



directed by Leonard Enns

Welcome to an evening of

Good Natured

music

Featuring...

Benjamin Britten ~ *Five Flower Songs*

Stephen Chatman ~ *Due North*

Antonín Dvořák ~ *In Nature*

Nancy Telfer ~ *The Blue Eye of God*

... and more!

Saturday, March 10, 2001 — 8:00pm
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener



PROGRAM

Stephen Hatfield ~ *La Lluvia*

Claude Debussy ~ *Trois Chansons*

1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!
2. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin (soloist – Tim Corlis)
3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Murray Schafer ~ *Epitaph for Moonlight*

(percussionists – Joel Brubacher, Ron Schweitzer)

Benjamin Britten ~ *Five Flower Songs*

1. To Daffodils
2. The Succession of the Four Sweet Months
3. Marsh Flowers
4. The Evening Primrose
5. Ballad of Green Broom

INTERMISSION

Paul Hindemith ~ *Six Chansons*

1. La Biche
2. Un Cygne
3. Puisque tout passe
4. Printemps
5. En Hiver
6. Verger

Nancy Telfer ~ *The Blue Eye of God*

Antonín Dvořák ~ *In Nature*

1. Songs Filled My Heart
2. When Evening Comes Chimes Fill the Forest
3. Golden Harvest
4. Up Sprang a Birch Tree Overnight
5. Oh, Here's a Day for Joyful Singing

Stephen Chatman ~ *Due North*

1. Mountains
2. Trees
3. Woodpecker
4. Varied Thrushes
5. Mosquitoes

Please join us in the fellowship hall
for an informal reception following the concert.

Notes and Texts

La Lluvia (“The Rain”)

by Stephen Hatfield

La Lluvia is a folk melody from Ecuador traditionally played on the siku - the double row of panpipes that have been used in the high Andes for over a thousand years.

Trois Chansons

Claude Debussy

1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

God, what a vision she is;
one imbued with grace, true and beautiful!
For all the virtues that are hers
everyone is quick to praise her.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty constantly renews itself;
On neither side of the ocean
do I know any girl or woman
who is in all virtues so perfect;
it's a dream even to think of her;
God, what a vision she is.

2. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
in my bed I remain calm,
not lifting my head from the pillow
saying, “It is too early,
I'll fall asleep again.”
When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
the young jump from partner to partner
not even bothering to remember you.
From him, I'll move on,
finding a lover that's conveniently close by.
When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
in my bed I remain calm,
not lifting my head from the pillow.

3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Winter, you're nothing but a villain!
Summer is pleasant and nice,
Joined to May and April,
Who go hand in hand.
Summer dreams of fields, woods,
and flowers,
Covered with green
And many other colours,
By nature's command.
But you, Winter, are too full
Of snow, wind, rain, and hail.
You should be banished!
Without exaggerating, I speak plainly
– Winter, you're nothing but a villain!

Epitaph for Moonlight

by Murray Schafer

The "text" consists of new words invented by a grade 7 class to express the concept of moonlight:

Nu-yu-yul	Shiverglowa
Noorwahm	Shalowa
Maunklinde	Sheelesk
Malooma	Shimonoell
Lunious	Neshmoor
Sloofulp	

Five Flower Songs

by Benjamin Britten

1. To Daffodils

text by Robert Herrick

Fair daffodils, we weep to see you
haste away so soon.
As yet the early rising sun
has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay until the hasting day
has run but to evensong;
And having prayed together,
we will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you.
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die, as your hours do, and dry away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again!

2. The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

text by Robert Herrick

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers.
Then after her comes smiling May
In a more rich and sweet array.
Next enters June and brings more
Gems than those two that went before.
Then (lastly,) July comes and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.
April, May, June, July!

3. Marsh Flowers

text by George Crabbe

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:
Here, on hills of dust the henbane's faded green
And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs
With fruit globose and fierce with
poison'd stings;
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place
are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our seaweeds rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

4. The Evening Primrose

text by John Clare

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star.

