

## Upcoming DaCapo Performances

DaCapo is performing tomorrow at Glen Morris United Church at 3pm (453 East River Rd – corner of Glen Morris Rd E & East River Rd). This concert is a fundraiser for ALS Research. Admission is \$5 with donations to ALS encouraged.

### DaCapo Chamber Choir 2007 – 2008 Season

Purchase your 2007-2008 season subscription before August 31st and save (see the blue insert in your program).

- November 10, 2007
- March 8, 2008 ~ with the Guelph Chamber Choir (venue TBD)
- May 10, 2008

### Other planned performances include:

- Joint concert with the Guelph Chamber Choir ~ Saturday March 1, 2008, Guelph
- Guest artist for the Brock University chamber music series ~ Friday March 7, 2008, St. Catharines
- Joint concert with the Cantabile Choirs ~ Saturday April 5, 2008, Kingston
- Guest appearance at the Royal Canadian College of Organists' 2008 Convention ~ Tuesday July 15, 2008

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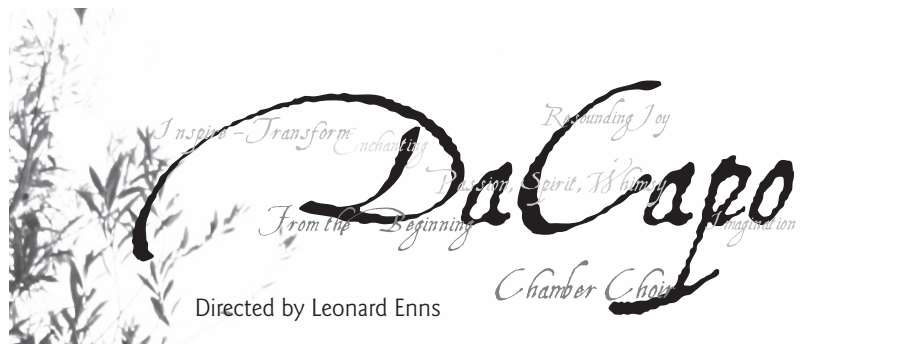
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**AWAY FROM HER**



