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Program

Gloria! – Tobin Stokes

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**Second-storey Sun – Leonard Enns**

with Andrew Pickett, counter-tenor

~~~~~

Tabula Rasa – Don Macdonald

A Little Light (from *Behind the Seen*) – Leonard Enns

Andrew Pickett, counter-tenor

Le pont Mirabeau – Lionel Daunais

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**Song for the Mira – Allister MacGillivray** (arr. Stuart Calvert)

with Keith Hagerman, clarinet

and Sarah Flatt, piano

~ intermission ~

**At sunset – Jeff Enns**

with Andrew Pickett, counter-tenor

~~~~~

First Hymn (from *The Fall into Light*) – Murray Schafer

Part Song (from *Behind the Seen*) – Leonard Enns

Andrew Pickett, counter-tenor

Second Hymn (from *The Fall into Light*) – Murray Schafer

~~~~~

**Three German Folksongs – Leonard Enns**

Note: "~~~~~" represents an appropriate place for applause.

## Notes & Texts

(notes written by L. Enns)

After our fall concert, *Evening Song*, and our winter program, *Journey into Night*, today we are at the arrival point, celebrating sunshine, hope, regeneration and love, though tinged at times with nostalgia and longing – a cloud may always hide the sun. Shakespeare expresses it well in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

So, our concert begins with Tobin Stokes' sparkling *Gloria*, while our second beginning (after the intermission) is more reflective, expressing a bittersweet yearning. The first part of the concert leads to nostalgia, while the second part leads to love, a wedding scene, and – after all of this light and brightness – eventually lights out.

All of the composers for this concert are Canadian.

### ***Gloria!* (2012) ~ Tobin Stokes**

Stokes' *Gloria!* came to us via the DaCapo NewWorks choral composition competition. While there are likely thousands of settings of the Mass texts (Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus), this one retains a freshness and vigour, fairly bursting through the bar lines with its asymmetrical rhythms. We are delighted to hear Stokes' voice as part of an emerging group of very talented, young Canadian composers.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Et in terra pax  
hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

*Glory be to God in the highest.  
And on earth peace  
to those of good will.*

Laudamus te, benedicimus te,  
adoramus te, glorificamus te.  
Gratias agimus tibi  
propter magnam gloriam tuam.

*We praise Thee, we bless Thee,  
we worship Thee, we glorify  
Thee. We give thanks to Thee  
for Thy great glory.*

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,  
Deus Pater omnipotens.  
Domine Fili unigenite  
Jesu Christe.  
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,  
Filius Patris.

*O Lord God, Heavenly King,  
God the Father Almighty.  
O Lord Jesus Christ,  
the only begotten Son.  
Lord God, Lamb of God,  
Son of the Father.*

Qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.  
Qui tollis peccata mundi,  
suscipe deprecationem  
nostram.  
Qui sedes ad dextram Patris,  
miserere nobis.

*Thou that takest away the sins of  
the world, have mercy upon us.  
Thou that takest away the sins  
of the world, receive our prayer.  
Thou that sittest at the right  
hand of the Father,  
have mercy upon us.*

Quoniam tu solus Sanctus,  
tu solus Dominus,  
tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.  
Cum Sancto Spiritu  
in gloria Dei Patris.

*For thou only art holy,  
thou only art the Lord,  
thou only art the most high,  
Jesus Christ.  
With the Holy Ghost  
in the glory of God the Father.  
Amen.*

## **Second-storey Sun (2011) ~ Leonard Enns**

This work was commissioned by Jeff Joudrey for the Halifax Camerata Singers and counter-tenor Andrew Pickett, and premiered in Halifax in March 2012 under the direction of Joudrey. I have a longstanding affection for the poetry of Canadian George Whipple, and have put his words in conversation with texts from the ancient book of Psalms. The piece is in two distinct parts—essentially a description of the sun (actually two descriptions, both amazing texts!), and then a blessing.

I:

**choir**

I see the second-storey sun  
feel through a cloud and pick  
the lock of morning  
and shoulder through the hole left by the moon.

~ from George Whipple, *Epiphany*  
(*Poetry & Spiritual Practice*) by permission

**soloist**

The sun is like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,  
it rejoices like a strong man  
to run its race.

Its rising is from one end of heaven,  
and its circuit to the other end;  
and there is nothing hidden from its heat.

~ from Psalm 19 (NKJV alt.)

