



directed by Leonard Enns

• MUSIC FOR A TIME OF REMEMBRANCE •

from death  
to light

featuring guest harpist

**Lori Gemmell**

of the Kitchener Waterloo Symphony

and including:

**Four Eulogies** by John Estacio

**In Memoriam Elmer Iseler** by Ruth Watson Henderson

**The Sunne of Grace** by Leonard Enns

**Song for Athene** by John Tavener

**The Call** by Jeff Enns

Saturday, 10 November 2001, 8 p.m.  
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener

## PROGRAMME

Song for Athene – John Tavener

The Call – Jeff Enns, text by George Herbert

From the Eastern Gate Birds at the Mountain Temple – Alexina Louie  
*harpist – Lori Gemmell*

Four Eulogies – John Estacio, poetry by Val Brandt

I. Raymond's Disappearance

*soloists – Thomas Brown, Susan Schwartzentruber,  
Jennie Wiebe, Kevin Smith*

II. Mrs. Deegan

III. Not an Eye on the Island is Dry

*soloists – Tim Corlis, Alan Martin,  
Shannon Beynon, Sara Fretz, Sara Wahl*

IV. Ella Sunlight

*soloists - Sara Martin, Shannon Beynon*

- intermission -

In Memoriam Elmer Iseler – Ruth Watson Henderson

Prelude, Reflection and Ritual from Songs of Nymphs – Marjan Mozetich  
*harpist - Lori Gemmell*

The Sunne of Grace – Leonard Enns

1. Hand by Hand We Shule Us Take

*choir with harp*

2. Jesu, Swete Sone Dere

*soloist – Sara Fretz, with harp*

3. The Sunne of Grace

*choir a cappella*

4. I Have Set My Hert So Hie

*soloist – Sara Martin, with harp*

5. All Other Love is Like the Moone

*choir a cappella*

6. In Excelsis Gloria

*choir, soloists Shannon Beynon and Sara Fretz, and harp*

## Texts and Notes

Song for Athene is popularly known as the music sung at the funeral of Princess Diana while the cortege processed towards the doors of Westminster Abbey. The work actually predates that event by four years: Tavener had written the piece in 1993 as a tribute to a young friend killed in a cycling accident. The words are drawn from Shakespeare's Hamlet and set with Alleluias.

### Song for Athene – John Tavener

Alleluia. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Alleluia. Remember me, O Lord, when you come into your kingdom.  
Alleluia. Give rest, O Lord, to your handmaid who has fallen asleep.  
Alleluia. The Choir of Saints have found the well-spring of life and door of paradise.  
Alleluia. Life: a shadow and a dream.  
Alleluia. Weeping at the grave creates the song: Alleluia.  
Alleluia. Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I have prepared for you.

### The Call – Jeff Enns, text by George Herbert

Come. Come, my way, my truth, my life:  
Such a way as gives us breath;  
Such a truth as makes all strife;  
Such a life as killeth death.

Come. Come my light, come my light, my feast, my strength:  
Such a light as shows a feast;  
Such a feast as mends in length;  
Such a strength as makes his guest.

Come, come my joy, my love, my heart;  
Such a joy as none can move;  
Such a love as none can part;  
Such a heart as joys in love.

### From the Eastern Gate Birds at the Mountain Temple – Alexina Louie

Alexina Louie successfully fuses elements of Western and Oriental music to create works of shimmering atmospheres and colours, often punctuated with vibrantly percussive rhythms. Birds at the Mountain Temple employs a number of harp effects including pitch bending and an eerie 'rattle tremolo' produced by rapidly shaking the harp's metal tuning key back and forth between two strings.

Anyone who has ever seen  
Raymond in action ... bartering  
for flowers, cooking for twenty,  
flirting with waiters, or doing his  
upgrade dance for the travel  
agent. Anyone who has been  
warmed by his kitchen, cooled by  
his garden, seduced by his  
music, or calmed by his gentle  
spirit, has been touched, and  
changed, by one of life's kindest,  
quirkiest characters. [VB]

**Four Eulogies** – John Estacio, poetry by Val Brandt

**I. Raymond's Disappearance**

I've lost Raymond.  
He's not in his room.  
I've looked in the garden and  
heaven knows where he is if he's not in his garden.  
I heard a wild laugh in the bathroom  
but when I got there all that was left  
were some expensive bubbles.  
I looked under more than one ridiculous hat  
and unrolled more than one bolt of pure silk.  
I shook out his caftan but it just fell to the floor.  
Empty.  
And god knows he wasn't in the closet.

