



WOVEN
VOICES

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info@mnwovenvoices.com

2407 39th Avenue NE, #412
Minneapolis, MN 55421

[Facebook.com/mnwovenvoices](https://www.facebook.com/mnwovenvoices)

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.

THE TRAVELER

PLEASE JOIN US AS WE EXPLORE THE UNENDING JOURNEY OF OUR VERY BEING.
FROM STARS TO STARDUST TO EARTH AND BEYOND,
WE ARE ALWAYS TRAVELING AND ARE NEVER SEPARATED FROM THE ENERGY
THAT MADE US AND CAN NEVER BE DESTROYED.

The cosmos is within us, We are made of star-stuff. We are a way for the universe to know itself.
- Carl Sagan

SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 2025 - 3:00 P.M.
OAK GROVE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - BLOOMINGTON, MN

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THE TRAVELER

"We are part of this universe; we are in this universe,
but perhaps more important than both of those facts, is that the universe is in us."
– Neil deGrasse Tyson, astrophysicist

“The Traveler”-a journey of the soul. Where do our souls travel in this vast universe? Where and how did we begin and what experiences will manifest on our timeless journey? Physical embodiment on Earth is an especially courageous stop on this tour. The density of the Earth can be challenging and take great courage to withstand. Opportunities to experience all emotions can be overwhelming to our soul and the path can seem very unsteady at times. Through our challenges, we find ways to connect to nature, allowing our senses to bask in the beauty of music, animals, art and other gifts of this planet. When we are called back to the universe, we are all the richer for having experienced this wondrous place called Earth. We have expanded and are ready to reunite with the cosmos.

- Barb Brooks



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.



JOSEPH TRUCANO, *CELLO*

Joseph Trucano (b. 1989) is a Minneapolis-based performer. Joe serves as the Organist & Ensemble Director at Westminster Presbyterian Church and is the Artistic Director of Skål Chamber Collective. Prior to this, he was the Associate Producer of American Public Media's nationally broadcast Pipedreams program, and curator of Minnesota Public Radio's Pop-Up Classical series.

As a performer, Joe has performed for multiple live radio appearances as soloist and collaborator, was a 2016-2017 MPR Class Notes Artist, and is an active performer, conductor, and teacher within the Twin Cities and internationally. Local engagements have included appearances with the Schubert Club, Minnesota Public Radio, Park Square Theater, VocalPoint Chorus, Justice Choir, Minneapolis Fringe Festival, and Twin Cities American Guild of Organists.

Joe holds a Master's of Music Degree in Organ Performance & Literature from the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, NY where he was the recipient of the James B. Cochran award for excellence in performance. Prior to that, he attended Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota where he studied organ, cello and conducting and was the first student in Concordia's history to be awarded the prestigious Senior Honors award and orchestral appearance on two instruments (cello and organ).

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

AN DIE MUSIK

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt
In eine beßre Welt entrückt

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entfloßen
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir

THE FRUIT OF SILENCE

The fruit of silence is prayer.
The fruit of prayer is faith.
The fruit of faith is love.
The fruit of love is service.
The fruit of service is peace.

TRAVELIN' HOME

Ye fleeting charms of earth, farewell,
Your springs of joy are dry;
My soul now seeks another home,
A brighter world on high.

I'm a long time travelin' here below
I'm a long time travelin' away from home.
I'm travelin' here below,
To lay this body down,

Jerusalem, my happy home!
Oh, how I long for thee!
Home, sweet home,
my long-sought home,
My home in heav'n on high.

Farewell, my friends,
whose tender care
has long engaged my love:
Your fond embrace I now exchange
for better friends above
I'm a long time travelin' here,
I'm a long time travelin' home

TO MUSIC

You, beloved Art, in so many grey hours,
When life's mad tumult wraps around me,
Have kindled warm love in my heart
And transported me into a better world,
Transported into a better world!

How often a flowing sigh from your harp,
A sweet divine harmony from you
Unlocked the heaven of better times to me.
You, beloved Art, I thank you for it!
You, beloved Art, I thank you!

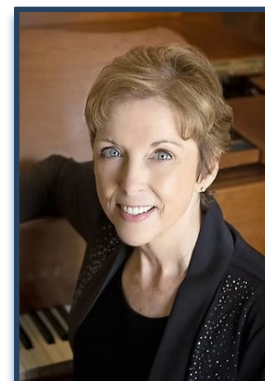
MARS OVER THE HORIZON

Over the horizon the next frontier,
Millions of miles as the rocket flies.
Without fear, forging ties,
Transcending nations.
From the blue to the red,
Imprinting astronaut's tread.

***About the author of the lyrics:**

David Carlton Dickson, has been fascinated with space since childhood. As an adult he has worked as a Mars surface systems engineer with NASA and has dedicated his life to do whatever he can to help get humankind to Mars. He is also lucky to be the son of the composer of Mars Over the Horizon.

