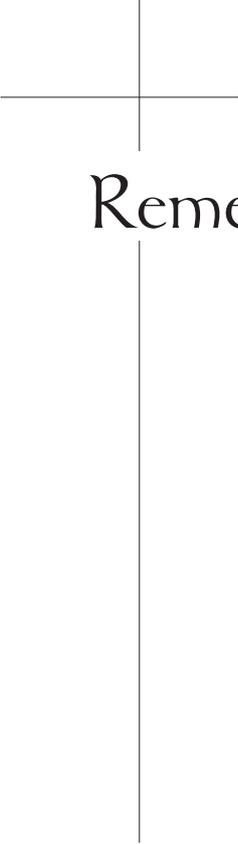


James Truitt *Francis* *Charles*
Francis *Charles*
Charles
Charles

Da Capo

Directed by Leonard Enns



Remembering the Future

Saturday, November 11, 2000

8:00pm

St. John the Evangelist

Anglican Church, Kitchener

PROGRAM

Ash Wednesday, Part V – T.S.Eliot

Dialogo from the *Sonate for Violoncello Solo* – György Ligeti (b. 1923)

The Reproaches – John Sanders (b. 1933)

Prelude from *Suite No. 2 in Dmi for solo 'cello* – J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Komm Jesu, Komm (BWV 229) – J.S. Bach

intermission

O Nata Lux from *Rex Gloriae* – William Mathias (1934-1992)

Thrinosis – John Tavener (b. 1944)

The Lamb and The Tiger – John Tavener

Sviati – John Tavener

Notes and Texts

Ash Wednesday, part V

by T. S. Eliot

If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent
If the unheard, unspoken
Word is unspoken, unheard;
Still is the unspoken word, the Word unheard,
The Word without a word, the Word within
The world and for the world;
And the light shone in darkness and
Against the Word the unstilled world still whirled
About the centre of the silent Word.

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Where shall the word be found, where will the word
Resound? Not here, there is not enough silence
Not on the sea or on the islands, not
On the mainland, in the desert or the rain land,
For those who walk in darkness
Both in the day time and in the night time
The right time and the right place are not here
No place of grace for those who avoid the face
No time to rejoice for those who walk among noise and deny the voice

Will the veiled sister pray for
Those who walk in darkness, who chose thee and oppose thee,
Those who are torn on the horn between season and season, time and time, between
Hour and hour, word and word, power and power, those who wait
In darkness? Will the veiled sister pray
For the children at the gate
Who will not go away and cannot pray:
Pray for those who chose and oppose

O my people, what have I done unto thee.

Will the veiled sister between the slender
Yew trees pray for those who offend her
And are terrified and cannot surrender
And affirm before the world and deny between the rocks
In the last desert between the last blue rocks
The desert in the garden the garden in the desert
Of drouth, spitting from the mouth the withered apple-seed.

O my people.

Dialogo from the Sonate for Violoncello Solo (1948-53)

by György Ligeti

This work was published early in Ligeti's career, while he was teaching at the Budapest Academy. Understandably, his early works reflect the influence of Bartok and Kodaly, the turn of the century giants of Hungarian music. Their style was influenced strongly by the research they were doing into rural folk music and their wax cylinder collections of those tunes. This influence manifested itself in music which was modal, rhythmic and visceral. This primal, singable style is evident in both movements of the Sonate.

The first movement is ordered around the clear, plaintive melody which opens the movement. Fragments of this melody are re-ordered and harmonized throughout the movement. This fragmentation and polyphonic treatment of the music lends the texture an ancient quality, reminiscent of Baroque solo music, but with a flavour that extends millennia, into the very roots of Ligeti's Hungarian heritage.

- Ben Bolt-Martin

The Reproaches

by John Sanders

(text from the Holy Week Services
by the Joint Liturgical Group)

*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.

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...

