

St. Louis Concert Series
BELLS ARE RINGING

Colleen Daly, soprano ~ Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal, piano & composer

PROGRAM

CALL TO WORSHIP:

The Lord is My Light	Frances Allitsen
Suscepit Israel from <i>Magnificat</i>	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
Set Me As A Seal	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
How Great Thou Art	Stuart K. Hine, arr. Craig Courtney

CALL TO LOVE:

Till There Was You from <i>The Music Man</i>	Meredith Willson
The Beginning	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
Away in the Woods	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
If I Were A Bell from <i>Guys and Dolls</i>	Frank Loesser

CALL TO REMEMBER:

Peace, My Heart from <i>Across the Wide</i>	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
Two Butterflies from <i>Across the Wide</i>	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
Beyond Paradise from <i>REV. 23</i>	Julian Wachner

THE BELLS

i. Silver Bells	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
ii. Golden Bells	
iii. Brazen Bells	
iv. Iron Bells	

FINALE

Ring Out, Wild Bells!	Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal
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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Lord Is My Light

Psalms 27

The Lord is my light and my salvation,
Whom, then, shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom then shall I be afraid?
Though an host of men were laid against me;
Yet shall not my heart be afraid;
And though there rose up war against me,
Yet will I put my trust in Him.
For, in the time of trouble, He shall hide me in His tabernacle.
Yea, in the secret places of His dwelling shall He hide me.
And set me up upon a rock of stone.
The Lord is my light and my salvation,
Whom, then, shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom then shall I be afraid?

Suscepit Israel from *Magnificat*

Suscepit Israel puerum suum recordatus misericordiae suae.
He has helped His servant Israel in remembrance of His mercy.

Set Me As A Seal

Song of Songs

Set me in your heart, Like a seal upon your heart,
Like a seal upon your arm, set me like a seal.
For love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown love. Its flames are flames of fire.

How Great Thou Art**Stuart K. Hine**

O Lord my God, When I in awesome wonder,
Consider all the worlds Thy Hands have made;
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art.
Then sings my soul, My Saviour God, to Thee,
How great Thou art, How great Thou art!
And when I think, that God, His Son not sparing;
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the Cross, my burdens gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin.
Then sings my soul...
When Christ shall come, with shout of acclamation,
And take me home, what joy shall fill my heart.
Then I shall bow, in humble adoration,
And then proclaim: "My God, how great Thou art!"
Then sings my soul...

Till There Was You**Meredith Willson***from The Music Man*

There were bells on the hill, but I never heard them ringing
No, I never heard them at all, till there was you.
There were birds in the sky, but I never saw them winging,
No, I never saw them at all, till there was you.
And there was music, and there were wonderful roses,
they tell me,
In sweet, fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.
There was love all around, but I never heard it singing,
No, I never heard it all, till there was you.

The Beginning**Rabindranath Tagore**

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up?"
The baby asked its mother.
She answered half crying, half laughing,
And clasping the baby to her breast, --
"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.
You were in the dolls of my childhood's games;
And when with clay I made the image of my god every
morning, I made and unmade you then.
You were enshrined with our household deity,
In his worship I worshipped you.
In all my hopes and my loves, in my life,
In the life of my mother you have lived.
In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home
You have been nursed for ages.
When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals,
You hovered as a fragrance about it.
Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs,
Like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.
Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning light,
You have floated down the stream of the world's life,
And at last you have stranded on my heart.
As I gaze on your face, your mystery overwhelms me;
You who belong to all have become mine.
For fear of losing you I hold you tight top my breast.
What magic has snared the world's treasure
In these slender arms of mine?"

Away in the Woods**W. B. Yeats**

My love, we will go, we will go, me and you,
And away in the woods we will scatter the dew;
And the salmon behold, and the ousel too,
My love, we will hear, me and you, we will hear,

The calling afar of the doe and the deer.
And the bird in the branches will cry for us clear,
And the cuckoo unseen in his festival mood;
And death, oh my fair one, will never come near
In the bosom afar of the fragrant wood.

