



*Remember,
Renew,
Rejoice!*

The journey back to singing together



This performance is gratefully dedicated in memory of two cherished members of the Singers in Accord family...



Walt
Gislason
&
Cheryl
Skoglund



Linda Burk **Collaborative Conductor**



Linda Burk, *Singers in Accord's* founding artistic team leader, returns this fall as collaborative conductor. Linda brings her personal warmth and professional skills as educator, voice teacher, choral conductor, music academy program coordinator and professional singer to lead SIA as we **return** to rehearsals, **restore** our healthy singing skills, **renew** our community connections, and **rejoice** in creating beautiful art together.

She holds a MM from the University of Minnesota and a BM from Lawrence Conservatory of Music. She recently retired from a long career as a music educator in the Osseo Area school district. Her teaching, coaching, and conducting experience includes working with singers of all ages and musical levels in schools, community college, churches, and arts schools, notably MacPhail Center for Music where she served as chair of the voice department. In addition to teaching, Linda has been a professional singer with such groups as Dale Warland Singers, and Westminster and House of Hope Presbyterian Churches.

Linda is currently the Traditional Worship Arts Director for Faith Lutheran Church in Forest Lake, MN where she conducts the Faith Choir, Family Choir, Youth Choir, and small choral ensembles. Linda is also the Director of Faith Music Academy where she gives voice instruction, acting as the primary administrator for instructors and students. More information on Faith Music Academy can be found at www.faitlfl.org.



Bling to Sing!

Clean out your jewellery box & donate to Singers in Accord!

We will take your old cuff links, costume & fine jewelry, earrings, watches, foreign coins and more & consign or salvage for cash!

We are grateful for the continued support of our loyal donors over the past two years ~