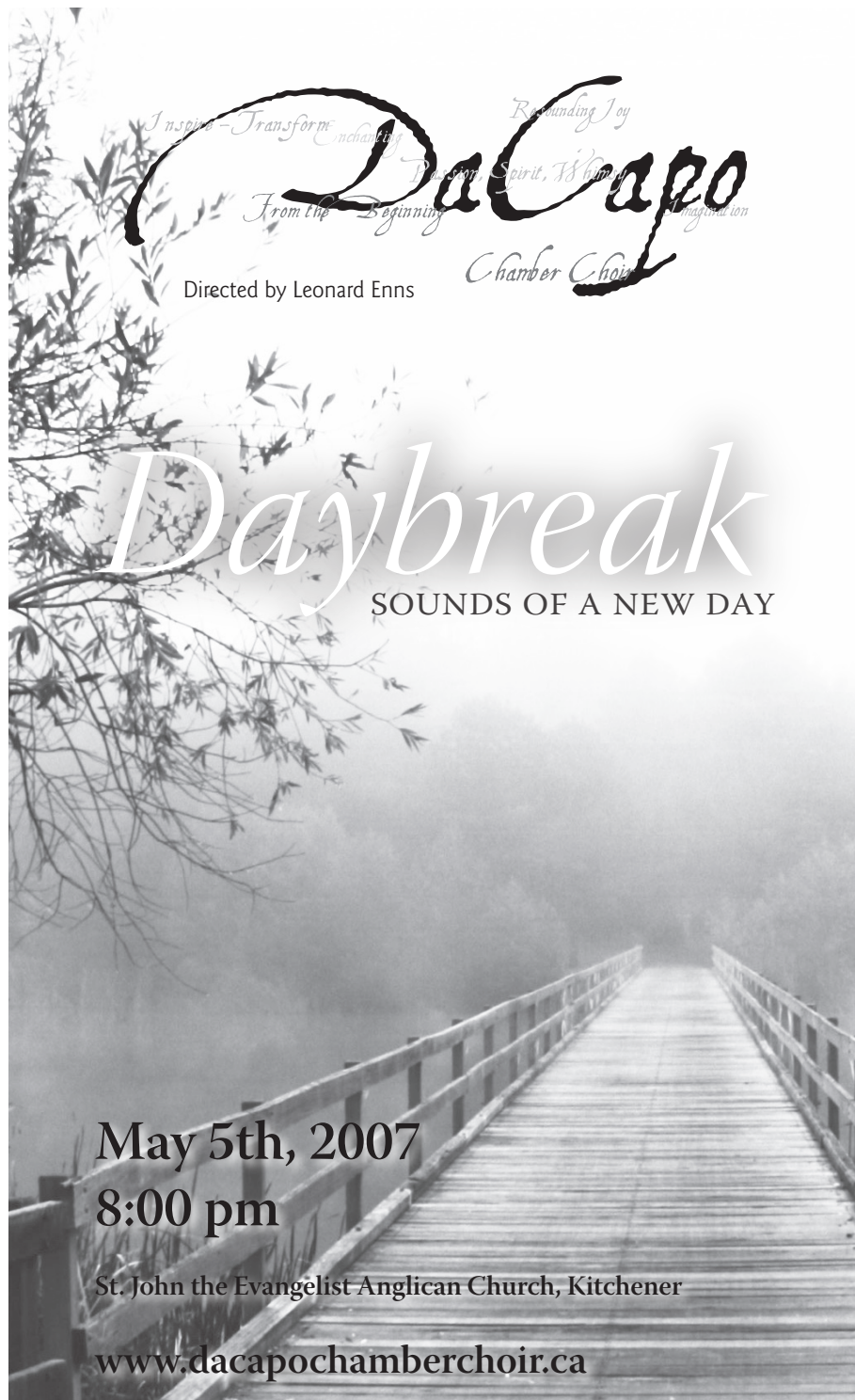
# Daybreak

SOUNDS OF A NEW DAY

May 5th, 2007  
8:00 pm

St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener

[www.dacapochoir.ca](http://www.dacapochoir.ca)



## PROGRAM

**Tango to Evora** ~ Loreena McKinnit (b. 1957)/arr. Jon Washburn (b. 1942)  
*soprano soloist, Sara Fretz*

**Son de la loma** ~ Miguel Matamoros, arr. Jonathan Quick

**Songs of innocence** ~ Leonard Enns (b. 1948)

1. Introduction
2. The shepherd
3. The lamb
4. Laughing song

**Yo le canto todo el dia** ~ David L. Brunner (b. 1953)  
*Eastwood Collegiate Treble Choir*  
*Director: Shannon Beynon*

**The cloths of heaven** ~ Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

**She is my slender small love** ~ Eric Thiman (1900-1975)

**Love Lost** ~ Paul Sjolund (b. 1935)

One perfect rose  
When you're away  
Careless talk  
Your little hands

intermission

**Little birds** ~ Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

**Canciones por las Americas** ~ Sid Robinovitch (b. 1942)

Noche de lluvia  
Sensemeyá  
Olvido

*pianist, Sarah Flatt*

**Cloudburst** ~ Eric Whitacre

*pianist, Sarah Flatt*  
*bass soloist, Bill Labron*  
*soprano soloist, Shannon Beynon*  
*percussionists: Ed Janzen, Andrew Lewin, Sean Saunders*

please join us for an informal reception following the concert

## Acknowledgements

DaCapo logo, poster, program and website design – Heather Lee  
Choir Manager – Sara Martin

Board of Directors:

Marlin Nagtegaal, chair      Carol McFadden  
Terry English                      Stefanie Unger  
Tim Hedrick

DaCapo thanks the following sponsors:


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- PeaceWorks Consulting ~ for hosting our Web site
- Rob Flatt ~ for our choir photo

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## Leonard Enns, Artistic Director

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns is Professor of Music in the Music Department (Conrad Grebel University College) at the University of Waterloo, and is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir. Apart from his conducting work at UW and with DaCapo, Enns is active as guest conductor – this past November with the Elora Festival Singers, and this past month with the chamber choirs in the Waterloo Region High School Choral Festival at the Centre in the Square. Premieres of new compositions this current year include *Three for Two for saxophone and piano* (October 2006, Willem Moolenbeek and Sandra Mogensen), and his *Cello Sonata No. 1* (February 2007, Ben Bolt Martin). In March the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir performed his motet *God was a child curled up*, previously recorded by the Elora Festival Singers and the DaCapo Chamber Choir on the CD NorthWord (available at tonight's concert). A newly released CD of Enns' chamber music, *Hammer and Wind*, is also available tonight.