If I Were A Bell **Frank Loesser**
from *Guys and Dolls*

Ask me how do I feel, ask me now that we're cozy and clinging
Well, sir, all I can say is if I were a bell I'd be ringing
From the moment we kissed tonight,
that's the way I just got to behave
Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light, or if I were a banner I'd wave
Ask me how do I feel, little me with my quiet upbringing
Well, sir, all I can say is if I were a gate I'd be swinging
And if I were a watch I'd start popping my spring
Or if I were a bell, I'd go ding dong ding dong ding
Ask me how do I feel from this chemistry lesson I'm learning
Well, sir, all I can say is if I were a bridge I'd be burning
Yes, I knew my moral would crack
from the wonderful way that you looked
Boy, if I were a duck I'd quack,
or if I were a goose I'd be cooked
Ask me how do I feel, ask me now that we're fondly caressing
Pal, if I were a salad I know I'd be splashing my dressing
Or if I were a season, I'd surely be spring
Or if I were a bell, I'd go ding dong ding dong ding

Peace, My Heart **Rabindranath Tagore**
from *Across the Wide*

Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.
Let it not be a death, but completeness.
Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.

Flight through the sky
end in the folding of the wings over the nest.
Let the last touch of your hands be gentle
like the flower of the night.
Stand still, O Beautiful End,
for a moment and say your last words in silence.
I bow to you and I hold up my lamp to light you on your way.

Two Butterflies **Emily Dickinson**
from *Across the Wide*

Two butterflies went out at noon and waltzed above a stream,
then stepped straight through the firmament
and rested on a beam;
And then together bore away upon a shining sea,
though never yet, in any port their coming mentioned be.
If spoken by the distant bird if met in Ether Sea.
By frigate, or by merchantman, no notice was to me.

Beyond Paradise **Cerise Lim Jacobs**
from *REV. 23*

I don't know what's beyond Paradise... But...
Beyond Paradise, That's a scary thought
How frightening, how fraught with foreboding and despair
A divine nightmare the Archangel guards us from
But I want to explore Beyond Paradise
Into the deep blue unknown
Like a wild bird soaring through the ozone
To seize the shining bloodstone,
so shall I seize that brave new world
Beyond Paradise, I burn for a brave new world
On the other side of sunrise where butterflies go to die

The Bells

Edgar Allan Poe

i. Silver Bells

HEAR the sledges with the bells — Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight; Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

ii. Golden Bells

Hear the mellow wedding bells — Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes, And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells! How it dwells On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells --
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

iii. Brazen Bells

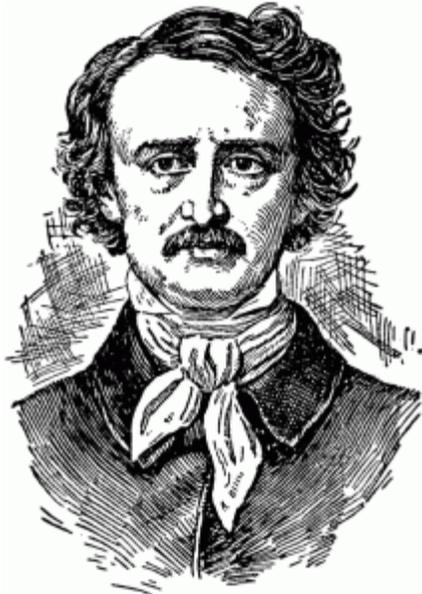
Hear the loud alarum bells — Brazen bells!
What tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak, They can only shriek, shriek
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor
Now -- now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon, Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows, By the twanging, And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows, Yet, the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling, And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells --
Of the bells — Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

iv. Iron Bells

Hear the tolling of the bells -- Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night, How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy meaning of their tone!
For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people -- ah, the people --
They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling On the human heart a stone --
They are neither man nor woman --
They are neither brute nor human -- They are Ghouls: --
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls, Rolls
A pæan from the bells! And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells; Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the pæan of the bells –
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells -- Of the bells, bells, bells –
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme, To the rolling of the bells –
Of the bells, bells, bells -- To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells — Bells, bells, bells –
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



Ring Out, Wild Bells!

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PROGRAM NOTES:

CALL TO WORSHIP

The Lord is my Light (*Psalm 27, Frances Allitsen*)

The program starts with a musical setting of Psalm 27, “The Lord is My Light,” written by English composer Frances Allitsen. “The Lord is My Light” is one of the most popular songs by Allitsen, who had hoped for a singing career, but lost her voice. She turned to teaching and musical composition, writing settings to verse by Browning, Shelley, Longfellow and other great poets.

