

DOGS OF DESIRE

FRIDAY | JUNE 9, 2023 | 7:30 PM
EMPAC THEATRE

DAVID ALAN MILLER, CONDUCTOR
D'NASYA JORDAN, VOCALIST
MARQUITA RICHARDSON, VOCALIST

Marie A. Douglas	<i>The Candidate*</i>
Horacio Fernández	<i>Unruly*</i>
Jack Frerer	Pop Arrangements
Christian Quiñones	<i>Cienfuegos*</i>
Kyle Rivera	<i>The Fifth of July*</i>
Daniel Bernard Roumain (DBR)	<i>Grace</i>

*World Premiere

Concert order will be announced from stage. The performance will include a 20 minute intermission.

FESTIVAL SPONSORS

The Carl E. Touhey Foundation Celine & Daniel Kredentser
Marisa & Allan Eisemann

All programs and artists are subject to change. During the performance, please silence mobile devices. Recording and photographing any part of the performance is strictly prohibited.

THURSDAY JUNE 29

Auburn NY
Home of abolitionist Harriet Tubman
Historic sites open all day
3PM Albany Symphony Quintet Performance

FRIDAY JUNE 30

Kingston NY
Sojourner Truth State Park
State Park open dawn to dusk
5PM Albany Symphony Quintet Performance

SATURDAY JULY 1

Lake Placid NY
John Brown Farm State Historic Site
State Historic Site opens at 10:00am
5PM Albany Symphony Quintet Performance

SUNDAY JULY 2

Schenectady NY
Mohawk Harbor
5:00pm - Food Trucks & Family Fun
8:00pm - Albany Symphony Concert
Post-Concert Fireworks

MONDAY JULY 3

Amsterdam NY
Riverlink Park
Activities, food & family fun all day!
8:00pm Albany Symphony Concert
Post-Concert Fireworks

This project is supported by a grant awarded to Albany Symphony by New York State's Empire State Development and the I LOVE NY Division of Tourism under the Regional Economic Development Council Initiative.

Council on the Arts

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[Learn more at ConvergenceNY.org](http://ConvergenceNY.org)

DOGS OF DESIRE MUSICIANS

VIOLIN I

JAMECYN MOREY – CONCERTMASTER

VIOLIN II

MITSUKO SUZUKI

VIOLA

NORIKO FUTAGAMI

CELLO

ERICA PICKHARDT

ELECTRIC BASS

LUKE BAKER

FLUTE

MATTHEW ROSS

OBOE

KAREN HOSMER

CLARINET

NIKHIL BARTOLOMEO

BASSOON

CARL GARDNER

SAXOPHONE

HANNAH HICKMAN – ALTO/SOPRANO

LOIS HICKS-WOZNIAK – TENOR/BARI

FRENCH HORN

VICTOR SUNGARIAN

TRUMPET

ERIC BERLIN

TROMBONE

GREG SPIRIDOPOULOS

PERCUSSION

BRIAN O'NEILL

SYNTHESIZER

GARY ADLER



D'NASYA JORDAN

D'Nasya is thrilled to be joining the American Music Festival working with Dogs of Desire featuring the incredible Albany Symphony Orchestra. A Brooklyn, NY native, D'Nasya got her start at LaGuardia HS. In college, at the Crane School of Music, she played titular characters in several award-winning operas. Her professional theater debut was in *Sister Act* as the understudy for Deloris Van Cartier. She joined the cast of *Hairspray* dancing and singing as Little Inez onboard Royal Caribbean's *Symphony of the Seas* and was most recently seen on board

Norwegian's newest ship - *Prima in Summer: The Donna Summer Musical*. Back home, D'Nasya regularly performs as a soloist and backup performer for many Broadway stars. A lover of tv and film, D'Nasya has worked on set for an upcoming film. @dnasya

Grace—DBR

Grace!

The sun sets in the Midwest sky,
it's time for them to say goodbye.

Never know you history, never gonna
set you free,
Survivors of an ancient plan,
Searching for the promised land.

Now we want to let it show,

Now we want the world to know!
Let me tell ya!

Do not pretend it's easier my friend,
No!
Don't look the other way.

I want no part of you if that's the
price to pay,

'Cause slavery's alive and well today
Grace! Grace baby!

Lies left lying in the shadows,
crimes keep corrupting me,
times seem troubled for us all.

Maybe amazing grace.

Crying on the floor of your bedroom,
try'n to make it all seem right,

Dying for the dream until we fall,
Save me amazing grace.

Do not pretend it's easier my friend,
no!
Don't look the other way.

