

*Inspire Transform* *Reverend Joy*  
*From the Beginning* *Da Capo* *Dissonance Spirit, 18th Century*  
*Chamber Choir*

**DIRECTED BY  
LEONARD ENNS**

**GIVING IDEAS VOICE**

# *The Colour of Freedom*

**Saturday November 11, 8pm**

St. John the Evangelist, Kitchener

**Sunday November 12, 3pm**

St. John's Lutheran, Waterloo

2017/18 Season *Displacement*

## Program

*Horizons* – Peter van Dijk

*Psalm 137* – J. Scott Brubacher

*Colour of Freedom* – Iman Habibi  
with Amir Haghghi, soloist

~ intermission ~

*Song of Invocation* – Sheldon Rose

*Candles* – Christine Donkin

*Tal vez tenemos tiempo* – Tarik O'Regan

*To You before the close of day* – Jeff Enns

*This still room* – Jonathan Adams

*We'd love to visit with you after the concert...  
please join us to chat over some snacks!*

## Notes & Texts

(notes written by L. Enns)

With this program, the DaCapo Chamber Choir sets out on a three-year series inspired by the global refugee situation. The series is organized around general themes of Displacement (this season), Resettlement (18/19), and Renewal (19/20). Motivating this plan is the conviction that art is necessary and possibly central to the development and maintenance of civil society, and that it can serve as leaven for peace-making. Today's global political climate makes this an increasing necessity.

The 17/18 season explores the theme of Displacement. The first and final concerts are inspired by several root causes of displacement – war and oppression (today: *The Colour of Freedom*), and climate change and care for resources (April: *This Thirsty Land*). Standing between these two, the mid-winter concert (March: *Reincarnations*) touches on reasons for hope, and on the possibility of transformation.

The keystone work of today's concert is *Colour of Freedom* by Iranian-Canadian composer Iman Habibi, including texts by Tehran Evin prison survivor Marina Nemat, who has said "If you remain silent, you become an accomplice." Wilfrid Owen, who was killed 99 years ago, as the "Great War" was exhausting itself, wrote "All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful." Both statements challenge the arts, and our intention is to rise to this challenge.

### **Horizons – Peter van Dijk (1995)**

In her powerful poem about the refugee experience, Warsan Shire writes that, for a refugee,

*...home is the mouth of a shark  
home is the barrel of the gun  
and no one would leave home  
unless home chased you to the shore...*

*Horizons* expresses this inversion of home to hell, though the victims don't even have a chance to become refugees, as we find out. Composer Peter van Dijk, born in the Netherlands, settled in South Africa where he works as a conductor, teacher, and internationally performed composer. His composition (including the text) was inspired by an African Bushman cave-painting depicting a European ship thought to be carrying gods, gods who would show the people "new and far horizons." The bush animals, such as the Eland, brought food and life to the hungry and thirsty; surely the "gods" coming from even farther would do the same and more. Tragically, (as in too many cases) the "gods" caused the near-extinction of the race. The closing

lines of the poem bring the hammer-blow of truth: the conquerors bring no gifts, but rather their hunger and thirst steals the life from the belly of the conquered. Home has become hell. Home has become the barrel of a gun.

Sleep, my springbok baby,  
Sleep for me, my springbok child,  
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,  
For you are hungry and thirsty.

When the sun rises you must speak to the Rain,  
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb,  
O speak to her that I may drink,  
This little thing...

She will come across the dark sky:  
Mighty Raincow, sing your song for me  
That I may find you on the far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,  
Sleep for me, my springbok child,  
When morning comes I'll go out hunting,  
For you are hungry and thirsty.

O Star, hunting star,  
When the sun rises you must blind with your light  
the Eland's eyes,  
O blind his eyes that I may eat,  
This little thing...

He will come across the red sand:  
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me  
That I may find you on the far horizon.

Sleep, my springbok baby,  
Sleep for me, my springbok child,  
When morning comes they'll come a-hunting,  
For they are hungry and thirsty.

They will come across the waters:  
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships,  
And they will show us new and far horizons.

And they came across the waters:  
Gods in galleons bearing bows and steel,  
Then they killed us on the far horizon.

