



St. Martin's Chamber Choir
TIMOTHY J. KRUEGER, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Sweet and Low

German Romantic Partsongs

Generously sponsored by Jim Blum

March 2 concert generously sponsored by Reese and Diane Jameson

Saturday, February 28, 2026 4:30 pm
Arvada United Methodist Church

Sunday, March 1, 2026 3:00 pm
Lord of Life Lutheran Church

Monday, March 2, 2026 7:00 pm
Brown Palace

ST. MARTIN'S CHAMBER CHOIR

Timothy J. Krueger, Artistic Director
Nora Cullinan, *Mark Sheldon Conducting Intern*

SOPRANO

Amanda Crumley
Nora Cullinan
Ashley Hoffman
Hannah McGinty

ALTO

Leah Creek Biesterfeld
Anna Engländer
Laura Tribby

TENOR

Brock Erickson
Matthew Lea
Blake Nawa'a

BASS

Bryan Grosbach
Alan Polacek
Dean Rieger



TIMOTHY J. KRUEGER

Timothy J. Krueger studied musicology at the Wheaton Conservatory of Music, the University of Colorado, Boulder, the Universität Hamburg, Germany, and the University of London's Royal Holloway College, where his doctoral dissertation was on the sacred music of Charles Villiers Stanford. He has studied conducting with Dr. Paul Wiens, and privately with Dennis Keene of the Voices of Ascension. He has sung professionally with the Santa Fe Opera, the Santa Fe Desert Chorale, Chicago A Cappella, the Vox Early Music Ensemble, the Ars Nova Singers, as well as several Episcopal cathedral choirs. In addition to being the founding Artistic Director of St. Martin's Chamber Choir, Krueger has served as Chorus Director for the Boulder Bach Festival, the Colorado Music Festival, and the Boulder Philharmonic. He is an Affiliate Faculty member in the Music Department of Metropolitan State University of Denver. He is Choirmaster of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, overseeing one of Denver's finest classical church music programs.



NORA CULLINAN

Nora Cullinan is a third-year dual master's candidate at the University of Denver Lamont School of Music studying choral conducting and vocal performance. She graduated summa cum laude from Loyola University New Orleans with a bachelor's degree in vocal performance and a minor in theatre arts. She grew up singing with her whole family, from a cappella motets to Christmas carols to Broadway musicals. Nora's first conducting experience was as a drum major with her high school marching band, but choral music has always been her true passion. She has sung with a multitude of ensembles, including Santa Fe's Coro de Cámara, New Orleans Vocal Arts, the Louisiana Philharmonic chorus, and the Lamont Chorale. She is currently a choral scholar at Saint Gabriel the Archangel Episcopal Church in Cherry Hills Village, and has also served as assistant director and assistant chorusmaster with Lamont Opera Theatre. In addition to her choral endeavors, Nora is also a voice & piano teacher, actor, and amateur baker. She is forever grateful to all the choir directors in her life who inspired her to pursue her passion, and to Timothy Krueger and St. Martin's for this wonderful opportunity.



JOOEUN PAK

Hailed as a "profoundly musical artist with poetic temperament with exceptionally expressive and communicative gifts and highly accomplished technique," Jooeun Pak has appeared in major concert venues as a soloist, chamber musician, and a champion of contemporary music giving performances in major cities in the U.S., Korea, Italy, Jordan, and Germany including Weill Recital Hall in Carnegie Hall, NY, Terrace Theatre in Kennedy Center in D.C, Armstrong hall in Torrance, Bennet Gordon hall in Ravinia, Al Hussein Cultural Center in Jordan, Theatre Vipiteno in Sterzing and was streamed in Chicago radio station WFMT as featured artists of Ravinia Steans Intitute.

Being a winner of national and international competitions, Pak is also a highly demanded collaborative pianist and a chamber musician, appearing in concerts with winners of the renowned international competitions, including the Metropolitan National Council Audition, and the Tchaikovsky International Competition. As a versatile and sought-after collaborative pianist, Pak formerly worked as a collaborative pianist in Ravinia Steans Music Institute, Atlantic Music Festival, and Indiana University String Academy. As an orchestral pianist, she has performed major orchestral repertoires under legendary conductors including Lorin Maazel, Arthur Fagen and Roberto Abaddo.

