Dartmouth College Glee Club
Louis Burkot, director

Fauré Requiem in d minor, Op. 48, and Glee Club favorites
Program

Requiem in d minor, Op. 48  
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Introitus et Kyrie – Chorus

Offertorium – Chorus, Baritone solo, Chorus  
Benjamin Nesselrodt 19, baritone

Sanctus – Chorus

Pie Jesu – Soprano solo  
Marielle Brady 17, soprano

Agnus Dei – Chorus

Libera Me – Baritone solo, Chorus  
Benjamin Nesselrodt 19, baritone

In Paradisum – Chorus

Intermission

Glee Club Favorites

Bogoroditse devo  
(from “All-Night Vigil”)  
Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Abendlied  
Josef Rheinberger  (1839 - 1901)

Gott is mein Hirt (Psalm 23)  
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ständchen  
Caitlin McGrail 20, mezzo soprano  
Franz Schubert, text by Franz Grillparzer

The Glossary of Uppity  
Nolan Gasser (b.1964), text by Kevin Young  
from “Repast: An Oratorio in honor of Mr. Booker Wright”  
(composed and arranged for the Dartmouth Glee Club, 2016)

My soul’s been anchored in the Lord  

Twilight Song  
Benjamin Gillette’88

Dartmouth Undying  
Marie Wurm/Franklin McDuffee ‘21
Most of the research on the Fauré Requiem in D minor, Op. 48, explores the question of what factors may have influenced the composition of this unusual work. Some state unequivocally that is was the death of his father in 1885 and then the subsequent death of his mother two years later in 1877. Others have suggested that he simply composed it for the pleasure of it. The following quotes from the time would support both seemingly contradictory reasons.

Fauré to Maurice Emmanuel, March 1910: Emmanuel was preparing a set of program notes to a performance of Fauré’s Requiem, and wrote to the composer asking a number of questions. When asked about his motivation for writing it, Fauré responded:

“My Requiem was composed for nothing … for fun, if I may be permitted to say so!”

Fauré to René Fauchois, April 13, 1921: Fauré spent much of his life in the service of the church, but his personal views on religion were unconventional at best, downright cynical or agnostic at worst. These are his thoughts on spirituality in the Requiem:

“Everything I managed to entertain in the way of religious illusion I put into my Requiem, which moreover is dominated from beginning to end by a very human feeling of faith in eternal rest.”

Even as late as 2010 new thoughts on this issue have emerged. A BBC TV special in 2010 suggests that Fauré (who fought in the Franco-Prussian war of 1871) may have been the victim of what is now identified as post-traumatic stress syndrome or PTSD.

Jessica Duchen of the BBC writes: “It would be reasonable to consider that Fauré’s most violent experience, those months in the war, had some influence on shaping his views on death and spirituality—and thus the attitude underlying the Requiem. After witnessing such suffering, a person of his nature was unlikely to espouse the evocation of hellfire and damnation that some composers, like Verdi and even Mozart, chose for their Dies Irae settings.”

From what we now know about PTSD, especially how its symptoms may not appear until years after the initial exposure to the trauma of war this new scholarship seems to me not only plausible but almost certain.

Regardless of the composer’s motivation for its composition what emerges is a Requiem that offers a uniquely serene and tranquil view of death. It floats on a peaceful sea of modal chant and the traditional Sequence section, the hellfire of the Day of Wrath, is omitted, while the sublime Pie Jesu for solo soprano and In paradisum are added. After completing five movements in 1887 he later added the Libera Me and the Hostias section to the Offertory, both for baritone solo.

Our performance today utilizes the version edited by British composer John Rutter which restores the orchestration to Fauré’s original intention of divided violas and cellos (no violins, except for one solo violin in the Sanctus), brass instruments, organ and harp.

Louis Burkot
A Final Note

Dartmouth, there is no music for our singing, no words to bear the burden of our praise. Yet, how can we be silent and remember the splendor and the fullness of her days?

It is hard to believe that 37 years have elapsed since I first began as director of the Glee Club in the fall of 1981. Leading this ensemble has been one of the defining experiences of my artistic life and I feel so fortunate to have worked with so many wonderful students, alumni and colleagues in both the Hopkins Center and the Department of Music. There truly are no words to bear the burden of my praise.

Louis Burkot, Director,
Dartmouth College Glee Club, 1981-2018

Texts and Translations

Requiem, Op. 48

Introitus
Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem. Exaudi orationem meam; ad te omnis caro veniet.

Rest eternal grant them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them. To thee praise is due, O God, in Zion, and to thee vows are recited in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer; unto thee all flesh shall come.

Kyrie

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Offertorium
O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriae libera animas defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu. O Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex Gloriae libera animas defunctorum de ore leonis ne absorbeat eus Tartarum ne cadant in obscurum.

O lord, Jesus Christ, king of glory free the souls of the dead from the punishment of hell and the deep pit. O Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, deliver the dead souls from the mouth of the lion, so they are not swallowed by hell and do not fall into darkness.

Hostias et preces tibi Domine, laudis offerimus tu suscipe pro animabus illis quorum hodie memoriam facimus Fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semini eus.

Sacrifices and prayers to you, lord, with praise we offer receive them for those souls whom today we remember. Make them, lord, from death cross over to life as once to Abraham you promised and to his seed.
Sanctus
Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts. The heavens and earth are filled with thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Pie Jesu
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem, requiem sempiternam.

Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest, rest everlasting.

