



PRESENTS

SWEET LOVERS
LOVE
THE SPRING



WINSTON SALEM
SYMPHONY

Season Presenting
Sponsor



MICHELLE MERRILL
MUSIC DIRECTOR

Verdi's Requiem

Winston-Salem Symphony & Chorus

Othalie Graham Soprano

Raehann Bryce-Davis Mezzo Soprano

Cooper Nolan Tenor

Bill McMurray Bass

Michelle Merrill Conductor

Chris Gilliam Chorus Director

Apr 26 & 27

Wait Chapel, Wake Forest University



symp.ws/verdi



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PRESENTS

SWEET LOVERS
LOVE
THE SPRING

March 22, 2025

7:30PM

First Baptist Church

501 W 5th St
Winston-Salem, NC 27101

PROGRAM

Chris Gilliam, *Artistic Director & Conductor*
Robert Matthews, *Piano*

I



SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

Ēriks Ešenvalds (b. 1977)
text by Thomas Nashe (1587-1601)

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the [shepherds pipe] 1 all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!



AN DEN FRÜHLING, D. 338

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Willkommen, schöner Jüngling!
Du Wonne der Natur!
Mit deinem Blumenkörbchen
Willkommen auf der Flur!

Welcome, fair youth,
nature's delight!
Welcome to the meadows
with your basket of flowers!

Ei, ei! da bist du wieder!
Und bist so lieb und schön!
Und freun wir uns so herzlich,
Entgegen dir zu gehn.

Ah, you are here again,
so dear and lovely!
We feel such joy
as we come to meet you.

Denkst auch noch an mein Mädchen?
Ei, Lieber, denke doch!
Dort liebte mich das Mädchen
Und's Mädchen liebt mich noch!

Do you still think of my sweetheart?
Ah, dear friend, think of her!
There my girl loved me,
and she loves me still!

Für's Mädchen manches Blümchen
Erbat ich mir von dir.
Ich komm' und bitte wieder,
Und du? Du gibst es mir.

I asked you for many flowers
for my sweetheart.
I come and ask you once more,
and you? You give them to me.



IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

arr. Andrew Griffiths

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.



ORACLE OF SPRING

Mari Esabel Valverde (b. 1987)

Du prophet'scher Vogel du,
Blüthensänger, o Coucou !
Bitten eines jungen Paares
In der schönsten Zeit des Jahres
Höre, liebster Vogel, du ;
Kann es hoffen, ruf' ihm zu :
Dein Coucou, dein Coucou,
Immer mehr Coucou, Coucou.
Hörst du ! ein verliebtes Paar
Sehnt sich herzlich zum Altar ;
Une es ist bei seiner Jugend
Voller Treue, voller Tugend.
Ist die Stunde denn noch nicht voll ?
Sag', wie lange es warten soll ?
Horch ! Coucou ! Horch ! Coucou !
Immer stille ! Nichts hinzu !
Ist es doch nicht unsre Schuld !
Nur zwei Jahre noch Geduld !
Aber wenn wir uns genommen,
Werden Pa-pa-papas kommen ?
Wisse, dass du uns erfreust,
Wenn du viele prophezeist.
Eins ! Coucou ! Zwei ! Coucou !
Immer weiter Coucou, Coucou, Cou.
Haben wir wohl recht gezählt,
Wenig am Halbdutzend fehlt.
Wenn wir gute Worte geben,
Sagst du wohl, wie lang wir leben ?
Freilich, wir gestehen dir's,
Gern zum längsten trieben wir's,
Cou Coucou, Cou Coucou, Cou, Cou, Cou,
Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou.
Leben ist ein grosses Fest,
Wenn sich's nicht berechnen lässt.
Sind wir nun zusammen blieben,
Bleibt denn auch das treue Lieben ?
Könnte das zu Ende gehen,
Wär' doch alles nicht mehr schön.
Cou Coucou, Cou Coucou, Cou, Cou, Cou,
Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou, Cou.
(Mit Grazie in infinitum.)

