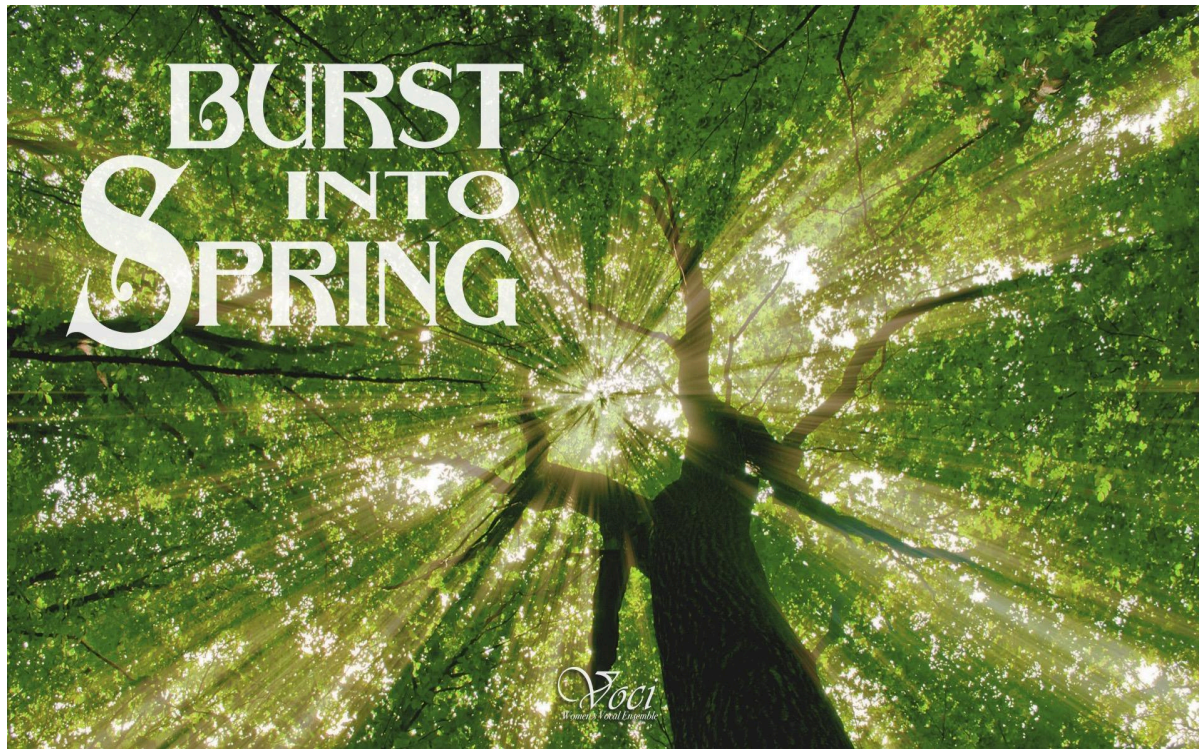


# *Voci* • *WOMEN'S VOCAL ENSEMBLE*



**Sunday, April 12, 2026, 4pm**  
St. Mary Magdalen  
2005 Berryman St, Berkeley

**Sunday, April 19, 2026, 4pm**  
St. Stephen's Episcopal Church  
66 St. Stephen's Drive, Orinda

## Welcome to Voci Women's Vocal Ensemble's Spring concert: *Burst into Spring*

Morning walks with my dog have been breathtaking these days.

Spring has sprung and there is always something exciting to see. My senses have been on high alert.

I see colorful blossoms and green buds bursting with life. I hear bird songs and smell sweet scents.

There is light, life, and renewal all around me.

The music of our program, *Burst into Spring*, reflects these wonderful changes in our environment.

Today you will be transported through sound into this wondrous season.

You will hear rain, feel the sunshine and see the resulting blossoms that Spring creates.

You will hear about new life, new love, birds and butterflies.

Being in the midst of this music and seeing all that Spring brings us has made me ask myself,

what is ready to **BURST** open in my life? Maybe you will be inspired to ask yourself the same question.

Thank you for being here!

Enjoy the beauty of Spring!

*Terry Alvord*, Artistic Director

*Voci Women's Vocal Ensemble* was founded in 1991. Voci has won high praise from critics and choral musicians alike for its lush, ethereal quality. Voci champions music by women and for women, from all parts of the world and every century. The group's size of 20-28 voices allows for an unusual intimacy among chorus members and between chorus and audience. The women of Voci share a passionate love of music, fierce dedication to the ensemble, and deep commitment to the community.

