

FOUNTAIN VALLEY HIGH VOCAL MUSIC PRESENTS

BOOO

directed by
KEVIN TISON

Nov 4, 2015

6:45pm

Robert B. Moore Theater
Orange Coast College - Costa Mesa





CONCERT CHOIR
National Anthem



- PROGRAM -

CONCERT CHOIR & LES CHANTEURS
Nightmare Before Christmas – Danny Elfman | arr. by Alan Billingsley

TROUVERES
hist whist – Text by e.e. cummings | arr. by John Richard

- WELCOME AND INTRODUCTIONS -

LES CHANTEURS
Phantom of the Opera – Andrew Lloyd Webber | arr. by Mark Brymer

TROUBADOURS
***Daemon Irrepit Callidus** – Gyorgy Orban

BARON CHOIR
Grim Grinning Ghosts, from Disney's Haunted Mansion – arr. Roger Emerson

CONCERT CHOIR
***Les Djinns**, Opus 12 – Gabriel Fauré

TROUVERES
Ride By Nights – Benjamin Britten



LES CHANTEURS LADIES
***Witches' Chorus**, from MacBeth – Giuseppe Verdi

TROUBADOURS
Double, Double Toil & Trouble – Jaakko Mäntyjärvi



BARON CHOIR
Monster Mash – arr. by Jeff Funk
Choreography: Clark Matthews & Paige Taylor

- CLOSING ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS | PREVIEW OF YEAR -

CONCERT CHOIR
***Cloudburst** – adapted from poem El Cántaro Roto by Octavio Paz | Music by Eric Whitacre
Soloists: To Be Announced

** See English translations on opposing page*





TRANSLATIONS

Daemon Irrepit Caldus


The Devil speaks expertly, tempting the honorable heart;
He sets forth trickery amidst praise, song, and dance.
However appealing the Devil is, it is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

The Flesh is tempted by sensuality; gluttony clings to our senses;
It overgrows, it encroaches, it stretches.
However appealing the Flesh is, it is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.

Though the Universe may confer thousands upon thousands of praises,
they neither fulfill nor put out the desire of the heart.
However appealing the whole Universe is, it is still worth less than the
heart of Jesus.

Witches' Chorus

from the opera *Macbeth* by Giuseppe Verdi

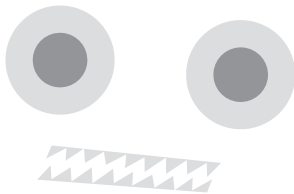
What have you been doing? Tell us!
I have slit a boar's throat. What have you done?
I'm thinking of a steersman's wife who chased me to the devil,
but her husband has set sail and I'll drown him with his ship.
I shall give you the north wind.
I shall raise the waves.
I shall drag it across the shallows. 
A drum! What can it be?
Macbeth is coming. He is here.
The wandering sisters
Fly through the air, sail over the waves,
they bind a circle through land and sea.

Cloudburst

adapted from the poem *El Cántaro Roto* by Octavio Paz

The rain... eyes of shadow-water, eyes of well-water, eyes of dream-water.
Blue suns, green whirlwinds, pecks of light that open pomegranate stars.
But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?
Only blood, only dust, only naked footsteps on the thorns?

The rain awakens ...we must sleep with open eyes, we must dream with our hands,
we must dream dreams of active rivers, searching for their cause.
Dreams of the sun dreaming of its worlds we must dream aloud,
we must sing till the song casts roots, trunks, branches, birds,
stars, we must unearth the lost word,
and remember what the blood, the tides, the earth, and the body say,
and return to the point of departure.



Les Djinns, Opus 12

Town, tower, shore, deep, where lower cliff's steep;
Waves gray, where play, winds gay, all sleep.

Hark! a sound, far and slight, breathes around
On the night, high and higher, nigh and nigher,
Like a fire, roaring, bright.


Now, on 'tis sweeping with rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping in gallop fleet
He flies, he prances, in frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances with pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell, with each new burst!
Like the tolling bell of a convent curst;
Like the billowy roar on a storm-lashed shore,--
Now hushed, but once more maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound of the Djinn's fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade! and of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade up to the ceiling high!

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm whistling in their tempest flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm, like a pine flame crackling bright.
Swift though heavy, lo! their crowd through the heavens rushing loud
Like a livid thunder-cloud with its bolt of fiery might!

Ho! they are on us, close without! Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout, dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread, as from its rusty hinge 'twould fly!
Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid troop before the tempest tossed -- O Heaven!
Descends my lowly roof to seek:

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host. 
Totters the house as though, like dry leaf shorn
from autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
up from its deep foundations it were torn to join the stormy whirl. Ah! All is lost!

O Prophet! If thy hand but now save from these hellish things,
a pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow, laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain stream on the faithful's door in vain;
vainly upon my blackened pane grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed! And their wild legion cease to thunder at my door;
fleeting through night's rayless region, hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe fill the forests as they go;
and the tall oaks cower low, bent their flaming light before.

On! on! the storm of wings bears far the fiery fear,
till scarce the breeze now brings dim murmurings to the ear;
like locusts' humming hail,
or thrash of tiny flail plied by the fitful gale on some old roof-tree sere.

Fainter now are borne feeble mutterings still;
as when Arab horn swells its magic peal,
shoreward o'er the deep fairy voices sweep,
and the infant's sleep golden visions fill.





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Kevin Tison & Christopher Dunn-Rankin – Conductors
Elben Capule – Piano
Percussion – Fountain Valley Royal Regiment
French Diction – Ashley Fern-Houlette
Brock Ciley – Robert B. Moore Theater Manager
Eliza Rubenstein – Choral Director At OCC



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