Wilfrid Owen's lines haunt us from
his World War One grave, as he
comments on damaged roadside
crucifixes in war-torn Europe:

*One ever hangs where shelled roads part,
In this war He too lost a limb.
But His disciples hide apart;
And now the Soldiers bear with Him.*

- Leonard Enns

Prelude from Suite #2 in D minor for solo 'cello

by J.S. Bach

Since Pablo Casals at the age of thirteen discovered a worn copy of the Bach suites for solo 'cello in a used music shop, twentieth century 'cellists have been hypnotized by these perfectly molded pieces which explore the melodic and harmonic possibilities of the instrument. Taken as a whole, the suites encompass a full gamut of emotion and texture.

This prelude easily stands apart as a wordless lament.

- Ben Bolt-Martin

Komm Jesu, Komm (BWV 229)

by J.S. Bach

(text by Paul Thymich [1648-1697])

Komm, Jesu, komm, mein Leib ist müde,
die Kraft verschwindt je mehr und mehr,
ich sehne mich nach deinem Frieden;
der saure Weg wirt mir zu schwer.
Komm, komm, ich will mich dir ergeben,
du bist der rechte Weg,
die Wahrheit und das Leben.

Come, Jesus, come, my body is weary,
my strength fails more and more,
I long for your peace;
the bitter path is too hard for me.
Come, I will give myself to you,
you are the Way,
the Truth and the Life.

Drum schliess ich mich in deine Hände
und sage, Welt, zu guter Nacht.
Eilt gleich mein Lebenslauf zu Ende,
ist doch der Geist wohl angebracht.
Er soll bei seinem Schöpfer schweben,
weil Jesus ist and bleibt
der wahre Weg zum Leben.

Therefore I give myself into your hands
and say good-night unto the world.
Although my life's course is nearly run,
yet the Spirit is prepared.
It will hover before its creator,
for Jesus is and will remain
the true Way of life.

Although our repertoire focus remains the 20th century and beyond, tonight we include Bach's Motet "Komm, Jesu, komm," both as a concession to the 250th anniversary of this towering master, and as one expression of the possible transformation of a fragile past into aspiration for a promising future.

- Leonard Enns

Mathias has said that “Music is the art most completely placed to express the triumph of Christ’s victory over death – since it is concerned in essence with the destruction of Time.”

O Nata Lux from *Rex Glorae* (1980)

by William Mathias

(text by Lawrence Housman)

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
Dignare clemens supplicum
Laudes precesque sumere.
Qui carne quondam contegi
Dignatus es pro perdititis,
Nos membra confer effici
Tui beati corporis.

O Light of light, by love inclined,
Jesu Redeemer of mankind,
With loving-kindness deign to hear
From suppliant voices praise and prayer,
Thou, who to raise our souls from hell
Didst deign in fleshly form to dwell,
Vouchsafe us when our race is run
In thy fair Body to be one.

Thrinosis (Lament) (1990)

by John Tavener

The subtitle on *Thrinosis* reads “Eternal Memory – Costas”. It is not for us to know the personal pain of John Tavener on writing this heartfelt lament. However, the significance of the term *Thrinosis* has further meanings for the Eastern Orthodox people of Greece. The *Thrinosis* is the song of the Mother of God at the Epitaphios on Good Friday and is also that which is chanted over the dead body in the house of a close friend.

This and many other works of John Tavener use a tonal language foreign to those of us accustomed to Bach and Mozart. For our western ears, the Greek modes (sets of notes used in the writing of melodies) which are neither Major nor Minor hold ambiguity of emotion. Inherent in the sonorities of this piece are both pain and comfort in equal measure.