**II:**

**choir**

The Lord watches over you,  
the Lord is a shade at your right hand;  
the sun will not harm you by day,  
nor the moon by night.

~ Psalm 121:5&6 (NIV)

**soloist**

The Lord will keep you from all harm,  
the Lord will watch over your life;  
the Lord will watch over your coming and going  
both now and forevermore.

~ Psalm 121:7&8 (NIV alt.)

**Tabula Rasa (2010) ~ Don Macdonald**

This was the first NewWorks winner in 2010, the inaugural year of the program. Macdonald has given us this note:

*"Blank Slate" - This is the translation of the title. ...Tabula Rasa was written immediately after a very intensive three-week period of writing music for film. In this calm after the storm I often just lay my fingers on the piano and try to remove all external stimuli from the creative process, to become a "blank slate". This is music therapy for me. Each note, chord, rest is played purely for myself to enjoy the act of creation for creation's sake. I wrote most of the notes for this piece before the text was written, which is the reverse order for the creation of most choral works. For some reason the first few chords to me evoked a simple image of a mother and child. A quiet moment when the mother sees, as she has never seen, the potential of the precious life she holds in her arms. A silent acknowledgement of her child and every child as a "blank slate" with seemingly limitless potential. My wife was able to put this vision into words in the most eloquent manner. The grace and fluidity of the Spanish language is a fitting choice for such a moment.*

En mis brazos, respira  
vida sin límites  
luz del día, noche oscura  
duerme, sueño, resto con seguridad  
Con su corazón su alma escucha  
y sabe esta verdad  
Dentro de ti hay futuros ilimitados  
si le dan la libertad;  
libertad de crecer  
libertad de aprender  
libertad de tocar  
libertad de sentir  
libertad de imaginarse  
libertad de volar  
libertad de adorar  
libertad de ser amado

~ Allison Girvan

*In my arms, breathe.  
Life without limits.  
Light of day, dark night.  
Sleep, dream, rest in safety.  
With your heart, your soul,  
listen and know this truth:  
Within you are boundless futures  
if you are given freedom;  
freedom to grow,  
freedom to learn,  
freedom to touch,  
freedom to feel,  
freedom to imagine,  
freedom to fly  
freedom to love,  
freedom to be loved.*

### **A Little Light (from *Behind the Seen*; 2010) ~ Leonard Enns**

*Behind the Seen* is my second song cycle, written in 2010 for baritone Mel Braun and pianist Laura Loewen, both on faculty at the University of Manitoba. For today's concert two of the five songs of the cycle serve as connecting threads between more major works in the program. I am grateful to Andrew Pickett for premiering this counter-tenor version of these selections.

It is especially the phrase, "as letters longing to be words," that links the perspective of this song to the previous work, *Tabula Rasa*—there the slate was blank, waiting for definition; here the letters exist, but what will the words be? That depends on how the sun falls, and whether we countenance, and perhaps even begin to understand, at least a *little* light.

As summer sun  
    draws dark glasses  
        from their case,  
a little light  
    is all we understand—  
        not that blinding blaze  
searing the first dawn  
    when the ball of Earth  
        was hot in the sun's hand

—just a *little* light  
 that we may glimpse at last,  
 as letters longing to be words,  
 that we're of more than mortal worth  
 not just throw-aways.  