### Voci Board of Directors

Karla Sagramoso, President

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### Voci Choir

Adina Sara

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Lisa Sanders

Liz Brinning

Lucy Williams

Malenca Logan

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Pauline Ma-Senturia

Terry Meyers

Vicky Faulk

Victoria Skerritt

**Artistic Director Terry Alvord**, mezzo-soprano and conductor, has led the San Francisco Symphony Chorus in rehearsals of Brahms' *Requiem* and Mahler's *Symphony No. 3*, and has conducted the San Francisco Conservatory's chamber vocal ensemble, assisting Maestro Ragnar Bohlin. She was the Level 3 director for the San Francisco Girls Chorus from 2018 until June of 2024.

Ms. Alvord was a featured conductor of sacred music in Sarteano, Italy from 2015-2017. In addition, she was the interim artistic director for Resound Ensemble, a 50 member mixed voice choir based in San Francisco for the 2015-2016 season and was music director of Trinity United Methodist Church in Berkeley for almost 20 years.

Ms. Alvord has prepared choristers for Bay Area opera companies including *The Shining* by Paul Moravec produced by Opera Parallele in 2024 and for a premiere production of the opera, *Prospero's Island* by Allen Shearer and Claudia Stevens in collaboration with Ninth Planet. As Director of Special Projects for San Francisco Girls Chorus, Ms. Alvord prepared singers for performances of Opera Parallele's premier of *The Pigeon Keeper* by David Hanlon as well as for San Francisco Opera's productions of *Carmen* (2024) and *La Boheme* (2025).

In addition to conducting, Ms. Alvord has been an active soloist and choral singer. She has appeared as a soloist with Bay Area orchestras and has sung numerous operatic roles with opera companies in the area. Ms. Alvord has been a professional member of the San Francisco Symphony Chorus since 2000 and has also sung with the San Francisco Opera Chorus and Philharmonia Baroque Chorale.

**Pianist Matt Bourne** performs and accompanies for vocalists and choral groups all around the Bay Area. He is music director and conductor for the musical theater productions at many local companies. He is staff accompanist for Campolindo High School, pianist at First United Methodist Church of Hayward, a piano teacher, and a composer. He is a Bay Area native and a graduate of the music program at UCLA.

*Voci extends a warm thank you to* The Alameda County Arts Commission, the Reed Family Foundation, Don H. Miller and Margaret M. Fadely, and the Cameron & Jane Baird Foundation for their generous grants and donations. We are grateful to the Orinda Community Church, St. Mary Magdalen Catholic Church, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, and Lake Merritt United Methodist Church. We also offer our immense gratitude to **all** our many other generous donors without whom these concerts could not happen.

***Thank you EVERYONE!***

## *The World Prepares for Spring*

Poem: *Praise the Rain*

Joy Harjo

### **Day Break**

Stephen Paulus

Day breaks - the day breaks  
The first rays of the rising Sun, stretching her arms.  
Daylight breaking, as the Sun rises to her feet,  
Sun rising, scattering the darkness, lighting up the land with disk shining, bringing daylight.  
People are talking, moving about, feeling the warmth,  
Burning through the gorge she rises walking westwards,  
wearing her waistband of human hair.  
She shines on the blossoming coolibah tree, with its sprawling roots;  
She shines!

- *From the Mudbara tribe of northern Australia*

Jon Weiner, *Percussion*

### **After the Rain**

Sarah Quartel

The grass will shed its moisture, the fog will lift from the trees,  
A new light will brighten the sky and play in the drops that hang on all things  
After the rain, after the rain.

Heed the days when the rain flows freely, in the greyness lies the seed of much thought.  
Heed the days when the sky hangs low and paints new colours on the earth.  
After the rain, after the rain.

Your heart will beat out a new gladness, if you let it happen.

- *Chief Dan George from "Words to a Grandchild"*

### **Rain, Rain!**

Daniel Brinsmead

Drip, drip, drip, drop, drip, drop and never stop.   Tumbling, thunder clouds, very exciting!  
Rain, rain, go away!    Rumbling, roaring, nothing but delightful!  
Come again another day! Pitter, patter!

Never let it stop!

Can you hear the rain fall down?

All around, on the ground!

- *Daniel Brinsmead*

## ***Bursts of Spring***

Poem: *Today*

Billy Collins

### ***Bloom***

Philip E. Silvey

Once April rouses earth from deep, silent slumber  
and awakens the stirrings of the unopened bud,  
beauty, hidden for a time, duly ushers in the season,  
reborn beauty subtle and sublime, a renaissance of new life in bloom.  
Crocus and snowdrop, daffodil and lily  
come to life at the surface of the groggy, gray ground.

