

THE CHORAL ARTS COLLECTIVE PRESENTS

BEL CANTO
COMPANY

RAMBLIN'

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 2025, 7:30 PM
MONDAY, APRIL 28, 2025, 7:30 PM

VIRGINIA SOMERVILLE SUTTON THEATRE, GREENSBORO

Bel Canto Company

Welborn E. Young, *Artistic Director and Conductor*

Brittany Kaehler, *Assistant Conductor*

Christy Wisuthseriwong, *Accompanist*

North: A Song by Sleeping at Last Ryan O'Neal, arr. George Chung
Sarah Love Taylor, Sean Toso, *soloists*

Catherine Clifton, Brittany Kaehler, Nathan Tolodziecki, Marlo Nall, Lauren Johnson, Bill Snedden,
Tandy Brown, Samantha Saake, Emily Mote, Melissa Ramsaur, Shelby Moss, Robin Hardman, *select group*

I'm a Train arr. Peter Knight

Loch Lomond arr. Jonathan Quick
Daniel Tolodziecki (Saturday) & Robin Hardman (Monday), *soloist*

Salutation Ēriks Ešēvalds
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor*

Come to the Woods Jake Runestad

Intermission

Sea Shanty Medley arr. William Snedden

La Nuit En Mer Henk Badings

Swimming Over London Bob Chilcott
Sean Toso, *soloist*

Feller from Fortune Harry Somers
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor*

The Lonesome Road Bob Dylan, arr. Simon Carrington
Brittany Kaehler, *conductor*

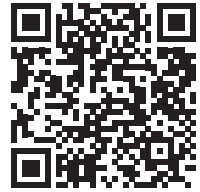
Harlem Night Song from *Harlem Night Songs* Gwyneth Walker

Moonlight in Vermont Karl Suessdorf & John Blackburn, arr. Darmon Meader
Briana McClarin (Saturday), Liz Doebler (Monday), Tandy Brown, *soloists*

This Is My Song (Finlandia) Jean Sibelius, arr. Blake Morgan

Learn More About Tonight's Music

Additional program notes for tonight's concert are available at:
<https://choralartscollective.org/program-notes-ramblin>



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 simply revisit the texts later.

North: A Song by Sleeping at Last

We will call this place our home
The dirt in which our roots may grow
Though the storms will push and pull
We will call this place our home

We'll tell our stories on these walls
Every year, measure how tall
And just like a work of art
We'll tell our stories on these walls

Chorus:

Let the years we're here be kind, be kind
Let our hearts, like doors,
open wide, open wide
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine

A little broken, a little new
We are the impact and the glue
Capable of more than we know
We call this fixer upper home

With each year, our color fades
Slowly, our paint chips away
But we will find the strength
And the nerve it takes

Slowly, our paint chips away
But we will find the strength
And the nerve it takes
To repaint and repaint and repaint every day

Chorus:

Let the years we're here be kind, be kind
Let our hearts, like doors,
open wide, open wide
Settle our bones like wood over time, over time
Give us bread, give us salt, give us wine

Smaller than dust on this map
Lies the greatest thing we have:
The dirt in which our roots may grow
And the right to call it home

I'm a Train

a chooka chooka chooka...joong—a joonga, etc.

Look at me, I'm a train on a track,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-
Look at me, gotta load on my back,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-

Look at me, I'm going somewhere,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-
Look at me, I'm going somewhere,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-

Been a hard day, hard day,
yes it has been a hard day

I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-
a chooka chooka chooka...joong—a joonga, etc.
Look at me, I'm a tray-eeen
a chooka chooka chooka...

Been a life that's long and hard,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-
Going down to the breaker's yard
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train, yeah-

Been a hard day, hard day,
yes it has been a hard day
I'm a train, I'm a chooka train,
I'm a train, I'm a chooka tray-eeen.

Loch Lomond – Traditional Scottish Air

By yon bonnie banks
And yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright
On Loch Lomond,
Where me and me true love
Were ever wont to go,
On the bonny, bonny banks
Of Loch Lomond.

Refrain

O ye'll take the high road
an' I'll take the low road
an' I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
but me and me true love
will never meet again,
on the bonnie, bonnie banks
Of Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted
in yon shady glen,
on the steep, steep sides of Ben Lomond,
where deep in purple hue
the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Refrain

The wee birdies sing
and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters lie sleeping,
But the broken heart
will ken nae second spring again,
and the world know not
we are grieving.