### **Psalm 137 – Scott Brubacher (2007)**

*Psalm 137* was premiered by DaCapo in November 2011, just months before Brubacher graduated with a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in Composition from the University of Toronto. His music probes emotional and spiritual depths in compelling ways, and includes works for solo voice, for choral and orchestral ensembles, and for both amateur and professional performers. For our programmatic journey today, his setting of the ancient words of Psalm 137 is hauntingly and troublingly relevant to the conditions of “this soil’d world,” as Walt Whitman called it in his poem, *Reconciliation*.

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept  
when we remembered thee, O Zion.  
There we hung our harps upon the willow branches.  
For there our captors asked us for songs;  
our tormentors demanded a joyful melody, saying:  
“Sing us one of the songs of Zion!”  
But how shall we sing the Lord’s song in a foreign land?  
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,  
let my right hand forget its skill on the harp.  
~ Psalm 137

### **Colour of Freedom – Iman Habibi (2010)**

This is Iman Habibi’s response to the 2009 Green Revolution in Iran. The protests against corruption and election irregularities led to a brutal government crack-down on protestors, to torture, imprisonment and killings. Watching from his adopted Canadian home, Habibi responded as best he knew how, through music.

Born and raised in Iran, but immigrating to Vancouver in his late teens, Habibi composes from a deep understanding of both Persian and Western cultures. Rather than a pastiche of styles, as is often the outcome of such efforts, *Colour of Freedom* is a dialogue, a mutual lament and embrace, the cry of one voice growing from and with the pain of the other, and eventually resting in a gentle stretch towards hope. The English text is by Marina Nemat, herself imprisoned and tortured in Tehran as a teenager, already a quarter century before the Green Revolution of 2009. Having escaped to and settled in Canada in 1991, she is now the author of several books on her experiences, a lecturer at University of Toronto, and a tireless advocate for humanitarian causes. While the choir sings her words, the soloist sings the Persian text of the 11th-century poet, Baba Taher, expressing deep personal sorrow. Both texts rise above despair at their conclusion: the Persian words, “Let’s spread the seeds of beneficence,” together with Nemat’s text, “I know

that hope will grow into an eternal ocean...the symphony of our voices witnessing the birth of a magnificent light.”

*When I was 16 years old, in January 1982 in Evin Prison in Tehran, two men took me to a small room and tied me to a bare wooden bed. I was lying down on my stomach. One of them, Hamehd, lashed the soles of my feet with a length of cable. With every strike, I felt like my whole nervous system would explode and then would magically be put back together again, ready for the next strike. I hoped to lose consciousness, but it never happened. After a few strikes, they untied me and made me walk. It was painful and difficult. Why did they do this? Walking makes the swelling go down a little. If they continue beating prisoners for too long, the skin would rupture, and, as a result, the prisoner could die relatively quickly from bleeding or infection. This staggered method of torture helps torturers maximize the amount of pain they can inflict. Torture is not designed to get information; it is designed to break the human soul.*

*While I was in Evin, my parents came to the prison for limited and very brief visitations once a month. They sobbed as they looked at me from behind the thick glass barrier in the visitation room. I smiled. I had to hold back my tears, because if I showed any sign of distress, I would be tortured or maybe even executed for it. There were (and are) thousands of prisoners in Evin prison, and, in the 80s, the vast majority of us were teenagers. I had been disconnected from the world and was drowning in a black hole of despair, injustice, and pain. In Evin, I broke under torture. I signed every piece of paper they told me to sign, because I just wanted to go home and sleep in my own bed.*

*It took me about 20 years to be able to look back at my past and write about it. It took me 20 years to discover that the Marina I was before Evin had died and that the new Marina I had become was a witness. No more. No less. I live to testify. Without it, my life loses all meaning.*

*Canada took me when I had nowhere to go. It allowed me to gradually find my way back to myself and to the reality of the person I have become, a woman who breathes because she has a story to tell, a story that is not only hers but, in a humble and imperfect yet honest way, is also the story of thousands of others who have been terribly wronged. People are being tortured and executed in many countries as we speak because they have dared speak against oppressive regimes and demand the freedoms that many of us take for granted.*

*Since the beginning of human history, we have been caught in a vicious cycle that turns torturers into victims and victims into torturers. Anger and hatred have the potential to lead the tortured to give in to a desire for revenge that can be mistaken with justice. War cannot cure our violence-inflicted world,*

and different forms of disregard for human rights will only sink us deeper into darkness. Let us speak out against violence, stand up to it, and do our best to make the world a better place for our children. It is the silent majority, the bystander, that allows atrocities to happen. ~ Marina Nemat

(choral text)

The streets of Tehran  
Cannot remember the colour of freedom,  
For even the pavement of alleyways  
Is crimson red.

