

SAINT MICHAEL
PRESENTS



LORELEI ENSEMBLE

SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 2022

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS EPISCOPAL CHURCH

WELCOME



Thank you for joining us for tonight's Saint Michael Presents concert! At Saint Michael and All Angels, we are proud to present this concert series as a gift to you, our neighbors.

Saint Michael is a thriving parish with extraordinary outreach and beautiful worship. This evening's concert represents the vitality and importance of music ministry at Saint Michael. In particular, our growing chorister program offers an exceptional opportunity for children from pre-K to high school based in our rich Anglican cathedral heritage. If you are looking for a church home, we encourage you to join us for worship on Sundays or get involved in our music program as we celebrate God's goodness.

We are especially grateful to the patrons whose generosity makes it possible for Saint Michael to present these concerts at no cost to you. We hope that this gift to our community will entertain, enlighten, and inspire you, and we hope you will be back very soon

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Chris Girata".

The Rev. Dr. Christopher D. Girata, *Rector*



I'm delighted to welcome you to hear the outstanding Lorelei Ensemble. One of the finest choirs of their type, I'm thrilled that Saint Michael Presents is hosting their Dallas debut tonight!

Saint Michael Presents is one of the few concert series of its kind in North Texas that offers such world-class performances as this evening at no cost for admission. It's funded exclusively by the generosity of our donors. Please consider joining our donors in making such wonderful occasions as tonight possible. More information is in this concert program.

Saint Michael has many things happening for lovers of music, so I hope you read about our other upcoming offerings and visit us at www.saintmichael.org and on Facebook at @smaadallas. I hope you enjoy tonight's performance and I look forward to seeing you back to Saint Michael soon!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jonathan Ryan".

Jonathan Ryan, *Director of Music and Organist*

LORELEI ENSEMBLE
THIS TYRANT, LOVE

<i>Troppo ben può</i>	Luzzascho LUZZASCHI (1545-1607)
<i>Ardo e scoprir, ah! lasso, io non ardisco</i>	Claudio MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)
<i>Disperate speranze</i>	Luigi ROSSI (1597-1653)
<i>"Passacaglia" from Intavolatura di Liuto</i>	Alessandro PICCININI (1566-1638)
<i>Le Tre Grazie a Venere</i>	Barbara STROZZI (1619-1677)
<i>Dolce Cantavi</i>	Caroline SHAW (b. 1982)
<i>Solstice</i>	BJÖRK (b. 1965)
<i>She</i>	Laura MVULA (b. 1986) arr. Voss/Rudoj

Intermission

<i>love fail (selections)</i>	David LANG (b. 1957)
<i>the wood and the vine</i>	
<i>right and wrong</i>	
<i>you will love me</i>	
<i>forbidden subjects</i>	
<i>as love grows stronger</i>	
<i>i live in pain</i>	
<i>head, heart</i>	
<i>if i have to drown</i>	
<i>mild, light</i>	

TROPPO BEN PUÒ

Luzzascho Luzzaschi

Tropo ben può questo tiranno Amore
Per far soggetto un core.
Se libertà non val, ne val fuggire,
A chi non può soffrire.
Quando penso tal'hor com'arde e punge,
com'il suo giogo è dispietato e grave,
l' dico al core sciolto non l'aspettar,
che fai?

Fuggilo si che non ti giunga mai.
Ma non so come il lusinghier mi giunge.
È sì dolce, e si vago, e si soave,
Ch'i dico ah core stolto, perche fuggito l'hai?
Fuggilo si che non ti fugga mai.

He is too powerful, this tyrant Love
At subjugating a heart,
If liberty or escape are of no avail
To one who does not suffer.
When I consider how cruel, sorrowful,
Painful and heavy his yoke is,
I say to my unbound heart, do not delay,
what are you doing?

Flee him before he reaches you!
But I know not how his flattery reaches me.
It is so sweet, so delightful, so gentle,
That I say: Oh foolish heart why did you fly from
him?
Escape him that he should never fly from you.

