

# Program Notes and Texts

## Introduction

In an interesting dialogue with his own son called *The Teacher*, St. Augustine begins by asking, “When we speak, what does it seem to you we want to accomplish?” After his son wonders about the connection between speaking and singing, Augustine says, “I now stipulate two reasons for speaking: to teach or to remind either others or ourselves. We do this even when we’re singing.”

The eleven pieces in today’s concert are all religious ones. Hence they share in St. Augustine’s explanation of the purpose of speaking – and of singing. They teach us about the wide and deep repertoire of hymns and psalms and spiritual songs that is a precious part of our Judaeo-Christian heritage; they remind us of how, among all the emotions religious music expresses, that of joy, of “rejoicing in the Lord,” is often the most prominent. It is then meet and right that the title of this concert is “Rejoice and Sing!”

## ***Gaudete Omnes* by Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck**

*Gaudete omnes, et laetamini, quia ecce, desideratus advenit. Introite in conspectu eius in exultatione. Scitote quoniam ipse est expectatio nostra. Alleluja.*

Rejoice and be glad, all of you, for behold he whom you longed for comes. Come into his presence with thanksgiving. Know that he himself is our long-expected one. Alleluia.

– from *Cantiones Sacrae* (1619)

This “Sacred Song” from 1619 shows us how the psalms have a long tradition of change and adaptation when set to music. Sometimes this follows a musical need (e.g. “a few more syllables to fill out this phrase”), sometimes a liturgical need (e.g. “let’s adapt a psalm for Advent!”), and sometimes it is just for fun, or for a nice sound (e.g. “let’s end with a bunch of ‘allelujas’ – however you want to spell it!”).

Sweelinck does all three here. He takes Psalm 100, substitutes slightly different words for the opening phrase, preserves intact the end of the

first verse (“Come into his presence with thanksgiving”), changes “Know that the Lord is God” to “Know that he himself is our long-expected one,” and then he ends with a bunch of good Dutch “allelujas.”

We can’t interview this very productive composer who lived in Amsterdam from 1562 to 1621, but he must have had fun writing this piece – along with his 250 other choral works.

### ***I Will Not Leave You Comfortless* by William Byrd**

*I will not leave you comfortless. Alleluia.*

*I go, and come again to you. Alleluia.*

*And your heart shall rejoice. Alleluia.*

Here we are again reminded of how scripture gets adapted for liturgical singing. The words sound very familiar – we’ve often heard them, or ones just like them, in church, especially at funerals. They are variations of John 14:3,18 and 16:22 (with 14:18 put first!) from “The Discourse in the Upper Room” where Jesus speaks candidly with his disciples, preparing them for a world without his physical presence.

If you were in an Anglican church in England during the time of Shakespeare, you would have heard the words of this piece as the “Proper” (the sung introduction) to the Gospel for the Sunday after the Ascension. The alleluias are again both a religious and a musical embellishment. Byrd’s music is a prime example of the “polyphonic craftsmanship” of his era. To continue to quote from my friend and teacher, Professor Jim Wheat, “The work unfolds in a series of overlapping, imitative melodic statements that evade a strong sense of closure until the very end of the piece. Midway through the work this complex texture is briefly relieved when all the voices sing in the same rhythm the words ‘And your heart shall rejoice.’ The work concludes with all voices singing ‘Alleluia,’ but now in an affirming, ascending musical line.”

William Byrd (1540-1623) composed music for Latin and English texts, writing for both Catholic churches and Anglican ones. And he kept his head (literally and figuratively) during periods of bloody turmoil between Protestant and Catholic churches. Someone should write an opera about him and the “saving power” of music!

## **Exsultate by Brian Edward Galante**

*Exsultate, jubilate Deo!  
O vos animae beatae  
dulcia cantica canendo;  
cantui vestro respondendo  
psallant aethera cum me!*

Rejoice, sing joyfully to God!  
O you blessed souls,  
sing sweet songs;  
in response to your singing  
the heavens sing with me!

*Tu virginum corona,  
tu nobis pacem dona,  
tu consolare affectus,  
unde suspirat cor.  
Alleluia!*

You crown of virgins,  
grant us peace,  
console our afflictions,  
from which our hearts sigh.  
Alleluia!