Suscepit Israel from *Magnificat* (*Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*)

Today we feature “Suscepit Israel puerum suum recordatus misericordiae suae”, the 9th movement of the 11 movement *Magnificat: Oratoria in Eleven Movements*. The movement showcases a soprano solo that navigates among a warm accompaniment of strings, in a sweet, almost ethereal and timeless environment with a broad range of expression from both the soloist and the orchestra.

In July 2013, the University of Seville, Spain commissioned Ruiz-Bernal to compose an original setting of the *Magnificat* text, to be paired with J.S. Bach's *Magnificat in D Major*. Ruiz-Bernal's *Magnificat* received its world premiere on December 4, 2013. at the Teatro Lope de Vega of Seville. Prof. Dr. José Carlos Carmona led the Orquesta Sinfónica Hispalense in the performance. The U.S. premiere of Ruiz-Bernal's *Magnificat*, performed by Camerata California under the direction of Maestro Pete Nowlen, was presented on November 15, 2015 in Sacramento.

Set Me as a Seal (*Song of Songs, Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*)

This piece, like many other pieces written by Ruiz-Bernal, was composed especially for Colleen Daly, who commissioned her colleague to compose a sacred piece to be premiered at one of her recitals. Its style and format, therefore, is that of a short concert piece. “Set Me as a Seal” features the text from “The Song of Songs,” a well-known biblical love poem. The lyrics are set to music through a gently sung melody accompanied with a warm piano background that wraps the voice in a sense of comfort.

How Great Thou Art (*Stuart K .Hine, arr. Craig Courtney*)

“How Great Thou Art” is generally considered second only to “Amazing Grace” in terms of popularity. In 1885, Carl Boberg, a Swedish editor and later politician, was walking home when a thunderstorm sent him running for shelter. Once the storm had passed and Boberg was safely home, he was stirred by the tranquility that surrounded him as he listened to birds singing and the sounds of church bells ringing. Boberg sat down and wrote “O Store Gud” (“O Mighty God), set later to the tune of a Swedish folk song. The poem was translated into German and then Russian. Stuart K. Hine, an English missionary, heard the Russian version in the 1930, and was inspired to pen the English version we know and love today.

CALL TO LOVE

The sound of bells ringing is used to announce surrender to the power of love in two masterworks of American musical theater, *The Music Man* and *Guys and Dolls*. In Meredith Willson's 1957 Tony-award winning musical, love arrives in the form of fast-talking scam artist Harold Hill, who eventually wins over Marian Paroo, the smart and pragmatic librarian of

River City, Iowa. Marian admits to her feelings for Harold in “**Till There Was You.**”

Guys and Dolls (by Frank Loesser), which premiered on Broadway in 1950 and won the Tony Award for Best Musical, tells the story of high-rolling gambler Sky Masterson and Sarah Brown, leader of the Save-a-Soul Mission Band. After a fateful trip to Havana together, Sarah temporarily lets her guard down, confessing her true feelings to Sky for the first time by singing “**If I Were a Bell.**”

The Beginning (*Rabindranath Tagore, Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*) Colleen and Gabriel chose this text by Indian poet, playwright, and philosopher Rabindranath Tagore as they were planning the “Bells Are Ringing” program. After determining that the program would be organized around how bells ring during different life stages, it was clear that one piece had to be dedicated to the very beginning of life. Tagore’s poem was ideal, as it represents the beautiful testimony of a mother’s love for her child even before they are born. Gabriel started writing the music to this poem only a few weeks ago, and today marks the first time his composition is performed in public.

Away in the Woods (*W. B Yeats, Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*) Ruiz-Bernal wrote this piece as a commission by cellist Jonathan Cain and dancer/choreographer Shannon Dooling, and premiered it during their wedding ceremony. The text, by W.B Yeats, describes the couple’s excitement in starting their new life together by escaping into the beautiful woods where nature will surround them. The piece complements the long notes in the melody with a flowing piano accompaniment that evokes the couple’s unity amidst the beautiful landscape of the woods.

