

.....*programme*.....

My spirit sang all day	Gerald Finzi
Epitaph for moonlight	R. Murray Schafer
Magnificat	Arvo Pärt
Four motets on Gregorian Melodies	Maurice Duruflé

Ubi caritas
Total pulchra es
Tu es Petrus
Tantum ergo

.....*intermission*.....

Hymn to St Cecilia	Benjamin Britten
Six Chansons	Paul Hindemith
La Biche	
Un Cygne	
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Verger	
Music when soft voices die	Leonard Enns
My spirit sang all day	Gerald Finzi

texts and translations

My spirit sang all day

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only my joy!

My heart an echo caught
O my joy
And spake, Tell my thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy,
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?

And I replied, O see,
O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

-Robert Bridges

Epitaph for Moonlight

Nu-yu-yul Noorwahm
Maunklinde Maloona
Lunious Sloofulp
Shiverglowa Shalowa
Sheelesk Shimoell
Neshmoor

Magnificat

My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices
in God my Saviour.
For he has regarded
the lowliness of his handmaiden,
for behold,
henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty
has magnified me,
and holy is his name.
And his mercy
is on those who fear him,
from generation to generation.
He has shown strength
with his arm,
he has scattered the proud
in the imagination of their hearts.
He has put down the mighty
from their seat,
and has exalted the humble;
he has filled the hungry
with good things,
and the rich
he has sent away empty.
He has helped Israel, his servant,
in remembrance of his mercy,
as he spoke to our fathers,
to Abraham and his children

for ever.

-Luke 1:46-55

Four Motets on gregorian melodies

1. Ubi caritas

Where charity and love are, there is God.
The love of Christ has brought us together into the flock.

Let us rejoice and let us be glad in that love itself.
Let us fear and love the living God,
and let us love from a pure heart.

2. Tota pulchra es

Thou art all beauty, Mary,
and there is no blemish of original sin in Thee.
Thy garments are as white as snow, and thy face is as the sun.
Thou art the glory of Jerusalem,
the joy or Israel, the source of honour to our people.

3. Tu es Petrus

Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.

4. Tantum ergo

So great a sacrament let us therefore worship with bowed heads,
and let the ancient example give way to a new rite.
Let faith make good the insufficiency of our senses.
Praise and rejoicing, safety and honour,
virtue and blessing to the begetter and the begotten; to him who
comes from either let there be equal praise.

Hymn to St. Cecilia

In a garden shady this holy lady
with reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked

in an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and aspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*
I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.

I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.
I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.

All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.

I shall never be
Different. Love me.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and aspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange

From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wished never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
 O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
 That which has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
 O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
 O wear you tribulation like a rose.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and aspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

-W. H. Auden

Six chansons

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.

II. Un Cygne

A swan glides on the water
all in himself 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.

III. 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 grive us, let us quickly depart.

IV. Printemps

O song that pours from the sap of new growth
and soars through 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?

V. 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 greetin passersby.

VI. 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.

-original French poetry by Rainer Maria Rilke
(paraphrase by LE)

Music, when soft voices die

Music when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou are gone,
love itself shall slumber on.

-Percy Bysshe Shelley

Da Capo chamber choir

Shannon Beynon

Sara Fretz

Jennie Krueger

Margaret Andres

Shauna Leis

Sue Sims

Nolan Andres

Tim Corlis

Brandon Leis

Mark Adams

Jason Hildebrand

Kevin Smith

Dave Switzer

Leonard Enns, musical director
