

THE CHORAL ARTS COLLECTIVE PRESENTS

BEL CANTO
COMPANY

MYTH & MYSTICS

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 2025, 3:30 PM
MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 2025, 7:30 PM

EBENEZER LUTHERAN CHURCH, GREENSBORO

Bel Canto Company

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

Featured Guest

Brooks Whitehouse, *Cello*

Program

Every Child Has Known God.	Ivo Antognini
Yoshayv B'sayser Elyon	Mark Templeton
Hilary Webb-Propst, Sean Toso, Talia Falcon Blackburn, Robin Hardman, <i>soloists</i>	
Ashley Ellin, Nan Stahl, Jordan Rosser, Nathan Tolodziecki, Shyla Powell, Tandy Brown, Liz Doeblor, Laura Worst, <i>select group</i>	
All Seems Beautiful to Me	Eric Whitacre
Hail Gladdening Light.	Charles Wood
Caminante.	Andrea Casarubbios
Prometheus	Kristopher Fulton
Les Sirens.	Lili Boulanger
Alicia Reid, <i>soloist</i>	

Intermission

Four Horsemen	Brent Wells
Christy Wisuthseriwong, Anne Lewis, <i>piano</i>	
The Sun Never Says	Dan Forrest
Der Feuerreiter.	Hugo Wolf
The Universe Is in You	Stephen Barton
Bronze Triptych	Dan Forrest
Christy Wisuthseriwong, Anne Lewis, <i>piano</i>	
Hymn to the Eternal Flame	Stephen Paulus
Robin Hardman, Catherine Clifton Hardman, <i>soloists</i>	

Learn More About Tonight’s Music

Additional program notes for tonight’s concert are available at:
<https://choralartscollective.org/program-notes-myth-mystics/>



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.

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 Ebenezer Lutheran Church for all you have done to make today’s concert a success and to Holy Trinity Episcopal Church for the use of their rehearsal space.

Every child has known God,
Not the God of names,
Not the God of don'ts,
Not the God who ever does anything weird,
But the God who knows only four words.
And keeps repeating them, saying:
"Come dance with me, come dance."

Yoshayv B'sayser Elyon

Psalm 91

Yoshayv b'sayser elyon, b'tzayl Shadai yislonon.

Omar Ladonai: machsi umtzudosi, Elohai
evtach bo.

Ki hu yatzil'cho mipach yokush, midever
havos.

B'evroso yosech loch, v'sachas k'nofov techse;
tzino v'sochay ro amito.

Lo siro mipachad loyo, maychaytz youf
yomom.

Midever boofel yahaloch, miketev youshud
tzohoroyim.

Yipol mitzid'cho elaf, urvovo miminecho,
aylecho lo yigosh.

Rak baynecho sabit, v'shilumas r'shoim tire.

Ki ato Adonai machsi, elyon samto m'onecho.

Lo sune aylecho roo, v'nega lo yikroav
b'oholecho.

Ki malochoy y'tzaveloch, lishmorcho b'chol
d'rochecho.

Al kapayim yisouncho, pen tigof boeven
raglecho.

Al shachal vofesen tidroch, tirmos, tirmos k'fir
v'sawnin.

Ki vi choshak vaalfal'tayhu, asag'vayhu ki yodo
sh'mi.

Yikroayni veenayhu, imo onochi v'tzoro;
achal'tzayhu vaachab'dayhu.

Orech yomin asbiayhu, v'aray hu bishuosi.

