



**The Lamentations
of Jeremiah, rebuilt**

**November
2023**

KHORIKOS

KHORIKOS

Soprano

Sara Appleton
Manon Blackman
Courtney Greifenberger
Alyssa Manzi
Meghan Marks
Hannah Pho

Alto

Audrey Bartow
Emily Cohen
Arielle Datz
Erika Ji
Lian Kelmann
Carah Naseem
Hannah Sheldon-Dean

Tenor

Justin Ballard
Dean Chryssovergis
Pete Murphy
Benny Weisman
Richard Whitney

Bass

Andrew Albin
Gordon Bartow
Christopher Lin
Kris Nolte
Kai Okada
Dimitrius Raphael
Brian Wong

Artistic Director

Alec Galambos

Conductors

Justin Ballard
Erika Ji
Hannah Pho



LESSON TWO

Lesson Two

November 12, 2023 | 2:00PM

Incipit*

Alec Galambos (b. 1987)

- I. De lamentatione Jeremiae prophetae
- II. How lonely sits the city that was full

DALETH

Viae Sion

Alfonso Ferrabosco the Elder (1543–1588)

Alfonso Ferrabosco the Elder

GHIMEL

Des pas dans l'alleé

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505–1585)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

ZAIN

Standing as I do before God

Cristóbal de Morales (c. 1500–1553)

Cecilia McDowall (b. 1951)

TETH

Bonum est Viro

Alonso Lobo (1555–1617)

Alonso Lobo

IOD

Amadou Diallo

Alonso Lobo

Joel Thompson (b. 1988)

INTERMISSION

CAPH

Two Motets

Robert White (c. 1538–1574)

William Hawley (b. 1950)

I. Mosella

II. Te Vigilans Oculis

LAMED

Is it nothing*

with Charlotte Greve, alto saxophone

Jacques Arcadelt (c. 1507–1568)

Benjamin Zucker (b. 1993)

IOD

Hayrapetakan Maghterg Var. 2

Alonso Lobo

Tigran Hamasyan

The Sea*

Evelin Seppar (b. 1986)

*Indicates a world premiere, commissioned by KHORIKOS

Please hold your applause between groups of pieces.

Incipit

with Richard Whitney, baritone

Alec Galambos (b.1987)

I. De Lamentatione Jeremiae prophetae

alto, tenor, and bass lines by
William Byrd (1543-1623);
baritone line by Alec Galambos

II. How lonely sits the city that was full

Alec Galambos

How lonely sits the city that was full!
She weeps, tears on her cheeks
her love her comfort
all her treacherous have become her

all her desolate groan
the precious things honored
she took no thought of her fall

from my bones
a net
no vision bowed
my eyes; my soul; my heart
out

new hope is quiet, gold, changed

the holy weight, the work

behold,
our strangers
return

words selected from Lamentations

*Here begins the
Lamentations of
Jeremiah.*

Daleth. Viae Sion

Daleth.

Viae Sion lugent, eo quod non sint qui
veniant ad solemnitatem: omnes portae
ejus destructae, sacerdotes ejus gementes;
virgines ejus squalidae, et ipsa oppressa
amaritudine.

Ghimel

with Hannah Pho, Richard Whitney, Justin
Ballard, Alec Galambos, and Kai Okada

Des pas dans l'allée

with Manon Blackman, Carah Naseem, Dean
Chryssovergjs, and Kai Okada

Tombez, souvenirs, tombez feuille à feuille,
Faites un tapis de vos ors défunts.
Les fleurs reviendront pleurer leurs parfums.
Mais reverrons-nous celle qui les cueille?
Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Dormez, feuilles d'or, parmi l'avenue,
Gardez dans vos plis le pli de ses pas.
Celui-ci plus las inclinait plus bas
Son âme vers moi qui l'ai méconnue.
Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Tombez, souvenirs! glissez feuille à feuille,
Recouvrez ses pas de vos ors défunts.
D'autres fleurs viendront pleurer leurs
parfums!
Mais plus ne viendra celle qui les cueille!
Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Charles Maurice Couyba (1866–1931)

Alfonso Ferrabosco the Elder (1543–1588)

The roads to Zion mourn, for none come
to the appointed feasts; all her gates are
desolate, her priests groan; her maidens
have been dragged away, and she herself
suffers bitterly.*

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505–1585)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

Fall, memories, fall leaf upon leaf,
Make a carpet of your dying gold.
The flowers will return to weep their scents.
But shall she return who gathered them?
Into what silence, along which path did she
Pass and disappear, on that fine evening?