WOVEN
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DEBRA SCROGGINS, *COMPOSER*

Debra is known for her lyrical and emotionally engaging compositions. Specializing in choral and vocal compositions, she also writes for piano, organ and other instruments with careful attention to the needs of the performer and to the hearts and ears of the listener.

Trained as a pianist and singer, Debra has enjoyed a long career as a teacher, professional mezzo-soprano soloist and chorister, having sung with such prestigious choral groups as Conspirare's Company of Singers, Robert Shaw's Festival Singers, the Kansas City Chorale and the Berwick Chorus of the Oregon Bach Festival. These experiences and many others have enriched her understanding of the needs of singers and conductors of choral music as well as their audiences.

Since 2005, Debra has served as Composer in Residence for The Texas Voices, a Dallas area professional chamber choir and since 2013 has served in the same capacity for the Plano Civic Chorus, an 80+ voice ensemble.

In the years since she began composing, her music has been performed by choirs throughout the US and Canada, in Europe, South America, and in Russia and Thailand. Debra is frequently commissioned to create new choral works for churches, schools, universities, professional ensembles and community choirs.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

TURNING

My soul cries out with a joyful shout
That the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things
That you bring to the ones who wait.

You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,
And my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blest.
Could the world be about to turn?

My heart shall sing of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears for the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn!

Though I am small, my God, my all,
You work great things in me
And your mercy will last from the depths of the past
To the end of the age to be.

Your very name puts the proud to shame
And to those who would for you yearn.
You will show your might, put the strong to flight
For the world is about to turn.

From the halls of power to the fortress tower
Not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears
Ev'ry tyrant from his throne.

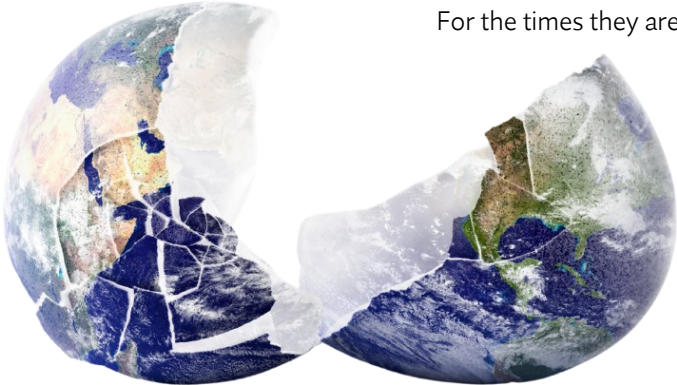
The hungry poor shall weep no more,
For the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be fed
For the world is about to turn.

My heart shall sing of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears
For the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn!

Though the nations rage from age to age
We remember Who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us
From the conqueror's crushing grasp.

This saving word that our for-bears heard
Is the promise that holds us bound,
Til the spear and rod can be crushed by God,
Who is turning the world around.

My heart shall sing of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears
For the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn!



MUSIC FOR A WHILE

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal band,
Till the snakes drop from her head
And the whip from out her hand.
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam,
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown,
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth savin'.
And you better start swimmin',
Or you'll sink like a stone,
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand.
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command,
Your old road is rapidly aging.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend a hand,
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn,
The curse it is cast.
The slow one now
Will later be fast.
As the present now
Will later be past,
The order is rapidly fading.
And the first one now
Will later be last,
For the times they are a-changin'.

THE TRAVELER

Woven Voices is delighted to premiere a commissioned arrangement of *Mars on the Horizon* by Debra Scroggins.

EXCERPT FROM A REFLECTION BY MAYA TAHER - READ BY DEBBIE RICHMAN

Stars..... Ēriks Ešenvalds, words by Sara Teasdale

WORDS OF EDGAR MITCHELL, WHILE WALKING ON THE MOON - READ BY KATE BIEDERWOLF

Tundra.....Ola Gjeilo, words by Charles A. Silvestri

JOSEPH TRUCANO - CELLO
MERILU NARUM & DEB CARBAUGH - SOLOS

EXCERPT FROM REMEMBER BY JOY HARJO - READ BY ALYSSA NORTHROP

TruthAndrea Ramsey, words by Gardenia Bruce

ROCHELLE MILBRATH - DJEMBE

TIME BY HENRY VAN DYKE & TIME BY ANXHELO LLANGLO
READ BY STEPHANIE SULZBACH, KRISTEN SCHWEILOCH, JOAN O'DONNELL, PENNY MEIER, JODI GUSTAFSON, LAURA AMOS, BECKY DOP

TimeJennifer Lucy Cook

Turning.....Joni Jensen, words based on “Canticle of the Turning” by Rory Cooney

HADDAYR COPLEY-WOODS - BODHRÁN

QUOTES FROM OEDIPLUS REX BY SOPHOCLES & ORPHEUS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READ BY CELIA MCCOY & LINDSEY HART JES

Music for a While Henry Purcell, words by John Dryden and Nathaniel Lee, arr. by Gunnar Eriksson

