

MASTER
CHORALE

DAVID J. RECCA
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Evening's Empire

*A Musical
Exploration
of Night*

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 8 PM

**ADLER HALL AT
NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
2 WEST 64TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY**

PHOTOGRAPH:
THE MOON FROM THE GALILEO
SPACECRAFT, 1992 (NASA)

NYC Cultural
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NYC MASTER CHORALE

Evening's Empire: A Musical Exploration of Night

Saturday, May 18, 2024 at 8:00PM
Adler Hall, New York Society for
Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street
New York, NY 10023

New York City Master Chorale
David J. Recca, Artistic Director and
Conductor
Makoto Nakura, Marimba
Andrea Lodge, Piano

Abendlied, op. 69, no. 3

Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)

Nachtwache I (from *Fünf Gesänge*, op.104, no. 1)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nachtwache II (op. 104, no. 2)

Johannes Brahms

Verborgtheit (from *Gedichte von Eduard Mörike*)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Jillian Tibbetts, *soprano*

Verlorene Jugend (op. 104, no. 4)

Johannes Brahms

Lamentations

João Lourenço Rebelo (1610-1661)

Look Down, Fair Moon

Charles Naginski (1909-1940)

Charley Mills, *tenor*

The Haughty Snail-King (from *Songs to the Moon*)

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Susan Secunda, *alto*

Return of the Moon

Peter Klatzow (1945-2021)

Makoto Nakura, *Marimba*

I. In that place

II. Prayer to the moon

Alexander Resnick, *tenor*

Skip Teel, *baritone*

III. Blue mist like smoke

Alexander Resnick, *tenor*

IV. Rainmaking

Skip Teel, *baritone*

V. The broken string

Rebekah Hobbs, *soprano*

Jennifer Jung, *soprano*

Alexander Resnick, *tenor*

Grant Glovin, *baritone*

Connor Nelson, *bass*

I Am

Dominick DiOrio (b. 1984)

Carrie Salmon, *soprano*

Harlem Night Song

Tara Mack (b. 1972)

Nighttime Ninja

Tara Mack

*World Premiere Performance, commissioned
by the New York City Master Chorale*

Good Morning

Tara Mack

MESSAGE FROM THE ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

On behalf of the New York City Master Chorale, it is my pleasure to welcome you to *Evening's Empire: A Musical Exploration of Night*. There's something inside us that can't help be drawn to nighttime. Darkness descends quietly, bringing with it a feeling of peace and safety, but in that silence we also find ourselves bewildered and terrified. Faced with the unknown, we let our imaginations run wild. The blank void invites us to confront our deepest fears, and in its emptiness we see a sign of our death. Through the centuries, these images have inspired countless works of art.

We begin with the sumptuous harmonies of Josef Rheinberger's *Abendlied*, with its invitation to "bide with us, for evening shadows darken." Then three works by Johannes Brahms and Hugo Wolf muse over lost love, lost life and lost youth. Charles Naginski's stunning *Look Down, Fair Moon* offers us a moment of quiet as it calls on the moon to bathe us in its unstinted light. The fantastical imagery of Jake Heggie's *Haughty Snail-King* is an absolute riot, and reminds us that night is also a time for a little fun. This section of the concert is closed with a very rarely performed setting of the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah by Portuguese renaissance composer, João Lourenço Rebelo.

The text of Peter Klatzow's *Return of the Moon* is taken from a striking collection of poems by the South African professor and poet, Stephen Watson entitled, "Song of the Broken String: Poems from a Lost Oral Tradition."

The oral tradition Watson refers to here is that of the /Xam-speaking people, who thrived in the northernmost region of what is modern-day South Africa. By the turn of the 20th century these people and their culture, one of the oldest in all of Africa, were completely wiped out by European settlement and subsequent brutality. The only surviving record of the /Xam language is now contained in some 12,000 pages of translations compiled by a pair of 19th-century German anthropologists, Wilhelm Bleek and Lucy Lloyd who were aided by a /Xam speaker named Kabbo. Stephen Watson took passages from these rather literal and dry texts, and as he called it, "retranslated" them. Klatzow, in his setting of these poems, uses the dark and woody timbres



of the marimba to balance luscious and at times sharply dissonant writing for the chorus. The result uncovers a world of mystical and mysterious beauty. Sorcerers fall into trances and become birds. Each month the New Moon goes through a process of death and rebirth, perhaps showing us the way to escape death too. The bowstring of an arrestingly beautiful instrument calls forth rain, but after breaking, the earth lies empty and dead.

