



THE SINGERS | MATTHEW CULLOTON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Come to the Woods

Come to the Woods

The Singers | Matthew Culloton, Artistic Director & Conductor
Stephen Swanson, *piano* (tracks 1, 2, and 6)

1. Come to the Woods [11:03] Jake Runestad (b. 1986)
2. Dover Beach Revisited [6:49] Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

Reincarnations

3. Mary Hynes [2:16] Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
4. Anthony O'Daly [3:15]
5. The Coolin [3:59]
6. Fern Hill [16:51] John Corigliano (b. 1938)

Alma Neuhaus, *mezzo-soprano*
Hannah Armstrong, Rosie Hughes, Ben Dulak, John McDaris, *solo quartet*

Seasons

7. Autumn [4:36] Dominick Argento
8. Winter [3:18]
9. Spring [3:13]
10. Summer [3:52]
11. Stand in that River [4:06] Moira Smiley (b. 1976)
Brent Haagenon & Scott Senko, *soloists*
Paul Winchester, *guitar, mandolin, bass, guiro, cajon*

Come to the Woods

Jake Runestad
Text by John Muir, adapted by the composer
JR Music (JR0052)
jakerunestad.com

Come to the Woods explores John Muir's inspirations and the transporting peace found in the natural world. Using a collage of fragments from Muir's writings, the work ventures from the boisterous joy of a "glorious day," to the quiet whispering of wind, to the rejuvenating power of a storm, to the calming "amber light" when the clouds begin to clear. I hope it captures the self-discovery and sustenance one encounters while exploring the outdoors and its vital importance in our lives. (Note by Jake Runestad)

Another glorious day, the air as delicious
to the lungs as nectar to the tongue.
The day was full of sparkling sunshine,
and at the same time enlivened with one of
the most bracing wind storms.
The mountain winds bless the forests with love.
They touch every tree, not one is forgotten.
When the storm began to sound,
I pushed out into the woods to enjoy it.
I should climb one of the trees for a wider look.
The sounds of the storm were glorious with
wild exuberance of light and motion.

Bending and swirling backward and forward,
round and round,
in this wild sea of pines.
The storm-tones died away, and turning toward the east,
I beheld the trees, hushed and tranquil.
The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say,
"Come to the woods, for here is rest."

Come to the Woods

Dover Beach Revisited

The sea is calm tonight.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England
stand;

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and
fling,

At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

Dominick Argento

Poem: "Dover Beach" by Matthew Arnold
Boosey & Hawkes / Hal Leonard

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Reincarnations

Samuel Barber
 Poems by James Stephens (after the Irish of Raftery)
 G. Schirmer, Inc. / Hal Leonard

I. Mary Hynes

She is the sky of the sun,

She is the dart

Of love,

She is the love of my heart,

She is a rune,

She is above

The women of the race of Eve

As the sun is above the moon.

Lovely and airy the view from the hill

That looks down Ballylea;

But no good sight is good until

By great good luck you see

The Blossom of Branches walking towards you

Airily.

III. The Coolin

Come with me, under my coat,

And we will drink our fill

Of the milk of the white goat,

Or wine if it be thy will;

And we will talk until

Talk is a trouble, too,

Out on the side of the hill,

And nothing is left to do,

But an eye to look into an eye

II. Anthony O'Daly

Since your limbs were laid out

The stars do not shine,

The fish leap not out

In the waves.

On our meadows the dew

Does not fall in the morn,

For O'Daly is dead:

Not a flower can be born,

Not a word can be said,

Not a tree have a leaf;

Anthony, after you

There is nothing to do,

There is nothing but grief.

And a hand in a hand to slip,

And a sigh to answer a sigh,

And a lip to find out a lip:

What if the night be black

And the air on the mountain chill,

Where the goat lies down in her track

And all but the fern is still!

Stay with me, under my coat,

And we will drink our fill

Of the milk of the white goat

Out on the side of the hill.

Come to the Woods

Fern Hill

John Corigliano
Poem by Dylan Thomas
G. Schirmer, Inc. / Hal Leonard

Alma Neuhaus, *mezzo-soprano*
Hannah Armstrong, Rosie Hughes, Ben Dulak, John McDaris, *solo quartet*

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the liltng house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.
And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars

Flying with the ricks, and the horses
Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
In the sun born over and over,
I ran my heedless ways,
My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
Before the children green and golden
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Come to the Woods

Seasons

Dominick Argento
Poems by Pat Solstad
Boosey & Hawkes / Hal Leonard

I. Autumn

Cool, misty mornings now bathe parched lawns,
yet there's a teasing as temperatures occasionally climb.
Persistent Summer is struggling to upstage the next performer.

But it is Autumn's turn.
Enrobed in blazing reds and golds,
she cries out, announcing herself with drunken joy,
knowing it is her time to be adored.

Short-lived, the raucous voice slowly transforms into a moan.
As she stands alone, stripped of her once-stunning beauty,
Winter arrives. With comforting arms, he gathers her up
and covers her with his soothing blanket of silver-white.

