

Central City Chorus



Sunday – 8 pm
April 9, 2000

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Central City Chorus



David Friddle, music director

Classic Cole Porter

Cole Porter

1. From This Moment On 1891-1964
2. Now You Has Jazz
3. True Love
4. Let's Do It
5. Anything Goes
6. Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Arranged by MAC HUFF

intermission

Three Sacred Concerts

Duke Ellington

1. In the Beginning God 1899-1974
2. Is God a Three-letter Word for Love?—
My Love
3. Ain't Nobody Nothin'
4. Father Forgive
5. Almighty God
6. Somethin' 'Bout Believing
7. Come Sunday
8. Heaven

Arranged by PHIL MATTSON

Catherine Thorpe, *soprano*

Central City Chorus

Sopranos

Charlotte Sheane Denis
Trish Eckert
Clara Fagan
Elizabeth Hay
Nancy Poor
Sharon Proctor
Marjorie Scott Ramirez
Deborah Reynolds
Nancy Rogers
Laura Smid

Tenors

Lou Reda
Jeffrey Silverman
Kai Toen
Todd Weeks
A. Jordan Wright

Orchestra

Piano

Jonathan Oblander

Guitar

Roni Ben-Hur

Bass

David Finck

Drums

Grisha Alexiev

Altos

Jamelyn Boxwill
Keri Chryst
Katherine Cohn
Robin Frye
Jill Hamilton
Sally Porter Jenks
Lois Morgan
Nicole Possin
Susan LeVant Roskin
Wendy Zuckerman

Basses

John Bischoff
Michael Boonstra
Jim Dittmer
Doug Holt
Matt Hoptman
Tristan Marciano
Joseph Palladino
Alex Quinn
Noel Werrett
Andrei Yermakov

Synthesizer

Tomoko Ohno Farnham

Trumpets

Jon-Erik Kellso
Randy Sandke

Woodwinds

Patience Higgins

Trombone

Larry Farrell

Notes on the Program

Born Albert Porter on June 9, 1891 in the heartland of America, Cole Porter created his professional identity by combining the surnames of his mother (Kate Cole) and his father (Sam Porter). Cole studied violin and piano starting at age six; he continued his musical education through college. Cole joined the Yale Glee Club and sang with it from 1909–1913, eventually becoming its director.

Cole's Yale years were adventurous: he produced a number of student musicals and he also forged several important relationships that remained with him throughout his life. Most Yale classmates came to know him for the fight songs he composed, many of them are Yale classics still.

The years following Cole's graduation saw him attempt to study law at Harvard. The man who paid all of Cole's bills, his grandfather J.O. Cole, disapproved of men choosing careers in the arts; Grandfather Cole tried hard to convince Cole to become a lawyer. Even when Cole was young, J.O. tried to instill a sense of rough individualism and business savvy that was lost on the pampered young Porter.

Although Cole started Harvard Law, his primary attention was always on music (including writing musicals for his Yale friends). Although his mother knew, Cole's grandfather didn't learn that Cole switched from the law school to the school of arts and sciences at Harvard in order to pursue music.

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Eventually, Cole abandoned Harvard altogether and moved to the Yale club in New York to seriously begin his music career.

Porter's initial efforts on Broadway—including his first big show in 1916, *See America First*—were failures. The following year he moved to Paris where he joined the French Foreign Legion. He served three years, remaining in Paris after his 1919 discharge; he then married a society lady. The newlywed couple hosted glamorous parties in Paris, Venice and the Rivera.

Cole frequently performed his own music at these parties; indeed, the songs matched the chic esoteric mood of his social circle. Nevertheless, his music was slow to find acceptance on the stage. During the 1920s, his luck began to turn. In 1923 he composed a ballet score—performed both in Paris and New

York by the Swedish Ballet—that was one of the century's first expressions of symphonic jazz.

1929 saw the production of *Wake Up and Dream* in London, along with *Fifty Million Frenchmen* in New York. *Gay Divorce* with Fred Astaire followed in 1932, with *Anything Goes* in 1934. Stage legend Ethel Merman starred in *Panama Hattie* during the 1940 season.

