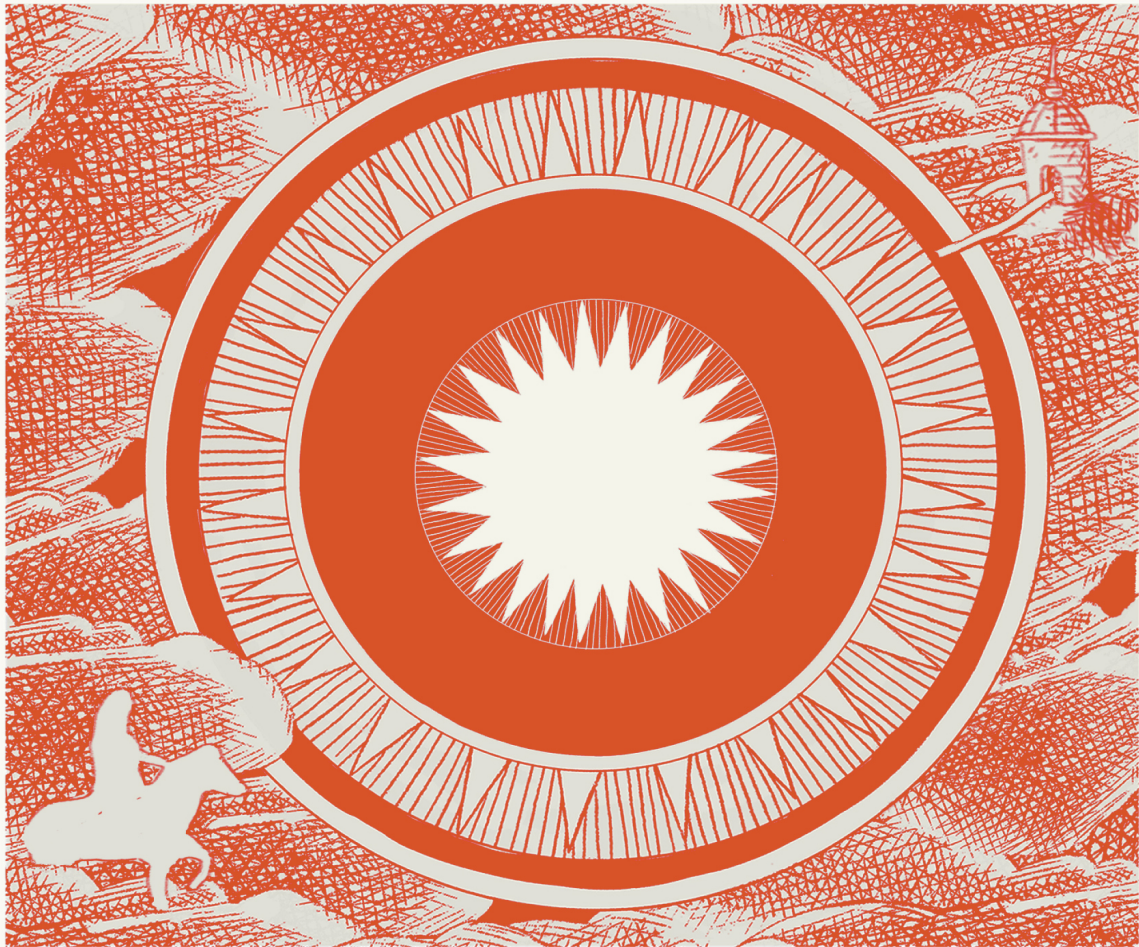


KHORIKOS



ASPIRATION

KHORIKOS

Soprano

Manon Blackman
Courtney Greifenberger
Alyssa Manzi
Zoe Kahana
Lian Kelmann
Rachel Boeglin

Alto

Audrey Bartow
Emily Cohen
Arielle Datz
Carah Naseem
Hannah Sheldon-Dean

Tenor

Justin Ballard
Pete Murphy
Richard Whitney
Ian Barnes
Matthew Billman

Bass

Gordon Bartow
Kris Nolte
Kai Okada
Dimitrius Raphael
Brian Wong
Mel Shu
Jason Zahorchak

