

MUSICA
DAYTON'S CHAMBER CHOIR

Invites you to join us for our
35th Anniversary Season

American Tapestry
A CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN CHORAL MUSIC

Sunday, October 19th, 2025 @ 3 PM
First Baptist Church of Dayton

Sunday, December 14th, 2025 @ 3 PM
Lutheran Church of Our Savior of Oakwood

Gala & SILENT AUCTION

Saturday, February 28th, 2026 @ 6 PM
Engineers Club of Dayton

Sunday, May 3rd, 2026 @ 3 PM
Dayton Art Institute Gothic Cloister

Season Tickets Now Available!

MUSICA
DAYTON'S CHAMBER CHOIR

Presents
Our 35th Anniversary Concert Series:

American Tapestry
A CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN CHORAL MUSIC

FALL CONCERT

Sunday, October 19, 2025 @ 3 p.m.

First Baptist Church of Dayton
111 W Monument Ave,
Dayton, OH 45402

MUSICA

DAYTON'S CHAMBER CHOIR

www.MusicaDayton.org • MusicaDayton@gmail.com

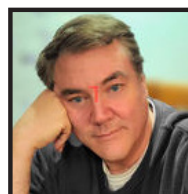


Ginger Minneman – Artistic Director

Ginger Thomas Minneman is the Interim Head of the Music Department at Wright State University and Coordinator of Vocal Studies. She also teaches voice and conducts the Treble Choir at WSU. Minneman is also the Director of Music at the Lutheran Church of Our Savior in Oakwood. A graduate of Murray State and Campbellsville Universities, Minneman received her Master of Arts in Humanities from Wright State.

Steven Aldredge – Piano

Dr. Aldredge is the interim chair of the School of Fine and Performing Arts at Wright State University, where he is also a Lecturer of Piano, Theory, and Composition. An acclaimed composer, Musica is honored to have Steven Aldredge as our accompanist.



THE SINGERS

SOPRANOS

Whitney Worden – Boroni • Jessica Brinkman • Diane Gentner
Whittney Perez • Anna Porter • Jennifer Smith • Hayley Stakem

ALTOS

Stephanie Bange • Harriet Gray • Sheila Hart
Jessa Kenworthy • Kayli King • Sue Koenig

TENORS

Wes Alexander • William Ayres • Jon Blunt • Dean Brown • Tim Magill

BASSES

Gary Brooks • Jacob Glaspell • Dan Minneman • Kevin Nichols



SOCIETY of DAYTON

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Join us for our

2025-2026 SEASON

 Dec. 7	 Mar. 22	 May 17
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“AMERICAN TAPESTY”
 HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE IN PART
 BY A GENEROUS SPECIAL PROJECTS
 GRANT FROM MONTGOMERY COUNTY,
 ADMINSTRATED BY CULTURE WORKS.



*I wish I had a needle, as fine as I could sew,
I'd sew that girl to my coattail and down the road I'd go.
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives away down south,
An' she's so sweet, the honeybees all swarm around her mouth.*

*Get along home little Cindy. Get along home little Cindy.
Get along home little Cindy. I'll marry you sometime.*

*The first time I saw Cindy, she was standing in the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand, her feet all o'er the floor.
She took me to her parlor, she cooled me with her fan,
She swore that I'ze the purtiest thing in shape of mortal man.*

*Now Cindy hugged and kissed him, she wrung her hands and cried,
She swore he was the purtiest thing that ever lived or died.
She told him that she loved him, she called him sugar plum,
She threwed her arms around him, he thought his time had come.*

*Now Cindy went to the preachin', she swung around and round,
She got so full of glory, she knocked the preacher down.
My Cindy in the springtime, my Cindy in the fall,
If I can't have my Cindy, I'll have no girl at all.*

*When Cindy got religion, she thought her time had come, (Hallelu!)
She walked right up to the preacher and chawed her chewin' gum. (Hallelu!)
Now Cindy got religion, she'd had it once before
But when she heard my banjo she's the first one on the floor.*

*Get along home little Cindy. Get along home little Cindy.
Get along home little Cindy. I'll marry you someday!
Hooray!*

**Amanda Roberts, guest pianist
Tom Sobieski, violin**

*Please join us for prosecco and cookies in the Fellowship Room
to the rear of the Church following the concert.*

MUSICA returns on Sunday, December 14th with our annual holiday concert
at Our Savior Lutheran Church in Oakwood. Mark your calendars now!

