

our sacred home, our suns that never set  
our future is the future, our meaning is the  
meaning  
our shields are wisdom, unity and peace  
our sacrifice of every drop of blood  
our love, our service, our untiring zeal  
our prayer for us, unseen  
our fires of hope and prayer  
our thunderbolts, our fire  
our star, and it will shine forever  
our light and song and soul  
our song forevermore  
our own dear land  
our fate, which smiles once more  
our sacrifice, our blood, our souls  
our enemies, scattered and confounded

our land, our home, our free, our brave  
our land, our grave  
our glory, for as long as the world shines  
our many ways before and our many ways  
today  
our rock, our beacon  
our scream out loud  
our steps, resounding on the long and tiring  
road  
our song—echoing over and over again  
our brothers and sisters under the sun  
  
may the rains come

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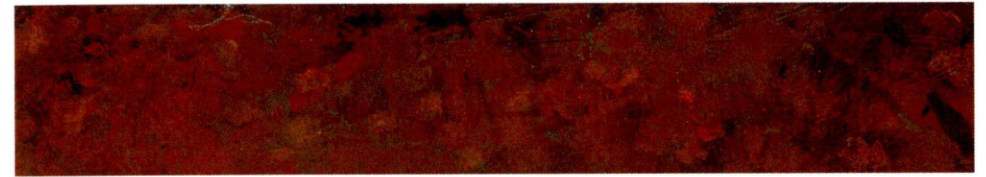
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## 76TH SEASON OF CONCERTS

NOVEMBER 12, 2017 / NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



# Program

## **The Crossing**

Donald Nally, Conductor

Featuring members of International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE)

**NOVEMBER 12, 2017 / 3:30**

**WEST BUILDING, WEST GARDEN COURT**

Ted Hearne (b. 1982)

*Consent*

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

“To the Hands” from *Seven Responses*

Commissioned for The Crossing’s *Seven Responses*, 2016

Featuring members of ICE

Ted Hearne

“What It Might Say” from *Jeff Quartets*

Commissioned for The Crossing’s *Jeff Quartets*, 2016

David Lang (b. 1957)

*the national anthems*

Featuring members of ICE

Program subject to change



The Crossing, Photo by Becky Oehlers

## The Musicians

### THE CROSSING

The Crossing is a professional chamber choir dedicated to new music and conducted by Donald Nally. Formed by a group of friends in 2005, the ensemble has since grown, receiving many national awards and exemplary critical reviews in the *New York Times* (“hypnotic and ethereally beautiful”), and the *Los Angeles Times* (“ardently angelic”).

With a commitment to record its many commissions, The Crossing is releasing five CDs during the 2016–2017 season; its collaboration with the Prism Quartet on Gavin Bryars’s *The Fifth Century* was among the *Chicago Tribune*’s Top 10 Classical CDs of 2016, and the choir’s recording of Thomas Lloyd’s *Bonhoeffer* was nominated for the 2017 Grammy as Best Choral Performance. Its recent recording of Ted Hearne’s *Sound from the Bench* was called “groundbreaking” by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The Crossing’s numerous collaborations include work with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, ICE, the American Composers Orchestra, and the Rolling Stones; the group has sung at Walt Disney Concert Hall, the Kennedy Center, Symphony Space, Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, National Sawdust, and the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia.

### The Crossing

Katy Avery	Ryan Fleming	Becky Oehlers
Nathaniel Barnett	Joanna Gates	Daniel Schwartz
Jessica Beebe	Dimitri German	Rebecca Siler
Julie Bishop	Steven Hyder	Daniel Spratlan
Karen Blanchard	Michael Jones	Elisa Sutherland
Steven Bradshaw	Heather Kayan	Shari Wilson
Colin Dill	Maren Montalbano	
Micah Dinger	Rebecca Myers	
Robert Eisentrout	Daniel O’Dea	John Grecia, accompanist

### DONALD NALLY

Donald Nally is responsible for imagining, programming, and conducting The Crossing and has commissioned over sixty works. He is also the John W. Beattie Chair in Music and director of choral organizations at Northwestern University. He has held distinguished tenures as chorus master for Lyric Opera of Chicago, Welsh National Opera, Opera Philadelphia, Spoleto USA, Italy’s Spoleto Festival, and the Chicago Bach Project. Nally has guest conducted the Latvian State Choir in Riga, the Grant Park Symphony Chorus in Chicago, the Philharmonic Chorus of London, and the Santa Fe Desert Chorale.

### INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY ENSEMBLE

The International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE) is an artist collective committed to transforming the way music is created and experienced. As performer, curator, and educator, ICE explores how new music intersects with communities throughout the world. The ensemble’s thirty-five members are featured as soloists, chamber musicians, commissioners, and collaborators with the foremost musical artists of our time. A recipient of the American Music Center’s Trailblazer Award and the Chamber Music America/ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming, ICE was also named the 2014 Musical America Ensemble of the Year. The group currently serves as artists in residence at the Lincoln Center’s Mostly Mozart Festival and previously led a five-year residency at Chicago’s Museum of Contemporary Art. The group’s new initiatives include OpenICE, which offers free concerts and related programming wherever ICE performs; DigitICE, which catalogues the ensemble’s performances in a free, online video library; First Page, ICE’s commissioning consortium that fosters close collaborations between performers, composers, and listeners as new music is developed; and EntICE, a youth program that places ICE musicians within youth orchestras as they premiere new commissioned works together.

### International Contemporary Ensemble (ICE)

Josh Modney and Jen Curtis, violin  
Wendy Richman, viola  
Chris Gross, violoncello  
Tony Flynt, contrabass

## Program Notes

### CONSENT / COMPOSER'S NOTE BY TED HEARNE

“The purpose of these untranslated and mystical utterances was to sidestep the Devil and to reach God directly.”—Teju Cole, from an essay about *Loquebantur Variis Linguis* and the tradition of “speaking in tongues.”

“There is a gestalt that orders things together, and if you pull back further, there’s another order there; the things are arranged, they are for some reason, it might not be a rational reason, but there is a reason.”—David Byrne, regarding his album with Talking Heads, *Speaking in Tongues*

I originally wrote *Consent* to be paired with a performance of the remarkably beautiful motet *Loquebantur Variis Linguis* by Thomas Tallis, in which the composer sets the text “the apostles spoke in different tongues.”

The above ideas—that to communicate with the Holy Spirit one had to bypass language entirely, that the structure and meaning of language is inextricably linked to the power structures and hierarchies that created it—set me on a journey to explore language that might have a duplicitous role in my own life.

The text for *Consent* is a juxtaposition of passages from five different sources: love letters I wrote in 2002, love letters my father wrote in 1962, the Catholic Rite of Marriage, the Traditional Jewish Ketubah (wedding contract), and text messages by high school students Trent Mays and Lucas Herrington that were used as evidence in the infamous Steubenville Rape Trial in 2013. I set these words in order to explore my personal relationship to gender inequality and our connection to language that justifies sexual violence.

#### text

i want you

i want to

i want you

i want to

i want you

i want to

I do.

I was thinking penetrating thoughts about you

It will be good, we can do it, and we need it.

It can be taken from me—even from the shirt on my back.

I was thinking penetrating thoughts about you

It will be good, we can do it, and we need it

I miss you too, in a heartaching kind of way.

All of it shall be mortgageable and bound as security—

It can be taken from me—even from the shirt on my back.

I do.

I just took care of your daughter.

\_\_\_\_\_

Declare your consent

The missing you hurts

You’ll be in it soon

What a way to feel

Who gives this woman

i want you

i want to

All of it shall be mortgageable—

I just took care of your daughter  
and bound as security—

she said you could take a picture

i want you

i want to

I just took care of your daughter and made sure  
she was safe

she was so in love with me that night

I ask you to state your intentions

All of it shall be mortgageable and bound as security—  
it can be taken from me, even from the shirt on  
my back—

during my lifetime and after this lifetime,  
this day and forever.

I just took care of your daughter and made sure  
she was safe  
she said you could take a picture+  
she looks dead lmao\*

---

I do.