Despite the riding accident in 1937 that crippled one leg—eventually necessitating its amputation—Porter continued to write songs for Broadway with his trademark witty and often cynical words. Some of his most famous songs date from this period: *Let's Do It, Night and Day, I Get a Kick Out of You, Begin the Beguine, Just One of Those Things, You're the Top, It's Delovely* and others. His song writing success culminated in 1948 with his masterpiece *Kiss Me, Kate*, based on

Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Musically, Porter was one of the most thoroughly trained popular songwriters of the 20th century. He was perhaps even better known as a lyricist; his texts were in the height of fashion—seldom sentimental, filled with *double-entendres* and witty rhymes, often referring to sex and drugs.

Although his songs were considered at first rather too shocking for the theater, today they retain much of their freshness and are classics, comprising a sizeable portion of the repertoire of every popular singer.

Porter broke ground in his composition with his use of innovative rhythmic elements and by extending his melodies, and hence the length of the individual songs. He made clever use of word painting (think of the haunting turn in "Every Time We Say Goodbye" when the lyrics speak of "...major to minor...").

Porter also possessed an especially fine ear for the pronunciation, natural speech patterns and rhythms of the English language. One example is the hop-scotching syncopations in "Anything Goes"—the words skipping by our ears like pebbles across a pond. Comfortable in almost any form or style, Cole's musical legacy is vast, diverse and impressive.

Porter died in 1964. In accordance with his wishes, he is buried between his wife Linda and his father. The popularity of his songs has long outlasted knowledge of the man himself. Many of his most famous songs were presented to the public only in the context of musicals or movies—works that also contained non-Porter songs. Still, until the 1950s Porter created the most theatrically elegant, sophisticated and musically complex songs of American 20th-century popular music.

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Edward Kennedy Ellington—one of the most significant figures in jazz history—was born in 1899. His father, a White House butler, intended young Edward to become an artist from the beginning of his life. He began studying piano at age seven—influenced by the prevailing ragtime style—and made his professional debut in 1916, aged seventeen.

Ellington was already known as Duke for his sartorial elegance and immaculate appearance when he first came to New York in 1922. He found no success then but on the advice of jazz legend Fats Waller, he moved to Manhattan in 1923 with his Washington band. Between 1923–27, he transformed this small ensemble into a full orchestra whose first recordings proved startlingly original.

From 1927–1932, Ellington and his orchestra, performing regularly at the Cotton Club in Harlem, shared leadership with Louis Armstrong of the jazz world. *Mood Indigo*, released in 1930, received worldwide acclaim, further establishing Ellington's fame. The years 1932–1942 were Ellington's most creative; his enlarged band toured the United States and Europe.

In 1939 Billy Strayhorn began his lifelong collaboration with Duke, commencing a professional and personal relationship that produced some of the

finest music imaginable. Strayhorn, openly homosexual, was taken into the Ellington apartment in Harlem and lived there as family. (Indeed, the genesis for "Take the A Train" were came from Ellington's travel directions to Strayhorn.) The unparalleled intimacy between Duke—a notorious womanizer—and Billy fueled speculation that there was a sexual component to their many-faceted, prodigious partnership.

The band grew continually during the 1940s, even as it suffered from discontinuity of personnel. Starting in 1950, Ellington began to expand the scope of his compositions; the advent of LP recording allowed him to compose and record longer, multi-movement works. His foreign tours were even more frequent and successful; he also composed his first movie score, *Anatomy of a Murder*, to critical acclaim.

He received multitudinous honors, including degrees from Howard University and Yale as well as the Presidential Medal of Honor; he was inducted into the National Institute of Arts and Letters in 1970 and subsequently, in 1971, became the first jazz musician member of the Royal Music Academy in Stockholm.

In his last decade Ellington devoted himself to liturgical music. *Three Sacred Concerts* (1965, 1968, 1973) were per-

formed at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, Westminster Abbey and numerous German churches.

Phil Mattson, jazz performer and pedagogue, arranged selections from Ellington's *Three Sacred Concerts* into a compilation that effectively demonstrates the breadth and the depth of Ellington's musical language. The first movement, "In the Beginning God" incorporates a variety of rhythmic elements. Smooth legato choral singing gives way to Samba, which then becomes swing. This movement sets the stage for the remainder of the work, which is equally diverse in compositional techniques. (The spoken narration—as with all verbal parts in this work—is by Ellington.)

The second and third movements consider God's love for humans and our love of God in quasi romantic terms, outlined by the title alone, "Is God a

Three-letter Word for Love?"—the matrix of Ellington's personal theology. Romantic love as doxology continues into "My Love," where Duke's lyrics contain phrases such as "...Oh say my love, I pray, my love, we stay as we are..." and "...Of all the lovely love I love, Love is the loveliest."