Sleep, golden leaves, along the avenue,
And retain the imprint of her steps.
This one, more weary, let her soul stoop
Down to me, yet I did not understand it.
Into what silence, along which path did she
Pass and disappear, on that fine evening?

Fall, memories! Leaf upon leaf,
Cover her steps with your dying gold.
Other flowers will spring up to weep their
scents!
But she who gathers them will not return!
Into what silence, along which path did she
Pass and disappear, on that fine evening?



*Judah went into exile
because of affliction
and great servitude;
she settled among the
nations, and found no
rest; all her pursuers
overtook her between
the boundaries. ^*

* Lamentations 1:4. Translated from the Latin of the *Liber Usualis*, derived from The Clementine Vulgate and the Revised Standard Version. Source: Choral Public Domain Library https://www.cpd.org/wiki/index.php/Lamentations_of_Jeremiah

^ Lamentations 1:3. Translated from the Hebrew. Source: https://www.chabad.org/library/bible_cdo/aid/16460/jewish/Chapter-1.htm

Zain

Standing as I do before God

with Manon Blackman, soprano

I have seen death so often that it is not
strange or fearful to me.
Standing as I do in view of God and eternity,
I realize that patriotism is not enough.
I must have no hatred or bitterness towards
anyone.

*words of WWI nurse Edith Cavell
(1865–1915)*

And when the time was close,
For once her eyes filled with tears,
Then she quietly rose, walked silently
through the stilled prison,
The grey dawn light, passed gas flame,
Tired flowers, out beyond her final night,
A flame alight in hours before infinity,
In the presence of death leaving all enmity:
In view of God we are air after breath.
Standing as I do.

Seán Street (b. 1946)

Teth. Bonum est Viro

Teth.
Bonum est viro cum portaverit iugum ab
adulescentia sua.

Iod

Amadou Diallo

from *Seven Last Words of the Unnamed* (2015)
with Christopher Lin, baritone and Erika Ji, piano

Mom, I'm going to college.

*Amadou Diallo's last words to his mother,
before being slain by the NYPD on
February 4, 1999*

Cristóbal de Morales

(c. 1500–1553)

Cecilia McDowall (b. 1951)

Alonso Lobo (1555–1617)

Teth.
It is good for a man when he bears the
yoke from his youth.[^]

Alonso Lobo

Joel Thompson (b. 1988)



*Jerusalem recalls the
days of her poverty
and her miseries, and
all her precious things
that were from days of
old; when her people
fell into the hand of
the adversary, and
there was none to
help her; the enemies
gazed, gloating on her
desolation.**



*Let him sit solitary and
wait, for He has laid it
upon him. Let him put
his mouth into the dust;
there may yet be hope.
Let him offer his cheek
to his smiter; let him be
filled with reproach.+*

*Lamentations 1:7. Translated from the Hebrew. Source: https://www.chabad.org/library/bible_cdo/aid/16460/jewish/Chapter-1.htm. ^ Lamentations 3:27. Translated from the Latin of the *Liber Usualis*, derived from The Clementine Vulgate and the Revised Standard Version. Source: Choral Public Domain Library https://www.cpd.org/wiki/index.php/Lamentations_of_Jeremiah. + Lamentations 3:28-30. Translated from the Hebrew. Source: https://www.chabad.org/library/bible_cdo/aid/16459/jewish/Chapter-3.htm

CIVITAS

INTERMISSION

Caph

with Manon Blackman, Hannah Sheldon-Dean,
Justin Ballard, Richard Whitney, Alec Galambos,
and Kai Okada

Two Motets

Conducted by Hannah Pho

I. Mosella

Quis color ille vadis, seras cum propulit
umbras
Hesperus et viridi perfudit monte Mosellam!
tota natant crispis iuga motibus et tremit
absens
pampinus et vitreis vindemia turget in undis.

