

THE CHORAL ARTS COLLECTIVE PRESENTS

BEL CANTO
COMPANY

FEELING OR FANCY?

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 2026, 3:30 PM
MONDAY, APRIL 27, 2026, 7:30 PM

VIRGINIA SOMERVILLE SUTTON THEATRE, GREENSBORO

Welborn E. Young, *Artistic Director & Conductor*
Brittany Kaehler, *Assistant Conductor*
Christy Wisuthseriwong, *Accompanist*

Steve McHugh, *Percussion*
Niles Loughlin, *Clarinet & Flute*
Alicia Reid, *Celtic Harp*

I Love You	Spencer Wiles
And the Angels Sing.....	Ziggy Elman arr. Joshua Jacobson and Art Bailey
Who Is Sylvia? from <i>Shakespeare Songs: Book I</i>	Matthew Harris Tandy Brown, <i>soloist</i>
Bai Mir Bisti Sheyn	Sholom Secunda arr. Joshua Jacobson and Art Bailey Rachel P. Sommers, <i>soloist</i>
Hilary Webb-Propst, Kayla Sorenson, Samantha Saake, Emily Mote, Melissa Ramsaur, <i>small group</i>	
Fire, fire, my heart	Thomas Morley
La Rose Complète from <i>Le Chansons des Roses</i>	Morten Lauridsen
A Red, Red Rose from <i>Four Robert Burns Ballads</i>	James Mulholland
Bésame Mucho.....	Consuelo Velázquez arr. Mikhail Serkov

Intermission

Reveye venir du Printans	Claude Le Jeune Catherine Clifton Hardman, Ashley Ellin, Rachel P. Sommers, Sean Toso, Robin Hardman, <i>soloists</i>
She Walks in Beauty.....	Paul Mealor
Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes	Stephen Chatman
Cuckoo	Stephen Chatman
Ballad of Green Broom from <i>Five Flower Songs</i>	Benjamin Britten
i carry your heart from <i>The Poetry of Psalms</i>	Taylor Scott Davis
Little Blue	Jacob Collier arr. Ben Bram

Texts and Translations

I Love You

text by Sara Teasdale

When April bends above me
And finds me fast asleep,
Dust need not keep the secret
A live heart died to keep.

Above his roof the swallows,
In notes like far-blown rain,
Will tell the little sparrow
Beside his window-pane.

When April tells the thrushes,
The meadow-larks will know,
And pipe the three words lightly
To all the winds that blow.

O sparrow, little sparrow,
When I am fast asleep,
Then tell my love the secret
That I have died to keep.

And the Angels Sing

text by Johnny Mercer

We meet, and the angels sing
The angels sing the sweetest song I ever heard
You speak, and the angels sing
Or am I breathing music into every word

Suddenly, I see it all change
Long winter nights with the candles gleaming
Through it all your face that I adore.

Suddenly, the setting is strange
I can see water and moonlight beaming
Silver waves that break on some undiscovered
shore - Then

You smile, and the angels sing
And though it's just a gentle murmur at the start
We kiss, and the angels sing
And leave their music ringing in my heart.

Who Is Sylvia? from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

text by William Shakespeare

Who is Sylvia?
What is she,
that all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
the heavens such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
that Silvia is excelling each mortal thing
upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.
Who is Sylvia? Who?!

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair.
To help him of his blindness:
and being helped, inhabits there.

Learn More About Today's Music

Additional program notes are available at:
<https://choralartscollective.org/notes-feeling-or-fancy>

There you will also find a PDF version of this insert. You may view it on the device of your choice to zoom in, use a screen reader, or revisit the texts later.



Bai Mir Bisti Sheyn (I Think You're Beautiful)

Ven di zolst zayn shvartz vi a Tuter,
ven di host oygn vi bay a kuter,
un ven di hinkst tsubislakh
host hiltzerne fislakh
zug ikh duz art mikh nit.

