



david lang **the national anthems** los angeles master chorale

Los Angeles Master Chorale

Grant Gershon,
Kiki and David Gindler
Artistic Director

SOPRANO

Tamara Bevard
Hayden Eberhart
Claire Fedoruk
Ayana Haviv
Karen Hogle Brown
Elissa Johnston
Zanaida Robles
Suzanne Waters

ALTO

Amy Fogerson
Michele Hemmings
Callista Hoffman-Campbell
Leslie Inman
Adriana Manfredi
Drea Pressley
Niké St. Clair
Kimberly Switzer

TENOR

Matthew Brown
Daniel Chaney
Jon Lee Keenan
Shawn Kirchner
Charles Lane
Michael Lichtenauer
Matthew Miles
Matthew Tresler

BASS

Michael Blanchard
Reid Bruton
Dylan Gentile
Abdiel Gonzalez
Scott Graff
Luc Kleiner
Scott Lehmkuhl
Edward Levy

The Singers of the Los Angeles Master Chorale are represented by the American Guild of Musical Artists, AFL/CIO, Amy Fogerson, AGMA Delegate.

The Calder Quartet

Benjamin Jacobson, violin
Andrew Bulbrook, violin
Jonathan Moerschel, viola
Eric Byers, cello

calderquartet.com

The Calder Quartet is represented by Intermusica.

Soloists

the national anthems

Zanaida Robles – soprano
Adriana Manfredi – mezzo soprano

the little match girl passion

Claire Fedoruk – soprano, brake drum/sleighbell
Adriana Manfredi – mezzo-soprano, crotales
Matthew Brown – tenor, glockenspiel
Michael Blanchard – bass, bass drum/tubular bells

LA Master Chorale Artistic and Administrative Staff

Jean Davidson, President/CEO
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www.lamc.org

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Recording Editor:

Sergey Parfenov

Recording Assistance:

Francesco Perlangeli and Derek Williams

Mastering:

Scott Sedillo, Bernie Grundman Mastering

Recording Location:

Zipper Concert Hall at the Colburn School, Los Angeles

the national anthems

words and music by david lang

1.

our land with peace
our land with swords
all of us are brave
we have one wish
we have one goal
we swear by lightning
and by our fragrant blood
heaven gave us life
and we alone remain
we fight for peace
our country calls us
and we hear her call
we hear the sound of our chains breaking
we crown ourselves in glory and we die
death is the same for everyone
but dying for our land will make us blessed
for we are young and free
land with mountain
land with river
land with field
if you need our death
our blood, our heart, our soul
we are ready
we lift our heads up to the rising sun
our peace
our values
our skies
our hearts
our songs

our tears
our time
our land
our seed
our pride
we have no doubts or fears
our faithful friends
are faithful in the battle
our land, we swear to you
our blood is yours to spill
keep watch, angels
keep watch, stars
keep watch, moon
our parents knew how to fight
the sun will shine on us forever
when the wicked come
let them prepare for death
for we would rather die
than live as slaves
our land, you fill our souls with fire
our blessed land
our parents left this land to us
our hearts defy our deaths
a vivid ray of love and hope descends
upon us and our land
bless us with long life
our land is love and beauty without end
harvest our vows, which ripen under-
neath your sun
our land, to lead a peaceful life
we give our lives
we were wounded

we were bruised
then we rose up
our past is sleeping in our forests
you are our garden
and our grave

2.

our hearts are glowing
sing brother, sister
our freedom must be sung
we were slaves
we were scorned
but now, our future is ours
our flowers
our fields
our fertile soil
we will die before we let
the wicked step upon them
we are not slaves
we are the seed that sprouts
upon the fields of pain
we are one blood
on our land we were born
our heads were bowed –
now raise them
we are wild with joy
and if we have to die
what does it matter?
our children know
the fight has made our faces glow

sweet shelter
kissed by our sun, our trees, our wind
we don't fear death
die for our land and live
we know our selves
by our terrifying sword
ours is our land
ours is our beautiful land
our land is where
our heroes rest
our earth
our sky
our peace
our blood
these are our gifts
we broke our chains
united, firm, determined
our face is brighter than our sun
we are our loyal guardian
in each of us the hero remembers how
to fight
we walk the path of happiness
to our rightful place
with our last breath
we thank ourselves

3.

fame and glory
fame and glory
no valley

no hill
no water
no shore
the bloody flag is raised
the wicked howl
they come to cut our throats
to throw us back in chains
no sorcerers
no poison
no deceivers
no fear
we strive
we work
we pray
our star rises up
and shines between two seas
our heart and hand
are the pledges of our fortune
with mind and strength of arm
we recognize ourselves
by our terrifying sword
with heads, with hearts, with hands
we will die before we are made slaves
our historic past
our sun, our sweat, our sea
our pain, our hope
the flower of our blood
branches of the same trunk
eyes in the same light
the sea, the land, the dawn, the sun
are singing
our parents never saw the glory that

we see
we turn our faces up
there is a star, the clearest light
bring us happier times and ways
each day is like a thousand years
victory, victory, victory
long live our land, our people, our body,
our soul
the light in our eyes is the brilliance of
our faith
will we see you?
our woe or our wealth
our eyes turn east
we are awake

4.