*Exsultate, jubilate Deo!*

Rejoice, sing joyfully to God!

Brian Galante, a contemporary composer and choir director from Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington, first discovered the text of this piece in Mozart's well-known setting. (It's K.165, if you want to do a musical version of "Comparative Literature.") Galante, both as a professor and out of kindness to program notes writers, has provided this description of his work:

*"The text is only the first and last stanza of the three of Mozart's work. It's one of celebration and ecstatic praise, using a mixture of phrases from the psalms and from hymns to the Virgin Mary. It opens with a dramatic fanfare that serves as a ritornello-type pillar as we hear it twice – in the middle and at the end – but with rhythmic expansion and contraction to make each return slightly different. The euphoria of grand celebration is represented in close vertical dissonances and sharp interjections. In the middle, fluid chant lines and the exchange of softer and slower statements between the women and men provide contrast to the driving festivity of the fanfare."*

Note also that the piece is a rondeau: it begins and ends with the same words: *Exsultate, jubilate Deo!*

## **My Lord has Come by Will Todd**

Shepherds, called by angels,  
called by love and angels;  
no place for them but a stable.  
My Lord has come.

Sages, searching for stars,  
searching for love in heaven;  
no place for them but a stable.  
My Lord has come.

His love will hold me,  
His love will cherish me,  
love will cradle me.

Lead me, lead me to see him,  
sages and shepherds and angels;  
no place for me but a stable.  
My Lord has come.

The words are both ancient and modern. They evoke the classic Christmas scene of the baby Jesus lying in a manger. They combine, as our creches do, Matthew 2 with Luke 2 – bringing all together the wise men, the shepherds, Mary, Joseph, the babe, the angels and the animals. (It was only this past Christmas that I learned of the custom of placing the wise men at a distance from the manger for the 12 days of Christmas – until they arrive on January 6<sup>th</sup>, Epiphany!)

And then the words are modern. Will Todd adds a personal love song that follows naturally from his novel idea that “the sages were searching for love in heaven.” Here Todd follows in the contemporary tradition of such carols as “In the Bleak Midwinter” and “The Little Drummer Boy” by changing from an objective description to subjective declarations: “His love will hold me.” “Lead me to see him.” The piece both teaches and reminds.

Will Todd is an English composer and jazz pianist who is perhaps best known for his *Mass in Blue*. He’s also written operas (including one based on *Alice in Wonderland*). And it was his arrangement of “Amazing Grace” that was performed at the Prayer Service in the Washington Cathedral for President Obama’s second inauguration on January 20, 2013.

***Gloria (from Missa Brevis) by Zoltán Kodály***

*Gloria in excelsis Deo  
et in terra pax hominibus  
bonae voluntatis.*

Glory to God in the highest  
and on earth peace  
to men of good will.

<i>Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.</i>	We praise you. We bless you.
<i>Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.</i>	We adore you. We glorify you.
<i>Gratias agimus tibi</i>	We give you thanks
<i>propter magnam gloriam tuam.</i>	for your great glory.
<i>Domine Deus, rex caelestis,</i>	Lord God, king of heaven,
<i>Deus Pater omnipotens,</i>	God the Father almighty,
<i>Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe,</i>	Lord, only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ,
<i>Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,</i>	Lord God, Lamb of God,
<i>Filius Patris,</i>	Son of the Father,
<i>qui tollis peccata mundi,</i>	who takes away the sins of the world,
<i>miserere nobis;</i>	have mercy on us;
<i>qui tollis peccata mundi,</i>	who takes away the sins of the world,
<i>suscipe deprecationem nostram;</i>	receive our prayer;
<i>qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,</i>	who sits at the right hand of the Father,
<i>miserere nobis.</i>	have mercy on us.
<i>Quoniam tu solus sanctus.</i>	For you alone are holy.
<i>Tu solus Dominus.</i>	You alone are Lord.
<i>Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.</i>	You alone are most high, Jesus Christ.
<i>Cum Sancto Spiritu,</i>	With the Holy Spirit,
<i>in gloria Dei Patris. Amen</i>	in the glory of God the Father. Amen

The text of the Hymn of Praise known as “The Gloria” is venerable and literally sacrosanct. The rule about it in Catholic Canon Law states, “It is not to be replaced by any other.” Its opening words (from Luke 2:15) give it its name and inaugurate its joyful mood. We’ve heard them so many times, in both Latin and English, we may know them by heart: *Gloria in excelsis Deo* – “Glory to God in the highest.”

