



UArkMusic

2026-2027 Season

RAZORBACK CHORUS AND TREBLE CHORUS

“Nature’s Song”

Razorback Chorus

Dr. Franco Basili, director

Desmond Henderson, collaborative pianist

Treble Chorus

Professor Lauren Suchy, director

Amy Talbert, collaborative pianist

Tuesday, October 6, 2026

Faulkner Performing Arts Center

7:30 p.m.

PROGRAM

COMBINED CHOIRS

The Word Was God

Rosephanye Powell
(b. 1962)

RAZORBACK CHORUS

Bringers of Noise

Kyle Pederson
(b. 1971))

Thatcher Reckner, narrator
Logan Goodwin, percussion

“The Pasture” from *Frostiana*

Randall Thompson
(1899-1984)

Garland Watson, clarinet

The Goslings

Frederick Bridge
(1844-1924)
arr. Rosalind Hall

Tahiti

Tahitian Folk Song
arr. H. Jarolde Harris II

TREBLE CHORUS

“Der Gärtner” from *Vier Gesänge, Op. 17*

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

“A Girl’s Garden” from *Frostiana*

Randall Thompson
(1899-1984)

truth

Andrea Ramsey
(b. 1977)

Isaiah Anderson, percussion

Come Alive

Jenny Mahler

Logan Blalack, oboe

COMBINED CHOIRS

Water Fountain

Nathaniel Brenner and Merrill Garbus
arr. Kristopher Fulton

Isaiah Anderson, percussion
Braydon DeVinney, percussion
Sophie Rector, bass

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PROGRAM NOTES

The Word Was God – Rosephanye Powell

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
The same was in the beginning with God.
All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

—John 1:1-3

Bringers of Noise – Kyle Pederson

In the time before time, all was silent. Hushed tones, soft rains, still waters. Sounds muted. Then WE arrived. We brought the clap of the thunder. We brought the pound of the wave. We exploded the mountain top. We crushed the ground under the feet of beasts. You hear a blast? We are there. You hear a howl? We are there. You hear a rumble and a roar? We are there. We are....the Bringers of Noise!

[Nonsense syllables]

—Kyle Pederson

“The Pasture” from Frostiana – Randall Thompson

I’m going out to clean the pasture spring;
I’ll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha’n’t be gone long.—You come too.

I’m going out to fetch the little calf
That’s standing by the mother. It’s so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha’n’t be gone long.—You come too.

—Robert Frost

The Goslings

She was a pretty little gosling,
And a fine young gosling he;
And “I love you,” he said, “so dearly;”

And "I love you too," said she.
But "alas! we must part," He whispered,
"I'm off to the world so wide;
But love, don't fear,
I'll come next year,
And make you my little bride?"

'Twas Christmas day at morning,
That he came home once more,
He met his true love's mother,
And oh! she was weeping sore.
"Too late, you've come," she whispered,
"They've taken your love a-way,
She never will be your bride, ah, me!
For she's going to be cooked today!"

Then up he went to the farm house:
"Where is my love?" he said;
But the farmer's wife,
she seized a knife,
And cut off his little head.
And she served him up with his true love,
On a dish so deep and wide,
So though in life they were parted,
in death they were side by side.

—Anonymous

Tahiti – Arr. Harolde Harris II

Tamure tahiti ne e tamure murera
Come let us gather together for a party

“Der Gärtner” from Vier Gesänge, Op. 17 - Johannes Brahms

Translation by Richard Stokes

Wohin ich geh' und schaue,
In Feld und Wald und Tal,
Vom Berg hinab in die Aue;
Viel schöne, hohe Fraue,
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

Wherever I walk and gaze,
Through valley, wood and field,
From mountaintop to meadow:
I, lovely gracious lady,
Greet you a thousand times.

In meinem Garten find' ich
Viel' Blumen, schön und fein,
Viel' Kränze wohl draus wind' ich
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich
Und Grüße mit darein.

I seek out in my garden
Many fine and lovely flowers,
Weaving many garlands,
Binding a thousand thoughts
And greetings with them too.

