

A large, stylized 'X' graphic is positioned on the left side of the page, extending from the top to the bottom. It is composed of two thick, dark grey diagonal bars that cross each other. The background is a solid, vibrant red color.

SACRA/PROFANA
TENTH ANNIVERSARY

RetroX
A Retrospective eXperience

Generously Sponsored by Eric & Rexanna Swanson,
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Friday, November 2, 2018
Water's Edge Faith Community

Saturday, November 3, 2018
University Christian Church

SEASON X
2018 - 2019

TONIGHT'S PERFORMERS

SOPRANO

April Fisher
Carron Martin
Courtney Minor
Rebecca Ung
Kelsey Young

ALTO

Lanett Grant
Gianna Hamilton
Lara Korneychuk*
Helen Mout
Elly Roseberry

TENOR

Colin Barkley
Aaron Burgett
Adam Ferrara
Mitch Rosenthal
Kurt Wong

BASS

Andrew Konopak
Joshua Lee
Thomas Lokensgard
Kenneth Martin

* assistant conductor



Krishan Oberoi, D.M.A.

Founding Director and Principal Guest Conductor

Dr. Oberoi is the founding Artistic Director of SACRA/PROFANA. Hailed for his "visionary direction" (San Diego Story), Oberoi has been an ardent champion of 20th and 21st century music, empowering choruses to tackle challenging works by such composers as György Ligeti, Arnold Schoenberg, and Ernst Krenek. Oberoi has emerged as a notable proponent of living composers, initiating regional premieres of works by Nico Muhly, Sara Kirkland Snider, and Pulitzer Prize-winning composer David Lang. In 2014, Oberoi conducted the world premiere recording of David Lang's *when we were children*, a piece dedicated to the Glimmerglass Opera. He has been at the vanguard of collaborative, interdisciplinary performance, working frequently with filmmakers, choreographers, and visual artists to expand audiences by creating innovative concert experiences. Oberoi holds degrees from Yale University and New England Conservatory and recently earned his Doctor of Musical Arts degree at Boston University.



Juan Carlos Acosta, M.M.

Artistic Director and Conductor

Acosta joined SACRA/PROFANA in June of 2015 as Associate Artistic Director and was named Artistic Director effective July 1, 2018. Acosta has continued our critical acclaim and prepared the choir for noted performances with Art of Élan, La Jolla Playhouse, and the San Diego Symphony. In addition to his role with SACRA/PROFANA, Juan is the Director of Music Ministries at the Village Community Presbyterian Church in Rancho Santa Fe and Director of the Village Chorale. Previous positions include Associate Conductor of the Folklore Guild, Director of the University of San Diego Concert Choir, Director of the Cuyamaca College Choir, Director of Music Ministries at First United Methodist Church, Chula Vista, Director of the San Diego Children's Choir Preparatory and Intermediate Choirs, and Choral Director at the Chula Vista School for the Creative and Performing Arts. Juan holds a Bachelors of Music Education and a Masters of Music in Conducting from San Diego State University and has done additional study in conducting with Charles Bruffy at the Westminster Conducting Institute and Jon Washburn with the Vancouver Chamber Choir.

OUR MISSION

SACRA/PROFANA strives to awaken and nurture enthusiasm for the choral art through vibrant performances and focused education outreach throughout San Diego. We have accomplished remarkable things in just nine seasons including numerous world and U.S. premieres and collaborations with leading regional arts organizations: San Diego Symphony, Art of Élan, San Diego Opera, California Ballet, and many more. SACRA/PROFANA also has performed with many artists of worldwide renown, including the legendary Irish band the Chieftains, producer Carlton Cuse (of ABC's hit show *Lost*), film composer Michael Giacchino (*Star Trek*), and composer Alan Menken and lyricist Stephen Schwartz in the development of Disney Theatrical's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* at La Jolla Playhouse.

After a successful first nine years, we are poised for a strong and notable 10th Anniversary Season including innovative choral programming, renewed collaborations with local and regional artists/groups, and service to our community through vibrant performances and focused education outreach.

THIS EVENING'S PROGRAM

Krishan Oberoi and **Juan Carlos Acosta**, conductors,
Adam Ferrara, accompanist

Entr'acte (from *Hunchback of Notre Dame*)

Alan Menken

arr. Michael Kosarin

The Guest (from *Scenes Unremembered*)

Sarah Kirkland Snider

Oiga, compae

César Alejandro Carrillo

A Grass-Green Pillow

Joshua Shank

The beauty of a star (world premiere)

Kenneth Martin

Rivers & Roads (from *Snakeskin*)

Krishan Oberoi

arr. Kenneth Martin

INTERMISSION

True Colors

Billy Steinberg and Tom Kelly

arr. Saunder Choi

Soloists: Lanett Grant, , Elly Roseberry and Mitch Rosenthal

Purple Rain

Prince

arr. Krishan Oberoi

Soloists: Kurt Wong, Lara Korneychuk

Way Over Yonder

Carole King

arr. DeReau K. Farrar

Bright Morning Stars

arr. Shawn Kirchner

Tu Voz

Shawn Kirchner

Unclouded Day

arr. Shawn Kirchner

You'll Never Walk Alone (with *Climb Every Mountain*)