Beauty, breaking, burgeoning, breath-taking  
So brief a time, when the blossom is in its prime,  
so brief a time, when the blossom will flourish in its overwhelming beauty,  
hidden for a time, duly ushers in the season,  
reborn beauty, subtle and sublime, a renaissance of new life in bloom.

- *Philip E. Silvey*

### ***Spring Sketches***

### ***Kevadkillud***

Veljo Tormis

#### 1. Spring Wind

Vanishing windwards ocean gulls and all voices  
Vanishing windwards measureless ocean

#### 2. Peach Blossoms

Books waiting resting but behind me  
appletree's flowering blossoms

#### 3. Evening Sky

Budding there through the branches gleaming  
massive the arc of the night sky

Adina Sara, *alto* Anne Collins, *mezzo-soprano*

#### 4. Under the Bird-cherry Tree

I would sit all evening 'neath the rowans abloom  
oh but those bug bites

#### 5. Yellow Flame (*Iris pseudacorus*)

Broken the swordflag now dances fiery the flame  
Sun is a drummer, drummer, drummer, ...

- *Lyricist: Jaan Kaplinski, Translation from Estonian: Rivka Poom*

***Today, This Spring***

Libby Larsen

Today, this spring is time for walking on the soft earth  
In sounds that sweeten the air and reach beyond the long dark sleep;  
For sun to warm the cheek, and quicken breath.

A time to shed the griefs that brown the spirit of beginning,  
To trust the restless energy demanding space and speak of time,  
My own, which recreates itself in you.

- *Janice Kimes*

***She Piped for Us***

Libby Larsen

She piped for us and we would not dance;  
She would have us dance and sing,  
To celebrate the day ...  
She would have us dance and sing,  
To rejoice this night.  
She would have us dance and sing,  
And she would have us celebrate tonight  
In the call of the dance.

- *Charles A Wilson, from a sermon at the memorial service for Kathryn Scott Peterson*

***Nature and Spring***

Poem: *Dandelion Insomnia*

Ada Limon

***Songbird***

Sarah Quartel

I am a Songbird; I will sing anything.  
Give me a tune, I will spin you gold.  
Closer you come to the Songbird weaving,  
stronger the thread of the music's hold.

Feel in the breeze a breath,  
a soaring song to you, and hear me say:  
'I am a Songbird; I will sing anything.  
Follow the breeze and come my way!'  
One little bird on a branch sits fanning  
amber wings to the passersby.

Two little birds in flight are threading  
webs of gold in an endless sky.  
Three little birds with brushes painting  
moonlit sighs in the height of day.  
Four little birds with voices gleaming  
breathe to the wind singing 'come my way!'

Sing little bird so sweetly.  
Drown my fears completely.  
Five little birds with feathers fluffing  
stretch and spread in the midday sun.  
Six little birds are cooing, humming  
drawing the eyes of everyone.  
Seven little birds in fountains splashing.  
Droplets soar, they fawn and play.  
Eight little birds raise voices higher,  
breathe to the wind singing, 'come my way!'

Fly, little Songbirds, to the horizon.  
Land meets sky and sky meets sea.  
Dance, little Songbird, flick your feathers,  
move the current, carry me!  
Sing, little Songbirds, call to your lovers.  
Draw them in completely.  
You, little Songbirds, you can sing anything.  
I follow the wind and I come your way.

- *Sarah Quartel*

### **Les Papillons**

Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,  
À travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.  
- *Théophile Gautier*

### **City Trees**

The trees along this city street,  
Save for the traffic and the trains,  
Would make a sound as thin and sweet  
As trees in country lanes.

And people standing in their shade  
Out of a shower, undoubtedly  
Would hear such music as is made  
Upon a country tree.

Oh, little leaves that are so dumb  
Against the shrieking city air,  
I watch you when the wind has come,  
I know what sound is there.  
- *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

### **The Butterflies**

Ernest Chausson, Arr: Mari Esabel Valverde

The butterflies, the color of snow  
Fly in swarms over the sea;  
Beautiful white butterflies, when will I be able to  
Take the blue path in the air?

Do you know, oh beauty of beauties,  
My bayadere with eyes of ebony,  
If they were willing to lend their wings,  
Say, do you know where I would go?

Without getting a single kiss from the roses,  
Through the valleys and forests,  
I would go to your half-closed lips,  
Blossom of my soul, and there I would die.

Joseph Gregorio

***Dum Spiro Spero***

Dum spiro spero,

Sic parvis magna.  
Per angust ad augusta.  
Virtus tentamine guadet.