CALL TO REMEMBER

Across The Wide (*various, Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*)

The complete song cycle “Across The Wide, Songs of Farewell” was commissioned by the Hughes family in memory of Bob and Ginny Hughes. The collection includes five songs with poems by Rabindranath Tagore, Li Po, Elizabeth Frye, Emily Dickinson, and an arrangement of the song “Shenandoah.” Four songs were composed for voice and piano; the fifth song was written for choir, violin, and piano. Later Gabriel orchestrated the songs for voice and string ensemble. Today’s concert features two songs from this cycle: “**Peace, My Heart**”, and “**Two Butterflies**”.

“**Peace, My Heart,**” one of Gabriel’s favorite poems by Rabindranath Tagore, fills the space with serenity as the poem’s calm and loving words lift up the concept of death, transforming it into a weightless journey. Emily Dickinson’s “**Two Butterflies**” is musically portrayed through sparkling and light-hearted singing lines and a virtuoso piano accompaniment, depicting the flight of two butterflies on their journey. Butterflies are deep and powerful representations of life. Many cultures associate the butterfly with our souls. The Christian religion sees the butterfly as a symbol of resurrection.

Beyond Paradise (*Cerise Lim Jacobs, Julian Wachner*)

Eve grapples with the decision to leave the Garden of Eden, exploring this critical moment of the departure from the divine into humanity with an unusual empathy for the human condition. Julian Wachner (Trinity Wall Street, The Washington Chorus, NOVUS) wrote this “pop opera ballad” shortly after the death of Leonard Cohen, blurring together genres of music to create a hauntingly beautiful aria.

THE BELLS

Edgar Allan Poe died on October 7, 1849—poor, undiscovered, alone, and a failure. He was 40 years old. Now recognized as the creator of several literary genres (detective story and horror story), master of the “American Gothic” genre, contributor to the new genre of science fiction, and major influence in the development of the short story, Poe’s life was one of solitude, desperation, misery, and suffering. These unfortunate circumstances, however, were what made Poe such a great writer. His was a unique perspective, one that he translated into morbid, captivating stories and dark, expressive poetry.

For decades after Poe’s death, the idea of setting his poetry and short stories to music seems to have occurred to no one. Oddly enough, initial popularity of this quintessentially American writer would first rise in Europe, thanks to translations of Poe’s stories by Charles Baudelaire published toward the end of the 19th century. European readers fell in love with Poe’s literary genius and expressive, macabre writings, and composers took note. Since then more than a few composers have created musical compositions—from piano pieces to symphonies to operas—inspired by Poe’s writings, as well as the life, death, and literary genius of the author himself.

The Bells (*Edgar Allan Poe, music by Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*)
Poe wrote “The Bells” while living in a tiny cottage in an area of the Bronx once called Old Fordham Village, where he had moved to in 1846. The poem, not published until after Poe’s death, depicts the ringing of four kinds of bells — sleigh bells, wedding bells, alarm bells, and funeral bells. Nearby St. John’s College (now Fordham University) had opened a few years before Poe’s arrival in New York, and the author frequently visited the first generation of Jesuits there. The bell

thought to be the inspiration for Poe’s poem rang from the campus bell tower. Today, “Old Edgar Allan” is located in a vault inside Fordham’s Walsh Library, hidden from public view.

Poe’s “interesting and heavily onomatopoeic poem” had long captured Ruiz-Bernal’s attention. An opportunity to set “The Bells” to music presented itself when Ruiz-Bernal had a break between commissions, affording him time to compose for his own personal interest. Finding further inspiration after browsing through an old book of Poe’s poems with his wife, Lisa, Gabriel immediately began to sketch the music. Another influence affecting the scoring of “The Bells” was the “voice and dramatic talent” of Colleen Daly Eberhardt, whom Ruiz-Bernal had in mind as soloist while composing.

FINALE

Ring Out, Wild Bells!

(*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal*)

“Ring Out, Wild Bells” traces its origins not to a commission, but rather to an unanticipated moment of personal inspiration in the St. Louis parking lot. Stepping out of his car to meet with Colleen for this program’s first rehearsal, Gabriel heard the bells ringing from the new bell tower for the first time. Struck by the sounds, two ideas came together in Gabriel’s mind. First, write a composition that would incorporate the sounds of the new bells. Second, premiere the original composition at today’s concert. After calculating the pitch, cadence, and timing between the tolls, Gabriel had a point of departure for beginning the task.