Humming an ancient lullaby, he rocks her to sleep
and she drifts into dreams of her glory days.
Certain they will come again in time she smiles, sighs, and
slowly slips away.

II. Winter

Master Artist Winter draws his hand across the landscape and snowflakes appear.
He guides them as they cover bare trees,
picnic tables, and abandoned farm machinery,
creating elegant monochromatic sculptures.

Without warning, his mood
changes from serene to stormy.
He shakes his fist, stomps his feet,
and howls with intense fury.

His rage increases as he rips limbs
from trembling trees and flings garbage cans around,

sending them banging and clanging into empty streets.
All creatures cower.

Children peer impatiently from windows,
rabbits flee to cool warrens, and birds
sink deeper into the sanctuary
of their soft nests.

Winter, now lacking an audience, blusters a bit more, a reminder that he is still in charge.
Then, anger spent, he becomes the Master Artist once again.
With a stroke of his paintbrush, skies clear to a placid blue, his preparation for
the delightful intrusion of the regal red cardinal.

III. Spring

With sweet baby breath, Spring blows away
Winter's crumbling canvas.

He calls to the soft rains to bathe him.
The gentle breezes dry him and
the sun smiles as it warms his naked newness.

He commands hyacinth and crocus to appear
and nudges sleepy buttercups.
He welcomes the arrival of the handsome coyote pups,
as their joyful parade passes by.

Delighted children burst into the open,
like wild colts too long confined,
and run screaming through yards, dodging flailing sheets
on newly hung clotheslines.

Then Spring, feeling quite smug,
slips into his royal robe,
struts about, surveying his kingdom,
and grins.

Come to the Woods

IV. Summer

Out of the mists of Spring,
the Goddess of Summer arrives,
arms outstretched, eager
to perform her annual miracle.

Joyful acolytes shed their leafy bedclothes.
Ferns unfurl, coral bells awaken, roses lift their faces
to the golden sun, and lilacs
fill the air with intoxicating perfume.

Fireflies flicker in night skies, in concert
with moonlight and shooting stars.
Bathed in this celestial light,
fragrant angel's trumpets reflect a ghostly glow.

Soon, the Goddess of Summer sees
That all is proceeding as planned.
Though reluctant to leave, she nods
and sadly bestows her loving benediction.

Stand in that River

Words and music by Moira Smiley
manuscript, moirasmiley.comBrent Haagenon & Scott Senko, *soloists*
Paul Winchester, *guitar, mandolin, bass, guiro, cajon*

I went to my river but my river was dry;
The dust rose up to a darkened sky.
Tell me, where is hope?
Where do the waters run clear?
I do not know my way from here.
Come and stand in that river,
Current gentle and slow.
Send your troubles down-water;
Down on that water flow.
When you stand in that river,
Angels sing in your head.
Secrets beyond ev'ry worry,
Dreams beyond ev'ry dread.

Tell me sister, brother,
Where does that river flow?
It flows down to the great water,
Where soon my people will go.
Oh, time passes on down the stream.
Some days are so much sweeter,
Some days, some pass
Like a dark stream, So
Come and stand in that river,
Current gentle and slow.
Send your troubles down-water;
Down on that water flow.



About The Singers

Founded in 2004, The Singers share inspiring, innovative choral artistry that evolves with the changing world. Recognized nationally for their innovative programming, commitment to new music, and peerless artistic quality, The Singers debut at the renowned Ravinia Festival was in June 2013, and they again performed there in 2014, 2015, and 2016. The ensemble is known for their engagement in educational collaborations with school choirs around Minnesota. Singing “shoulder to shoulder” with high school students in concert settings has inspired thousands of young musicians who have never experienced music making at a professional level. The Singers have premiered and commissioned nearly 90 new works by composers including Stephen Paulus, Tesfa Wondemagegnehu, Timothy Takach, Linda Kachelmeier, Abbie Betinis, Jocelyn Hagen, Joshua Shank, and Craig Carnahan.

Matthew Culloton is the Founding Artistic Director and Conductor of The Singers – Minnesota Choral Artists. He holds degrees from Concordia College, Moorhead (B.M.), and the University of Minnesota (M.M., D.M.A.). Matthew is Choirmaster at The House of Hope Presbyterian Church in St. Paul where he conducts the Moret Choir and the Bach Chamber Players of St. Paul. He is also a freelance classical music producer and digital editor, as well as an active composer.

To learn more, visit singersmca.org.

