



**EARLY BIRD**

# FROM SHADOW TO SONG

**NOVEMBER 13, 2021 | 7PM**

Emory Presbyterian Church

# PROGRAM

## Nymphes des bois

Josquin des Prez (c.1450-1521)

## Rex Autem

Alonso de Tejada (c.1556-1628)

from *On Leaving*

Galina Grigorjeva (b. 1962)

III. Ode 7 & 8

IV. Kondakion

V. Ikos

## I Am the Resurrection

I Know that My Redeemer Liveth

We Brought Nothing Into This World

I Heard a Voice From Heaven

Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

*The Five Stages of Grief* (world premiere)

Pete Temko (b.1942)

1. Denial: *In the shadows*

2. Anger: *Marks*

3. Bargaining: *A short History of Judaic Thought in The Twentieth Century*

4. Depression: *The Mirror*

5. Acceptance: *Caroline*

## Requiem

Eliza Gilkyson (1950), arr. Craig Hella Johnson

# THE EARLYBIRDS



Amy Chastain, *mezzo-soprano*

Doug Dodson, *countertenor*

Ameya Gangal, *tenor*

Cory Klose, *tenor*

Ryan Koter, *tenor*

Alejandra Garcia Sandoval, *soprano*

Emily Skilling, *mezzo-soprano*

Benjamin Temko, *bass-baritone*

Wanda Yang Temko, *soprano*

Joel Terning, *baritone*

Sylvia Ware, *soprano*

Michael Dauterman, *baritone*

Andrew Schmidt, *Artistic Director*

# TEXTS

## Nymphes des bois

Wood-nymphs, goddesses of the fountains,  
Skilled singers of every nation,  
Turn your voices, so clear and lofty,  
To piercing cries and lamentation  
Because Atropos, terrible satrap,  
Has caught your Ockeghem in her trap,  
The true treasurer of music and master,  
Learned, handsome and by no means stout.  
It is a source of great sorrow that the earth must  
cover him. Put on the clothes of mourning,  
Josquin, Pierre de la Rue, Brumel, Compère,  
And weep great tears from your eyes,  
For you have lost your good father.

## Rex Autem

And King David held his head  
he mourned for his son saying:  
Absalom, my son  
oh I'll die for you  
Absalom, my son

*from* ON LEAVING

*texts from the Service Book of the Holy Orthodox  
Catholic Apostolic Church*

### III. Ode 7 & 8

The night of death, gloomy and moonless, hath overtaken me, still unready, sending me forth on that long and dreadful journey unprepared. But let thy mercy accompany me, O Lady.

Lo, all my days are vanished, of a truth, in vanity, as it is written and my years also are in vain; and now the snares of death, which of a truth are bitter, have entangled my soul, and have compassed me round about.

Vouchsafe that I may escape the hordes of bodiless barbarians, and rise through the abysses of the air, and enter into heaven; and I will glorify thee forever, O holy birth-giver of God. When the last great trumpet shall sound unto the frightful and dread Resurrection of the Judgement Day, and all shall rise from the dead; then remember thou me, O holy birth-giver of God.

## Kondakion

With the saints give rest, O Christ, to the souls of thy servants, where there is neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor sighing, but light everlasting.

## Ikos

Thou only art immortal, who hast created and fashioned man. For out of the earth were we mortals made, and unto the earth shall we return again, as thou didst command when thou madest me, saying unto me: For earth thou art, and unto the earth shalt thou return. Whither also all we mortals wend our way, making our funeral dirge the song: Alleluia, Aleluia, Alleluia.

## I am the resurrection

*Text from the Book of Common Prayer*

I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord: he that liveth in me, yea, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not die forever.

**I know that my Redeemer liveth**

*Text from the Book of Common Prayer*

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I shall rise out of the earth at the last day, and shall be covered again with my skin, and shall see God in my flesh, yea, and I myself shall behold, not with other but with these same eyes.

**We brought nothing into this world**

*Text from the Book of Common Prayer*

We brought nothing into this world, neither may we carry anything out of this world. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, even as it pleaseth the Lord, so cometh things to pass, blessed be the name of the Lord.

**I heard a voice from heaven**

*Text from the Book of Common Prayer*

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me: Write; from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, Even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

# THE FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF

*Poetry by Linda Pastan*

## 1. Denial: *In the Shadows* *for Mark Strand*

it is  
a matter  
of light

we rise in darkness  
go down  
in darkness

in the dusk  
we remember  
what we had almost forgotten

by starlight  
we suspect  
what we almost knew

there is truth in the shadows  
moving like water  
to the tug of the moon

only when darkness  
is splintered  
by the fierce blow of the sun

do we open our eyes  
finally  
and dream



## 2. Anger: *Marks*

My husband gives me an A  
for last night's supper,  
an incomplete for my ironing,  
a B+ in bed.

My son says I am average,  
an average mother, but if  
I put my mind to it  
I could improve.

My daughter believes  
In Pass/Fail and tells me  
I pass. Wait 'til they learn  
I'm dropping out.