 ~George Whipple

### **Le pont Mirabeau (1977) ~ Lionel Daunais**

One of many Canadian performers and musicians who have solidified their careers overseas, Montreal-born Lionel Daunais [1901-1982] established his dual track performer/composer career particularly in four formative years of study in Paris in the late 1920s. He returned to Canada as baritone soloist, composer, and also as CBC radio producer for a significant period. This is a lovely example of his numerous compositions both for solo voice and for choir.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Sous le pont Mirabeau coule<br>la Seine et nos amours;<br>Faut-il qu'il m'en souviennne?<br>La joie venait toujours après la peine.<br>Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure<br>Les jours s'en vont je demeure. | <i>'Neath Mirabeau Bridge flows<br/>the Seine and our love;<br/>Must I remember?<br/>Joy always followed pain.<br/>Nights, hours,<br/>Days go by yet I remain.</i> |
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|                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| L'amour s'en va comme cette<br>eau courante,<br>L'amour s'en va<br>Comme la vie est lente.<br>Et comme l'Espérance est violente.<br>Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure<br>Les jours s'en vont je demeure. | <i>Love flows away like this<br/>running water,<br/>Love abandons me.<br/>How life is slow<br/>And I am violated by Hope.<br/>Nights, hours,<br/>Days go by yet I remain.</i> |
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|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Passent les jours et passent<br>les semaines<br>Ni temps passé<br>Ni les amours reviennent.<br>Sous le pont Mirabeau coule<br>la Seine.<br>Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure<br>Les jours s'en vont je demeure.<br>~ Guillaume Apollinaire | <i>The days and<br/>weeks go by<br/>Nor time<br/>Nor love returns.<br/>'Neath Mirabeau Bridge flows<br/>the Seine.<br/>Nights, hours,<br/>Days go by yet I remain.<br/>~ trans. Musica International</i> |
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**Song for the Mira (1975)~ Allister MacGillivray, arr. Stuart Calvert**

Marion Bridge, referred to in the chorus of this familiar song, is a bridge, but also the settlement at that bridge. Unfortunately, the old romantic crossing one might imagine over the Mira River in Cape Breton is no longer, having suffered an inglorious confrontation with a snow plow, and the subsequent humiliation of replacement in 1982 by a concrete highway bridge. The song, though, is really about life in the town, where, according to one source, the annual summer festival includes "family square dances, a street parade, auctions, beef barbecues, music entertainment in the evenings, a canoe race, a bathtub race, dinner theatre, a strawberry social, an antique and custom car show, a flea market, roast beef dinner, hay rides, sports events, children's fun days and a boat parade along the waterfront." (In case you were wondering.)

Out on the Mira on warm afternoons  
Old men go fishing with black line and spoons  
And if they catch nothing they'll never complain  
I wish I was with them again.

As boys in the boats call to girls on the shore  
Teasing the ones that they dearly adore  
And into the evening the courting begins  
I wish I was with them again.

[Chorus:]

Can you imagine a piece of the universe  
More fit for princes and kings?  
I'll trade you ten of your cities for Marion Bridge  
And the pleasure it brings.

Out on the Mira on soft summer nights  
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight  
They dance 'round the flames singing songs with their friends  
I wish I was with them again

And over the ashes the stories are told  
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island gold  
The stars on the river they sparkle and spin  
I wish I was with them again

And over the ashes the stories are told  
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island gold.  
Stars on the riverface sparkle and spin.  
I wish I was with them again.

[Chorus]

Out on the Mira the people are kind  
They'll treat you to home-brew and help you unwind  
And if you come broken you'll see that you mend  
I wish I was with them again

Now I'll conclude with a wish you go well  
Sweet be your dreams, and your happiness swell  
I'll leave you here, for my journey begins  
I'm going to be with them again.  
I'm going to be with them again.

### **At Sunset (2008) ~ Jeff Enns**

Local composer Jeff Enns is a long-time friend of DaCapo's. The choir has performed a number of his works, has premiered his *I carry your heart* and *Moonset*, and recorded his *The Call (on Still)* and *Moonset (on ShadowLand)*. I first heard his *At Sunset* some years ago at a choral convention in Saskatoon, and immediately added it to my "to perform" list. Last summer I asked Jeff if he would consider revising the original solo part (which was for mezzo soprano) for counter-tenor, with this present concert and Andrew Pickett in mind.

Of this work, Enns writes: *At Sunset was commissioned by the Canadian Chamber Choir and Nova Scotia Mezzo Christianne Rushton. It has been performed across Nova Scotia, in Saskatchewan and Manitoba by the Canadian Chamber Choir, and also in Cologne, Germany with a German mezzo and choir. This is the Ontario premiere as well as the premiere of the version for counter-tenor. The text by Pauline Johnson is rich in imagery and provides a wide range of emotions, from driving passion to serene silence, reflected in the different sections of the piece. The overall feeling is one of warmth - a sunset on an August evening with a gentle, warm breeze. I tried to have the music wrap around the listener and lead them through the excitement to a warm embrace.*

To-night the west o'er-brims with warmest dyes;  
Its chalice overflows  
With pools of purple colouring the skies,  
Aflood with gold and rose;  
And some hot soul seems throbbing close to mine,  
As sinks the sun within that world of wine.  
I seem to hear a bar of music float  
And swoon into the west;

My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,  
But something in my breast  
Blends with that strain, till both accord in one,  
As cloud and colour blend at set of sun.  
And twilight comes with grey and restful eyes,  
As ashes follow flame.  
But O! I heard a voice from those rich skies  
Call tenderly my name;  
It was as if some priestly fingers stole  
In benedictions o'er my lonely soul.  
