

*Nightingale*

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

# OCEAN

**APRIL 23 @ 8 PM**

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH | CAMBRIDGE

**APRIL 24 @ 6 PM**

FIRST CHURCH IN JAMAICA PLAIN | BOSTON

CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTORS

**BEN PERRY & LAURA NEVITT**

MUSIC BY

**WARE, RAJASEKAR, MÄNTYJÄRVI,  
TELFER, HALBUR, & JOHNSON**



**\$20 DONATION SUGGESTED**

Nightingale Vocal Ensemble

# **OCEAN**

April 23, 2022

St. Peter's Episcopal Church

Cambridge, MA

April 24, 2022

First Church in Jamaica Plain

Boston, MA

## **REPERTOIRE**

The Wellerman

New Zealand Folk Song; arr. Michael Ware

Sat on the Shore

Shruthi Rajasekar

Canticum Calamitatis Maritimae

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi

The Blue Eye of God

Nancy Telfer

Brine Pool

Nathan Halbur

The Ocean of Peace

Ralph Johnson

# Featuring Nightingale Vocalists

Rose Hegele  
Madison Spahn  
Hannah Carlson  
Rebekah Schweitzer  
Margaret Felice  
Kelvyn Koning  
Emerald Barbour  
Melanie Donnelly  
Rachael Murray  
Kendra Nutting  
Laura Nevitt  
Kartik Ayyola  
Daniel Esteban Lugo  
William Farrell  
Grant Yosenick  
Benjamin Perry  
Soren Austenfeld  
Nicholas Ford  
Eric Ritter  
Kirby Stalley  
Juan Suarez  
John Moorman

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Special thanks to Saint Peter's Episcopal Church in Cambridge, MA and First Church in Jamaica Plain, MA

You can support Nightingale by attending our Nightin "Gala" on May 25th, 2022 or donating via our website: [www.NightingaleVocalEnsemble.com](http://www.NightingaleVocalEnsemble.com)

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## The Wellerman - New Zealand Folk Song arranged by Michael Ware

There once was a ship that put to sea.  
The name of the ship was the "Billy of Tea"  
The winds blew up; her bow dipped down.  
Oh, blow, my bully boys blow.

Soon may the Wellerman come  
to bring us sugar and tea and rum.  
One day, when the tonguin' is done,  
we'll take our leave and go.

She had not been two weeks from shore  
when down on the ship a blue whale bore.  
The captain called all hands and swore  
he'd take that whale in tow.

Before the boat had hit the water  
The whale's tale came up and caught her.  
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her  
when she dived down below

For forty days or even more  
the line went slack, then tight once more.  
All boats were lost, there were only four,  
but still that whale did go

Far as I've heard, the fight's still on;  
the line's not cut and the whale's not gone.  
The Wellerman makes his regular call  
to encourage captain, crew and all!

## Field of Vision - poem by Ivy Schweitzer

Tiny banded shrimp beckon  
from cleaning stations in the bulbous  
arms of anemones.

Spotted drum fish flit nervously  
in the shade of coral caves.

The mask like a wimple  
limits—or rather, focuses  
our gaze as shapes and colors  
brim and riot.

At the edges we nearly glimpse  
the unknown  
and swivel our heads slowly to greet it.

The guidebook advises: remember to look out  
away from the coral wall  
for pelagics, depth dwellers from beyond  
the continental shelf who deign to  
visit the bustling reef.

But gazing into featureless blue  
hurts  
like stranded or abandoned  
hurts  
like an infinite sky  
up close  
too much  
nothing—

so while hammerheads prowl  
and green turtles flap  
somewhere out there  
we tail a pair of gray angelfish  
huge and bug-eyed  
hovering piously together  
under a ledge  
barely ten feet  
from shore.

## Sat on the Shore - music and poem by Shruthi Rajasekar

Sat on the shore,  
quiet gathers:

The peace of roaring things

Put away your myriad mobile devices  
—You'll survive—  
They'll anyway fall victim  
to sand and spray

Put away everything but this moment.  
Eye the tide, warily or eagerly—  
Will she grace us?  
The blessing of a sprinkling  
Or baptismal dousing

Sat on the shore,  
We're on the edge of something new

## The Moon and the Waves - poem by Ruby Archer

Whence they come and whither they go,  
The wild sea waves, no man may know.  
The spell of the moon  
Is on their shoon,  
She beckons them to and fro.