STAFF

Timothy Krueger – *Founder and Artistic Director*
Grant Johnson – *Executive Director*
Linda Mack – *Texts and Translations*
Micaëla Larsen Brown – *Education Outreach Coordinator*
Ashley Hoffman – *Graphic & Web Design*

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SWEET AND LOW

*Generously sponsored by Jim Blum
March 2 concert generously sponsored by Reese and Diane Jameson
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- "Sweet and Low" *Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)*
- Three Partsongs *Franz Schubert (1792-1828)*
Lebenslust (Zest for Life)
Schicksalslenker (Guider of Fate)
Soloists: Nora Cullinan, Leah Creek Biesterfeld, Blake Nawa'a, Dean Rieger
Der Tanz (The Dance)
- "Lay a Garland" *Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856)*
- Three Lieder arranged for Chorus *Clara Schumann (1819-1896)*
"Er ist gekommen" (Op. 12, No. 2) *arr. Brandon Williams*
"Liebst du um Schönheit" (Op. 12, No. 4) *arr. James McCullough*
"Ich stand in dunklen Träumen" (Op. 13, No. 1). *arr. James McCullough*
- Four Quartets, Op. 92 *Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)*
"O schöne Nacht"
Spätherbst (Late Autumn)
Abendlied (Evening Song)
"Warum"

INTERVAL

- Gartenlieder, Op. 3. *Fanny (Mendelssohn) Hensel (1805-1847)*
Lockung (Impulse)
Schöne Fremde (Lure of the Distant)
Im Herbst (In Autumn)
- A Cycle of Songs from *The Princess* *Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)*
"As thro' the land"
"Sweet and Low"
Soloists: Ashley Hoffman, Anna Engländer, Brock Erickson, Dean Rieger
"The splendour falls on castle walls"
"Tears, idle tears"
"O swallow, swallow"
Soloists: Amanda Crumley, Laura Tribby, Matthew Lea, Alan Polacek
"Thy voice is heard"
"Our enemies have fallen"
"Ask me no more"
Soloists: Hannah McGinty, Leah Creek Biesterfeld, Blake Nawa'a, Bryan Grosbach
"Home they brought her warrior dead"



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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

"Sweet and Low" *Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)*

Sweet and low, sweet and low
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon!
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

Text: Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

Three Partsongs *Franz Schubert (1792-1828)*

Lebenslust (Zest for Life)

*Wer Lebenslust fühlet, der bleibt nicht allein,
Allein sein ist öde, wer kann sich da freu'n?
Im traulichen Kreise, beim herzlichen Kuss,
Beisammen zu leben, ist Seelengenuss!*

Text: Johann Karl Unger

He who feels zest for life will never be alone.
Being alone is tedious, and who can enjoy that?
To live together in an intimate circle
amid fond kisses is the soul's delight.

Schicksalslenker (Guider of Fate)

Soloists: Nora Cullinan, Leah Creek Biesterfeld, Blake Nawa'a, Dean Rieger

*Schicksalslenker, blicke nieder,
Auf ein dankerfülltes Herz,
Uns belebt die Freude wieder,
Fern entflohn ist jeder Schmerz;
Und das Leid, es ist vergessen.
Durch die Nebel strahlt der Glanz
Deiner Grösse unermessen,
Wie aus hellem Sternenkranz.
Liebevoll nahmst du der Leiden
Herben Kelch von Vaters Mund,
Darum ward in Fern und Weiten
Deine höchste Milde kund.*

Text: Anon.

Guider of fate, look down
on this grateful heart.
We are stirred anew by joy;
all suffering has fled far away,
and sorrow is forgotten.
Through the mists shines the immeasurable radiance
of your greatness,
as if from a brilliant wreath of stars.
Lovingly you took the bitter cup
of sorrows from your Father's lips,
and your supreme merciful kindness
was made known far and wide.

Der Tanz (The Dance)

*Es redet und träumet die Jugend so viel,
Von Tanzen, Galoppen, Gelagen,
Auf einmal erreicht sie ein trüglisches Ziel,
Du hörst man sie seufzen und klagen.
Bald schmerzet der Hals, und bald schmerzet die Brust,
Verschwunden ist alle die himmlische Lust.
„Nur diesmal noch kehr' mir Gesundheit zurück!“
So flehet: vom Himmel der hoffende Blick!*

Text: Karl Kolumban Schnitzer Von Meerlau (1795-1854)

Youth talks and dreams so much
of dancing, capering and carousing;
then all of a sudden it reaches its illusory goal,
and we hear it sighing and complaining.
Now the pain is in the throat, now it's in the chest;
vanished are all heavenly joys.
'Give me back my health just this once!'
The imploring gaze beseeches heaven.

Translations: Richard Wigmore

"Lay a Garland" Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856)

Lay a garland on her hearse
of dismal yew.
Maidens, willow branches wear,
say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie
lightly, thou gentle earth.

Text: Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Three Lieder arranged for Chorus Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

"Er ist gekommen" (Op. 12, No. 2) arr. Brandon Williams

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen, dass seine Bahnen
sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?*

He came in storm and rain;
My anxious heart beat against his.
How could I have known that his path
should unite itself with mine?

