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- **Conrad Grebel University College** ~ for providing the space for DaCapo's weekly rehearsals
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Ontario Arts Council ~ for funding the commission of
Timothy Corlis' *Notes towards a poem that can never be written*

Visit our newly redesigned web site at
www.dacapochoir.ca

Transform *Reverend Joy*
From the Beginning **DaCapo** *Chamber Choir* directed by Leonard Enns

Soliloquy

music of reflection: the lone voice and the crowd

Saturday, March 4th, 8pm
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener
(corner of Duke and Water)

2004-2005 Season Donors

Delphine and Lloyd Martin ~ major season contributor
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DaCapo thanks all of our season donors, including those individual donors who wished to remain anonymous.

NEW!

You can now donate to DaCapo online! Visit our newly redesigned web site at www.dacapochoamberchoir.ca and click on the CanadaHelps logo!

We are currently looking for Venue Sponsors for our upcoming concerts. If you are interested in supporting DaCapo financially, please contact Sara Martin, choir manager at 725-7549 or by emailing smartin@dacapochoamberchoir.ca.

Program

Invocation ~ Leonard Enns

The Reproaches ~ John Sanders

Cello Sonata, first movement ~ George Crumb
cellist, Ben Bolt-Martin

O Crux ~ Knut Nystedt

Cello Sonata, second movement ~ George Crumb

Brier ~ Jeff Smallman

Cello Sonata, third movement ~ George Crumb

intermission

Notes towards a poem that can never be written ~ Timothy Corlis

text by Margaret Atwood

narrator, Bruce Dow

cellist, Ben Bolt-Martin

soloist, Shannon Beynon

commissioned by the DaCapo Chamber Choir with funding
through the Ontario Arts Council

Yiddish Suite ~ Srul Irving Glick

cellist, Ben Bolt-Martin

please join us for an informal reception following the concert

Notes and texts:

(All notes written by L. Enns, except where indicated)

Invocation for solo cello by Leonard Enns (bn. 1948, Canada)

The evening opens with the solo voice of the cello – a wordless soliloquy, setting the stage for recurring dialogues between the full choir and cello, vocal soloist, or (as in *The Reproaches*) unison chant.

The Reproaches by John Sanders (1933-2002, England)

Sanders studied at London's Royal College of Music and at Cambridge University, subsequently holding posts as organist and choirmaster first at Chester and then Gloucester Cathedrals. His setting of texts from the Holy Week Services plunges us directly into the centre of a drama – the rejection of the healer by the people.

Although this and the other two choral works on the first half of the program are rooted in the Christian narrative, the drama is a universal one: visionaries who would lead are often ignored and even persecuted, and our understanding of those whom our actions have hurt is inadequate, or – as Atwood's text (in the Corlis première) will claim – impossible. The final work, by Srul Irving Glick, presents another perspective growing out of a history of persecution, in this case coming from a Jewish voice. The obvious tension embedded in the juxtaposition of the opening and closing works is grist for our own mulling; Wilfrid Owen's words from the trenches of Europe some ninety years ago continue to prod at us: "I am the enemy you killed, my friend."

O my people, what have I done to you?
How have I offended you?
Answer me!

I led you out of Egypt, from slavery to freedom,
but you led your Saviour to the cross.

O my people...

Holy is God! Holy and strong!
Holy immortal One, have mercy on us.

For forty years I led you safely through the desert.
I fed you with manna from heaven,
and brought you to a land of plenty:
but you led you Saviour to the cross.

Upcoming DaCapo Performances

Rhapsody

Saturday, April 29, 2006 – 8pm
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church
music of spring, love and pleasure

Join us as we celebrate the arrival of spring with music of love and revelry from the past few decades, dipping back a century for the beautiful *Songs of Nature* by Dvorak. Helping us stretch back even farther in time will be our guest performers, the TACTUS Vocal Ensemble, who will bring us madrigals from the Renaissance, and then join forces with us to perform the energetic *Te Deum* by Leonard Enns.

For more information e-mail DaCapo at info@dacapochamberchoir.ca

TACTUS Vocal Ensemble presents BACH before&beyond

with Linda Melsted, baroque violin, and Jan Overduin, organ.

Program includes Bach: partita in D mi. for solo violin,
chorales, organ works; and Renaissance choral works.