Our concert will close with three wonderful choral works by Tara Mack. The first, *Harlem Night Song*, sets an intimate and touching text by Langston Hughes. The second piece, newly commissioned by the New York City Master Chorale, sets the children's book, *Nighttime Ninja*, written by Barbara DaCosta with illustrations by Ed Young. It tells the tale of a young ninja in search of treasure while everyone in the house is fast asleep. The final work, *Good Morning*, offers us the hope that sun will always rise to greet us.

Thank you for joining us here this evening on a heartfelt musical journey into night.



David J. Recca, Artistic Director
New York City Master Chorale



PHOTOGRAPH:
THE MOON FROM
THE CLEMENTINE
SPACECRAFT, 1994
(NASA)

NEW YORK CITY MASTER CHORALE

Mission and History

The mission of the New York City Master Chorale is to connect people through choral music by presenting high-quality concerts inspired by the distinct energy, diversity, and talent of New York City.

Founded in 2005 by Dr. Thea Kano, and led by David J. Recca since 2021, the Chorale seeks to engage and inspire audiences of all ages, backgrounds, and musical experience by performing a challenging repertoire of traditional and contemporary works and to share our music with the New York community through our outreach and education programs. The New York City Master Chorale has performed at distinguished venues throughout the city, including Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, among others. Additionally, the Chorale has appeared in historic venues across Europe, making its European debut in April 2011 at Église Saint-Sulpice, Paris, France, and appearing most recently at the Basilica Santa Maria Novella, Florence, Italy, in July, 2017. In September 2011, NYCMC was recognized as a semi-finalist for the Community Chorus Division of the American Prize in Choral Performance in recognition of the quality of a recorded performance. For more information, please visit www.nycmasterchorale.org

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About the Artists



David Recca, Artistic Director

Now in his third season as Artistic Director of the New York City Master Chorale, David J. Recca is also the Artistic Director of the Southern Connecticut Camerata, a Norwalk-based early music ensemble celebrating its 68th season, and a lecturer at the Conservatory of Music of Purchase College, SUNY. There he directs the Purchase Chorus and Purchase Chamber Singers, he is a regular guest conductor of the Purchase Symphony Orchestra, and he teaches a variety of undergraduate courses including music history, music theory, ear training, and conducting.

He has served as assistant conductor to Mercury Opera Rochester, principal assistant conductor to the Yale Camerata, and artistic director to Madrigalia Via, whose performances were hailed as “sinfully blissful” by the Wall Street Journal. He has prepared choirs for conductors such as Helmuth Rilling, David Hill, Masaaki Suzuki, Simon Carrington, Erwin Ortner, and Sir Gilbert Levine.

He holds a Doctorate of Musical Arts degree in Choral Conducting from the Yale School of Music, a Master of Music degree in Choral Conducting from the Eastman School of Music, and a Performer’s Certificate in Vocal Coaching and a Bachelor of Music degree in Composition from Purchase College.



Makoto Nakura, Marimba

Marimbist Makoto Nakura is a musician whose artistry and virtuosity have been mesmerizing audiences for more than a quarter of a century. In 1994, Mr. Nakura moved from his native Japan to New York City, becoming the first marimbist to win first prize in the prestigious Young Concert Artists International Auditions. His critically acclaimed performances around the world have included venues in London, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Seoul, Montreal, Mexico City, São Paulo, and Buenos Aires. In the U.S., he has performed in 41 of the 50 states, with orchestras such as the New York

Chamber Symphony, Chicago Sinfonietta, and the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra. As a recital soloist, his long list of appearances includes Carnegie Hall’s Weill Recital Hall and the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. A television portrait of Mr. Nakura was shown on *CBS Sunday Morning* throughout the U.S.

