando salían mis padres
a trabajar en las canerías de pescado
mi abuela platicaba con las sillas
les cantaba canciones antiguas,
les bailaba valse en la cocina
cuando decía, niño barrigón, se reía
con mi abuela. aprendí a contar nubes

a reconocer en las macetas la yerbabuena
mi abuela llevaba lunas en el vestido,
la montaña, el desierto, el mar de México
en sus ojos.

yo los veía en sus trenzas yo los tocaba
con su voz yo los olía.

un día, me dijeron: se fue muy lejos
pero yo aún la siento conmigo
diciéndome quedito al oído:
mijito...mijito...mijito.

"From the Other Side of Night"/"del otro
lado de la noche": "

New and Selected Poems

by Francisco X. Alarcón.

Choose Something Like a Star

From Frostiana

by Randall Thompson

Text: Robert Frost

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says "I burn."
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken

New (Feminist) Lyrics by: Cathy Winter, Betsy
Rose, Marcia Taylor, Rise Up Singing (ed. Peter
Blood, ©1988 Sing Out Corporation)

REFRAIN

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by

Texts and translations continued on next page

There's a better home a-waitin'
If we try, Lord, if we try.

I was singing with my sisters
I was singing with my friends
And we all can sing together
'Cause the circle never ends.

REFRAIN

I was born down in the valley
Where the sun refuse' to shine
But I'm climbing up to the highland
Gonna make that mountain mine!

REFRAIN

*Original by – Ada Ruth Habershon; adapt.
Betsy Rose, Cathy Winter, Marcia Taylor*

Would You Harbor Me

by Ysaye M. Barnwell

Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?
Would you harbor a Christian, a Muslim, a Jew
a heretic, convict or spy?
Would you harbor a run away woman, or child
a poet, a prophet, a king?
Would you harbor an exile, or a refugee,
a person living with aids?
Would you harbor a Tubman, a Garrett, a Truth
a fugitive or a slave?
Would you harbor a Haitian, Korean or Czech,
a lesbian or a gay?
Would you harbor me?
Would I harbor you?

Words and music by Ysaye M. Barnwell, (C) 1994

Iraqi Peace Song

*Traditional/arr. Tennenhouse
vocal arr. by Kunt Reiersrud -
English Interpretation by Kari Iveland*

Peace to the world
Peace to my country, my love
Peace to your dreams
Peace to your children
Underneath the whispering trees,
where our sons and daughters are free
In the beauty we will see through your
eyes of peace
Peace to our heart,
Peace to our homeland.
Peace to my heart,
Peace to my homeland.
Peace to the world,
Peace to my country, my love.

Ukuthula (Peace)

*Traditional, sung in Zulu
An African Prayer for peace*

Ukuthula kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya)
igazi likaJesu linyenyez' ukuthula
Peace for this world of sin (Halleluja)
Jesus brings peace
Usindiso kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya)
igazi likaJesu linyenyez' usindiso
Redemption in this world of sin (Halleluja)
Jesus brings redemption
Ukubonga kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya)
igazi likaJesu linyenyez' ukubonga
Gratitude in this world of sin (Halleluja)
Jesus brings gratitude
Ukunqoba kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya)
igazi likaJesu linyenyez' ukunqoba
Victory in this world of sin (Halleluja) the
blood of Jesus brings victory
Induduzo kulo mhlaba wezono (Aleluya)
igazi likaJesu linyenyez' induduzo
Comfort in this world of sin (Halleluja) the
blood of Jesus brings comfort.

One Voice

by Ruth Moody, of The Wailin' Jennys

This is the sound of one voice
One spirit, one voice
The sound of one who makes a choice
This is the sound of one voice

This is the sound of voices two
The sound of me singing with you
Helping each other to make it through
This is the sound of voices two

This is the sound of voices three
Singing together in harmony
Surrendering to the mystery
This is the sound of voices three

This is the sound of all of us.
Singin' with love and the will to trust.
Leave the rest behind, it'll turn to dust.
This is the sound of all of us.

This is the sound of one voice.
One people, one voice.
A song for ev'ry one of us,
This is the sound of one voice,

Still I Rise

by Rosephanye Powell

Though I have been wounded,
aching heart full of pain.

Still I rise, yes, still I rise.

Jus' like a budding rose, my bloom is
nourished by rain.

Haven't time to wonder why, though
fearful I strive.

My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my
courage arrives.

Still I rise as an eagle, soaring above
ev'ry fear.

With each day I succeed, I grow strong
an' believe

That it's all within my reach;

I'm reaching for the skies,

Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise.

Yes, it's all within my reach; I'm reaching
for the skies...Yes, still I rise.

Gentle as a woman; tender sweet are
my sighs. Still I rise, yes, still I rise.

Strength is in my tears and healing rains
in my cries.

Plunging depths of anguish,
I determine to strive.

My pray'r and faith uphold me 'til my
courage arrives.

Though you see me slump with heart-
ache; Heart so heavy that it breaks.

Be not deceived I fly on bird's wings,
rising sun, its healing rays.

Look at me, you see a woman; Gentle as
a butterfly,

But don't you think. not for one moment,
that I'm not strong because I cry.

Still I rise as an eagle, soaring above
ev'ry fear.

With each day I succeed, I grow strong
an' believe

That it's all within my reach;

I'm reaching for the skies,

Bolstered by courage, yes, still I rise.

Yes, it's all within my reach; I'm reaching
for the skies,

Yes, still I rise...

By pray'r and faith, still I rise...

Yes, it's all within my reach; I'm reaching
for the skies,

Yes, still I rise!

Stone Circles

by Anne Lister

Nobody is an island, there's no way you
can cut free,

Nobody is an island, there's no way you
can be cut off by sea,

And everything I do touches you,
And everything I am, you hold in your
hand.

(CHORUS)

And it seems to me that we are
standing stones,

There's no way that we can ever be on
our own,

And even if at times it seems we're all
alone,

We're in stone circles,

Marking time, of standing stones.

Nobody's an outsider, there's no
way you can cut loose,

Nobody's an outsider, there's always
some way to pay your dues

The circle stands forever, there's no
angle there to chip or break,

The circle stands forever, there's no
straight lines to show a slight mistake.

The wind blows from the hillside,
but we stand firm and we do not bend.

The wind blows from the hillside,
a circle is a pattern with no end.

And everything I do touches you,
And everything I am, you hold in your
hand.

You mustn't break the circle, there's no
easy way to be released,

You mustn't break the circle, and if we
stand together we'll find peace,

And everything I do touches you,
And everything I am, you hold in your
hands.

(CHORUS)

And it seems to me that we are
standing stones,

There's no way that we can ever be on
our own,

And even if at times it seems we're all
alone,

We're in stone circles,

Marking time, of standing stones.

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***Double your support with our
RIPPLE EFFECT MATCHING FUND
this spring!***

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Thank you so much!

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