Performed tonight by a small ensemble, "Ain't Nobody Nothin' " is a classic close-harmony swing tune, that, save for its underlying religious connotations could well be sung in the Cotton Club. Built over the vocal equivalent of a pizzicato string bass, the soprano solo and the bass frame the accompanimental "dooops" of the choir. The text proclaims, albeit without judgment, the futility of life without the presence of God.

"Father Forgive" is composed in a completely different style yet. Slow and sustained, it repeats again and again the

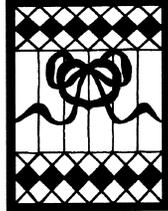


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simple phrase “Father forgive” with increasingly dramatic and tense harmonies. Narrators, using Ellington’s own words, enunciate his vision of the ills of society (at least in the late 1960s and early 1970s). The most tonal of all the movements, “Father Forgive” builds to a strong, passionate conclusion.

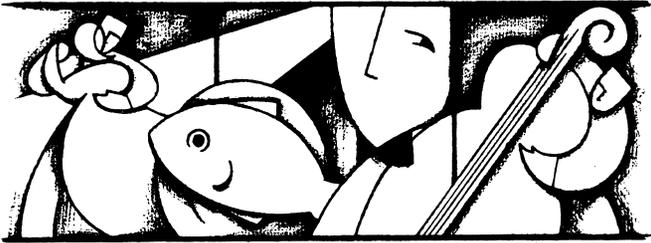
“Almighty God” is a lovely ballad that details Ellington’s view of heaven, replete with angels “...up there weavin’ sparkling fabrics just for you and me to love.” “Something ‘Bout Believing” is a medium swing tune with the catchiest rhythms of the set, filled with bee-bop motives and syncopations designed to throw off the most obdurate toe-tapper. The text is a quasi Credo from the Roman mass, describing Duke’s faith-principle in uncomplicated terms such as “...believing that’s better than pleasure, Something ‘bout believing that is greater than any treasure.” All the while Ellington builds the work to an inevitable, and theologically unam-

biguous conclusion—reinforced by a sequence of upward, repeated motives—that “I’ll see God!”

“Come Sunday,” another smooth, harmonically lush prayer for God’s sustaining power, incorporates extreme chromaticism with traditional jazz harmonies. The concert closes with “Heaven,” comprised of arpeggiated chords that accompany the soloist as she extols the beauty and comfort of heaven— “...the ultimate degree to be.”

Even though these sacred works are rarely performed, Ellington considered them the most important of his compositions. Inasmuch as the *Three Sacred Concerts* synthesize Ellington’s world-view of spirituality—one filled with compassion, tolerance and forgiveness—with his ground-breaking achievements in jazz composition and promotion, these compositions make a satisfying capstone to a career and life whose reverberations are still felt today—three decades after his death.

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Texts

CLASSIC COLE PORTER

I. From This Moment On

From this moment on, you for me dear, only two for tea dear from this moment on. From this happy day, no more blue songs, only whoopdeedoo songs. For you've got the love I need

so much, got the skin, I love to touch, got the arms to hold me tight, got the sweet lips to kiss me good night. From this moment on you and I babe, we'll be riding high, babe. Every care is gone from this moment on.

It was just one of those things, just one of those crazy flings, one of those bells that now and then rings, just one of those things. If we'd thought a bit of the end of it, when we started

painting the town, we'd have been aware that our love affair was too hot not to cool down. So goodbye, dear, and Amen, here's hoping we'll meet now and then. It was great fun, but it was just one of those things.

Another op'nin', another show, in Philly, Boston or Baltimore, a chance for stagefolks to say, "Hello," another op'nin' of another show. Another job that you hope will last, will make your future, forget your past, another pain where the ulcers grow, another op'nin' of another show.

Four weeks you rehearse and rehearse, three weeks and it couldn't be worse, one week will it ever be right? Then out of the hat it's that big first night.

From this moment on, you and I babe, we'll be riding high, babe, every care is gone from this moment on. The overture is about to start, you cross your fingers and hold your heart, It's curtain time and away we go, from this moment on!

II. Now You Has Jazz

I've got you under my skin. I've got you deep in the heart of me. So deep in my heart, you're really a part of me.

I'd sacrifice anything, come what might, for the sake of having you near, in spite of a warning voice that comes in the night and repeats and repeats in my ear, "Don't you know little fool, you can never win.