I want no part of you if that's the
price to pay,

'Cause slavery's alive and well today
Grace! Grace baby!

I wanna know, wanna know whatcha
wanna do,
I wanna know, wanna know whatcha

wanna see,

I wanna know, gotta know whatcha
wanna see
Now! Now!
I wanna give ev'rything that I can
give,
I wanna live ev'ry day that I can live,
I don't want no one to hurt me
Now! Now!

Do not pretend it's easier my friend,
no!
Don't look the other way.

I want no part of you if that's the
price to pay,

'Cause slavery's alive and well today
Grace! Grace baby!

nation in irrecoverable ruin!"

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down."

"For there, they carried us away captive"

"scorching irony"

"a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke"

"tis not light.... but fire"

"thunder"

"hypocrisy"

"What, to the American slave, is your 4th of July?"

"Hypocrisy"

"revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy"

"God speed the year"

"Be driven"

"God Speed the day"

"Human blood shall cease to flow"

"God speed the hour"

"So witness heaven!"

Grace— Daniel Bernard Roumain (DBR)

Grace was commissioned in 1996 by, and composed for, the Dogs of Desire Ensemble, a dedicated group of musicians from Albany, NY.

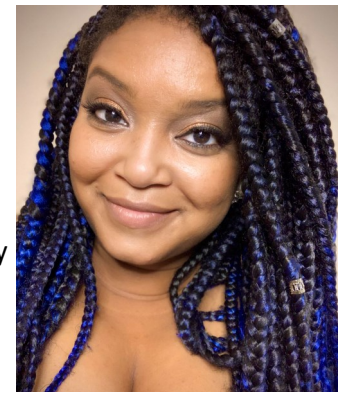
I wanted to write a work in which I could re-imagine that venerable African-American folk song, *Amazing Grace*, add elements of hip-hop music, 1960s-style psychedelic instrumental music, and recall the engaging novelties of Gunther Schuller's "third stream" music experiments.

The words here are of my own creation. Though they are youthful (and at times alienating), I do find that, while I have asked artists to sing "...slavery is alive and well today..." over and over again, I find some truth and sad reality to these words — in where we have been, and where we may be going.

DBR
NYC, 2007

MARQUITA RICHARDSON

Marquita Richardson is a soprano and voiceover artist, based in Lexington, Kentucky. Having originally pursued medicine, Marquita started taking voice lessons with Dr. Lloyd Mallory, Jr. in 2017, won an Alltech Scholarship to the University of Kentucky in 2018, and has been studying with Dr. Everett McCorvey ever since.



Marquita has performed leading roles for the University of Kentucky Opera Theatre (Mimì in *La Bohème*, 2022; Abigail Williams in *The Crucible*, 2021; Suor Angelica in *Suor Angelica*, 2019; covering Cio-Cio San in *Madama Butterfly*, 2018).

She has sung as a chorus member with Cincinnati Opera and Kentucky Opera, and as a featured soloist with the Louisville Orchestra. She also performed as Musetta in Kentucky Opera's 2022 production of *La Bohème* and served as a 2022-2023 Barbara & Halsey Sanford Studio Artist. This summer, Marquita will serve as an Apprentice Artist for Chautauqua Opera in New York. She has voiced audiobooks, commercials, and radio show characters, and sung in concert across the United States and abroad. Marquita believes in creating a more empathetic world through art and great storytelling.

***The Candidate*— Marie A. Douglas**

The Candidate is a dynamic programmatic work for chamber winds, chamber strings, drum set, piano, and vocalists. The piece overlaps and intertwines western classical traditions with African American spiritual and blues derived textures to encapsulate the regal and resilient nature of the New York native and first Black woman to be elected to the United States Congress and the first woman to run for the Democratic Presidential Nomination, Shirley Chisholm. When the Albany Symphony Orchestra's "Dogs Of Desire" approached me to write a piece highlighting the life of a prominent figure of African American descent from the state of New York, I knew exactly who I wanted to center. *The Candidate* was written in honor of Shirley Chisholm who lived from 1934-2005, and her tenure as a politician is certainly one of the most prolific and impactful periods in American history. In learning of her via various forms of media and becoming inspired by her demeanor as a woman and the policies she fought for on behalf of those she represented, I wrote this work. The piece unfolds in a through form suite, with three themes