## Eastwood Treble Choir, directed by Shannon Beynon

Our guest choir, the Eastwood Collegiate Treble Chorus is an auditioned group of twenty singers. The choir, now in its second year under the directorship of Shannon Beynon, has performed numerous concerts, including a competition performance at the Canadian National Music Festival 2006.

Beynon has been teaching vocal music at Eastwood for the past two years. She is director of the Eastwood Collegiate Choir and the Eastwood Collegiate Treble Chorus. She studied vocal music at the University of Waterloo (BA), University of Victoria (M Ed) and the University of Western Ontario (B Ed). She has had the privilege of singing with the DaCapo choir for the past nine years.

## Sarah Flatt, guest pianist

Sarah Flatt studied piano with Jamie Parker and Anya Alexeyev at Wilfrid Laurier University where she completed her Honours BMus in 2004. Sarah then went on to complete her BEd at the University of Western Ontario in 2005. She has sung and performed with the DaCapo Chamber choir since September 2004. She also accompanies instrumentalists and vocalists for competitions and exams. Sarah currently teaches piano at the Beckett School and grade two for the Waterloo Region District School Board. She is an active board member of the Kodaly Society of Ontario which encourages and promotes music education to classroom teachers through workshops and conferences.

## Notes and texts:

(All notes written by L. Enns)

### Tango to Evora ~ Loreena McKinnit (b. 1957)/arr. Jon Washburn (b. 1942)

Jon Washburn is conductor of the Vancouver Chamber Choir, which he founded in 1971. He is a major figure in the Canadian choral scene, and although his first contribution is as conductor and promoter of the music of Canadian composers, he has contributed a number of his own arrangements and compositions to growing collection of Canadian choral music. This arrangement by Washburn is of an instrumental composition by Loreena McKinnit. McKinnit, though well known for her "eclectic Celtic" music and for her connection with Stratford, was born and raised in the prairie town of Morden, Manitoba, far from bagpipes, kilts, and Irish harps.

### Son de la loma ~ music and lyrics by Miguel Matamoros, arr. Jonathan Quick

This is a typical popular song from Cuba. The arrangement is by Jonathan Quick, tenor in the very fine Vancouver vocal ensemble, Musica Intima.

Mamá, yo quiero saber  
de dónde son los cantantes,  
que los encuentro galantes  
y los quiero conocer,  
con sus trovas fascinantes  
que me las quiero aprender.

*Mama, I want to know  
where the singers are from.  
I find them charming  
and I want to meet them,  
with their fascinating songs  
that I want to learn.*

De dónde serán?  
Serán de La Habana,  
serán de Santiago,  
tierra soberana.

*Where would they be from?  
Would they be from Havana,  
Would they be from Santiago,  
the sovereign land?*

Son de la loma  
y cantan en llano.  
Ya verás, lo verás!  
Mamá, ellos son de la loma  
pero mamá, ellos cantan en llano.

*They are from the hills  
and they sing on the plains (smoothly).*

De dónde serán, mamá,  
que me las quiero aprender.  
Ellos son de la loma  
y los quiero conocer.  
Vamos a ver. Sí señor!

*Where would they be from, Mama,  
that I want to learn about them?  
They are from the hills  
and I want to learn about them.  
Let's go see. Yes sir!*

## Songs of innocence ~ Leonard Enns (b. 1948)

This is a relatively early work for Enns, premiered in 1979 by the UW University Choir, which Enns was directing in those early years of his career at University of Waterloo. These lovely poems of William Blake have received numerous settings by composers; in Enns' "reading" the first and final are given a puckish kind of energy and playfulness, while "The Shepherd" has a warm, romantic cloth, and "The Lamb" is innocent and direct.

### 1. Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
"Piper, pipe that song again."  
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read."  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

### 2. The Shepherd

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!  
From the morn to the evening he strays;  
He shall follow his sheep all the day,  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

He hears the lamb's innocent call,  
and he hears the ewe's tender reply;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know that their shepherd is nigh.

### 3. The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee live, and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
He is calléd by thy name,  
For he calls himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and he is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are calléd by his name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

## The ARTISTS

### DaCapo Chamber Choir

The DaCapo Chamber Choir was founded in 1998 and is dedicated to exploring unaccompanied music, primarily of the 20th Century and later. 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.