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TOWARD JUSTICE

SINGERS IN ACCORD VIRTUAL CHOIR PREMIERE

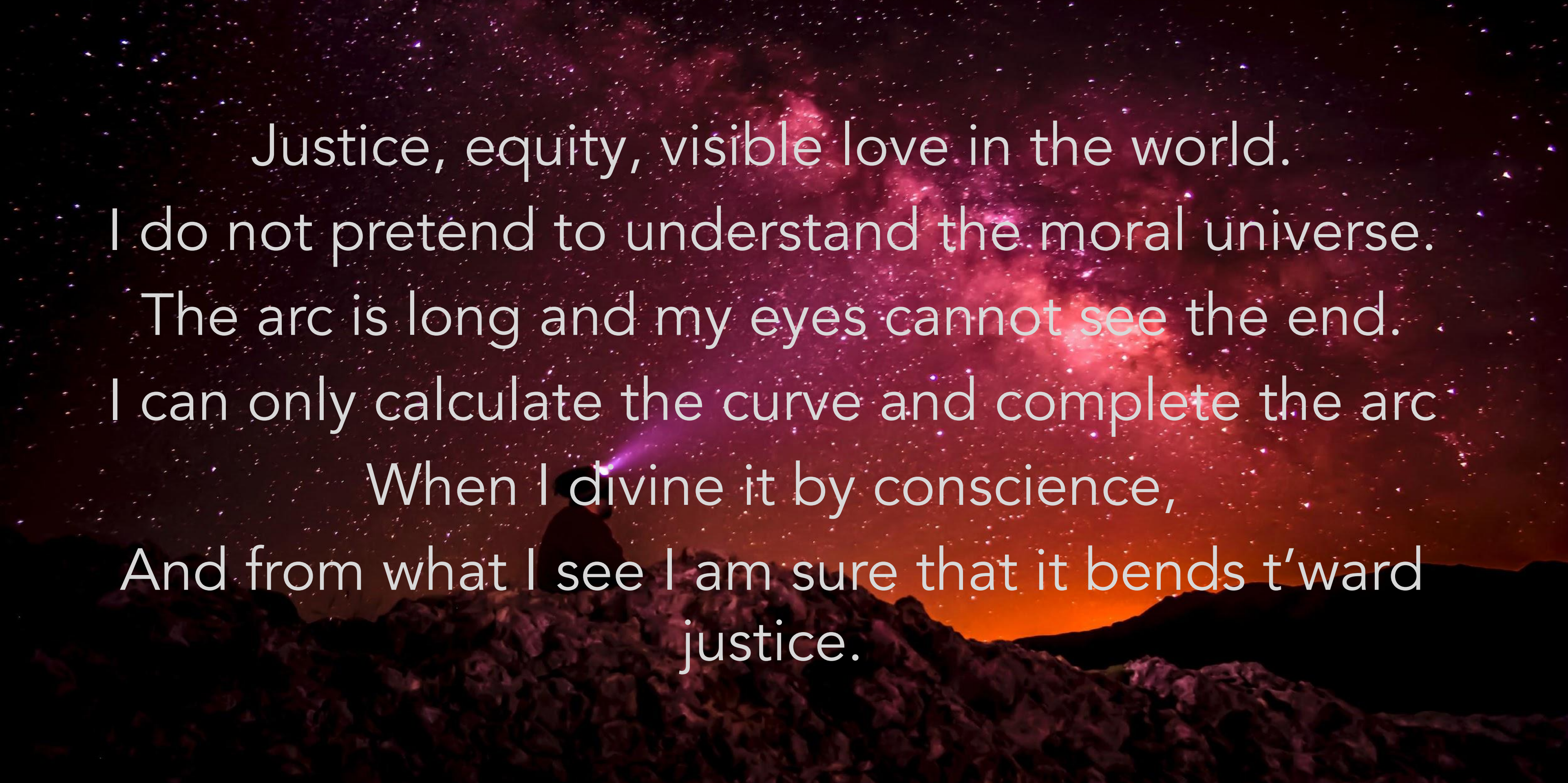
APRIL 19, 2021



A person is sitting on a rocky ridge in the foreground, looking up at a starry night sky. The Milky Way galaxy is visible, stretching across the sky from the top center towards the right. The sky is filled with numerous stars, and the colors range from deep purple and blue to bright orange and red. The person is silhouetted against the bright orange glow of the horizon.

TOWARD JUSTICE

By Nancy Grundahl

A person is silhouetted against a vibrant night sky. The sky is filled with a dense field of stars and a prominent, glowing pinkish-red nebula that stretches across the upper half of the frame. The person is sitting on a dark, rocky ridge in the foreground, looking towards the horizon. The overall mood is contemplative and awe-inspiring.

Justice, equity, visible love in the world.
I do not pretend to understand the moral universe.
The arc is long and my eyes cannot see the end.
I can only calculate the curve and complete the arc
When I divine it by conscience,
And from what I see I am sure that it bends t'ward
justice.

SONGS FROM SILENCE

By Elaine Hagenberg

SONG OF MY HEART

If the song of my heart falls silent, sing to me.