*Cuckoo, thou prophetic bird,
Blossom-songster ! hear the word
Of a youthful loving pair,
In the sweetest time of year,
Do, thou charming warbler, thou,
May they hope ? sing to them now,
Thy cuckoo, thy cuckoo,
And again cuckoo, cuckoo.
Hear! a loving pair demand
At the altar soon to stand ;
They are in the bloom of youth,
Full of love, and full of truth.
Say, will it be soon or late ?
How long will they have to wait ?
Hark ! cuckoo ! hark ! cuckoo !
Silent now ? 'tis only two !
Mine is not the fault, nor hers,
Patience but for two more years !
But, when we are one become,
Will pa pa papas e'er come ?
We'll rejoice if thou but criest,
And us many prophesiest,
One ! cuckoo ! two ! cuckoo !
And again, cuckoo, cuckoo, coo.
If we counted rightly, near
Half a dozen 'twould appear.
Wilt thou, if fair words we give,
Say how long we have to live ?
True, we fain would, if we can,
Live life's very longest span.
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, Cuckoo, cuckoo,
cuckoo, cuckoo, &c.
Life is a great jubilee
When it cannot reckoned be.
If we e'er old age attain,
Will our faithful love remain ?
O, if that should e'er be o'er,
Nought on earth were lovely more:
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo, Cuckoo, cuckoo,
cuckoo, cuckoo, &c.
(gracefully in infinitum.)*

-Alfred Baskerville



SPRING

David Conte (b. 1955)

text by William Blake, from Songs of Innocence

Sound the flute!
Now it's mute!
Birds delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky, -
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.

II



RECIT: BEHOLD, NOW SURLY WINTER FLIES! CHORUS: COME, GENTLE SPRING

*Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
from "Die Jahreszeiten"*

Charli Mills, *soprano*
Jeffery Maggs, *tenor*
Jackson Wood, *bass*

Recitative

Simon

Behold how surly Winter flies; to polar
regions now he goes.
Now follows at his call the savage storm's
tumultuous host with all its dreadful roar.

Lucas

And see, from craggy rocks the snow in
muddy streams flows down the slopes!

Jane

And see how from the South, by mild and
gentle winds allur'd, the Spring again
appears.

Chorus of Country Folk

Come, gentle Spring!
The gift of heaven, come!
From deathly winter sleep bid Nature now
awake!

And now she nears, the gentle Spring, her
soft and balmy breath we feel, and soon
will life to all return.

But yet do not too soon rejoice, for oft,
enwrapp'd in mist and fog, the Winter will
return and spread o'er bud and flow'r his
chilling frost.

Come, gentle Spring!
The gift of heaven, come!
Upon our meadows now descend!
O come, gentle Spring O come, return,
delay no more! with all its dreadful roar.



SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

From "The Sprig of Thyme"

arr. John Rutter (b. 1945)

As I walked out one morning,
In the springtime of the year,
I overheard a sailor boy,
Likewise a lady fair.
They sang a song together,
Made the valleys for to ring,
While the birds on spray
And the meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely spring.



SPRING SHALL BLOOM

Susan LaBarr (b. 1981)

text by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

It is over. What is over?
Nay, now much is over truly.
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,
Now the wheat is garnered duly.

It is finished. What is finished?
Much is finished known or unknown:
Lives are finished; time diminished;
Was the fallow field left unsown?
Will these buds be always unblown?

It suffices. What suffices?
All suffices reckoned rightly:
Spring shall bloom where now the ice is,
Roses make the bramble sightly,
And the quickening sun shine brightly,
And the latter wind blow lightly,
And my garden teem with spices.



SPRING SATB

Joshua Shank (b. 1980)

text by Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

The cold spring rain is falling:
Out in the lonely tree
A bird is calling, calling,
Calling slowly over the earth
The wings of night are falling, falling.

There will come soft rain and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plumtrees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war,
Not one will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

My heart like the bird is calling.
The cold spring rain is falling.



FRESH AND FEARLESS

Daniel Elder (1986)

text by Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

The spring is fresh and fearless
And every leaf is new,
The world is brimmed with moonlight,
The lilac brimmed with dew.

Here in the moving shadows
I catch my breath and sing--
My heart is fresh and fearless
And over-brimmed with spring.

III



SPRING

Nancy Wertsch (b. 1948)
text by Sara Astle Carruth (b. 1986)

I feel the glow of spring transcend,
Transcend the gloomy dim of winter's heart.
New life begins to make amends
Of every cold and shattered part.
La, la, la...
And bud by bud, blossoms anew
The love that fled grief's bitter frost,
While sunlight's hope streams, softly through
Kindling the soul that once was lost
Though storming clouds and rains may come,
The roots of spring stand steady still.
I feel the glow of spring's new song
Stir my senses toward the light,
'Til yearning turns to pleasure strong,
And dormant dreams take boundless flight.



WANNABE

(AS AN ENGLISH MADRIGAL)

Nathan Howe (b. 1982)
recorded by Spice Girls

Refrain: Yo, I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want.
So tell me what you want, what you really, really want.
I'll tell you what I want, I really, really wanna zig-a-zig, ah.