Alma Neuhaus

Mezzo-soprano

Mezzo-soprano Alma Neuhaus sings with a passion for opera and art song. A native of Minneapolis, she has been featured as Jenny Reefer in *The Mother of Us All* with MetLiveArts and the New York Philharmonic, as Arcane in *Teseo* with Juilliard Opera and Juilliard415, and as Sandman in *Hänsel und Gretel* with the Music Academy of the West. Ms. Neuhaus has appeared in concert at David Geffen Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Berlin Opernfest, the MacPhail Center for Music, The Juilliard School, and with the 2021 Lincoln Center Restart Stages. Highlights include *Frauenliebe und Leben* (R. Schumann), *Trois Chansons de Bilitis* (C. Debussy), *Le Vieux Coffret* (A. Caplet), *Sechs Lieder Op. 48* (E. Grieg), and *Cantata Giovanna d'Arco* (G. Rossini). Her work spans historical performance to contemporary works, including collaborations with Juilliard Chamber Music and living composers. Ms. Neuhaus was named a District Winner of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions and holds degrees from St. Olaf College and The Juilliard School.



Stephen Swanson

Collaborative Pianist

Stephen Swanson is an active freelancer, frequently teaming with choral ensembles and solo artists throughout the Twin Cities. He has premiered new works by composers Joshua Shank and Jocelyn Hagen, and is featured prominently on The Singers' recording Lauridsen: Mid-Winter Songs. Stephen is a member of the music team at Central Presbyterian Church in St. Paul, MN. His degrees are from Concordia College, Moorhead (BA) and the University of Minnesota (MM).



The Singers | Matthew Culloton, Founding Artistic Director

Sopranos

Beth Althof
Hannah Armstrong
Paige Armstong
Jessie Braaten
Anna Brudzinski (18)
Melissa Holm-Johansen (17)
Diane Koschak
Susanna Mennicke
Valerie Peterson (17)
Megan Skubic
Caroline Swanson *
Allison Tunseth

Altos

Jessica Bandelin
Allison Eckberg
Hailey Feltis
Britta Fitzer
Erika Gesme
Rosie Hughes (18)
Lynette Johnson
Jocelyn Kalajian
Laura Krider *
Vicki Peters
Stephanie Beard
Tessa Wegenke (17)

Tenors

Paul Armstrong
Ben Dulak
Sam Eaton (18)
Joel Fischer *
Brent Haagenon (18)
Brad Halbersma
William Haugen
Sam Jones (18)
David Lower (17)
Ben Riggs (17)
Philip Rossin (17)
John Rynders
Scott Senko (18)
Bryan Waznik (18)
Benjamin Wegner (17)

Basses

Jeffrey Bipes (18)
Bryan Blessing
Bruce Broquist
Timothy Bruett
Zack Carlson (18)
Gabriel Hanson
Andrew Klein (17)
Isaac Lovdahl
John McDaris
Matthew Olson *
Brad Runyan * (17)
Brian Steele
Paul Winchester (18)

**Section Leader*

(17) 2017 sessions only

(18) 2018 sessions only

Recording Credits

This recording was supported, in large part, by a legacy gift from Katherine Guettler – a dear friend of The Singers' organization who left this world much too soon. The Singers are grateful to Katherine and her husband, Philip, for their lasting support.

<i>Producer / Digital Editing Preparation:</i>	Matthew Culloton
<i>Recording Engineer:</i>	David Trembley
<i>Digital Editing & Mastering Engineer:</i>	David Trembley, Soundmaster Productions
<i>Album Production:</i>	Mike Wolsted
<i>Graphic Design:</i>	Deb Kind, One-of-a-Kind Design
<i>Digital Editing / Producing Assistance:</i>	Matthew Olson
<i>Arsis Audio</i>	Mark Lawson & Ian Blaylock

Recorded May 2017 (tracks 3-5, 7-10) and May 2018 (tracks 1, 2, 6, 12)
House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, MN

Acknowledgements

Janette Davis, Executive Director
Eeva Savolainen, Operations Manager
Bryan Blessing, Music Adviser
Dr. Matthew Olson, Assistant Conductor
The House of Hope Presbyterian Church – Dr. Aaron David Miller, Director of Music
Nativity of Our Lord Catholic Church – Patrick Henning, Director of Music
Macalester College Choirs – Dr. Michael McGaghie, Director of Choral Activities
Terry Sheetz, piano technician

To learn more about The Singers, visit singersmca.org.

Come to the Woods

The Singers | Matthew Culloton, Artistic Director & Conductor
Stephen Swanson, *piano* (tracks 1, 2, and 6)

1. Come to the Woods (Jake Runestad) [11:03]
2. Dover Beach Revisited (Dominick Argento) [6:49]

Reincarnations (Samuel Barber)

3. Mary Hynes [2:16]
4. Anthony O'Daly [3:15]
5. The Coolin [3:59]
6. Fern Hill (John Corigliano) [16:51]

Alma Neuhaus, *mezzo-soprano*

Hannah Armstrong, Rosie Hughes, Ben Dulak, John McDaris, *solo quartet*

Seasons (Dominick Argento)

7. Autumn [4:36]
8. Winter [3:18]
9. Spring [3:13]
10. Summer [3:52]
11. Stand in that River (Moirá Smiley) [4:06]

Brent Haagenson & Scott Senko, *soloists*

Paul Winchester, *guitar, mandolin, bass, guiro, cajon*

© Copyright 2021, The Singers – Minnesota Choral Artists