Born in Kobe, Japan, Mr. Nakura began to play the marimba at the age of eight. He earned both bachelor’s and master’s degrees from Musashino College in Tokyo, and continued his studies at the Royal Academy of Music in London from which he was later named an Associate. In 2019, his CD *Tears and Prayers* won the “New Prominent Master” award

from the Japan Association of Professional Recording Studios. His other solo CDs include four discs devoted to works especially written for him (*Ritual Protocol*, *Triple Jump*, *Tsuneya Tanabe Works for Marimba*, and *Wood and Forest*) and three discs of transcriptions of Bach (*Bach Beat*, *Bach Beat II* and *Bach Parallels*).



Andrea Lodge, Pianist

Pianist Andrea Lodge has been hailed as a “Must-See” (The Telegram, St. John’s, NL). A specialist in the performance of contemporary music, she was awarded top prizes at the Eckhardt-Gramatté Canadian National Competition. Andrea lives in New York City where she performs regularly as soloist, with her husband Jay Sorce as the Sorce/Lodge Duo, and with the adventurous new music quartet, Hypercube. Hypercube has been bringing their music to new audiences with tours across the U.S.A. and abroad, as featured artists on the FIMNME Festival of New Music (Mexico City), Now Hear

This! Festival of New Music (Edmonton) Music on the Edge (Pittsburgh) and the Ritornello Chamber Music Festival (Saskatoon). Their debut album, *Brain on Fire* received critical acclaim in 2020.

As an educator, Andrea teaches at Adelphi University and Five Towns College. She holds the position of Musical Director of the Down Town Glee Club, and is the Organist and Choir Director at Zion Episcopal Church in Douglaston.

Andrea holds a DMA in Piano Performance from Stony Brook University.

New York City Master Chorale Singers

Soprano

Katie Bateman
Emma Dickson
Rebekah Hobbs
Lee Ilan
Jennifer Jung*
Rebecca Lichtin
Natalie McDonald
Jasmine Mendoza
Olivia Pastore
Sophia Pechaty
Carrie Salmon
Jessica Schreiber
Monique Stanton
Jillian Tibbetts
Emily Tumbleson

Alto

Leah Anton
Heather Foster
Julie Heller
Dani Heslin
LisaMarie Martin
Colleen Meade*
Gabrielle Melms
Elise Petersen
Susan Secunda
Netania Steiner
Nora Thomson
Sara Yood

Tenor

James Clay
John Darrouzet
Richard Leigh-
Nilsen
Chester Martin
Charley Mills
Bradley Reeder
Alex Resnick*
Michael Rose
Kieran Walters

Bass

Konstantin Beyer
Daniel Bonthius*
Craig Chu
Grant Glovin
Andrew Mauney
Steve McCormick
Brian Mountford
Connor Nelson
Skip Teel
Jason Zelamsky

**Section leader*

TEXTS

Abendlied, Op. 69, No. 3

Josef Rheinberger (1839-1901)

Bleib' bei uns, denn es will Abend werden,
und der Tag hat sich geneiget,
O bleib' bei uns, denn es will Abend
werden.

— Luke 24:29

Bide with us, for evening shadows darken,
And the day will soon be over,
Oh, bide with us, for evening shadows
darken.

Nachtwache I (op. 104, no. 2)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Leise Töne der Brust,
geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus,
ob sich euch öffnet ein Ohr,
Öffn' ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
trag ein Nachtwind euch seufzend in
meines zurück.

— Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Soft music of the heart,
awakened by the breath of love,
whisper tremulously,
if an ear opens to you,
or a loving heart;
and if none should open,
let the night wind bear you, sighing, back
into mine.

Nachtwache II (op. 104, no. 2)

“Ruh'n sie?” ruft das Horn des Wächters
drüben aus Westen,
Und aus Osten das Horn ruft entgegen:
“sie ruh'n!”
Hörst du, zagendes Herz,
die flüsternden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampe getrost,
hülle in Frieden dich ein.

— Friedrich Rückert

“Do they rest?” the horn of the watchman
calls from the west,
and from the east the horn calls in reply:
“they rest!”
Do you hear, apprehensive heart,
the whispering voices of angels?
May you extinguish your lamp in consolation
and wrap yourself in peace.