keep us free
be our light
until pebbles turn to boulders
and are covered in moss
our light and our guide
golden sun, golden seed
fill our hearts with thanks
when our hearts beat as one
show us the way
until the mountains wear away
and the seas run dry
be safe and be glorious
build our own fortune
move forward

our sons sing
our daughters bloom
our parents and our children
await our call
our peace
our rain
be green
we are your sacrifice
fortunate and faithful
the sun drives off the clouds
we risk everything
we sing new songs
for you, for you, for ever
our love, our zeal, our loyalty
our land, where our blood spills
our fields will flower with hope
our land gives us our name
and we will never leave
we walk the path we have chosen
we will die while we are on it
our land, sweet is your beauty
a thousand heroes
our full measure of devotion
our language is a burning flame
our flag flies in the wind
our unwavering land
our rocky hills
from where our lights rise up
our name is freedom
our blood waters it
we pray for you
woven from a hundred flowers

we won't let the wicked wash their hands
in this guiltless blood of ours
may our blessings flow
let nothing dim the light
that's shining in our sky
a single leap
into the dazzling sky
obey our call
we are not many
but we are enough
be happy
and may our land be happy
interpret our past
glorify our present
inspire our future
we are coming forth
with strength and power
our seas roar at our feet
shout our name
shout it again
there is no middle ground
between the free man and the slave
may the light be denied us
if we break our solemn vow
the burning of the heart
in our chests is alive
our land will not die
as long as we live
the rays of the sun
are a mother's kiss
we swear by the sky
by the spreading light

now, or never
we will make our fate ourselves
it was, it is, it will always be
at last, our pride is worth our pride

5.

our common fate
our brighter day
our loyalty and love and vow
our crown
our virtuous honor
our sacred hymn of combat
our light, reflecting guidance
our sword with no flaw
our sepulcher of ages
our only land
our voices on high
our noble aspiration
our thunders, wildly beating
our fire in every vein
our tears, flowing down our cheeks
our everlasting mountains
our milk, our honey, our people working
hard
our different voices, our one heart
our breath of life
our death, our glory and our land
our fight – there is a fight to fight
our fair land, its hills and rivers
our memories of days long gone

our morning skies, grown red
our sacred home, our suns that never set
our future is the future, our meaning is
the meaning
our shields are wisdom, unity and peace
our sacrifice of every drop of blood
our love, our service, our untiring zeal
our prayer for us, unseen
our fires of hope and prayer
our thunderbolts, our fire
our star, and it will shine forever
our light and song and soul
our song forever more
our own dear land
our fate, which smiles once more
our sacrifice, our blood, our souls
our enemies, scattered and confounded
our land, our home, our free, our brave
our land, our grave
our glory, for as long as the world shines
our many ways before and our many
ways today
our rock, our beacon
our scream out loud
our steps, resounding on the long and
tiring road
our song – echoing over and over again
our brothers and sisters under the sun

may the rains come

the little match girl passion

words and music by david lang
after h.c. andersen, h.p. paull, picander
and saint matthew

1 Come, daughter

Come, daughter
Help me, daughter
Help me cry
Look, daughter
Where, daughter
What, daughter
Who, daughter
Why, daughter
Guiltless daughter
Patient daughter
Gone

2. It was terribly cold

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold.

So the little girl went on.
So the little girl went on.

3. **Dearest heart**

Dearest heart
Dearest heart
What did you do that was so wrong?
What was so wrong?
Dearest heart
Dearest heart
Why is your sentence so hard?

4. **In an old apron**

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

5. **Penance and remorse**

Penance and remorse
Tear my sinful heart in two
My teardrops
May they fall like rain down upon your poor face
May they fall down like rain
My teardrops

Here, daughter, here I am
I should be bound as you were bound

All that I deserve is
What you have endured

Penance and remorse.
Tear my sinful heart in two
My penance
My remorse
My penance

6. **Lights were shining**

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-year's eve- yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.
Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7. **Patience, patience!**

Patience.
Patience!

8. **Ah! perhaps**

Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"scratch!" how it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

9. **Have mercy, my God**

Have mercy, my God.
Look here, my God.
See my tears fall. See my tears fall.
Have mercy, my God. Have mercy.

My eyes are crying.
My heart is crying, my God.
See my tears fall.
See my tears fall, my God.

10. **She lighted another match**

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

11. **From the sixth hour**

From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour she cried out:

Eli, Eli.

12. **She again rubbed a match**

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

13. **When it is time for me to go**

When it is time for me to go
Don't go from me
When it is time for me to leave
Don't leave me
When it is time for me to die
Stay with me
When I am most scared
Stay with me

14. In the dawn of morning

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New-year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-year's day.

15. We sit and cry

We sit and cry
And call to you
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft
Where is your grave, daughter?
Where is your tomb?
Where is your resting place?
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft

Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft
Rest soft

You closed your eyes.
I closed my eyes.

Rest soft

the national anthems was co-commissioned by the Los Angeles Master Chorale, Grant Gershon, Artistic Director; by Rundfunkchor Berlin, with its chief conductor Simon Halsey; by Yale Choral Artists, Jeffrey Douma, Director; and by Trinity Wall Street, Julian Wachner, Director of Music and the Arts. It was premiered June 8, 2014 by the Los Angeles Master Chorale, and the Calder Quartet, at Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, California.

the national anthems takes one line or phrase from the national anthem of every member nation of the United Nations. The excerpts run in alphabetical order, from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe. Thanks to composer Robert Honstein for his help in researching the original anthems.

the national anthems is dedicated to Lisa Lang, in honor of her 60th birthday.

The original version of **the little match girl passion**, for four singers, was co-commissioned by the Carnegie Hall Corporation and The Perth Theater and Concert Hall. The world premiere was given by Theatre of Voices, conducted by Paul Hillier in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall, New York City on October 25, 2007. The commission of this work was also made possible with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency.

The choral version of **the little match girl passion** was commissioned by the National Chamber Choir of Ireland (Paul Hillier, Director), and premiered in Dublin on November 20, 2008.

the little match girl passion is dedicated to Suzanne Bocanegra.

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For more information, visit davidlangmusic.com.

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