



love

embracing its many faces

including

I carry your heart (premiere) by Jeff Enns

Flower Songs by Benjamin Britten

Wie sind die Tage schwer (premiere) by Leonard Enns

Five Hebrew Love Songs by Eric Whitacre

featuring violinist **Victoria Melik**

Transform *From the* *Chamber Choir*
DalCapo
From the *Chamber Choir*

directed by Leonard Enns

Saturday May 1st, 2010 - 8pm

Program

Yiddish Suite No. 4 & 5 - Srul Irving Glick
I Carry Your Heart (premiere) - Jeff Enns
Five Hebrew Love Songs - Eric Whitacre

Wie sind die Tage schwer (premiere) - Leonard Enns
Légende, Op. 17 - Henryk Wieniawski
Victoria Melik, violin
Elena Klyucharova, accompanist
Le Pont Mirabeau - Lionel Daunais

~ intermission ~

Five Flower Songs - Benjamin Britten

An Elizabethan Spring - Stephen Chatman
Caprice Viennois - Fritz Kreisler
Love Lost - Paul Sjolund

Good Night beloved - Vera Kistler (arr.)

Please join us for an informal reception following the concert.

Notes & Texts (notes written by L. Enns)

The assumed common understanding of love seems straightforward—either subject or verb, either a feeling of deep affection, or the object of this affection, etc (or, of course—and especially for the Brits—someone you serve in a restaurant!). Yet, of course, the word has become promiscuous in its references, ranging from reproductive mechanics to the elevated claims of theological equation: God is Love.

Yiddish Suite (two excerpts, No. 4 & 5) – Srul Irving Glick (1934-2002, Canada)

Our concert opens with expressions of love that grow from the hard soil of suffering—this is the arrival point of our three-concert season: CRY OUT (November), AND (February), LOVE (tonight's concert). These excerpts from Glick's *Yiddish Suite* express two loves: first, a love of nature and spring seen as through eyes adjusting to light after long darkness; and then, a poignant affection for a father, the only tangible remembrance of whom is a tear-stained machzor (prayer book), torn long ago from the hands of his murderers.

No.4: 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!

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."*

~ Yiddish poem by J. I. Segal

~ trans. Dorothy Sandler Glick

No. 5: Tif

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

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

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 trenn.

~ Yiddish poem
by Peretz Miransky

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.*

~ trans. Dorothy Sandler Glick

I Carry Your Heart (premiere) – Jeff Enns (b. 1972, Canada)

We are pleased to premiere another work of local composer Jeff Enns. If music can “read” poetry helpfully, here is proof. Enns sets e. e. cummings’ moving expression of a deep, personal love, that at the same time holds the universe in balance: “this is the wonder that’s keeping the stars apart.” Jeff Enns describes the text as an “incredibly powerful poem – it puts life in perspective. Without our relationships...we are empty.” The composition is dedicated to Heather Snell, of whom Enns writes that she is “a good friend and colleague who has been fighting with ALS. ...she is truly remarkable.”

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it

.....

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than the soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that’s keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

~ e. e. cummings

Five Hebrew Love Songs – Eric Whitacre (b. 1970, USA)

With the Whitacre love songs we hear colours and nuances reminiscent of the opening pieces by Glick. There is a respect for Jewish tradition in this music, and now an expression of love that grows over the five poems, from quiet affection, through celebration, and finally to a tender passion. The texts, in Hebrew by Hila Pitman (born and raised in Jerusalem), were written at Whitacre's request; the songs were originally for soprano (Pitman), violin, and piano. Whitacre comments, "These songs are profoundly personal for me, born entirely out of my new love for this soprano, poet, and now my beautiful wife, Hila Pitman."

Temuná

Temuná belibi charutá;
Nodédet beyn ór uveyñ óvel:
Min dmamá shekazó
 et guféch kach otá,
Usaréch al panáich kach nófel.

Kalá kallá

Kalá kallá
Kulá sheli,
U'vekalút
Tishák hí lí!