ARDO E SCOPRIR, AHI LASSO, IO NON ARDISCO

Claudio Monteverdi

Ardo e scoprir, ah! lasso, io non ardisco
quel che porto nel sen, rinchiuso ardore,
e tanto più dolente ogni hor languisco
quanto più sia celato il mio dolore.

Fra me tal'hor mille disegni ordisco
con la lingua discior anco il timore.

 e all'hor fatto ardito io non pavento
 gridar soccorso al micidial tormento.

Ma s'avvien ch'io m'appresso a lei davante
per trovar al mio mal pace e diletto,
divengo tosto pallido in sembante,
e chinar gl'occhi a terra costretto.

Dir vorrei, ma non oso; indi tremante
comincio, e mi ritengo alfin l'affetto.

 s'aprir, nuntia del cor la lingua vole,
 si troncan su le labbra le parole.

–Anonymous ottava rima stanzas

I burn and, alas, I do not have the courage to reveal
that burning which I bear hidden in my breast,
and I constantly languish, all the more sorrowful
because my sorrow is concealed.

Sometimes in my mind I make a thousand plans
to dispel my fear by loosening my tongue
and then, turning bold, I am not afraid
to call for help for the killing torture.

But if I happen to approach her directly
to find delight and peace for my woe,
my face quickly turns pale
and I am compelled to cast my eyes downward.
I would like to speak but dare not; therefore I begin
tremblingly and hold back. Finally, if my tongue,
messenger of my heart,
wishes to disclose my feelings

DISPERATE SPERANZE

Luigi Rossi

Disperate speranze, addio.
Se la bella ch'adoro la mia cara
mercè post' ha in oblio
e non cura sentir che per lei moro.
Ahi che devo sperar dal idol mio?
Disperate speranze, addio!

Ahi martire speranze, andate a volo.
E tra pianti e sospiri
mi lasciate penar e languir solo
non trovando pietà a miei martiri.
Se godete ancor vuoi del mio gran duolo.
Ahi martire speranze, andate a volo.

Desperate hopes, farewell.
If the beauty I adore
Has forgotten my compassion,
And does not care to hear that I die for her,
Alas, what can I expect from my idol?
Desperate hopes, farewell!

Alas, feigned hopes, fly away.
And amidst tears and sighs
Leave me to suffer and languish alone,
Finding no pity for my torments.
If you yet wish to revel in my great suffering,
Alas, feigned hopes, fly away!

LE TRE GRAZIE A VENERE

Barbara Strozzi

Bella madre d'Amore
anco non ti ramembra
che nuda avesti di bellezze il grido,
In sul Troiano lido
dal giudice Pastore?

Onde se nuda piaci
In sin à gl'occhi de bifolchi ideï
vanarella che sei,
perché vuoi tu con tanti adobbi e tanti
ricopirti a gl'amanti?

O vesti le tue Grazie e i nudi Amori
o getta ancor tu fuori
gl'arnesi I manti e i veli:
di quelle care membra
nulla si celi.

Tu ridi e non rispondi
Ah tu le copri si tu le nascondi
Che sai ch'invoglia più che più s'apprezza
la negata bellezza.

–Giulio Strozz

Beautiful mother of love,
have you forgotten that you were nude
when you carried away the prize for beauty
on the Trojan shore,
in the shepherd's judgement?

So if nude you pleased
the eyes of the herdsmen of Mount Ida,
vain that you are,
why do you conceal yourself from lovers
with so many ornaments?

Either clothe your graces and the naked cupids,
or you too cast away
the attires, robes and veils:
Let nothing be hidden
of those dear limbs.

You laugh and don't answer?
Ah, you cover them, you conceal them,
for you know that more enticing,
more valued is beauty that is withheld.

–trans. Richard Kolb

DOLCE CANTAVI

Music by Caroline Shaw, 2015

Vago augellin, che per quei rami ombrosi
dolce cantavi a minüir mie pene,
di sentirti al mio cor gran desir viene
per fare in tutto i giorni miei giocosi.
Deh vieni, e teco mena i più famosi
cantor che quella selva in sen ritiene,
ché goderete in queste rive amene,
ed a l'estivo di starete ascosi.
Il boschetto vi attende, e 'l bel giardino
là dove in fra le fronde e l'onda e l'ora
gareggian mormorando a me vicino.
A cantar sorgeremo in sul mattino:
io con le Muse invocarò l'aurora,
e voi col vostro gorgheggiar divini.