Last season, DaCapo received a number of public acknowledgements for their work:

- honoured as semi-finalist in the national *CBC Radio Choral Competition*
- awarded an Ontario Arts Council music grant to commission and perform a new work by composer Timothy Corlis entitled *Notes toward a poem that can never be written* with text by Margaret Atwood and guest narrator Bruce Dow  
~ **DaCapo will be recording this piece in the upcoming weeks**
- performed a workshop with internationally renowned composer, Eric Whitacre
- appeared as a guest artist on the Elora Festival Singers' latest recording, *NorthWord* on the Centrediscs label of the Canadian Music Centre. This recording, featuring Noel Edison and the Elora Festival Singers, along with oboist James Mason and organist Jurgen Petrenko, is a disc of Leonard Enns' choral music (on sale at tonight's concert!).

### Choir Members

*Soprano:*  
Shannon Beynon  
Diana Chisholm  
Sara Fretz  
Stephanie Rozek  
Jennie Wiebe

*Tenor:*  
Brian Black  
Thomas Brown  
Michael Lee-Poy  
Brandon Leis  
Stephen Preece

*Alto:*  
Emily Berg  
Sarah Flatt  
Angie Koch  
Shauna Leis  
Janice Maust Hedrick

*Bass:*  
Jeff Enns  
Bill Labron  
Tim Lichti  
Kevin Smith  
Dave Switzer

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

## Cloudburst ~ Eric Whitacre

~ text by Octavio Paz (1914-1998; adapted by Eric Whitacre);  
translation by Lysander Kemp

*Cloudburst* dates from 1993, when it was awarded first prize in the American Choral Directors Association “Composers of the Future” competition. In this work Whitacre’s music—almost always evocative and compelling—brings us into the heart of the cloudburst, returning us to the place where the promise of life lies, where we can “dream the dreams of a river seeking its course.”

## El cántaro roto / The broken water-jar

La lluvia...

*The rain...*

Ojos de agua de sombra,  
ojos de agua de pozo,  
ojos de agua de sueño.

*Eyes of shadow-water,  
eyes of well-water,  
eyes of dream-water.*

Soles azules, verdes remolinos,  
picos de luz que abren astros  
como granadas.

*Blue suns, green whirlwinds,  
birdbeaks of light pecking open  
pomegranate stars.*

Dime, tierra quemada, no hay agua?  
hay sólo sangre, sólo hay polvo,  
sólo pisadas de pies desnudos sobre la espina?

*But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?  
Only blood, only dust,  
only naked footsteps on the thorns?*

La lluvia despierta...

*The rain awakens...*

Hay que dormir con los ojos abiertos,  
hay que soñar con las manos,  
soñemos sueños activos de río buscando  
su cauce,  
sueños de sol soñando sus mundos,  
hay que sonar en voz alta,  
hay que cantar hasta que el canto eche  
raíces, tronco, ramas, pájaros, astros,  
hay que desenterrar la palabra perdida,  
recordar lo que dicen la sangre y la marea,  
la tierra y el cuerpo,  
volver al punto de partida...

*We must sleep with open eyes,  
we must dream with our hands,  
we must dream the dreams of a river  
seeking its course,  
of the sun dreaming its worlds,  
we must dream aloud,  
we must sing till the song puts forth roots,  
trunk, branches, birds, stars,  
we must find the lost word,  
and remember what the blood,  
the tides, the earth, and the body say,  
and return to the point of departure...*

## 4. Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit  
And the green hills laugh with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary, Susan and Emily  
With their sweet mouths sing “Ha, Ha, He!”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,  
Come live and be merry, and join with me  
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, Ha, He!”

## Yo le canto todo el día ~ David L. Brunner (b. 1953)

David Brunner, a Professor of Music and Director of Choral Activities at the University of Central Florida, wrote this piece for the thirtieth anniversary of the Miami Choral Society. The Choral Journal described this piece as “an energetic, rhythmic, and infectious likeness to the music of Venezuela.”

Ya me voy de corazón  
Ya me voy con un tambor  
Yo le canto todo el día  
Con cariño y alegría  
Ya me voy con untambor  
Con cariño y alegría

*So I am moving with my heart  
So I am leaving with a drum  
I sing to you all day long  
with affection and joy  
So I am leaving with a drum  
with affection and joy*

## Cloths of Heaven ~ Mark Sirett (b. 1952)

~ text by William Butler Yeats

Mark Sirett is Director of Choral Ensemble at Queen's University, Kingston, and founding director of the Cantabile Choirs of Kingston, a multi-choir educational program that records and tours internationally. He is also a prolific composer, perhaps best known in the choral world for his lovely anthem, "*Thou shalt know him*."