Stanza 1: If you want my future, forget my past.
If you wanna get with me, better make it fast.
Now don't go wasting my precious time,
Get your act together we could be just fine.

Stanza 2: If you want to be my lover, you gotta get with my friends,
Make it last forever, friendship never ends.
If you wanna be my lover, you have got to give,
Taking is too easy, but that's the way it is.

Stanza 3: O what you think about that? Now you know how I feel,
Say you can handle my love are you for real,
I won't be hasty, I'll give you a try
If you really bug me, then I'll say goodbye.

Coda: Dancing up and down and winding all around...



SING OF SPRING

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Spring is here!
Sing will-ee wall-ee will-oh
Spring appears!
Sing till-ee tall-ee till-oh
Winter's past
Tra-la-lee-lo!
The shepherd free at last
Sings piminy-mo
Jug-a jug-a jug!
Spring is here!
The ploughboy starts to carol
Spring appears!
We don our gay apparel
And fa la la!
We all rejoice
Come lift up every voice
And sing of spring!



IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

John Rutter (b. 1945)



WHO IS SYLVIA

*PDQ Bach / Peter Schickele (1935-2024)
from "Liebeslieder Polkas"*

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her? (Boy do they commend her.)
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her, (Brother, you should she what they lent her.)
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness. (Beauty shacks up with kindness.)
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness, (He has a little trouble with blindness.)
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
That Sylvia is excelling; (Sylvia is excelling.)
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Who is Sylvia?
Helen is a beauty, the fairest in the land;
Maid Marian's a groupie with the Robin Hood band;
Godiva is a lady, as ev'ryone can see,
But who is Sylvia, what is she?

Joanie is a martyr, and Lizzie is a queen;
And Jezebel's a no-no, if you know what I mean;
Priscilla is a pilgrim, and Daphne is a tree,
But who is Sylvia, what is she?

Who is Sylvia?
Who, me?
Who is Sylvia?
Yeah, thee!
Who is Sylvia, what is she gonna say when she sees me?
Mi mi mi. Hey!



LOVERS LOVE THE SPRING

David Dickau (b. 1953)

FIN

WSCA ROSTER

SOPRANO

Cláudia Vianna Audet
Haley Chapman
Taylor Hill
Charli Mills
Katie Muhlenkamp
Daniele Olsen
Clara Reitz

ALTO

Christin Baker
Alyssa Cataldi
Lauren Harris
Elaine Phelps
Kristin Schwecke
Krista Steinour

TENOR

David Brooks
Isaac Fulk
Jeffery Maggs
Robert Matthews
Robert Steinour

BASS

Rich Lowder
Thomas McNeil
Will Munster
Stephen Stringer
Kelly Turner
Dominic Veconi
Jackson Wood