They've lost Raymond.  
A hundred friends have looked for Raymond  
searched a thousand places  
and all they've found is more friends.  
He's not in any of the places  
that are not the same without him.  
They swore they saw him dancing a minute ago  
but when they turned around  
the music had stopped  
and he's rushed out  
touching everyone on his way by.

We've lost Raymond  
Where can we look next?  
Damn that man, how dare he go and leave us?  
If you loved him, like we loved him  
I know you'd be searching with us;  
haunting the streets  
calling his name  
demanding an answer  
on the verge of tears  
hoping against hope.  
He's not in his room.  
I've looked in the garden and  
heaven knows where he is if he's not in his garden.

## II. Mrs. Deegan

And now who will arrange the crystal swans  
frame the petit points  
roll the ribbon sandwiches

and now who will give me crocheted doilies  
and marquisesettes  
and what will become of Persian lamb coats  
and three-button gloves

and who will polish the silver service  
and who will spread the cutwork cloth  
and set the dainty Aynsley cups in their dainty China  
saucers  
and who will remember the sugar tongs  
and who will ask me to pour

and who will be the keeper of all the niceties  
of modesty and decorum and propriety  
and seamliness

and will there still be Easter bonnets  
and jaunty pillboxes and sliver lockets

and did I think I would never lose this sweet  
and gentle refuge  
that there would always be a settee  
a book of knowledge facing me  
smelling of gardenias and a hint of peppermint  
reminiscing of normal school and fancy dance pavilions

and why did I think someone could replace her  
the lady with a century of memories

and why does it make me cry that all the  
lavender in the world went with her  
and there will never be another Trousseau tea

In mourning her, I am also mourning the loss of my last link with womanhood as it was defined in my youth. Many things from her day-to-day life are now trivialized, or found demeaning. I cannot rewrite history, nor will I negate an important part of her existence. She was an intelligent woman with many opinions and passions. She accepted her role and its responsibilities. And, I loved her. [VB]

Ted was in love with life. In love with love, with music, with adventure and beauty – in the smoky bistros of 1930's Berlin, at those rollicking Hornby Island thrashers, and at all the soirées in between. I often see his friends, gathered at that little bench they built for him, right on the rocks, with a view of everything and a plaque that reads, "To Ted ... blithe spirit of the Spit." [VB]

### III. Not An Eye on the Island is Dry (Ted)

Raise your glass to the passing of one of our own  
Drink 'er up for the cups we've shared  
Bid farewell Helliwell to a friend we have known  
Who is gone and we're none too sure where.  
Sad to say Tribune Bay he has left us today  
All of Hornby is mourning the man  
Who would dance on the sand by the landing and say  
Give 'er hell and live well while you can.

Chorus:

Not... an... eye on the island is dry  
Pour one more and I'll tell you why  
Old Ted, our friend, has met, his end  
We're cryin' and sighin' goodbye  
Oh we're sending off Ted, our friend, who's dead  
Not an eye on the island is dry.

He was lord of the keyboard, we all sang along  
And crooned every tune he knew  
Of course he would force us to toast every song  
And it's true that he knew quite a few.  
He would coo and he'd woo every girl on the isle  
Oh the kisses and misses he stole  
A seducer and juicer he swore all the while  
I will never, no never, grow old.

[Chorus]

Shingle Spit has been hit with a curious curse  
Believe it, or leave it, you may  
Though he's livin' in heaven, or Denman... or worse  
Some whiskey went missing today  
We heard Ain't Misbehavin' being played in the air  
He's been seen on the shore at dawn  
There's rustling and cussing when no one is there  
He passed on but he'll never be gone

[Chorus]

#### IV. Ella Sunlight

Ella sunlight. Ella sky.  
Ella water. Ella air.  
Ella movement. Ella life.  
Ella music. Ella dance.  
Ella wonder. Ella joy.

Why, after I taught you all your colours  
would you paint everything gray?

Why, just when you were learning to run  
would the whole world come to a halt?