ANNALISA ANDERSON - SOLO

The Times They are a-Changin’ Bob Dylan, arr. by Adam Podd

CELIA MCCOY & JOY ROELLINGER - SOLOS

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO A FRIEND IN 1937 BY BENJAMIN BRITTEN - READ BY ROCHELLE MILBRATH

An Die Musik (sung in German) Franz Schubert

IN PRAISE OF CRAZINESS, OF A CERTAIN KIND BY MARY OLIVER - READ BY MAYA TESTER

The Fruit of Silence..... Pēteris Vasks, words by Mother Teresa

JOSEPH TRUCANO - CELLO

Travelin’ Home..... arr. by Andrea Ramsey, words by Edmund Dumas and Franeis Baker Priest

JOSEPH TRUCANO - CELLO
KRISTIE SHAFFER & BECKY DOP - SOLOS

QUOTE FROM ASTROPHYSICS FOR PEOPLE IN A HURRY BY NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON - READ BY DEBBIE RICHMAN

Mars Over the Horizon (arrangement premiere)Debra Scroggins, words by David Carlton Dickson*
*see lyrics page for more information

THANK YOU!

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church
Alyssa Breece, Linda Neuman & Becky Dop - Program
Joan Potter - Stage Director & Narration Coach
Deb Carbaugh - Vocal Coaching
Haddayr Copley-Woods - Bodhrán
Rochelle Milbrath - Djembe
Joseph Trucano - cello
Our volunteers

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

JOIN US IN THE FELLOWSHIP HALL
AFTER THE EVENT FOR A SWEET TREAT AND MEET
COMPOSER, DEBRA SCROGGINS!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT.
- THE WOMEN OF WOVEN VOICES

A little over five 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 steadily grown to the group of 25 sopranos and altos that you see today.

WOVEN VOICES 2025 ROSTER

LAURA AMOS, SOPRANO
ANNALISA ANDERSON, SOPRANO
KATE BIEDERWOLF, SOPRANO
ALYSSA BREECE*, SOPRANO
DEB CARBAUGH*, SOPRANO
GINA CRUCIANI BRUNHUBER, SOPRANO
DEYHDRA DENNIS-WEISS, SOPRANO
PENNY MEIER, SOPRANO
MERILLI NARUM, SOPRANO
LINDA NEUMAN*, SOPRANO
ALYSSA NORTHROP, SOPRANO
MAYA TESTER, SOPRANO

BECKY DOP*, ALTO
JODI GUSTAFSON, ALTO
LINDSEY HARTJES, ALTO
DEE HEIN*, ALTO
CELIA MCCOY, ALTO
ROCHELLE MILBRATH, ALTO
JOAN O'DONNELL, ALTO
JOAN POTTER, ALTO
DEBBIE RICHMAN, ALTO
JOY ROELLINGER, ALTO
KRISTEN SCHWEILOCH, ALTO
KRISTIE SHAFFER, ALTO
STEPHANIE SULZBACH, ALTO

* DENOTES LEADERSHIP TEAM

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

STARS

Alone in the night on a dark hill
with pines around me spicy and still,
And a heaven full of stars over my head
White and topaz and misty red;

Myriads with beating hearts of fire
Oh the eaons cannot vex or tire;

The dome of heaven like a great hill
And myriads with beating hearts of fire,
heaven full of stars.

I know I am honored to be witness
of so much majesty.

TRUTH

My roots are earth,
muddy river and honeysuckle
Sturdy and rigid, like farmhouse planks.

I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly
Like the kudzu in July
I shared a sisterhood with the amber grasses
My dreams climbed endlessly, no fear in sight

In nature, in naïve youth
All the forest was possible
All the pasture was my own

My mother told me I was beautiful
And I believed her then.
Why shouldn't I?

There is no doubt in a pond,
Insecurity does not grow in a meadow,
It will not sprout beneath the Southern pines.

It is planted by the boys on the school bus,
Tended by the word of small minds,
And words may wound you,
But are they true?

You are beautiful,
You are enough,
You must believe in that,

Believe the truth.

My roots are earth, muddy river and honeysuckle
My roots are beautiful
My roots are strong

TUNDRA

Wide, worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse
Of green and white and granite grey;
Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth
Unmoving;
While clouds dance
Across the vast, eternal sky.

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TIME

Time, you can spend it, when you spend it then you're running out of
Time, you can save it, but to save it is to take a little
Time, in a minute, when you're in it, can you feel the passing
Time is an illusion; there's confusion when they tell you now it's
Time to get older, time to work and time to waste and there's no
Time left to hold her, time to tell him how you feel while there's still
Time, three two one eleven thirty, two AM, then dinner
Time now to kill, I said I will and still it flies and flies, oh time.

We make it easy to donate!

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QR code to access our online donation form.
Or go to our website: mnwovenvoices.com.

THANK YOU!

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



SCAN ME