Richard Rodgers

arr. Mark Hayes

Entr'acte / Stephen Schwartz

Libera me Domine de morte aeterna
Deliver me, Lord, from eternal death
 In die illa tremenda quando coeli movendi...
In that fearful day, when the heavens are moved...
 Putabum me nunquam quod aurum calidum
I thought I'd never know that warm and loving glow
 quamvis totis viribus vellem
Though I might wish with all my might
 Nunc turrim videtu splendidum iuro luce caeli
My cold dark tower seems so bright - I swear it
must be Heaven's Light

Salutaris hostia
Saving victim
 Quae caeli pandis ostium
Who opens the door to heaven

Ibi viva sole
Out there in the sun
 Dabit me unum diem ibi dabit me
Give me one day out there

Olim, nos suadebimus,
Someday, we'll will
 felix erimus, in clara dies
We'll be happy, on that clear day
 Usque, cum non esset sole,
Up, not with the sun,
 vivunt in spe, nunquam redono
Live in hope, never give up
 Veniet olim mutatio
Change will come someday

Oiga, Compae / Traditional

Llora, llora, guitarrita, acompaña mi dolor.
 Llora, llora, guitarrita, acompaña me,
 se robaron mi burrita, mi cobija,
 mi machete y mi mujer.

Oiga, compae que mire cómo son las cosas;
 caramba! Se robaron mi burrita, mi cobija,
 mi machete y mi mujer.
 Ay! mi compae. Caray!
 Esta si que es una lava,
 caramba! que no la puedo entender.
 que se roben mi burrita, mi cobija,
 mi machete y mi mujer. Caray!

Cry, cry little guitar, accompany my sorrow.
Cry, cry little guitar, accompany me;
they stole my little donkey, my blanket,
my machete and my wife.

Hey, compadre! look at how things are going;
Caramba! they stole my little donkey, my blanket
my machete and my wife.
Ay!, my friend, Caray!

This is like a lava,
Caramba! that I cannot understand,
that they stole my little donkey, my blanket,
my machete and my wife. Caray!

The Guest / Nathaniel Bellows

She left our house in the dead of night
 My sister went to find her
 We didn't know why she left
 She'd fled as fast as fire

But no glory there awaited her
 No god where she was found
 On a patch of snow in a lonely copse
 On the frozen moonlit ground

The Beauty of a Star / Libby Weber

The beauty of a star is best admired
 Through distillation of the atmosphere,
 So purest light may grateful eyes inspire
 When it in darkened firmament appears.

Though from a distance it may seem perfection
 A star might crush you with its gravity,
 Starve you in shadow with its pale reflection,
 Or burn you with its light's intensity.

Scorn not your ideal orbit of the sun
 Whose brightness feeds your body, mind, and soul.
 Though seasons pass as revolutions run
 Its warmth and light your weary heart consoles.

Remember: when regarded from afar
 Your sun is someone else's distant star.

A Grass-Green Pillow (The Devon Made) / John Keats

WHERE be ye going, you Devon Maid?
 And what have ye there in the basket?
 Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,
 Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

I love your meads, and I love your flowers,
 And I love your junkets mainly,
 But 'hind the door I love kissing more,
 O look not so disdainly.

I love your hills, and I love your dales,
 And I love your flocks a-bleating—
 But O, on the heather to lie together,
 With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook,
 Your shawl I hang up on the willow,
 And we will sigh in the daisy's eye
 And kiss on a grass green pillow.

Rivers and Roads / Krishan Oberoi

I believe a time will come when all will be made one
When loss is redeemed and hope restored
Everything that once was true will arise and spring anew
and dry riverbeds will flow once more
It's like gravity's pull, inevitable,
harness the heavens the tidal wave on the verge

Roads that I've traveled, frayed and unraveled
I never reckoned the cost
Rivers behind me: scars that remind me
of all the years that I've lost
but I swear tonight we'll look to the heavens and watch
all the stars emerge
far beyond the horizon where rivers and roads converge

This world's never seen me, in its vast machinery
I have but one small part
So light the way for me, rewrite my story,
my memory and my heart

True Colors / Billy Steinber and Tom Kelly additional lyrics by Saunder Choi

Look at all the colors.
Aren't they beautiful?
So many shades and hues,
So many points of view, like a rainbow
Blue, purple, green, red, tinges of yellow, black.

You with the sad eyes, don't be discouraged,
oh I realize, it's hard to take courage
In a world full of people, you can lose sight of it all
The darkness inside you can make you feel so small.

Show me a smile then,
Don't be unhappy, can't remember when
I last saw you laughing.
This world makes you crazy, and you've taken
all you can bear
Just call me up cause I will always be there

And I see your true colors shining through
I see your true colors, that's why I love you
So don't be afraid to let them show
Your true colors are shining like a rainbow;

Let go of the pain, and fight through the struggle.
Come out of the dark and show the world who you are.
We'll see our lives in living technicolor,
When all of humanity become one.