In our church services (at least Catholic and Lutheran ones!) the Gloria follows the Kyrie, the “Lord have Mercy.” The words of the Gloria stay the same, but their musical settings are almost numberless. This is both natural and a little confusing. It would be hard to answer the question, “What’s your favorite Gloria?” For myself, I would have to fudge a little by saying, “Oh, you know, the one by Mozart.” But I wouldn’t be able to tell you which one!

Again, the words teach us and remind us. They are sung theology. My guess is that to be able to set them to music you really have to know them by heart.

Zoltán Kodály (1882-1967) began his musical career in the same way as his friend and fellow composer Béla Bartók did – as a collector and champion of the folk music of their native Hungary. Music teachers know him as the originator of “The Kodály Method.” Opera lovers know his one-act work, *The Spinning Room*, which is comprised entirely of Hungarian folk songs and dances which Kodály wanted to portray “in the life-setting from which they have sprung.” Chamber Chorale fans know him from the choir’s performance a few years ago of his evocative work about the northern European Orpheus: “Wainamoien Makes Music.”

### ***Agnus Dei (from the War Requiem) by Benjamin Britten***

#### **Tenor**

One ever hangs where shelled roads part.  
In this war He too lost a limb,  
But His disciples hide apart;  
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.

#### **Chorus**

<i>Agnus Dei,</i>	Lamb of God,
<i>qui tollis peccata mundi,</i>	that takest away the sins of the world,
<i>dona eis requiem.</i>	grant them rest.

#### **Tenor**

Near Golgotha strolls many a priest,  
And in their faces there is pride  
That they were flesh-marked by the Beast  
By whom the gentle Christ’s denied.

#### **Chorus**

<i>Agnus Dei,</i>	Lamb of God,
<i>qui tollis peccata mundi,</i>	that takest away the sins of the world,
<i>dona eis requiem.</i>	grant them rest.

#### **Tenor**

The scribes on all the people shove  
And bawl allegiance to the state,

#### **Chorus**

<i>Agnus Dei,</i>	Lamb of God,
<i>qui tollis peccata mundi...</i>	that takest away the sins of the world...

## Tenor

But they who love the greater love  
Lay down their life; they do not hate.

## Chorus

...*Dona eis requiem sempiternam.* ...Grant them eternal rest.

## Tenor

*Dona nobis pacem.* Grant them peace.

– words from the *Missa pro Defunctis* and a poem of Wilfred Owen

This year marks the centennial of the end of World War I. It was exactly one week before that first November 11<sup>th</sup> that the English poet, Wilfred Owen, died in combat in France. He was 25 years old.

Owen wrote some of the most famous poems to come out of the “war to end all wars.” His poems depict the brutal irony and harsh reality of civilized nations engaged in sanctioned mass killing. The final line of his perhaps best-known poem calls the Latin proverb about how “It’s sweet and right to die for one’s country” “an old lie.”

The English composer Benjamin Britten wrote his *War Requiem* in 1962. In it, or rather interspersed within the Latin Mass for the Dead, are nine poems by Owen. The juxtaposition of the venerable Latin with Owen’s vernacular poetry creates quite a dramatic tension.

The poem that Britten chose to parallel with the “Agnus Dei” movement of the mass, “At a Calvary Near the Ancre,” has a dramatic tension of its own – that of there being a symbol of Christ’s redeeming death in the midst of an unredeemed world. (Remember that a “calvary” is an outdoor crucifix, and that the Ancre is a river located right on the battlefield border between France and Belgium.)

Owen begins his poem by casually and ironically describing how the statue of Jesus is missing a limb. He then directly links the scene of Jesus’ death – Golgotha – with the horrors of war. The poem is a kind of mini-sermon which includes a reference to the “Beast” of the Book of the Apocalypse, along with characters present both at Golgotha and in the current war: priests, scribes and soldiers.