STIR THE EMBERS

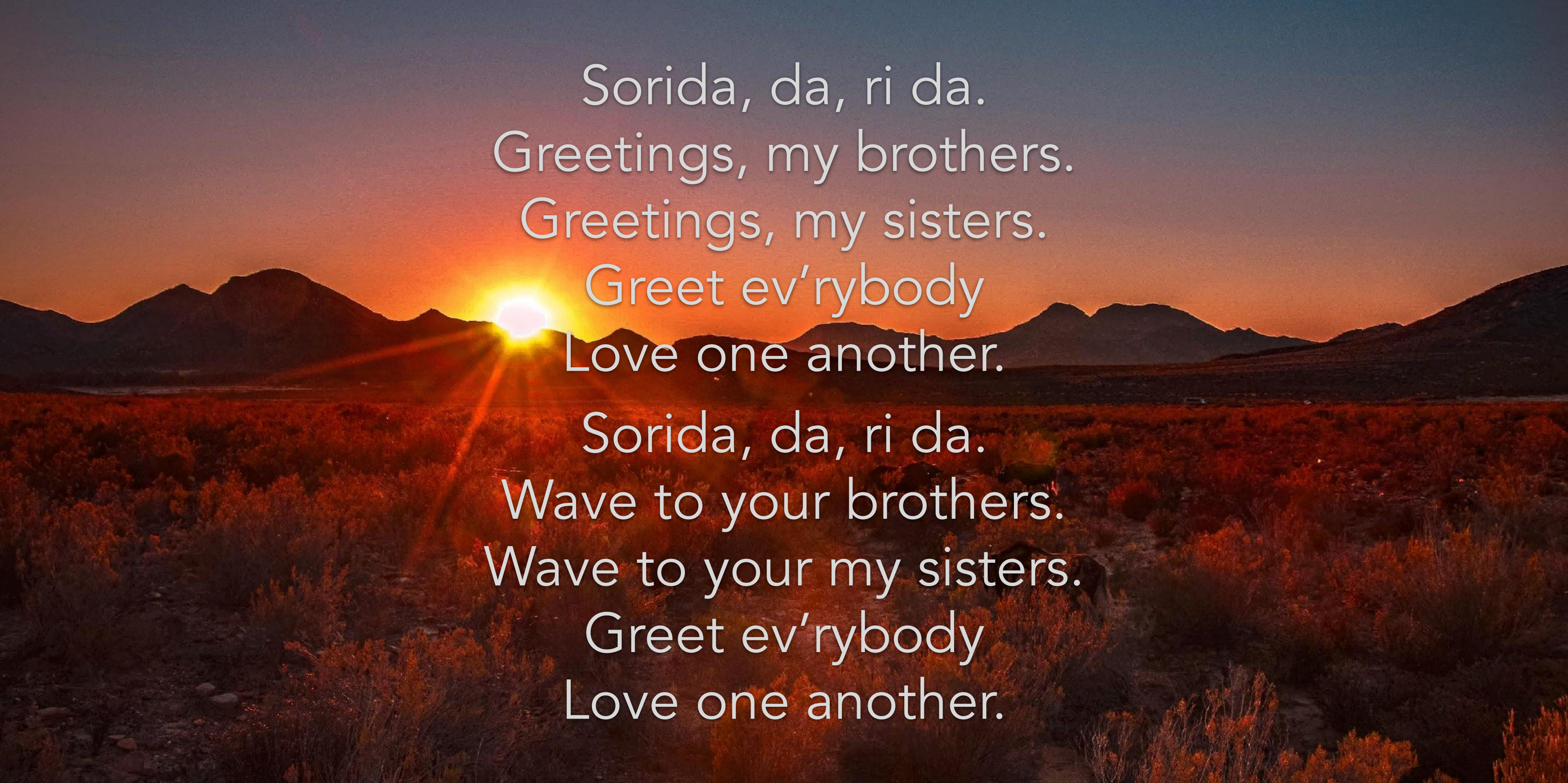
When our voices stir the embers, my heart remembers our song again.

A sunset over a savanna landscape. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm orange glow across the sky and the landscape. In the background, there are dark, silhouetted mountains. In the foreground, there is a herd of animals, possibly a herd of elephants or a similar large mammal, moving across the savanna. The overall scene is peaceful and evocative of a natural setting.

SORIDA

(A Zimbabwe Greeting)

By Rosephanye Powell

A sunset over a desert landscape. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm orange glow across the sky and the foreground. The foreground is filled with dry, scrubby vegetation. In the distance, there are dark, silhouetted mountains. A herd of animals, possibly horses or cattle, is visible in the middle ground, grazing or standing in the brush.

Sorida, da, ri da.
Greetings, my brothers.
Greetings, my sisters.
Greet ev'rybody
Love one another.

Sorida, da, ri da.
Wave to your brothers.
Wave to your my sisters.
Greet ev'rybody
Love one another.