Use your mentality, wake up to reality." But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop, before I begin, 'cause I got you under my skin.

I like the looks of you, the lure of

you, the sweet of you, the pure of you, the eyes, the arms, the mouth of you, the east, west, north and the south of you.

I'd love to gain complete control of you, and handle even the heart and soul of you. So love, at least, a small percent of me, do. For I love all of you.

Take some skins, jazz begins. Take a bass, steady pace. Take a box, one that rocks. Take a blue horn, New Orleans born. Take a stick, with a lick. Take a bone, Dixie grown. Take a spot, cool and hot! Now you has jazz!

I love Paris in the springtime. I love Paris in the fall. I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles. I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles. I love Paris ev'ry moment, ev'ry moment of the year. I love Paris. Why, oh why do I love Paris? Because my love is near.

You'd be so easy to love, so easy to idolize all others above. So worth the yearning for, so swell to keep ev'ry

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homefire burning for.

We'd be so grand at the game, so carefree together, that it does seem a shame, that you can't see your future with me, 'cause you'd be so easy to love.

You can't know how happy I am that we met. I'm strangely attracted to you. There's someone I'm trying so hard to forget. Don't you want to forget someone too?

It's the wrong time and the wrong place, though your face is charming, it's the wrong face. It's the wrong song in the wrong style tho' your smile is lovely it's the wrong smile.

You'd be so nice to come home to. You'd be so nice by the fire. While the breeze on high sang a lullaby, you'd be all that I could desire. Under stars chilled by the winter, under the August moon, burning above. You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise to come home to and love.

It's too darn hot! I'd like to sup with my baby tonight, and play the pup with my baby tonight, but I ain't up to my baby tonight 'cause it's too darn hot.

III. True Love

I give to you and you give to me true love. So on and on it will always be true love. For you and I have a guardian angel on high with nothing to do But to give to you and you give to me, love forever true.

Strange, dear, but true, dear, when I'm close to you, dear, the stars fill the sky, so in love with you am I. Even without you, my arms fold about you, I'm yours till I die, so in love with you, my love, am I.

In the still of the night, as I gaze from my window, at the moon in its flight, my thoughts all stray to you. In the still of the night, while the world is in slumber, oh, the times without

number, Darling, when I say to you, "Do you love me as I love you? Are you my life to be, my dream come true?" Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight like the moon growing dim, on the rim of the hill in the chill, still of the night.

IV. Let's Do It (Let's Fall in Love)

When the little bluebird, who has never said a word, starts to sing, "spring, spring." When the little bluebell, in the bottom of the dell, starts to ring, "ding, ding." When the little blue clerk, in the middle of his work, starts a tune to the moon up above. It is nature, that's all, simply telling us to fall in love.

And that's why birds do it, bees do it, even educated fleas do it. Let's do it, let's fall in love. In Spain, the best upper sets do it, Lithuanians and Letts do it. The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it, not to mention the Finns, Folks in Siam do it, think of Siamese twins. Some Argentines without means do it, people say in Boston, even beans do it, let's do it, let's fall in love.

Electric eels, I might add, do it, though it shocks them I know. Why ask if shad do it? Waiter, bring me shad roe. In shallow shoals, English soles, do it, goldfish in the privacy of bowls, do it, let's do it, let's fall in love.

V. Anything Goes

In olden days a glimpse of stocking

was looked on as something shocking, now heaven knows, anything goes. Good authors too who once knew better words now only use four letter words, writing prose, anything goes.

The world has gone mad today and good's bad today and black's white today and day's night today, when most guys today that women prize today, are just silly gigolos. So though I'm not a great romancer I know that I'm bound to answer when I propose, anything goes!

You're the top! You're the coliseum, you're the top! You're the Louvre museum, I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop, but if baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top!

The night is young, the skies are clear and if you want to go walking dear, it's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely. I understand the reason why you're sentimental, 'cause so am I, it's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely. It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable, it's delirious, it's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe, it's delovely.

We're all alone no chaperone can get our number, the world's in slumber, let's misbehave. They say the spring means just one thing to little love birds, we're not above birds, let's misbehave.

While tearing off a game of golf, I may make a play for the caddy, but when I do, I don't follow through, 'cause my heart belongs to Daddy. Yes,

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my heart belongs to Daddy, so I simply couldn't be bad. Yes, my heart belongs to Daddy. So I want to warn you, laddie, though I know you're perfectly swell, that my heart belongs to Daddy, 'cause my Daddy he treats me so well.

