

THANK YOU!

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church
Alyssa Breece, Linda Neuman & Becky Dop - Program
Joan Potter - Staging
Deb Carbaugh - Vocal Coaching
Keith Spears - percussion
Scott Lykins - cello
Our volunteers

Your financial support means the world to us.
Currently, 100% of our funding comes from
friends and you, our audience members.



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THANK YOU!

*Note - at this time your donations are not tax deductible.

Interested in singing with us?
info@mnwovenvoices.com

WOVEN VOICES

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Woven Voices is a chamber choir composed of
experienced singers from various Minnesota-based choirs.
We come together to joyfully explore and share choral
literature written for soprano and alto voices.

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WOVEN VOICES 2024 ROSTER

LAURA AMOS, SOPRANO
ANNALISA ANDERSON, SOPRANO
KATE BIEDERWOLF, SOPRANO
ALYSSA BREECE*, SOPRANO
DEB CARBAUGH, SOPRANO
GINA CRUCIANI, SOPRANO
BECKY DOP*, ALTO
LINDSEY HARTJES, ALTO
DEE HEIN, ALTO
CELIA MCCOY, ALTO
PENNY MEIER, SOPRANO

MERILU NARUM, SOPRANO
LINDA NEUMAN*, SOPRANO
JOAN O'DONNELL, ALTO
JOAN POTTER, ALTO
KRISTEN SCHWEILOCH, ALTO
KRISTIE SHAFFER, ALTO
ANNA STOLTE, ALTO
STEPHANIE SULZBACH, ALTO
MAYA TESTER, SOPRANO

* DENOTES LEADERSHIP TEAM

THE FACES OF WOMEN

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2024 - 3:00 P.M.
OAK GROVE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - BLOOMINGTON, MN

Welcome to The Faces of Women!

Woven Voices is a chamber choir composed of experienced singers from various Minnesota-based choirs.

We come together to joyfully explore and share choral literature written for soprano and alto voices.



A little over four years ago, Rebecca Pearson, founder of Woven Voices, was finally able to realize a long-held dream of forming a chamber choir. The dream became quickly shared by the skilled singers from our many wonderful local choirs, and within one week, 12 singers had joined together to begin rehearsing. Since that time Woven Voices has performed several concerts and has steadily grown to the group of 20 sopranos and altos that you see today.

BARBARA BROOKS, MUSIC DIRECTOR

Barbara is an active vocal coach and music director in the Twin Cities area. She is the Artistic Advisor and Accompanist for the Minnesota Chorale, the principal chorus for the Minnesota Orchestra. She has worked with various opera companies including Canadian Opera, Minnesota Opera, New Orleans Opera, Opera Banff, Berkshire Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Kentucky Opera, as well as the University of Minnesota Opera and University of North Texas Opera programs. She has served as a vocal coach for the Minnesota Opera's Resident Artist program and currently is on the music staff of the Wesley Balk Institute. Barbara has also collaborated as music director in the highly imaginative productions of Mozart's operas at Theatre de la Jeune Lune in Minneapolis and is Music Director for annual performance of Carmina Burana with the Minnesota Chorale and Minneapolis Dance Theatre. She holds a master's degree in piano performance from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.



SCOTT LYKINS, CELLO

Scott Lykins' career uniquely blends artistic performance as a cellist and pianist with administrative creativity as founding Director of the Lakes Area Music Festival. Primarily a cellist, he enjoys a busy schedule performing throughout the Midwest as a member of the South Dakota and Duluth Superior Symphony Orchestras and freelancer in the Twin Cities area. He has served as principal cellist for the National Orchestra Institute, National Repertory Orchestras, Classical Symphony of Chicago, and has played regularly with the Syracuse and New World Symphonies. As a soloist, recent concerto appearances include the Minnesota Philharmonic Orchestra, Heartland Symphony, Northeast Orchestra, and the Lakes Area Music Festival. He received both bachelors and masters degrees in cello performance from the Eastman School of Music, studying with Steven Doane and Alan Harris, respectively. Also a collaborative pianist, he has performed in recitals and concerts throughout the United States and Europe.