I know not why, but all my being longed  
And leapt at that sweet call;  
My heart outreached its arms, all passion thronged  
And beat against Fate's wall,  
Crying in utter homesickness to be  
Near to a heart that loves and leans to me.

~ E. Pauline Johnson

**First Hymn (from *The Fall into Light*; 2005) ~ Murray Schafer**

We present two hymns from Schafer's large-scale oratorio, *The Fall into Light*. The text of the first hymn is from the Divine Poimandres of Hermes Trismegistos (Thrice-Great Hermes) written in first centuries of the Common Era. The second hymn extends the theme of the first, both textually and musically.

Holy is God,  
who is before the first beginning,  
the all powerful,  
who wills to be known,  
who created all life,  
who is beyond all aeons,  
whose strength is above all dominion,  
who surpasses all praise.

**Part Song (from *Behind the Seen*; 2010) ~ Leonard Enns**

The final text lines of *Part Song*, "all varied Nature one, / each sunning marigold / a marigold gold sun," stand in gentle and marked contrast to what will become dazzling vocal pyrotechnics by the sopranos and altos on a similar idea in the final words of the subsequent hymn of Schafer's: "Holy is God, who throws the stars into the sky, and fire into the head."

Swanwhite  
the mountain  
as snow-white the swan;  
and as the lake is blue  
lake-blue the sky.

Grassgreen  
the grass snake  
as snakegreen the grass;  
and as blood-red the rose  
rose-red the heart —

—so all things  
interweave, imply  
all varied Nature one,  
each sunning marigold  
a marigold gold sun.  
~George Whipple

**Second Hymn (from *The Fall into Light*; 2005) ~ Murray Schafer**

Holy is God  
who gave us all a soul of light  
to illuminate the path  
through all the aeons of darkness,  
who lights our path through confusion to knowledge,  
who gives us the strength to resist the archons (dark powers) who  
would hold us back from the pleroma (fullness of God),  
who creates beauty and truth in both darkness and light,  
who allows my light to shine to assist others on the path of life,  
who throws the stars into the sky, and fire into the head.

## **Three German Folksongs (1989) ~ Leonard Enns**

The *Three German Folksongs* were commissioned by Henry Engbrecht for the University of Manitoba Singers over two decades ago. It was Engbrecht who, more than anyone, infected me with a love for choral music as a grade eleven student singing in his school choir. Along with his love for contemporary choral music, he had an affection for the German folk traditions of his heritage – I intended to honour that latter love with these.

### **1. Frisch gesungen**

Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben im  
duftigen Grase geruht  
und mir ein Liedlein gesungen  
und alles war hübsch und gut.

Hab einsam auch mich gehärmet  
in bangem, düsterem Mut  
und habe wieder gesungen  
und alles war wieder gut.

Und manches, was ich erfahren  
verkocht' ich in stiller Wut  
und kam ich wieder zu singen  
war alles auch wieder gut.

Sollst uns nicht lange klagen  
was alles dir wehe tut.  
Nur frisch, nur frisch gesungen  
und alles wird wieder gut.

*I've often rested with my friends in the  
sweet-smelling meadow and sung a  
little song to myself, and all was fine  
and well.*

*And I've also grieved, all alone,  
in an anxious, gloomy mood, but,  
when I returned to singing, then all  
was well again.*

*I've seethed in silent rage  
over much that I've experienced,  
and yet, when I started singing again,  
then all was well as before.*

*Stop complaining to us  
about everything that bothers you!  
Just sing, sing heartily,  
and all will be well again!*

### **2. Im schönsten Wiesengrunde**

Im schönsten Wiesengrunde  
ist meiner Heimat Haus  
Da zog ich manche Stunde ins  
Tal hinaus.  
Dich mein stilles Tal, grüß ich  
tausendmal!  
Da zog ich manche Stunde ins  
Tal hinaus

*In a lovely mountain meadow lies my  
childhood home.  
There I've spent many hours in that  
beautiful valley.  
You, my silent valley, I greet you a  
thousand times!  
There I've spent many hours in that  
beautiful valley.*

Müßt aus dem Tal ich scheiden wo  
alles Lust und Klang  
Das wär mein herbstes Leiden,  
mein letzter Gang.  
Dich, mein stilles Tal,  
grüß ich tausendmal!  
Das wär mein herbstes Leiden,  
mein letzter Gang.

Sterb ich in Tales Grunde  
will ich begraben sein,  
Singt mir zur letzten Stunde  
beim Abendschein:  
Dir, o stilles Tal gruß zum letztenmal!  
Singt mir zur letzten Stunde beim  
Abendschein.

