

Inspire - Transform - Enchant  
Reverend Joy  
From the Beginning  
The Spirit, William  
Magical ton

# DaCapo

Chamber Choir

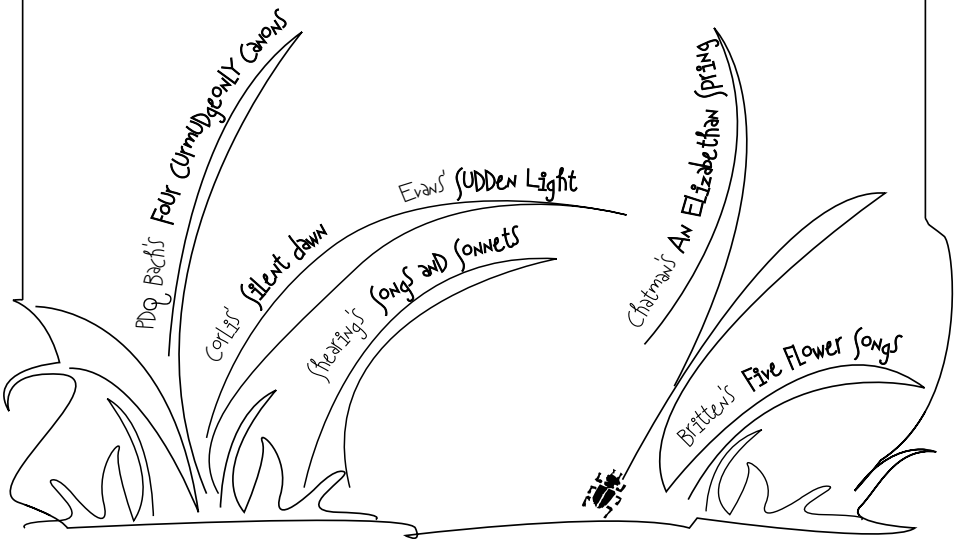
directed by Leonard Enns



with special guests Vanessa Yundt, pianist and The Eclectics

# A SPRING BOUQUET

Music to Lift your Spirits



Saturday May 3, 2003 8:00pm

St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener

# PROGRAM

**Bourrée from English Suite #2** ~ J. S. Bach

**An Elizabethan Spring** ~ Stephen Chatman

- I. Spring, the sweet spring
- II. There is a garden in her face
- III. The urchin's dance

**Silent Dawn** ~ Tim Corlis

**Sudden Light from Five Song Lyrics** ~ Robert Evans

**Five Flower Songs** ~ Benjamin Britten

- I. To daffodils
- II. The succession of four sweet months
- III. Marsh flowers
- IV. The evening primrose
- V. Ballad of green broom

**Four Curmudgeonly Canons** ~ P.D.Q. Bach

- I. Winter's over
- II. Spring is gone
- III. Summer has passed
- IV. Autumn is over



*~intermission~*

**Beautiful Love** ~ V. Young

**It Don't Mean A Thing** ~ Duke Ellington

**It's Very Clear** ~ George & Ira Gershwin

**Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare** ~ George Shearing

- I. Live with me and be my love
- II. When daffodils begin to peer
- III. It was a lover and his lass
- IV. Spring
- V. Who is Sylvia?
- VI. Fie on sinful fantasy
- VII. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain

Please join us for an informal reception following the concert

# Notes & Texts



(Program notes written by Leonard Enns except where indicated)

## **Bourrée from English Suite #2** ~ J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

This arrangement of the *Bourrée* is from Bach's second *English* by Ward Single (although the "arranging" amounts essentially to a lowering of the key to bring it into a more comfortable vocal range). You will hear the piece first in a "straight" rhythm, and then in a "swung" jazz-like version. We will return later to a Bach, albeit P.D.Q., who seems to have had a major reversal in his life, judging from his dates (1807-1742); finally, we will return to a jazz idiom in the George Shearing pieces which will end the evening.

## **An Elizabethan Spring** ~ Stephen Chatman (bn. 1950)

British Columbian composer Stephen Chatman has set these three Elizabethan texts first with bell-like ringing chords summoning in the spring (*Spring, the sweet spring*), then with a wonderful delicate lyricism (*There is a garden in her face*), and thirdly with a puckish, scampering energy (*The urchins' dance*).

### **I - Spring, the sweet spring**

Spring, the sweet Spring,  
Is the year's pleasant king  
Then blooms each thing,  
Then maids dance in a ring

### **II - There is a garden in her face**

There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies grow  
A heav'nly paradise is that place,  
Where-in all pleasant fruits do flow.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row,  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rose buds filled with snow.

Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

### **III - The urchin's dance**

By the moon we sport and play,  
With the night begins our day;  
As we dance the dew doth fall;  
Trip it, little urchins all.