Lárov

"Lárov," amár gag la'shama'im,
"Hamercháq shebeynéynu hu ad;

Ach lifnéy zman alu lech'n shna'im,
Uveynéynu nishár sentiméter
 echad..

Éyze shéleg!

Éyze shéleg!
Kmo chalomót ktaním
Noflím mehashamá'im.

Rakút

Hu hayá male rakút;
Vechól káma shenistá le hishaér
kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová.
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,
Veheníach Bamakóm hachí,
hachí rach.

~ Written & translated
by Hila Pitman

A picture

*A picture is engraved in my heart;
Moving between light and darkness:
A sort of silence envelopes your body,
And your hair falls upon your face
 just so.*

Light bride

*Light bride
She is all mine,
And lightly
She will kiss me!*

Mostly

*"Mostly," said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I
 is endlessness;
But a while ago two came up here,
and only one centimeter
 was left between us."*

What snow!

*What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky.*

Tenderness

*He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with not good reason,
He took her into himself,
And set her down
 in the softest, softest place.*

Wie sind die Tage schwer (premiere) – Leonard Enns (b. 1948, Canada)

Hurt and despair seem to be the comfortable territory of country music—the dog, the pickup truck, and the broken heart—but I’ve resisted that style and used a more chromatic cloth, a sure guarantee that this will not make the top forty! Still, Hesse’s words express a pain that, in a balanced universe, can be the outcome of the flush of new love.

Wie sind die Tage schwer!

An keinem Feuer kann ich erwarmen,

Keine Sonne lacht mir mehr,

Ist alles leer,

Ist alles kalt und ohne Erbarmen,

Und auch die lieben klaren

Sterne schauen mich trostlos an,

Seit ich im Herzen erfahren,

Daß Liebe sterben kann.

~ Hermann Hesse

How hard the days!

No fire will warm me,

No sun will laugh,

Only emptiness,

All is merciless and cold,

Even the loving clear

Stars look on without comfort,

Since my heart has found

That love can die.

~ trans. Leonard Enns

Légende, Op. 17 – Henryk Wieniawski (1835-1880, Poland)

– performed by Victoria Melik, accompanied by Elena Klyucharova

We are thrilled to be introducing violinist Victoria Melik to our audience tonight, and wish her much success as she moves from high school to the next stage of her development as a musician.

It turns out that her choice of *Légende* as one of her solo works is most appropriate. If music can change a heart, and can be the food of love, then surely this is proof: Wieniawski wrote the piece to soften the opposition of his parents to his proposed bride; it worked, and the marriage took place!

Le Pont Mirabeau – Lionel Daunais (1901-1982, Canada)

Sous le pont Mirabeau
coule la Seine
Et nos amours
Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienn
La joie venait toujours
après la peine

*'Neath Mirabeau Bridge
flows the Seine
and our love;
Must I remember?
Joy always followed pain.*

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

*Nights, hours,
Days go by yet I remain.*

L'amour s'en va comme
cette eau courante
L'amour s'en va
Comme la vie est lente
Et comme l'Espérance est violente

*Love flows away like this
running water,
Love abandons me.
How life is slow
And I am violated by Hope.*

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure

*Nights, hours,
Days go by yet I remain.*

Passent les jours et passent
les semaines
Ni temps passé
Ni les amours reviennent
Sous le pont Mirabeau
coule la Seine

*The days and weeks go by
Nor time
Nor love returns.
'Neath Mirabeau Bridge
flows the Seine.*

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure
Les jours s'en vont je demeure
~ Guillaume Apollinaire

*Nights, hours,
Days go by yet I remain.
~ trans. Musica International*

Five Flower Songs – Benjamin Britten (1913-1976, England)

One can hear Britten's *Five Flower Songs* metaphorically, as—for instance—variations on a theme like that of Burns' "My love is like a red, red rose." If these are images of love (or loves), they are rich and bracing: short-lived daffodils, spring flowers that try to outdo each other as the months go by, marsh flowers that grow from slimy roots, and a primrose whose delicate beauty fills the night but fades with the morning sun; lastly, we have a riotous tale about a young lad who cuts broom grass and a fine lady who turns out to be a cradle-robber, the outcome of which can best be described as the lad sweeping the lady off her feet, with a final swoosh from the choir.