Owen's final point is both deeply religious and deeply ironic: the common soldiers know their Bible; they know the words of Jesus, "Greater love hath no one than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." And they also know that Christ taught us to "Love our enemies."

### ***Ave Maria* by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy**

<i>Ave Maria, gratia plena;</i>	Hail Mary, full of grace;
<i>Dominus tecum,</i>	The Lord is with thee,
<i>Benedicta tu in mulieribus.</i>	Blessed art thou among women.

<i>Sancta Maria,</i>	Holy Mary,
<i>Ora pro nobis peccatoribus.</i>	Pray for us sinners.

<i>Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis</i>	Holy Mary, pray for us,
<i>Nunc et in hora mortis nostri.</i>	Now and in the hour of our death.

The beloved hymn to Mary reminds us of what we already know: that the Angel Gabriel greeted her with its opening words (from Luke 1:29), and that her cousin Elizabeth was the first to call her "Blessed among women" (in Luke 1:42). The rest of this short prayer teaches a brief yet powerful religious lesson: we all need prayers – both "now and in the hour of our death."

It is of interest to learn that Mendelssohn, a German Lutheran composer with a very strong Jewish heritage (his grandfather was the well-known philosopher and "sage," Moses Mendelssohn), wrote his "Ave Maria" in Catholic Rome in 1830. He was 21 years old. It hasn't been "out of print" since its publication in 1839, almost 180 years ago.

### ***Chichester Psalms* by Leonard Bernstein**

I.

#### **Psalm 108:2**

<i>Urah, hanevel, v'chinor!</i>	Awake, psaltery and harp!
<i>A-irah shahar!</i>	I will rouse the dawn!

#### **Psalm 100**

<i>Hariu l'Adonai kol haarets.</i>	Make a joyful noise to the Lord all ye lands.
<i>Iv'du et Adonai b'sim ha.</i>	Serve the Lord with gladness.



*Bo-u l'fanav bir'nanah.  
D'u ki Adonai Hu Elohim.  
Hu asanu, v'lo anahnu.  
Amo v'tson mar'ito.*

Come before His presence with singing.  
Know ye that the Lord, He is God.  
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.  
We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

*Bo-u sh'arav b'todah,  
Hatseirotav bit'hilah,  
Hodu lo, bar'chu sh'mo.  
Ki tov Adonai, l'olam has'do,  
V'ad dor vador emunato.*

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,  
And into His courts with praise.  
Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name,  
For the Lord is good, His mercy is everlasting,  
And His truth endureth to all generations.

## II.

### Psalm 23

*Adonai ro-i, lo ehsar.  
Bin'ot deshe yarbitseini,  
Al mei m'nuhot y'nahaleini,  
Naf'shi y'shovev,  
Yan'heini b'ma'aglei tsedek,  
L'man'an sh'mo.*

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside still waters,  
He restoreth my soul,  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,  
For His name's sake.

*Gam ki eilech  
B'gei tsalmavet,  
Lo ira ra,  
Ki Atah imadi.  
Shiv't'cha umishan'techa  
Hemah y'nahamuni.*

Yea, though I walk  
Through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil,  
For Thou art with me.  
Thy rod and Thy staff  
They comfort me.

*Ta'aroch l'fanai shulchan  
Neged tsor'rai  
Dishanta vashemen roshi  
Cosi r'vayah.  
Ach tov vahesed  
Yird'funi kol y'mei hayai,  
V'shav'ti b'veit Adonai  
L'orech yamim.*

Thou preparest a table before me  
In the presence of mine enemies,  
Thou anointest my head with oil,  
My cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy  
Shall follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord  
Forever.

### Psalm 2:1-4

*Lamah rag'shu goyim  
Ul'umim yeh'gu rik?  
Yit'yats'vu malchei erets,  
V'roznim nos'du yahad*

Why do the nations rage,  
And the people imagine a vain thing?  
The kings of the earth set themselves,  
And the rulers take counsel together

<i>Al Adonai v'al m'shiho.</i>	Against the Lord and against His anointed,
<i>N'natkah et mos'roteimo,</i>	Saying, Let us break their bands asunder,
<i>V'nashlichah mimenu avoteimo.</i>	And cast away their cords from us.
<i>Yoshev bashamayim</i>	He that sitteth in the heavens
<i>Yis'hak, Adonai</i>	Shall laugh, and the Lord
<i>Yil'ag lamo!</i>	Shall have them in derision!