Working on a tight schedule, Gabriel identified “Ring Out, Wild Bells” by Alfred Lord Tennyson as the text for his music

and began to sketch the work. He shared his first draft with Colleen less than two weeks before showtime and incorporated Colleen's feedback into the second draft. After making a few additional revisions, "Ring Out, Wild Bells" was completed and ready to be presented on October 4.

"Ring Out, Wild Bells" features the classic bell ringing characteristic of the bells of St. Louis, bringing this ringing into powerful focus as the work's centerpiece. The piece starts with this defining toll, the melody of which is woven throughout the song, acting as the thematic thread. At times, the melody is masked under alternative harmonizations, but emerges again during the refrain as the bells play the easily identifiable theme.

Pulling together bell ringing, vocals, and piano performance is no simple feat, due to space and timing logistics that require the trio of performers to maintain constant alert. The operator of the bells is physically removed from the space where the piece is being performed. Another complicating factor is that Colleen, as vocalist, and Gabriel, as pianist, must hear the bells clearly during performance. The success of the concert's finale therefore hinges on an elaborate stratagem and nuanced choreography of timing, sounds, and performers, which church concertgoers will have the unique privilege of witnessing.



THE ARTISTS:



Gabriel Ruiz-Bernal is an artist of extraordinary versatility and originality, creating and performing music spanning genres, styles, nationalities, and eras. As composer, pianist, organist, and harpsichordist, Mr. Ruiz-Bernal has entertained audiences worldwide with his original compositions, rediscovered works, and established repertoire.

His reputation as composer has yielded commissions for concert stages, collaborations for film and documentary scores, and work with other composers on orchestral arrangements. Mr. Ruiz-Bernal co-composed the score for the documentary "*P.S. Dance*", which earned his team an Emmy nomination for best documentary.

Throughout his career Mr. Ruiz-Bernal has garnered many honors and prizes, most recently, Second Place in the 2020 XI

Fidelio Competition for Piano Composition held in Madrid, Spain.

A career highlight came in 2008, when Mr. Ruiz-Bernal performed at the papal Mass celebrated by Pope Benedict XVI at Nationals Stadium, and then again in 2015 at the papal Mass celebrated by Pope Francis.

A dedicated educator, Mr. Ruiz-Bernal teaches classical and jazz piano and applied composition at the Levine School of Music in Washington, D.C., where he serves as Senior Faculty.



Colleen Daly is Assistant Director of Music at St. Louis Parish and Artistic Director of the St. Louis Church Concert Series. Off campus, the award-winning soprano performs regionally and throughout the United States and Canada with opera houses, symphony orchestras, and choral societies, captivating

audiences with her powerful voice and arresting stage presence.

Ms. Daly's repertoire ranges from newer works composed by contemporary musicians to beloved opera and musical theatre standards. Notable operatic engagements include Violetta (*La Traviata*), Musetta (*La Bohème*), and Contessa di Almaviva (*Le Nozze di Figaro*). As a concert and recital soloist, Ms. Daly Eberhardt has performed masses, oratorios, and many other sacred works, in addition to vocal solos for symphonic arrangements.

Ms. Daly holds a Bachelor of Music degree from DePaul University and a Master of Music from the University of Maryland, as well as an Artist Diploma from the prestigious Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia. She resides in Ellicott City with her husband, Terry Eberhardt, and two sons, Christian and Caleb.

St. Louis Church Concert Series
2020 – 2021 SEASON:

Christmas All Around the World
Sunday, December 13th at 4pm

Celebrating Diversity
an Evening with
Metropolitan Opera Soprano Aundi Marie Moore
Sunday, February 21st at 4pm

MASTERWORKS FINALE
Sunday, June 6th at 4pm

St. Louis Church Concert Series:

Colleen Daly Eberhardt, Artistic Director

Terry Eberhardt, Executive Director

Jay Dausch, Executive Producer

Susan Lepple, Producer

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The St. Louis Church Concert Series would like to express our sincere and deep gratitude to the following individuals for their kindness, generosity of time and expertise, and invaluable help in preparation of this concert:

Julie Brookman

Rich Brotzman

Marianne Faulstich

Mary Helfrich

Brad Jones

Tracy Mayer

Isaiah Shim

Brooks Whiteford

*And especially to **Monsignor Joseph Luca** for his continued support of the series, and tireless, faith-filled leadership!*