Verborgenheit

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
lasst dies Herz alleine haben
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
immerdar durch Tränen sehe
ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
und die helle Freude zücket
durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

— Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Verlorene Jugend (Op. 104, No. 4)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Brausten alle Berge,
Sauste rings der Wald,
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald?
Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest mir dahin;
O du holde Jugend,
Achtlos war mein Sinn!
Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn einen Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinein.
Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.

— Bohemian; Josef Wenzig (1807-1876), trans.

They raged on the mountains,
stormed around the forest,
days of my youth,
where have they gone so soon?
Youth, precious youth,
has fled away.
Oh, sweet youth,
how careless I was!
I lost you regrettably,
like a stone
someone tosses away
into the torrent.
Sometimes a stone can be reversed in its
course and return from the deep flood -
I know that youth
will never do the same.

Lamentations

João Lourenço Rebelo (1610-1661)

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae prophetae.

ALEPH. Quomodo sedet sola civitas
plena populo!

Facta est quasi vidua domina
gentium;
princeps provinciarum facta est
sub tributo.

BETH. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et
lacrimæ ejus in maxillis ejus:
non est qui consoletur eam, ex omnibus
caris ejus;
omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam, et facti
sunt ei inimici.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad
Dominum Deum tuum.

— Lamentations 1:1-2

Here begins the Lamentations of the
Prophet Jeremiah.

ALEPH. How lonely sits the city that was
full of people!

How like a widow has she become, she that
was great among the nations!
She that was a princess among the cities has
become a vassal.

BETH. She weeps bitterly in the night,
tears on her cheeks;
among all her loved ones she has none to
comfort her;
all her friends have dealt treacherously with
her, they have become her enemies.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord
thy God.

Look Down, Fair Moon

Charles Naginski (1909-1940)

Look down, fair moon and bathe this scene,
Pour softly down night's nimbus floods,
on faces ghastly, swollen, purple;
On the dead, on their backs,
with their arms toss'd wide,
Pour down your unstinted nimbus, sacred moon.

— Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

The Haughty Snail-King

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Twelve snails went walking after night.
They'd creep an inch or so,
Then stop and bug their eyes
And blow.
Some folks . . . are . . . deadly . . . slow.
Twelve snails went walking yestereve,
Led by their fat old king.
They were so dull their princeling had
No sceptre, robe or ring —
Only a paper cap to wear
When nightly journeying.

This king-snail said: "I feel a thought
Within. . . . It blossoms soon. . . .
O little courtiers of mine, . . .
I crave a pretty boon. . . .
Oh, yes . . . (High thoughts with effort come
And well-bred snails are ALMOST dumb.)
"I wish I had a yellow crown
As glist'ring . . . as . . . the moon."

— Vachel Lindsay (1879-1931)

Return of the Moon

Peter Klatzow (1945-2021)

1. In that place

In that place, far off, where //Kabbo once lived,
the sorcerers, dancing, would fall into a trance.
Wanting us to believe they were no longer men,
our sorcerers would turn themselves into birds
and we really believed that they were those birds.

In //Kabboís place, far-off, and still farther,
it happened if a sorcerer wanted to kill us
he would change himself, evilly, into a jackal.
To us, there, our magicians really were jackals.
We lived there, where a man could really be this.

We lived, then, in a world of men become birds.

2. Prayer to the moon

Moon now risen, returning new,
take my face, this life, with you,
give me back the young face,
yours, the living face,
new made, rising:

*O Moon, give me the face with which you,
having died, return.*

Moon forever lost to me
and never lost returning.
Be for me as once you were
that I may be as you.

*Give me the face,
O Moon, which you, having died, make new.*

O Moon, when new, you tell us
that which dies returns;
your face returning says to me
that my face, dead, shall live.

*O Moon, give me the face which you
your death makes new!*

3. Blue mist like smoke

The hare
is like a mist
like !kho
a blue mist
resembling smoke
our mothers used to say.

When a mirage
appears at day break
just before sunrise,
they say it is
the hare,
the mirage in it,
that keeps the sun in mist
that cloaks the sun in smoke
that weakens the sun's eye,
and does not let it rise,
and brings much illness to us.

