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**The
Sounds
of Spring**

with the

Broadmoor Chamber Singers

June Ambush, Artistic Director

Soyoun Park, Piano

May 14, 2012
Wellesley Friends Meeting
Wellesley, MA

Artistic Director

June Ambush joined the Broadmoor Chamber Singers in the fall of 2005. She has served as a music educator and performing artist since 1972. Since September of 2000, Ms. Ambush has been serving as Music Specialist at the John Marshall Elementary School in Dorchester, MA. She conducts the John Marshall School Children's Chorus. She also teaches undergraduate music courses at Pine Manor College in Chestnut Hill and summer music classes with the Treble Chorus of New England in Andover.

Ms. Ambush received her Bachelor of Music Education Degree from Howard University in Washington, DC. She served as the Neighborhood Site Director with the Boston Children's Chorus at Villa Victoria in the South End from 2004 to 2008. She has been serving as keyboardist for the Christ Temple of Godly Wisdom Ministry in Framingham since 1992.

Chorus

Soprano Erin Bassett, Oneida Blagg, Lani Blanchard, Laura Fisher, Joan Hellmuth, Elaine Seaberg, Esther Wheeler

Alto Ann Cook-Frantz, Donna Golden, Susan Gordon, Susan Gulesian, Victoria Masotta, Lisa Pepi, Susannah Wheelwright

Tenor Matthew Luz, Amy Weiner

Bass John Blanchard, Dal Fisher, Chris King, Roger Proulx, David Querim

Broadmoor Chamber Singers, founded in 1979, is a community chorus based in Natick, Massachusetts. This ensemble provides opportunities for rehearsing, performing, and experiencing diverse choral music. The Broadmoor Chamber Singers endeavor to enrich the MetroWest area culturally through exposure to varied musical works. Members of the group work to foster a sense of community across towns, while sharing a unique musical experience. The chorus sustains itself through public and private fundraising as well as recruitment, publicity, and ticketed events.

Accompanist

Soyoun Park joined the Broadmoor Chamber Singers as rehearsal and concert pianist in the Spring of 2006. She started playing piano when she was five years old and has performed solo and chamber recitals throughout her homeland and the United States.

Ms. Park received her Bachelor's degree from the Seoul National University in Korea and obtained her Master's degree in 2000 at the New England Conservatory of Music. In 2004 she won a top prize at the Richmond Piano Competition in Boston. She is currently pursuing a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in piano performance at Boston University.

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Join Us!

The Broadmoor Chamber Singers welcome new members in all voice parts. Some experience with group singing is important. Email us at broadmoorsingers@yahoo.com or phone John and Lani at 508-655-7031 for information on open rehearsals. We also post information at our web site: <http://www.broadmoorsingers.org>. If you don't sing, we enjoy sharing our music in public performances at least twice a year. Don't miss a concert!

Please find us and  like us on Facebook!

<i>Broadmoor Chamber Singers</i>	<i>Amy Weiner, President</i>
<i>Board Members</i>	<i>Victoria Masotta, Secretary</i>
<i>2011-2012</i>	<i>Susan Gordon, Treasurer</i>

Many Thanks

To Natick Christ Lutheran Church for our rehearsal space.

To our generous donors.

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To our hard-working chorus volunteers.

A special thank-you to Tim Eskey for providing

Percussion on some of our pieces.

Program design by David Querim. Cover photograph by David Querim from The Butchart Gardens, Victoria BC Canada. Butterfly photograph by David Querim from Victoria Butterfly Gardens, Victoria BC Canada.



- Sound the Trumpet Henry Purcell
Gloria in Excelsis Antonio Vivaldi
To Spring Johann Sebastian Bach
Vilja Lied (from the Merry Widow) Victor Leon, Leo Stein, & Franz Lehar
Oneida Blagg, soloist
Come Let Us Start A Joyful Song Hans Leo Hassler
My Bonnie Lass She Smileth Thomas Morley
My Bonnie Lass She Smelleth P.D.Q. Bach, edited by Peter Schickele
The Gathering of Spirits Carrie Newcomer
Amy Weiner, soloist
Minuet in G major, Opus 14, No. 1 Ignacy Jan Paderewski
Soyoun Park, pianist
It Might As Well Be Spring Rodgers and Hammerstein
Lani Blanchard, soloist
Ride The Chariot Spiritual, arr. Wm. Henry Smith
Lani Blanchard and Esther Wheeler, soloists
God Bless America Irving Berlin
You're A Grand Old Flag George M. Cohan
Don't Get Around Much Anymore Duke Ellington/Bob Russell, arr. Roger Emerson
Lisa Pepi and Matthew Luz, soloists
I've Got the World on a String Ted Koehler/Harold Arlen, arr. Kirby Shaw
Everlasting Melody Rollo A. Dilworth
Tim Eskey, Drums

Please join us for a reception following the concert.

Vilja Lied (from the Merry Widow)
by Victor Leon, Leo Stein, & Franz Lehar

(Oneida Blagg, soloist)

[Translation from German]

Now let us, though, as at home
Now sing our round-dance rhyme
Of a fairy, who, as is known
At home is called the Vilya!

