

CORVOCE | giving
voice
to the
heart

chamber choir

Karin Barrett, Artistic Director

corvoce.org

Sing  *Gently*
**An Invitation
to Reflection**

featuring

***Fern Hill* by John Corigliano**
***Frostiana* by Randall Thompson**
with Steve Norquist, piano

Saturday, April 18, 2026 • 7:00 PM

Sunday, April 19, 2026 • 2:30 PM

Path of Grace United Methodist Church

CORVOCE, featuring Steve Norquist, piano

Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre

Fern Hill

John Corigliano

Clare James, soprano soloist

Judy Drobeck, Abby Marta, Trevor James, Daniel Pederson, quartet

Frostiana

Randall Thompson

I. The Road Not Taken

II. The Pasture

III. Come In

IV. The Telephone

V. A Girl's Garden

VI. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

VII. Choose Something Like a Star

The Road Home

Stephen Paulus

Emily Tinawi-Harkins, soprano soloist

The Promise of Living from *The Tender Land*

Aaron Copland

Kathleen Bartholomay and Steve Norquist, pianists

Sing Gently Eric Whitacre

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Thank you, and enjoy the concert. ©2026 CorVoce

Goodnight Moon

Text by Margaret Wise Brown, Music by Eric Whitacre

In the great green room
There was a telephone
And a red balloon
And a picture of
The cow jumping over the moon

And there were three little bears sitting on chairs
And two little kittens
And a pair of mittens
And a little toy house
And a young mouse
And a comb and a brush and a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who was whispering "hush"

Goodnight room
Goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon
Goodnight light
And the red balloon

Goodnight bears
Goodnight chairs
Goodnight kittens
Goodnight mittens

Goodnight clocks
And goodnight socks
Goodnight little house
Goodnight mouse

Goodnight comb
And goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody
Goodnight mush
And goodnight to the old lady whispering "hush"

Goodnight stars
Goodnight air
Goodnight noises everywhere.



Fern Hill

Poem by Dylan Thomas, Music by John Corigliano

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilted house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
 And playing, lovely and watery
 And fire green as grass.
 And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
 Flying with the ricks, and the horses
 Flashing into the dark.



And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
 Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
 The sky gathered again
 And the sun grew round that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
 Out of the whinnying green stable
 On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
 In the sun born over and over
 I ran my heedless ways,
 My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
 Before the children green and golden
 Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
 In the moon that is always rising,
 Nor that riding to sleep
 I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
 Time held me green and dying
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Frostiana

Poems by Robert Frost, Music by Randall Thompson

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I --
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Pasture

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.

Come In

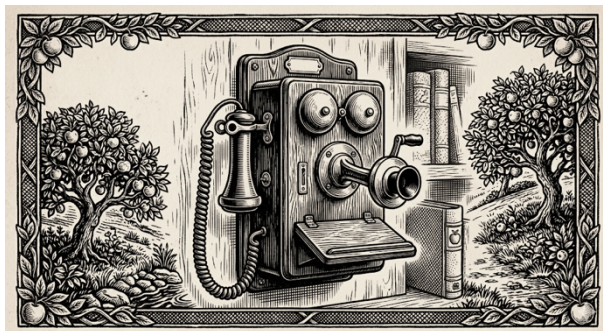
As I came to the edge of the woods,
Thrush music -- hark!
Now if it was dusk outside,
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird
By sleight of wing
To better its perch for the night,
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun
That had died in the west
Still lived for one song more
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark
Thrush music went --
Almost like a call to come in
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars;
I would not come in.
I meant not even if asked;
And I hadn't been.



The Telephone

'When I was just as far as I could walk
From here to-day,
There was an hour
All still
When leaning with my head against a flower
I heard you talk.
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say --
You spoke from that flower on the window sill --
Do you remember what it was you said?'

'First tell me what it was you thought you heard.'

'Having found the flower and driven a bee away
I leaned my head
And holding by the stalk,
I listened and I thought I caught the word --
What was it? Did you call me by my name?
Or did you say --
Someone said "Come" -- I heard it as I bowed.'

'I may have thought as much, but not aloud.'

'Well, so I came.'

A Girl's Garden

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 today 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.



Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farm-house near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sounds the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud --
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.
But to be wholly taciturn
In your reserve is not allowed.
Say something to us we can learn
By heart and when alone repeat.
Say something! And it says 'I burn.'
But say with what degree of heat.
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.
Use language we can comprehend.
Tell us what elements you blend.
It gives us strangely little aid,
But does tell something in the end.
And steadfast as Keats' Eremite,
Not even stooping from its sphere,
It asks a little of us here.
It asks of us a certain height,
So when at times the mob is swayed
To carry praise or blame too far,
We may choose something like a star
To stay our minds on and be staid

The Road Home

Poem by Michael Dennis Browne

Tune: "Prospect" from *Southern Harmony*, adapted by Stephen Paulus

Tell me, where is the road
I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh, when will I know
There's a way, there's a road
That will lead me home?

Rise up, follow me,
Come away, is the call,
With the love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty
As where you belong.
Rise up, follow me,
I will lead you home.