KEITH SPEARS, PERCUSSION

Keith Spears is a composer and musician inspired by mythology, folklore, and esoterica. With a Bachelor's degree from Berklee College of Music and over 50 years of music-making experience, he shares his love of music through recording, performance, and private instruction. Keith has performed locally in the Twin Cities as a solo artist and with several bands, including Pirates of Dreamtime and Invocatio. He has also scored independent short films and provided music for Fringe and fashion shows. Keith's music is available on Bandcamp, Spotify, YouTube, and most other streaming platforms.



THE FACES OF WOMEN

CHILDHOOD - SPRING

THE MOTHER - *Songs My Mother Taught Me*.....Antonín Dvořák, arr. Ron Kean

WELCOME - BARB BROOKS - MUSIC DIRECTOR

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY BY JAMES AGEE READ BY JOAN POTTER

THE HEALER - *Sure on this Shining Night*..... Morten Lauridsen, lyrics by James Agee

CHILD BY SYLVIA PLATH READ BY STEPHANIE SULZBACH

THE CHILD - “*Evening Prayer*” from *Hansel and Gretel*..... Engelbert Humperdinck, trans. By C. Bache

THE DREAMER - “*Wisteria*” from *A Fairy’s Tale Suite*.....Steve Dobrogosz

THE ANGEL - *God will Give Orders/ Sweet Child/ Snow Angel*.....Sarah Quartel

SCOTT LYKINS - CELLO, KEITH SPEARS - PERCUSSION

SNOW ANGEL NARRATION BY LISA HELPS READ BY KRISTEN SCHWEILOCH

JOAN O'DONNELL, KRISTIE SHAFFER, MAYA TESTER - SOLO

YOUNG ADULthood - SUMMER

SISTER SMART BY MARTIN DEJNICKI READ BY LAURA AMOS AND LINDA NELMAN

THE SISTER - *Die Schwestern (sung in German)*.....Johannes Brahms

THE WIFE - *Les Berceaux (sung in French)*..... Gabriel Fauré, arr. Alan Raines

THE SAINT - *Ave Verum Corpus (sung in Latin)*.....Francis Poulenc

THE JOURNEY BY MARY OLIVER READ BY KATE BIEDERWOLF AND MERILU NARUM

MIDDLE AGE - FALL

THE WARRIOR - “*Now we are Free*” from *Gladiator*..... Hans Zimmer, Lisa Gerrard and Klaus Badelt, arr. Julie Gaulke

LINDSEY HARTJES - SOLO

THE WITCH - *W.I.T.C.H. (Woman In Total Control of Herself)*..... Devon Cole, John Mark Nelson, arr. Emily Drum

THE ACTIVIST - *What Happens When a Woman?*.....Alexandra Olsavsky

KEITH SPEARS - PERCUSSION

BECKY DOP, CELIA MCCOY, KRISTIE SHAFFER, ANNA STOLTE - SOLO

OLD AGE - WINTER

THE PAINTED DRUM BY LOUIS ERDICH READ BY MAYA TESTER

THE ELDER - *Only in Sleep*.....Ēriks Ešenvalds, lyrics by Sara Teasdale

ALYSSA BREECE, ANNALISA ANDERSON - SOLO

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

Songs my mother taught me
in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids
were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children
each melodious measure;
Oft the tears are flowing
from my memory's treasure.

SURE ON THIS SHINING NIGHT

Sure on this shining night
Of star made shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground
on this shining night.
The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.
I weep for wonder wand'ring far alone
Sure on this shining night
Of shadows on the stars

EVENING PRAYER

When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels watch do keep.
Two my head are guarding,
Two my feet are guiding,
Two are on my right hand,
Two are on my left hand,
Two who warmly cover,
Two who o'er me hover,
Two to whom 'tis given
To guide my steps to Heaven.

WISTERIA

Sandman sleep, we can ride your field together,
Soft and deep, flaxen ponytails of heather,
Ride, ride where pixies rhyme inside a planted pot,
Floating sheep there to greet us with an apricot,
Look, our grand galaxy inside a pumpkin,
Look, our reality now only an assumption,
And when the phoenix standing guard unveils
his feathered sword
And for a paper nightingale the zephyrs play
a long lost chord,

Wisteria and no more waiting,
As if the sky were ever blue,
Chimeras are chimeras, too,
Wisteria and juniper and honeydew, so
Sandman sleep, the mystera is blooming,
Time to reap, now the world no longer looming,
Fly, fly where fairies guide aboard each train of thought,
Fly for keeps as we leave the earthly parking lot,
So Sandman sleep, Sandman sleep.