Why, after you tumbled with fairies  
and stumbled with elves  
and fell into a giggle  
that filled every corner of my soul  
would you take away my faith my whimsy  
my god?

(Pie Jesu Domine  
Dona eis requiem)

Ella sunlight. Ella sky.  
Ella water. Ella air.

Were you sent here just to say goodbye?

Ella whisper. Ella sigh.  
Ella shimmer. Ella hush.  
Ella why.

I know a woman whose only  
child died at the age of four. Her  
grief was so complete that she  
could never be consoled. Her  
friends told me it was as if there  
was no one there for them to  
console. She had been a mother.  
That was how she defined  
herself. Then one day her child  
was gone ... and, in a sense, so  
was she. What could anyone say?  
"I know how you feel?" "I  
understand?" [VB]

## **In Memoriam Elmer Iseler – Ruth Watson Henderson**

When I began writing this piece in memory of Elmer Iseler, I had no text, but I wanted to use the kind of choral sounds that I associated with Elmer. The Prelude weaves broken chords throughout the choir with a long crescendo and decrescendo, using only humming and vowel sounds. The 6-part Fugue is the only piece I've ever composed by writing the music first, then realizing afterwards by a strange subconscious message, that it worked as a Kyrie. The men's voices begin first with "Christe eleison" which is picked up by the sopranos before the more rhythmic "Kyrie eleison" theme enters. Throughout much of the Prelude and Fugue, sustained "E" pitches can be heard which haunted me constantly while I was writing. (RWH)

## **Prelude, Reflection and Ritual from Songs of Nymphs – Marjan Mozetich**

Mozetich says of this work: "My original intention was to write a series of pieces, each featuring a different aspect of harp playing. However, while I was working on them in the heat of the city simmer, I kept yearning for the beauty and the peace outside modern day reality. I kept imagining idyllic settings in a classical, pagan world, the essence of nymphs and nature spirits rarely acknowledged in our overly rational times. And so, my original technical and intellectual focus became subordinate to these feelings and intuitions. The titles of the movements, Prelude, Reflection and Ritual are meant to capture the different moods of this imaginary world."



## The Sunne of Grace (anonymous Medieval texts)– Leonard Enns

The Sunne of Grace was composed in Cambridge, England in 1984, while Enns was on sabbatical. The work was premiered a year later by our local Renaissance Singers, and has been performed frequently since by various choirs; it has been broadcast on CBC in a performance by the Elmer Iseler Singers.

*(paraphrased by Leonard Enns)*

### 1. Hand by Hand We Shule Us Take

Hand by hand we shule us take,  
And joye and blisse shule we make;  
For the devil of helle man hath forsake,  
And Godes Son is maked our make.

A child is boren amonges man,  
And in that child was no wam:  
That child is God, that child is man,  
And in that child oure lif began.  
(Hand by hand, etc.)

Sinful man, be blithe and glad:  
For your mariage thy peis is grad  
When Crist was boren.  
Com to Crist, they peis is grad;  
For thee was His blood y-shad,  
That were forloren.  
(Hand by hand, etc.)

Sinful man, be blithe and bold,  
For heven is both bought and sold,  
Evereche fote.  
Com to Crist, they peis is told,  
For thee He yaf a hundrefold,  
His lif to bote.  
(Hand by hand, etc.)

*Let us join hand in hand and be joyful;  
for the devil of hell has left us  
and the Son of God is become our brother  
(mate).*

*A child is born among us  
in whom is no blemish;  
that child is both divine and human,  
the source of our life.*

***Sinful man, be blissful and glad,  
with this union your peace was granted  
when Christ was born;  
come to Christ, your peace is granted,  
for you was his blood shed  
that were forloren.***

*Be glad and bold, sinful one,  
for heaven is purchased entirely.  
Come to Christ, your peace is assured,  
for you he gave completely his life as expiation.*

## 2. Jesu, Swete Sone Dere

Jesu, swete sone dere,  
On porful bed list thou here,  
And that me greveth sore;  
For the cradel is as a bere,  
Oxe and asse beeth thy fere:  
Weepe ich may therefore.

Jesu, swete, be not wroth,  
Though ich n'abbe clout ne cloth  
Thee on for to folde,  
Thee on to folde ne to wrappe,  
For ich n'abbe clout ne lappe;  
But lay thou thy feet to my pappe,  
And wite thee from the colde.