The evening primrose opes anew
It's delicate blossoms to the dew
And hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;

Who, blindfold to its fond caresses
Knows not the beauty it possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by;
When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone.

5. Ballad of Green Broom

text anonymous

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood,
And his trade was a cutting of Broom, green Broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon;

The old man awoke one morning and spoke
He swore he would fire the room, that room
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom,
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room
She called to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green Broom."

"Go fetch me the boy!"

When Johnny came in to the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your Trade
And marry a lady in bloom, and marry a Lady in full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom.
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the boy that sold Broom, green Broom.



Six Chansons

by Paul Hindemith

Original French poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke
(paraphrased by Leonard Enns)

I. La Biche

O doe, what scenes of ancient forests
are reflected in your eyes!
What serene confidence is affected by transient
shades of fear.
It all is borne on your graceful, bounding course,
and nothing astounds the
impassive calm of your brow.

2. Un Cygne

A swan glides on the water
all in itself enfolded
like a slow moving tableau.

And so, at some time or place
A loved one will be molded
Appearing like a migrating space
Floating (redoubled
Like a swan on the river)
Upon our soul so troubled,
Its image doubled by an apparition,
Quivering with delight and suspicion.

3. Puisque tout passe

Since all is passing
retain the melodies that wander by us.
That which comforts when near us,
only that will remain.
Sing about those things, about love and art.
Before they can grieve us, let us quickly depart.

4. Printemps

O song that pours from the sap of
new growth
And soars throughout the green
wood of spring,
Amplify our brief song, and restore
its dying strain.

It is but for a few moments that
we share the fantasy,
The endless variation of nature's ecstasy,
the fount of creation.

After our song is ended, others
will assume the part.
But meanwhile, how can I give to you
all my heart in full surrender?

5. En Hiver

In winter, grisly death steals in through
the doorway.
He visits both the young and the old,
playing his violin.
But when spring arrives, beating frozen
earth beneath blue sky,
Then death goes fleeting, lightly greeting
passersby.

6. Verger

The earth is most real deep in your
branches, O orchard,
And nowhere so airy as in the shadows
lacing the grassy pond.
There we find that which sustains and
nourishes life,
And with it, we find sweetest undying
tenderness.

Deep in the orchard the spring's
clear waters
Are almost asleep at the fountain's heart,
Yet they hardly teach us of this
strange contrast,
Since it is so much a part of them.

The Blue Eye of God

by Nancy Telfer

text by Barbara Powis

The animals, the winged and swimming creatures,
rose in their agony, confronted man.

Dolphins, butchered on beaches,
sea tears brimming startled eyes,
observed an arc of knives
obscure the sun.

Ducks and long-limbed herons
raised their jewelled wings,
their bright and patterned necks,
and sank, oil-girdled
in the black and tarnished sea.

The humpback whales,
the orcas wrote Cetacean history.
Their underwater songs rang plunder -
the scraped dead space behind the factory ships;
Their underwater songs sang of mysteries
greater than man, greater than whales:
the blue of God in the water.

In Nature

by Antonín Dvořák

text by Vitězslav Hálek

(english translation by Peggy Simon)

I. Songs Filled My Heart

Songs filled my heart one lovely day.
How could I know they would be calling?
Just like the dew upon the hill,
Dew never warns us before falling.

Nature is sparkling, heavenly
Just as a child is happy, glowing,
How can I know if these are songs of joy
Or merely songs of weeping and woe.

Now with the moonlight on the dew
Gone are the songs which sadden or console me.
Now as I'm waiting for another dawn
I'm hoping they'll again fill my soul.

2. When Evening Comes Chimes Fill the Forest

When ev'ning comes, chimes fill the forest
From all the birds beneath their cover.
Cuckoos are calling here and yonder,
The nightingale addresses his love.

Branches are sprinkled there in the forest
With songs of love for all who listen.
Big silver moon shines in the heavens
With silver threads that glow and glisten,

Carrying dreams with every fiber.
Dreams full of myst'ry now are dancing.
Only a lonely deer is watching
And gaily and quietly prancing.