There's something wild about you child that's so contagious, let's be outrageous, let's misbehave.

Be a clown, all the world loves a clown. Act the fool, play the calf, and you'll always have the last laugh. If you become a doctor, folks'll face you with dread, if you become a dentist, they'll be glad when you're dead, you'll get a bigger hand if you can stand on your head. Be a clown.

If you're ever in a jam, here I am. If you're ever in a mess, S.O.S. If you ever feel so happy you land in jail, I'm your bail. It's friendship, just a perfect blendship. When other friendships have been forgot, ours will still be hot.

When they begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender. It brings back a night of tropical splendor, when they begin the beguine.

Night and day you are the one, only you beneath the moon and under the sun. Whether near to me or far, it's no matter, darling, where you are I think of you, night and day. Night and day under the hide of me, there's an oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside of me. And its torment won't be through 'til you let me spend my life making love to you, day and night, night and day.

VI. Every Time We Say Goodbye

Every time we say goodbye, I die a little. Every time we say goodbye, I wonder why a little, why the gods above me, who must be in the know, think so little of me, they allow you to go. When you're near there's such an air of spring about it, I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing about it

There's no love song finer, but how

strange the change from major to minor, every time we say goodbye.

THREE SACRED CONCERTS

1. In the Beginning God

In the beginning God, no heaven, no earth, no nothing. In the beginning God, no one else but God. No heaven, no earth, no nothing.

2. Is God a Three-Letter Word for Love/My Love

Is God a three-letter word for love? Is love a four-letter word for God Almighty? When love is in the air do you know that God is there? When roses bloom in May didn't God plan it that way?

Whether former or latter really doesn't matter. 'Cause love is of God and God is above, is the King of Love.

My love, the love of my life. It's love of love that brings me love, the love of Heaven above. Oh say my love, I pray, my love, we stay as we are. Of all the lovely love I love, Love is the loveliest.

3. Ain't Nobody Nothin'

If you haven't felt the need yet to fix upon a creed yet, listen to the message of Sir Duke! There ain't nobody nowhere nothin' without God. Ain't nothin' sunshine, ain't nothin' rain, nobody crazy, ain't nobody sane. Nobody short or long, Nobody prays or sings a song. No rich, no poor, nobody next door. No apple, no core, no cooked no raw. No gold, no whore, no game, no score. Nothin' for living and nothin' to live for.

If you're livin' without God's blessing nothin' will be with you. Livin' a life with no blessing, messing around where you shouldn't be messing. The life you live and life you love is given you on a lease. You have no right to forsake it. It belongs to the God of peace! Ain't nobody nowhere, nothin' without God.

There ain't no believer nowhere dressed in denim or in mohair gonna'

get to heaven sinning twenty four and seven. Ain't nobody nowhere, nothin' without God.

4. Father Forgive

Father, forgive.

5. Almighty God

Almighty God has those angels away up there above, up there a weavin' sparkling fabrics just for you and me to love.

Almighty God has those angels up in the proper place, waiting to receive and to welcome us and remake us in grace.

Wash your face and hands and hearts and soul, 'cause you wash so well. God will keep you safely where there's no sulphur smell.

Almighty God has those angels as ready as can be, waiting to dress, caress, and bless us all in perpetuity.

Soloists

I've got you under my skin

Laura Smid

You'd be so easy to love

Nancy Rogers & Kai Toen

So in love

A. Jordan Wright

In the still of the night

Charlotte Sheane Denis

Let's do it, let's fall in love

Matthew Hoptman & Nancy Rogers

Anything goes

Tristan Marciano

Let's misbehave

Nicole Possin & Matthew

Hoptman

Friendship

Katherine Cohn & Jeffrey

Silverman

Begin the beguine

A. Jordan Wright

6. Something 'Bout Believing

Somethin' 'bout believing that keeps unfolding, somethin' 'bout believing makes my soul sing. Somethin' 'bout believing keeps me holding unto God Almighty, Mighty God.

There's somethin' 'bout believing that helps my mending, Somethin' 'bout believing there's no ending. Believing all the way 'cause I'm depending on the God Almighty.

I don't light a lamp, no lamp! To see the sun, see it, wow! Don't need proof of God because I know there ain't gonna be but one, just one.

Somethin' 'bout believing in the creation, Somethin' 'bout believing the information. Somethin' 'bout believing there's just one nation under Almighty God!