THE ROAD HOME

By Stephen Paulus

Tell me, where is the road
I can call my own
That I left, that I lost
So long ago?
All these years I have
wandered
Oh, when will I know
There's a way,
there's a road
That will lead me home

After wind, after rain
When the dark is done
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day
Through the air there's a
calling
From far away
There's a voice I can hear
That will lead me home

Rise up, follow me
Come away, is the call
With the love
in your heart
As the only song
There is no such
beauty
As where you belong
Rise up, follow me
I will lead you home

FASCINATING RHYTHM

By George Gershwin

Got a little rhythm, a rhythm,
a rhythm
That pit-a-pats
through my brain.
So darn persistent,
the day isn't distance
When it'll drive me insane.
Comes in the morning
without any warning,
And hangs around all day.
I'll have to sneak up to it,
someday, and speak up to it,
I hope it listens when I say:

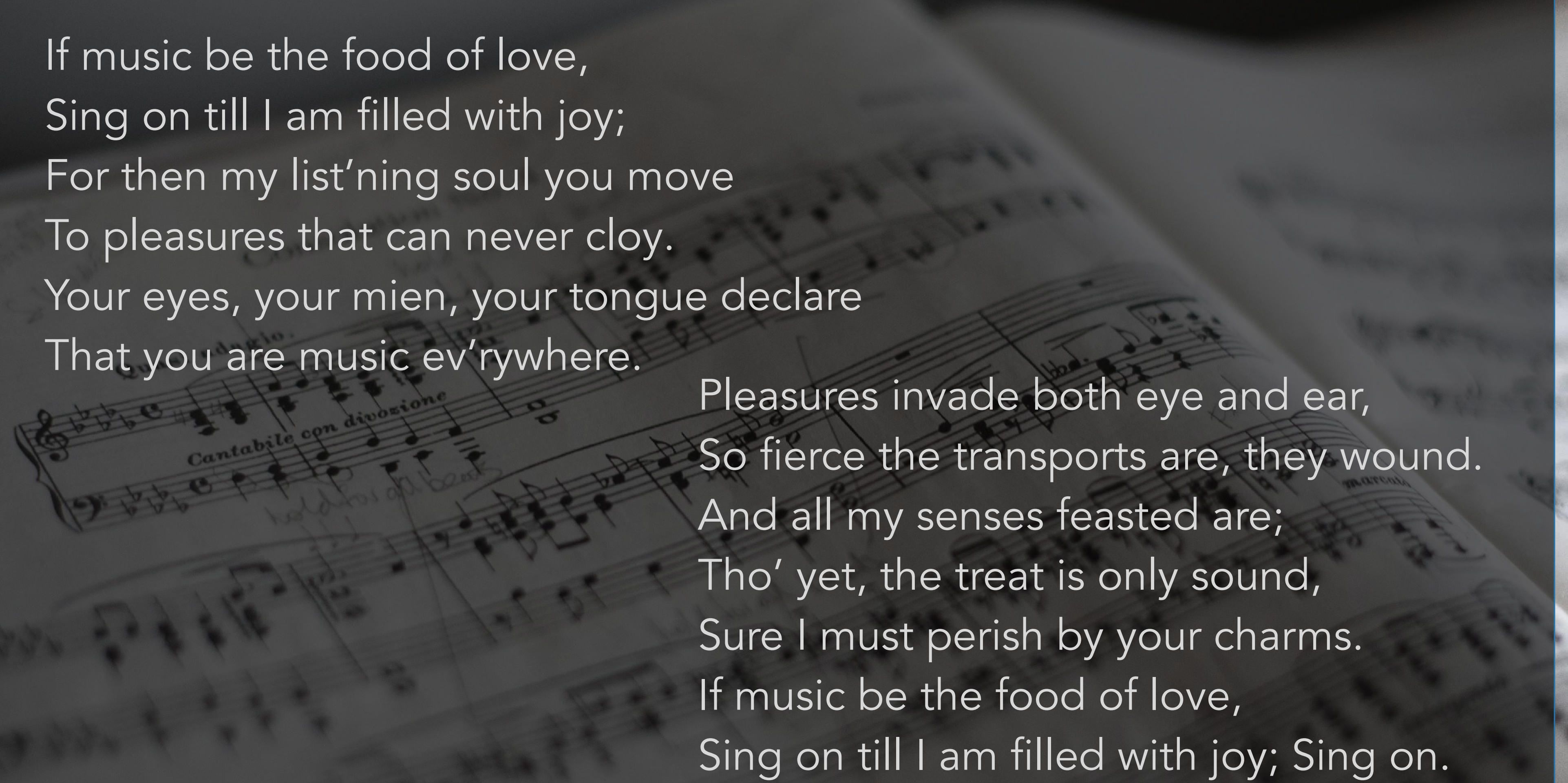
Fascinating Rhythm, you've
got me on the go!
Fascinating Rhythm,
I'm all aquiver,
What a mess you're making!
The neighbors want to know
why I'm always shaking,
just like a fliver.
Each morning I get up
with the sun,
(Starts a hopping never
stopping)
To find at night, no work has
been done.