### 3. Beim Kronenwirt

Beim Kronenwirt, da ist heut'  
Jubel und Tanz,  
Die Kathrin trägt heut' ihren  
heiligen Kranz,  
Die Musik, die spielt und all's jubelt  
und lacht,  
die Knödel, die dampfen,  
der Kronenwirt lacht.

Dort oben beim Pfarr' ist dem  
Krischan sein Platz,  
Und rot wie der Mohn glüht der Mirzl,  
sein Schatz,  
Er schaut nach der Uhr, und 's ist  
erst halb vier,  
und bis sieben Uhr bleiben die  
Hochzeiter hier.

*If I had to part from my valley,  
where all was joy and rejoicing,  
That would my bitterest suffering,  
my final journey.  
You, my silent valley, I greet you a  
thousand times!  
That would my bitterest suffering,  
my final journey.*

*When I die, it is in the valley  
that I wish to be buried.  
Then sing to me at sunset  
in that final hour.  
You, my silent valley, I greet you for  
the last time. Then sing to me at  
sunset in that final hour.*

*At the innkeepers' today there is  
rejoicing and dancing;  
Today Kathrin carries her  
holy garland.  
There is music, and boisterous  
celebration,  
the dumplings are steaming,  
and the innkeeper is laughing.*

*Up there by the parson  
stands Krischan  
with Kathrin, his sweetheart, blushing  
red as the moon.  
He looks at his watch, but it's  
only 3:30,  
and the guests will not leave until  
7 o'clock!*

(Einz, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs,  
sieben...)

Die Musi, die bläst jetzt auf einmal  
'nen Tusch,

Die Brautleut', die sein  
verschwunden, husch, husch,  
(die machen hei didel dei didel do!)  
Und die Mäd'el, die guck'n verlegen  
und dumm,  
und mit Jauchzen, da schenken die  
Buben sie 'rum.

Der Michel, der bläst und der  
Kronenwirt lacht,  
Und der Mond scheint so hell und klar  
ist die Nacht,

Vom Tanz dröhnt das Dorf und das  
uralte Haus,  
und dem Krischan geht längst schon  
das Lämpel aus.

*(One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven...)*

*Suddenly, there is a  
trumpet flourish.*

*And the bridal couple have  
vanished, hush, hush  
(making hi didel di didel do).  
The girls feel embarrassed  
and silly,  
while the boys shout  
and swing them around.*

*Michel blows his trumpet, and the  
innkeeper laughs.*

*The moon shines brightly,  
the night sky is clear.*

*The village and the old house  
resound with the dancing,  
but Krischan has long since put out  
the lamp.*

## The Artists

### Andrew Pickett

Canadian counter-tenor Andrew Pickett's singing has been described by Opera Today as "the sweetest liquid legato." He received his Master of Music in Literature and Performance from the University of Western Ontario, and then spent four years in the UK, earning a graduate diploma at the Royal College of Music and studying with such notable experts in the vocal Baroque as Dame Emma Kirkby, James Bowman, and Michael Chance; while there, he was a Britten-Pears Young Artist and a Brighton Early Music Festival Young Artist. Andrew has performed major roles in operas by Handel, Monteverdi, Alessandro Scarlatti, Hasse, Purcell and Jonathan Dove, and been a soloist in works by Purcell, Charpentier, Handel, Britten, and Bach in the UK, Europe, and Canada. Recently he sang the role of Meraspe in the North American premiere of *Cavalli Artemisia* in Boston with Helios Early Opera. Other recent work has included Bernstein *Chichester Psalms* with the Halifax Camerata Singers, Bach *St John Passion* and *Mass in B Minor* with Paul Halley and Ensemble Regale, Britten *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with Halifax Summer Opera Festival, Handel *Messiah* with Symphony Nova Scotia, Purcell *Fairy Queen* in Brighton, England, and his recent début with Maritime Concert Opera in the title role of Gluck *Orfeo ed Euridice*. Andrew lives in Halifax where he works as a voice teacher, early music clinician, and director of The Prince Edward Consort.

### Leonard Enns

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir, and Professor Emeritus in the Music Department at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo. Later this month Newfoundland's Quintessential Voices will premiere his *As on Wings*, commissioned by the ensemble, at Carnegie Hall. In July San Francisco's Golden Gate Male Chorus takes his *Surge amica mea* (commissioned by that choir) to Latvia as part of its tour repertoire. That same month Enns returns by invitation to Llangollen, Wales for his third tenure as adjudicator at the International Music Eisteddfod.