Somethin' 'bout believing that's much better than pleasure, Somethin' 'bout believing that is greater than any treasure. Somethin' 'bout believing

In the beginning

Todd Weeks & Sharon Proctor

Father Forgive

Trish Eckert

Noel Werrett

Jamelyn Boxwill

Jim Dittmer

Susan LeVant Roskin

Andrei Yermakov

Katherine Cohn

Somethin' 'bout believing

Sharon Proctor

Kai Toen

that's beyond measure. Just one God Almighty.

I wanna be hip, so hip! I wanna be cool, cool, cool boy! I gotta be with it all the way 'cause I ain't 'bout to be no fool!

Somethin' 'bout believing keeps me goin', Somethin' about believing that my faith is growin'. Somethin' 'bout believing keeps me knowin' I'll see God!

7. Come Sunday

Sunday, oh come Sunday.

Lord, dear Lord above, God Almighty, God of Love. Please look down and see my people through.

I believe that God put sun and moon up in the sky; I don't mind the grey skies 'cause they're just clouds passing by.

I believe God is now, was then, and always will be. With God's blessing we can make it to eternity.

8. Heaven

Heaven, my dream, Heaven, divine; Heaven supreme, Heaven combines every sweet and pretty thing life would love to bring.

Heavenly Heaven to be is just the ultimate degree to be.

The Central City Chorus

David Friddle
music director

Jonathan Oblander
accompanist



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The Artists



Hailing from New Paltz, New York, Catherine Thorpe made a debut with the Baltimore Opera at age 24 with conductor Leon Fleischer. She has since gone on to perform opera at the Kennedy Center, Lincoln

Center's Alice Tully Hall and Juilliard Opera Theatre, and Boston's Jordan Hall.

Her operatic work includes three world premieres, including Robert Ceely's *The Automobile Graveyard*. Ms. Thorpe has appeared as a guest performer and soloist with the Baltimore Consort for Early Music, Boston's Chorus Pro Musica, Coro Allegro, The Women's Composers Orchestra, and The Mark Morris Dance Company. She has been a featured soloist with Portland Symphony Orchestra, and with the Boston Pops under the baton of Keith Lockhart. She is currently a member of Auros Group for New Music.

She debuted with New York City Opera's National Company in the title role of Donizetti's *The Daughter of the Regiment* and at Caramoor as Lisette in Puccini's *La Rondine* last fall. She made her international performing debut in Japan singing Handel's *Messiah* and *Carmina Burana* in Tokyo with the Tokyo Philharmonic and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Telemann Chamber Orchestra in Osaka, Japan. Last fall marked the release of a new oratorio on the ZCRecords label by Charles Osborne, featuring Ms. Thorpe, and next fall she will travel to

Denmark to record another new work written for her.

The jazz idiom, especially that of Duke Ellington and his contemporaries in Big Band music, is particularly well known to Thorpe. Her father Roger Thorpe was a three time winner on the Ted Mack Amateur Hour. He also played trumpet with the Glenn Miller, Woody Herman, and Les & Larry Elgart orchestras and now directs the Sammy Kaye Orchestra.

Catherine sang the standard Big Band rep with her father's different jazz and club bands beginning at age 11 and performed as the Girl Singer for the Kaye band for many years, touring throughout the country. Tonight's concert will be a very warm homecoming for her, to a style that she has known all her life.

By the age of four, David Friddle knew that music was his destiny. Armed with a portable electric chord organ, David prowled the Sans Souci community in Greenville, SC, giving concerts for passersby.

This same self-starting determination enabled David to pursue his career goal, following a meandering path that began in his hometown of Greenville and led ultimately to New York City and The Juilliard School.

Along the way, David studied in Charleston, South Carolina, earned a B. Mus. cum laude from Baylor



University and worked for two years as a church musician, boy choir director, pool manager and graduate teaching assistant in Fort Worth, Texas.

He earned his Master of Music from The Juilliard School in 1985, supported by the generosity of several businessmen in North and South Carolina. He went on to win the prestigious Valentine Memorial Scholarship—the Wrst organist to do so—in order to complete his Doctor of Musical Arts from Juilliard in 1988.

During the past seven years, Dr. Dave (as he is known by some) founded two gay men’s choirs, one of them in Greenville, South Carolina, to help celebrate the city’s Wrst gay pride march in 1997. Most recently, David founded Cantaría in Asheville, North Carolina—once again to take part in the state’s gay pride festivities.