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.*

He came in storm and rain;
He boldly stole my heart.
Did he take mine? Did I steal his?
Both came together.

*Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen ces Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es heiter,
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.*

He came in storm and rain.
Now has come the blessing of spring.
My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer,
for he remains mine on any road.

Text: Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Trans. Brandon Williams ?

"Liebst du um Schönheit" (Op. 12, No. 4) arr. James McCullough

*Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!*

Love what has beauty:
Oh, do not love me!
Love always sunlight,
So like your golden hair!

*Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!*

Love what is childlike:
Oh, do not love me!
Love always Springtime,
It comes back every year!

*Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.*

Love what you treasure:
Oh, do not love me!
Love the wise mermaid,
Who comes with sparkling pearls.

*Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb ich immerdar.*

Love what is true love:
Oh, yes, do love me! [Love that is true love,]
Love me forever,
Such love I give to you!

Text: Friederich Rückert (1788-1866)

English Free Verse text: James McCullough

"Ich stand in dunklen Träumen" (Op. 13, No. 1). arr. James McCullough

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.*

I stood here in my dark dreams,
And gazed at your picture there,
And your beloved face showed life
That renewed with each stare.

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmuthstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.*

Around your lips there blossomed
A smile with wondrous light;
And from your eyes, hot teardrops,
Flowed freely throughout the night.

*Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!*

And then, my tears ran ceaseless,
Still flowing down to my cheek:
And oh, I cannot believe that
I will not hear you speak.

Text: Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

English verse text: James McCullough

Four Quartets, Op. 92 Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

"O schöne Nacht"

*O schöne Nacht!
Am Himmel märchenhaft
Erglänzt der Mond in seiner ganzen Pracht;
Um ihn der kleinen Sterne liebliche Genossenschaft.*

Oh lovely night!
In the sky, enchanted,
the moon gleams in all its radiance;
around it, the delicate fellowship of dainty stars.

*Es schimmert hell der Tau
Am grünen Halm; mit Macht
Im Fliederbusche schlägt die Nachtigall;
Der Knabe schleicht zu seiner Liebsten sacht –
O schöne Nacht!*

Brightly the dew glimmers
Upon the green blade; powerfully
the nightingale sings in the lilac bush.
The youth steals softly to his beloved.
Oh lovely night!

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

Spätherbst (Late Autumn)

*Der graue Nebel tropft so still
Herab auf Feld und Wald und Heide,
Als ob der Himmel weinen will
In übergroßem Leide.*

The grey mist drips so silently
Down field and forest heath,
As though the heavens longed to weep
In sorrow all too great.

*Die Blumen wollen nicht mehr blühen,
Die Vöglein schweigen in den Hainen,
Es starb sogar das letzte Grün,
Da mag er auch wohl weinen.*

The flowers will bloom no more,
The little birds are hushed within the groves,
Even the final green has died,
So it, too, may well weep.

Text: Hermann Allmers (1821-1902)

Abendlied (Evening Song)

*Friedlich bekämpfen Nacht sich und Tag
wie das zu dämpfen, wie das zu lösen vermag.
Der mich bedrückte, schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte, was war's doch, mein Herz?
Freude wie Kummer, fühl ich, zerran,*

Peacefully, night and day contend;
How such a struggle softens, how it finds its end.
You who oppressed me - are you asleep now, pain?
What once gave joy - what was it, heart, again?
Joy and sorrow alike, I feel them torn apart,

*aber den Schlummer führten sie leise heran.
Und im Entschweben, immer empor,
kommt mir das Leben ganz wie ein Schlummerlied vor.*

Text: Christian Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863)

"Warum"

*Warum doch erschallen
himmelwärts die Lieder?
Zögen gerne nieder
Sterne, die droben
Blinken und wallen,
Zögen sich Lunas
Lieblich Umarmen,
Zögen die warmen,
Wonnigen Tage
Seliger Götter
Gern uns herab!*

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Yet softly they usher slumber to my heart
And in this drifting, ever upward borne
Life itself to me seems but a lullaby forlorn.

Why do the songs resound
heavenward?
Would that the stars on high,
shimmering, drifting,
might gladly descend;
Would that Luna's tender embrace
might draw us nearer;
would that the warm,
blissful days
of blessed gods
might gladly descend to us below!