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day.
Through the air there's a calling
From far away,
There's a voice I can hear
That will lead me home.



The Promise of Living from *The Tender Land*

Poem by Horace Everett, Music by Aaron Copland

The promise of living with hope and thanksgiving
Is born of our loving our friends and our labor.

The promise of growing with faith and with knowing
Is born of our sharing our love with our neighbor.

The promise of loving, the promise of growing
Is born of our singing in joy and thanksgiving.

For many a year we've know these fields
And know all the work that makes them yield.
We're ready to work, we're ready to lend a hand.
By working together we'll bring in the blessings of harvest.

We plant each row with seeds of grain,
And Providence sends us the sun and the rain.
By lending a hand, by lending an arm
Bring out the blessings of harvest.

Give thanks there was sunshine, give thanks there was rain,
Give thanks we have hands to deliver the grain.

O let us be joyful, O let us be grateful to the Lord for his blessing.

The promise of living, the promise of growing
The promise of ending is labor and sharing and loving.

Sing Gently

Poem and Music by Eric Whitacre

May we sing together, always.
May our voice be soft.
May our singing be music for others
And may it keep others aloft.

Sing, sing gently, always.
Sing, sing as one (as one).

May we stand (may we stand) together, always,
May our voice be strong,
May we hear the singing and
May we always sing along (along).

Sing, sing gently, always.
Sing, sing as one (as one).

Singing gently as one

CorVoce Members

Sopranos

Martha Coughlan*
Catherine Dalton
Judy Drobeck*
Karen Esbjornson
Amanda Hixon
Clare James*
Juliann Kunkel
Ann Sather*
Emily Tinawi-Harkins

Altos

Patrice Cicchese
Abby Marta*
Margot McKinney
Rochelle Milbrath
Lily Vasquez
Janet Zahn
Linda Zelig*

Tenors

Jeff Anderson*
Trevor James*
Jeffrey Nielsen
Dennis Wallisch
Dennis Wu

Basses

James Bohn*
Bill Booth
Clay Haapala
Frank Ling
Daniel Pederson*
Jeff Stone
Andy Tweeten
David Vasquez

*Fern Hill semi-chorus member

CorVoce Artists

Karin Barrett, Artistic Director and Conductor

Karin is now in her 16th year as Artistic Director and Conductor with CorVoce. She holds BA degrees in piano and voice performance and music education from St. Catherine University, a Master's Degree in Conducting from the University of Minnesota, a Masters of Divinity and Masters in Theology from St. John's University, and is a Board Certified Chaplain. Karin is an active church musician and serves as Director of Music and Liturgy at St. Joseph Catholic Community in New Hope.

Steve Norquist, Accompanist

Steve Norquist has been an active choral and solo vocal accompanist in the Twin Cities for decades. He has degrees in voice (University of Minnesota) and musicology (Indiana University). After a lifetime of accompanying others, he is once again studying solo piano repertoire with Claudia Chen, and gives occasional recitals featuring undeservedly neglected music. He writes the program notes for the concerts of the Frederic Chopin Society of Minnesota. Steve is retired and lives in Minneapolis with his husband, Michael. Outside of music, he enjoys gardening and trying out recipes from his collection of 160 cook books.

Kathleen Bartholomay, Guest Accompanist

Kathleen Bartholomay, former CorVoce member, serves as the collaborative pianist at White Bear Unitarian Universalist Church where she accompanies the choir and provides piano music of all types for services and other events. Kathleen has a B.A. degree in music from Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, WA and a M.M. degree in piano performance from University of Nebraska-Lincoln. She enjoys life in her 100-year-old home in St. Paul's Macalester-Groveland neighborhood with her two feline companions, Elaine and Claire.

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St. Joseph Catholic Church, Karin Barrett, Director of Music and Liturgy

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Elevate Your Voice. Join CorVoce.

Are you looking for a musical home that values precision, artistry, and deep connection? **CorVoce Chamber Choir** is officially opening auditions for our upcoming season! We are seeking dedicated vocalists across all voice parts who possess a passion for choral excellence and a desire to explore diverse, challenging repertoire—from Renaissance polyphony to contemporary premieres.

Audition Details

Auditions will be held throughout **May and June**. We want to hear your unique sound and get to know you as a musician.

- **What to Prepare:** Please prepare one art song or aria that showcases your range and expressive capabilities. You may also be asked to demonstrate sight-reading and tonal memory.
- **Where to Apply:** Visit our website CorVoce.org to view specific dates, time slots, and to book your audition.

Introducing: The CorVoce Collective

We are thrilled to announce the launch of the **CorVoce Collective** -- a new initiative that grew out of our desire to connect more often with audience members and supporters.

Prospective Collective Connections:

- **Meet & Greets:** Good conversation, camaraderie, and notes of gratitude.
- **Choir Crawls:** Support the wider vocal community by attending other local choral concerts together.
- **And more.** Ideas most welcome.

Want to be part of the Collective? Stay tuned for more info at CorVoce.org, or contact Janet Zahn at janetmzahn@gmail.com.