Ihr darf ich keinen reichen,
Sie ist zu hoch und schön,
Sie müssen alle verbleichen,
Die Liebe nur ohnegleichen
Bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

I cannot give her a garland
She is too noble and lovely,
They would all perish,
But love without compare
Remains forever in my heart.

Ich schein' wohl froher Dinge
Und schaffe auf und ab,
Und, ob das Herz zerspringe,
Ich grabe fort und singe,
Und grab' mir bald mein Grab.

I appear to be of good cheer,
And continue busily though my work,
And though my heart may break,
I shall dig away and sing
And shortly dig my grave.

“A Girl's Garden” from Frostiana - Randall Thompson

Poem by Robert Frost

A neighbor of mine in the village
Likes to tell how one spring
When she was a girl on the farm, she did
A childlike thing.

One day she asked her father
To give her a garden plot
To plant and tend and reap herself,
And he said, “Why not?”

In casting about for a corner
He thought of an idle bit

Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,
And he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you
An ideal one-girl farm,
And give you a chance to put some strength
On your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden,
Her father said, to plough;
So she had to work it all by hand,
But she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in the wheelbarrow
Along a stretch of road;
But she always ran away and left
Her not-nice load.

And hid from anyone passing.
And then she begged the seed.
She says she thinks she planted one
Of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,
Radishes, lettuce, peas,
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,
And even fruit trees

And yes, she has long mistrusted
That a cider apple tree
In bearing there to-day is hers,
Or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany
When all was said and done,
A little bit of everything,
A great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village
How village things go,
Just when it seems to come in right,
She says, "I know!"

It's as when I was a farmer—"

Oh, never by way of advice!
And she never sins by telling the tale
To the same person twice.

truth - Andrea Ramsey

"This work feels especially personal for me, both in its familiar Southern references (having grown up in Arkansas) and in how it evokes memories of my mother. She was a constant encouragement – always believing in me, always telling me I was beautiful and strong. Every young woman should have a force like this in her life – whether it is her own mother or someone else. There is great power in "You are beautiful. You are enough."

- Andrea Ramsey

My roots are earth
Muddy river and honeysuckle
Sturdy and rigid
Like farmhouse planks

I shared a sisterhood
With the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly
Like the kudzu in July
I shared a sisterhood
With the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly
No fear in sight

In nature, in naive youth
All the forest was possible
All the pasture was my home
My mother told me I was beautiful
And I believed her then
Why shouldn't I?

There is no doubt in a pond
Insecurity does not grow in a meadow
It will not sprout beneath the southern pines
It is planted by the boys on the school bus
Tended by the words of small minds
And words may wound you
But are they true?

You are beautiful, you are enough

You must believe in that
Believe the truth
My roots are earth
Muddy river and honeysuckle
My roots are beautiful
My roots are strong

Come Alive - Jenny Mahler

This piece explores the notion that energy never dies but instead transforms into or transfers to something new. This allows us to strengthen our connection to nature, to reawaken our senses, and to reconnect to those lost to us.

You saw the stars in the universe tumble and fall,
Witnessed our little planet spin out of control.
You saw the moon topsy-turvy as earth fell to the sea.
You were dismayed in a land of false reality.
You were quick, you caught the tide.
I sat there by your side.
We wait for a ray of sunshine to lighten up our dark.

Come alive, and I'll feel you in the air,
The summer evening breezes,
Try not to be scared.
The raindrops on my lashes will tell me you're there.
The sound of blackbirds singing, the life everywhere,
Will tell me that you're there.

The trees whisper together, they dream underground
Of a celestial body where a new home is found.
Beneath a canopy green the soul finds a lover,
A rich wilderness where the spirit can recover.

COMBINED CHOIRS

Water Fountain - Nathaniel Brenner and Merrill Garbus | Arr. Kristopher Fulton

"Water Fountain is about my anxiety over the collapse of our societal infrastructure and the lack of drinkable water. It's a childlike chant, but the words are about heavy topics."
- Merrill Garbus

No water in the water fountain, no side on the sidewalk.
If you say Old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?

Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere.
Woohaw! Gotcha!
We're gonna get the water from your house.

No water in the water fountain, no wood in the woodstock.
And you say old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Nothing much to do when you're going nowhere.
Woohaw! Gotcha!
We're gonna get the water from your house.

Nothing feels like dying like the drying of my skin and lawn.
Why do we just sit here while they watch us wither 'til we're gone?
I can't seem to feel it, I can't seem to feel it,
I can't seem to feel, I'll kneel, I'll kneel, I'll kneel the cold steel

You will ride the whip, you'll ride the crack, no use in fighting back.
You'll sledge the hammer if there's no one else to take the flak.
I can't seem to feel it, I can't seem to find it
Your fist clenched my neck, we're neck and neck and neck...

No water in the water fountain, no phone in the phone booth.
And you say old Molly Hare, whatcha doin' there?
Jump back, jump back, Daddy shot a bear.
Woohaw! Gotcha!
We're gonna get the water from your house.

I saved up all my pennies and I gave them to this special guy.
When he had enough of them, he bought himself a cherry pie.
He gave me a dollar, a blood-soaked dollar
I cannot get the spot out, but it's okay it still works in the store.

Greasy man come and dig my well. Life without your water is a burning hell.
Serve me up with your home-grown rice, anything make me look nice.
Se pou zanmi mwen, se pou zanmi mwen (Haitian Creole for "It is for my friends.")
And the two-pound chicken tastes better with friends.
A two-pound chicken tastes better with two, and I know where to find you,

So listen to the words I said, let it sink into your head
A vertigo round-and-round-and-round
Now I'm warm in your bed, how did I get ahead?
Thread your fingers through my hair, fingers through my hair
Give me a dress, give me a dress, a give a thing a caress
Would-ja! Would-ja! Would-ja!

Listen to the words I say! Sound like a floral bouquet,
A lyrical round-and-round-and-round.
Okay, take a picture it'll last all day.
Run your fingers through my hair, do it 'til you disappear.
Gimme your head!
Gimme your head!
Gimme your head!

PERSONNEL

RAZORBACK CHORUS

Tenors

Isaiah Anderson
Sage Biondi
*Nolan Bryant
Ford Byerley
Logan Goodwin
William Johnson
Sung Kun Jung
Matthew Lewis
David Luker
Nicholas Mabry
Noah Merriweather
Mason Richardson
Judah Sheldon
*Andrew Taylor
Jackson Terhune

Baritones

Henry Aguilar-Orellana
Ferdinand Blume
Sam Couey
Ruben (Cujo) González
*Caden Hall
Alex Hoang
Logan Hoeft
Gage Johnson
*Abraham Mancia
Dorian Pierce
Thatcher Reckner
Grant Roberts
William Russell
Josh Torres
Sebastian Trenado
Preston Sebastian
Max Shive

Basses

Charles Aldridge
*Braydon DeVinney
*Evan Gassaway
Samuel Gassaway
Tucker Keeney
Tanner Magee
James McNaughton
Braeden Morris
Trenton Neuok
Dominic Perry
Logan Schwab
Brody Terry
Caulder Toland
Charlie Tullis
Garland Watson
Ben Wilbanks

*Section Leaders

TREBLE CHORUS

Sopranos

Emmy Allen
Katie Bender
Natalia Claire Botiller
Olivia Boyd
Madison Brand
Laily Eldridge
Payton Ghesquiere
Renatte Gorshe
Maggie Huddleston
DeeDee Lannutti
Mars McCutcheon
Ayla Morrison
Meg Morrison
Callie Tabor
Aubrey Treat
Shoshiana Vang
Megan Watt

Altos

Abigail Beale
Dale Boyles
Izzy Brown
Trinity Charlton
Jhazmyn Mae Clark
Avery Cornelius
Sophia Deits
Scotti Erhart
Lauren Heinz
Violet Holzworth
Madison Moss
Randa Rhoades
Brooke Saylor
Isabella Sharp
Lauren Stockley
Evie Thomas
Liah Tovar
Emma Ulrich