

# EPHEMERAL

MODERN LOVE CHORAL

MAY 15, 2025 8:00PM ST GILES' CRIPPLEGATE

## THE WORLD BELOVED: A BLUEGRASS MASS

I.

I. Hallelujah  
II. Angel Band  
III. Unclouded Sky

II.

I Saw a Stranger Yestere'en  
We Shall Walk Through the Valley  
The 23rd Psalm

III.

Been in de Storm / Wayfaring Stranger  
His Voice  
Wanting Memories

IV.

I. Ballad: Refrain  
II. Kyrie  
III. Ballad: First Verse  
IV. Gloria  
V. Ballad: Second Verse and Refrain  
VI. Credo  
VII. Sanctus  
VIII. Ballad: Third and Fourth Verses  
IX. Agnus Dei  
X. Instrumental "Art Thou Weary?"  
XI. Benediction  
XII. Conclusion

WELCOME! WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

PLEASE HOLD APPLAUSE TO THE END OF EACH SET OF PIECES

FOR THE EXPERIENCE OF MUSICIANS AND AUDIENCE MEMBERS, PLEASE SILENCE YOUR MOBILE PHONE

RESTROOMS CAN BE FOUND IN THE ROOM TO THE RIGHT OF THE CHANCEL

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### I.

#### **HALLELUJAH**

*Sacred Harp*

arr. Shawn Kirchner, b. 1970

And let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high;

And I'll sing hallelujah,  
And you'll sing hallelujah,  
And we'll all sing hallelujah  
When we arrive at home.

O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, Thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear,  
And worship at Thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

PLEASE HOLD APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF SET I

#### **ANGEL BAND**

William Bradbury, 1816-1868

arr. Shawn Kirchner, b. 1970

The latest sun is sinking fast,  
my race is almost run.  
My strongest trials now are past,  
my triumph is begun.

O come, angel band  
Come and around me stand  
O bear me away on your snow-white wings  
to my immortal home,  
Bear me away on your snow-white wings  
to my immortal home.

I know I'm near the holy ranks  
of friend and kindred dear;  
I've brushed the dew on Jordan's banks,  
the crossing must be near.

I've almost gained my heavenly home-  
my spirit loudly sings.  
The Holy Ones, behold, they come-  
I hear the noise of wings.

Jefferson Hascall, 1807-1887

#### **UNCLOUDED DAY**

J.K. Alwood, 1828-1909

arr. Shawn Kirchner, b. 1970

O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,  
They tell me of a home far away,  
And 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 a land far away,  
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom  
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

They tell me of a King in his beauty there,  
They tell me that mine eyes shall behold  
Where He sits on a throne  
That is bright as the sun  
In the city that is made of gold!

J.K. Alwood, 1828-1909

### II.

#### **I SAW A STRANGER YESTERE'EN**

Jacob Avshalomov, 1919-2013

I saw a stranger yestreen;  
I put food in the eating place,  
drink in the drinking place,  
music in the listening place;  
and in the sacred name of the Triune,  
he blessed myself, he blessed my house,  
he blessed my cattle and my dear ones.  
And the lark said in her song:

often, often, often,  
goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

Old Gaelic Rune

PLEASE HOLD APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF SET II

## **WE SHALL WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY**

Spiritual

arr. Undine Smith Moore, 1904-1989

We shall walk through the valley in peace,  
we shall walk through the valley in peace.  
If Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,  
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

There will be no trials there.  
There will be no trials there.  
If Jesus Himself shall be our Leader,  
We shall walk through the valley in peace.

## **THE 23RD PSALM**

Bobby McFerrin, b. 1950

The Lord is my shepard, I have all I need,  
she makes me lie down in green meadows,  
Beside the still waters, she will lead.

She restores my soul, she rights my wrongs,  
she leads me in a path of good things,  
and fills my heart with songs.

Even though I walk, through a dark and dreary land,  
there is nothing that can shake me,  
she has said she won't forsake me, I'm in her hand.

She sets a table before me, in the presence of my foes,  
she anoints my head with oil, and my cup overflows.

Surely, surely goodness and kindness will follow me,  
all the days of my life, and I will live in her house,  
forever, forever and ever.

Glory be to our mother, and daughter,  
and to the Holy of Holies,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

## **III.**

## **BEEN IN DE STORM / WAYFARING STRANGER**

Spiritual

arr. Craig Hella Johnson, b. 1962

I've been in de storm so long,  
I've been in de storm so long, children,  
I've been in de storm so long,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.

Oh, let me tell my mother how I come along,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.  
With a hung down head and an aching heart,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.

Oh, when I get to heaven gonna walk all about,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.  
There'll be nobody there to turn me out,  
Oh, give me little time to pray.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,  
I know my way is rough and steep,  
But golden fields lie out before me  
where God's redeemed shall ever sleep.

