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CLASSICS



PROMISED LAND

PHOENIX CHORALE

CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

PROMISED LAND

1 Unclouded Day J. K. Atwood, arr. Shawn Kirchner Sarah Smith <i>soprano</i>	[2.35]	11 Witness Traditional African American Spiritual, arr. Jack Halloran Leslie Ellingson <i>soprano</i> , Elijah Frank <i>tenor</i> , Jason Raetz <i>bass</i>	[2.51]
2 Earth Song Frank Ticheli	[3.55]	12 This Little Light of Mine	[4.36]
3 Beauty and Blessing Alice Parker	[3.35]	Traditional Spiritual, arr. Moses Hogan Sarah Smith <i>soprano</i>	
4 Shenandoah American Folksong arr. James Erb	[3.57]	13 Great God Almighty!	[3.58]
5 and the swallow Caroline Shaw	[3.53]	Work Song arr. Stacey V. Gibbs 14 Webster	[1.36]
6 Star of Columbia Matilda Durham, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *	[3.15]	Southern Harmony, arr. Carol Barnett 15 Peace	[3.36]
7 Io dello: the dance Hannah Cohoon, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *	[3.25]	Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried 16 McKay	[3.14]
8 Promised Land Matilda Durham, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *	[2.40]	S. M. Denton, arr. Carol Barnett 17 Lay Me Low	[3.59]
9 All Seems Beautiful to Me Eric Whitacre	[4.57]	Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried 18 The Road Home	[3.40]
10 Bright Morning Stars Traditional, arr. Alice Parker Madalyn Kiewiet <i>soprano</i>	[4.06]	Southern Harmony, adapted by Stephen Paulus Liesl Hill <i>soprano</i> 19 Hallelujah	[3.35]
		William Walker, arr. Shawn Kirchner	
		Total timings:	[1.07.27]

* Phoenix Chorale Composer-In-Residence 2025-2027

PHOENIX CHORALE · CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

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“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”

The Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776

Two hundred and fifty years is a long time to keep a promise. It is also, in the life of a nation, barely a beginning. The Declaration of Independence did not describe America as it was in 1776; it described America as it aspired to be - a vision so extravagant, so morally demanding, that every generation since has inherited both the gift of the ideal and the burden of its incompleteness. This recording seeks to ask and answer a simple question: what does it sound like, across two and a half centuries, to keep reaching for that ideal?

The answer, it turns out, is extraordinarily varied. It sounds like the plainspoken urgency of a shape-note hymn, where farmers and storekeepers stood together on a Sunday and sang four-part harmony from a page they had barely learned to read. It sounds like the work song, where men and women brought forth song out of communal labor - finding in their synchronized voice a freedom the circumstances of their lives conspired to deny

them. It sounds like the Shaker meeting-house, where simplicity was not poverty but discipline - a stripping away of everything that was not essential, until what remained was pure and quivering with light. It also sounds, perhaps, like the concert hall of the twenty-first century, where composers trained in the western choral tradition sit down and write music in a harmonic language that could have come only from America.

Several of the pieces on this recording belong to traditions that are, by conventional measures, anonymous. Three great and enduring African American Spirituals - *This Little Light of Mine*; *Witness*; *Great God Almighty!* - were not composed by identifiable individuals in the way that music is conventionally composed. They were made collectively, refined through performance, altered by necessity, carried in living memory across generations that had little else to carry. Their survival is itself a kind of miracle, and their survival in the concert repertoire, reshaped and reharmonized by arrangers of the calibre of Moses Hogan, Stacey V. Gibbs, and Jack Halloran, raises questions worth sitting with. What do we owe to music that was forged in suffering? What does it mean to sing it in comfort and safety? The music does not answer these questions, but it insists they be asked.