He also lived in Florence for several months, concentrating on learning Italian, absorbing the vast collections of Renaissance art and mastering Tuscan cuisine. (By the way, he has the world’s Wnest recipe for tiramisù.)

David’s choral and organ compositions are published by MorningStar Music of St. Louis and Yelton Rhodes Music of Los Angeles.

The Central City Chorus is a nonsectarian amateur choral society distinguished by its small size and its dedication to performing a wide range of choral repertoire. Founded in 1981 with the support of Central Presbyterian Church, the chorus has a history of varied and adventurous programming, often performing works that are rarely sung by New York’s larger choruses.

Our nineteenth season began on December 5, 1999 with a concert featuring the *Christmas Cantata* of Daniel Pinkham; *Cantilena pro Adventu* by Franz Joseph Haydn, showcasing

soprano Gale Limansky; and the *Magnificat* of John Rutter. All three works were accompanied by orchestra. We then began our tradition of adjourning to the sidewalk for festive holiday carols with brass and the ever-popular lighting of the Park Avenue Christmas Trees.

The 1998–99 season began December 6 with a concert featuring three sacred pieces of Heinrich Schütz: *Jubilate Deo*, *Das Vaterunser* and *Ave Maria*; *Lauda per la Natività del Signore* by Ottorino Respighi; and *A Consort of Choral Christmas Carols* by P.D.Q. Bach. The season continued with an all-Liszt concert on March 30, 1999. CCC performed both the obscure *Via crucis (Way of the Cross)*, with contemporary meditations by poet/theologian Henri Nouwen, and the “Stabat Mater” from Liszt’s magnum opus *Christus*.

The final concert of our eighteenth season featured an all-unaccompanied concert of modern composers. Included were Patricia Van Ness, whose *Cor mei cordis* was given its New York premiere; Kennth Fuchs joined in the New York premiere of his cycle of Robert Frost poems, *In the clearing*. Soprano Gale Limansky made her debut performance with Central City Chorus in David Friddle’s *Requiem in d: Faces of aids*, in its world premiere.

The 1997–98 season began with a sold-out performance in December of Vaughan Williams’ *Fantasia on Christmas Carols* and *Hodie* and Poulenc’s *Quatre motets pour le temps de Noël*. The season continued with Haydn’s *Missa brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo* (“*Kleine Orgelmesse*”) and *Stabat Mater* in March; it concluded in June with Stravinsky’s *Mass*, Arvo Pärt’s *Miserere* and the world premiere of David Clark Isele’s *Come, Holy Spirit*.

Highlights of other seasons include performances of Bach’s complete *Christmas Oratorio*; *Ein deutsches*

Requiem of Brahms in the composer’s arrangement for piano duet; and Hindemith’s *Frau Musica*; Fauré’s *Requiem*; Handel’s psalm *Laudate pueri*; Haydn’s *Seven Last Words of Our Savior on the Cross*; Alessandro Scarlatti’s *St. Cecilia Mass*; Messiaen’s *Trois petites liturgies*; Britten’s *St. Nicolas, Hymn to Saint Cecilia* and the New York premiere of *The Company of Heaven*; Chris DeBlasio’s *The Best Beloved*, and Copland’s *In the Beginning*. The chorus presented a series of Purcell operas in concert versions, beginning with *Dido and Aeneas* in 1987 and continuing with *The Faery Queen*, *King Arthur* and *Dioclesian*; and also performed the composer’s *Te Deum* and *Jubilate Deo in D* and *Ode for St. Cecilia’s Day 1692*, “*Hail! bright Cecilia.*”

Central Presbyterian Church is an active and committed congregation of the Presbyterian Church (USA). It is a Christian community of people busy with their ministries, both here at 64th and Park and throughout the city. In addition to its historically recognized ministry of music, Central Presbyterian Church is active in ministry to underprivileged

children, older adults and people with HIV/AIDS.

Our diverse congregation also engages in mission outreach to many social and church agencies in the city, and it sponsors numerous community activities within its walls. Founded in 1821, Central Church celebrated its 175th anniversary in 1996. The beautiful Gothic sanctuary, along with the adjoining church house, was completed in 1922; the 84-rank Möller organ—currently undergoing major renovation—was installed in 1950. The congregation of Central Presbyterian Church extends to you a cordial invitation to worship with us on Sundays at 11:00 AM.

The Central City Chorus
depends on your financial
contributions

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