American Tapestry

Music Down in My Soul

African-American Spiritual

*I hear music in the air
I can feel it in the air
There must be a God somewhere*

*Over my head, I hear music in the air
There must be a God somewhere*

*Over my head, I hear singing in the air
There must be a God
There must be a God
There must be a God somewhere*

*I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
I've got peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
I've got love (I've got a love everlasting)
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
Love in my heart
Oh yes, I've got peace in my soul
Oh yes, I've got joy in my heart, joy today*

*I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
I've got peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
I've got love (I've got a love everlasting)
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
Love in my heart
Oh yes, I've got peace in my soul
Oh yes, I've got joy in my heart, joy today
Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)
Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)*

Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

*Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)
Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)
Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)
Do you love the Lord? (I love the Lord)*

*Well, I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
Peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
Peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
Love (I've got a love everlasting)
I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord*

*I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
I've got peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
I've got love (I've got a love everlasting)
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
Love in my heart
Oh yes, I've got peace in my soul
Oh yes, I've got joy in my heart, joy today*

*I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got this music down in my soul
And it fills my heart with the joy of the Lord
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)
I've got peace (I've got a peace everlasting)
I've got love (I've got a love everlasting)
I've got joy (I've got a joy everlasting)*

*Love in my heart
Oh yes, I've got peace in my soul
Oh yes, I've got joy in my heart
I've got joy, I've got peace
I've got love, In my soul.*

Wondrous Love

American Folk Hymn

arr. Robert Shaw and Alice Parker

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul?

What wondrous love is this, O my soul?

*What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul?*

*When I was sinking down, sinking down, sinking down,
when I was sinking down, O my soul,
when I was sinking down beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.*

*To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
to God and to the Lamb I will sing,
to God and to the Lamb who is the great I AM,
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
while millions join the theme, I will sing.*

*And when from death I'm free I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
and through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and through eternity I'll sing on.*

Creation

William Billings (1746-1800)

*When I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey
Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay*

*Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
~Isaac Watts (1674-1748)*

MUSICA

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Nine Hundred Miles
Traditional American Folk Song

*I am walkin' down this track
I've got tears in my eyes,
I'm tryin' to read a letter from my home
And if that train run me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles from my home.
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow,
that long lonesome train whistlin' down.*

*Well this train I ride on
is a hundred coaches long.*

arr. Philip Silvey

*You can hear her whistle
blow a million miles.
And if this train runs me right,
I'll be home Saturday night,
'Cause I'm nine hundred miles
from my home.*

*And I hate to hear that lonesome
whistle blow,
that long lonesome train
whistlin' down.*

When October Goes (with Autumn Leaves) Johnny Mercer/Barry Manilow
arr. Paul Langford

*The falling leaves drift by the window
The autumn leaves of red and gold
I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sun-burned hands I used to hold*

*Since you went away the days grow long
And soon I'll hear old winter's song
But I miss you most of all my darling
When Autumn leaves start to fall*

*And when October goes
The snow begins to fly
Above the smokey roofs
I watch the planes go by*

*The children running home
Beneath a twilight sky
Oh, for the fun of them
When I was one of them*

*And when October goes
The same old dream appears
And you are in my arms
To share the happy years*

*I turn my head away to hide
The helpless tears
Oh, how I hate to see October go*

*I should be over it, now I know
It doesn't matter much how old I grow
I hate to see October go*

Cindy
American Folksong

*I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' on a tree.
And every time my sweetheart passed, she'd take a bite of me.
I wish I had a nickel, I wish I had a dime.
I wish I had a pretty girl, to love me all the time.*

arr. Mack Wilberg

The Peace of Wild Things

Jake Runestad b.1986

*When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night [at the least sound]
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.*

- Wendell Berry (b. 1934)

Dirait-On

Morten Lauridsen b. 1943

From Rainer Maria Rilke's (1875-1926) Poem Collection 'Les Roses' (1926)