## 3. The Sunne of Grace

The sunne of grace him shined in  
On a day when it was morwe,  
When our Lord God boren was  
Withoute wem or sorwe.

The sunne of grace him shined in  
On a day when it was prime,  
When our Lord God boren was,  
So well he knew his time.

The sunne of grace him shined in  
On a day when it was noon,  
When our Lord God boren was,  
And on the roode doon.

The sunne of grace him shined in  
On a day when it was undern,  
When our Lord God boren was,  
And to the herte stungen.

## 4. I Have Set My Hert So Hie

I have set my hert so hie  
Me liket no love that lowere is,  
And alle the paines that I may drie  
Me think hit do me good iwis;

*Jesu, my sweet son  
you lie here on a crude bed  
and that grieves me greatly;  
for your cradle is like a bier,  
ox and ass are your companions:  
I weep because of that.*

*Sweet Jesus, be not angry,  
though I have no scrap of cloth  
with which to cover you,  
neither to fold or wrap you,  
for I have neither scrap nor rag;  
but lay your feet to my breast  
and shelter yourself from the cold.*

*The sun of grace shone in  
in the morning  
when our Lord God was born  
without sin or sorrow.*

*The sun of grace shone in  
at sunrise (prime=first monastic hour)  
when our Lord God was born  
so well he knew his time.*

*The sun of grace shone in  
at noon,  
when our Lord God was born  
and was hung on the cross.*

*The sun of grace shone in  
in the evening,  
when our Lord God was born  
and was pierced to the heart.*

*I have set my heart so that  
that no lower love appeals to me,  
and all the pains that I may endure  
I think they certainly do me good.*

For on that Lorde that loved us alle  
So hertely have I set my thought,  
It is my joye on him to call  
for love me hath in ballus browght.  
Me think it do iwis.

### 5. All other Love is like the Moone

All other love is like the moone  
That wexth and waneth as flour in plain,  
As flour that faireth and fallweth soone,  
As day that clereth and endth in rain.

All other love beginth by blisse,  
In wop and wo makth his ending;  
No love there n'is that evre habbe lisse,  
But what areste in Heavene King,

All other love I flee for Thee;  
Tell me where Thou list.  
In Marie mild and free I shall be found,  
Ac more, ac more in Crist.

### 6. In excelsis gloria

When Crist was born of Mary free  
In Bedlam in that faire cite,  
Angelles song ever with mirth and glee  
In excelsis gloria.

Herdmen beheld thes angelles bright  
To hem appeared with gret light,  
And said 'Goddessone is born this night.'  
In excelsis gloria.

This King is comen to save kinde,  
In the scriptur as we finde;  
Therefore this song have we in minde,  
In excelsis gloria.

Then Lord for thy great grace,  
Grant us the bliss to see thy face,  
Where we may sing to thy solas.  
In excelsis gloria.

*For on that Lord that loved us all  
so earnestly have I set my thoughts  
that it is my joy on him to call  
for love has brought me the scourge  
I certainly think so.*

*All other love is like the moon  
that waxes and wanes like a flower  
in the meadow,  
like a flower that blossoms and quickly fades,  
or a clear day that clears but ends in rain.*

*All other love begins with bliss,  
yet ends in weeping and sorrow;  
no love gives eternal comfort,  
except that which rests in the King of Heaven,*

*I leave all other love for you;  
yell me where you lie.  
"In Mary mild and pure I shall be found,  
but more, much more in Chirst."*

*When Christ was born of sinless Mary  
in Bethlehem, that fair city,  
angels sang continually with mirth and glee  
"Glory in the highest."*

*Then Lord for your great grace,  
grant us the bliss to see your face,  
where we may sing to your comfort.  
"Glory in the highest."*

*Then Lord for your great grace,  
grant us the bliss to see your face,  
where we may sing to your comfort.  
"Glory in the highest."*

*Then Lord for your great grace,  
grant us the bliss to see your face,  
where we may sing to your comfort.  
"Glory in the highest."*

## ARTISTS

### **Leonard Enns** (bn 1948, Winnipeg)

Leonard Enns has been a member of the Music faculty at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo since 1977. This December the Winnipeg Singers will premiere its third commissioned work from Enns: *God was a child curled up* (text from the writings of Thomas Merton). Also in the near future, Enns' *Te Deum* will be performed at the Winnipeg New Music Festival in February 2002, and at the Toronto International Choral Festival in June 2002. (Tonight the *Te Deum* is being performed in Guelph by the Guelph Chamber Choir.)