Greatness is born of small,  
Strength rises from the fall.

- *Daniel Brinsmead*

***While I Breathe, I Hope*** Daniel Brinsmead

While I breathe, I hope.

Great things come from small beginnings.  
Through difficulties to greatness.  
Strength rejoices in the challenge.

Hannah Parrilla, *soprano*

***Beauty and Love in Spring***

Poem: *Redbird Love*

Joy Harjo

***In Her Image***

Katerina Gimon

I caught a glimpse of her image in my garden,  
and for weeks tilled sand, silt, and soil, losing myself  
to the earth—still I could not root her there.

I caught a glimpse of her image in a nearby glade;  
for hours I rushed past the thin limbs of trees, confusing  
my breath with their whispering: *you will never reach her there.*

I rushed as far as a far-off cataract, and caught a silver  
glimpse of her image there. How many times my arms parted  
its waters—relentless waters that declined to release her there.

I caught a glimpse of her image in a fountain;  
with a frantic hand I split the stillness to retrieve her there.  
I had all but lost her image, when something in me  
settled, then glanced back—

as if it were simply this she had been waiting for.  
Or as if I too had waited, and been patient there.

- *Lauren Peat*

Lisa Sanders, *speaker*

**Von dem Rosenbusch**

Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,  
Von den Rosen komm' ich.  
An den Ufern jenes Wassers  
Sah ich Rosen steh'n und Knospen;  
Von den Rosen komm' ich!  
An den Ufern jenes Flusses  
Sah ich Rosen steh'n Blüthe;  
Von de Rosen komm' ich,  
Sah die Rosen steh'n in Blüthe,  
Brach mit Seufzen mir die Rosen,

Und am Rosenbusch, o Mutter,  
Einen Jüngling sah ich,  
An den Ufern jenes Wassers,  
Einen schlanken Jüngling sah ich,  
An den Ufern jenes Flusses,  
Sucht' nach Rosen auch der Jüngling,  
Viele Rosen pflücker, viele Rosen,  
Und mit Lächeln brach die schönste er,  
Gab mit Seufzen mir die Rose

- from: *Spanisches Liederspiel, Op 74, No.1*

**Joy**

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,  
I will sing to the stars in the sky,  
I love, I am loved, he is mine,  
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,  
I have heart-fire and singing to give,  
I can tread on the grass or the stars,  
Now at last I can live!

- *Sara Teasdale*

**From the Rosebush** Robert Schumann

From the rosebush, oh Mother  
From the roses I come.  
On the banks of those waters,  
I saw roses and buds;  
From the roses I come!  
On the banks of that river  
I saw roses in bloom;  
From the roses I come,  
I saw roses in bloom,  
With sighs, I picked the roses.

And at the rose bush, oh Mother,  
I saw a young man,  
On the banks of that water,  
I saw a slender young man,  
On the banks of that river,  
The young man also searched for roses,  
Many roses he picked, many roses,  
And smiling, he picked the most beautiful,  
With a sigh, he gave me the rose.

Jocelyn Hagen

Michael Jones, *violin*

## **Terre Neuve**

Terre  
eclaboussée du cri d'un soleil  
aux couleurs d'océan  
de roc  
fauve la falaise se brise  
craquements de glace  
goût frais de neige qui fait trembler  
la mémoire ensevelie  
se mêle de vent  
s'enroule au sel d'une joie  
Neuve

- *Annick Perrot-Bishop*

## **Newfoundland**    Marie-Claire Sandon

Land  
splattered with shrieks of sun  
with colors of ocean and  
rock  
rust-red the cliff splits  
crackling the ice  
a fresh taste of shivering snow  
stirs with the wind  
mingles with the wind  
encircles vibrant with the salt of joy  
New found

*translation: Neil B. Bishop*

### **Composer Biographies:**

Scan the QR code to the right for  
information about composers  
featured in this concert.



As with all arts organizations, ticket receipts are not  
enough to sustain the choir's operations.  
To support Voci with your donations, visit  
<https://vocisings.org/support/> or  
scan the QR code to the left.  
And **THANK YOU!**

Voci is a not-for-profit 501c(3) organization

## *Save the Date*

*We would love to see you again for our fundraising concert,  
Around the World with Voci*



*4pm Saturday, June 20  
at Northbrae Community Church  
941 The Alameda, Berkeley*

## *Come and Sing with Voci*

Do you love to sing? Want to build a whole new  
circle of amazing friends?

Check out our website, [vocisings.org/about/audition](http://vocisings.org/about/audition)  
to find information about setting up an audition appointment.