By the moon we sport and play,  
With the night begins our day:  
As we dance the dew doth fall;  
Trip it, little urchins all.

Lightly as a little bee,  
Two by two, and three by three,  
Trip it,  
And about go we.

## Silent Dawn ~ Tim Corlis

\* Premier Performance \*

Both text and music for *Silent Dawn* were inspired by the experience of a winter morning, just before sun-rise. In the midst of such moments, time seems to disappear - silence is overwhelming. I hope that the music recreates something of this timelessness, but not as a description of that winter morning. Instead, the music should act as a frame for the silence that we share at its edges. ~ T.C.

Still, still this dawn.  
All with winter's hush chill and new born snow.  
Be still this dawn  
and cradle up this weary place with gentle light.

Still, still this dawn.  
Still, though all I have known falls into  
shades of night.  
Be still my soul and love unfading know.

## Sudden Light from Five Song Lyrics ~ Robert Evans (bn. 1933)

Composer, poet, and photographer Robert Evans lives in Elora. He has written for many organizations, including the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the choir of Kings College, Cambridge. *Sudden Light*, the fourth song in a set of *Five Song Lyrics*, was composed in 1981 on a commission from the Bach-Elgar Choral Society of Hamilton. The text is, fittingly, by another multi-talented creator, poet/painter/designer Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882).

I have been here before  
But when or how I cannot tell:  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound,  
The lights around the shore.

You have been mine before  
How long ago I may not know  
But just when at that swallows' soar  
Your neck turns so,  
Some veil did fall  
I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?  
And shall not thus time's ed-dying flight  
Still with our lives  
Our love restore  
In death's despite,  
And day and night  
Yield one delight once more.

## Five Flower Songs ~ Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Britten wrote the *Five Flower Songs* in 1950 for the 25th wedding anniversary of friends of his. The songs are wonderfully varied, a true musical garden in their variety of colours and styles, ending with Britten's own take on a guitar strumming minstrel in *Ballad of Green Broom*, where three of the choral parts generally function as chordal accompaniment to a melodic story-telling fourth voice.

### I. 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!

### II. 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!

### III. 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.



#### IV. 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.



#### V. 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.

## Four Curmudgeonly Canons ~ P.D.Q. Bach (1807-1742)

Not much to be said here, except that canons are simply round songs, and round songs are characterized by staggered entries from bar to bar in the various voices, and apparently P.D.Q. Bach was quite familiar with staggered entrances and ordering rounds at whim. The texts, blatantly deficient in the optimism expressed in other texts on tonight's concert, were probably written by King Frederick the Grate.

### I. Winter's Over

Winter's over,  
spring has turned to summer  
Heat rash, poison ivy and all  
Oh, it's really a bummer,  
and I can't wait 'til fall.

Here's to mosquitos and flies  
without number  
Bugs you can hardly see at all  
Oh, it's really a bummer,  
and I can't wait 'til fall.

### II. Spring Is Gone

Spring is gone  
and summer has turned to fall  
Wet and muddy roads now us do hinder  
It's a drag, I care for it not at all  
I can hardly wait until it's winter.

Everywhere you look the leaves do fall  
Everything, s as bleak as early Pinter  
It's a drag, I care for it not at all  
I can hardly wait until it's winter

### III. Summer Has Passed

Summer has passed,  
and fall has turned to winter  
Now Jack Frost is King  
Now it's like the sun's off,  
now we freeze our buns off  
Oh brother how I wish  
that it were spring.  
Now more than anything,  
how I wish that it were spring.

### IV. Autumn Is Over

Autumn is over and winter is gone  
Pardon me please, my good friends,  
if I yawn.  
Everyone acts as if spring  
were some big deal  
Singing and dancing and carrying on  
with great zeal  
Meanwhile, I'm, like, give me a break.  
Face it, spring is when icicles  
drip on your head  
Spring is when mud makes your boots  
feel like lead  
Spring is when lovers embrace  
'til day unfolds  
Hugging and kissing  
and giving each other their colds  
I can't wait 'til summer begins.

Oh, yes, summer is the season  
that I'm waiting for.

**Beautiful Love** ~ V. Young (1900-1956)

text H. Gillespie; arr. Tim Corlis

Beautiful love, you're all a mystery.  
Beautiful love, what have you done to me?  
I was contented til you came along  
Thrilling my soul with your song.

Beautiful love, I've roamed your paradise  
Searching for love, my dreams to realize.  
Reaching for heaven, depending on you.  
Beautiful love, will my dreams come true?

**It Don't Mean A Thing** ~ Duke Ellington (1899-1974)

text Irving Mills; arr. Tim Corlis

What good is melody, what good is music  
If it ain't possessin' something sweet?  
It ain't the melody, it ain't the music,  
There's something else that makes the tune complete.

