



presents

A Sword Shall Pierce Her Heart

A Doctoral Conducting Recital

featuring

Concordia

Howard Eckdahl, conductor

Kindly hold any applause until the conclusion of the concert.

Magnificat (*Collegium Regale*, 1945)

Herbert Howells
(1892–1983)

Daniel Schwandt, organ

Cantos Sagrados (1989)

James MacMillan

On texts by Ariel Dorfman, Ana María Mendoza and from the Liturgy (b. 1959)

- I. Identity
- II. Virgin of Guadalupe
- III. Sun Stone

David Eicher, organ

Stabat Mater (2014)

Jean-Charles Gandrille
(b. 1982)

Benton Schmidt, organ

where you go (2015)

David Lang

On text by David Lang after the Book of Ruth

(b. 1957)

Nunc Dimittis (*Collegium Regale*)

Herbert Howells

Daniel Schwandt, organ

Basilica of the Sacred Heart
Sunday, February 2nd, 2020 | 4:00 PM

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts degree.
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Please silence all electronic devices.*

Concordia

Howard Eckdahl, *Conductor*

Dr. Carmen-Helena Téllez, *Professor of Record*

Dr. Junghwa Lee, *Collaborative Pianist*

Soprano

Emily Bird †
Mary Katherine Bucko †
Catherine Hyry
Katy Monroe
Alissa Plenzler
Erin Wendt †

Tenor

Jeron Burney †
Brandon Hollihan°
Mark Laseter †
Sean Martin
Jude Nwankwo †
Joshua Wang †

Alto

Fatima Anyekema †
Jamie Caporizo
Christina Hera †
Lorraine Mihaliak †
Kate Ragan
Suze Villano

Bass

Emmanuel De Leon°
James Goldrick †
David Marshall †
Emorja Roberson°
Jared Swope †
Thomas Valle-Hoag †

David Eicher | Daniel Schwandt° | Benton Schmidt †
organists

Howard Eckdahl° is a student of Dr. Carmen-Helena Téllez.

† Master of Sacred Music student

° Calvin M. Bower Doctor of Musical Arts student

Special thanks to:

Prof. Carmen-Helena Téllez
Concordia and Guests
David, Dan and Benton
Dr. Mark Doerries
Dr. Nancy Menk

Sacred Music at
Notre Dame
Basilica of the Sacred Heart
Janet Rudasics
Christine Trail

Faye, Family, Friends
Rev. Dr. Pat Somers
Carl Sporleder
Dr. Daniel Stein
Matt Haines



Texts and Translations

Magnificat

My soul doth magnify the Lord
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded
the lowliness of His handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth
all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me
and holy is His name.

And His mercy is on them that fear him
throughout all generations.

He hath shown strength with His arm
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat
and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things
and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel
as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed forever.

Glory be to Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

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Identity

What did you say – they found another one?
– I can't hear you – this morning
another one floating
in the river?
talk louder – so you didn't even dare
no-one can identify him?
the police said not even his mother
 not even the mother who bore him
 not even she could
they said that?
the other women already tried – I can't understand what you're saying,
they turned him over and looked at his face, his hands they looked at,
 right,
they're all waiting together,
silent, in mourning,
on the riverbank,
they took him out of the water
he's naked as the day he was born,
there's a police captain
and they won't leave until I get there?
He doesn't belong to anybody,
you say he doesn't belong to anybody?
 if the captain's the same one as last time
 he knows – he knows what will happen.
 that body will have my name
 my son's my husband's my father's name
I'll sign the papers tell them
 tell them I'm on my way, wait for me
and don't let that captain touch him,
don't let that captain take one step closer to him.

Tell them not to worry:
I can bury my own dead.

–Ariel Dorfman (tr. Edie Grossman)

Libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum de peonis inferni,
et de profundo lacu: Libera eas
de ore leonis ne absorbeat eas
tartarus, ne cadant in obscuram.

Deliver the souls of all the faithful
departed from the pains of hell
and from the depths of the pit: deliver them
from the lion's mouth, that hell devour
them not, that they fall not into darkness.

–Requiem Mass

Virgin of Guadalupe

Sweet Virgin of Guadalupe, oh virgin of the gentle eyes,
dark-eyed virgin, good Lady, my love,
painted by God's own hand on the cloak of the Indian Juan Diego,
Sweet virgin, my love, who commanded the bishop to build you a shrine,
where my brothers the Indians lived in Tapeyepac in Mexico, outside the city.
Flogged and burned were these poor little ones,
despised, deceived and mocked, my brothers the Indians.
A thousand times mistreated, a thousand thousand killed.