### III.

#### Psalm 131

<i>Adonai, Adonai,</i>	Lord, Lord,
<i>Lo gavah libi,</i>	My heart is not haughty,
<i>V'lo ramu einai,</i>	Nor mine eyes lofty,
<i>V'lo hilachti</i>	Neither do I exercise myself
<i>Big'dolot uv'niflaot</i>	In great matters or in things
<i>Mimenu.</i>	Too wonderful for me.
<i>Im lo shiviti</i>	Surely I have calmed
<i>V'domam'ti,</i>	And quieted myself,
<i>Naf'shi k'gamul alei imo,</i>	As a child that is weaned of his mother,
<i>Kagamul alai naf'shi.</i>	My soul is even as a weaned child.
<i>Yahel Yis'rael el Adonai</i>	Let Israel hope in the Lord
<i>Me'atah v'ad olam.</i>	From henceforth and forever.

#### Psalm 133:1

<i>Hineh mah tov,</i>	Behold how good,
<i>Umah nayim,</i>	And how pleasant it is,
<i>Shevet ahim</i>	For brethren to dwell
<i>Gam yahad.</i>	Together in unity.

He would be 100 years old this year. But Leonard Bernstein was only 47 when he was asked to contribute a work for the annual Music Festival at Chichester Cathedral in England. He was already well-known as the conductor of the New York Philharmonic. And his 1957 Broadway play (and 1961 movie) *West Side Story* were still very popular. (Much more so than his 1956 musical, *Candide* – but its day would eventually come.) Who would have predicted that he would set three complete psalms and verses of three others for his 1965 *Chichester Psalms*? But then, who would have predicted that he would write a *Mass*, to be premiered in the Kennedy Center in September 1971?

Musicologists have discovered a great deal in this “affirmative and at

times serene work.” They’ve learned that the beautiful solo opening of Psalm 23 (which is then repeated by the sopranos) was first written for a planned musical based on Thornton Wilder’s play, *The Skin of our Teeth*. And that the theme that begins Psalm 2 (“Why do the nations rage?”) was adapted from material originally composed for *West Side Story*. Critics have described the whole work as “an effort to symbolize humankind’s unending struggle with conflict and faith.”

In all this, I think we can sense Bernstein’s ambition to challenge himself by writing choral music for Hebrew psalms – for the traditional way to “perform” the Psalms in the Jewish tradition, as I learned from my teacher, Rabbi Simcha Prombaum, was to chant them. Clearly Bernstein has something to teach us and to remind us of with his settings of these ancient holy words. He chose what is perhaps the most musical of all the Psalms – Psalm 100. He chose the Psalm that is by far the most popular and most beloved – Psalm 23. And he chose the only Psalm which describes the Lord God as laughing – Psalm 2.

He wants to “awake the dawn” with psaltery and harp. (A reminder: “psaltery” is another word for another kind of ... harp!) And he wants to teach peace, to teach “how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” I encourage you to read the words as often as you can, and even to “look at” the Hebrew. You’ll recognize at least one word, the Hebrew word for “Lord” – *Adonai*. It occurs in every one of the Psalm texts, except the first and the last.

### ***Saints Fugue* by Ward Swingle**

Oh when the Saints go marching in,  
Oh when the Saints go marching in,  
Lord, I want to be in that number  
When the Saints go marching in.

Oh when they gather round the throne ...

Oh when the sun refuse’ to shine ...

Oh when the stars have disappeared ...

Oh when they crown him Lord of all ...

Oh when the Day of Judgment comes ...

Who here remembers the Swingle Singers' first LP, popularly known as "Bach's Greatest Hits"? If you do, you might recall that the album stayed on the charts for 18 weeks in 1964 (though it never reached any higher than the 13<sup>th</sup> best-selling record). You might also remember hearing them on AM radio, way back when it was very rare for pop stations to play anything resembling classical music. So the group has been around for a long, long time. They started in Paris and since 1973 have been in London. Bravo to them for their long career and the many ways they've helped make classical musical popular.

