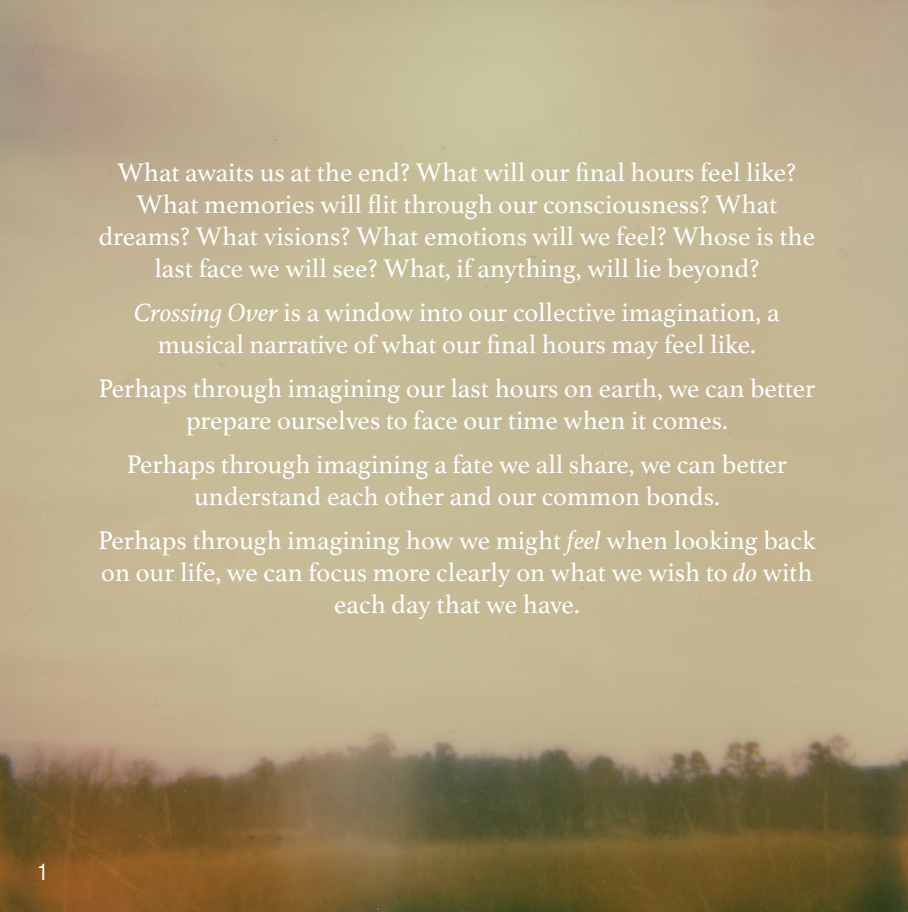




# Skylark

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# Crossing Over



What awaits us at the end? What will our final hours feel like?  
What memories will flit through our consciousness? What  
dreams? What visions? What emotions will we feel? Whose is the  
last face we will see? What, if anything, will lie beyond?

*Crossing Over* is a window into our collective imagination, a  
musical narrative of what our final hours may feel like.

Perhaps through imagining our last hours on earth, we can better  
prepare ourselves to face our time when it comes.

Perhaps through imagining a fate we all share, we can better  
understand each other and our common bonds.

Perhaps through imagining how we might *feel* when looking back  
on our life, we can focus more clearly on what we wish to *do* with  
each day that we have.



## Elegy

{Daniel Elder}

*Near the end, a vision*

I stand on a hill looking down into a valley.  
Below me, a funeral is already in progress.  
I slowly approach. They sing a hymn.  
With each step, their voices become louder.

Is this funeral my own?  
Do tears line the faces of those that I love?

From a distance, a bugle playing *Taps*  
Echoes through the valley.  
It seems to come from all directions.

A light from above.  
The light intensifies, the vision fades.  
I awake.

## Butterfly Dreams

{John Tavener}

*In and out of consciousness*

*"Which am I really? A butterfly dreaming that I am a man, or a man dreaming that I was a butterfly?" - Chuang Tse*

A day filled with dreams

Like a morning when I fall back to sleep and dreams and reality blur

- (1) A pleasant hallucination
- (2) Comes slightly more into focus
- (3) A butterfly floating in my hand
- (4) Dissolves into a cloud of chaos
- (5) Something sinister gives way to
- (6) My most horrifying nightmare
- (7) A vision from childhood comforts me
- (8) A dream recurs

## Otche Nash

{Nicolai Kedrov}

*I believe*

I awake, and pray.

*Our Father who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
and forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those who trespass against us,  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For Thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory,  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.*



## Requiem

{Jón Leifs}

*A painful memory*

The fair dandelion  
In the field is asleep,  
The mouse in the moss,  
The mew on the billow,  
The leaf on the bough,  
The light in the air,  
The fawn on the moor,  
And the fish in the ocean.  
The seal in the sea,  
The swan on the wave,  
The gull on the islet,  
With no one to lull them.

*Human babies sleep  
In a soft bed  
Cooing and babbling, and  
Daddy comforts them.*

*Sleep now blessed and victorious. Sleep, I loved you.*

The fair dandelion  
In the field is asleep,  
The mouse in the moss,  
The mew on the billow.

*A veil is over the town  
The man is tired  
Dark dreams drew  
Night from the sea.*

*Let's say good-bye  
To sorrow and tears,  
Going home is happiness.  
May you see in your dreams  
The city of light where the believing shall live.*

The fair dandelion  
In the field is asleep,  
The mouse in the moss,  
The mew on the billow.