Refrain

Salutation

In one salutation to thee, my God,
let all my senses spread out
and touch this world at thy feet.

Like a rain—cloud of July
hung low with its burden of unshed showers
let all my mind bend down
at thy door in one salutation to thee.

Let all my songs gather together

their diverse strains into a single current
and flow to a sea of silence in one salutation
to thee.

Like a flock of homesick cranes flying night
and day
back to their mountain nests
let all my life take its voyage to its eternal home
in one salutation to thee.

Come to the Woods – Taken from writings by John Muir adapted by the composer

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.”

Sea Shanty Medley

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea
And the name of the ship was the Billy o' Tea
The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down
Blow, my bully boys, blow (Huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done
We'll take our leave and go

She'd not been two weeks from shore
When down on her, a right whale bore
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow (Huh)

Soon may the Wellerman come
To bring us sugar and tea and rum
One day, when the tonguin' is done
We'll take our leave and go

Da-da, da-da-da-da

What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor

What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?
What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?
What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor...
Early in the morning?

Put him in the brig until he's sober...
Put him in the brig until he's sober...
Put him in the brig until he's sober...
Early in the morning!

Way hay and up she rises...
Way hay and up she rises...
Way hay and up she rises...
Early in the morning

Leave Her, Johnny

Oh, the wind was foul and the sea ran high
"Leave her, Johnny, leave her"
She shipped it green and none went by
And it's time for us to leave her (Hey)

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is long and the winds don't blow
And it's time for us to leave her (Hey)

Cape Cod ships ain't got no sails
Haul away, haul away (Ho, hey)
They'd all blown off in the Northeast gales
And we're bound away for Australia

So heave her up my bully, bully boys
Haul away, haul away (Hey)
Heave her up and don't you make a noise
And we're bound away for Australia (Hey)

Santiana

Santiana gained a day
Away Santiana
Now, pull the yan up the west, they say
Along the plains of Mexico
Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go
Away Santiana
Heave 'er up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico (Hey)

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
Away Santiana
And an old salty yank for a captain too
Along the plains of Mexico

Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go
Away Santiana
Heave 'er up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico (Hey)

Santiana fought for gold
Away Santiana
Around Cape Horn through the ice and snow
Along the plains of Mexico

Well, heave 'er up and away we'll go
Away Santiana (Ho, hey)
Heave 'er up and away we'll go
Along the plains of Mexico
So leave her, Johnny, off we'll go
The drunken sailor Wellerman whaler
Bound away for Mexico

La Nuit En Mer

The gentle breeze swells our sail;
Here is the first star
To shine!
Upon the waters that rock us,
Friends, let us sail silently
Into the night.
Every sound has begun to fall silent;
You would think that every thing upon earth
Is dead—
People as well as things,
Birds as well as roses.
Everything is falling asleep!

But the Sea, it is a living Entity,
Immensity in motion,
Always,
Taking jetties by storm,
Contemptuous of both night
And day,
Apart from It, nothing exists
Except the great Lighthouse and it's Sad
Reflection.
Friends, let us cast our nets
Without delay where the fishing
Is best!

Then swathed in our sails
And with faces naked to the stars,
Let us sleep!
Let us dream in utter Peace
About all those we love
Here below!
Let us sleep on our schooners
As if in our children's
Hammocks.
And tomorrow at high tide
We will assemble at the Coast,
Exultant!

Swimming Over London

A woman is swimming over London,
a fox turns up his face to see her pass,
there are blackbirds in the sleeping streets,
a pear tree, luminous with blossom:
it's the dream she always has,
the dream where she's touching a cloud –

The night is a tide she is pulled by
while a taxicab slumbers underneath,
and a robin is a fish who sings
from a treetop of coral below her:
it's the dream she always has,
the dream where she's dancing through air –

Aerials point like signposts
until all the houses are gone,
and fields give way to a beach
where the ocean is calling her name:
it's the dream she always has,
the dream where she's swimming over London –
where she sings to the stars like a mermaid
and darkness is a murmur in her hair.

We want to hear from you!