I know that once it didn't
matter but now you're
doing wrong;
When you start to patter,
I'm so unhappy.
Won't you take a day off?
Decide to run along
Somewhere far away off and
make us happy!
Oh, how I long to be the
one I used to be!
Fascinating Rhythm,
Oh, won't you stop picking
on me!



IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

By David C. Dickau



If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am filled with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.

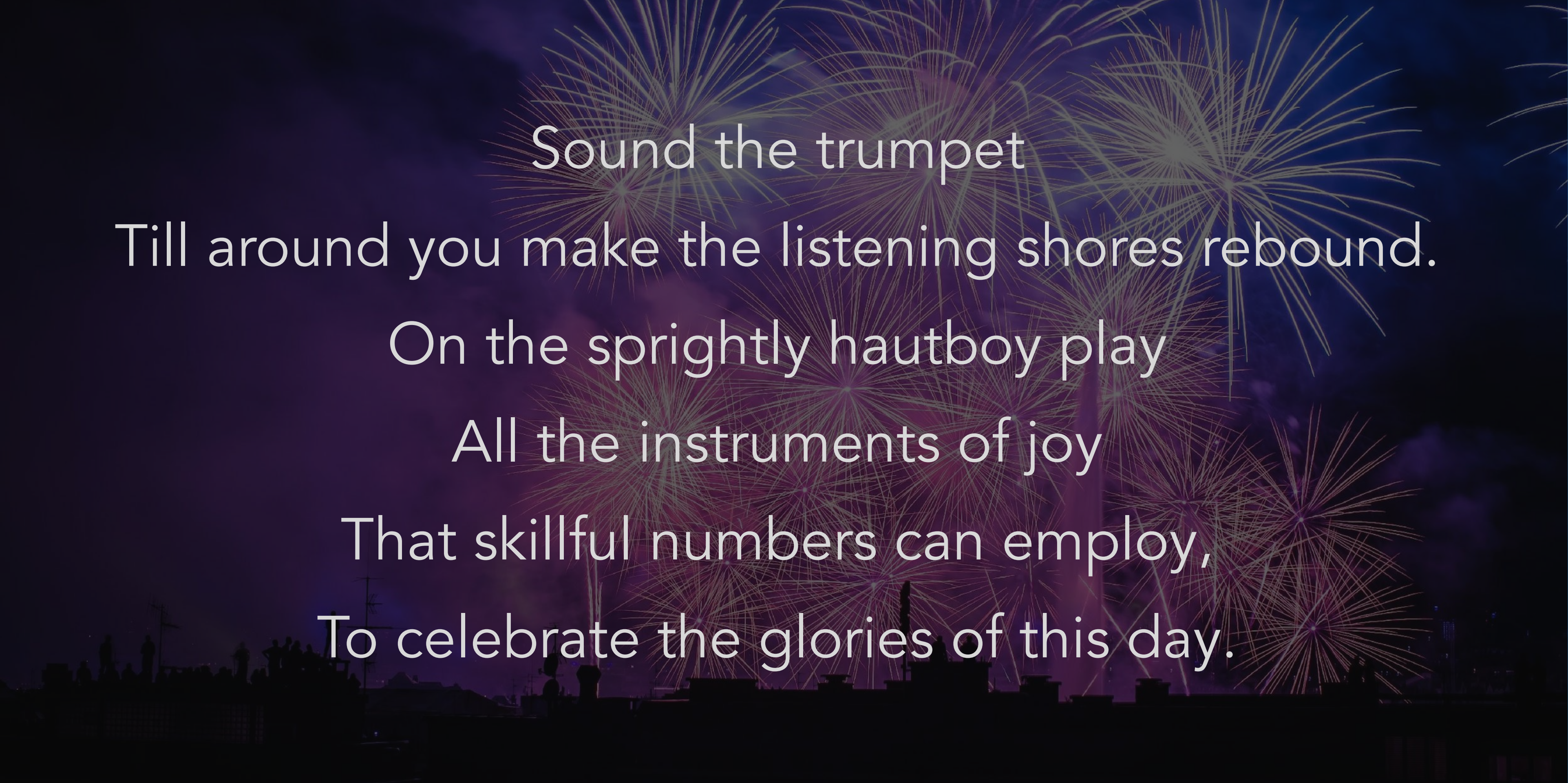
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound.
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet, the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms.
If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am filled with joy; Sing on.