O you who dwell in the shelter of the Most
High and abide in the protection of Shaddai—
I will say of the Lord, my refuge and
stronghold, my God in whom I trust,
that He will save you from the fowler's trap,
from the destructive plague.
He will cover you with His pinions;
you will find refuge under His wings;
His fidelity is an encircling shield.
You need not fear the terror by night,
or the arrow that flies by day,
the plague that stalks in the darkness,
or the scourge that ravages at noon.
A thousand may fall at your left side,
ten thousand at your right,
but it shall not reach you.
You will see it with your eyes
you will witness the punishment of the wicked.
Because you took the Lord—my refuge,
the Most High—as your haven,
no harm will befall you,
no disease touch your tent.
For He will order His angels
to guard wherever you go.
They will carry you in their hands
lest you strike your foot on a stone.
You will tread on cubs and vipers;
you will trample lions and asps.
“Because he devoted to Me I will deliver him;
I will keep him safe, for he knows My name.
When he calls on Me, I will answer him;
I will be with him in distress;
I will rescue him and make him honored;
I will let him live to a ripe old age;
and show him my salvation.”

All Seems Beautiful To Me

Walt Whitman

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of
imaginary lines
Going where I list my own master total and absolute.
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will,
Divesting myself from the holds that would
hold me.

I inhale great draughts of space.
The East and the West are mine,
And the North and the South are mine.
I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

Hail Gladdening Light

Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory
poured,
Who is the immortal Father, Heavenly, Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesu Christ, our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,

All seems beautiful to me.
I can repeat over and over to men and women
You have done such good to me, I would do
the same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women
as I go.
I will toss a new gladness and roughness
among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed
and shall bless me.

We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.

Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung with
undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone;
Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord,
they own. Amen.

Caminante

Antonio Chachado

Caminante, son tus huellas
el camino y nada más;
caminante, no hay camino,
se hace camino al andar.
[nada más, nada más, nada más, etc.]

Al andar se hace camino
y al volver la vista atrás
se ve la senda que nunca
se ha de volver a pisar.
[Caminante él nada más,]

Caminante no hay camino
sino estelas en la mar...

Wanderer, it is your footprints
winding down and nothing more;
wanderer, no roads lie waiting,
roads you make as you explore.
[nothing more, nothing more, nothing more, etc.]

Step by step your road is charted,
and behind your turning head
lies the path that you have trodden,
not again for you to tread.
[Wanderer, nothing more,]

Wanderer, there are no roadways,
only wakes upon the sea...

Prometheus

Kristopher Fulton

Prometheus steals the fire and runs!
Heart pounding he races through the Olympian halls,
Around marble pillars and across marble floors.
Laughing as he speeds past every Olympian,
A wondrous gift for mortals in his hands.

Prometheus stands on the cliffs of Olympus
wondering how fast he can fall.
How fast can he fall?

Prometheus leaps to the safety
of the rolling mortal world below.

Prometheus leaps from Olympus
falling faster than a shooting star with
All the Heavens racing to stop him
diving through cloud after cloud
Prometheus stole the fire from the Gods
and landed on the Earth!

Les Sirènes

Charles Grandmougin

Nous sommes la beauté qui charme les plus forts,
Les fleurs tremblantes de l'écume
Et de la brume,
Nos baisers fugitifs sont le rêve des morts !

Parmi nos chevelures blondes
L'eau miroite en larmes d'argent,
Nos regards à l'éclat changeant
Sont verts et bleus comme les ondes !

Avec un bruit pareil aux délicats frissons
Des moissons
Nous voltigeons sans avoir d'ailes ;
Nous cherchons de tendres vainqueurs,
Nous sommes les sœurs immortelles
Offertes aux désirs de vos terrestres cœurs !

Nous sommes la beauté qui charme les plus forts,
Les fleurs tremblantes de l'écume
Et de la brume,
Nos baisers fugitifs sont le rêve des morts !

We are the beauty that charms the strongest men,
The trembling flowers of foam
And of mist,
Our fleeting kisses are the dream of the dead!

Among our blonde tresses
The water glimmers in silver tears.
Our changing, sparkling glances
Are green and blue like the waves.

With a sound like the delicate shivers
Of wheat in the fields
We flutter about without wings;
We seek tender conquerors.
We are the immortal sisters
Offered to the desires of your earthly hearts.