I'm goin' there to see my mother,  
she said she'd meet me when I come,  
I'm just a-goin' over Jordan,  
I'm just a-goin' over home.

I'm goin' there to see my Savior,  
to sing his praise forevermore.  
I'm just a-goin' over Jordan,  
I'm just a-goin' over home.

**PLEASE HOLD APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF SET III**

## HIS VOICE

Early American Hymn  
arr. Larry L. Fleming, 1936-2003

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
is heard through the shadows of death.  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
the air is perfumed with his breath.  
His lips as the fountain of righteousness flow,  
that waters the garden of grace,  
from which their salvation the people shall know,  
and bask in the smile of his face.

Love sits in his eyelids and scatters delight  
through all the bright regions on high.  
Their faces the Cherubim veil in his sight  
and tremble with fulness of joy.  
He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
and myriads wait for his word.  
He speaks and eternity filled with his voice,  
re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
is heard through the shadows of death.  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
the air is perfumed with his breath.  
Oh, thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
on whom in affliction I call,  
my comfort by day and my song in the night,  
my hope, my salvation, my all.

## WANTING MEMORIES

Ysaïe M. Barnwell, b. 1946

I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty of the world through my own eyes.

You used to rock me in the cradle of your arms,  
You said you'd hold me till the pains of life were gone.  
You said you'd comfort me in times like these  
and now I need you,  
And now I need you, and you are gone.

And I am sitting here wanting memories to teach me  
to see the beauty of the world through my own eyes.  
I thought that you were gone, but now I know you're with me;  
you are the voice that whispers all I need to hear.

I know a "please," a "thank you," and a smile  
will take me far,  
I know that I am you and you are me and we are one,  
I know that who I am is numbered in each grain of sand,  
I know that I've been blessed again and over again.

## IV.

### THE WORLD BELOVED: A BLUEGRASS MASS

Carol Barnett, b. 1949

#### I. Ballad: Refrain

They say God loved the world so dear  
he set aside his crown  
and cloaked himself in human shape;  
they say that he came down,  
and dwelt awhile among us here.  
He came on down.

#### II. Kyrie

Mercy!  
Oh, Kyrie! Have mercy! Oh, Christe!  
Mercy, Oh mercy, eleison, eleison.

*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison,*  
Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy,

Kyrie eleison, have mercy on creation!  
Christe eleison, have mercy on our souls!

#### III. Ballad: First Verse

A child walked forth on Eden's way,  
a child stretched out her hand.  
O, may I taste the apple there  
and take to understand  
the fruit of knowledge in my mouth,  
and know of God firsthand?

#### IV. Gloria

Glory be to God on high,  
who launched the sunlight, loosed the rain,  
who scattered stars across the sky,  
who piled the mountains, rolled the plains,  
who spilled the rivers and the seas.  
Oh, glory be, oh, glory be.

Glory be to God below,  
for feather, fur, for scale and fin,  
for vine uptwisting, blossom's fire,  
for muscle, sinew, nerve, and skin  
and every feature set aglow.  
Oh, glory be to god below.

Oh, glory be for peace on earth,  
and prayerful be the human heart  
that has required a savior's birth  
to make of earth heav'ns counterpart,  
so strife might stop and warring cease.  
Oh, glory be for peace, oh, be for peace.

Oh, glory be the generous hand  
who left us to our work and care,  
who gave us only few commands  
but that we help each other bear  
life's burdens, pain and suffering ease.  
Oh glory be, oh, glory be.

## V. Ballad: Second Verse and Refrain

Adam, he labored, Eve, she toiled,  
and many children bore,  
and sometimes all was fruitfulness  
and sometimes seasons wore  
them down to dust and emptiness  
and hunger at the door.

But they say God loved the world so dear  
he set aside his crown  
and cloaked himself in human shape;  
they say that he came down,  
and dwelt awhile among us here.  
He came on down.

## VI. Credo

Oh, I do believe a place awaits us far across the Jordan  
and when we reach those mossy banks  
we'll cast aside our oars.  
Row on, row on, we're crossing River Jordan,  
row on, and no one goes alone.

Oh I do believe a place awaits us high above the mountains  
And when we reach that highest peak, we'll spread  
our wings and soar.  
Climb on, climb on, we're climbing Jacob's Ladder,  
climb on, climb on, and no one goes alone.

Oh, I do believe a resting place awaits us,  
'cross the Jordan.  
We'll toss our coats, throw off our hats  
and take the seat of ease.  
And it's not the seat of riches and it's not  
the seat of power.  
Row on, row on, and no one goes alone.

## VII. Sanctus

*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.*  
Holy, Holy, Holy.