8:00 p.m. Saturday April 1, 2006
First United Church, Waterloo
tickets \$25/students \$10 at the door

information: 519-885-9167 or 519-766-0371

TACTUS: Stephanie Kramer, Catherine Robertson, soprano;
Jennifer Enns Modolo, Valerie Nunn, alto;
Glenn Peirson, Marcus Kramer, tenor;
Kirk Lackenbauer, Gordon Burnett, bass

Leonard Enns, Artistic Director

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir. He is a member of the Music faculty at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo, and is often engaged elsewhere as choral adjudicator and clinician. Over the past year, premieres of Enns's compositions have taken place in Kyoto, Japan at the World Symposium on Choral Music; in St John's, Newfoundland at Festival 500; and at the Guelph Spring Festival. *NorthWord*, a new CD of Enns's choral music recorded by the Elora Festival Singers, will be released shortly.

Noel Edison and the Elora Festival Singers, along with oboist **James Mason** and organist **Jurgen Petrenko**, have recently recorded a disc of Enns's choral music. The CD, entitled *NorthWord*, will be released in 2006 under the *Centrediscs* label of the Canadian Music Centre. Previous CDs including Enns's music have been released by the DaCapo Chamber Choir, the Toronto Children's Chorus, the Winnipeg Singers, the Menno Singers, and other groups. His music is published by Boosey & Hawkes, E C Schirmer, Gordon V Thompson, and several other publishers, and is also available through the Canadian Music Centre of which Enns is an associate composer.

Bruce Dow, narrator

2006 marks Bruce's 20th year as a professional actor working in Canada and the United States. Broadway credits include: Robert in *Jane Eyre* and Jacey Squires in *The Music Man*. Bruce will appear as Mr. Bumble in *Oliver!* and as Luther Billis in *South Pacific* in this, his seventh season with the Stratford Festival of Canada.

Ben Bolt-Martin, cellist

Ben is a graduate of both Wilfrid Laurier University ('96), studying with Paul Pulford, and University of Western Ontario ('04), studying with Tom Wiebe. He also studied at the graduate level at University of Wisconsin – Milwaukee's Institute of Chamber Music with Wolfgang Laufer of the Fine Arts quartet. Ben is principal cello with the Stratford Festival and the Georgian Bay Symphony and plays with the Georgian Bay String Quartet and the Festival Quartet of Stratford.

Timothy Corlis, composer

The music of Waterloo composer Timothy Corlis has been performed in Canada and the United States by Roman Borys, Annalee Patipatanakoon (both of the Gryphon Trio), Erika Raum, Heather Dawn Taves, Laura Pudwell and others. Corlis has performed with the Tafelmusik Baroque Chamber Choir, Grand River Baroque Festival ensemble, and with the Elora Festival Singers. He is currently a sessional instructor at the University of Waterloo where he teaches music theory and directs the Conrad Grebel Chapel Choir.

Holy is God...

What more could I have done for you?
I planted you as my fairest vine,
but you yielded only bitterness:
when I was thirsty you gave me vinegar to drink,
and you pierced your Saviour's side with a lance.

Holy is God...

I opened the sea before you,
but you opened my side with a spear.
I led you on your way in a pillar of cloud,
but you led me to Pilate's court.

O my people...

I bore you up with manna in the desert,
but you struck me down and scourged me.
I gave you saving water from the rock,
but you gave me gall and vinegar to drink.

O my people...

I gave you a royal sceptre,
but you gave me crown of thorns.
I raised you to the height of majesty,
but you have raised me high on a cross.

O my people...

~text from the Holy Week Services by the Joint Liturgical Group

Cello Sonata by George Crumb (b. 1929, USA)

Crumb taught at the University of Pennsylvania for more than 30 years, at the same time developing a reputation as a leading composer of his century. Tonight, the three movements of his early *Cello Sonata* (1955) serve as soliloquies, connecting and concluding our choral "scenes." The music is both probing and declamatory, and the outburst of the final movement is a fitting close and dramatic release for the intensely concentrated choral works of the first half of our concert.

O **Crux** by Knut Nystedt (b. 1915, Norway)

Nystedt begins with an isolated pitch (an A 440, the foundational reference pitch for musicians) and expands that over the course of the work to a final gentle but radiant D major chord, stretched over nearly four octaves. The final words, “O cross, radiant,” summarize this overall trajectory – a journey of understanding which begins at a point of isolation and grows to a final and universal radiance.