Translations: Claudia Dakkouri

INTERVAL

Gartenlieder, Op. 3. Fanny (Mendelssohn) Hensel (1805-1847)

Lockung (Impulse)

*Hörst du nicht die Bäume rauschen
Draußen durch die stille Rund?
Lockt's dich nicht, hinabzulauschen
Von dem Söller in den Grund,
Wo die vielen Bäche gehen
Wunderbar im Mondenschein
Und die stillen Burgen sehen
In den Fluß vom hohen Stein?*

*Kennst du noch die irren Lieder
Aus der alten, schönen Zeit?
Sie erwachen alle wieder
Nachts in Waldeseinsamkeit,
Wenn die Bäume träumend lauschen
Und der Flieder duftet schwül
Und im Fluß die Nixen rauschen
Komm herab, hier ist's so kühl.*

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Dost thou hear the trees that rustle
Through the soft and quiet air?
Wouldst thou forth, with joy to wander,
Now that night is still and fair?
Where the many streamlets round thee
Wondrous in the moonlight flow,
While the silent hills look downward
O'er the gleaming plain below.

Canst thou hear the songs entrancing,
Known when bye-gone days were bright?
Songs that wake once more to music,
In the lonely woods at night,
When the trees in slumber hearken,
And the lilac's scent is full;
When the water-fairies whisper,
Come to us, where waves are cool.

Schöne Fremde (Lure of the Distant)

*Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund
Um die halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.*

The treetops are rustling and sighing,
As though at the lonely hour
All the ancient gods were assembling
Within some ruined old tower.

*Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?*

*Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie vom künftigen, großem Glück.*

Text: Joseph von Eichendorff

Im Herbst (In Autumn)

*Seid begrüßt mit Frühlingssonne,
blauer Himmel, goldne Sonne!
drüben auch aus Gartenhallen
hör' ich frohe Saiten schallen.*

*Ahnest du, o Seele wieder
sanfte, süße Frühlingslieder?
sieh umher die falben Bäume,
ach, es waren holde Träume.*

Text: Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Here deep in the branching myrtles,
Where the moon doth shed her light,
What dreams ye bring to my spirit,
Fantastic forms of night!

The stars all around me are glowing,
Bright eyes of the realms of love,
Of future joy they are telling,
In far distant lands above.

Welcome, as if Spring were nearing,
Golden sun, in heaven appearing,
Still from out the garden bowers
Music comes from fragrant flowers

Spring as yet my soul entrances,
Songs of birds, and sunny glances,
See, around the leaves are falling!
Yet our dreams are Spring recalling.

A Cycle of Songs from *The Princess* *Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)*

"As thro' the land"

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

"Sweet and Low"

Soloists: Ashley Hoffman, Anna Engländer, Brock Erickson, Dean Rieger

Sweet and low, sweet and low
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon!
Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

"The splendour falls on castle walls"

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

"Tears, idle tears"

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"O swallow, swallow"

Soloists: Amanda Crumley, Laura Tribby, Matthew Lea, Alan Polacek

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Thy voice is heard"

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

"Our enemies have fallen"

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

"Ask me no more"

Soloists: Hannah McGinty, Leah Creek Biesterfeld, Blake Nawa'a, Bryan Grosbach

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

"Home they brought her warrior dead"

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

Text: Alfred Lord Tennyson

Mozart Requiem

Presented by Symphony of the Rockies
and St. Martin's Chamber Choir

APRIL 11 & 12, 2026

SYMPHONY OF THE ROCKIES
Devin Patrick Hughes, Artistic Director

St. Martin's Chamber Choir
TIMOTHY J. KRUEGER, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

2025-2026
CONCERT SEASON
KANTOREI

OCTOBER 4 & 5, 2025
SACRED THREADS
SATURDAY, 10/4
First Plymouth UCC
SUNDAY 10/5
Wellshire Presbyterian Church

FEBRUARY 28, & MARCH 1, 2026
SEASONS IN SONG
SATURDAY, 2/28
First Plymouth UCC
SUNDAY 3/1
Wellshire Presbyterian Church

DECEMBER 5, 2025
A WINTER'S NIGHT
FRIDAY
Bethany Lutheran Church

MAY 16 & 17, 2026
VOCES DEL SUR
SATURDAY, 2/28
First Plymouth UCC
SUNDAY 3/1
Wellshire Presbyterian Church

DECEMBER 6, 7, 19-21, 2025
SILENT NIGHTS
SATURDAY 12/6
First Plymouth UCC
SUNDAY 12/7
Parsons Theatre
FRIDAY 12/19
Saint John's Episcopal Cathedral
SATURDAY, 12/20
Augustana Lutheran Church
SUNDAY: 12/21
Wellshire Presbyterian Church

MAY 30, 2026
COLORADO NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL
SATURDAY 5/30
Central Presbyterian Church

For more information, visit
KANTOREI.ORG



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DER ROSENKAVALIER
By Strauss

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