*Abandon entouré d'abandon,
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
se caresse, dirait-on ;*

*se caresse en soi-même,
par son propre reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème
du Narcisse exhaucé.*

*Unconstraint rounds unconstraint,
Tenderness holds tenderness...
Your interior stirs in ceaseless
Self-caress, so they say;*

*Within yourself caressed,
Your own reflection's light reveals
The metaphor you express
Of Narcissus fulfilled.*

Let Down the Bars, O Death

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

*Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.*

*Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near Thou art for seeking Thee,
Too tender to be told.*

- Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

If I Loved You Rodgers (1902-1979) & Hammerstein (1895-1960)
from the Broadway musical “Carousel” (1945)

<i>If I loved you, Time and again I would try to say All I'd want you to know.</i>	<i>But afraid and shy, I'd let my golden chances pass me by!</i>
<i>If I loved you, Words wouldn't come in an easy way Round in circles I'd go! Longing to tell you,</i>	<i>Soon you'd leave me, Off you would go in the mist of day, Never, never to know... How I loved you... If I loved you...</i>

Anna Porter, soloist

The Music of Stillness Elaine Hagenberg b. 1979

*There will be rest, and sure stars shining
Over the roof-tops crowned with snow
A reign of rest, serene forgetting
The music of stillness holy and low*

*I will make this world of my devising
Out of a dream in my lonely mind
I shall find the crystal of peace, – above me
Stars I shall find*
– Sara Teasdale

• Intermission •

Dayton, Ohio 1903 Randy Newman b. 1943

<i>Sing a song of long ago When things were green and moving slow And people'd stop to say hello They'd say hi-di-ho “Would you like to come over for tea With the missus and me?” It's a real nice way To spend the day In Dayton, Ohio On a sunny Sunday afternoon in 1903 Sing a song of long ago</i>	<i>When things could grow And days flowed quietly The air was clean and you could see And folks were nice to you “Would you like to come over for tea With the missus and me?” It's a real nice way to spend the day In Dayton, Ohio On a sunny Sunday afternoon In nineteen hundred and three Time for tea in 1903</i>
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A Starry Night Whittney Perez b. 1986

This is the world premiere of a new work by MUSICA's own Whittney Perez, based on a poem by Dayton's own Paul Lawrence Dunbar (1872-1906), thanks to a special projects grant from Montgomery County, administered by Culture Works.

<i>A cloud fell down from the heavens, And broke on the mountain's brow; It scattered the dusky fragments All over the vale below.</i>	<i>The moon and the stars were anxious To know what its fate might be; So they rushed to the azure op'ning, And all peered down to see.</i>
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Sixteen Tons Merle Travis, arr. Kirby Shaw

<i>Some people say a man is made outta mud A poor man's made outta muscle and blood Muscle and blood and skin and bones A mind that's weak and a back that's strong</i>	<i>Saint Peter, don't 'cha call me 'cuz I can't go I owe my soul to the company store</i>
<i>You load sixteen tons, wha-da-ya-get? Another day older and deeper in debt Saint Peter, don't 'cha call me 'cuz I can't go I owe my soul to the company store</i>	<i>If you see me comin', better step aside A lotta men didn't, a lotta men died One fist of iron, the other of steel If the right one don't get 'cha Then the left one will</i>
<i>I was born one mornin' when the sun didn't shine Picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal And the straw boss said, “A well-a-bless my soul!”</i>	<i>You load sixteen tons, wha-da-ya-get? Another day older and deeper in debt Saint Peter, don't 'cha call me 'cuz I can't go I owe my soul to the company store</i>
<i>You load sixteen tons, wha-da-ya-get? Another day older and deeper in debt</i>	

Sail Away Ladies Malcolm Dalglish b. 1952

<i>Dark clouds hide the sun. Rain comes down and the rivers run. Rivers run down to the sea, and when you've got your liberty Don't you want to sail away? Don't you want to sail away? Sail away ladies sail away</i>	<i>Sail on. It's time to go. Sail on. You built a boat. Sail on. Don't let it float away from you. Sail on. There's a place to go. Sail on. How do you know? Sail on. The wind will blow behind you. Sail away ladies, sail away.</i>
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Amanda Roberts, hammered dulcimer