The idea of “cross” is embedded in the very musical structure of the work, which hangs intervallically on the most unstable interval of the western musica system, the tritone (augmented fourth, or diminished fifth); the interval is created at the exact chromatic “crossing point” between one pitch and its octave (C to F# for example). All beginning theory students are taught that this interval must be “resolved,” Nystedt, however, takes the tension of the interval and turns it, structurally, into a point of beauty and radiance. As ever in his music, the structure becomes metaphor for a great truth. The turning point, the crossing through this tritone relationship, happens early in the piece (after “universis”), at a point where you will hear no text, simply the syllable “ah.” The crossing IS difficult and intense, but at the other side is both peace and near-unbearable devotion.

O crux, splendidior cunctis astris
mundo celebris,
hominibus multum amabilis
sanctior universis.

*O Cross, more radiant than the stars,
Celebrated throughout the earth,
Beloved of the people.
Holier than all things.*

Quae sola fuisti
digna portare talentum mundi.

*Which alone was found worthy
to bear the light of the world.*

Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce ferens pondera.
Salva praesentem catervam,
in tuis hodie laudibus congregatam.

*Blessed tree, blessed nails,
blest the weight you bore:
save the flock which today
is gathered to praise you.*

The **ARTISTS**

DaCapo Chamber Choir

The DaCapo Chamber Choir, now in its eighth season, is dedicated to exploring unaccompanied music, primarily 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 the spring of 2004, DaCapo was named a finalist in the Contemporary category of the *CBC National Radio Competition for Amateur Choirs* and successfully recorded and released their first CD, **STILL** (on sale at tonight's concert!).

Choir Members

Soprano:

Shannon Beynon
Sara Fretz
Sara Martin
Jennifer Spaulding
Stacey VanderMeerr

Tenor:

Brian Black
Thomas Brown
Tim Corlis
Nate Gundy
Michael Lee-Poy

Alto:

Sarah Flatt
Angie Koch
Shauna Leis
Janice Maust Hedrick
Susan Schwartzentruber
Sara Wahl

Bass:

Donny Cheung
Jeff Enns
Bill Labron
Alan Martin
Kevin Smith
Dave Switzer

To inquire about auditions, email auditions@dacapochamberchoir.ca

VI: A LOSHIKL

Kotchere, lopete,
Kopite, ferd,
Loift um a loshikl
Iber der erd.

Vos iz di simcha?
Un vos iz di frayd?
Dos poyerl, hot hynt
Di felder farzate.

Felder mit hober
Un felder mit hay
A bracha, hatzlacha,
A groiser farzay.

Vet zich dos hoberl
Ton a tzeblay
Iber di knechel
Iber di kni

Chap ich a tenzl,
Chap ich a shprung,
Ich bin a loshikl,
A kozak, a yung.

Hoberl, hoberl,
Tu nor a vaks
Far mir un far ferdl
Un b'hayma un oks.

~ Yiddish poem by J. I. Segal

VI. A PONY

*A poker, a spade,
A hoof, a pony
There runs a horse
Over the country.*

*And why is he happy?
Why is he gay?
The peasant has sowed
The fields today.*

*Fields of hay
Fields of oats
A blessing, a praying
Will make it grow.*

*In the fall
Springing up soon
Over ankles then knees
The oats will bloom.*

*I begin to dance
I start to jump
Like a pony,
Like a young cossack.*

*Oats, oats
Please grow for me
For cow, for ox
And small horsie!*

~ English verse by D. S. Glick

Brier by Jeff Smallman (b. 1965, Canada)

Smallman's strong melodic gifts reflect a deep respect for, and love of, "traditional" styles, stretching — by his own admission — from Medievalism through Impressionism. Though he has a long list of works to his name, and has served as organist choir-master at St Martin-in-the-Fields Anglican Church, London, Ontario for fifteen years, his bread finds its way to the table thanks largely to a day job in the Music Library at the University of Western Ontario.

Brier was the winning work in the 2004 choral composition competition of the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors.

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

~ E. Pauline Johnson (1861-1913)

Notes towards a poem that can never be written

by Timothy Corlis (b. 1972, Canada)

text by Margaret Atwood

One line from Margaret Atwood's poem illustrates a central inspiration for the composition: "the facts of this world seen clearly are seen through tears." When I read this poem as a composer, I hear it speaking about the numbing effect of privilege in an age where we are bombarded with information. As artists we have the freedom to speak about the injustices that surround us but are in many ways silenced by the white noise of information. We become overwhelmed by "facts" and often make the mistake of granting such "facts" an objectivity or distance from our senses. Atwood raises the question of whether this distance (emotional or otherwise) from information provides clarity. Perhaps a mode of perception that is subjective, emotional, or entangled offers a deeper kind of clarity.