The arranger's art is ever-present in this programme, and it deserves particular acknowledgement. Alice Parker, whose lifetime of engagement with the American choral tradition was an act of sustained and generous scholarship (and whose centenary we celebrated in late 2025), brings both her own compositional voice and her deep knowledge of traditional melody to bear. Shawn Kirchner's arrangements find, in the old revival hymns of William Walker and J. K. Atwood, a harmonic richness that was always latent in them, just waiting for someone with the right ear to coax it out. Carol Barnett's work on the Southern Harmony material of *McKay* and *Webster* has the quality of the best translation: faithful to the original, yet fully alive in a new language. Kevin Siegfried's Shaker arrangements, spare and luminous, understand that the tradition's power lies precisely in its restraint. And Jennifer Lucy Cook brings to her arrangements of Hannah Cohoon and Matilda Durham a scholar's attentiveness and a musician's warmth, rescuing voices from the archive and restoring them to the living breath of song.

Hannah Cohoon is perhaps the least familiar name on this programme to general audiences, and that is itself a small injustice worth correcting. A Shaker eldress in the communal settlements

of nineteenth-century New England, Cohoon produced, in her later years, a series of visionary drawings - intricate, radiant, unlike anything else in American art - that now hang in major museums. That she also left behind words worth setting to music is a reminder that the margins of the official record are full of extraordinary people whom history has treated as footnotes. Matilda Durham, whose *Promised Land* and *Star of Columbia* give this album its title and some of its most direct emotional statement, is another such figure: a woman writing music and lyrics at a time when women's creative work was routinely overlooked, whose songs carry a plainness and a conviction that have outlasted every fashion.

The living composers represented here - Eric Whitacre, Caroline Shaw, Frank Ticheli, and others - are working in full awareness of this inheritance: and their music shows it. Whitacre's ability to find, in a line of Whitman, a sonic world that feels simultaneously ancient and newly made is characteristic of a composer who understands that the American Choral Tradition is not a museum but a living organism. Caroline Shaw, the youngest composer ever to receive the Pulitzer Prize for Music, writes with an instinctive understanding of the voice that seems to belong to no single period or school; her music simply

sounds like itself, which is perhaps the highest ambition. Frank Ticheli's *Earth Song* asks the ensemble - and the listener - to attend to what is quiet, what is fundamental, what endures beneath the noise of history. It is a necessary question.

S. M. Denton's *McKay*, arranged by Carol Barnett, and Stephen Paulus's adaptation of *The Road Home* from the Southern Harmony tradition, each carry in their melodies something of what the scholar Greil Marcus once called the "invisible republic" of American music: the vast, subterranean body of song that exists below the level of celebrity and commerce, that surfaces in unexpected places and at unexpected moments, that has always been the true common culture of a nation officially defined by its disagreements. The *Road Home* in particular has become, in Paulus's shaping, one of the touchstone pieces of the American choral canon — a melody so perfectly matched to its yearning that it can reduce a roomful of strangers to shared silence.

James Erb's arrangement of *Shenandoah* and the traditional *Bright Morning Stars*, in Alice Parker's arrangement, are two of the oldest American songs in wide circulation, and their longevity is not accidental. *Shenandoah* is a song about longing for something just beyond reach — a river, a woman,

a home, a life not yet lived — which is to say it is a song about the American condition itself. *Bright Morning Stars*, rising from the Ozark tradition, carries the particular consolation of the Sacred Harp world: the sense that the darkest part of the night is exactly when the light is most worth looking for.

It would be dishonest to present a programme like this one without acknowledging what it implicitly argues. The decision to place a Shaker vision song alongside a Black American spiritual, to let a nineteenth-century woman's hymn sit with the work of a twenty-first-century Pulitzer laureate, to honour both the sacred and the secular, the composed and the traditional, is itself an interpretive act. It says that the American musical inheritance is not a hierarchy but a democracy - that the work song has as much to teach us as the concert piece, that the anonymous arranger matters as much as the named one, that what happened in the meeting-house and the cotton field and the frontier camp is as central to the story as what happened in the conservatory. This is a claim some will find obvious and others contentious. Music, which has always known it, has never cared much either way.