SOUND THE TRUMPET

By Henry Purcell



Sound the trumpet
Till around you make the listening shores rebound.
On the sprightly hautboy play
All the instruments of joy
That skillful numbers can employ,
To celebrate the glories of this day.

A lit candle with a warm, yellow flame is positioned in the upper left corner. Several rolled-up musical manuscripts, bound in dark brown leather, are arranged in a row across the middle of the image. The scene is set against a dark, moody background, with the candle's light casting a soft glow on the papers and the leather. The overall atmosphere is one of quiet study and artistic inspiration.

AN DIE MUSIK

By Franz Schubert



You lovely art, in how many gray hours,

Where I was stricken by life

You ignited my heart for warm love,

You brought me to a better world,

Brought me to a better world!

Often a sigh, that left your harp,

A sweet, holy chord from you,

Has shown me the existence of a better time

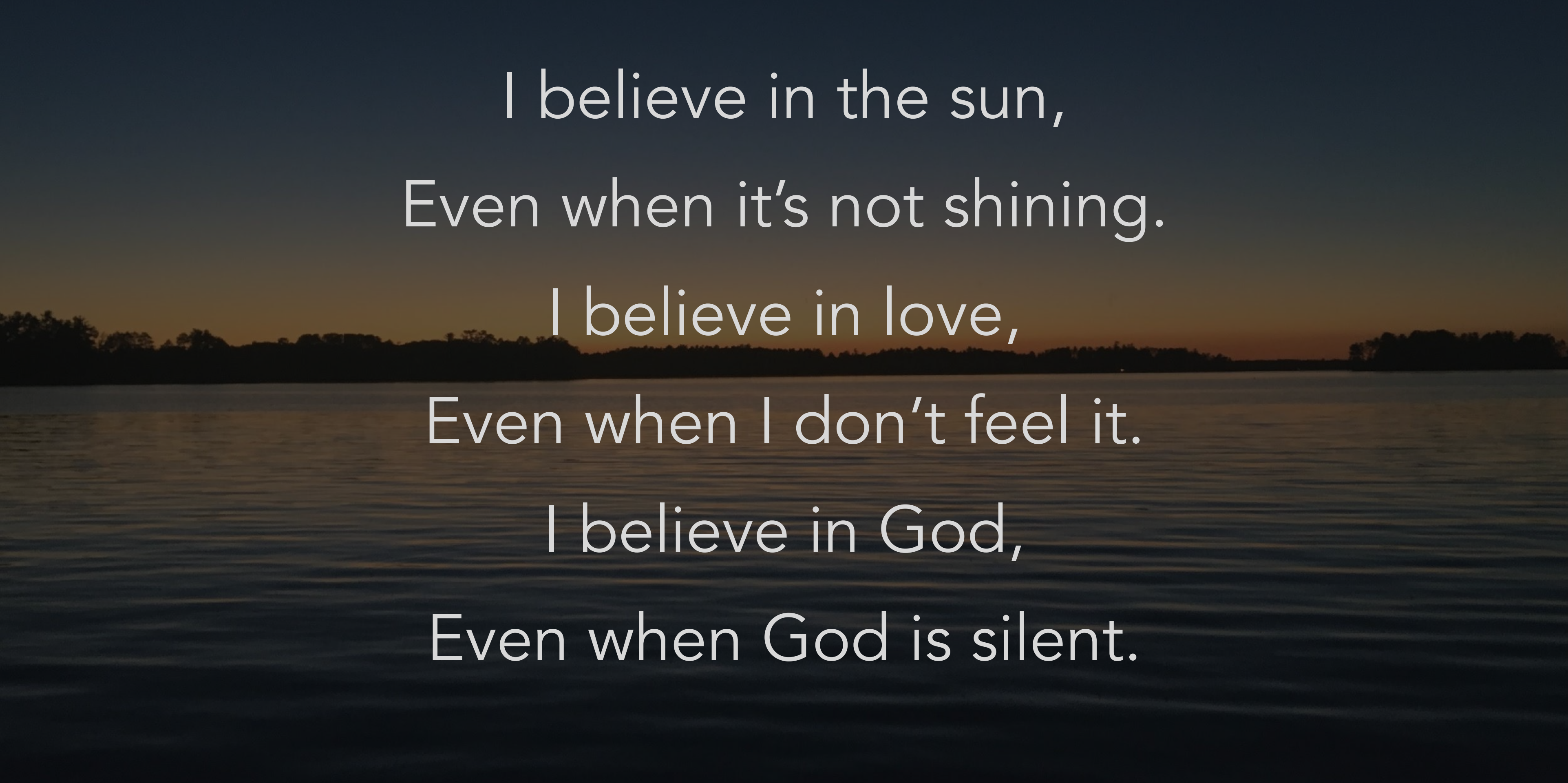
You lovely art, I thank you for it,

You lovely art, I thank you!



I BELIEVE

By Mark A. Miller



I believe in the sun,
Even when it's not shining.

I believe in love,
Even when I don't feel it.

I believe in God,
Even when God is silent.



MY SPIRIT SANG ALL DAY

By Gerald Finzi

My spirit sang all day
O my joy,
Nothing my tongue
could say,
Only my joy!
My heart an echo caught
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou
found?
Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears
grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?

She also came
and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she,
is this word?
What is thy joy?
And I replied,
O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried,
'tis thee;
Thou art my joy.



IT'S A GRAND NIGHT FOR SINGING

By Rodgers and Hammerstein

Arr. By Jerry Rubino

It's a grand night for singing!
The moon is flying high,
And somewhere a bird who is
bound he'll be heard,
Is throwing his heart
at the sky.

It's a grand night for singing!
The stars are bright above,
The earth is aglow and to add
to the show,
I think I am falling in love.

Maybe it's more
than the moon,
Maybe it's more
than the birds
Maybe it's more than the
sight of the night
In a light too lovely
for words
Maybe it's more
than the earth
Shiny in silvery blue
Maybe the reason
I'm feeling this way
Has something to do
with you!