Sirett was the guest conductor at the Waterloo Region High School Choral Festival at the Centre in the Square a few weeks ago, where he conducted a mass choir of some 700 singers (!) in the premiere performance of "*The cloths of heaven*," commissioned for that occasion (and published by Kelman Hall in Kitchener); tonight the women of DaCapo perform the treble choir version of that work. The 07/08 DaCapo concert season includes a concert in Kingston in April 2008, where DaCapo will be guests of Sirett's Cantabile Choirs.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,  
enwrought with golden and silver light,  
the blue and the dim and the dark cloths of night,  
and the light and the half-light,  
I'd spread the cloths under your feet:

But, being poor, have only my dreams,  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;

Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

## She is my slender small love ~ Eric H. Thiman

~ text by Sydney Bell

British organist and composer, Eric Thiman, was best known for his short choral pieces, organ solos and solo songs. Tonight's composition by Thiman is typical in its lyricism and direct, expressive appeal.

She is my slender small love,  
my flow'r of beauty, fair  
From the whiteness of her little feet  
to the shining of her hair;  
More fair is she than April rain  
on daffodil or tree:  
She is my slender small love,  
my flow'r of beauty, she.

I know she walks in the evening  
down by the river side,  
and the grasses lean to kiss her robes  
who soon will be my bride:

More dear to me her little head  
than earth or sky or sea!  
She is my slender small love,  
my flow'r of beauty, she.

## Olvido / Oblivion

~ text by Octavio Paz (Mexico)

Cierra los ojos y a oscuras piérdete  
bajo el follaje rojo de tus párpados.  
Húndete en esas espirales  
del sonido que zumba y cae  
y suena allá, remoto,  
hacia el sitio del tímpano,  
como una catarata ensordecida.

Hunde tu ser a oscuras,  
anégate en tu piel,  
y mas, en tus entrañas.

En esa sombra líquida del sueño  
moja tu desnudez;  
abandona tu forma, espuma  
que no sabe quién dejó en la orilla.

Piérdete en ti, en tu infinito ser,  
mar se pierde en otro mar:  
olvídate y olvídate.

En ese olvido sin edad ni fondo  
labios, besos, amor, todo, renace:  
las estrellas son hijas de la noche.

Close your eyes and lose yourself in darkness  
beneath the red foliage of your lids.  
Sink within those spirals  
of sound buzzing, falling,  
echoing there, remote,  
toward the place of drums,  
like a muted waterfall.

Submerge your being in the darkness,  
drown yourself in your flesh,  
even more, in your very heart.

In that liquid shade of sleep  
drench your nakedness;  
renounce your form, that lace of spume  
left on the shore by – whom?

Lose yourself, in your infinite self,  
a sea merging with another sea:  
forget yourself, forget me.

In that oblivion, ageless and without bottom,  
lips, kisses, love, all things are reborn:  
the stars are daughters of the night.

**Sensemaya / Chant for killing a snake**  
~ text by Nicolás Guillén (Cuba)

Bombe-bombe-mayombe!

La culebra tiene los ojos de vidrio;  
La culebra viene,  
y se enreda en un palo  
La culebra camina sin patas;  
La culebra esconde en la yerba.  
La culebra caminando sin patas,  
Se esconde en la yerba.

Sensemaya!  
Sensemaya con sus ojos;  
Sensemaya con su lengua;  
Sensemaya con su boca.

La culebra muerta no pueda comer;  
La culebra muerta no pueda silbar;  
La culebra muerta no pueda respirar.  
Tú le das con el hacha, y se muere;

No le des con el pie, que te muerde!  
La culebra muerta no pueda mirar,  
No puede beber,  
No puede morder!  
La culebra muerta no pueda caminar.

Sensemaya, Sensemaya, Se murió!

Bombe-bombe-mayombe!

The snake has eyes made of glass;  
The snake comes  
and wraps himself around a stick  
The snake walks without feet;  
The snake hides in the grass.  
The snake walking without feet,  
He hides in the grass.

Sensemaya!  
Sensemaya with those eyes;  
Sensemaya with that tongue;  
Sensemaya with that mouth.

A dead snake can't eat;  
A dead snake can't hiss;  
A dead snake can't breathe.  
Let him have it with the hatchet  
and he's dead;

Don't do it with your foot or he'll bite you!  
A dead snake can't look,  
Can't drink,  
Can't bite!  
A dead snake can't move.

Sensemaya, Sensemaya, He's dead!

**Love Lost (four satirical poems on love) ~ Paul Sjolund (b. 1935)**

*Love Lost* was written in 1969 by the American composer, Paul Sjolund, for the then well-known Norman Luboff Choir.