Freedom is the colour of water,  
And it dripped through our fingers  
Till all that was left was thirst.  
But seeds of light  
Remain in the depths of darkness  
And will grow when droplets of hope  
Find their way through layers of cruelty.

Sunlight carries the psalm of the sky  
Through an Angel,  
His transparent hands clenched in prayer,  
Concealed, yet in plain view.  
Iran was not meant to be  
The valley of the shadow of death.

I know that hope will grow  
Into an eternal ocean,  
And it will dance in Tehran  
In the pink clouds of sunrise,  
Its life the symphony of our voices  
Witnessing the birth of a magnificent light.

~ from *Freedom*, by Marina Nemat (b. 1965)

(solo text)

My sorrows plenty, and my pains countless  
Alas, there is no remedy to my pain  
Oh God, my companion doesn't know  
That my cries are involuntary

I have a heart, fragile as glass  
My sighs are only because of my thoughts  
It is no wonder that my tears are of blood  
I am that palm tree rooted in blood

Let's give up our worldly matters  
Let's take the heart out of the mud  
Let's practice patience  
Let's spread the seeds of beneficence  
~ from *Quatrains of Bab Taher*  
(11th c Persian poet and mystic)

### ***Song of Invocation* – Sheldon Rose (2011)**

Rose's *Song of Invocation* was premiered by DaCapo in November 2012 as the choir's NewWorks competition winning work of that season. Rose has a wide-ranging career as pianist, organist, composer and music educator in the Toronto and outlying regions. Often serving as collaborative pianist, he has participated in numerous recordings and ensemble tours.

Again, as in Habibi's work, we have two texts here – one an ancient text from the book of Lamentations, the other a "modern" text of only a century ago. The older text, in Latin and set to a simple chant melody, speaks of waiting silently, trusting, and seeking. The more recent one by Marjorie Pickthall speaks of a determination to go, of an existential struggle similar to what likely precedes many a road to refuge – the tug between home, with its remembered comfort, and of the unknown that lies ahead. The question about resignation versus regret remains an open one for many—can I really leave all behind, will there be no misgivings? Still, at least in this case, the departure is with determination: I will go, but I shall not go with pain, grief or sighs!

Thus begins the lamentation:  
He is gracious, therefore let him wait  
for the salvation of Jehovah.  
Let him sit alone and be silent when it is laid upon him.  
Let him lay his mouth in the dust if perhaps there be hope.  
Jehovah is gracious unto him that trusts in Him,  
To the soul that seeks Him.  
~ Lamentations III: 26, 28-29, 25

I shall not go with pain  
Whether you hold me, whether you forget  
My little loss and my immortal gain.  
O flower unseen, O fountain sealed apart!  
Give me one look, one look remembering yet,  
My Love. [*originally Sweet heart.*]

I shall not go with grief,  
Whether you call me, whether you deny  
The crowning vintage and the golden sheaf.  
O, April hopes that blossom but to close!  
Give me one look, one look and so good-bye,  
Red rose.

I shall not go with sighs,  
But as full-crowned the warrior leaves the fight,  
Dawn on his shield and death upon his eyes.  
O, life so bitter-sweet and heaven so far!  
Give me one look, one look and so good night,  
My star.

~ Marjorie Pickthall (1883-1922)

### ***Candles* – Christine Donkin (2010)**

Like many of her Canadian composer colleagues, Donkin writes for all calibre of performers. Though her music is performed by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and other major ensembles, and has been presented both at Carnegie Hall and the Moscow Conservatory, she is also committed to working with school groups and writing the church and community purposes and has a strong commitment to music education.

Donkin's *Candles* was premiered by DaCapo in November 2011, having come to us via the NewWorks competition of the previous year in which it was awarded an Honourable Mention. The work is structured as a triptych, the first and third sections are sound images. Donkin describes the short solo fragments in these sections as "imitating flickering or wavering candle flames." The soloists sing the text phrase: "You light my candle, Lord," though the impact is largely one of a sound picture rather than of text clarity. The middle section has a more typical choral sonority, setting the text phrase: "My God lights my darkness."