I see your true colors shining through.
I see your true colors, that's why I love you,
so don't be afraid to let them show, your true colors
are shining.

I see your true colors shining through, like a rainbow.

Purple Rain / Prince

I never meant to cause you any sorrow
I never meant to cause you any pain
I only wanted to one time to see you laughing
I only wanted to see you
Laughing in the purple rain

Purple rain, purple rain
Purple rain, purple rain
Purple rain, purple rain
I only wanted to see you
Bathing in the purple rain

I never wanted to be your weekend lover
I only wanted to be some kind of friend
Baby, I could never steal you from another
It's such a shame our friendship had to end

Purple rain, purple rain
Purple rain, purple rain
Purple rain, purple rain
I only wanted to see you
Underneath the purple rain

Honey, I know, I know
I know times are changing
It's time we all reach out
For something new, that means you too
You say you want a leader
But you can't seem to make up your mind
I think you better close it
And let me guide you to the purple rain

Purple rain, purple rain
Purple rain, purple rain
If you know what I'm singing about up here
C'mon, raise your hand
Purple rain, purple rain
I only want to see you
Only want to see you
In the purple rain

Way Over Yonder / Carole King

Way over yonder is a place that I know
Where I can find shelter from a hunger and cold
And the sweet tastin' good life is so easily found
A way over yonder, that's where I'm bound

I know when I get there the first thing I'll see
Is the sun shining golden, shining right down on me
Then trouble's gonna lose me, worry leave me behind
And I'll stand up proudly in true peace of mind

Talkin' about a way over yonder
Is a place I have seen
In a garden of wisdom from some long ago dream.

Maybe tomorrow I'll find find my way
To the land where the honey runs in rivers each day
And the sweet tastin' good life is so easily found.
A way over yonder that's where I'm bound

A way over yonder that's where I'm bound.

Bright Morning Stars / arr. Shawn Kirchner

Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Day is a breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear fathers?
Oh where are our dear fathers?
They are down in the valley praying
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear mothers?
Oh where are our dear mothers?
They are gone to heaven shouting
Day is a breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear children?
They're upon the earth a dancing
Oh where are our dear children?
They're upon the earth a dancincg;
Day's a breaking in my soul

Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Unclouded Day / arr. Shawn Kirchner

O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
tell me of a home far away

O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds
rise: O they tell me of an unclouded day

O the land of cloudless days, O the land of an
unclouded sky

O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds
rise, O they tell me of an unclouded day.

O they tell me of a home where my friends have
gone, they tell me of that land far away,
where the tree of life in eternal bloom sheds its
fragrance through the unclouded day

O the land of cloudless days, O the land of an
unclouded sky

Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm
clouds rise: O they tell me of an unclouded day

O they tell me of a King in His beauty there, they
tell me that mine eyes shall behold

O they tell me of a King in His beauty there
who sits upon a throne in the city that is
made of gold

Soneto LII - Tu Voz (Your Voice) / -Pablo Neruda (from Cien Sonetos de Amor/One Hundred Love Sonnets)

Cantas y a sol y a cielo con tu canto
tu voz desgrana el cereal del día,
hablan los pinos con su lengua verde:
trinan todas las aves del invierno.
El mar llena sus sótanos de pasos,
de campanas, de cadenas y gemidos,
tintinean metales, tintinean utensilios,
suenan las ruedas de la caravana.
Pero sólo tu voz escucho y sube
tu voz con vuelo y precisión de flecha,
baja tu voz con gravedad de lluvia,
tu voz esparce altísimas espadas,
vuelve tu voz cargada de violetas
y luego me acompaña por el cielo.
-Pablo Neruda (from Cien Sonetos de
Amor/One Hundred Love Sonnets)

*Singing unto the sun and sky with your song,
your voice threshes the grain of the day,
the pines speak with their green tongues,
all the birds of winter trill.
The sea fills its cellars with footsteps,
with bells, chains, and groans--
metal and tools jangle,
wheels of the caravan creak.
But I hear only your voice--
your voice rising with the flight and precision
of an arrow,
your voice falling with the gravity of rain,
your voice scattering the highest swords,
and returning, laden with violets--
accompanying me through the heavens.
(Translation by Shawn Kirchner)*

You'll Never Walk Alone / Oscar Hammerstein II

When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high
and don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of a storm is a golden sky and the sweet
silver song of a lark
Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart, and you'll
never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

Climb every mountain, search high and low.
Follow every byway, every path you know.
Climb every mountain, ford every stream.
Follow every rainbow, 'till you find your dream!

A dream that will need all the love you can give,
every day of your life for as long as you live.

Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart and you'll
never walk alone.
You'll never walk alone

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We apologize for any errors.*

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SACRA/PROFANA

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Xmas: A Holiday Concert

Friday, December 14, 2018 @7:30 pm

Christ Lutheran Pacific Beach

Sunday, December 16, 2018 @4:00 pm

First Unitarian Universalist Church



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