

# RADIANCE

directed by Markdavin Obenza

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## THE FIELDS

Songs of Abundance  
Friday, July 9th, 2021 at 7:00pm  
on YouTube

### PROGRAM

#### Graveyard Girls

O vos felices radices Hildegard (12th century)  
*Solo: Margaret Obenza*

Shall We Gather At The River arr. Lauren Kastanas

Wayfaring Stranger arr. Kastanas

#### Windborne

O frondens virga Hildegard (12th century)  
*Solo: Lynn Rowan*

Earth's Burdens Text: Ernest Jones (1819–1869)  
Tune: Sacred Harp, Child of Grace  
arr. Windborne

Le Diable et le Fermier Text and Tune: Nicolas Boulerice  
arr. Windborne

#### Radiance

O viridissima virga Hildegard (12th century)  
*Solo: Ruth Schauble*

Sleep Eric Whitacre

Dream Land John Paulson

#### All groups

In Those Fields Mitchell Fund

Our View Tom Walworth

## RADIANCE

### SOPRANO

Julia Baker  
Margaret Obenza  
Ruth Schauble

### ALTO

Teresa Clark  
Sarrah Sharif Doyle

### TENOR

Tim Blok\*  
Orrin Doyle  
Cary Lee\*  
Markdavin Obenza

### BASS

T.J. Callahan  
Kevin Wyatt-Stone  
Robin Wyatt-Stone

\*Audio Only

### VIDEOGRAPHERS

Lauren Kastanas  
Willimark Obenza  
Margaret Obenza

## The Fields: Songs of Abundance

The music of Hildegard of Bingen has long been appreciated for its vernal, crystalline beauty. For our final Choral Destination, set in the beautiful mountain valleys of the North Cascades, we've paired this beloved repertoire with contemporary works by local composers John Paulson, Mitchell Fund, and Tom Walworth. Join us, along with guest ensembles Windborne and Graveyard Girls, for an adventure into a countryside springing to life.

### Graveyard Girls

Lauren Kastanas, Director

Graveyard Girls began as an impromptu small group that performed during "sharing time" on the first Byrd Ensemble International Renaissance Course in 2017. Since then, we have been meeting informally to sing all kinds of music, ranging from shapenote and other American traditions to Eastern European folk songs to modern pop. The group is led by Lauren Kastanas, a local arranger, singer, and music director with a background in contemporary a cappella.

Singers: Julia Baker, Teresa Clark, Lauren Kastanas, Margaret Obenza, Ruth Schauble, Sarra Sharif Doyle

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#### O vos felices radices (O merry roots)

R. O vos felices  
radices cum quibus  
opus miraculorum  
et non opus  
criminum  
per torrens iter  
perspicue umbre  
plantatum est, et  
o tu ruminans ignea vox,  
precurrans limantem  
lapidem subvertentem abyssum:

R. Gaudete in capite vestro.

V. Gaudete  
in illo quem non viderunt  
in terris multi  
qui ipsum ardentem vocaverunt.

R. Gaudete in capite vestro.

#### Hildegard of Bingen (12th century)

R. O merry roots  
with whom  
the work of miracles—  
but not the work  
of crimes—  
was planted by a journey  
rushing, tearing forth,  
a path of shade perlucid;  
and you, O voice of ruminating fire,  
forerunner of the whetstone,  
the Rock that overthrows th' abyss:

R. Rejoice in him, your captain!

V. Rejoice  
in him whom most on earth  
have never seen—  
yet ardently they've called on him.

R. Rejoice in him, your captain!

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Shall We Gather At The River

arr. Lauren Kastanas

Shall we gather at the river?  
Where bright angel feet have trod  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God

R. Yes, we'll gather at the river  
The beautiful, the beautiful river  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God

R. Yes, we'll gather at the river  
The beautiful, the beautiful river  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God

Ere we reach the shining river  
lay we ev'ry burden down  
Grace our spirits will deliver  
and provide a robe and crown

On the margin of the river  
washing up its silver spray  
We will walk and worship ever  
all the happy golden day

R. Yes, we'll gather at the river  
The beautiful, the beautiful river  
Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God

Amen

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Wayfaring Stranger

arr. Lauren Kastanas

I am a poor, wayfaring stranger,  
a trav'ling through this world of woe,  
Yet, there's no sickness, toil, nor danger,  
In that bright land to which I go.  
I'm going there to see my Father,  
I'm going there no more to roam;

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me,  
I know my way is rough and steep;  
But golden fields lie out before me,  
Where the redeemed no more shall weep  
I'm going there to see my Mother,  
She said she'd meet me when I come.

*Refrain*

I'm only going over Jordan,  
I'm only going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,  
When I get home to that good land;  
I want to shout Salvation's story,  
In concert with the blood-washed hand,  
I'm going there to meet my Savior,  
To sing His praise forevermore.