**One Perfect Rose**

~ text by Dorothy Parker

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.  
All tenderly his messenger he chose;  
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet  
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the flow'ret;  
"My fragile leaves," it said, "His heart enclose."  
Love long has taken for his amulet  
One perfect rose.

Why is it no-one ever sent me yet  
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?  
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get  
One perfect rose.

**When You're Away**

~ text by Samuel Hoffenstein

When you're away, I'm restless, lonely, wretched, bored, dejected;  
Only here's the rub my darling dear: I feel the same when you are near.

**Careless Talk**

~ text by Mark Hollis

Bill was ill. In his delirium, he talked of Miriam.  
This was an error, as his wife was a terror  
Known as Joan.

**Your Little Hands**

~ text by Samuel Hoffenstein

Your little hands, your little feet  
Your little mouth, Oh God, how sweet!  
Your little nose, your little ears,  
Your eyes that shed such little tears.  
Your little voice, so soft and kind,  
Your little soul, your little mind!

### Little birds ~ Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

~ text by Octavio Paz

Eric Whitacre describes *Little Birds*, written in 2000, as an homage to Gabriel Fauré, with its flowing piano part and its lyrical melodic lines. The text is by Octavio Paz, clearly the poet of choice for Whitacre.

La luz no parpadea,  
el tiempo se vaci de minutos,  
se ha detenido un pájaro en el aire.

Light unblinking,  
time empty of minutes,  
a bird stopped short in the air.

Se despeña la luz,  
despiertan las columnas y,  
sin moverse bailan.

Light flung down,  
the pillars awake  
and, without moving, dance.

La hora es transparente:  
vemos, si es invisible el pájaro,  
el color de su canto.

The time is transparent:  
even if the bird is invisible,  
let us see the color of his song.

### Canciones por las Americas ~ Sid Robinovitch (b. 1942)

Manitoba composer Sid Robinovitch, one of the best known composers of his province, has produced a large body of new music. His music is often rooted in traditional or folk materials drawn from large spectrum of styles – Canadian Aboriginal, Jewish, and European folk materials among others.

The three movements of *Canciones por las Americas* (written in 2000) reflect three different aspects of Latin American culture. The first, a setting of a text by Uruguayan poet Juana de Ibarbourou, has a traditional Spanish flavour. The second, driven by a kind of primal energy reflecting the African heritage of the Cuban poet Nicolás Guillén, is a chant for killing a snake. The third, with text by Octavio Paz (the favoured poet of Whitacre), is the most contemplative of the set. It provides us with a “reading” of Paz that is quite distinct from the settings we hear from Whitacre on tonight’s concert (in *Little Birds* and *Cloudburst*, both with texts by Paz).

### Noche de Lluvia / Rainy Night

~ text by Juana de Ibarbourou (Uruguay)

Espera, no te duermas.  
Quédate atento a lo que dice el viento  
Y a lo que dice el agua que golpea  
Con sus dedos menudos en los vidrios.

Wait, do not sleep.  
Listen to what the wind is saying  
And to what the water says tapping  
With little fingers upon the window panes.

Todo mi corazón se vuelve oídos  
Para escuchar a la hechizada hermana,  
Que ha dormido en el cielo,  
Que ha visto el sol,  
Y baja ahora, elástica y alegre.

All my heart is listening  
To hear the enchanted sister  
Who has slept in the sky,  
Who has seen the sun,  
And now comes down, buoyant and gay.

Escuchemos el ritmo de la lluvia.  
Apoya entre mis senos  
Tu frente taciturna.  
Yo sentiré el latir de tus do seines,  
Palpitantes y tibias.  
Cómo estará de alegre el trigo ondeante!

Let us listen to the rhythm of the rain.  
Cradle between my breasts  
Your silent forehead.  
I will feel the beating of your temples,  
Throbbing and warm.  
How gay the waving wheat will be!

Con qué avidez se exponjará la hierba!  
Cuántos diamantes colgarán ahora  
Del ramaje profundo de los pinos!  
Espera, no te duermas. Esta noche  
Somos los dos un mundo,  
Aislado por el viento y por la lluvia  
Entre las cuencas tibias de una alcoba.

How eagerly the grass will thrive!  
What diamonds will cluster now  
In the deep branches of the pines!  
Wait, do not sleep. Tonight  
The two of us are a world,  
Isolated by wind and rain  
In the warmth of a bedroom.