–Francesca Turina Bufalini Contessa di Stupinigi,
1628

Lovely little bird, who, among those shady branches,
used to sing so sweetly to mitigate my sorrows,
a great desire comes to my heart to hear you again,
to make my days complete in their joy.
Come, and bring with you the most famous singers
that the forest nurtures in its breast,
for you will have the pleasure of these fair waters
and be hidden away from the heat of the summer day.
The little wood awaits you, and the lovely garden where,
among the leaves, the ripples and the breeze
compete in their murmuring beside me.
We will rise together before sunrise:
I will herald the dawn with the Muses,
and you with your warbling divine.

SOLSTICE

Björk

When your eyes pause on the ball
That hangs on the third branch from the star
You remember why it is dark
And why it gets light again

The Earth, like the heart, slopes in its seat
And, like that, it travels along an elliptical path
Drawn into the darkness

An unpolished pearl
In sky-black palm of hand
Flickering sun-flame

And then you remember
That you, yourself, you are a light-bearer,
Receiving radiance from others
Flickering sun-flame
Unpolished Earth in palm of hand

SHE

Laura Mvula

She walked towards you with her head down low
Wondering if there's a way out of the blue
Who's gonna take her home this time
She knew that this time wouldn't be the last time

There she waits looking for a savior,
Someone to save her from her dying self
Always taking ten steps back and one step
forward,
She's tired, but she don't stop

Every day she stood, hoping for a new light
She closed her eyes and she had a smile voice say
You don't stop, no, you belong to me
She cried, maybe it's too late

She walked towards you with her head down low
Wondering if there's a way out of the blue
Who's gonna take her home this time
She knew that this time wouldn't be the last time

LOVE FAIL (SELECTIONS)

DAVID LANG

the wood and the vine

(words by David Lang, after Marie de France)

now I'll tell you a story
that is also the truth -
it is the truth
the wood and the vine

we all know this story
We have heard it before
it was told to us by everyone
and everyone told it to you

a man and a woman
they loved so much
and were so true
and they suffered so much
and on a single day, they died.

their love was forbidden
he went back to the place
where he was born.
but being apart made him
sick with despair.

don't be surprised -

a lover grieves
when love is far away
sadness can make us all
sick with despair

he stayed there for years, until, at last,
he went back,
to get, to try, to hope
to get a message to his love

he hid in the woods
by where she lived
and found a path
where she might walk
he cut a branch and, on it,
he carved a single word -
his name -
and left it on the path
where she might find it.
then she would know the message
and she would know just what the message meant.

later she came along the same path
and saw the piece of wood
she knew exactly what it was
she saw the single word carved upon it
and she knew.

this is what she knew:

"dearest love
this is my message
I send it to you
I have waited for you
I have waited to see you

even now I am waiting for you in the woods
I cannot live without you
I cannot live without you
"you and I -
we are like the vine that winds itself around the
branch
it twines and pulls and digs into the flesh,
so tight that the two of them become one
the two become one
if someone pulls the two apart then both will die.
so it is with us, my love, so it is with us.
you cannot live without me.
I cannot live without you.
I cannot live without you.
you cannot live without me."

she went a short way into the woods
and found him
and they wept.
they wept with joy when they were together
and they wept with sadness when they left.

later he remembered the joy and the sadness
and he wrote this song:

"the wood and the vine"

every word is true.
all true.

right and wrong

(words by Lydia Davis)

She knows she is right, but to say she is right is wrong, in this case. To be correct and say so is wrong, in certain cases.

She may be correct, and she may say so, in certain cases. But if she insists too much, she becomes wrong, so wrong that even her correctness becomes wrong, by association.

It is right to believe in what she thinks is right, but to say what she thinks is right is wrong, in certain cases.

She is right to act on her beliefs, in her life. But she is wrong to report her right actions, in most cases. Then even her right actions become wrong, by association.