## 3. Bargaining: *A short History of Judaic Thought In The Twentieth Century*

The rabbis wrote:  
although it is forbidden  
to touch a dying person,  
nevertheless, if the house  
catches fire he must be removed  
from the house.

Barbaric!

I say,  
and whom may I touch then,  
aren't we all  
dying?  
You smile  
your old negotiator's smile  
and ask:  
but aren't all our houses  
burning?

#### 4. Depression: *The Mirror*

*for Marvin Bell*

The anguish of the fog  
lies in dispersion;  
and of the moon  
in monotony  
and the weight of the tides.  
The anguish of the mulberry  
sleeps while the silkworm sleeps.  
You tell me nature is no mirror,  
yet in the broken surface  
of the lake I find  
jagged pieces of my face.  
Ask nature what love is.  
Silence is answer enough.

#### 5. Acceptance: *Caroline*

She wore  
her coming death  
as gracefully  
as if it were a coat  
she'd learned to sew.  
When it grew cold enough  
she'd simply button it  
and go.

## Requiem

*Text by Eliza Gilkyson*

mother mary, full of grace, awaken  
all our homes are gone, our loved ones taken  
taken by the sea

mother mary calm our fears, have mercy  
drowning in a sea of tears, have mercy  
hear our mournful plea

our world has been shaken,  
we wander our homelands forsaken  
in the dark night of the soul bring some comfort  
to us all, o mother mary come and carry us in  
your embrace that our sorrows may be faced

mary fill the glass to overflowing  
illuminate the path where we are going  
have mercy on us all

in fun'ral fires burning each flame to your  
myst'ry returning in the dark night of the soul  
your shattered dreamers, make them whole  
o mother mary find us where we've fallen out of  
grace, lead us to a higher place

in the dark night of the soul our broken hearts  
you can make whole, o mother mary come and  
carry us in your embrace,  
let us see your gentle face,  
mary.

# ABOUT EARLYBIRD



**EARLYBIRD** is a professional chamber choir based in Atlanta, Georgia. It specializes in early music as well as being an early adopter of new trends and ideas. EarlyBird believes in both musical preservation and advancement of the choral arts. EarlyBird projects include premiering works of living composers, presenting unheard works of past composers, programming concerts that showcase incredible musical artifacts, and collaborating with new media and other artists of all backgrounds.

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**ANDREW SCHMIDT** is the founder and Artistic Director of EarlyBird and serves on the faculty at Emory University where he directs the Oxford Chorale. Andrew received his B.M. in Choral Music Education from Northwestern University, and M.M. in Choral Conducting from the University of Washington. He is currently pursuing his Ph.D in Music Education from Georgia State University while also serving as a Brain and Behaviors Fellow through the GSU Neuroscience Institute. Andrew earned his Level 1 and Level 2 certification in Estill Voice Training in 2020 and plans to earn his proficiency certification in 2021.

In addition to his work with EarlyBird, Andrew is also the music director of the Summer Singers of Atlanta, Atlanta's longest running summer chorus. He is on the core roster of Kinnara and The Thirteen, two of America's preeminent professional choruses. He has also performed with GRAMMY Award®-winning The Crossing, Santa Fe Desert Chorale, and The Esoterics.

Andrew is grateful to be collaborating with Pete Temko and presenting his *The Five Stages of Grief*. So many people around the world are experiencing grief. This could be the loss of a loved one, a job, or experiencing the upheaval of their entire community. Tonight's concert will hopefully be a moment to sit, remember, pay respect, and perhaps exhale a bit of the grief we hold in our hearts.

**PETER TEMKO** was born in Greensboro, NC and lived in St. Petersburg, Florida until leaving to study Music Theory at Florida State University. He received a Masters in Music Theory from Manhattan School of Music and a Ph.D. in Music Theory from Florida State. He taught music theory at Florida A and M university then taught music theory, composition, electronic music and clarinet at The University of Tennessee at Chattanooga. He retired in 1999 and moved to Florida. He and his wife, Jan Mickler, moved to Atlanta in 2010.

Dr. Temko published a textbook on musical form with Prentice-Hall, "A Practical Approach to Form in Music," written with Peter Spencer, as well as "A Sonata for Clarinet and Piano," published by Shawnee Press. His many other compositions have been performed nationally, including two children's operas and many ensemble works for voice, piano, and instrumentalists. He was the recipient of the Tennessee Teachers of Music award for his composition for piano trio and soprano based on five poems from Linda Pastan's book, "The Five States of Grief." As a performer, he played with the Chattanooga Symphony and participated in chamber music recitals through the region.

He is honored to have this new composition, based on five different poems of Pastan's, performed by Early Bird. "Grief", he says, "is experienced differently for everyone. The five stages in that experience are rarely sequential and may contain many stages within each stage...they return and cycle constantly. The final stage, 'Acceptance,' may be achieved but is almost never permanent." Nevertheless, the stages in this poetry reflect some of the many ways in which grief may be expressed. We have all grieved. I hope that this music contributes in some small way to a deepened understanding of the experience.



# EARLY BIRD

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