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

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 any thing.

~ Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

The Succession of Four Sweet Months

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 us more
Gems than those two that went before,
Then (lastly,) July comes and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

~ Robert Herrick

Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow
strikes her slimy root
Here the dull nightshade
hangs her deadly fruit:

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 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.

~ George Crabbe (1754 – 1832)

The Evening Primrose

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
Its 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 he 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.

~ John Clare (1793 – 1864)

Ballad of the Green Broom

There was an old man
lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a'cutting of Broom.
He had but one son
without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till t'was noon.

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

So Johnny arose
and slipped on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut Broom,
He sharpened his knives,
and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom.

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

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, full bloom?"

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

~ anonymous

An Elizabethan Spring – Stephen Chatman (b. 1950, Canada)

Spring, the sweet spring

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

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.
~Thomas Campion

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

Caprice Viennois – Fritz Kreisler (1875-1982, USA [b. Austria])
– *performed by Victoria Melik, accompanied by Elena Klyucharova*

Love Lost - Paul Sjolund (b. 1935, USA)

One of the cheesiest lines to have wormed its way into our popular culture is "love means never having to say you're sorry." The movie/novel to blame for this, *Love Story*, could well be one of the biggest threats to our Canadian identity. Sorry, I didn't really mean to insult. Sorry about that. We are in fact a loving society. Sorry, hope that's OK.

The little satirical set of pieces by Paul Sjolund, however, is unapologetic about the acne of love gone wrong, and so, one supposes, is in line with the position taken in *Love Story*. Not a sorry reality after all. Too bad.

One perfect rose

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet –
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;
'My fragile leaves,' it said, 'his heart enclose.'
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

~ Dorothy Parker

When you're away

When you're away,
I'm restless, lonely,
Wretched, bored, dejected;
Only here's the rub, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are near.

~ Samuel Hoffenstein

Careless talk

Bill was ill.
In his delirium
He talked about Miriam.
This was an error
As his wife was a terror
Known as Joan.

~ Mark Hollis

Your little hands

Your little hands, your little feet,
Your little mouth, O God how sweet!
Your little nose, your little ears,
Your eyes that shed such little tears.
Your little voice, so soft and kind,
Your little soul, your little mind!
~ Samuel Hoffenstein

Good Night beloved - Moravian-Slovak folk song, arranged by Vera Kistler
(1929-2006, USA [b. Czechoslovakia])

Three years ago we performed this little gem in a concert with violinist Jerzy Kaplanek. Tonight, we perform it with his student, Victoria Melik. What a wonderful continuation of musical genealogy.

Good night beloved, good night, good night,
May angels watch o'er you through the night.
Sleep, my love, my delight.
May angels watch o'er you through the night.

The Artists

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.

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, *ShadowLand* (2009; includes the Juno-nominated *Nocturne*) and *STILL* (2004) and has appeared on a number of other recordings, including the Juno-nominated composition *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.dacapochoamberchoir.ca or join our eList by emailing info@dacapochoamberchoir.ca.



Plus, you can now become a facebook fan of DaCapo!