Her law commands that lives be lost,  
That ships be broken and cargoes tossed,  
And the waves obey  
In the wicked play,  
Nor reck of the fearful cost.

"Men go down to the sea in ships,"  
And coral grows on their coral lips.  
And the moon the while  
With a vampire  
Her nectar of life-blood sips.

## Canticum Calamitatis Maritimae - music by Jaakko Mäntyjärvi

Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine,  
et lux perpetua luceat eis.  
Miserere Domine.

Plus octingenti homines vitam amiserunt  
calamitae navali in Mari Baltico septentrionali facta.  
Navis traiectoria nomine Estonia,  
cum Tallinno Stockholmiam versus  
navigaret, saeva tempestate  
orta eversa et submersa est.

In navi circiter mille vectores errant.  
Calamitate Estoniae  
nongenti decem homines perierunt,  
centum undequadragesima sunt servati.

Qui descendunt mare in navibus  
facientes operationem in aquis multis  
ipsi viderunt opera Domini  
et mirabilia eius in profundo.

Dixit et stetit spiritus procellae  
et exaltati sunt fluctus eius;  
ascendunt usque ad caelos  
et descendunt usque ad abyssos

Anima eorum in malis tabescebat;  
turbati sunt et moti sunt sicut ebrius  
et omnis sapientia eorum devorata est  
Et clamaverunt ad Dominum cum tribularentur  
et de necessitatibus eorum eduxit eos  
et statuit procellam eius;  
in auram et siluerunt fluctus eius  
et laetati sunt quia siluerunt  
et deduxit eos in portum voluntatis eorum

#### English Translation

May the eternal light shine upon them, O Lord,  
and may perpetual light shine upon them  
Have mercy, O Lord

Over eight hundred people perished in a shipwreck  
in the northern Baltic Sea  
The car ferry Estonia,  
en route from Tallinn to Stockholm  
was overturned in a severe storm and sank

There were about 1000 passengers on board.  
910 people lost their lives in the wreck of the Estonia;  
139 were saved.

They that go down to the sea in ships,  
That do business in great waters;  
These see the works of the Lord,  
and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy winds,  
which lifteth up the waves thereof.  
They mount up to the heaven,  
they go down again to the depths;  
their soul is melted because of trouble

They reel to and fro,  
and stagger like a drunken man,  
and are at their wit's end.  
Then they cry unto the Lord in trouble,  
And he bringeth them out of their distress.  
He maketh the storm a calm,  
so that the waves thereof are still.  
Then are they glad because they be quiet;  
so he bringeth them unto their desired haven

## Ode to Our Ocean - poem by Amanda Gorman

The sea sings out to its many saviors:  
Teenagers with fists thrust into the air at climate strikes,  
Scientists converging around their data,  
A child who stoops to scoop up a piece of trash.  
The sea sings out for its singular subjects:  
Arching whales that wave from their waves,  
Turtles that teeter down their shining shores,  
Coral reefs shining brightly as cities.  
The sea sings out its suffering,  
Knowing too much of waste, screeching sounds  
And pernicious poison, its depths bruised by  
Atrocities in the Atlantic,  
Misery in the Mediterranean,



Its tides the preservers of time past.  
The story of the ocean and the story of humanity  
Are one and the same, a Great River that  
Knows no borders and notes no lines,  
Only ripples.  
While we might call it the Seven Seas,  
Today we sing out your true name:  
The one ocean.  
For no matter how we try to separate your waters,  
You are the colossus that connects us.  
Water makes up 70% of Earth,  
70% of the human heart,  
And 70% of the human being,  
All of us, bodies of water,  
For we, too are oceans,  
Or at least beings bobbing in the same boat.  
To stand up for for our ocean  
Is to stand up for our own ship  
The sea is a restless, strong collective of many pieces.  
So are we.  
The ocean can recover.  
And so will we.  
Let us not divide the tides,  
But discover all they have to teach us—  
Green meadows of sea grass that survive pathogens,  
Blue-bloodied marine snails that can fight off viruses.  
There are more lessons to learn,  
Still more work to be done.  
So we lift our faces to the sun.  
May the seas help us see healing and hope,  
May we sing out the ocean's survival and revival.  
Being the people of this blue planet is our most  
Profound privilege and power,  
For if we be the ocean's saviors,  
Then it is surely ours.