## Windborne

“The most exciting vocal group in a generation,” Windborne’s captivating show draws on the singers’ deep roots in traditions of vocal harmony, while the absolute uniqueness of their artistic approach brings old songs into the present. Known for the innovation of their arrangements, their harmonies are bold and anything but predictable. With a 20-year background studying polyphonic music around the world, Lauren Breunig, Jeremy Carter-Gordon, Lynn Rowan, and Will Rowan share a vibrant energy onstage with a blending of voices that can only come from decades of friendship alongside dedicated practice. The ensemble shifts effortlessly between drastically different styles of music, drawing their audience along on a journey that spans continents and centuries, illuminating and expanding on the profound power and variation of the human voice.

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### O frondens virga (O blooming branch)

O frondens virga,  
in tua nobilitate stans  
sicut aurora procedit:  
nunc gaude et letare  
et nos debiles dignare  
a mala consuetudine liberare  
atque manum tuam porrigere  
ad erigendum nos.

Hildegard of Bingen (12th century)

O blooming branch,  
you stand upright in your nobility,  
as breaks the dawn on high:  
Rejoice now and be glad,  
and deign to free us, frail and weakened,  
from the wicked habits of our age;  
stretch forth your hand  
to lift us up aright.

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### Earth’s Burdens

Why groaning so, thou solid Earth!  
Tho’ sprightly summer cheers?  
Or is thine old heart dead to mirth?  
Or art thou bowed by years?

No, I’m not cold to summer’s prime  
Nor knows my heart decay  
Nor am I bowed by countless time,  
Thou atom of a day!

I loved to hear when tree and tide  
Their gentle music made  
And, lightly, on my sunny side  
To feel the plough and spade

I loved to hold my liquid way  
Thro’ floods of living light  
To kiss the sun’s bright hand by day  
And count the stars by night

I loved to hear the children’s glee  
Around the cottage door  
And peasant’s song right merrily  
The field (glebe) come ringing o’er

Text: Ernest Jones (1819–1869)  
Tune: Sacred Harp, Child of Grace

But man upon my back has lain  
Such heavy loads of stone  
I cannot grow the golden grain  
‘Tis therefore that I groan

And where the evening dew sank mild  
Upon my quiet breast  
I feel the tear of the houseless child  
Break burning on my rest

And thick and fast as autumn leaves  
My children drop away  
A gath’ring of unripened sheaves  
By premature decay

Oh, where are all the hallowed sweets,  
The harmless joys I gave?  
The pavements of your sordid street  
are stones o’er virtue’s grave!

Gaunt misery bars the cottage door  
and greed supports the throne  
Indifference echoes more and more  
‘tis therefore that I groan

*C'est l'histoire d'un diable, sortant tout droit  
des flammes*

*Promettant au fermier de lui laisser son âme*  
Our story starts in flame,  
a devil straight from hell  
Looked to a farmer for  
to spare his mortal soul.

If he'd divide and share  
the harvest he had sown  
"Half and half for me"  
That's how the deal was drawn  
*À chacun sa moitié c'est une obligation*

*Le diable choisit pour que l'entente soit bonne  
De garder ce qu'il reste sur la terre à l'automne*  
The devil chose his half,  
to sweeten up his haul,  
He'd take the part that lay  
Above the ground in fall

The farmer he agreed  
and planted straight away  
Potatoes, carrots, beets  
Which beneath the ground all lay.  
*Des patates des carottes véritables navets*

But who would trade the bounty?  
*Les richesses de ses terres?*  
Who got the better deal?  
*Du diable ou de l'homme?*

*Quand arriva le temps d'échanger le butin  
Le diable en maudit ne lui restait plus rien*  
When it was time in fall  
to divy up the spoils  
The devil's share was not  
It caused his blood to boil.

He to the farmer said,  
"I'll not be tricked again.  
I'll take the half below  
see how you like it then."  
*Prenez donc à vot' tour, c'qui pousse sur le  
terrain*

*Le fermier accepta et planta cette fois  
Des tomates des courgettes des melons et des  
pois*  
The farmer took the deal,  
and planted all his seeds,  
Tomatoes, squash, and peas, melons and green  
beans.

At harvest time the fiend,  
with nothing for him then,  
returned to deepest hell  
The farmer wins again  
*Retourna vers Satan, le fermier triomphant*

Who would gamble without knowing?  
*Sans connaître le marché?*  
Who'd fracture their own land?  
*La terre dessous ses pieds?*

*Le diable revint respectant sa parole  
De l'eau du gaz du fer, il viderait le sol*  
But, keeping to his word  
The devil turned around,  
he drained the iron, the gas, and the water  
from the ground.

Now on that barren land  
what can spring up today?  
Just poison leaks of gas,  
tainted water, and decay.  
*L'eau souillée et les fuites de gaz empoisonné?*

*La terre fragilisée comme ce Québécois  
Condamné à bouillir l'eau que son enfant boit*  
The farmer like the land  
stood shattered and defiled  
Hence forth condemned to boil the water for  
his child

The devil thus enriched  
from the land all dry and spent  
Left to seek new ground  
leaving nothing but cement

That's the ending of our story  
*Qui donc aura perdu  
Ses précieuses énergies*  
Who has lost and who has won?