Angus Dei
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem, requiem sempiternam. Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es. Requiem aeternam, dona eis, Domine,

Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, Grant them rest, rest everlasting. Let light eternal shine on them, O Lord, with thy saints forever, for thou art merciful. Rest eternal grant them, O Lord,

Libera Me
Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna in die illa tremenda quando coeli movendi sunt et terra dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem Tremens factus sum ego et timeo dum discussio venerit atque Ventura ira Dies illa, dies irae, calamitatis et miseriae dies illa, dies magna et amara valde.

Free me, lord, from death eternal on that day of dread when the heavens will be shaken and the earth while you come to judge the world with fire. I am made to shake, and am afraid awaiting the trial and the coming anger. That day, day of anger, of calamity and misery, that day, the day of great and exceeding bitterness,

Bogoroditsye Devo
Bogoroditse Devo, raduysia Blagodatnaya Mariye, Ghospod s’Toboyu Blagoslovenna Ti v’zhenah i Blagosloven Plod chreva Tvoego yako Spasa rodila yesi dush nashih

Rejoice, virgin, God-bearer Mary, full of grace, the Lord be with you Blessed are you amongst women and blessed is the Fruit of your Womb for you have borne the Savior of our souls.

Abendlied
Bleib bei uns denn es will Abend werden und der Tag hat sich geneigte.

Stay with us as evening shadows darken and day will soon be over.
Gott is mein Hirt (Psalm 23)

Gott is mein Hirt,
Mir wird nichts mangeln.
Er lagert mich auf grüne Weide,
Er leitet mich an stillen Bächen,
Er labt mein schmachtendes Gemüth.
Er führt mich auf gerechtem Steige
zu seines Namens Ruhm.
Und wall’ ich auch im Todesschatten-Thale,
So wall’ ich ohne Furcht,
Denn du beschützest mich,
Dein Stab und deine Stütze
Sind mir immerdar mein Tröst.
Du richtest mir ein Freudenmahl
Im Angesicht der Feinde zu,
Du salbst mein Haupt mit Öle,
Und schenkest mir volle Becher ein,
Mir folgest Heil und Seligkeit
In diesem Leben nach,
Einst ruh’ ich ew’ge Zeit dort
In des Ew’gen Haus.

Ständchen

Zögernd, stille,
In des Dunkels nächt’ger Hülle
Sind wir hier;
Und den Finger sanft gekrümmt,
Leise, leise,
Pochen wir
An des Liebchens Kammerthür.

Doch nun steigend,
Hebend, schwellend,
Mit vereinter Stimme Laut
Rufen aus wir hochvertraut:
Schlaf’ du nicht,
Wenn der Neigung Stimme spricht!

God is my Shepherd,
I will lack nothing.
He keeps me in a green pasture
And leads me by quiet streams;
He refreshes my fainting courage.
He leads me on the right paths
To the honor of His Name.
And although I wander
In the valley of the shadow of death,
Yet I wander without fear,
For You protect me,
Your rod and staff are always my comfort.
You prepare joyous meal for me
In front of my enemies;
You anoint my head with oil,
And give me an overflowing cup,
Blessing and happiness
Will follow me in this life,
And one day I will rest forever
There in the house of the Eternal.

Hesitantly quiet
in the dark of the night’s stillness,
we are here,
and, our fingers softly bent,
gently, gently
we knock
at the beloved’s chamber door.

And now growing,
swelling, swelling,
with one combined voice, loudly
we call with confidence;
don’t sleep
when the voice of love speaks!
Sucht’ ein Weiser nah’ und ferne
Menschen einst mit der Laterne,
Wie viel selt’ner dann als Gold,
Menschen uns geneigt und hold?
D’rum, wenn Freundschaft, Liebe spricht,
Freundin, Liebchen, schlaf’ du nicht! -

Aber was in allen Reichen
Wär’ dem Schlummer zu vergleichen?
D’rum statt Worten und statt Gaben,
Sollst du nun auch Ruhe haben;
Noch ein Grüßchen, noch ein Wort,
Es verstummt die frohe Weise,
Leise, leise,
Schleichen wir uns wieder fort!

A wise man once looked near and far
with a lantern for true human beings;
how much more rare than gold
are those people whom we like and find lovely?
So, when friendship and love speaks,
my friend - my love - don’t sleep!

But what of all the riches
could be as valuable as sleep?
So instead of words and instead of gifts you should
now also have rest.
Just one more greeting, one more word;
then our merry song for you falls silent.
Quietly, quietly,
we steal away, yes we steal away again!

The Glossary of Uppity
For please, read forget you.
For sun, read none.
For love, read money.
For money, read.
For smile, read bless your heart.
For uppity, read suddity.
For suddity, read dicty.
For dicty, hincty.
For pleasure, for unknowing, for forgetting, read mystery.
For smile, read speak.
For hush, read shush, read shut up, read don’t you dare.
For dare, read sure.
For speak up, read speak out.
For the future, say now, for my children.
Forever.
Thy trumpet done, thy word never done.
For thee, read we.
Dartmouth College Glee Club

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Connor J. Regan ‘18
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Joshua Satya Cetron ‘16
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Myung Chang Lee ‘18
Xiaoqiu Li ‘21
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Anna Ruesink
Noralee Walker

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Kathy Andrew

**Cello**
John Dunlop*
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Cameron Sawzin

**Bass**
Paul Horak

**French Horn**
Patrick Kennelly
Joy Worland

**Organ**
Noriko Yasuda

**Harp**
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*Dartmouth faculty

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