Artistic Director

Alec Galambos

Administrative Director

Carah Naseem

Aspiration

Saturday, April 26, 2025 at 8pm

Sunday, April 27, 2025 at 3pm

The Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua, NYC

Resolve (from “Carols After a Plague”) (2021)

Shara Nova

Aspiration (2024)*

Hilary Purrington

Feathers are Prickly Things (from *Angel’s Bone*) (2015)

Tamtam: Lian Kelmann

Du Yun

Lugebat David Absalon (c.1530)

Nicolas Gombert

I Cannot Attain Unto It (2005)

Conductor: Justin Ballard

Nico Muhly

Through the Wildernesses of Words (2018)

Soloists: Courtney Greifenberger, Arielle Datz, Ian Barnes, Rachel Boeglin, Zoe Kahana,

Jason Zahorchak, Dimitrius Rafael, and Matthew Billman

Ed Frazier Davis

Intermission

My Heart is Like a Singing Bird (2016)

Sarah Rimkus

Glory (Quiet) (from *Canticles and Prayers*) (1997)

Georgy Sviridov

Hymn to St. Cecilia (1942)

Soloists: Manon Blackman, Carah Naseem, Matthew Billman, Richard Whitney

Benjamin Britten

Cento (2025)*

Soloists: Matthew Billman and Courtney Greifenberger

Alec Galambos

Ronde (from *Trois Chansons*) (1916)

Maurice Ravel

Resolve (from “Carols After a Plague”) (2021)

Shara Nova

I wish you great joy
In the perpetual discomfort
In the shifting of the paradigm
There will be no ease
There will be no ease for a long while
There will be No.

What is your question?

Be not discouraged
Do not fall
Fall into numbness
Resolve resolve resolve
Resolve resolve resolve JOY
To increase your discomfort
And thus attain a calm body
Be curious of one another
Scribe the shared truths of history
And Reap the reward of truth

Do not abandon high ideals
Do not run to distraction
Do not run from your discomfort
Be curious curious Be curious curious

Return to your commitments
Increase your discomfort to find your
Joy Discomfort
And live humbly together under the sun

Music and text by Shara Nova

We climb the slopes of life with throbbing heart,
And eager pulse, like children toward a star.
Sweet siren music cometh from afar,
To lure us on meanwhile. Responsive start
The nightingales to richer song than Art
Can ever teach. No passing shadows mar
Awhile the dewy skies; no inner jar
Of conflict bids us with our quest to part.
We see adown the distance, rainbow-arched,
What melting aisles of liquid light and bloom!
We hasten, tremulous, with lips all parched,
And eyes wide-stretched, nor dream of coming gloom.
Enough that something held almost divine
Within us ever stirs. Can we repine?

Feathers are Prickly Things (from Angel's Bone) (2015)

Du Yun

Feathers are prickly things
In the wrong hands
The softness turns sharp with greed.
Naked beasts are those
Clipped flightless
Feathers, a shared currency
Of Heaven and hell

Lugebat David Absalon (c.1530)

Nicolas Gombert

Lugebat David Absalon,
pius pater filium,
tristis senex puerum:
“Heu me, fili mi Absalon,
quis mihi det ut moriar,
ut ego pro te moriar,
O fili mi Absalon?”
Rex autem David filium,
coopert flebat capite:
“Quis mihi det ut moriar,
O fili mi, O fili mi?”

Porro rex operuit,
operuit caput suum,
et clamabat voce magna:
“Fili mi Absalon,
Fili mi Absalon.”

David was grieving for Absalom
The pious father for his son,
The sad old man for his lad:
“O woe, my son Absalom,
Who will let me die
So that I can die instead of you,
O my son Absalom?”
King David indeed wept for his son
With his head covered:
“Who will let me die,
My son, my son?”

And then the king uncovered,
Uncovered his head
And called in a loud voice:
“My son Absalom,
My son Absalom.”