*Dominus Deus Sabaoth;*  
Lord God of Hosts;

*pleni sunt coeli et terra Gloria tua.*  
heaven and earth are full of your glory.

*Hosanna in excelsis.*  
Hosanna in the highest.

## VIII. Ballad: Third and Forth verse and Refrain

The skies exploded, towers fell;  
the floods came rushing down  
and many souls were burned alive  
and many souls were drowned  
and others set to marching, marching  
far from house and home.  
Where are you now, our Savior dear,  
when we are all undone?

They say God loved the world so dear  
he cast aside his crown  
and cloaked himself in human shape;  
they say that he came down,  
and dwelt awhile among us here.  
He came on down.

Oh, I am here among you now  
though I must pass unseen,  
and cannot show why this must be  
nor how I walk between  
your souls and greater dangers  
than you have ever known,  
to laugh with you and weep with you,  
my people, oh my own.

It's true, I love the world so dear  
I cast aside my crown  
and cloak myself in mystery  
so I can come on down  
and dwell in and among you now.  
I come on down.

## IX. Agnus Dei

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata muni, misere nobis.*  
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have  
mercy on us.

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata muni, misere nobis.*  
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have  
mercy on us.

*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata muni, dona nobis pacem.*  
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, grant us  
peace.

## XI: Benediction

Blessing be upon your heads.  
Bless the living, bless the dead.  
Blessing be upon you, my people.

Blessing so that you may go  
lightly through this world of woe.  
Blessing be upon you, my people.

Blessings, and may you embrace  
god in guise of human grace.  
Blessings now and forever.

## XII. Conclusion

They say God loved the World so dear  
she set aside her crown  
and cloaked herself in human shape;  
they say that she came down,  
and dwelt awhile among us here.  
She came down.

Marisha Chamberlain

*To bring the solemnity of the classical-based Mass together with the down-home sparkle of bluegrass – now there's an assignment. My highest hope is that listeners coming from one tradition – classical or bluegrass – and perhaps dubious about the other, might discover something new and wonderful in the combination, as I have. Composing the music for The World Beloved has given me the chance to write cheery sacred music – all too rare in a medium rife with staid and even lugubrious settings. It's brought me back to memories of music heard while visiting my grandparents: country music with a church flavor that told stories and came out of a scratchy old record player. Grandma would not have allowed dancing, but under the table I tapped my toes.*

Carol Barnet

## **EPHEMERAL LOVE**

In the Bayview District of San Francisco, a bold manifesto was painted on the wall behind the door of a tiny coffee shop. “Stay true to your house. Fabricate Consciousness” it began. “Compose. Shed light on how the mind works. Construct your perceptions. Join us in our dance. Songs work.” These short, bold phrases have stayed with us long after the coffee shop closed. We want our audiences to leave our concerts inspired not only by what they’ve heard, but by their entire experience of our programming. For choral music, which at its best is courageous and collaborative and dynamic, maybe a manifesto was just what was needed to launch a new ensemble—including some bits borrowed from that coffee shop wall:

### **AN UNFINISHED MANIFESTO**

TRUST YOURSELF. BE COURAGEOUS. THIS IS AN INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE. EXPLORE. ASK QUESTIONS. CREATE SOMETHING NEW. LEAD WITH WHAT YOU KNOW. NOURISH AN IDEA. GET IN TROUBLE. GO ANALOG. WE WILL HELP. FOSTER COURAGE AND GRACE. SONGS ARE ESSENTIAL. SING IN YOUR OWN VOICE. SONGS MATTER. MAKE MISTAKES. TAKE NOTES. SONGS ARE MECHANISM AND MESSAGE. SONGS CALL US IN. BLACK DOTS RENDERED INTO LIGHT AND SHADOW, IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT. SONGS WORK—A TRANSUBSTANTIATION FROM IDEA TO LIVING, BREATHING EXPERIENCE. OURS IS A COLLECTIVE ART AND A CONVERSATION WITH THE WORLD. JOIN US.

Ephemeral Love is a new choral ensemble, bringing innovative programming and engaging concerts and events to the vibrant creative landscape of London. Founded from a deep love of choral repertoire of all genres, Ephemeral Love exists to foster artistic collaboration among singers that love choral music as much as we do, and want to invite audience members of all backgrounds into that experience. Our music can only be made with others, exists live only for a moment, and is best when shared with an audience.

Concerts should feel like wandering through a new place, discovering something interesting around every corner, something that you remember long after you’ve returned home. “This is an invitation to participate,” says our manifesto.

We want to invite our singers and our audience into a choral experience that is indeed edifying: with poems and texts that challenge and entertain and invite thought, with choral textures as simple as a chant or a drone to the complexity of eight or more interwoven parts. With familiar songs and arrangements as well as inspiring new commissions.