### DaCapo Chamber Choir

The DaCapo Chamber Choir was founded in 1998 under the direction of Leonard Enns. The mission of the choir is to identify, study, rehearse, and present in public performance and recordings, the outstanding choral chamber works of the past 100 years and to champion music of Canadian and local composers. In 2011, DaCapo was awarded first place in the Association of Canadian Choral Communities' (ACCC) National Competition for Canadian Amateur Choirs in the Contemporary Choral Music category. The choir also received 2nd place in the Chamber Choir category.



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 choir has released two CDs, the award-winning *ShadowLand* (winner of the 2010 ACCC's National Choral Recording of the Year award, including the Juno-nominated *Nocturne* by Leonard Enns) and *Still* (2004). The choir has also appeared on several other recordings, including *notes towards*; DaCapo's performance on that disc helped garner a Juno nomination for the title work, *Notes Towards a Poem That Can Never Be Written*, by Timothy Corlis.

For more information about the choir, including photos, sound clips, the NewWorks choral composition competition, and more, visit our web site at [www.dacapochoir.ca](http://www.dacapochoir.ca) or join our eList by emailing [info@dacapochoir.ca](mailto:info@dacapochoir.ca).



For behind-the-scenes photos, rehearsal insights, and online savings, become a facebook fan of DaCapo or follow us on Twitter @DaCapoChoir



## Choir Members

### **Soprano**

Corey Cotter Linforth  
Sara Martin  
Laura McConachie  
Deborah Seabrook  
Melanie VanDerSluis  
Jennie Wiebe

### **Tenor**

Thomas Brown  
Curtis Dueck  
Michael Lee-Poy  
Nathan Martin  
Stephen Preece

### **Alto**

Theresa Bauer  
Emily Berg  
Sarah Flatt  
Janice Maust Hedrick  
Susan Schwartzentruber

### **Bass**

Donny Cheung  
Keith Hagerman  
Stephen Horst  
Bill Labron  
Phil Klassen-Rempel

To inquire about auditions, email [auditions@dacapochoir.ca](mailto:auditions@dacapochoir.ca)

## **Acknowledgements**

DaCapo logo, poster, and program design – Heather Lee [www.leedesigns.ca](http://www.leedesigns.ca)  
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Music library co-ordinator – Jennie Wiebe

Board of Directors:

Margaret Holton  
Nancy Kidd, acting chair  
Sarah Klassen  
Lawrence McNaught  
Janelle Santi  
Dave Switzer, treasurer  
Alan Xaykongsa

## **DaCapo thanks the following organizations and individuals:**

Erb St. Mennonite Church – for providing the space for DaCapo’s weekly rehearsals

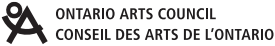


**PeaceWorks** – for hosting our Web site  
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## 2013-2014 Season Supporters

DaCapo thanks all of our donors, including the many individuals and organizations who wished to remain anonymous.

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You can donate to DaCapo online! Visit our web site at [www.dacapochoir.ca](http://www.dacapochoir.ca) and click on the CanadaHelps logo!



## Upcoming DaCapo performances

# (( (OPEN EARS) ))

festival of music and sound

DaCapo will be presenting two events - both at St. John the Evangelist - as part of the 2014 Open Ears festival of music and sound #OE14:

**NewWorks Young Composers Reading Session** – Saturday June 7th, 1pm - FREE!

Composers under 25 may submit compositions to be considered for the NewWorks' Young Composers Reading Sessions. Several works are chosen for an open reading session in which composers interact with performers and audience as part of their craft development.

**Song is Spirit Heard** ~ Sunday June 8th, 3pm - Tickets available through the OpenEars web site: [www.openears.ca](http://www.openears.ca)

A concert of choral music written within the past decade by veteran and emerging Canadian composers, including outstanding compositions selected from entries to the choir's annual NewWorks choral composition competition. Composers include: Matthew Emery, Jeff Enns, Leonard Enns, Patrick Murray, Iman Habibi, Robert Ingari, Sheldon Rose, R. Murray Schafer and Tobin Stokes.

## 2014-2015 Season

**There Will Be Rest – November 8 & 9, 2014**  
**O Earth, Return! – March 7 & 8, 2015**  
**In the Beginning – May 9 & 10, 2015**

**Order your season subscription before September 8th, 2014 and save 10%... plus no service fees!**  
**Use the enclosed form or order online from our website this summer.**