Their version of "When the Saints Go Marching In" really needs no notes, except to share what's on the sheet music: Ward Swingle arranged it in 1986 for the Finnish choir "The Chamberlains." It is dedicated to the choir's conductor, Dr. Heikki Peltola. And then to repeat what Paul Rusterholz has said about it: "It's a demanding and delightful challenge for the singers."

### ***Amazing Grace, a Spiritual arranged by Alice Parker and Robert Shaw***

Amazing grace (how sweet the sound)  
that saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear  
the hour I first believed!

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come:  
'tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me.  
His word my hope secures;  
he will my shield and portion be  
as long as life endures.

From the 2006 feature film about the abolishing of slavery in the United Kingdom, to the 1982 Star Trek movie where bagpipers pipe Spock to his final resting place, where has "Amazing Grace" not been? And no doubt

it has not yet reached its final frontier.

The author of its words was John Newton, a former captain of ships plying the lucrative slave and rum trade in the mid 1700s. As you might remember from the movie, he had an adult religious conversion and became an Anglican clergyman. (He's also the author of "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken," among other hymns.) But Newton and William Cowper, the gentle poet who collaborated with him on the influential *Olney Hymns* of 1779, did not write any tunes.

The honor of composing the music that has carried "Amazing Grace" on its long and famous voyage belongs to us Americans. The tune, called appropriately "New Britain," was first wedded with the text in the influential "shape-note" hymnal *Southern Harmony* in 1834. It may have been written by its editor, William Walker. It may, in turn, simply be a folk hymn created out of existing melodies, which back then circulated freely as they were "of the people, by the people and for the people," i.e. before our modern era of copyrights!

We can all thank Matt Curtis for bringing us this old beloved hymn in a new, heartfelt way.

***Let Me Fly* arranged and adapted by Robert DeCormier**

'Way down yonder in the middle of the fiel',  
Angel a-workin' at the chariot wheel.  
Not so partic'lar 'bout workin' at the wheel,  
I jus' wan' to see how the chariot feel.

*Refrain: Oh let me fly, oh let me fly  
Oh let me fly to Mount Zion,  
Lord, Lord ...*

Meet the hypocrite on the street.  
First thing he do is show his teeth.  
Next thing he do is tell a lie.  
Well, the best thing to do is pass him by. *Refrain*

I got a mother in the Promised Land.  
Well, I ain't gonna stop 'til I shake her hand.  
Not so partic'lar 'bout shakin' her hand,  
But I just wan' to get to the Promised Land. *Refrain*

I heard such a-rumbalin' in the sky,  
I thought my Lord was passin' by.  
'Twas the good ol' chariot drawin' nigh.  
Well, it shook the earth, swept the sky. *Refrain*

I want wings, I wan' to fly,  
Oh Lord, I wan' to fly  
Oh won't you let me fly  
to Mount Zion, Lord, Lord? *Refrain*

From the incongruous idea of hitching a ride on an angel's "sweet chariot" that has broken down on the home farm, to the unpleasant experience of meeting an unpleasant person on the street, and then back to the personal hope of having the chariot be the quickest means to reach the singer's "mother in the promised land," this spiritual covers a lot of territory, including some that provoke a smile or two!

It is a wonderful example of giving free play to religious imagination. It's not systematic; it's not completely logical – for if the singer's going to be able to use the angel's chariot, why does he then "want wings"? It's both conversational (I especially enjoy the aside that we hear twice: "Not so particular about...") and prayerful and joyful. It clearly has things to teach us and to remind us. As in the question of the famous Gershwin song, "Who could ask for anything more?"

*Program notes by Rev. Donald Fox, who wants to thank all his music teachers – formal and informal – from Mrs. Elsie Onychuk and Mrs. Nancianne Parella in 5th and 8th grade to Professors Jim Wheat, Paul Rusterholz and Rabbi Simcha Prombaum (from 34th to 59th grades, give or take a few!).*