Conductor Robert Shaw once said that the arts “express that which is beautiful and intelligent and noble about being human” and that, far from being an ivory tower of retreat from the world, that “they are a doing, a making.” The result of that making is an intellectual and emotional connection, through music, that lasts, long after the music in the room is silenced. Ephemeral Love may be an unusual name for a chamber choir, but we hope it reminds our audiences that while a piece of music lasts mere moments, it touches us deeply, in profound and emotional ways.

## **MUSICIANS**

Sarah Amandes Nicola Beckley Margaret Bentley Byron Davis-Hughes Paula Fiegl Laoise Fleming Shelbi Forrest  
Leah Gulley Robert Guthrie Venetia Iga Jez Ireland Rhiannon Jones Freya Joseph Harrison Knights Iska Lupton  
Iris Oliver James Quilligan Alex Simpson Page Starr Duncan Tarboton Sarah de Winter Ida Wrona

Evan Lawrence, violin/fiddle Jimmy Lin, mandolin Chris Lord, banjo Matt Helm, guitar Frank Percy, bass

Ryan Connolly, artistic director

## **SING WITH US**

We’re looking for singers who love singing choral music! If you’re comfortable singing four part unaccompanied (a cappella) music, know your way around a choral score, and love working in a supportive, collaborative rehearsal environment making incredible music, we would love to meet you. We’re looking to build a roster of singers to sing concerts throughout the year as their schedules allow. We have a short rehearsal calendar in order to allow singers to join us who may have busy schedules or other choral commitments to keep.

If you’d like to join our roster to be notified of our next audition dates, submit the form through our website. We will be in touch to confirm your audition with our Artistic Director. You can also reach out to us directly through our website.

[ephemerallove.org/sing-with-us/](https://ephemerallove.org/sing-with-us/)

## OUR NEXT CONCERT

Join us for **THE SUN NEVER SAYS**, where we explore the seasons through the senses and how we have come to mark our passage through the year. The light innocence and rebirth of spring, the deep radiance and exploration of summer, the abundance and spice of autumn, and a tentative look toward a deep, reflective winter. Using texts and poetry to reflect on moments that are unique in time, we invite you to think about the year as a series of experiences and memories.

The concert will feature The Sun Never Says by Dan Forrest, Celestial Spring by F. Melius Christiansen, and a new work written just for us by Ilyas Iliya.

Thursday, August 21, 2025 8:00pm St George's Bloomsbury (WC1A 2SA)

[ephemerallove.org/event/sun-never-says/](http://ephemerallove.org/event/sun-never-says/)

## FOUNDING CONCERT DONORS

This concert, indeed this organization, would not be possible without the generosity and support of so many people. We'd like to acknowledge the following, who contributed toward expenses of our inaugural concert so we could perform this evening. As one donor put it, "now go make some art." We intend to do exactly that. You have our humble gratitude.

Jed Anderson and Alison Behnke Anne Marie Borch Maureen Bagues Andrew Campling Jim and Barb Connolly  
Frederic Couderc The Dudek Family Ambre Frossard Denise Griffith Annie Grugel Lindsey Hayden Gian Paolo Ilari  
Ilyas Iliya Marguerite Jacquot Emily Laga Nancy Janin Charu Juneja Nathan Marks Jenn Martinsen  
Chris Mele-Wagner The Mucha Family Luis Felipe Paris and Eirini Anthouli Simone Pietropaolo Erin Raw  
Léane and Adam Sauzéa Marie-Christine and Jean-Marie Scalabrino Thomas Scalabrino Jeffrey Van Dyk David Yu  
and anonymous donors who prefer their identities remain private

## DONATE

If you enjoyed tonight's concert, please consider a donation to Ephemeral Love. We are looking to raise £1500 toward the expenses of our next concert, **THE SUN NEVER SAYS**. The amount of our goal covers the cost of sheet music, our performance venue, and the cost of hiring a cellist.

[www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/the-sun-never-says](http://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/the-sun-never-says)

We want to make music and share incredible concert experiences for a very, very long time. To this end, we are working to establish a fund that will sustain us long into the future. Our **TWENTY-FIVE YEAR FUND** is simply this: any donations made to the fund in 2025 will be used by Ephemeral Love evenly over the next twenty five years.

If you donate £25 in 2025, you will be donating £1 each year until 2050. If you donate £100, your donation will purchase about one piece of choral music for one singer **every year until 2050**. Talk about building a legacy.

By the end of 2025, we're looking to raise £6250 toward our future. As we grow as an organization and become a registered charity, your generosity will support us along the way.

**The best time to plant a tree is twenty-five years ago. The second best time is today. – unknown**

[www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/ephemeral-love-twenty-five-years](http://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/ephemeral-love-twenty-five-years)