It is a hare that does it, they say
a hare like mist,
a hare like smoke,
the mirage in it,
the !kho of it.

It is, they say,
a smoke resembling mist.
blue mist like smoke
that does it.

4. Rainmaking

While we were sleeping, /Kaunu would sit.
He struck his bow-string, cloud coming out.
He plucked at a rhythm that summoned a cloud,
and we woke in the cloud, the sun shut out.

We would hear a far twanging, coming from cloud.
We would wake to find we were sleeping in cloud.
And a rain would begin, lasting into the sunset;
the rain would pour down through two sunsets.

While we were sleeping, /Kannu sat there, awake.
He made the rain fall by striking a bow-string.
And we woke in the clouds, a sound in the clouds,
cloud pouring out of the sound of a bow-string.

5. The broken string

Because of a people,
because of others,
other people who came breaking the string for me,
the earth is not earth,
this place is a place now changed for me.

Because the string is that which has broken for me,
this earth is no longer the earth to me,
This place seems no longer a place to me.

Because the string is broken
the country feels as if it lay empty before me,
our country seems as if it lay both empty before me,
and dead before me.

Because of this string,
because of a people breaking the string,
this earth, my place in the place of something,
a thing broken, that does not stop sounding,
breaking within me.

— Stephen Watson (1954-2011), from “Song of the Broken String: Poems from a
Lost Oral Tradition.”

I Am

Dominick DiOrio (b. 1984)

Do not stand at my grave, and weep,
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle, autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning’s hush,
I am the swift, uplifting rush.
Of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

— Mary Elizabeth Frye (1905-2004)

Harlem Night Song

Tara Mack (b. 1972)

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

I love you.

Across
The Harlem roof-tops
Moon is shining.
Night sky is blue.
Start are great drops
Of golden dew.

Down the street
A band is playing.

I love you.

Come,
Let us roam the night together
Singing.

— Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Nighttime Ninja

Tara Mack (b. 1972)

World Premiere Performance, commissioned by the New York City Master Chorale

Ah

Nighttime ninja, nighttime ninja, nighttime ninja.

The clock struck midnight.

Nighttime ninja, nighttime ninja, nighttime ninja.

Hand over hand, the ninja climbed and clambered.

Step by step he balanced and leapt.

The house was silent.

Everyone was asleep.

He crept down the twisting moonlit hallway,

and knelt listening, listening, listening.

Wait, look!

mm mm mm mm

He took out his tools and went to work.

Suddenly, the lights flashed on!

“What are you doing? What are you doing” thundered his mother.

Nnnn-uh-thing

(sigh)

“Hand it over, mister. Hand it over, mister.”

“But I’m not done with my mission yet. But I’m not done with my mission yet”

“I’m not done yet. I’m not done yet.”

“Hand it over. Hand it over.”

“Well, how about a getting back into bed mission?”

Ah

“Sweet dreams. Sweet dreams.

Nighttime ninja. Nighttime ninja”

Sweet dreams.

— Barbara DaCosta

You can find the Children’s Choice Award-winning book “Nighttime Ninja,” written by Barbara DaCosta and illustrated by Caldecott Medalist Ed Young, at your local bookstore or library.

Good Morning

Goodmorning, Merry Sunshine! How did you wake so soon?
You scared away the little stars and shined away the moon.
I saw you go to sleep last night, before I ceased my playing.
How did you get way over here and where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, my dear, i just go round to see
The little children of the East who rise and watch for me.
I waken all the bird and trees and flowers on my way
And last of all, the little child, who stayed out late to play.

— American Nursery Rhyme

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SPECIAL THANKS

Special thanks go to Barbara DaCosta, Hannah Gribetz, Tara Mack, and Logan Thomson.

LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The New York City Master Chorale is an organization based on the unceded homeland of the Lenape people. We ask you to join us in acknowledging the Lenape community, their elders both past and present, as well as future generations.

As an organization committed to connecting people through choral music, deriving inspiration and building community from NYC's unique energy, diversity, and talent, we recognize the history and ongoing legacies of Indigenous exclusion and erasure, and commit to ongoing work to learn more about and support Indigenous communities.