Will we redeem the bargain?  
Or is the deal already done?

## Radiance

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O viridissima virga  
(O branch of freshest green)

O viridissima virga,  
ave, que in ventoso flabro sciscitationis  
sanctorum prodisti.

Cum venit tempus quod tu floruisti in ramis  
tuis,  
ave, ave fuit tibi, quia calor solis in te sudavit  
sicut odor balsami.

Nam in te floruit  
pulcher flos qui odorem dedit  
omnibus aromatibus que arida erant.

Et illa apparuerunt omnia in viriditate plena.

Unde celi dederunt rorem super gramen  
et omnis terra leta facta est,  
quoniam viscera ipsius frumentum  
protulerunt et quoniam volucres celi nidos  
in ipsa habuerunt.

Deinde facta est esca hominibus  
et gaudium magnum epulantium.  
Unde, o suavis Virgo, in te non deficit ullum  
gaudium.

Hec omnia Eva contempsit.

Nunc autem laus sit Altissimo.

Hildegard of Bingen (12th century)

O branch of freshest green,  
O hail! Within the windy gusts of saints  
upon a quest you swayed and sprouted forth.

When it was time, you blossomed in your  
boughs—  
“Hail, hail!” you heard, for in you seeped the  
sunlight’s warmth  
like balsam’s sweet perfume.

For in you bloomed  
so beautiful a flow’r, whose fragrance wakened  
all the spices from their dried-out stupor.

And they all appeared in full viridity.

Then rained the heavens dew upon the grass  
and all the earth was cheered,  
for from her womb she brought forth fruit  
and for the birds up in the sky  
have nests in her.

Then was prepared that food for humankind,  
the greatest joy of feasts!  
O Virgin sweet, in you can ne’er fail any joy.

All this Eve chose to scorn.

But now, let praise ring forth unto the Highest!

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## Sleep

Eric Whitacre

The evening hangs beneath the moon,  
A silver thread on darkened dune.  
With closing eyes and resting head  
I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow, safe in bed,  
A thousand pictures fill my head.  
I cannot sleep, my mind’s a-flight;  
And yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night,  
A frightening shadow, flickering light,  
Then I surrender unto sleep,  
Where clouds of dream give second sight,

What dreams may come, both dark and deep,  
Of flying wings and soaring leap  
As I surrender unto sleep,  
As I surrender unto sleep.

– Charles Anthony Silvestri, b.1965

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## Dream Land

Tune: John Paulson  
Text: Christina Rossetti

Where sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmed sleep:  
    Awake her not  
Led by a single star,  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
    Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
    And water springs.  
Through sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the sky look pale,  
And hears the nightingale  
    That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast;  
Her face is toward the west,  
    The purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain;  
She cannot feel the rain  
    Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
    'Till time shall cease:  
Sleep that no pain shall wake,  
Night that no morn shall break  
'Till joy shall overtake  
    Her perfect peace.

– Christina Rossetti

## All Groups

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### In Those Fields

Mitchell Fund

In those fields,  
those golden fields,  
I lay down,  
please lay me down.

Where I worked,  
where I slept,  
where I cried when you left.  
My home,  
all I've known.

In those fields,  
those golden fields,  
days grow long,  
here I belong.

Where I worked,  
where I slept,  
where I cried when you left.  
My home,  
all I've known.

In those fields,  
those golden fields,  
how time's flown,  
these seeds have grown.

Where I worked,  
where I slept,  
where I cried when you left.  
My home,  
all I've known.

In those fields,  
those golden fields,  
I lay down,  
please lay me down.

– Mitchell Fund

Have you ever seen  
on a morning early  
the sun bright'ning  
th'Olympics with rose?

The mist moving on the bay  
like phantom reeds  
Showing a dainty contrast  
to the rugged snows?

Have you seen those snows  
turn from rose to gold  
while the gulls and ducks  
play below,

Then, at last,  
when day is all here,  
Have you seen the mountains?  
in a dazzling white row?

See the white gull scudding,  
against the evergreen curtain?  
See the duck reflected  
as it flies o'er the bay?

See the distant monarchs?  
See the distant monarchs,  
turning hazy,  
hazy as we watch?

Look, and gaze, and see.  
For it's different.  
Different ev'ry day.

– Frieda Schubert Walworth

RADIANCE is a Seattle-based professional vocal ensemble specializing in the performance of American choral music. The group primarily focuses on performing contemporary works by living composers, including local Pacific Northwest composers. Radiance also performs music from the shapenote and Shaker traditions to celebrate and connect the roots of American choral music to contemporary works

DIRECTOR MARKDAVIN OBENZA has dedicated his career to music. In addition to Radiance, Markdavin is Director and founder of Seattle-based chamber choir the Byrd Ensemble, an ensemble that performs Renaissance Polyphony, and Producer for Scribe Records, an independent record label. He is an active freelance singer who has performed with the Byrd Ensemble, Tudor Choir, Early Music Vancouver, and members of the Tallis Scholars. He is the Director of Choral Music at Trinity Parish Church in Seattle, WA and teaches choir at South Seattle College.