Promised Land, as a title, is an old phrase doing a great deal of work. It comes from the Hebrew scriptures - the land across the Jordan, the place the wanderers were heading - and it passed into the language of enslaved Americans as a name for the North, for freedom, for the life that lay on the other side of escape. Matilda Durham used it. Countless hymn-writers used it. It is a phrase that has been carried by people who had almost nothing else to carry, and that history gives it a weight that no amount of comfortable usage has quite managed to dissipate. To name this album after it is to acknowledge that the American story is not finished, that the crossing is not yet complete, and that the singing - this singing, the particular beauty and effort and community of choral music - is not decoration but sustenance. It is how the journey continues.

Phoenix Chorale offers this recording with gratitude: to the composers and arrangers whose work it contains; to the singers whose voices give individual faces to a collective art; and to the listeners, wherever in the world they find themselves, for whom this music was always meant. The Promised Land, as ever, lies ahead.

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SONG TEXTS

Unclouded Day

J. K. Atwood (1828-1909)

arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)

Text: J. K. Atwood

Oh they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
They tell me of a home far away,
And they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise:
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day!

Oh the land of cloudless days,
Oh the land of an unclouded sky,
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise:
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day!

Oh they tell me of a home where my friends have gone,
They tell me of a land far away,
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom,
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.

Oh the land of cloudless days,
Oh the land of an unclouded sky,
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise:
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day!

Oh they tell me of a King in His beauty there,
They tell me that mine eyes shall behold,

Where He sits on a throne that is bright as the sun,
In the city that is made of gold.

Oh the land of cloudless days,
Oh the land of an unclouded sky,
Oh they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise:
Oh they tell me of an unclouded day!

Earth Song

Frank Ticheli (b. 1958)

Text: Frank Ticheli

Sing, be, live, see
This dark stormy hour,
The wind, it stirs.
The scorched Earth cries out in vain

O war and power, you blind and blur,
The torn heart cries out in pain

But music and singing have been my refuge,
And music and singing shall be my light.

A light of song shining strong
Hallelujah, hallelujah

Through darkness and pain and strife,
I'll sing, I'll be, I'll live, I'll see
Peace.

Beauty and Blessing

Alice Parker (1925-2023)

Text: Alice Parker

In the turning of the seasons,
the returning of the birds,
Beauty is born,
and blessings linger in the cycles of the moon.

In the splendor of our stories,
The unrolling of our lives,
Beauty is born, and blessings linger in the singing
of our love.

In our sorrows and rejoicing;
In the poetry of pain,

Beauty is born,
And blessings linger in the solace of the song.

In the sharing of our music,
in the voices we have joined,
in this moment, here, together,
Beauty is born and blessings linger in the singing
of our love.
Beauty is born and blessings linger in the singing
of our love.

Shenandoah

American Folksong arr. James Erb (1926-2014)

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley,
And hear your rolling river,
I long to see your smiling valley,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you,
And hear your rolling river,
'Tis seven long years since last I've seen you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
And hear your rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

and the swallow

Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)

Text: Psalm 84

how beloved is your dwelling place, O lord of hosts
my soul yearns, faints, my heart and my flesh
cry out
the sparrow found a house and the swallow her
nest, where she may raise her young
they pass through the valley of bakka they make it
a place of springs
the autumn also covers it with pools

Star of Columbia

Matilda Durham (1815-1901)

arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook

Text: Dr. Timothy Dwight (1752-1817)

Columbia! Columbia! To glory arise;
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies,
Thy genius commands thee, with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

With a welcome in the mountains and a bounty
we all share,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting the air,
Let the debts of our fathers be repaid to clear
thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

Thus down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the town I pensively stray'd.
The bloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired.

Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia! Columbia! To glory arise;
The queen of the world and the child of the skies.