I Cannot Attain Unto It (2005)

Nico Muhly

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
it is high, I cannot attain unto it.
Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

Through the Wildernesses of Words (2018)

Ed Frazier Davis

The time that my journey takes is long, and the way of it long.
I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light,

*to prove to myself that I could...
for you, kiddo...*

and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds,

*because I needed time to think...
to find myself...*

leaving my track on many a star and planet.

*because she always wanted to do this...
for you, kiddo...*

I have knocked at every alien door,

*to seek the truth...
to rekindle my love with God...
for you, kiddo....*

and wandered through all the outerworlds,
to reach the innermost shrine,

*to celebrate beating cancer...
because we got engaged...
because I want to live...*

to reach the innermost shrine at the end.

*because I want to LIVE...
for you, kiddo...*

Text in Roman type from Rabindranath Tagore's Gitanjali; text in italics from responses from pilgrims on the Camino de Santiago, and anonymously found along the camino.

My Heart is Like a Singing Bird (2016)

Sarah Rimkus

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.
Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Glory (Quiet) (from Canticles and Prayers) (1997)

Georgy Sviridov

Slava Otsu i Sīnu i Svyatomu Dukhu.
I nīne, i prisno, i vo veki vekov.
Amin'. Amin'.

Glory to the Father and Son, and the Holy Ghost.
Now and forever, and for all the eternity.
Amen, amen.

Hymn to St. Cecilia (1942)

Benjamin Britten

I.

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

II.

I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.

I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.

I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.

All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.

I shall never be
Different. Love me.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

III.

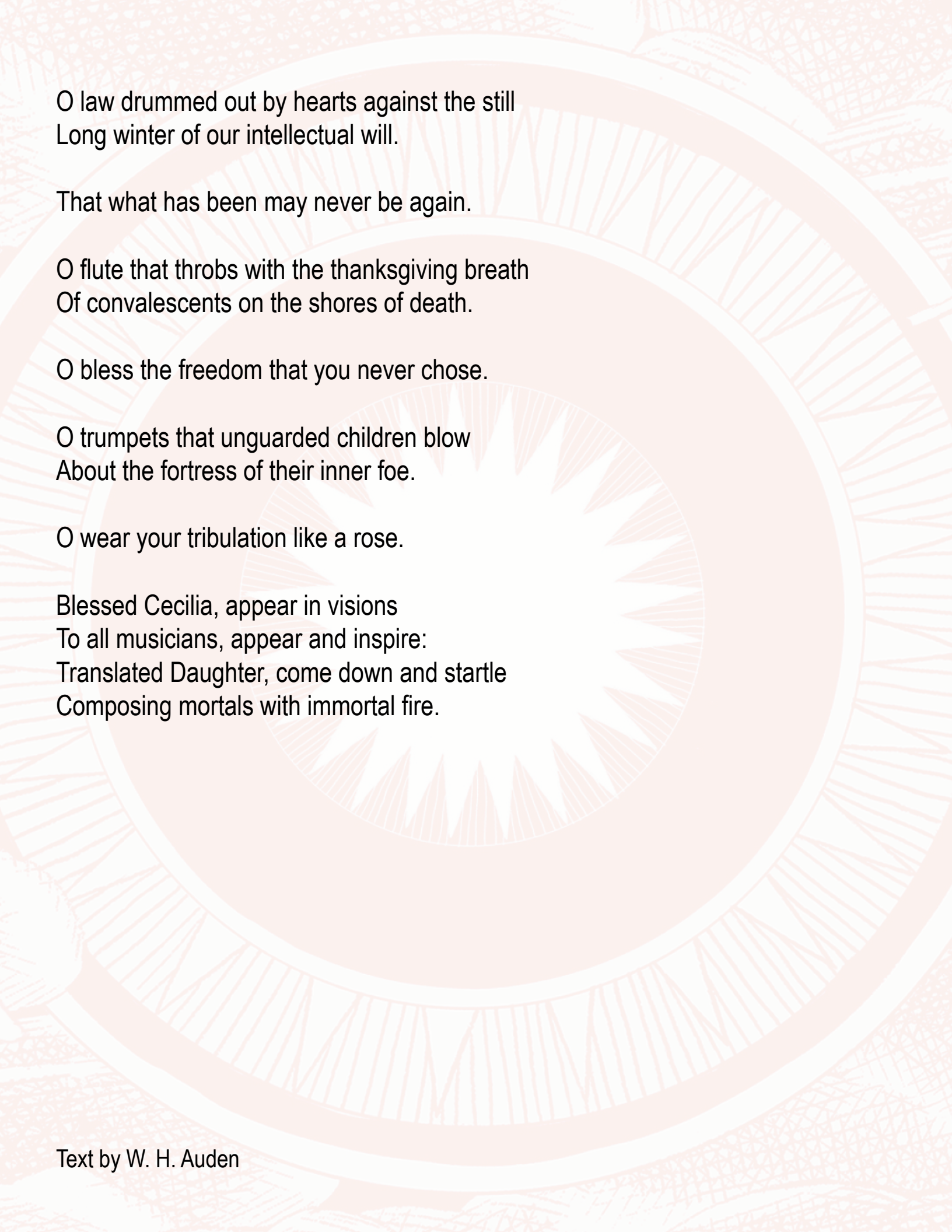
O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did:

O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.

O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.



O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.

That what has been may never be again.

O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.

O bless the freedom that you never chose.

O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.

O wear your tribulation like a rose.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

Cento (2025)

after Benjamin Britten

Alec Galambos

this is consistent with what we know of human behavior,
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.
we grow toward warmth or the window
O[r] re-arrange.

Ronde (from Trois Chansons) (1916)

Maurice Ravel

Les vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de satyres,
de centaures, de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs es des mages,
des stryges, des sylphes,
des moines-bourus,
des cyclopes, des djinns,
gobelins, korrigans,
nécromants, kobolds ...

Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

The Old Women:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
young maidens, do not go into the woods.
It is full of satyrs,
of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
of sprites and incubi,
ogres, pixies,
fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,
devils, imps, fiends,
of the cloven-feet, gnomes,
of demons,
of werewolves, of elves,
warriors,
enchanters and conjurers,
of fairies, sylphs,
of surly hermits,
cyclopes, djinns,
spirits, gremlins,
necromancers, trolls...

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
do not go into the woods.

Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
Il y a plein de faunesses,
de bacchantes et de males fées,
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses,
des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centaures et des diablasses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,
des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
naiades,
ménades, thyades,
follettes, lémures,
gnomides, succubes,
gorgones, gobelins ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

The Old Men:

Do not go into Ormonde forest
young men, do not go into the woods.
It is full of female fauns,
of Bacchae and evil spirits,
boys, do not go into the woods.

Of satyresses,
of ogresses,
and Baba Yagas,
of female centaurs and devils,
ghouls emerged from the Sabbath,
of girl sprites and demons,
of larvae, of nymphs,
of female warriors,
It is full of demonesses,
Tree spirits and dryades,
naiads,
bacchantes, oreads,
hobgoblins, ghosts,
gnomes, succubi,
gorgons, monsters ...
Do not go into Ormande forest.

Les filles / Les garçons:

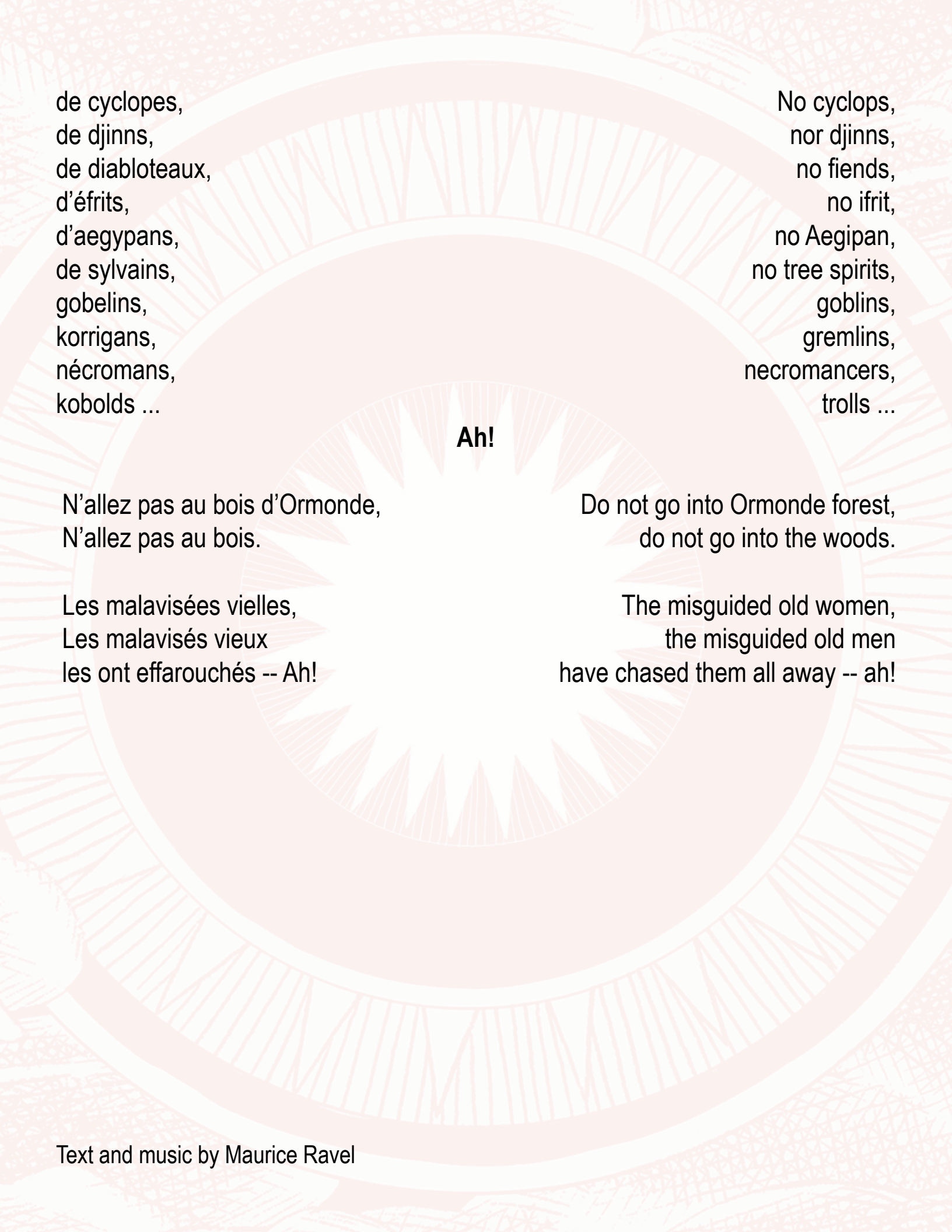
N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
Diables, diablots, diabolins,
De satyresses, non.
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
de démons,
Plus de faunesses, non!
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
de myrmidons
Plus d'enchanters ni de mages,
de stryges, de sylphes,
de moines-bourus,
De centaures, de naiades,
de thyades,
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
dryades,
folletes,
lémures,
gnomides,
succubes,
gorgones,
gobelins,

The young women / The young men:

We won't go into Ormonde forest anymore,
Alas! Nevermore will we go into the woods.

There are no more satyrs there,
there are no more nymphs nor evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubi,
no ogres, no pixies,
no more ogresses,
no more fauns, hobgoblins, or spooks,
devils, imps, or fiends,
no female satyrs, no.
No more cloven-footed ones, no gnomes,
no demons,
no more female fauns, no!
Nor werewolves, nor elves,
no warriors,
no more enchanters or conjurers,
no fairies, no sylphs,
no surly hermits,
no female centaurs or naiads,
no more oreads,
no more bacchantes or tree spirits,
no dryads,
hobgoblins,
ghosts,
gnomes,
succubi,
gorgons,
goblins,



de cyclopes,
de djinns,
de diabloteaux,
d'éfrits,
d'aegypans,
de sylvains,
gobelins,
korrigans,
nécromans,
kobolds ...