We are the beauty that charms the strongest men,
The trembling flowers of foam
And of mist,
Our fleeting kisses are the dream of the dead!

The Four Horseman

Revelation 6:2-8 *Latin Vulgate*

Et vidi et ecce equus albus et qui sedebat super
illum habebat arcum et data est ei corona et
exivit vincens ut vinceret

Et exivit alius equus rufus et qui sedebat super
illum datum est ei ut sumeret pacem de terra et
datus est illi gladius magnus

veni et vidi et ecce equus niger et qui sedebat
super eum habebat stateram in manu sua et
audivi tamquam vocem dicentem bilibris tritici
denario et tres bilibres hordei denario

et ecce equus pallidus et qui sedebat desuper
nomen illi Mors et inferus sequebatur eum
et data est illi potestas super quattuor partes
terrae interficere gladio fame et morte

And I saw: and behold a white horse, and
he that sat on him had a bow, and there
was a crown given him, and he went forth
conquering that he might conquer.

And there went out another horse that was red.
And to him that sat thereon, it was given that
he should take peace from the earth. And a
great sword was given to him.

Come and see. And behold a black horse. And
he that sat on him had a pair of scales in his
hand. And I heard, as it were a voice saying:
"Two pounds of wheat for a penny, and thrice
two pounds of barley for a penny."

And behold a pale horse: and he that sat upon
him, his name was Death. And hell followed
after him. And power was given him over the
four parts of the earth, to kill with sword, with
famine, and with death.

Even
After
All this time
The sun never says to the earth,

“You owe
Me.”

Look
What happens
With a love like that,
It lights the
Whole
Sky.

Der Feuerreiter (The Fire Rider)

Eduard Mörike

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein dort die rote Mütze
wieder? Nicht geheuer muß es sein, denn er
geht schon auf und nieder. Und auf einmal
welch Gewühle bei der Brücke, nach dem Feld!
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt: Hinterm Berg,
Hinterm Berg Brennt es in der Mühle!

Do you see at the window there again, that red
cap? Something must be the matter for it is
going up and down. And what a sudden mob
is now by the bridge near the field! Hark! the
fire-bell is shrilling; beyond the hill, beyond
the hill, there's a fire in the mill!

Schaut! Da sprengt er wütend schier durch das
Tor der Feuerreiter, auf dem rippendürren Tier,
als auf einer Feuerleiter! Querfeldein! Durch
Qualm und Schwüle rennt er schon und ist am
Ort! Drüben schallt es fort und fort: Hinterm
Berg...

Look, there he goes, galloping furiously through
the gate - it's the fire-rider on his horse, a bony
nag like a fire-ladder! Across the fields, through
the smoke and heat he plunges, and he's already
reached his goal! Over there the bells are
pealing, beyond the hill, beyond the hill...

Der so oft den roten Hahn meilenweit von
fern gerochen, mit des heil'gen Kreuzes Span
freventlich die Glut besprochen - weh! Dir
grinst vom Dachgestühle dort der Feind im
Höllenschein. Gnade Gott der Seele dein!
Hinterm Berg, Hinterm Berg, Rast er in der
Mühle!

You who so often smelled fire from a mile
off, and with a fragment of the holy cross
maliciously conjured the blaze - woe! from the
rafters there grins the Enemy of Man in hellish
light. May God have mercy on your soul!
Beyond the hill, beyond the hill, he is raging
in the mill!

Keine Stunde hielt es an, bis die Mühle borst
in Trümmer; doch den kecken Reitersmann
sah man von der Stunde nimmer. Volk und
Wagen im Gewühle kehren heim von all
dem Graus; auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:
Hinterm Berg, Hinterm Berg, Brennt's!

Not an hour had passed before the mill was
reduced to rubble; but the bold rider from that
hour was never seen again. People and wagons
in crowds turn toward home away from all the
horror; and the bell stops ringing: beyond the
hill, it's burning!