I was thinking penetrating thoughts about you  
It will be good, we can do it, and we need it.  
I miss you too, in a heartaching kind of way  
I'm really looking forward to adding to it

All of it can be mortgageable and bound as security—  
it can be taken from me—even from the shirt on  
my back—  
during my lifetime and after this lifetime  
this day and forever

How have you been holding out on me with that  
picture for so long?  
she said you could take a picture  
oh i am looking at all my pictures of you

You don't even want to know what I'm imagining you doing right now  
she was so in love with me that night

Declare your consent before God

I just took care of your daughter when she was  
drunk

---

This original amount, I accept upon myself and  
my heirs after me—  
It can be paid from the best part of my property  
and possessions  
that I own under all the heavens.  
All of it shall be mortgageable and bound as  
security—  
it can be taken from me—even from the shirt on  
my back—  
during my lifetime and after this lifetime—  
from this day and forever.

even from the shirt on my back  
she said you could take a picture  
I refuse to get excited

Will you accept children lovingly from God?  
Declare your consent before God and the church.

I felt knowing what was right  
she looks dead lmao  
i just took care of your daughter

but i also know we are equal to almost any...  
she said you could take a picture

Who gives this woman?

#### "TO THE HANDS" FROM SEVEN RESPONSES / COMPOSER'S NOTE BY CAROLINE SHAW

How does one respond to an image of another person's pain? And how does one respond to the music of another artist who is trying to ask that same question? These are the two queries that anchored my approach to The Crossing's incredible *Seven Responses* project. "To the Hands" begins and ends with strains of Buxtehude's own *Ad manus*, with small harmonic and melodic references woven occasionally throughout. The division of the piece into six parts reflects the partitioning of *Membra Jesu Nostri*, and I continued the tradition of blending old text with new.

The first movement acts as a prelude and turns the opening tune of *Ad manus* into a wordless, plain chant melody. The second movement fragments Buxtehude's setting of the central question, "*quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum tuarum,*" or "what are these wounds in the midst of your hands?" It settles finally on an inversion of the question, so that we reflect, "What are these wounds in the midst of our hands?" We notice what may have been done to us, but we also question what we have done and what our role has been in these wounds we see before us.

The text that follows in the third movement is a riff on Emma Lazarus's sonnet "The New Colossus," famous for its engraving at the base of the Statue of Liberty. The poem's lines "Give me your tired, your poor,/ Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free," and its reference to the statue's "beacon-hand," present a very different image of a hand—one that is open, beckoning, and strong. No wounds are to be found there—only comfort for those caught in a dangerous and complex environment. While the third movement operates in broad strokes from a distance, the fourth zooms in on the map so far that we see the intimate scene of an old woman in her home, maybe setting the table for her dinner. Who is she, where has she been, whose lives has she left? This simple image melts into a meditation on the words *in caverna* from the Song of Solomon, found in Buxtehude's fourth section, *Ad latus*.

In the fifth movement, the harmony is passed around from one string instrument to another, overlapping only briefly, while numerical figures are spoken by the choir. These are global figures of internally displaced persons, by country, sourced from the Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre data reported in May 2015. Sometimes data is the cruelest and most honest poetry.

The sixth and final movement unfolds the words *in caverna* into the tumbling and comforting promise of “ever ever”—“ever ever will I hold you, ever ever will I enfold you.” They could be the words of Christ, or of a parent or friend or lover, or even of a nation.

I. Prelude: wordless	for mercy, mercy give give to me
II. <i>in medio. in medio. in medio manuum tuarum quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum tuarum quid sunt plagae istae in medio manuum nostrarum</i>	your tired fighters fleeing flying from the from the from let them i will be your refuge i will be your refuge i will be i will be we will be we will
in the midst. in the midst. in the midst of your hands what are those wounds in the midst of your hands what are those wounds in the midst of our hands	—the composer, responding to the 1883 sonnet “The New Colossus” by Emma Lazarus, which was mounted on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in 1903
—from Buxtehude’s <i>Ad manus</i> (Zechariah 13:6, adapted by the composer, with the addition of “ <i>in medio manuum nostrum</i> ” [in the midst of our hands])	IV. ever ever ever in the windowsills or the beveled edges of the aging wooden frames that hold old photographs hands folded folded gently in her lap ever ever in the crevices
III. Her beacon-hand beckons: give give to me those yearning to breathe free tempest-tossed they cannot see what lies beyond the olive tree whose branch was lost amid the pleas	

the neverending efforts of  
the grandmother’s tendons tending  
to her bread and empty chairs  
left for elijahs  
where are they now  
*in caverna*  
*in caverna*

—the composer, the final line, “in caverna,”  
is drawn from Buxtehude’s *Ad latus*, from the  
Song of Songs: “in the clefts of the rock, in  
the hollow of the cliff.”