Tu inluminas lucernam meam, Domine;  
Deus meus inluminas tenebras meas.

*You light my candle, Lord;  
My God lights my darkness.*

~ Psalm 18:28

## **Tal vez tenemos tiempo – Tarik O'Regan (2007)**

Born in London, England in 1978, O'Regan has become a towering international figure in the world of composition, currently working on a full-scale opera commissioned by Houston Grand Opera for 2019. Among his more bite-sized works is this composition whose text, tragically, finds resonances in our contemporary political structures. The opportunity for truth, decency and for a true human community has a time stamp on it: "Maybe we still have time to be, and to be just...we have this final moment..."

*Tal vez tenemos tiempo aún  
para ser y para se justos.  
De una manera transitoria  
ayer se murió la verdad  
y aunque lo sabe todo el mundo  
todo el mundo lo disimula:  
ninguno le ha mandado flores:  
ya se murió y no llora nadie.*

*Tal vez entre olvido y apuro  
un poco antes del entierro  
tendremos oportunidad  
de nuestra muerte y de nuestra vida  
para salir de calle en calle,  
de mar en mar, en puerto et puerto,  
de cordillera en cordillera,  
y sobre todo de hombre en hombre,  
a preguntar si la matamos  
o si la mataron otros,  
si fueron nuestros enemigos  
o nuestro amor comentió el crimen,  
porque ya murió la verdad  
y ahora podemos ser justos.*

*Antes debíamos pelear  
con armas de oscuro calibre  
y por herirnos olvidamos  
para qué estábamos peleando.*

Maybe we still have time  
to be and to be just.  
Yesterday, truth died  
a most untimely death,  
and although everyone knows it,  
they all go on pretending.  
No one has sent it flowers.  
It's dead now and no one weeps.

Maybe between grief and forgetting,  
a little before the burial,  
we will have the chance  
of our death and our life  
to go from street to street,  
from sea to sea, from port to port,  
from mountain to mountain,  
and, above all, from man to man,  
to find out if we killed it  
or if other people did,  
if it was our enemies  
or our love that committed the crime,  
because now truth is dead  
and now we can be just.

Before, we had to battle  
with weapons of doubtful caliber  
and, wounding ourselves, we forgot  
what we were fighting about.

*Nunca se supo de quién era  
la sangre que nos envolvía,  
acusábamos sin cesar,  
sin cesar fuimos acusados,  
ellos sufrieron y sufrimos,  
y cuando ya ganaron ellos  
y también ganamos nosotros  
había muerto la verdad  
de antigüedad o de violencia.  
Ahora no hay nada que hacer:  
todos perdimos la batalla.*

We never knew whose it was,  
the blood that shrouded us,  
we made endless accusations,  
endlessly we were accused.  
They suffered, we suffered,  
and when they at last won  
and we also won,  
truth was already dead  
of violence or old age.  
Now there is nothing to do.  
We all lost the battle.

*Por eso pienso que tal vez  
por fin pudiéramos ser justos  
o por fin pudiéramos ser:  
tenemos este último minuto  
y luego mil años de Gloria  
para no ser y no volver.*

~ Pablo Neruda (1907-1973)

And so I think that maybe  
at last we could be just  
or at last we could simply be.  
We have this final moment,  
and then forever  
for not being, for not coming back.

~ translated by Alastair Reid

### ***To You before the close of day – Jeff Enns (2010)***

Recognized nationally as one of Canada's significant choral composers, with performances across Canada, the USA, Europe and Japan, Enns can also be claimed as a former DaCapo member (though only briefly). In addition to his career as composer, in his professional life Enns is an organist and music director (St James Lutheran Church, Elmira), singer (Elora Festival Singers and Canadian Chamber Choir), and strings instructor (privately and at the Beckett School). His beautiful setting of this prayer for the end of the day, a 6th Century compline hymn text, serves as a supplication both for those seeking and those finding refuge, as well as for those fortunate and willing enough to provide it. The composition was awarded an Honourable Mention in DaCapo's 2010 NewWorks competition.