Ausonius (310–395)

II. Te Vigilans Oculis

Te vigilans oculis, animo te nocte requiro,
victa iacent solo cum mea membra toro.
vidi ego me tecum falsa sub imagine somni:
somnia tu vinces, si mihi vera venis.

Petronius Arbiter (c. 20–66)

Robert White (c. 1538–1574)

William Hawley (b. 1950)

What color that shoal, with the late shadows
banished by Hesperus, and verdure filling
the hills of the Moselle!
Everything floats, rippling together in mo-
tion, as the distant
vine-leaf trembles, and the grape swells in
the glittering water.

My eyes watch for you,
by night my soul desires you,
alone and overcome,
my limbs tossing in bed.
I have seen myself with you, in the
imagination of sleep:
in dreams you appear...
if only you would truly come to me.



*My eyes are spent
with tears, my innards
burn; my heart is
poured out in grief
over the destruction
of the daughter of my
people, while infant
and suckling faint in
the streets of the city.**

Lamed

Is it nothing

with Hannah Pho, Lian Kelmann, Justin Ballard,
Gordon Bartow

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam:
attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor
meus.

Dolor noster.*

No pulsations
of passionate rhetoric will
suffice.

in this time
in this time
this time

[...]
simply standing
by mere luck balanced

still
on the
swaying
aerial catwalk of
survival

we've approached
the last
the last choice:

[...]
the sibling lives, [...]
we've lorded it over,
the powers we've
taken in

thrall,
[...]
shall they
shall we
by our own hand

undo our
being,
their being,

erase
is
and was
along with
will be?

Jacques Arcadelt
(c. 1507–1568)

Ben Zucker (b. 1993)

Is it nothing for any of you who cross on
the path? Look and see—is there pain
like my pain that I've been dealt,

Our sorrow.

Nothing
for eloquence
no rhetoric
fits

that *unrendering*,
voiding,
dis-

assemblage—if
by luck
chance

grace perhaps
able
even now
to turn

to turn away from
that dis-

solution—
only, O
maybe
some wholly

holy
holy
unmerited call:

bellbird
in branch of
snowrose

blossoming
newborn cry
demanding

with cherubim
and seraphim
eternity:

being:
milk:



*Is it nothing for any
of you who cross on
the path? Look and
see—is there pain like
my pain that I've been
dealt, that I was caused
by God on this day of
burning wrath?^*

from **The Cry**
Denise Levertov (1923–1997)

*additional text by the composer

[^]Lamentations 1:12. Translated
from the Hebrew by Emily Cohen.

Iod

with Hannah Pho, Manon Blackman, Arielle Datz,
Justin Ballard, Richard Whitney, and Kai Okada

Hayrapetakan Maghterg Var. 2

with Lian Kelmann, soprano, Kris Nolte, piano
and piano transcription

Amen hayi srtic'bxac,
Lsir ays jayn, ov Astvac.
Erkar kyank'towr Hayrapetin,
Erkar orer Hayoc'Hor.
Ter, ansasan pahir dow mišt
K'o isk himnac Mayr At'o'.

*Armenian Pontifical Hymn
Komitas (1869–1935)*

The Sea

Every night
Between midnight and twelve
Three seas meet
To bathe the City
They've given birth to

They rinse off its walls
The layers of plots and spices
And errors of all times

Every dawn the city gleams
In the endless blue...

"The Golden Horn"
Vasko Popa (1922–1991)

*translated from the Serbian by
Anne Pennington*

Alonso Lobo

Tigran Hamasyan

Each Armenian prays for this,
God, hear the voice of their heart!
Give you long life to the Patriarch,
To the Father of Armenia!
You founded Mother See,
O Lord, always keep it firm.



*The elders of the
daughter of Zion sit on
the ground in silence,
they laid dust on their
heads and put on
sackcloth; the maidens
of Jerusalem bowed
their heads to the
ground.**

Evelin Seppar (b. 1986)

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K H O R I K O S