varied upon, the opening themes recapitulated briefly at the ending. This suite further defines a compositional style that I am exploring and lately, often chose to compose in. Within this approach, I compile feels and textures that find their roots in genres which have spawned from the sonic manifestations of the African Diaspora, and fuse said feels and textures with traditional western classical idioms to create variation throughout a piece. In this work you'll experience extreme or slight variation on the originally introduced themes. All of which resembling certain common aspects of expression in African American musical culture such as spirituals, r&b, and rock and roll fused with stylistic approaches commonly associated with the traditional western classical idiom. Within each section is a portrayal of what I gathered to be the plight and legacy of Shirley Chisholm as an extremely impactful trailblazing political figure yet also, a human being, a woman, who fought through double minority status, stereotypes, and socio-political expectations, to make herself a respectable person, eligible for election, in the eyes of her peers and colleagues. In watching Chisholm's interviews and reading about her via her own words and the words of others, I learned of the policies she fought for and her beliefs about life and legacy. I set the text with the aforementioned in mind. Throughout the piece you will hear the singers swapping jagged one-liners and long sentences inspired by the ideals and philosophies of Shirley Chisholm. Chisholm's ascent to political stationing was inspiring to engage with artistically. Her demeanor, consisting of a can-do attitude, alongside her vigor and resilience towards obtaining a specific outcome, despite the obstacles, fortify the notes on the pages.

Please enjoy The Candidate.

The Candidate

It's coming and
they won't be able to
stop it
stop it
coming and
they won't be able to
stoooooooooop its
coming and
it won't stooooooooop
its co-ming-they-wont-be-a-ble-to stop it stop it it's co-ming they wont be
a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-

supports and augments these peculiarities about speech, or from time to time will contrast them. The inherent friction in transformation and language is put at the forefront of this piece. In the end, this is a piece about transmutable homes, how a sense of belonging is malleable and although it can still have remnants it can ultimately be erased.

The Fifth of July— Kyle Rivera

On July 5, 1852, Frederick Douglass gave an address to the Corinthian Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society in Rochester, New York. "What to the Slave Is the Fourth of July?" In his oration, Douglass recounts the foundational values of American independence and evaluates America's upholding of those principles. Today, I find myself examining the present state of this country with similar sentiments.

What, To The Slave, Is the Fourth of July? - Frederick Douglass

"Mr. President, Friends, and Fellow Citizens:"

"the 4th of July. It is the birthday of your National Independence, and of your political freedom."

"the beginning of another year of your national life"

"your nation is so young"

"a mere speck in the life of a nation"

"America is young"

"a nation's jubilee"

"Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here today?"

"from your independence to us?"

"Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us."

"The blessings in which you, this day, rejoice, are not enjoyed in common. The rich inheritance of Justice, Liberty, Prosperity, and Independence, bequeathed by your fathers, is shared by you, not by me."

"The sunlight that brought life and healing to you, has brought stripes and death to me. This Fourth of July is yours, not mine"

"Do you mean, citizens, to mock me, by asking me to speak today? If so, there is a parallel to your conduct. And let me warn you that it is dangerous to copy the example of a nation whose crimes, towering up to heaven, were thrown down by the breath of the Almighty, burying that

That's why I know you're my heart's
only desire
Ooh baby, here I am
Signed, sealed, delivered, I'm yours!

Just give that rhythm everything
you've got
It don't mean a thing, if it ain't got
that swing

Here I am baby,
Signed, sealed, delivered, I'm yours!

Here I am baby,
Signed, sealed, delivered, I'm yours!

Signed, sealed, delivered, I'm yours!

It don't mean a thing, if it ain't got
that swing
It don't mean a thing, all you got to
do is swing

Jack Frerer Arrangements- It Don't Mean A Thing/Take The "A" Train

What good is melody, what good is
music
If it ain't possessin' something
sweet?
It ain't the melody, it ain't the music
There's something else that makes
the tune complete

You must take the "A" train
To go to Sugar Hill way up in Harlem
If you miss the "A" train
You'll find you've missed the quick-
est way to Harlem
Hurry, get on board, it's coming
Listen to those rails a-thrumming
On board, get on the "A" train
Soon you will be on Sugar Hill in
Harlem

It don't mean a thing, if it ain't got
that swing
It don't mean a thing, all you got to
do is swing
It makes no difference if it's sweet
or hot

Soon you will be on Sugar Hill in
Harlem

Cienfuegos—Christian Quiñones

Ever since I was a kid, I remember glimpses and snippets of people talking about the famous Loaisaida in New York. I remember not knowing what this place was, but it became obvious that it was a place of significance, it almost became a mystical space in my head imbued with childhood magic. And recently, as I moved to the US, I was exploring the famous Loaisaida, but suddenly I realized that they were just referring to the Lower East Side, but 'Loaisaida' is how the Puerto Rican community that lived there at the time would pronounce it. This is not only connected with my fascination with speech and rhythmic qualities that (stemmed from childhood memories of hearing the famous salsa singer improvise 'soneos') but also highlighted the fragile and transformative nature of home and community.

