

NEC Conductors' Choir

Students of Erica J. Washburn

conductors

Estel Haejin Park '27 MM

Noah Scecina-White '27 MM

Louis Shriber '27 MM

with

Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

Thursday, December 11, 2025

8:00 p.m.

Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Stephen Paulus
(1949–2014)

The Road Home

Olivia Nelson, soprano

Stephen Chatman
(b. 1950)

Life has Loveliness (2017)

Matthew Lyon Hazzard
(b. 1989)

Peace Flows into Me (2014, rev. 2020)

Robert Moorman, tenor

Noah Seccina-White '27 MM, conductor

Charles H. H. Parry
(1948–1918)

Never weatherbeaten sail from *Songs of Farewell*

Eliza Gilkyson
(b. 1950)
arr. Scott S. Stewart

Requiem (2004)

Dale Trumbore
(b. 1987)

Relinquishment from *How to Go On*

Olivia Nelson, Coco Chapman, Yoojin Cho,
soprano
McLain Weaver, baritone

Louis Shriber '27 MM, conductor

Tomas Luis de Victoria
(ca. 1548–1611)

O Magnum Mysterium

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

O Magnum Mysterium

Javier Busto
(b. 1949)

O Magnum Mysterium (1998)

Estel Haejin Park '27 MM, conductor

NEC Conductors' Choir

Coco Chapman
Chloe DeSteno
Lingbo Ma
Robert Moorman
Olivia Nelson
Yoojin Oh
Estel Haejin Park
Avi Randall
Cecily Rea
Noah Scecina-White
Rafe Lei Schaberg
Louis Shriber
McLain Weaver

Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

Paulus *The Road Home*

Tell me where is the road
I can call my own
That I left, that I lost
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh when will I know
There's a way, there's a road, that will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear that will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
Come away is the call,
With love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty as where you belong,
Rise up, follow me, I will lead you home.

Michael Dennis Brown

Chatman *Life has Loveliness*

Barter

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.
Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.
Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy

Give all you have been, or could be.

Sara Teasdale

Hazzard *Peace Flows into Me*

Peace flows into me
As the tide to the pool by the shore;
It is mine forevermore,
It ebbs not back like the sea.

I am the pool of blue
That worships the vivid sky;
My hopes were heaven-high,
They are all fulfilled in you.

I am the pool of gold
When sunset burns and dies, —
You are my deepening skies,
Give me your stars to hold.

Sara Teasdale

Parry *Never weatherbeaten sail*

Never weatherbeaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more.
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!
Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines. whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to Thee.

Thomas Campion

Gilkyson *Requiem*

Mother Mary full of grace, awaken,
All our homes are gone, our loved ones 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,
Oh 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 funeral fires burning
Each flame to your mystery returning.
In the dark night of the soul
Your shatter'd dreamers, make them whole.
Oh Mother Mary find us where we've fallen out of grace.
Lead us to a higher place.
Mother Mary full of grace, awaken,
Have mercy on us all. Oh hear our mournful plea.

Eliza Gilkyson

Trumbore *Relinquishment*

I am looking at pale blue ponds of melted ice
on a frozen river
and in them perfect clouds passing.
Wind sends ripples along the water
and trees cut sharp lines into the sky. Soon
it will be gone, all of it
and I will be sitting in darkness,
sitting by the window, glad
for having seen this earth,
her elegant grace,
how she turns away from the sun.
And I will be learning, again,
how to give it up by simply turning.
How to give it up to darkness, all you love.
All of it.
How to give it up again and again.

Laura Foley, from Syringa, 2007

Busto / Poulenc / Victoria *O Magnum Mysterium*

*O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum
jacentem in praeseptio.
O beata virgo, cujus viscera
meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum.
Alleluia.*

O great mystery
and wonderful sacrament,
that animals should see the newborn Lord,
lying in a manger.
O blessed virgin, whose womb
was worthy to bear
the Lord Jesus Christ.
Alleluia.

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