V.  
The choir speaks global figures of internally  
displaced persons, by country.

VI.  
i will hold you  
i will hold you  
ever ever will i hold you  
ever ever will i enfold you  
in medio in medio

—the composer, with the final line a reprise  
from the original Zechariah text

#### “WHAT IT MIGHT SAY” FROM JEFF QUARTETS / COMPOSER’S NOTE BY TED HEARNE

The piece adapts an excerpt from “Communication between infant and mother, and mother and infant, compared and contrasted” by D.W. Winnicott (1896–1971).

So in the end we can come down to the fact that the baby communicates creatively and in time becomes able to use what is found. For most people the ultimate compliment is to be found and used, and I suppose, therefore, that these words could represent the communication of the baby with the mother.

I find you;  
You survive what I do to you as I come to  
recognize you as not-me;  
I use you;  
I forget you;  
But you remember me;  
I keep forgetting you;  
I lose you;  
I am sad.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS / COMPOSER'S NOTE BY DAVID LANG

Every country has a history—how it came to be, how its wars were won or lost, how strong its people are, or how proud, or how sad. We group ourselves into nations, but it has never really been clear to me what that means, or what we get out of it. Are we grouped together because we believe something together and are proud of associating with others who believe the same way? Or are we grouped together because our ancestors found themselves pushed onto a piece of land by people who didn't want them on theirs? It seems that all nations have some bright periods and some dark periods in their past. Building a national myth out of our bright memories probably creates a different character than if we build one out of the dark.

I had the idea that if I looked carefully at every national anthem I might be able to identify something that everyone in the world could agree on. If I could take just one hopeful sentence from the national anthem of every nation in the world, I might be able to make a kind of meta-anthem of the things that we all share. I started combing through the anthems, pulling out from each the sentence that seemed to me the most committed. What I found, to my shock and surprise, was that within almost every anthem is a bloody, warlike, tragic core, in which we cover up our deep fears of losing our freedoms with waves of aggression and bravado.

At first I didn't know what to do with this text. I didn't want to make a piece that was aggressive, or angry, or ironic. Instead, I read and re-read the meta-anthem I had made until another thought became clear to me. Hiding in every national anthem is the recognition that we are insecure about our freedoms, that freedom is fragile, and delicate, and easy to lose. Maybe an anthem is a memory informing a kind of prayer, a heartfelt plea:

*There was a time when we were forced to live in chains.  
Please don't make us live in chains again.*

I.	and we hear her call
our land with peace	we hear the sound of our chains breaking
our land with swords	we crown ourselves in glory and we die
all of us are brave	death is the same for everyone
we have one wish	but dying for our land will make us blessed
we have one goal	for we are young and free
we swear by lightning	land with mountain
and by our fragrant blood	land with river
heaven gave us life	land with field
and we alone remain	if you need our death
we fight for peace	our blood, our heart, our soul
our country calls us	we are ready

we lift our heads up to the rising sun  
our peace  
our values  
our skies  
our hearts  
our songs  
our tears  
our time  
our land  
our seed  
our pride  
we have no doubts or fears  
our faithful friends  
are faithful in the battle  
our land, we swear to you  
our blood is yours to spill  
keep watch, angels  
keep watch, stars  
keep watch, moon  
our parents knew how to fight  
the sun will shine on us forever  
when the wicked come  
let them prepare for death  
for we would rather die  
than live as slaves  
our land, you fill our souls with fire  
our blessed land  
our parents left this land to us  
our hearts defy our deaths  
a vivid ray of love and hope descends  
upon us and our land  
bless us with long life  
our land is love and beauty without end  
harvest our vows, which ripen underneath  
your sun  
our land, to lead a peaceful life  
we give our lives  
we were wounded  
we were bruised  
then we rose up  
our past is sleeping in our forests  
you are our garden  
and our grave