With a welcome in the mountains and a bounty
we all share,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting the air,
Let the debts of our fathers be repaid to clear
thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

lo dello: the dance

Hannah Cohoon (1788-1864)

arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook

Textless

*"Early Shaker tunes were often sung as a vocalise
to substitute for the lack of musical instruments.
So, when researching Shaker-era nonsense
syllables, I discovered "lo del lo," which is satisfying
to sing and felt to me like shifting weight from one
foot to another, as one would do while dancing."*

Jennifer Lucy Cook

Promised Land

Matilda Durham (1815-1901)

arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook

Text: Samuel Stennet (1727-1795)

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

I'm bound for the promised land,
I'm bound for the promised land;
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

I'm bound for the promised land,
I'm bound for the promised land;
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

When I shall reach that happy place,
I'll be forever blest,
For I shall see my maker's face,
And in that heart I'll rest.

I'm bound for the promised land,
I'm bound for the promised land;
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

All Seems Beautiful to Me

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Text: Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of
imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute.
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
gently, but with undeniable will,
divesting myself from the holds that would hold me.
I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine,
and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over and over to men and women
You have done such good to me, I would do the
same to you,
You have done such good to me, I would do the
same to you,
You have done such good to me, I would do the

same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go,
I will toss a new gladness and roughness among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me he or she shall be blessed
and shall bless me.

Bright Morning Stars

Traditional 19th c. American Spiritual arr. Alice
Parker (1925-2023) (adapt. Susan LaBarr)

Bright morning stars are rising,
bright morning stars are rising,
bright morning stars are rising,
and day is a-breaking in my soul.

O where are our dear mothers?
O where are our dear mothers?
They are sowing seeds of gladness,
and day is a-breaking in my soul.

O where are our dear fathers?
O where are our dear fathers?
They have crossed the river shouting,
and day is a-breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising,
bright morning stars are rising,
They are all by the streams a-dancing,
and day is a-breaking in my soul.

Witness

Traditional African American Spiritual, arr. Jack
Halloran (1916-1997)

Who'll be a witness for my Lord?
Oh I'll be a witness for my Lord.

There was a man of the Pharisees,
His name was Nicodemus and he didn't believe.
The same came to Christ by night,
Wanted to be taught out of human sight.
Nicodemus was a man who desired to know
How a man can be born when he is old.
Christ told Nicodemus as a friend,
"Man, you must be born again"
He said, "Marvel not, If you want to be wise,
Repent, believe and be baptized."

Then you'll be a witness for my Lord.
You'll be a witness for my Lord.
You'll be a witness for my Lord,
soul is a witness for my Lord.

You read about Samson, from his birth
He was the strongest man that ever lived on earth.
Way back yonder in the ancient times
He killed ten thousand of the Philistines.
Then old Samson went a wandering about.
Samson's strength was never found out.
'Til his wife sat up on his knee.

She said, "Tell me where you strength lies,
if you please"
Well old Samson's wife, she talked so fair
Samson said, "cut off a my hair" (cut it off!).
"Shave my head just as clean as your hand,
And my strength will come like a natural man."

Samson was a witness for my Lord.
Samson was a witness for my Lord.
Samson was a witness for my Lord,
soul is a witness for my Lord.

Here's another witness, there's another witness,
there's another witness, there's another witness
for my Lord!
My soul is a witness for my Lord!

This Little Light of Mine

Traditional Spiritual
arr. Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine,
let it shine,
let it shine.

All through the night,
I'm gonna let it shine.
All through the night,
I'm gonna let it shine.
All through the night,
I'm gonna let it shine.
Let it shine,
let it shine,
let it shine.

My God gave it to me,
I'm gonna let it shine. (Children!)

My God gave it to me,
I'm gonna let it shine. (Hallelujah, children!)
My God gave it to me,
I'm gonna let it shine.

In my home, let it shine.
All over the world, let it shine.
Let it shine, shine, shine,
let it shine.

Great God Almighty!

Work Song arr. Stacey V. Gibbs (b. 1962)

God, Great God Almighty
God, Great God Almighty

Ridin' in a hurry
Ridin' like he angry

Bullwhip in one hand
Cowhide in the other

Singin'

God, Great God Almighty
God, Great God Almighty

Captain went to yellin'
Oh Captain went to yellin'
"Take off yo' shirt now,
'cause I'm gonna kill ya!"