### **DaCapo Chamber Choir**

DaCapo is a community chamber choir formed in the fall of 1998. The choir is dedicated to exploring unaccompanied music, mainly of the 20th Century.

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 UW Gazette has described the DaCapo Chamber Choir as "the top among local choirs," stating that "If you want a choir that can convince you of the value of 20th century choral writing, look no further." (11/17/99)

### **DaCapo Choir Members**

Soprano:

Shannon Beynon  
Sara Fretz  
Sara Martin  
Jennie Wiebe

Alto:

Angie Koch  
Janice Maust-Hedrick  
Susan Schwartzentruber  
Sara Wahl

Tenor:

Nolan Andres  
Thomas Brown  
Joel Brubacher  
Tim Corlis

Bass:

Friedrich Kuebart  
Alan Martin  
Kevin Smith  
Dave Switzer  
Colin Wiebe

### **Lori Gemmell**

Lori Gemmell is Principal Harpist with the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony and Orchestra London as well as being a regular player with Le NEM, a contemporary chamber group in Montreal with whom she has toured through Europe and Japan. She has performed as soloist with orchestras across Canada, including the National Arts Centre Orchestra. Lori is a founding member of Belladonna, a women's chamber-music group in Toronto. She teaches at the University of Western Ontario and maintains a private studio in Toronto.

### **Val Brandt**

A playwright and poet, Val Brandt's works have been produced at theatres across Canada and on CBC Radio. They include *The Puff 'n' Blow Boys* (a collection of original songs, poems and stories), *GOLD!* (a musical), and the comedy/dramas *Sssibilancce*, and *O, Saint Expedite*. She has just completed a new play, *Maxine's Second Coming*.

### **Jeff Enns**

bio---to come

### **John Estacio** (bn. 1966, Newmarket, Ontario)

John Estacio is currently Resident Composer with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra and Calgary Opera. He has been commissioned by instrumental and choral ensembles across Canada, and is one of the significant creative voices of the younger generation of composers in this country. Among a long list of awards he has received is the 1999 National Choral Award for Outstanding Choral Composition, granted by the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors for tonight's composition, *Four Eulogies*.

### **Ruth Watson Henderson** (bn 1932, Toronto)

Ruth Watson Henderson has accompanied and composed for many of Canada's leading choirs. Within the past decade she has been awarded both the National Choral Award for Outstanding Choral Composition, granted by the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors, and the Ontario Choral Federation Distinguished Service Award. A number of celebration concerts are planned to mark her 70th birthday next year. The year will also see the Philadelphia premiere of her new cantata, "From Darkness to Light," at the American Guild of Organists Convention in July 2002.

### **John Tavener** (bn. 1944, London, England)

Since Tavener's conversion from Presbyterianism to Russian Orthodoxy in 1977, his music has been characterized by a selfless, ritualistic quality. He has turned against the Romantic humanism of composers like Beethoven, and also against the cerebral strictions of his immediate contemporaries like Boulez. While both of these impulses were evident in his pre-conversion compositions, he now describes his works as 'icons with notes rather than colours.' As with an icon, his music has a profound and timeless spiritual depth in which there is, now, little distracting intrusion of a personal voice.

## Acknowledgements

DaCapo logo, poster and program design – Heather Lee

Thank you to Conrad Grebel University College for providing the space for DaCapo's weekly rehearsals.

## Upcoming Performances

Saturday, March 2nd – Leamington; location and time TBA

Saturday, March 9th – St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener; 8:00pm

Saturday, May 11th – joint concert with The King's University College Concert and Chamber Choirs (Edmonton), Tim Shantz, director - St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener; 8:00pm

Tuesday, May 28th – joint concert with the Lachan Jewish Chamber Choir, Benjamin Maissner director, Toronto;

## Other Concerts of Interest

(there will be a mini ad or info here – still to come – from the Waterloo Chamber Players)

To inquire about auditions, or for more information e-mail DaCapo at [dacapo@canada.com](mailto:dacapo@canada.com) or visit our Web site at <http://grebel.uwaterloo.ca/dacapo>