To you, before the close of day, Creator of the world, we pray.  
Your grace and peace to us allow and be our guard and keeper now.

Save us from troubled, restless sleep, from all ill dreams  
your children keep;  
so calm our minds that fears may cease and rested bodies  
wake in peace.

A healthy life we ask of you, the fire of love in us renew,  
and when dawn new light will bring, your praise and glory  
we shall sing.

Creator, this we ask be done through Jesus Christ, your only Son,  
whom with the Spirit we adore, with you, one God forevermore.  
Amen

~ Compline hymn, ca. 6th c;  
tr. John Mason Neale, 19th c, alt.

***This still room* – Jonathan Adams (2010)**

American composer Jonathan Adams' setting of this poem by Whittier, the 19th Century Quaker poet and advocate of the abolition of slavery, brings our concert to a gentle close. The imagined situation may well be a Quaker meeting – *these still forms on either side* – but we are also given a possible ideal towards which those seeking refuge strive, a point of calm where cares fall off, where alone means not lonely but rather complete, fulfilled, and safe. The mouth of the shark is gone, and *here* has once more become *home*.

And so I find it well to come  
for deeper rest to this still room;  
for here the habit of my soul  
feels less the outer world's control.  
The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
more earnestly our common needs;  
and from the stillness, multiplied  
by these still forms on either side,  
the world that time and sense have known  
falls off, and leaves us God alone.

~ John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

## The Artists

### **Amir Haghighi, vocalist**

Amir Haghighi began singing at an early age in his native city of Tehran, Iran. Later on, he attended the Center for Preservation and Advancement of Iranian Music, where he studied tar (Persian lute) and traditional music with Master Ata Jankuk. After he emigrated to Canada, Amir studied music at Capilano University, and further advanced his traditional Persian avaz (singing) with Master Hossein Omoumi.

Amir has been performing since 1984 in Canada, the United States and Europe. Performing both traditional Persian music as well as singing in a world music context, Amir was featured in the award-winning documentary "Music for a New World". Amir has been working with the Vancouver Intercultural Orchestra, as well as well-known Canadian choral ensembles across the country. He has performed at the Vancouver International Folk Festival, Vancouver International Jazz Festival, as well as international Persian cultural conferences. Amir is also a recording artist, composer, and arranger. He teaches voice in the Greater Vancouver area.

### **Leonard Enns**

Leonard Enns is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir and Professor Emeritus in the Music Department at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo. His work as composer, conductor, and adjudicator takes him across Canada, to the US, and to Europe, where he has been invited to adjudicate at the annual International Eisteddfod in Llangollen, Wales for five successive seasons. His half-hour choral/orchestral commission from the University of Guelph, titled *This Thirsty Land*, will be premiered in Guelph in April, followed by two further performances that month by the combined DaCapo Chamber Choir and Orpheus Choir of Toronto, one performance in each home city. His *Missa Brevis* is currently in publication with ECS Publishing, and publication of *The Sunne of Grace* will shortly be underway.

## DaCapo Chamber Choir

The DaCapo Chamber Choir was founded in 1998 in Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario under the direction of Leonard Enns. The mission of the choir is to promote the best of contemporary choral music through public performance and recordings, including the intentional championing of music of Canadian and local composers. The choir's annual national NewWorks choral competition for Canadian composers aids in establishing a vibrant and vital presence for recent and emerging Canadian choral music.

Our performance season consists of three annual concerts in Kitchener-Waterloo: once in the fall around Remembrance Day, a mid-winter, and a spring concert. In addition, the choir performs on an ad hoc basis at other events.

The choir has released two CDs, the award-winning *ShadowLand* (winner of the 2010 ACCC's National Choral Recording of the Year award, including the Juno-nominated *Nocturne* by Leonard Enns) and *Still* (2004). The choir is currently working on their third recording - with an anticipated release to coincide with the opening of their 20th anniversary season in the fall of 2018.

For more information about the choir, including photos, sound clips, the NewWorks choral composition competition, and more, visit our web site at [www.dacapochoir.ca](http://www.dacapochoir.ca) or join our eList by emailing [info@dacapochoir.ca](mailto:info@dacapochoir.ca).