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand ein Gerippe
samt der Mützen aufrecht an der Kellerwand
auf der beinern' Mähre sitzen: Feuerreiter, wie
so kühle reitest du in deinem Grab! Hush!
da fällt's in Asche ab. Ruhe wohl, Ruhe wohl
drunten in der Mühle!

Later a miller found a skeleton together with
the cap upright against the wall of the cellar
sitting on the mare of bone: Fire-rider, how
coolly you ride now to your grave! Hush! there
it falls to ashes. Rest well, rest well, down
there in the mill!

The Universe Is In You

Jalāl ad-Dīn Mohammad Rūmī

Do not be lonely
The universe,
the entire universe is within you.

Do not feel small,
You are the universe,
you are the universe in ecstatic motion.

Do not be lonely
The universe is within you.

Bronze Triptych

Swabian Folk Lore

I.
Nata sum in venas altissimas
I was born in deepest veins of
tin and copper cold.
The metal blood of mother earth.
Mined, melted, mixed,
Forged in fire,
Wrought by arms into arms
Gladius, cetratus, hasta:
Sword and shield and spear!
Cannon clash and clamor,
Concursus, tormento!
Dealing Death!

II.
But then I was reborn.
When now my bronze strikes bronze
'Tis not in clash of arms,
Or blast of fire,
But to ring the vesper hour,
Or I may toll in requiem
As those who fall asleep
Are gathered back to earth.

III.
And oh! to peal in celebration!
In carillon of joy!
In victory, in festival, in carillon of joy!
But greater still will be to sing
The dawning of that day
When war shall cease,
And on earth, peace everlasting I will ring!

Hymn To The Eternal Flame

Michael Dennis Browne

Every face is in you, every voice, every sorrow in you.
Every pity, every love, every memory, woven into fire.

Every breath is in you, every cry, every longing in you.
Every singing, every hope, every healing, woven into fire.

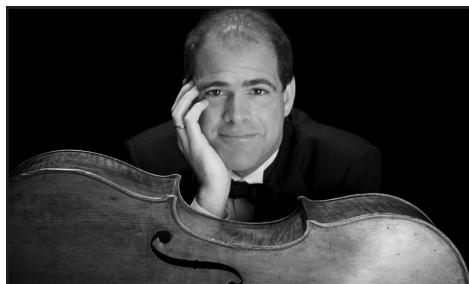
Every heart is in you, every tongue, every trembling in you,
Every blessing, every soul, every shining, woven into fire.

Brittany Kaehler

Bel Canto Company Artistic Director, Dr. Welborn Young, is temporarily away for a planned surgery and will return during preparation for our December concerts. We are thrilled to welcome Assistant Conductor Brittany Kaehler to lead Bel Canto for the opening weekend of our 43rd season. She has served as assistant conductor since 2021, and many in the audience will recognize her from her superb work leading the ensemble in portions of past concerts. Ms. Kaehler has been integral to preparing this program, and we are excited to share her artistry with you. Please join us in wishing Dr. Young a speedy recovery and celebrating Ms. Kaehler in this exciting moment.



Full Biography: <https://choralartscollective.org/artist/brittany-kaehler>



Brooks Whitehouse

Bel Canto Company is delighted to welcome Brooks Whitehouse as guest artist for today's concert on Andrea Casarubbio's "Caminante" and Dan Forrest's "The Sun Never Says." A distinguished faculty member at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, Whitehouse has performed internationally as a soloist, chamber musician, and educator, with appearances ranging from the Boston Pops to National Public Radio's Performance Today. A founding member of The Guild Trio, he has toured extensively across North America, Europe, and beyond, and has collaborated with renowned ensembles including the American Chamber Players, the New Zealand String Quartet, and his duo Low and Lower. His artistry and versatility have earned him recognition on stages and broadcasts worldwide, and we are honored to share his exceptional musicianship with our audience.



Full Biography: <https://brookswwhitehouse.com/biography>

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>

The Choral Arts Collective

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