In this piece the singers act as a catalyst for this idea, the ensemble either

ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to
stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they
wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop
it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-
ble to stop it stop it its co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it its co-
-ming they wont be a-ble to stop the guts the guts and and the guts to
stand and not e qui vo cate and NOT stra-dle con sis ten cy not ming it co-
-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it its co-ming they wont be a-ble
to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming
they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it
stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont
be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-
ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it co-ming they wont be a-ble to
stop it stop it its co-ming they wont be a-ble to stop it stop it its co-ming
they wont be a-ble to stop be cause now a days if an y bo dy says that
they are lead ers they must have cour age and the guts to stand and not
e qui vo cate and NOT stra-dle con sis ten cy and per sis ten cy if not you
have no RIGHT to lead er ship be cause now a days if an y bo dy says that
they are lead ers they must have cour age and the guts to stand and not
e qui vo cate and NOT stra-dle con sis ten and per sis ten cy if not you
have no RIGHT to lead er ship and the guts to stand and not e qui vo cate
and NOT stra-dle con sis ten cy and per sis ten cy if NOT you have no
RIGHT to lead er ship you can play the game both ways be cause now a
days if an y bo dy says that they are lead ers they must have cour age
and the guts to stand and not e qui vo cate and NOT stra-dle con sis ten
cy and per sis ten cy if NOT you have no RIGHT to lead er ship you can't
play the ci vil rights der the game both ways and the guts to stand and
not e qui wom ens rights Ed u ca ti on you can not you can not you can
not health care health care the game both ways play the game both
ways play the game both ways health care health care ways ed u ca ti on
you can not play the game both ways you can not play the game both
ways you can not play the game both ways you can not play the game
both ways play the game both ways you can not you can not you can not
play the game both ways gen der e qual ty you can not you can not be
cause now a days if an y bo dy says that they are lead ers they must have
cour age and the guts to stand and not e qui vo cate and NOT stra-dle
con sis ten and per sis ten cy if not you have no RIGHT to lead er ship
you can not play the game both ways you can not play the game both
ways I am a peo ples pol i ti cian pol li be cause now a days if an y bo dy
says that they are lead ers they must have cour age and the guts to

You don't have to be rich to be my girl
You don't have to be cool to rule my world
Ain't no particular sign I'm more compatible with
I just want your extra time and your kiss

You got to not talk dirty, baby, if you wanna impress me
You can't be too flirty, mama, I know how to undress me
I want to be your fantasy, maybe you could be mine
You just leave it all up to me, we could have a good time

You don't have to be rich to be my girl
You don't have to be cool to rule my world
Ain't no particular sign I'm more compatible with
I just want your extra time and your kiss

I think we'll dance

Women not girls rule my world
I said they rule my world
Act your age, not your shoe size
Maybe we could do the twirl
You don't have to watch dynasty to have an attitude
You just leave it all up to me
my love will be your food

You don't have to be rich to be my girl
You don't have to be cool to rule my world
Ain't no particular sign I'm more compatible with
I just want your extra time and your kiss

Jack Frerer Arrangements—Heard It Through The Grapevine, Ain't No Mountain High Enough

Ooo I bet you're wonderin' how I knew
'Bout your plans to make me blue
With some other guy that you knew before
Between the two of us guys
You know I love you more
It took me by surprise I must say
When I found out yesterday
Don't you know I heard it through the grapevine
Not much longer would you be mine
Ooo I heard it through the grapevine
And I'm just about to lose my mind

Honey, honey yeah
I know a man ain't supposed to cry
But these tears I can't hold inside
Losin' you would end my life you see
'Cause you mean that much to me
You could have told me yourself
That you love someone else
Instead I heard it through the grapevine
Not much longer would you be mine
Ooo I heard it through the grapevine
Oh I'm just about to lose my mind

Honey, honey yeah

Listen baby, ain't no mountain high
Ain't no valley low, ain't no river wide enough, baby
If you need me call me, no matter where you are
No matter how far, don't worry, baby
Just call my name, I'll be there in a hurry
You don't have to worry

'Cause, baby, there ain't no mountain high enough
Ain't no valley low enough
Ain't no river wide enough
To keep me from getting to you, baby

she was wild and alluring.
All her lies, reassuring.

How could one expect to change the very nature of the seasons?
How could I regret the music and the passion without reason?

Often I remember why we're not together.
Tender but it feels so wrong.