II.  
our hearts are glowing  
sing brother, sister  
our freedom must be sung  
we were slaves  
we were scorned  
but now, our future is ours  
our flowers  
our fields  
our fertile soil  
we will die before we let  
the wicked step upon them  
we are not slaves  
we are the seed that sprouts  
upon the fields of pain  
we are one blood  
on our land we were born  
our heads were bowed—  
now raise them  
we are wild with joy  
and if we have to die  
what does it matter?  
our children know  
the fight has made our faces glow  
sweet shelter  
kissed by our sun, our trees, our wind  
we don't fear death  
die for our land and live  
we know our selves  
by our terrifying sword  
ours is our land  
ours is our beautiful land  
our land is where  
our heroes rest  
our earth  
our sky  
our peace  
our blood  
these are our gifts  
we broke our chains  
united, firm, determined  
our face is brighter than our sun

we are our loyal guardian  
in each of us the hero remembers how to fight  
we walk the path of happiness  
to our rightful place  
with our last breath  
we thank ourselves

III.

fame and glory  
fame and glory  
no valley  
no hill  
no water  
no shore  
the bloody flag is raised  
the wicked howl  
they come to cut our throats  
to throw us back in chains  
no sorcerers  
no poison  
no deceivers  
no fear  
we strive  
we work  
we pray  
our star rises up  
and shines between two seas  
our heart and hand  
are the pledges of our fortune  
with mind and strength of arm  
we recognize ourselves  
by our terrifying sword  
with heads, with hearts, with hands  
we will die before we are made slaves  
our historic past  
our sun, our sweat, our sea  
our pain, our hope  
the flower of our blood  
branches of the same trunk  
eyes in the same light  
the sea, the land, the dawn, the sun are  
singing

our parents never saw the glory that we see  
we turn our faces up  
there is a star, the clearest light  
bring us happier times and ways  
each day is like a thousand years  
victory, victory, victory  
long live our land, our people, our body, our  
soul  
the light in our eyes is the brilliance of our  
faith  
will we see you?  
our woe or our wealth  
our eyes turn east  
we are awake

IV.

keep us free  
be our light  
until pebbles turn to boulders  
and are covered in moss  
our light and our guide  
golden sun, golden seed  
fill our hearts with thanks  
when our hearts beat as one  
show us the way  
until the mountains wear away  
and the seas run dry  
be safe and be glorious  
build our own fortune  
move forward  
our sons sing  
our daughters bloom  
our parents and our children  
await our call  
our peace  
our rain  
be green  
we are your sacrifice  
fortunate and faithful  
the sun drives off the clouds  
we risk everything  
we sing new songs

for you, for you, forever  
our love, our zeal, our loyalty  
our land, where our blood spills  
our fields will flower with hope  
our land gives us our name  
and we will never leave  
we walk the path we have chosen  
we will die while we are on it  
our land, sweet is your beauty  
a thousand heroes  
our full measure of devotion  
our language is a burning flame  
our flag flies in the wind  
our unwavering land  
our rocky hills  
from where our lights rise up  
our name is freedom  
our blood waters it  
we pray for you  
woven from a hundred flowers  
we won't let the wicked wash their hands  
in this guiltless blood of ours  
may our blessings flow  
let nothing dim the light  
that's shining in our sky  
a single leap  
into the dazzling sky  
obey our call  
we are not many  
but we are enough  
be happy  
and may our land be happy  
interpret our past  
glorify our present  
inspire our future  
we are coming forth  
with strength and power  
our seas roar at our feet  
shout our name  
shout it again  
there is no middle ground  
between the free man and the slave

may the light be denied us  
if we break our solemn vow  
the burning of the heart  
in our chests is alive  
our land will not die  
as long as we live  
the rays of the sun  
are a mother's kiss  
we swear by the sky  
by the spreading light  
now, or never  
we will make our fate ourselves  
it was, it is, it will always be  
at last, our pride is worth our pride

V.

our common fate  
our brighter day  
our loyalty and love and vow  
our crown  
our virtuous honor  
our sacred hymn of combat  
our light, reflecting guidance  
our sword with no flaw  
our sepulcher of ages  
our only land  
our voices on high  
our noble aspiration  
our thunders, wildly beating  
our fire in every vein  
our tears, flowing down our cheeks  
our everlasting mountains  
our milk, our honey, our people working  
hard  
our different voices, our one heart  
our breath of life  
our death, our glory and our land  
our fight—there is a fight to fight  
our fair land, its hills and rivers  
our memories of days long gone  
our morning skies, grown red