Choir Members

Soprano

Laurel Boytim
Cher Farrell
Sara Martin
Mary-Catherine McNinch-Pazzano
Julie Surian
Jennie Wiebe

Tenor

Brian Black
Thomas Brown
Christopher Everett
Michael Lee-Poy
Stephen Preece

Alto

Emily Berg
Sarah Flatt
Janice Maust Hedrick
Deborah Seabrook
Susan Schwartzentruber
Sara Wahl

Bass

Jeff Enns
Stephen Horst
Gerry King
Bill Labron
Phil Rempel

To inquire about auditions, email auditions@dacapochoamberchoir.ca

Leonard Enns, director

DaCapo's founding director, Leonard Enns, holds a PhD in Music Theory from Northwestern University, Chicago (with a dissertation on the choral music of Harry Somers), a Master of Music in choral conducting (supervised by the late Margaret Hillis), and undergraduate degrees from Wilfrid Laurier University and Canadian Mennonite University.

Enns is on the faculty of the University of Waterloo Music Department at Conrad Grebel University College, and active as composer, conductor, and adjudicator. The Conrad Grebel Chapel Choir, under his direction, has just released its sixth CD, *The Spirit Sings*. His composition, *Nocturne*, which appears on the DaCapo CD *ShadowLand*, was nominated for a 2010 Juno award, in the Classical Composition of the Year category.

Victoria Melik, violinist

A grade twelve student of Resurrection Catholic Secondary School, seventeen-year-old Victoria Melik has been playing the violin since the tender age of four. During her twelve years of study in the instrument, Victoria has been a member of the Kitchener-Waterloo Youth Orchestra Program, serving as concertmaster of the senior ensemble in this past season, as well as performing Max Bruch's *Violin Concerto no. 1* solo with the orchestra in February. Victoria has been a frequent participant of the Kitchener-Waterloo Kiwanis Music Festival, where she was recommended to the Ontario Music Festivals Association Provincial Music festival in 2008 and 2009, winning first and third places, respectively. Victoria currently studies with Jerzy Kaplanek of Wilfrid Laurier University and Penderecki String Quartet fame.

In the summers of 2005 and 2008, Victoria participated in the Zenon Brzewski International Music Courses in Lancut, Poland, studying under several Polish virtuosos, including Marek Szwarz, Konstanty Andrzej Kulka, and Czeslaw Grabowski. Plans for summer 2010 include participation in the Summer String Academy at the University of Indiana, Bloomington, where Victoria has been accepted on scholarship. In September 2010, Victoria plans to begin studies in the Music Performance program at McGill University in Montreal, Quebec.

Acknowledgements

DaCapo logo, poster, and program design – Heather Lee
Choir Manager – Sara Martin
Music library co-ordinator - Jennie Wiebe

A special thank-you to Julie Surian for creating and donating tonight's choir corsages.

Board of Directors:

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*We are currently accepting applications for additional Board members.
For details, please email info@dacapochamberchoir.ca.*

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NEWWORKS

A Canadian choral composition competition

Congratulations to our first NewWorks composition competition winner, Don MacDonald (Nelson, BC). DaCapo will be performing the winning piece, *Tabula Rasa*, at our March 2011 concert...and will be hosting a special gala to honour our winner.

For more information about the winning composer, and his piece *Tabula Rasa*, visit our web site at www.dacapochamberchoir.ca/newworks.

From the field of 61 entries, two other entries also garnered honourable mentions: Christine Donkin (Ottawa, ON) for *Candles* and Jeff Enns (Elmira, ON) for *To You, Before the Close of Day*. We hope to perform both of these compositions in the near future!

Thank you to our three jury members, Elroy Friesen (Manitoba), Susan Quinn (Newfoundland), and Leonard Ratzlaff (Alberta) for all their hard work and guidance in choosing our winners.

DaCapo will begin accepting submissions for next year's NewWorks competition in the fall of 2010.

Donors (2009-2010 season to date)

DaCapo thanks all of our donors, including those individuals who wished to remain anonymous.

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Saturday November 13th, 8pm and Sunday November 14th, 3pm

Chiaroscuro* ~ music for choir and harp
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featuring the first NewWorks composition competition winner

* the technique of using of light and dark in painting

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Additional performances:

- November 5th & 6th - performance with KW Symphony "Schubert, Schumann and Four Horns" (part of the KWS 2010-2011 Signature Series)
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