Often I remember she'll stay here forever just like a classic song.

And now that I'm older and wiser,
I can see my desire was like a moth to a fire,
She shines alone like a flower,
carries on like the hours.
If you take her she sours.

How could one expect to change the very nature of the seasons?
How could I regret the music and the passion without reason?

Often I remember why we're not together.
Tender but it feels so wrong.

Often I remember she'll stay here forever
I want to let you go.

I feel alone I'm like a stranger.
How could I wish I could erase her, but tell me,
how could I possibly replace her?

How could one expect to change the very nature of the seasons?
How could I regret the music and the passion without reason?

Often I remember why we're not together.
Tender but it feels so wrong.

Often I remember she'll stay here forever just like a classic song.

Once, I was young and unruly.
I've never loved someone truly.

Jack Frerer Arrangements—Earth, Wind & Fire Medley

Do you remember
The 21st night of September?
Love was changin' the minds of pre-tenders
While chasin' the clouds away

Our hearts were ringin'
In the key that our souls were singin'
As we danced in the night, remember
How the stars stole the night away,

Say, do you remember?
dancin' in September
Never was a cloudy day

My thoughts are with you
Holdin' hands with your heart to see you
Only blue talk and love, remember
How we knew love was here to stay

Now December
Found the love that we shared in
September
Only blue talk and love, remember
The true love we share today

Say, do you remember?
dancin' in September
Never was a cloudy day

Say, do you remember?
dancin' in September
Golden dreams were shiny days

Dance! Boogie Wonderland,
Dance! Boogie Wonderland,

Midnight creeps so slowly into
hearts of men
who need more than they get.
Daylight deals a bad hand to a wom-
an
Who has laid too many bets

The mirror stares you in the face and
says
"Baby, uh, uh, it don't work"
You say your prayers though you
don't care
You dance and shake the hurt

Dance! Boogie Wonderland,
Dance! Boogie Wonderland,
Dance! Boogie Wonderland,
Dance! Boogie Wonderland!

Jack Frerer Arrangements— Wanna Dance With Somebody

Clock strikes upon the hour
And the sun begins to fade
Still enough time to figure out
How to chase my blues away
I've done alright up to now

It's the light of day that shows me
how
And when the night falls, loneliness
calls

Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with some-
body
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me
Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with some-
body
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me

I've been in love and lost my senses
Spinning through the town
Sooner or later, the fever ends
And I wind up feeling down
I need a man who'll take a chance
On a love that burns hot enough to
last
So when the night falls
My lonely heart calls

Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with some-
body
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me
Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with some-
body
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me

Somebody who loves me,
To hold me in his arms.
I need a man who'll take a chance
On a love that burns hot enough to
last
So when the night falls
My lonely heart calls

Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with some-
body

Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me
Oh, I wanna dance with somebody
I wanna feel the heat with somebody
Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody
With somebody who loves me

Don't you wanna dance with me ba-
by
Don't you wanna dance with me
boy?
Don't you wanna dance with me ba-
by,
With somebody who loves me.

Don't you wanna dance?
Say you wanna dance!
Don't you wanna dance?

Don't you wanna dance?

Say you wanna dance!
With somebody who loves me!

Jack Frerer Arrangements—If I Ain't Got You

Some people live for the fortune
Some people live just for the fame
Some people live for the power, yeah
Some people live just to play the
game

Some people think
That the visible things
Define what's within
And I've been there before
That life's a bore
So full of the superficial

Some people want it all
But I don't want nothing at all
If it ain't you, baby
If I ain't got you, baby
Some people want diamond rings
Some just want everything
But everything means nothing
If I ain't got you, yeah

Some people search for a fountain
Promises forever young
Some people need three dozen roses
And that's the only way to prove you
love them

Hand me the world on a silver plat-
ter
And what good would it be
With no one to share, with no one
who truly cares for me

Some people want it all
But I don't want nothing at all
If it ain't you, baby
If I ain't got you, baby
Some people want diamond rings
Some just want everything
But everything means nothing
If I ain't got you, you, you

Some people want it all
But I don't want nothing at all
If it ain't you, baby
If I ain't got you, baby
Some people want diamond rings
Some just want everything
But everything means nothing
If I ain't got you, yeah

If I ain't got you with me, baby, oh,
ooh
Said nothing in this whole wide
world don't mean a thing
If I ain't got you with me, baby

Jack Frerer Arrangements—Kiss

You don't have to be beautiful to
turn me on
I just need your body, baby, from
dusk 'til dawn
You don't need experience to turn
me out
You just leave it all up to me
I'm gonna show you what it's all
about