For behind-the-scenes photos, rehearsal insights, and online savings, become a facebook fan of DaCapo or follow us on Twitter @DaCapoChoir

### Choir Members

#### **Soprano**

Laura Enns  
Sara Fretz  
Maria Geleynse  
Sara Martin  
Hannah Swiderski  
Caroline Schmidt

#### **Tenor**

Brian Black  
Mike Colla  
Curtis Dueck  
Chris Everett  
Jerry Liu

#### **Alto**

Theresa Bauer  
Janice Maust Hedrick  
Alex Meinzinger  
Susan Schwartztruber  
Jennie Wiebe  
Angela Zhang

#### **Bass**

Joel Becker  
Daniel Cockayne  
Mike Hook  
Daniel King  
Mike Lepock

To inquire about auditions, email [auditions@dacapochoir.ca](mailto:auditions@dacapochoir.ca)

## Acknowledgements

Graphic Design – Heather Lee, [www.leedesigns.ca](http://www.leedesigns.ca)

Choir Manager – Sara Martin

Board of Directors:

Rachel Harder

Lawrence McNaught

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Dave Switzer

## DaCapo thanks the following organizations and individuals:



**PeaceWorks** – for hosting our Web site  
TECHNOLOGY SOLUTIONS



**Conrad Grebel**  
University College

We are grateful to Conrad Grebel University College for providing rehearsal space in its beautiful Chapel, where DaCapo was shaped as a child of the Grebel Chapel Choir, and which continues to be our rehearsal home.

There is a strong historic and ideological relationship between DaCapo and Grebel. Artistic director, and Grebel Professor Emeritus, Leonard Enns directed the Grebel Chapel Choir for 33 years; out of this grew the DaCapo Chamber Choir, beginning in 1998 with a dozen alumni.

DaCapo has grown to extend beyond its Grebel origins, but organic connections remain. Even after nearly 20 years, over half the singers are Grebel alumni, and our music continues to be grounded in spiritual and healing convictions shared with the College.

## 2017-2018 Season Supporters

DaCapo thanks all of our donors, including the many individuals and organizations who wished to remain anonymous.

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# Menno Singers

*Brandon Lelis, Artistic Director*

*Sun*  
**Dec 3** **COME EMMANUEL**

*St John's Lutheran Church, 3:00pm*  
with Menno Youth Singers and  
Inter-Mennonite Children's Choir

*Sun*  
**Mar 25** **COME LIGHT  
AND LIFE ETERNAL**

*The Church of St John The Evangelist, 3:00pm*

*Sat*  
**May 5** **COME JOY AND SINGING**

*St Jacobs Mennonite Church, 7:30pm*



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## Upcoming DaCapo Performances

### *Reincarnations*



**Saturday March 3, 8pm**

St. John the Evangelist, Kitchener

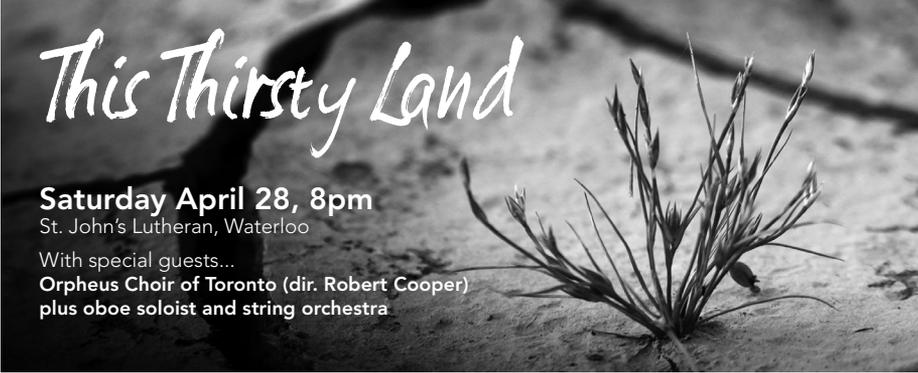
**Sunday March 4, 3pm**

St. John's Lutheran, Waterloo

Featuring the premiere of the 2017 NewWorks winner!

With special guest... **Catherine Robertson, piano**

### *This Thirsty Land*



**Saturday April 28, 8pm**

St. John's Lutheran, Waterloo

With special guests...

**Orpheus Choir of Toronto (dir. Robert Cooper)**

**plus oboe soloist and string orchestra**