My goal in writing this composition is to provide a reading of Atwood's poem that immerses the senses in sound, so that we might become entangled in her words. Rather than dwelling on words and concepts as "facts" to be scrutinized, this music aims to focus the audience's attention on the immediate sensual experience. Here, we come close to suspending the distance that our privilege grants us. Instead of being overwhelmed by information or merely interested in statistics, we become involved and vulnerable.

~ Tim Corlis



This première performance was commissioned by the DaCapo Chamber Choir with funding through the Ontario Arts Council.

V: TIF

Tif un mein genider,
Unter mein gevisen,
Ligt mein tatns siddur
Fun a Dytych tzerissen.

Un in nacht in shpeter
Ven oif velten shtil iz,
Bleter ich un bleter
Di farvaynte tflis.

Ch'hob gelozt mein machzor
Ergetz in di hetn...
Tzu a Got an achzor,
Kon ich mer nit beten.

In der nacht, a vacher,
Halt ich in ein klern.
Un mein hartz – an acher –
Kusht mein tatns treern.

~ Yiddish poem by Peretz Miransky

V: DEEP

*Deep in my memory
Within that innermost land
Lies my father's prayer-book
Torn from a German's hand.*

*And late at night
When quietly the world abides
I turn each page after page
Of my father's tear-soaked sighs.*

*My machzor I left
Somewhere far away,
To a cruel God
I can no longer pray.*

*During the night I lie awake
My thoughts I must make clear!
And my heart – an outsider –
Kisses, kisses my father's tears.*

~ English verse by D. S. Glick

IV. UNTER DI SHNAYEN

Unter di shnayen
Un unter der kelt
Shloft zich der friling
Fardekt un farshtelt.

Azoy vi a chyah
A ber inem vald,
Azoy vi a a zayde
Shoin toizend yor alt.

Tut nor der himel
A bloy mit April,
Tut nor a vintl
Mit der luft zich a shpil.

Un tut nor a tap a boim
Mit zine hant,
Nemt durch a tziter
A zise dos land.

Tut zich de groi keit
Un himel a shpalt,
Di zun tut a finkl
Ot kum ich shoin bald!

~ Yiddish poem by J. I. Segal

IV. UNDER THE SNOW

*Covered and hidden
Under the cold
Spring is sleeping
Beneath the snow.*

*Like an animal asleep
A bear in the the wood,
Like a grandfather's white
A thousand years old.*

*A little wind comes
To play with the air,
Abloom with April
The sky is so fair.*

*A tree waves impulsively,
It taps with his hand
And brings a sweet shiver
Though-out the land.*

*The grey of the sky
Breaks open all about,
And then the sun sparkles,
"I'm coming right out".*

~ English verse by D. S. Glick

Yiddish Suite by Srul Irving Glick (1934-2002, Canada)

Glick, one of Canada's most prolific composers, was especially loved for his vocal and choral music. No surprise there, as he was the son of a cantor, and himself became both choir director and composer-in-residence at Beth Tikvah Synagogue in Toronto for many years. His "day job" for a quarter century was as a CBC radio producer, actively promoting and featuring the work of Canadian composers.

Yiddish Suite was commissioned through the Ontario Arts Council by the Beth Tzedec Choir, Toronto, directed by Gordon Kushner, and was premiered in 1979.

Texts for the six movements are poems by Canadian Yiddish poets, so ordered as to create a work which, in turn, is celebrative, redemptive, encouraging, hopeful, poignantly painful, and finally innocently playful.

While the cello does have an accompanying role at times, it functions mainly to lead and reflect – in this way it is a lone but commanding and compelling voice – cantor-like in its various roles. The longest cello solo stands at the very centre of the suite, connecting the third and fourth movements – movements which speak respectively of a source of joy, and then invoke the metaphor of a spring's promise masked by a blanket of snow. So, arising out of a deep and unspeakable history of persecution comes this commitment to hope, joy and even celebration.