*Sleep now blessed and victorious. Sleep, I loved you.*

—Translated text of Leifs Requiem, from Icelandic folk poetry  
and *Magnusarkvioa* by Jonas Hallgrímsson

## Heliocentric Meditation

{Robert Vuichard}

*Denial*

*Excerpts from Meditation XVII*

PERCHANCE he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill that he knows not it tolls for him...

...Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises?...No man is an island...every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main...

...All mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language...God's hand is in every translation, and His hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again, for in that library every book shall lie open to one another...

...Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

—John Donne

## Carols of Death

{William Schuman}

*My time has come*

(1)

I float towards the ceiling

Gliding, weightlessly

*Why* must I go *now*?

(2)

I stand on the precipice

Staring into the vast unknown

(3)

I hear the bells

I am ready





## Heyr þú oss himnum á

{Anna Thorvaldsdottir}

*Beyond the veil*

Hear us in heaven, O God.

Hear us in heaven, loving Father,  
as we, your small children,  
ask for the fortune to receive eternal life.  
We shall not stray from your path.

May we help your kingdom  
to grow here on earth.  
Following your guidance,  
we gather around in your name,  
and gladly celebrate.

We cannot make a joyful song  
unless we are moved by love.  
So let us sing our gentle praise  
to you, Lord God, in heaven,  
as the truly faithful have done.

When our poor souls  
pass away from this world,  
take us God to you,  
into your everlasting glory.

Amen, Amen, may this be done.

—Old Icelandic Psalm

## Funeral Ikos

*{John Tavener}*

*We who remain*

Why these bitter words of the dying,  
O brethren, which they utter as they go hence?  
I am parted from my brethren.

All my friends do I abandon, and go hence.  
But whither I go, that understand I not, neither  
what shall become of me yonder; only God,  
who hath summoned me knoweth.

But make commemoration of me with the song: Alleluia.

But whither now go the souls?  
How dwell they now together there?  
This mystery have I desired to learn,  
but none can impart aright.

Do they call to mind their own people, as we do them?  
Or have they forgotten all those who mourn them  
and make the song: Alleluia.

We go forth on the path eternal and as condemned,  
with downcast faces, present ourselves before the only God eternal.  
Where then is comeliness? Where then is wealth?  
Where then is the glory of this world?  
There shall none of these things aid us,  
but only to say oft the psalm: Alleluia.

If thou hast shown mercy unto man,  
O man, that same mercy shall be shown thee there;  
and if on an orphan thou hast shown compassion,  
the same shall there deliver thee from want.  
If in this life the naked thou hast clothed,  
the same shall give thee shelter there, and sing the psalm:  
Alleluia.

Youth and the beauty of the body fade at the hour of death,  
and the tongue then burneth fiercely,  
and the parched throat is inflamed.  
The beauty of the eyes is quenched then,  
the comeliness of the face all altered,  
the shapeliness of the neck destroyed;  
and the other parts have become numb,  
nor often say: Alleluia.

With ecstasy are we inflamed  
if we but hear that there is light eternal yonder;  
that there is Paradise,  
wherein every soul of Righteous Ones rejoiceth.  
Let us all, also, enter into Christ, that all we may cry  
aloud thus unto God: Alleluia.

—From the Order for the Burial of Dead Priests translated from  
the Greek by Isabel Hapgood



The **Skylark Vocal Ensemble** is a chamber choir of professional soloists and music educators from across the United States. Formed in 2011 under the direction of Matthew Guard, Skylark has been described as “a gem... soloists who come together to create a dynamic and inspiring whole.” Skylark performs innovative programs that communicate truths about the human condition.

Skylark’s mission is threefold:

- Be a unifying and enriching force by delighting audiences with profound *a cappella* choral music performed at the highest level.
- Provide a forum for world-class musicians to practice their art in an ensemble setting.
- Ensure the future of choral music in society through educational outreach, offering free admission to students and teachers of music, supporting the work of charities that further music education, and inspiring the next generation of professional choral artists.

[skylarkensemble.org](http://skylarkensemble.org)

**Soprano:**

Fiona Gillespie Jackson, Sarah Moyer, Jessica Petrus,  
Margot Rood, Wanda Yang Temko

**Alto:**

Carrie Cheron, Douglas Dodson, Carolyn Guard,  
Margaret Lias, Clare McNamara

**Tenor:**

Jonas Budris, George Case, John Cox,  
Cory Klose, Alexander Nishibun

**Bass:**

Glenn Billingsley, Samuel Kreidenweis,  
Christopher Jackson, Peter Walker

Matthew Guard, *Artistic Director*

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This package contains a Pure Audio Blu-ray™ as well as a standard CD. The Pure Audio Blu-ray will play in any standard Blu-ray player and contains high resolution Surround Sound and Stereo versions of the program material. For more information about Pure Audio Blu-ray, please visit [pureaudio-bluray.com](http://pureaudio-bluray.com)



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## Skylark *Crossing Over*

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**Producer:** Dan Merceruio  
**Recording, Mixing & Mastering Engineer:** Daniel Shores  
**Editing Engineer:** Dan Merceruio  
**Photography:** Caleb Nei, Collin J. Rae  
**Graphic Design:** Caleb Nei  
**Executive Producer:** Collin J. Rae  
**Unattributed liner notes and poetry:** Matthew Guard

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