Please scan the QR code to learn more about the artists



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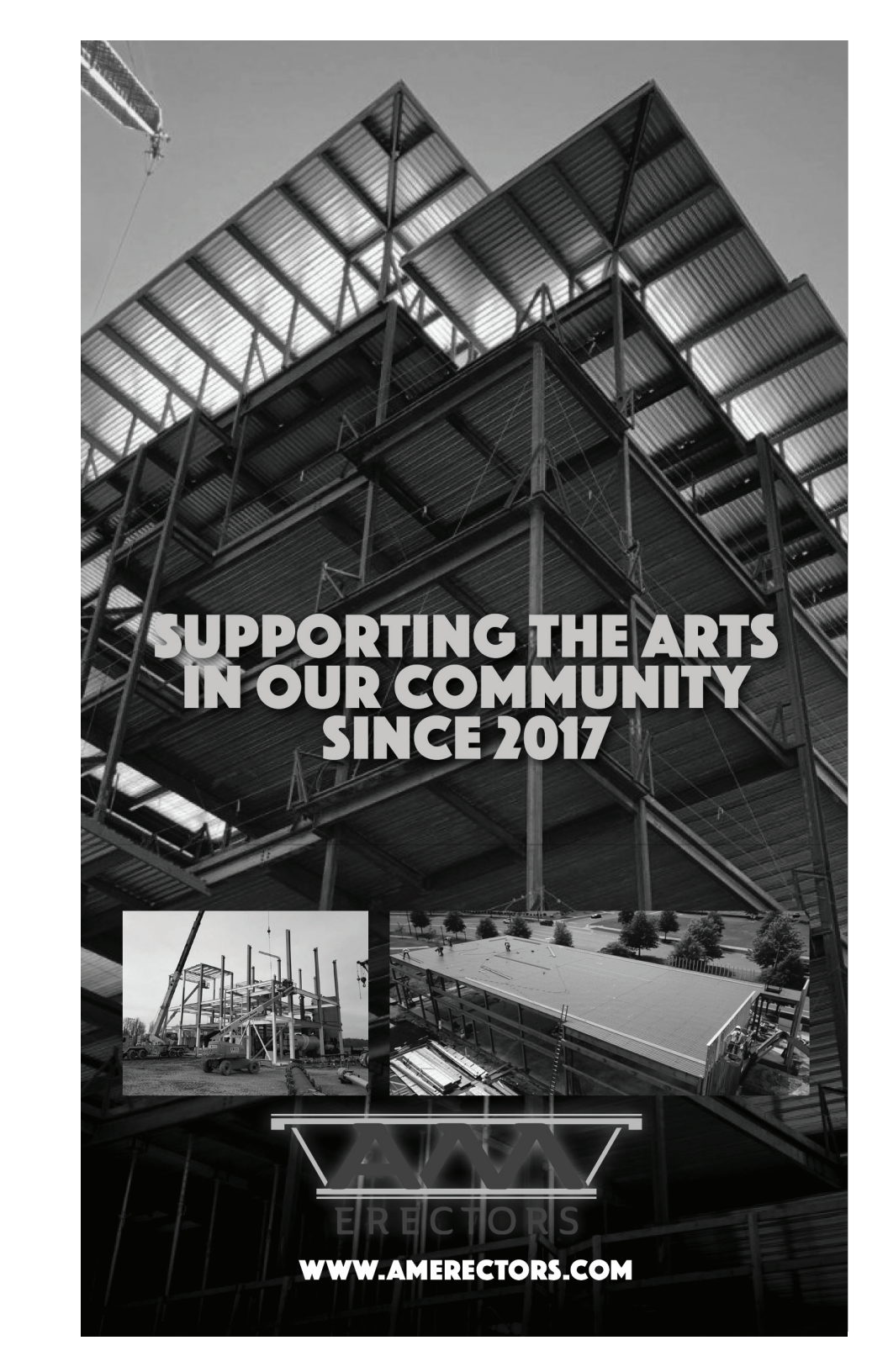
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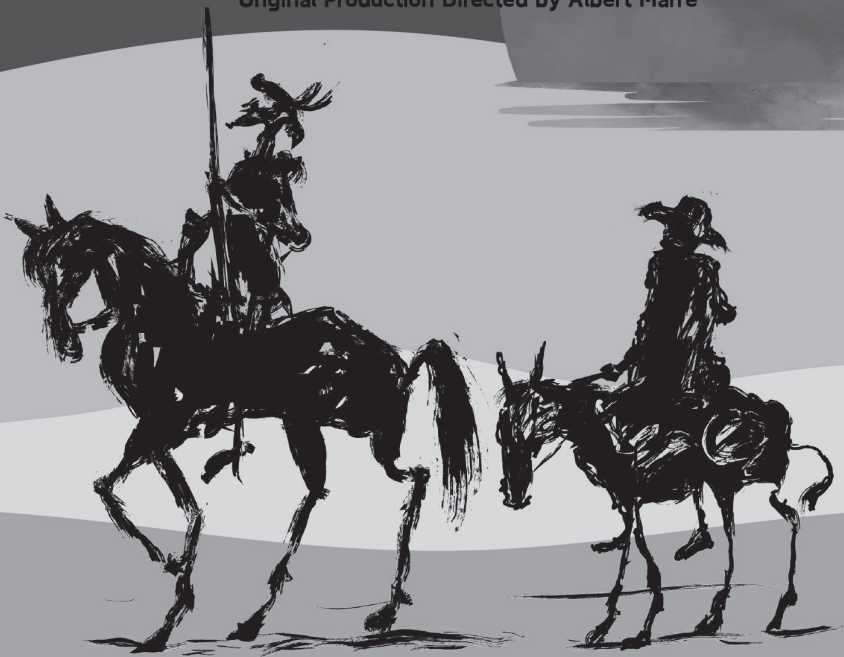
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with Winston-Salem Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra

May 3, 2025

7:30 PM

Centenary United Methodist Church
Winston-Salem, NC 27101

Free Admission

This performance is a collaboration with Winston-Salem Choral Academy, Centenary Youth Choir Collective, Reynolds High School Choir, and West Forsyth HS Concert Choir