Un ven dihost a narishn shmaykhl,
un ven di host Vayzusyus saykhl,
ven di bist vild vi Indianer
bist afli a Galitzyaner
zug ikh dus art mikh nit.

Zug mir vi erklers tu dus,
kh'vel dir zugin bald far vus:

bai mir bisti sheyn
bai mir hosti kheyne
bai mir bisti cyner af der velt.

bai mir bisti git
bair mir hosti "it"
bai mir bisti tayerer fin gelt.
fil sheyne boyes hobn shoyne gevolt nemen mikh
Un fun zay ale oysgeklit hob ikh nor dikh.
Bair mir bisti sheyn,
bai mir ghost kheyne,
bai mir bisti ayne auf der velt.

Of all the boys I've known,
and I've known some,
until I first met you I was lonesome,
but when you came in sight, dear, my heart
grew light
and this whole world seemed new to me.

You're really swell I have to admit,
You deserve expressions that really fit you,
And so I racked my brain,
hoping to explain all the things you do to me.

Bair mir bisti sheyn...please let me explain,
Bair mir bisti sheyn...means your grand
Bair mir bisti sheyn...again I'll explain,
it means you're the fairest in the land.

I could say, "bella, bella," even say
"wunderbar."
Each language only helps me tell you
how grand you are!
I've tried to explain,
"Bair mir bisti sheyn,"
so kiss me and say you understand.

Yiddish text by Jacob "Joe" Jacobs

English text by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin

(Even if you had a Tatar complexion,
even if you had tomcat eyes,
and even if you had a little limp,
or had wooden legs,
I would say, "It doesn't bother me.")

Even if you had a foolish smile,
or were an utter simpleton,
even if you were as unrefined as a wild Indian,
even if you were as common as a coarse Galician Jew,
I'd say, "It doesn't bother me."

"Tell me, how do you explain it?"
Okay, I'll tell you why:

Because to me you're beautiful,
to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.

To me you're great,
to me you have "it,"
to me you're more precious than riches.
Many beautiful girls have wanted me,
and from all of them I chose only you.
Because to me you're beautiful,
to me you have grace,
to me you're one of a kind.)

Fire, fire, my heart

Anonymous

Fire, fire my heart!
Fa, la, la...
O, help! O, help! Alas, O help!
I sit and cry me, and call for help, alas,
but none come nigh me!
Fa, la, la...

La Rose Complète (The Perfect Rose)

text by Rainer Maria Rilke

J'ai une telle conscience de ton
être, rose complète,
que mon consentement te confond
avec mon coeur en fête.
Je te respire comme si tu étais,
rose, toute la vie,
et je me sens l'ami parfait
d'une telle amie.

I have such awareness of your
Being perfect rose,
That my will unites you
With my heart in celebration
I breathe you in, rose, as if you were
All of life,
And I feel the perfect friend
Of a perfect friend.

A Red, Red Rose

text by Robert Burns

O my luvè's like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June.
O my luvè's like a melodie, that's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou my bonnie lass so deep in luvè am I,
I will love thee still my dear till a' the seas gang dry.

I will luvè thee still my dear, while the sands of life shall run,
Till the seas gang dry, my dear, and rocks melt with the sun.

As fair art thou my bonnie lass, so deep in luvè am I,
I will luvè thee still my dear, tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Bésame Mucho

text by Consuelo Velázquez

Bésame, bésame mucho
Como si fuera esta noche
La última vez
Bésame, bésame mucho
Que tengo miedo perderte
Perderte después

Kiss me, kiss me a lot
As if it were tonight
The last time
Kiss me, kiss me a lot
That I'm afraid to lose you
To lose you afterwards

Quiero tenerte muy cerca
Mirarme en tus ojos
Verte junto a mí
Piensa que tal vez mañana
Yo ya estaré lejos
Muy lejos de ti

I want to hold you very close
Look at me in your eyes
To see you beside me
Think that maybe tomorrow
I'll already be far
Very far from you

Reveye venir du Printans (Here Again Comes the Spring)

text by Claude Le Juene

Reveye venir du Printans.
L'amoureux' et belle saison.