Take a short survey and tell us what you thought of this performance:
<https://www.choralartscollective.org/survey>



Feller from Fortune

Oh, There's lots of fish in bonavist'
lots of fish right in around here,
boys and girls are fishin' together,
Forty-five from Carbonear.

Refrain:

Dum de dum dum diddle dum...
Catch a-hold this one,
catch a-hold that one,
Swing around this one,
swing around she,
Dance around this one,
dance around that one,
Diddle dum this one, diddle-dum dee.

Sally is the pride of Cat Harbour,
Ain't been swung since last year,
Drinkin' rum and wine and cassis
what the boys brought home from St. Pierre.
Sally goes to church every Sunday
not for to sing nor for to hear,
but to see the feller from Fortune

The Lonesome Road

Walk down that lonesome road
All by yourself
Don't turn your head
Back over your shoulder
And only stop to rest yourself
When the silver moon
Is shining high
Above the trees

If I had stopped to listen once or twice
If I had closed my mouth and opened my eyes
If I had cooled my head and warmed my heart
I'd not be on this road tonight

Harlem Night Song

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.
I love you.
Across
The Harlem roof-tops
Moon is shining
Night sky is blue.
Stars are great drops

Refrain

Sally got a bouncin' new baby.
Father said that he didn' care,
'cause she got that
from the feller from Fortune
What was down here fishin' the year.
what was down here fishin' the year here.

Refrain

Uncle George got up in the mornin'
He got up in a 'ell of a tear,
and he ripped the arse right out of his britches,
now he's got ne'er pair to wear.

Refrain

Swing your partner Jimmy Joe Jacobs,
I'll be home in the spring of the year.

Refrain

Carry on, carry on
Never mind feeling sorry for yourself
It doesn't save you from your troubled mind

Walk down that lonesome road
All by yourself
Don't turn your head
Back over your shoulder
And only stop to rest yourself
When the silver moon
Is shining high
Above the trees

Of golden dew.
In the cabaret
[Down the street
A band] is playing.
I love you.
Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

Moonlight in Vermont

A snowy morn, a summer breeze,
a moonlit night filled with memories:

Pennies in a stream,
Falling leaves a sycamore,
Moonlight in Vermont.

Icy finger waves,
Ski trails on a mountain side,
Snowlight in Vermont.

Telegraph cables, they sing down the highway
an' travel each bend in the road,
People who meet in this romantic setting
are so hypnotized by the lovely
evening summer breeze,
warbling of the meadowlark,
moonlight in Vermont.
You and I an' moonlight in Vermont.

Solo:

Even with the winter wind blowin',
I still feel the warmth in your eyes,

Feel that summer breeze through the trees,
these memories

an August moon over a river filled with
daydreams.

Feel the sun on your face in the misty light,
an ev'ry time I think of you I dream of our two
hearts together like the mountains meet the sky
an' the stars bathe in the moonlight, leaves
danc'in' on a river of gold, as we sigh under the
starlight, the falling snow under a sycamore
tree, just for you an' me: such reverie.

Chorus

Telegraph cables, they sing down the highway
an' travel each bend in the road,
People who meet in this romantic setting
are so hypnotized by the lovely
evening summer breeze,
warbling of the meadowlark,
moonlight in Vermont.
You and I an' moonlight in Vermont.

This Is My Song (Finlandia) – verses 1 & 2 Lloyd Stone, verse 3 Blake Morgan

**modified from Stone's original poetry*

This is my song, O God of all the nations,
A song of peace for lands afar and mine.
This is my home, the country where my heart is,
Here are my hopes, my dreams, my holy shrine.
But other hearts in other lands are beating,
With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine.

My country's skies are bluer than the ocean,
And sunlight beams on cloverleaf and pine.
But other lands have sunlight too, and clover,

And skies are everywhere as blue as mine.

*This is my song, O God of all the nations,
A song of peace for their land and for mine.

So let us raise this melody together,
Beneath the stars that guide us through the night;
If we choose love, each storm we'll learn to weather,
Until true peace and harmony we find.
This is our song, a hymn we raise together;
A dream of peace, uniting humankind.

Please turn off all electronic devices during the performance.
The use of cameras and recording devices is not allowed.

You are welcome to keep tonight'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!

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 New Garden Friends Meeting for the use of their rehearsal space.

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