Now all still within the forest.
Now ev'ry bird is soundly sleeping.
Cuckoos are muted, nightingales hush
While in dreamland their silence they keep.

Even the deer is now reposing
And till the morning no one will stir.
Nighttime has drawn her velvet curtain
And all of the world is deep in slumber.

3. Golden Harvest

Golden harvest, golden harvest,
Corn is growing merrily!
Blades resemble gay musicians
Swinging, swaying everywhere.

Joyful breezes dance around so rapidly,
Whirling, twirling, rapidly.
Sunshine covers all, kissing and embracing
Blades and blossoms growing up.

Quails and crickets in the cornfields
Lie on ridges whispering.
Bees and butterflies in the flowers
Whisper who is hiding there.

Golden harvest! The fields ripen,
Corn is growing merrily.
Now my soul is like a harvest.
Songs are growing everywhere.

4. Up Sprang a Birch Tree Overnight

Up sprang a birch tree overnight
Like a lamb who dashes from sight
Out to the pasture green and clear
Telling the world that spring is here.

Way up to heaven sprang the tree
So that all the forest would see
His graceful form was like a toy,
And all the forest jumped for joy.

Then as the time of Spring begins
Air has the sound of violins.
Air dipped in perfume travels our way
And all the world is young and gay.

Soon ev'ry tree dresses in green,
Each is a splendid king or queen
And all the branches, gay with birds,
Happily chatter with new words.

Joining the merry springtime feast
Travels each bird and ev'ry beast,
From ev'ry corner, far and near
Telling the world that Spring is here.

5. Oh, Here's A Day for Joyful Singing

Oh, here's a day for joyful singing!
Come, let us dance in jubilation.
Oh here's a day when Nature's splendor,
Will join the Lord's divine creation.

There in the flowers bees are dancing,
Under the grass blade beetles hover,
The rivers murmur, woods are calling,
Those who are lonely, seek a lover.

See how the morning sun is rising,
While God showers heaven in glory.
This is the news the nightingale brings,
And sweetly he relates his story.

Today the lovely book of poems is open wide.
Oh, wondrous morning!
Today the many roads of pleasure,
freedom and justice join together.

Now heaven glitters, air is vibrant,
Beautiful music floats through our land.

Now earth and sky are reunited
So let us raise our voice in songs of joy!

In Nature

Stephen Chatman

Chatman uses words and sounds to paint
five distinctive nature landscapes.

1. Mountains
2. Trees
3. Woodpecker
4. Varied Thrushes
5. Mosquitoes

ARTISTS

Leonard Enns

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns has been a member of the Music faculty at Conrad Grebel College, University of Waterloo since 1977. He is Chair of the Music Department, teaches in the areas of music theory and composition, conducting, Canadian music, and directs the College Chapel Choir.

DaCapo Chamber Choir

DaCapo is a community chamber choir formed in the fall of 1998. The choir began as a group of singers 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. In June of this year, for example, DaCapo will be part of a larger choir performing at the University of Waterloo Arts Convocation.

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

Tenor:

Nolan Andres
Joel Brubacher
Tim Corlis
Tim Hedrick
Ron Schweitzer

Alto:

Margaret Andres
Angie Koch
Sara Wahl
Susan Wall

Bass:

Chris Allen
Ben Bolt-Martin
John Brubacher
Dave Switzer
Colin Wiebe

Acknowledgements

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Thank you to Conrad Grebel College for providing the space for our weekly rehearsals.

Upcoming Performances

April 14 – Waterloo North Mennonite Church, Easter Vigil Service; 10:30pm

June 3 – St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener
Joint concert with Lachan Chamber Choir of Toronto
(directed by Benjamin Maissner); 7:00pm

June 5 – repeat concert with Lachan Chamber Choir of Toronto,
St. James Bond United Church, 1066 Avenue Road
(near Avenue Road/Eglinton); 8:00pm

November 10 – St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener; 8:00pm

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