What did you say to the bishop?
"You will build me a house outside the city, where I will wait,
where I can hear the cries, the pleas of my Indian children."

Sweet Virgin of Guadalupe, oh virgin of the gentle eyes,
dark-eyed virgin, my girl, my love,
I want to ask you this question, dear mother:

Why is it that in Spain
on the far side of our hills and valleys, across the sea,
why is there another Virgin of Guadalupe,
Patron Saint of the Conquerors?
men with great beards,
men on horses,
men with swords and fire,
who crush and burn our homes,
and the Indians, your children, still inside?

Why is it, Sweet Virgin, sweet mother,
why is there another Virgin of Guadalupe,
"Patroness of the Conquerors?"

–Ana Maria Mendoza (tr. Gilbert Markus o.p.)

Salve Mater coeli porta
Virga florens et exorta
David ex prosapia.

Hail Mother, portal of heaven
Flowering Virgin, sprung
from the line of David.

–Latin Hymn

Sun Stone

They put the prisoner
 against the wall.
A soldier ties his hands.
His fingers touch him – strong,
 gentle, saying goodbye.
 – Forgive, compañero –
 says the voice in a whisper.
The echo of his voice
 and of those fingers on his arm
fills his body with light
 I tell you his body fills with light
and he almost does not hear
the sound of the shots.

–Ariel Dorfman (tr. Edie Grossman)

Et incarnates est de spiritu sancto
Ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est.
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.

–Nicene Creed

And by the Holy Spirit became incarnate
of the Virgin Mary, and was made man.
For our sake he was crucified.

Stabat Mater

Stabat Mater dolorosa juxta crucem lacrimosa
dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem contristatam et
dolentem pertransiuit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti.

Quae maerebat et dolebat
Pia Mater dum videbat nati poenas incliti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret
Matri Christi si videret in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari Christi Matrem
contemplari dolentem cum filio?

The grieving Mother stood weeping beside
the cross where her Son was hanging.

Through her weeping soul, compassionate
and grieving, a sword passed.

O how sad and afflicted was that blessed
Mother of the Only-begotten!

Who mourned and grieved, the pious Mother,
looking at the torment of her glorious Child.

Who is the person who would not weep
seeing the Mother of Christ in such agony?

Who would not be able to feel compassion
for Christ's Mother suffering with her Son?

Pro peccatis suae gentis vidit Jesum in
tormentis et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum moriendo
desolatum dum emisit spiritum.

Eja Mater, fons amoris, me sentire vim doloris
fac ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum in amando Christum
Deum ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas, crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui nati vulnerati tam dignati pro me pati
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere crucifixo condolere
donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare et me tibi sociare in
planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara mihi jam non sis
amara fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem passionis fac
consortem et plagas recolare.

Fac me plagis vulnerati fac me cruce inebriari
et cruore filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus, per te, Virgo, sim
defensus in die Judicii.

Christe cum sit hinc exire da per matrem me
venire ad palmam victoriae.

Quando corpus morietur fac ut animae
donetur paradisi gloria. Amen. Alleluia.

For the sins of his people, she saw Jesus in
torment and subjected to the scourge.

She saw her sweet offspring dying, forsaken,
while He gave up his spirit.

O Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the
power of sorrow, that I may grieve with you

Grant that my heart may burn in the love of
Christ my Lord, that I may greatly please Him.

Holy Mother, grant that the wounds of the
Crucified drive deep into my heart.

That of your wounded Son, who so deigned
to suffer for me, I may share the pain.

Let me, pious one, weep with you, bemoan
the Crucified, for as long as I live.

To stand beside the cross with you, and to
join you in your weeping, this I desire.

Chosen Virgin of virgins, be not bitter with
me, let me weep with thee.

Grant that I may bear the death of Christ,
share his Passion, and remember His wounds.

Let me be wounded with his wounds, be
inebriated by the cross and your Son's blood.

Lest I burn, set afire by flames, Virgin, may I
be defended by you, on the day of judgement.

Christ, when it is time to pass away, grant that
through your Mother I may come to the palm
of victory.

When my body dies, grant that to my soul is
given the glory of paradise. Amen. Alleluia.

where you go

where you go
where you stay
where you live
where you die
don't make me leave you
don't make me turn away from
don't make me go

where you go I will go
where you stay I will stay
where you live I will live
where you die I will die

don't make me leave you
don't make me turn away from
don't make me go

I will never leave you
I will never turn away from you
I will never go

—David Lang (after the Book of Ruth)

Nunc Dimittis

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace
according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation;
which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

to be a light to lighten the gentiles;
and to be the glory of thy people, Israel.