Here again comes the Spring,
the amorous and fair season.

Le courant des eaus recherchant,
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:
Et lamer calme de ces flots,
Amolit le triste courrous:
Le Canard s'égaye' plonjant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol,
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.

The currents of water that seek
the canal in summer becomes clearer;
and the calm sea the waves'
sad anger soothes.
The duck, elated, dives
and washes itself quietly in the water.
And the crane that branches off in flight
recrosses the air and flies away

(Refrain)

(Refrain)

Le Soleil éclaire luizant,
D'une plus sereine clairté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se ioû' et court et noircît
Et foretz et champs et coutaus,
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la prê' decouvre ses fleurs.

The sun shines brightly
with a calmer light.
The shadow of the cloud vanishes
from him who sports and runs and darkens.
Forests and fields and slopes
human labor makes green again,
and the prairie unveils its flowers.

(Refrain)

(Refrain)

De Venus le filz cupidon,
L'univers semant de ses trais,
De sa flamme va réchaufér.
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams
Animaus, qui naget auz eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.

Cupid, the son of Venus
seeding the universe with his arrows,
with his flame will rekindle
animals that fly in the air,
animals that crawl in the fields,
animals that swim in the seas.
Even those that feel not
in love they melt in pleasure.

(Refrain)

(Refrain)

Rion aussi nous: et cherchon
Les ébas et ieus du Printans
Toute chose rit de plaizir:
Sélebron la gaye saison,

Let us, too, laugh, and let us seek
the sports and games of Spring:
everything smiles with pleasure;
let us celebrate the merry season.

(Refrain)

(Refrain)

She Walks in Beauty

text by Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes

text by Thomas Dekker

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you;
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby,
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Cuckoo from *Love's Labors Lost*

text by William Shakespeare

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
'Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!' O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
'Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!' O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Ballad of Green Broom

Anonymous

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!"

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.

i carry your heart

text by e. e. cummings

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Little Blue

Little blue, be my shelter
Be my cradle, be my womb
Be my boat, be my river
Be the stillness of the moon

If I could, I'd go with you
To a place I never knew
In your eyes, so dark and open
There's a light that leads me back to you

'Cause you're not so far away, I hear you say
You'll never walk alone (ooh, ooh), singin'

Don't be afraid of the dark
In your heart
You're gonna find a way
To carry the weight of the world
On your shoulders
You're gonna find a way home

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh

Little blue, be my anchor
Be my light, my compass star
Be my darkness, be my danger
Be the strings of my guitar

Jacob Collier

Little blue, how I love you
Something strong and something true
In your arms, so deep and gentle (ooh)
There's a home that leads me back to you

'Cause you're not so far away, I hear you say
You'll never walk alone, singin'

Don't be afraid of the dark
In your heart
You're gonna find a way
To carry the weight of the world
On your shoulders
You're gonna find a way

Don't be afraid of the light
It's alright
You're gonna find your way
To carry the weight of the world
On your shoulders
you're gonna find your way home

Find a way home
You're gonna find your way home
In your arms
Find a way home
In your arms
On your shoulders

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Our vision is of community that celebrates excellence, diversity, and lifelong participation in choral music. We invite you to voice your support for The Choral Arts Collective through a tax-deductible donation. Your gift of any amount is greatly appreciated. Thank you!



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Special thanks to the Virginia Somerville Sutton Theatre and Well-Spring for all you have done to make today's concert a success and to Holy Trinity Episcopal Church for use of their rehearsal space.

You are welcome to keep today's playbill. However, if you would like us to recycle it, you may leave it at the end of your row. Thank you for joining us!

We want to hear from you! Help Shape the Future of the Arts



We're working with the Arts Council of Greater Greensboro to better understand who we're reaching, and how we can better serve audiences like you. This short survey is completely anonymous and takes less than two minutes to complete. **Your Voice Matters, Thank You!**

<https://www.choralartscollective.org/arts-survey>