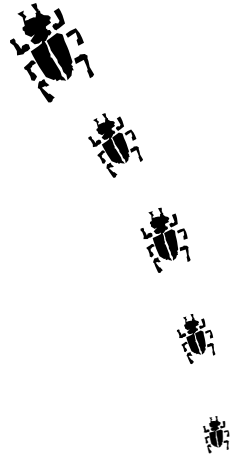
It don't mean a thing, if it ain't got that swing  
It don't mean a thing, all you got to do is sing  
It makes no diff'rence if it's sweet or hot  
Just give that rhythm ev'rything you got  
It don't mean a thing, if it ain't got that swing.

**It's Very Clear** ~ George Gershwin (1898-1937);

text Ira Gershwin; arr. unknown

It's very clear  
Our love is here to stay.  
Not for a year,  
But ever and a day.  
The radio and the telephone  
And the movies that we know,  
They're all just passing fancies  
That in time may go.

But oh, my dear,  
Our love is here to stay  
Together we're going  
A long, long way  
In time the Rockies may crumble,  
Gibraltar may tumble,  
They're only made of clay  
But, our love  
Is here to stay.





## Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare ~ George Shearing (bn. 1919) words by William Shakespeare

Much of the “jazz” in these settings by pianist George Shearing lies in the keyboard part, and we are pleased to be working with Vanessa Yundt tonight to bring you these delightful settings of Shakespearean texts. May they send you into the season with spring in your step!

### I. Live with me and be my love (from Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music)

Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with thee and be my love.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.



## II. When daffodils begin to peer (The Winter's Tale, act 4, scene 2)

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy, over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!  
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tira-lira chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

## III. It was a lover and his lass (As You Like It, act 5, scene 3)

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

*Refrain*

*In the spring time, in the spring time, the only pretty ring time.  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,

*Refrain*

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flow'r

*Refrain*

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime

*Refrain*

#### IV. Spring (Love's Labour's Lost, act 5, scene 2)

When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,

*Refrain*

*The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo;  
O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

*Refrain*

#### V. Who is Silvia? (The Gentlemen of Verona, act 4, scene 2)

Who is Silvia? What is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heav'n such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

**VI. Fie on sinful fantasy (The Merry Wives of Windsor, act 5, scene 2)**

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villainy;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

**VII. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain (Twelfth Night, act 5, scene 2)**

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,  
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
With tosspots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth ev'ry day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.

# ARTISTS

## Music Director, Leonard Enns

Leonard Enns has been a member of the Music faculty at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo since 1977. He is Chair of the Music Department, teaches music theory, composition, and conducting, and directs the College Chapel Choir. He is the founding director of DaCapo, and is active as a widely performed composer.

## DaCapo Chamber Choir

DaCapo is a community chamber choir now in its fifth season, dedicated to exploring unaccompanied music, mainly of the 20<sup>th</sup> 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.

## DaCapo Chamber Choir Members

### *Soprano:*

Shannon Beynon  
Sara Fretz  
Stacey VanderMeer  
Jennie Wiebe

### *Tenor:*

Thomas Brown  
Joel Brubacher  
Tim Corlis  
Brandon Leis



### *Alto:*

Janice Maust Hedrick  
Susan Schwartzentruher  
Rebecca Steinmann  
Sara Wahl

### *Bass:*

Donny Cheung  
Friedrich Kuebart  
Kevin Smith  
Dave Switzer  
Colin Wiebe

## The Eclectics

As their name suggests, this group of performers enjoy singing a wide variety of musical styles. Tonight's selections are some of their jazzy favourites. Tim Corlis, Sara Fretz, Sara Martin and Sara Wahl have been singing together since their University days at Conrad Grebel College. They have performed on a number of occasions, including MennoFolk and their own informal concerts. Special thanks to Brandon Leis and Colin Wiebe who have joined The Eclectics for this evening's performance.

## Vanessa Yundt

Vanessa Yundt has been playing the piano her entire life. After having completed her A.R.C.T. with her father, Raymond Yundt, she went on to complete her Bachelor of Music Degree in Performance at the University of Toronto under the tutelage of Professor Patricia Parr and Marietta Orlov. While in Toronto, she studied jazz piano privately with Frank Falco. Vanessa currently teaches piano with her father.

# Acknowledgements

DaCapo logo and promotional materials – Heather Lee

Thank you to Luther Village for providing the space for DaCapo's weekly rehearsals.

# Upcoming Concert

November 15, 2003 – St. John the Evangelist Church, Kitchener, 8:00 pm



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

If you would like to be added to our electronic mailing list which will notify you of upcoming DaCapo concerts and events, please send an email to [dacapo@canada.com](mailto:dacapo@canada.com)

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If you are interested in supporting the DaCapo Chamber Choir financially, please contact us at [dacapo@canada.com](mailto:dacapo@canada.com) or call us at 725-7549.