No, no, no no
God, Great God Almighty
God, Great God Almighty
Hear de Captain, comin', ridin'
Won't be no more runnin' and hidin'
O hear my cry O Lord,
Please hear my plea O Lord!

Bully went to pleadin' (have mercy)
Bully went to pleadin' (please don't)
Captain don't you kill me,
Oh, Captain don't you kill me!

No, stop! I'm fightin' till my death,
I'm gonna keep on a-runnin' till my very last breath
Singin' God, Great God Almighty
God, Great God Almighty

Webster

Southern Harmony, 1835
arr. Carol Barnett (b. 1949)

Text: Isaac Watts

Come, we who love the Lord, and let our joys be known:
join in a song with sweet accord and thus surround
the throne.

Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God;
but servants of the heav'nly King may speak their
joys abroad.

The God that rules on high, that all the earth surveys,
that rides up on the sky and calms the roaring sea,
The God that rules on high rides upon the stormy sky
and calms the roaring sea.

Peace

Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried (b. 1969)
Text: Traditional Shaker song, *Peace to Zion*, Enfield, New
Hampshire, ca. 1851

Peace unto Zion.
Peace, peace to the faithful,
and a crown of rejoicing from your Heavenly Father.

When Zion shall be cleansed she shall flourish as
a rose.
I will walk in her midst and will bless all those with

a tenfold blessing.
And their sorrows shall cease, for I'll cry upon her walls.

Peace, peace, sweet peace.

McKay

Traditional American (Sacred Harp) S. M. Denton,
1908 arr. Carol Barnett (b. 1949)
Text: Samuel Stennett, 1787

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow,
There rocks and hills and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

Lay Me Low

Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried (b. 1969)
Text: Traditional Shaker, Addah Z. Potter,
New Lebanon, New York, ca. 1838

Lay me low,
lay me low,
lay me low.
Where the Lord can find me,
Where the Lord can own me,
Where the Lord can bless me.

The Road Home

Tune: "Prospect" from Southern Harmony 1835
adapted by Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)

Text: Michael Dennis Browne

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 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 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.

Hallelujah

Music by William Walker 1835, arr. Shawn
Kirchner (b. 1970)

Text by Charles Wesley, 1759 adapted by Shawn Kirchner

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And sail to worlds on high.
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

O what are all my suff'rings here,
If Lord, Thou count me meet?
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

PHOENIX CHORALE

As the only internationally recognized professional
choral ensemble in the Phoenix Metro Area, the
Grammy® Award–winning Phoenix Chorale
showcases the expert talents of Arizona's highly
trained and versatile singers, in performances
celebrated for their technical agility and
emotional impact.

Founded in 1958 and fully professionalized in
1994, the Chorale's mission is to nurture and
amplify the strength and resonance of Arizona's
choral artistry. Phoenix Chorale is regarded as
one of North America's leading ensembles in the
western classical tradition and has been led since
2019 by British Artistic Director Christopher Gabbitas.



Phoenix Chorale continues to earn international
recognition through its acclaimed recordings with
Signum Records. 2023's 'The Christmas Album'
was praised as "expertly blended" [Gramophone]
and "enviously smooth and sumptuous" [BBC
Music Magazine] and their 2024 release 'Sun
Moon Stars Rain' described as "imaginatively
programmed and meticulously sung." [The Arts
Desk]. The Chorale's performance films have been
featured twice in Voces8 Foundation's LIVE From
London Festival.

Visit phoenixchorale.org to learn more information
about the Chorale and upcoming performances.
Find all of the Chorale's albums on all major
streaming services and stores.

CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS

British musician and lawyer Christopher Gabbitas has been singing in Cathedrals and Concert Halls since the age of 8, whether as a boy chorister in Rochester Cathedral, choral scholar at St John's College, Cambridge, lay clerk at Christ Church Cathedral Oxford, or as a member of many of London's finest choirs. Between 2004-2018 he was a member of The King's Singers, touring globally and recording over 40 albums for which he won two Grammy Awards and was an inaugural inductee into the Gramophone Hall of Fame. Since 2019 he has been Artistic Director of Phoenix Chorale. He maintains a legal practice specialising in technology law, and along with his wife and three daughters they divide their time between Tennessee and London.



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Liesl Hill
Madalyn Kiewiet

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All Seems Beautiful to Me - Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)
Hal Leonard
Boosey & Hawkes

and the swallow - Caroline Shaw (b. 1982)
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(b. 1962)

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This Little Light of Mine - Traditional Spiritual arr.
Moses Hogan (1957-2003)

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Hallelujah - arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)
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Company

Lay Me Low - Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin
Siegfried (b. 1969)
Earthsongs

Io dello: the dance - arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook
2021 Graphite Publishing

McKay - arr. Carol Barnett (b. 1949)
Published and distributed by earthsongs

The Road Home - Southern Harmony adapted by
Stephen Paulus (1949-2014)
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Peace - Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried
(b. 1969)

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Promised Land - arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook
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Shenandoah - American Folksong arr. James Erb
(1926-2014)

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Star of Columbia - arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook
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Unclouded Day - arr. Shawn Kirchner (b. 1970)
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Webster - Southern Harmony, arr. Carol Barnett
(b. 1949)

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Witness - Trad., arr. Jack Halloran (1916-1997)
Gentry Publications

PHOENIX CHORALE

Recorded 16th to 21st September 2025 at Camelback Bible Church, Paradise Valley, Arizona, USA.

Recording Team for Soundmirror:

Producer - Blanton Alspaugh

Recording Engineer - Mark Donahue

Post-Production:

Editor - Blanton Alspaugh for Soundmirror

Mixing and Mastering - Mark Donahue for Soundmirror

Non-executive producer - Christopher Gabbitts

Executive Director - Nicole Belmont

Patron Services and Communications Manager - Grace Rhyne

Facilities Operations: Tobin Huizenga, Camelback Bible Church

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PROMISED LAND PHOENIX CHORALE

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1 Unclouded Day [2.35]

J. K. Atwood, arr. Shawn Kirchner
Sarah Smith *soprano*

2 Earth Song [3.55]

Frank Ticheli

3 Beauty and Blessing [3.35]

Alice Parker

4 Shenandoah [3.57]

American Folksong arr. James Erb

5 and the swallow [3.53]

Caroline Shaw

6 Star of Columbia [3.15]

Matilda Durham, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *

7 Io dello: the dance [3.25]

Hannah Cohoon, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *

8 Promised Land [2.40]

Matilda Durham, arr. Jennifer Lucy Cook *

9 All Seems Beautiful to Me [4.57]

Eric Whitacre

10 Bright Morning Stars [4.06]

Traditional, arr. Alice Parker

Madalyn Kiewiet *soprano*

* Phoenix Chorale Composer-In-Residence 2025-2027

PHOENIX CHORALE
CHRISTOPHER GABBITAS ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

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11 Witness [2.51]

Traditional African American Spiritual,
arr. Jack Halloran

Leslie Ellingson *soprano*, Elijah Frank *tenor*, Jason Raetz *bass*

12 This Little Light of Mine [4.36]

Traditional Spiritual, arr. Moses Hogan
Sarah Smith *soprano*

13 Great God Almighty! [3.58]

Work Song arr. Stacey V. Gibbs

14 Webster [1.36]

Southern Harmony, arr. Carol Barnett

15 Peace [3.36]

Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried

16 McKay [3.14]

S. M. Denton, arr. Carol Barnett

17 Lay Me Low [3.59]

Traditional Shaker, arr. Kevin Siegfried

18 The Road Home [3.40]

Southern Harmony, adapted by Stephen Paulus

Lies'l Hill *soprano*

19 Hallelujah [3.35]

William Walker, arr. Shawn Kirchner

Total timings: [1.07.27]