- Ben Bolt-Martin

The Lamb

by John Tavener

(text by William Blake [1757-1827])

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

The Tiger

by John Tavener

(text by William Blake)

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

Profound questions resonate from the almost naive and yet powerful juxtaposition of Blake's texts, and also from Tavener's settings. When we recall the lines of Wilfrid Owen, written in the battle fields less than a hundred years ago, these questions are all the more poignant:

.....
*But where is the lamb for this burnt-offering?
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps.*
.....
*When lo! an angel called him out of heav'n,
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,*
.....
*But the old man would not so, but slew his son,
And half the seed of Europe, one by one.*

- Leonard Enns

Svyati (1995)

by John Tavener

Immortal, Have mercy on us” – used in almost every Russian Orthodox service and during funerals when the coffin is borne out of the church. The words, set here in Church Slavonic, are the same ones as are found in the Roman Catholic Church liturgy for Good Friday. (On tonight’s concert the Trisagion is also the central pillar of the setting of the Reproaches by John Sanders.) Tavener describes the solo ’cello as representing the Priest, or as the Ikon of Christ, throughout in dialogue with the choir.

- *Leonard Enns*

ARTISTS

Ben Bolt-Martin

Ben is a graduate of Wilfrid Laurier University where he won numerous scholarships and awards including the President's Scholarship and the IODE provincial performance award. Ben has since continued studies in Milwaukee and has embarked on a fascinating freelance career which has, in the past year, included recitals, concertos, recordings and orchestral work, including a contract with the Stratford Festival and with the Kitchener Waterloo Chamber Orchestra. Past teachers have included Paul Pulford of the Penderecki String Quartet, Wolfgang Laufer of the Fine Arts Quartet and Brian Epperson of the Canadian Opera Company.

Leonard Enns

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns has been a member of the Music faculty at Conrad Grebel College, University of Waterloo since 1977. He is Chair of the Music Department, teaches in the areas of music theory and composition, conducting, Canadian music, and directs the College Chapel Choir. Tomorrow evening his most recent work, the cantata *Veni*, for choir, soprano soloist, and orchestra, will be premiered at the Winnipeg Centennial Concert Hall.

DaCapo Chamber Choir

DaCapo is a community chamber choir formed in the fall of 1998. The choir began as a group of singers dedicated to exploring unaccompanied music mainly of the 20th Century. For tonight's performance we've added several voices to the male section, for the sake of the particular demands of the repertoire.

Our performance season consists of three annual concerts in Kitchener-Waterloo: one in fall around Remembrance Day, a mid-winter and a spring concert. Additionally, the choir performs on an ad hoc basis at other events. Recently, for example, in the spring of 2000, DaCapo performed as part of the World Festival of Sacred Music at First United Church in Waterloo.

The UW Gazette has described the DaCapo Chamber Choir as "the top among local choirs," stating that "If you want a choir that can convince you of the value of 20th-century choral writing, look no further." (UW Gazette, 17 November, 1999) We agree!

DaCapo Choir Members

Soprano:

Sara Fretz
Sara Martin
Susan Wall
Jennie Wiebe

Alto:

Margaret Andres
Angie Koch
Janice Maust-Hendrick
Sara Wahl

Tenor:

Nolan Andres
Brian Black
Tim Corlis
Tim Maust-Hendrick
Ron Schweitzer

Bass:

Christopher Allen
Jason Hildebrand
Reuben Janzen Martin
William Lewis
Dave Switzer

Acknowledgements

Reader – Marg Loewen Reimer

Guest 'E's – Justin Martin, Liam Morland, and Matthew Wiebe

Logo, poster, and program design – Heather Lee

Thank you to Conrad Grebel College for providing the space for our weekly rehearsals.

Upcoming Performances

- | | |
|----------|---|
| March 10 | St John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener; 8:00 p.m. |
| April 14 | Waterloo North Mennonite Church, Easter Vigil Service; 10:30 p.m. |
| June 3 | St John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener
Concert with Lachan Jewish Chamber Choir of Toronto; 7:00 p.m. |
| June 5 | Toronto, repeat concert with Lachan; 8:00 p.m. venue tba |

To inquire about auditions, or for more information e-mail DaCapo at dacapo@canada.com or visit our web site at <http://grebel.uwaterloo.ca/dacapo>