Rooted in a horror-ridden past which can never truly "be written," Glick's Suite relates directly with Corlis' probing and challenging musical essay. The two works share a similar role for the cello, and derive musically from scale systems which can be heard to evoke an Eastern European flavour; yet each work arises from an individual and distinct aesthetic posture.

I. FRILING

Chob lieb di trofn tanz fun regn
Ven gring tsheshpritzte tanzn tropns
Chob lieb ven shtraln nemen zegen
Di chmares by di zun tzu kopns

Chob lieb gots himel klaid di zarte
Mit zilber volkendlech batzoigen
Chob lieb zine angehaften gartl
Vos menshn rufn regenboigen

Chob lieb ven s'nemt di erd antfleken
Ir broinem guf fun kelt un vianen
Ven s'nemen zaften ir tzeveken
Un s'nemt der regen ir ba-ma-nen

Chob lieb ir grazika farhilung
Ven s'hot di zun ir oisgevaremt
Chob lieb ven s'kumt arop der friling
Un gait arum mit mir garemt.

~ Yiddish poem by P. Miransky

II. AZOI FIL MOL

Azoi fil mol bin ich shoin ungekumen,
Ver ken es gedenken dos zeit un dos ort?
Oif der sharf fun a rege,
Oif a dorn fun vort

Oif der shetechdrot I fun sino
Durch tzevies farshtelt,
Oif brandike vegn
Fun farbittener velt.

Doch ker ich zich um
Un ver ny-geboren,
Oif s'ny ch'ver banyt
Durchn otem fun vint
Un durch aygene trenn,
Vi a kerendl harbstzeit farzait.

Un ich ver a tile fun a nyer megillah
Gechasmet mit an ayntziken shtern.

~ Yiddish poem by Rachel Korn

I. SPRING

*I love the pitter-patter of rain
Its dance of fine spray drops,
I love the sun's beams breaking
Through bright-rimmed heavy clouds.*

*I love God's soft sky clothes
With its cover of silver lining,
I love that woven belt of his
That people named the rainbow.*

*And when the sap awakens
After the cold and grey of winter
I love the earth's brown body
As the rain enfolds within her.*

*I love earth's grassy cover
With the warmth of sun upon her,
I love when spring comes back again
To walk arm in arm with me.*

~ English verse by D. S. Glick

II. SO MANY TIMES

*I have been annihilated so many times,
I can't remember the time nor the place
At the point of a moment,
On the thorn of a word.*

*On the barbed wire of hate,
Through hidden hypocrisy,
On burning roads,
In worlds made bitter.*

*Still I return
And am reborn
And on the new I become renewed
Through the breath of the wind
Through my own tears
Like a little seed that is sown in the fall.*

*I become a part of a new scroll
Signed with a single star.*

~ English verse by D. S. Glick

III. CHASSIDISH

Nor fun simcha dint men Got.
Oy vu sze nemt men simcha?
Oy vu sze nemt men simcha?

Treib mit gevald di moro shchoyre
Varf dem yoch un hof zum boyre:
Atzvos iz avoyda zoreh—
Shep zich on mit simcha!

Nor mit simcha dint men Got
Oy vu sze nemt men simcha?
Oy vu sze nemt men simcha?

Pachad Yitzchok treibt di moyre
Nem dem oyl un hof tzum boyre!
Simcha haste doch undzer toyre:
Shep fun kval fun simcha!

Nor durch simcha dint men Got I
Oy, vu sze nemt men simcha?
Oy, vu sze nemt men simcha?

Zing dem nigun aber vider
'Riz a haleung far di glider
Kol atzmosye guter brider
A sgula iz far simcha!

~ Yiddish poem by Israel Hirsh Shtern

III. A CHASSID'S SONG

*Only from joy can one serve God:
But where can one find joy?
Oh, where can one find joy?*

*Dispel with force bitter darkness
Throw your burdens and hopes
to the creator
Sadness is idol worship,
Fill yourself with joy!*

*Only with joy one best serves God
But where can one find joy?
Oh, where can one find joy?*

*With the faith of Isaac one chases fear
Take your burdens and hopes
to the creator
Our joy is in our teaching
Draw from the spring of joy.*

*Only through joy may one serve God
But where can one find joy?
Oh, where can one find joy?*

*Sing the nigun again and again
It will heal your body and soul
Earnest prayer my good brethren
Is a remedy which will bring joy.*

~ English verse by Srul Irving Glick