Glory be to Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

Program Notes

Today's program is a collection of musical vignettes in a cycle of sorts, bookended by the canticles traditionally heard in evensong services. The pieces between grapple with themes related to Simeon's double-edged prophecy from Jesus' Presentation at the Temple – the recognition of Jesus as the light of the world, celebrated in the Nunc Dimittis, and the foreshadowing of Mary's sorrow at the foot of the cross – more broadly, the program considers the double-edged nature of humanity: the light or darkness each of us may create on our own or collectively. We celebrate light on Candlemas, and are warmed by the flame's representation of the divine spirit. In celebrating, however, we must not forget that candles will go dark – some are extinguished, shaded, or expire – nor forget our solemn duty to never relent in our effort to perpetuate the light that has been given to us and to others. Central to this pursuit is recognizing the effect love, mercy and forgiveness can or could have in our hearts and in the world, and reflecting on the moments when darkness advances.

Herbert Howells' *Collegium Regale Evening Canticles* (Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 1945), composed for King's College at Cambridge, hold a lofty place in the pantheon of Anglican Church music, not only for their immediate beauty and expressiveness, but also as a part of a key development in a revitalization of the Anglican Church's musical expression. It was perhaps his experience as acting organist in St. John's College at Cambridge that brought the need for development in liturgical music to his attention. Nevertheless, what he produced in his many sacred works is breathtaking, masterful, and redefined the role music played in Anglican spirituality. While Howells was not a devout believer, his music for the church suggests an understanding of the magnitude of the divine and the blessings of devout faith. He was a sensualist, which perhaps correlates with his tendency to prolong vocal phrases, climaxes, and rhetorical drama. In the Magnificat, we hear the treble voices singing the role of Mary, first in a pure unison and simple harmony and then -- after the men join for the stronger portions of the text and retreat -- in colorful harmony lingering particularly on the words "Abraham and his seed, forever," resolving atypically only after a somewhat suggestive caress of parallel dominant seventh chords on the word "seed." The Doxology, shared with the corresponding Nunc Dimittis, closes the canticle exuding solemn joy but not without a bit of tasteful exuberance.

James MacMillan's *Cantos Sagrados*, written in 1989, is a three-movement cantata that is intended to be both sacred and secular – this is most overt in the juxtaposition of Latin American poetry with liturgical texts. During this period, James MacMillan was concerned about social injustice and became interested in the doctrine of Liberation Theology, calling Christians to the mission of Jesus through loving, uplifting and ministering to the downtrodden.

I don't see Liberation Theology as a kind of new-fangled, trendy left-wing alternative to normal theology, but rather as something that is actually very traditional. It's in the bricks of the scriptures and the Christian tradition, it's right there at the very beginning in the gospels and also in the prophetic texts of the Old Testament and seems to me to be an essential part of what the Christian tradition is all about.

–James MacMillan

Cantos Sagrados' rhetorical arrangement suggests an estranged marriage of the secular poetic and sacred liturgical realms, which is perceived in the disparate musical treatments of each – the worldly being rhythmically complex or in an entirely different harmonic mode, and the sacred text set to chorale-like or quasi-isorhythmic material, clearly reflecting the sacred music idiom. The disparity can be seen to represent a typical configuration of sacred and secular: two separate realms with little in common – the sacred being idealistic and remaining compartmentalized. However, the combination issues a challenge to understand the marriage of the two realms. In the first movement, the description of the body of a victim of political repression being found is put against the prayer for deliverance from the Requiem mass. MacMillan is exposing the chasm between sacred hope and human reality by outlining not only the result of a disregard for human life, but also the very real responsibility we all hold to bring our prayers to fruition through our embrace of love and mercy. In the second movement, the poet struggles with the veneration shared by indigenous people and their conquerors, outlining the problematic nature of valuing oneself over another and the need for unity and rejection of malice to realize shared ideals. The third movement's secular poem describes a prisoner being executed by firing squad while the "Et incarnatus" portion of the Creed is being sung. The rhetorical layers are many, but the key aspect is bringing the sacred to the worldly through forgiveness, as love, mercy and unity are inherent in such forgiveness.