If she praises herself, she may be correct in what she says, but her saying it is wrong, in most cases, and thus cancels it, or reverses it, so that although she was for a particular act deserving of praise, she is no longer in general deserving of praise.

you will love me

(words by David Lang, after Gottfried von Strassburg)

you will love me
me, alone
above all others
above all other things
you will love me

we will live one life
we will die one death
we will share one joy
we will share one sorrow
it is not wine
it is our lasting sorrow
it is not wine
it is our never-ending anguish

and we drink it
we drink it

forbidden subjects

(words by Lydia Davis)

Soon almost every subject they might want to talk about is associated with yet another unpleasant scene and becomes a subject they can't talk about, so that as time goes by there is less and less they can safely talk about, and eventually little else but the news and what they're reading, though not all of what they're reading. They can't talk about certain members of her family, his working hours, her working hours, rabbits, mice, dogs, certain foods, certain universities, hot weather, hot and cold room temperatures at night and in the day, lights on and lights off in the evening in summer, the piano, music in general, how much money he earns, what she earns, what she spends, etc. But one day, after they have been talking about a forbidden subject, though not the most dangerous of the forbidden subjects, she realizes it may be possible, sometimes, to say something calm and careful about a forbidden subject, so that it may once again become a subject that can be talked about, and then to say something calm and careful about another forbidden subject, so that there will be another subject that can be talked about once again, and that as more subjects can be talked about once again there will be, gradually, more talk between them, and that as there is more talk there will be more trust, and that when there is enough trust, they may dare to approach even the most dangerous of the forbidden subjects.

as love grows stronger

(words by David Lang, after Gottfried von Strassburg)

as love grows stronger
love holds us closer

as love grows stronger
love holds us tight

as love grows stronger
as love grows stronger

we become more beautiful
to each other

this is the seed
from which love grows
from which love never dies

until....
until....

as it ever was
as it ever is
as it ever will be

I live in pain

(words by David Lang, after Beatriz, Comtessa de Dia)

I live in pain
for someone I once had,
for someone I once wanted
for someone I once knew
for someone I once loved, without measure.
I see now that he left me
because I did not give him all my love
I see now I was wrong
and now I sleep alone

I want to hold him
in my naked arms
I want to lie beside him
in my bed
I want him more
than any long-forgotten lovers ever loved before
I want to give him everything
my heart
my love
my senses
my sight
my life

good friend, kind friend, fearless friend
when will I have you?
when will you lie beside me?
when will I give you my love?
you know how much I want you.
promise me
you will do what I say
please.
do what I say

head, heart

(words by Lydia Davis)

heart weeps.
head tries to help heart.
head tells heart how it is, again:
you will lose the ones you love.
they will all go.
but even the earth will go, someday.
heart feels better, then.
but the words of head do not remain long in the
ears of heart.
heart is so new to this.
I want them back, says heart.
head is all heart has.
help, head. help heart.

break #3 (if I have to drown)

*(words by David Lang, after Thomas of Britain, and
the Yom Kippur liturgy)*

if I have to drown, I know, that you will drown
if I have to burn, I know, that you will burn
if God wills it

if I have to bleed, I know, that you will bleed
if I have to be devoured, I know, that you will be
devoured
if God wills it

if I have to starve, I know, that you will starve
if I have to thirst, I know, that you will thirst
if I have to wander, all my days, I know, that you
will wander, all your days
if I have to suffer, I know, that you will suffer

if I have to be impoverished, I know, that you
will be impoverished
if I have to be degraded, I know, that you will be
degraded
if God wills it
if God wills it, so be it.

mild, light

(words by David Lang, after Richard Wagner)

mild, light
see him smile
see his eye, open -
do you see it?

he shines so bright
like a star, rising
do you see it? oh, yes, I see it

do you hear his heart?
do you smell his sweet breath?
do you? yes, I do

am I the only one
who hears this music?
oh, I hear it
it is so soft
it is so sad
it comes from him
through me, and up
and rises all around me

I hear it, I breathe it in
I drink it, It is so sweet

will we just fade?
buried in the raging storm?
buried beneath the ringing sound?