GOD WILL GIVE ORDERS / SWEET CHILD

God will give orders to his angels about you,
And all his angels, all his armies sing "Ah!"
Do not think poorly of these little children.
All of them have an angel in heav'n,
And all their angels can see the face of the Father.
All your angels can see the face of your Father.

Sweet child, hear my song.
Sweet child, I will guard you.
Sweet child, you're the future.
Love and mercy show to others.
Faith, like a child, can hear the song.
A song that falls on ears of those who wait,
Like a child, for peace to come.
And trust that we will learn to show them love,
Like a child, who knows no wrong.
From being loved by those who've taught them.
Faith, like a child, forever strong. The circle goes on.
Sweet child, hear my song.
Sweet child, I will show you how to love!

SNOW ANGEL

I went to my window one bright winter's morn
and gazed at the new fallen snow.
The world overtaken by flurries of white
had set my surroundings aglow.
I looked to the heavens seeking the source of this
Wonderland newly appeared.
When there I spied a snow angel holding
the flakes and spreading them near.
She sang: 'Even though the snow may blow,
There's not a wind can stop my music.
For I know that winter shelters life.'
On silver-blue wingtips she soared through the air
Ensuring the flow'rs were warm.
She knew that her snowflakes would blanket the earth
And keep all its friends safe from harm.
I thought for a moment she must be a dream,
This angel with silvery wings.
But then I discovered she was heaven-sent
As her icy lips opened to sing.
She sang: 'Even though the snow may blow...'
When she knew that the flow'rs were asleep
She beat her wings faster to go.
But soon, looking back on the work she had done,
She let herself fall to the snow
I saw for a moment the smile on her face
'fore she launched herself back in the air.
I'm sure there are many snow angels in heav'n,
But now I have one down here.
I sang: 'Even though the snow may blow...



DIE SCHWESTERN TRANSLATION

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
Identical as two eggs,
Identical as two stars.
We two sisters, we beauties,
We have nut brown tresses,
If you plat them together,
You can't tell them apart.

We two sisters, we beauties
We dress the same,
Walking in the meadow,
And singing hand in hand.
We two sisters, we beauties,
We race each other at spinning,
We sit together in an alcove,
And sleep in the same bed.

O sisters two, you beauties
How the tables have turned,
You love the same sweetheart;
And now the song is over!

LES BERCEAUX TRANSLATION

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.
But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits.
Shall seek enticing horizons.
And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

AVE VERUM CORPUS TRANSLATION

Hail, true Body of Christ, born
of the Virgin Mary,
truly suffered, sacrificed
on the cross for mankind.

NOW WE ARE FREE

Nonsense syllables

W.I.T.C.H.

Rumor on the street is that her apples are delicious
The jury said she's charming, but her exes say she's wicked
I swear to God, I saw her howling at the sky
She ain't out to get you, but she's better on your side
And she don't wanna be anybody else
She's a **Woman In Total Control of Herself**

It's such a wonder to be under her spell
What a woman, in total control of herself

Villainous kitty queen, she's got tricks up her sleeve
And I got a few up mine
She said, "Am I bad to the bone 'cause I get what I want?"
Mama said it ain't no crime

She don't wanna be anybody else
It's such a wonder to be under her spell
What a woman, in total control of herself

Come out and play, it's fun in the dark
Tell me, "Why you so scared of a woman in charge?"
Baby, don't run, you're breaking my heart
Tell me, "Why you so scared of a woman in charge?"

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A WOMAN?

What happens when a woman takes power?
What happens when she won't back down?
What happens when a woman takes power?
What happens when she wears the crown?
What happens when she rules her own body?
What happens when she sets the beat?
What happens when she bows to nobody?
What happens when she stands on her own two feet?

We rise above; we lead with love;
We have won; we are one.
We've just begun.
What happens? What happens?
What happens when she wears the crown?

ONLY IN SLEEP

Only in sleep I see their faces
Children I played with when I was a child
Louise comes back with her brown hair braided
Annie with ringlets warm and wild.

Only in sleep Time is forgotten—
What may have come to them, who can know?
Yet we played last night as long ago
And the doll-house stood at the turn of the stair
I met their eyes and found them mild—
Do they, too, dream of me, I wonder
And for them am I too a child?

WOVEN
VOICES