The third movement's title, "Sun Stone," comes from Ariel Dorfman's poem and suggests the image of a navigational tool used by Northern Europeans as described in Medieval literature. The sun stone crystal is held up to an overcast sky, and sunlight (invisible to the naked eye under cloud cover) is refracted through the stone and reveals the location of the sun – a way to find the light; to find a path when it is obscured. The reference to the body of the doomed prisoner "filling with light" may be a metaphor for salvation through the suffering of Christ, the suffering of the political prisoner, and their forgiveness of their tormentors – reminding us of the way we ought to go but frequently fail to find. The disparity between worldly and holy paths is merely our failure to recognize, find, or follow the righteous one. In researching the significance of the title, Ariel Dorfman's assistant graciously inquired with him and provided his recollection of his original intent:

The title in Spanish, Sol de Piedra, was meant to echo the title of Octavio Paz's Piedra de Sol, inverting the order of the words to indicate that, rather than the stone being made out of the sun (as in the Aztec calendar), the sun can make its appearance from the stone itself, as a way of hinting (or hoping) that there is a transformative power in what seems to be the hardest materials of the human heart. Paz was obsessed with the cyclical nature of the universe. Professor Dorfman was obsessed also with the spiritual possibility of redemption. He trusts this helps you, but believes that all interpretations are as good as this one...

Jean-Charles Gandrille's *Stabat Mater*, subtitled 'litany for two sopranos and organ' is dedicated to the vocalists who premiered it, sisters Julia and Suzanne Jérosme. The *Stabat Mater* text is not a litany itself, however the musical setting's churning, repetitive organ accompaniment and the contrasting lyrical but consistent vocal lines perhaps are the reason for the composer classifying it as a litany. The piece starts quietly and becomes louder and quicker as the text unfolds, but the persistent rhythm and musical elements bore through the text's rhetorical escalations – perhaps similar to a litany prevailing over the waywardness of individual will to align the hearts and minds of

the faithful – displaying the minimalist tendencies of Gandrille’s burgeoning style. It is sung today in a choral duet, in the same manner as when it was heard last year on Palm Sunday in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. It was the last piece of choral music to be heard in the Cathedral before it burned a day later. The poignancy of the Stabat Mater’s text is devastatingly refracted by the burning of Notre Dame (“Our Lady”); when the spire collapsed and pierced the nave, it was a sword thrust through the center of a cultural and spiritual treasure -- and the hearts of many faithful who helplessly looked on.

David Lang’s adaptation and setting of the Song of Ruth exhibits a minimalist style nuanced by rotating and asymmetrical musical gestures. For example, the ostinati are constructed of motives which repeat with varied frequency and are imposed on a static ostinato – therefore creating a different sonority each time they are combined before the cycle repeats or rotates. This is not unlike other well-known minimalist composers’ styles; however, the rhetorical effect of Lang’s music prevails over the mechanics of its construction. What we receive in that vein comes in two distinct sections: an opening exposition of patterns that builds to a full texture in twelve parts cycling through material – perhaps suggesting the comfortable familiarity and passing discord in a relationship; and a homophonic, meditative ostinato that contrasts itself through the same technique of shifting variables over static material. Out of the second section bloom soli in each part, gently expressing the love and dedication of a companion – the fruit come of a kindred spirit that sweetens the sometimes stark, frequently dissonant, and new but familiar experiences in life. But some promises cannot be kept, and sometimes companionships are cut short.

In closing, we circle back to Howell’s setting of Simeon’s prophecy in the Nunc Dimittis. The solo tenor represents the righteous prophet, proclaiming a “light to lighten the gentiles.” While it is appropriate to consider the word gentile along Semitic lines, the etymological root gives us “nations” or “clans.” The Latin iteration of Simeon’s operative phrase, Lumen Gentium, is the title of a Vatican II constitution refocusing the church’s mission towards all people, which is the root of the Liberation Theology that uplifted the Latin American people – the same people who were “disappeared” in political violence described by the poetry in Cantos Sagrados. Notwithstanding the setting by Howells, who lived as a privileged figure of the British Empire, we arrive, musically, at least, where we started – but also back at the top of a narrative cycle that humanity seems doomed to relive until the end of ages: The Magnificat proclaims justice for the weak and correction of the corrupt, light prevailing over darkness, love over animosity, mercy promised. Our human faults surge over this goodness and waves of malice suffocate the light; pain abounds. The faithful and righteous reignite the fire of the spirit, earnestly pursuing Simeon’s prophecy into manifest. If we could only remember our charge and eliminate human malice, where could the world be? May the music heard today convey a message to us all – because all of us matter, and because all of what we do matters:

be a light.