There lived a Vilya, a forest maiden.
A huntsman saw her on the rocky crag.
To the lad it was so strange
He looked and looked up at the forest maiden.
And a never before known trembling
Held the young huntsman.
Full of longing he began quietly to sigh:

‘Vilya, O Vilya, you forest maiden,
Hold me and let me be your heart’s beloved!
Vilya, O Vilya, what are you doing to me!’
Anxiously pleads the lovesick man.

The forest maiden stretched out her hand to him
And drew him inside into her rocky house.
The lad was almost out of his senses:
No earthly child so loves and so kisses!
When she had kissed her fill,
She disappeared at that very time.
The poor man greeted her:

‘Vilya, O Vilya, you forest maiden,
Hold me and let me be your heart’s beloved!
Vilya, O Vilya, what are you doing to me!’
Anxiously pleads the lovesick man.

My Bonnie Lass She Smelleth – P.D.Q. Bach/Peter Schickele

My bonnie lass she smelleth,
Making the flowers Jealouth.
Fa la la (etc.)

My bonnie lass dismayeth
Me; all that she doth sayith:
Fa la la (etc.)

My bonnie lass she looketh like a jewel
And soundeth like a mule.
My bonnie lass she walketh like a doe
And talketh like a crow.
Fa la la (etc.)

My bonnie lass liketh to dance a lot;
She’s Guinevere and I’m Sir Lancelot.
Fa la la (etc.)

My bonnie lass I need not flatter;
What she doth not have doth not matter.
Oo la la (etc.)

My bonnie lass is so fine,
Oh if she only were mine.
Fa la la (etc.)



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Congratulations Broadmoor Singers!



Let us sing together in the spirit of the Spring season.

June E. Ambush
Artistic Director

God Bless America – Irving Berlin

God bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her, and guide her,
Through the night, with the light from above,
From the mountains, to the prairies
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, my home sweet home,
God bless America! My Home Sweet Home!

You're a Grand Old Flag – George M. Cohan

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
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P.D.Q. Bach – Biography Notes

In the 17th and 18th centuries the name Bach was synonymous with fine musicmaking: Johann Sebastian, certainly the biggest twig on the family tree, was both preceded and followed by many accomplished and well known musicians, some of whom were in the service of royalty. It is easy to understand, therefore, why the Bach clan was loath to admit the existence of a member who was called a “pimple on the face of music,” “the worst musician ever to have trod organ pedals,” “the most dangerous musician since Nero,” and other things not quite so complimentary. They even started a rumor that P.D.Q. Bach, without a doubt Johann Sebastian’s last and least offspring, was not really a member of the Bach family—the implication being that he was illegitimate, or, even better, an imposter. Although P.D.Q. Bach was born on April 1, 1742 and died on May 5, 1807, the dates on his first tombstone (before he was moved to an unmarked pauper’s grave) were inscribed “1807-1742” in a transparent attempt to make it appear that he could not have been the son of J.S., who died in 1750. Nice try, Bach family—close, but no cigar: some of us, or at least one of us, are not fooled, or at least, is not fooled.

P.D.Q. Bach once said that his illustrious father gave him no training in music whatsoever, and it is one of the few things he said that we can believe without reservation. His rebelliousness was such, in fact, that he avoided music as much as possible until he was well into his thirties (as a teenager he did assist in the construction of the loudest instrument ever created, the pandemonium, but he wisely skipped town before the instrument’s completion, having sensed with uncanny accuracy, that the Pavilion of Glass was perhaps not the most felicitous location for the inaugural concert). But by the mid 1770s he realized that, given his last name, writing music was the easiest thing he could do, and he began composing the works that were to catapult him into obscurity.

This most mini musical life has been divided into three creative periods: the Initial Plunge, the Soused Period, and Contrition. The middle period was by far the longest of the three, and was characterized by a multiplicity of contrapuntal lines and a greater richness of harmony due to almost constant double vision. It was during this period that he emulated (i.e., stole from) the music of Haydn and Mozart, but his pathetic attempts to be *au courant* were no more successful than his pathetic attempts to be *passé* had been during the Initial Plunge; having to cope with the problems that accompany immense popularity was something P.D.Q. Bach managed to avoid. It has been said that the only original places in his music are those places where he forgot what he was stealing. And, since his memory was even shorter than his sightedness, he was in point of fact one of the most original composers ever to stumble along the musical pike.

When you come right down to it, which is something we should all do every once in a while (As Plato said, —or was it Aristotle? —the unexamined life isn’t worth a hill of beans. Maybe it was Socrates.), P.D.Q. Bach was perhaps not as pitiful as we are often led to believe: he was, by all accounts, intimately acquainted with all three components of the proverbial wine/women/song life style, he died a wealthy man (due to a little patent medicine thing he had going on the side), and he can now boast 17 record albums and annual concerts in New York City devoted almost exclusively to his own music. How many of us can say that? Well, can *you*?

—biographical notes provided by [Prof. Schickele](#)

From www.Schickele.com