## **The Blue Eye of God - music by Nancy Telfer** words by Barbara Powis

The animals,  
the winged and swimming creatures  
rose in their agony,

confronted man.

Dolphins, butchered on beaches,  
sea tears brimming startled eyes,  
observed an arc of knives  
obscure the sun.

Ducks and long-limbed herons  
raised their jeweled wings,  
their bright and patterned necks,  
and sank, oil girdled in the black  
and the tarnished sea.

The humpback whales,  
the orcas wrote Cetacean history.  
Their underwater songs rang plunder  
the scraped dead space behind the factory ships;  
Their underwater songs sang of mysteries  
greater than man, greater than whales:  
the blue eye of God in the water.

## The Ocean - poem By Nathaniel Hawthorne

The Ocean has its silent caves,  
Deep, quiet, and alone;  
Though there be fury on the waves,  
Beneath them there is none.  
The awful spirits of the deep  
Hold their communion there;  
And there are those for whom we weep,  
The young, the bright, the fair.  
Calmly the wearied seamen rest  
Beneath their own blue sea.  
The ocean solitudes are blest,  
For there is purity.  
The earth has guilt, the earth has care,  
Unquiet are its graves;  
But peaceful sleep is ever there,  
Beneath the dark blue waves.

## Brine Pool - music by Nathan Halbur

Text from "Brine Pool: Hot Tub of Despair" by Nautilus Live

That's a neat image.  
We see both rims,  
the close and the far rim.  
Beautiful.

The rim rises pretty sharply.  
That wall looks pretty fragile.  
What happens if we rip a hole in the edge?

We would make lots of enemies.  
We would drain the Gulf of Mexico.  
We would drain the pool, for sure.

There's something else.  
Oh, look at this crab.  
Look at that one. Oh wow.  
Is that a dead crab?  
It is a dead crab!

There's a pickled—, a pickled crab.  
Crawled in, and didn't crawl out.  
Preserved in perpetuity.  
Basically been embalmed.  
It looks like it's doing well.

I think the mussels have done really  
a standup job at keeping the walls intact.

Oh, there's a cascade!  
Look at it, look at it, spilling out.  
Beautiful. Beautiful, beautiful.

It looks like a waterfall.  
If we have time, trace where  
these brines are pooling up downhill.

Oh look! There's another pickled  
amphipod under that crab!  
Two of them.

He's been there a while.  
The sediment on top of him.

See the layering and that bright blue?  
It looks like a wave.  
You think those are ripples moving?  
It's waves: material coming at you.

At the very end,  
the very last thing we could do  
is try to drive Hercules down.  
Into this?  
At the very end.

It's on your watch.  
The grand finale.

## Sail Away - poem By Rabindranath Tagore

Early in the day it was whispered that we should sail in a boat,  
only thou and I, and never a soul in the world would know of this our  
pilgrimage to no country and to no end.  
In that shoreless ocean,  
at thy silently listening smile my songs would swell in melodies,  
free as waves, free from all bondage of words.  
Is the time not come yet?  
Are there works still to do?  
Lo, the evening has come down upon the shore  
and in the fading light the seabirds come flying to their nests.  
Who knows when the chains will be off,  
and the boat, like the last glimmer of sunset,  
vanish into the night?

## The Ocean of Peace - music by Ralph M. Johnson poem by Rabindranath Tagore

The ocean of peace lies ahead of me.  
Sail the boat, O pilot  
You are my constant companion now.

Take me in your lap.  
Along our journey to the infinite.  
The pole star alone will shine.  
Giver of Freedom  
Set me free.  
May your forgiveness and compassion  
Be my eternal resources for the journey—  
May the mortal ties fall away,  
May the vast universe  
Hold me in embrace,  
And with an undaunted heart  
May I come to know the Great Unknown.