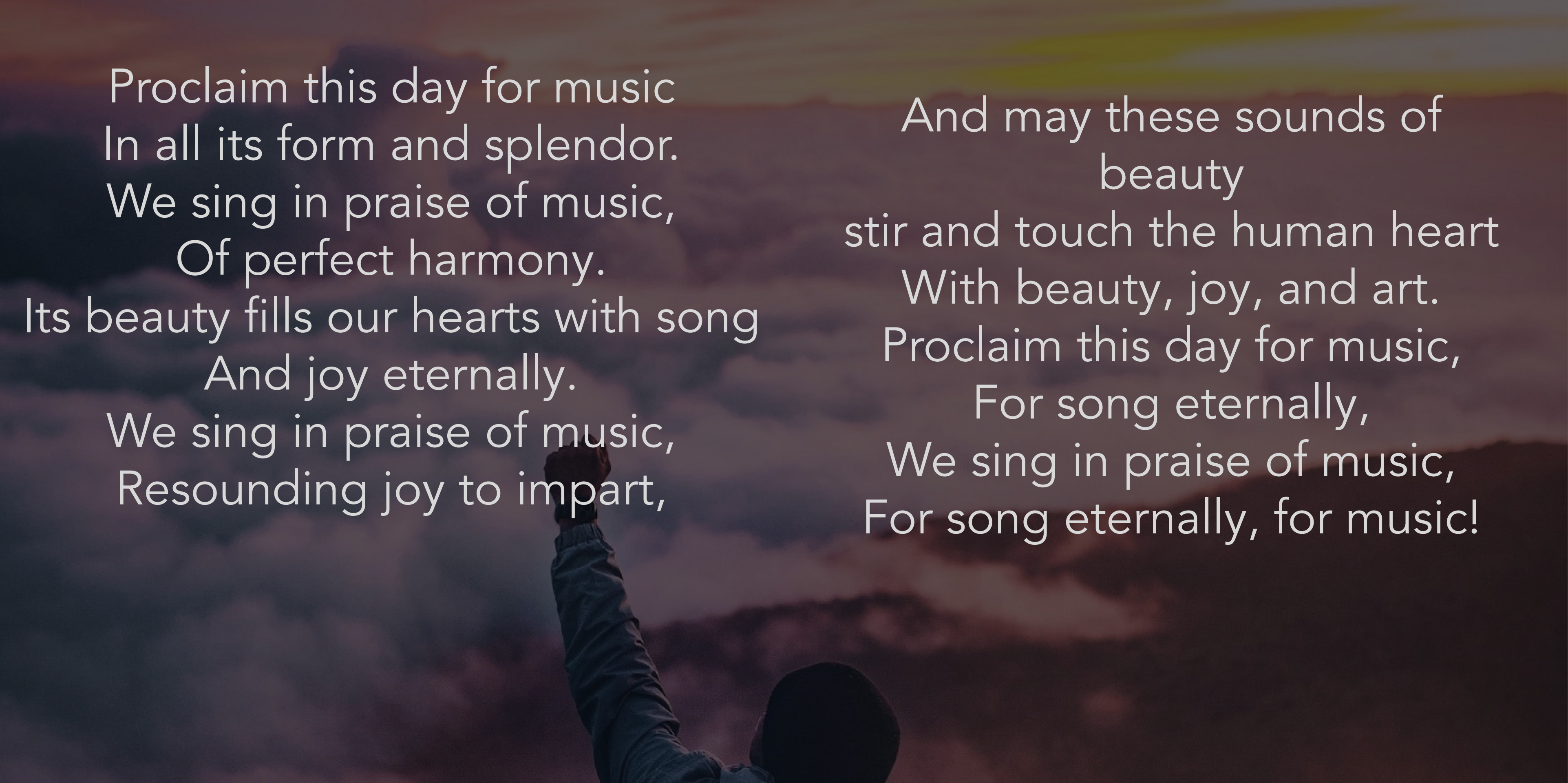
It's a grand night for singing!
The moon is flying high,
And somewhere a bird
who is bound he'll be heard,
Is throwing his heart
at the sky.

It's a grand night for singing!
The stars are bright above,
The earth is aglow
and to add to the show,
I think I am falling in love.

A person is seen from behind, with their right arm raised high in the air, fist clenched. They are wearing a dark jacket. The background is a dramatic sunset or sunrise over a mountain range, with the sky transitioning from deep purple and blue to bright yellow and orange. The overall mood is one of triumph and hope.

PROCLAIM THIS DAY FOR MUSIC

By Ron Nelson

A person's arm is raised in a gesture of praise or joy, set against a background of a sunset sky with soft, colorful clouds. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, sans-serif font.

Proclaim this day for music
In all its form and splendor.
We sing in praise of music,
Of perfect harmony.
Its beauty fills our hearts with song
And joy eternally.
We sing in praise of music,
Resounding joy to impart,

And may these sounds of
beauty
stir and touch the human heart
With beauty, joy, and art.
Proclaim this day for music,
For song eternally,
We sing in praise of music,
For song eternally, for music!



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