drowned
engulfed
unconscious
so sweet



LORELEI ENSEMBLE

BIOGRAPHY

Heralded for its “warm, lithe, and beautifully blended” sound (The New York Times), “impeccable musicality” (Boston Globe), and unfailing display of the “elegance, power, grace and beauty of the human voice” (Boston Music Intelligencer), Lorelei Ensembles recognized across the globe for its bold and inventive programs that champion the extraordinary flexibility and virtuosity of the human voice. Led by founder and artistic director Beth Willer, Lorelei has established an inspiring artistic vision, curating culturally-relevant and artistically audacious programs that stretch and challenge the expectations of artists and audiences alike. Comprising nine women, the ensemble is celebrated for its rich and diverse vocal palette, and enticing delivery of Willer’s “exact, smooth, and stylish” programming (The Boston Globe).

Driven by its mission to advance and elevate women’s voices, and to enrich the repertoire through forward-thinking and co-creative collaboration, Lorelei is committed to bringing works to life that point toward a “new normal” for vocal artists, and women in music. The ensemble frequently collaborates with composers from the U.S. and abroad, delivering more than 60 world, U.S. and regional premieres since its founding in 2007. Collaborating composers include David Lang, Julia Wolfe, George Benjamin, Kati Agócs, Lisa Bielawa, Kareem Roustom, Jessica

Meyer, Christopher Cerrone, Sungji Hong, Reiko Yamada, Peter Gilbert, Scott Ordway, James Kallembach, and John Supko. Recent recordings include David Lang's *love fail* (Cantaloupe, 2020), and *Impermanence* (Sono Luminus, 2018) featuring the premiere recording of Peter Gilbert's *Tsukimi*, motets of Guillaume Du Fay, and selections from the Turin Manuscript and the Codex Calixtinus.

Lorelei Ensemble maintains a robust national touring schedule, including recent collaborations with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, *A Far Cry*, and *Cantus*, and performances at celebrated venues across the country, including Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Tanglewood Music Center, Boston's Symphony Hall, Trinity Wall Street, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and the Ordway Center for the Performing Arts. Education is an important and integral part of Lorelei's work, including residencies with young artists at Harvard University, Yale University, Duke University, Bucknell University, University of Iowa, Cornell University, Luther College, Vassar College, Macalester College, Mount Holyoke College, Connecticut College, Hillsdale College, Keene State College, Gordon College, the Pennsylvania Girlchoir, and the Connecticut Children's Chorus.

In 2020-21, Lorelei Ensemble proudly presents the world premiere of Julia Wolfe's *Her Story*, in performances with five co-commissioning orchestras: the Nashville Symphony (Giancarlo Guerrero), the San Francisco Symphony (Guerrero), the Chicago Symphony (Marin Alsop), the National Symphony Orchestra (Gianandrea Nosedà), and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Guerrero). Written for Lorelei Ensemble to commemorate the centennial of the 1920 ratification of the 19th Amendment, *Her Story* is the latest in a series of Wolfe's compositions highlighting monumental and turbulent moments in American history and culture. Additional appearances in 2020-21 include The National Gallery, Eastman School of Music, Princeton University, Duke University, and a performance of Holst's *The Planets* at the Tanglewood Music Center with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Thomas Adès).

BETH WILLER
Artistic Director

Corrine Byrne
soprano

Michele Kennedy
soprano

Arwen Myers
soprano

Sonja Tengblad
soprano

Dianna Grabowski
mezzo-soprano

Sophie Michaux
mezzo-soprano

Stephanie Kacoyanis
alto

Clara Osowski
alto

Kevin Payne
lute

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Saint Michael Presents gratefully acknowledges and thanks our generous donors!

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JUNE 13-19, 2022



The Dallas Boys Course welcomes boys ages 10-17 who love to sing. Choristers will come together from across the country for a week of extraordinary music-making, fun, and friendships that will last a lifetime. Through daily rehearsals and workshops led by world-renowned musicians, choristers will learn and grow in their vocal technique and knowledge of sacred music. Additional activities to promote fun and fellowship will include sports, recreation and social events, and outings to explore the many cultural treasures of Dallas. Residential facilities are on campus at Southern Methodist University, and we will partner with the university's sacred music and organ departments in several ways.



**FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT
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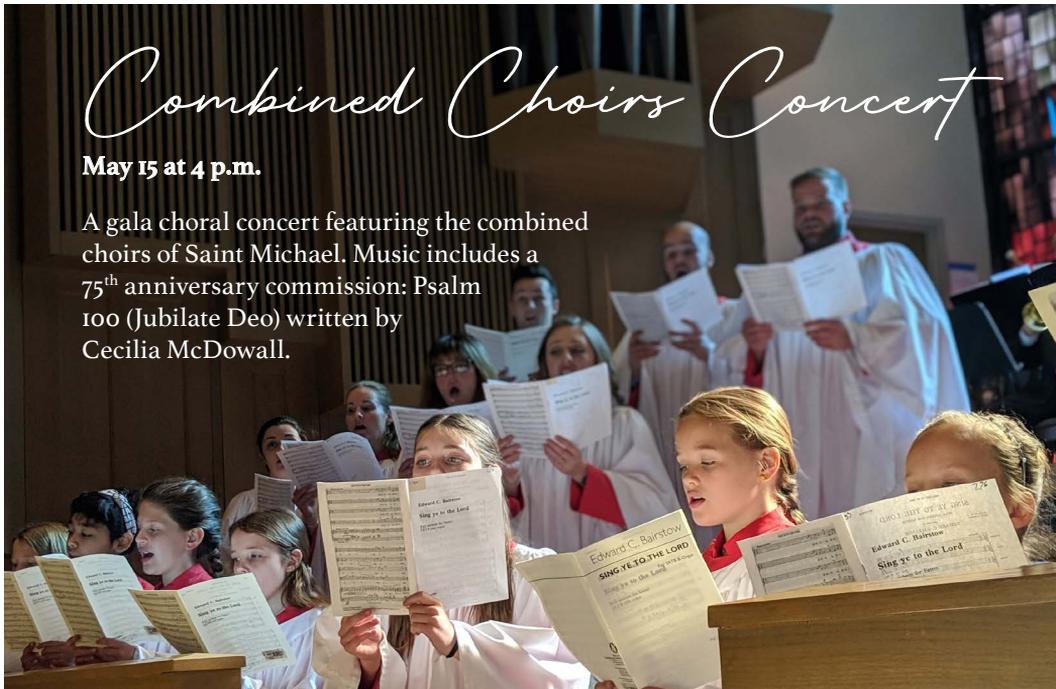


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AMERICA**

Combined Choirs Concert

May 15 at 4 p.m.

A gala choral concert featuring the combined choirs of Saint Michael. Music includes a 75th anniversary commission: Psalm 100 (Jubilate Deo) written by Cecilia McDowall.



Meditation. Chant. Candlelight. Prayer.

Choral Compline



Sundays at 8 PM | Church | In Person & Livestream

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Saint Michael Presents is committed to bringing world-class ensembles to the greater Dallas community in a high quality, entertaining concert series equaling the highest performance venues around the country. The concerts are open to the public, and, due to the generosity of our supporters, are free of charge. Please consider donating to Saint Michael Presents today to help further our mission! Simply scan the QR code or go to saintmichael.org/SMP.



Saint Michael and All Angels is all about people ... people who care for one another ... people who learn together and share experiences together ... people who believe that we can make a difference in our community, around the world, and in our lives. There are more than 100 ministries at Saint Michael that welcome your participation.

We invite you to join us often in the coming weeks and invite your entire family to worship with us!

"Precarious balance where sheer agony and triumphant beauty intersect."
– The Washington Post

Saint Michael Presents is proud to bring Grammy
award-winning ensemble the Ying Quartet to Dallas!

YING QUARTET

October 23, 2022 at 7 p.m.



SAINT MICHAEL
PRESENTS





Choir of
NEW COLLEGE OXFORD

SAINT MICHAEL
PRESENTS

Choir of
NEW COLLEGE OXFORD

at Saint Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church

Featuring a collaboration with the Saint Michael Choristers

MARCH 26, 2023

“the performance is astonishing... a real revelation”
— BBC Music Magazine



SAINTMICHAEL.ORG/SMP

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