No cyclops,
nor djinns,
no fiends,
no ifrit,
no Aegipan,
no tree spirits,
goblins,
gremlins,
necromancers,
trolls ...

Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
do not go into the woods.

Les malavisées vieilles,
Les malavisés vieux
les ont effarouchés -- Ah!

The misguided old women,
the misguided old men
have chased them all away -- ah!

KHORIKOS would principally like to thank Father Mike, Brother Chuck, and the generous staff of the Shrine Church of St. Anthony of Padua for our continued residence in this beautiful space.

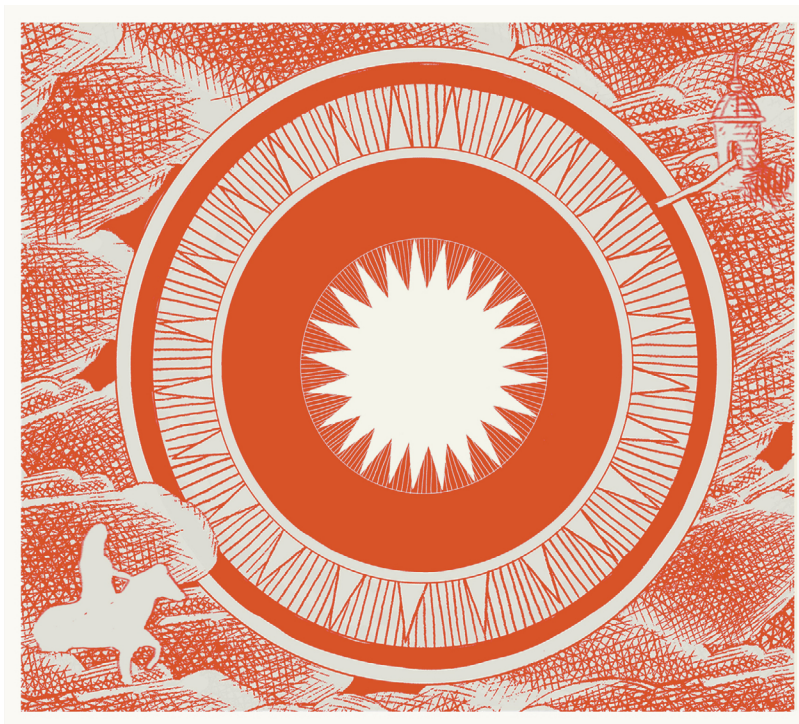
Thanks also to Christian Holslin for recording assistance, to Dan Dzula for loaning audio equipment, and to Dr. Marie Roche for her invaluable help with the French diction on Ravel!

Our thanks to Spiros Halaris for his stirring visual art that adorns this program and reflects the profound scale of *Aspiration*.

We're proud to acknowledge Shara Nova and Ed Frazier Davis, who submitted their works to our call-for-scores, and to all the composers whose work we did not select — we were heartened to learn of all of the talent and passion within the choral community. We're grateful to Hilary Purrington for her thoughtful work and collaboration in bringing "Aspiration" to life.

Thank you to our board directors Katie Nojima, Tom McNeill, Adam Stasiw, and Hannah Pho, who continually support this work with new ideas and energy.

Finally, thanks to our supporters, with special acknowledgement to Andrew Albin, Sarah Greifenberger, Alex Canovas, Steve Beslow, Laurie Nelson, Joel Gordon, Lee Ryder, Andrea Souza, Sylvia Galambos, Richard Whitney, Frank Simms, Donald Haggerty, and Adam Stasiw for their membership on Patreon.



Visit us online at www.khorikos.org, or on Facebook and Instagram as KHORIKOS. Please consider supporting our work by becoming a member with ongoing contributions through Patreon at patreon.com/khorikos, or with a one-time gift through Givebutter at givebutter.com/khorikos2025.

Thank you for your support!