

Da Capo
Chamber Choir

directed by Leonard Enns

The Spirit of Springtime

featuring guest flautist

Jennifer Rodrigues

and the music of

**Ramish
Debussy
Finzi
Barber**



Saturday, May 27th, 2000 at 8:00pm
St. James Anglican Church,
Stratford

Saturday, June 3rd, 2000 at 8:00pm
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church,
Kitchener

The Kitchener performance
is a benefit concert for



ntario
Mennonite
Music Camp

The Spirit of Springtime

PROGRAM

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956) ~ My Spirit Sang All Day (1935)

HEALEY WILLAN (1880-1968) ~ Three Motets for Feasts of Our Lady

I beheld her, beautiful as a dove (1928)

Fair in face (1928)

Rise up, my love, my fair one (1929)

MAURICE DURUFLÉ (1902-1986) ~ Four Motets on Gregorian Melodies (1960)

Ubi caritas

Tota pulchra es

Tu es Petrus

Tantum ergo

IMANT RAMINSH (bn. 1943) ~ O Ignis Spiritus (1994)

~ INTERMISSION ~

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862-1918) ~ Trois chansons

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder! (1898)

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin (1908) ~ *Tim Corlis, soloist*

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain (1898)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY ~ Syrinx (1913)

SAMUEL BARBER (1910-1981) ~ Reincarnations (1940)

Mary Hynes

Anthony O Daly

The Coolin

LEONARD ENNS (bn. 1948) ~ Songs of Innocence (1979)

Introduction

The shepherd

The lamb

Laughing song

ARTISTS

Jennifer Rodrigues, flautist

Leonard Enns, director

DaCapo Chamber Choir

MY SPIRIT SANG ALL DAY (Finzi)

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

THREE MOTETS (Willan)

I Beheld Her, Beautiful as a Dove

I beheld her, beautiful as a dove,
 rising above the waterbrooks;
 and her raiment was filled
 with perfume beyond all price.
 Even as the spring time was she girded
 with rosebuds and lilies of the valley.

Who is this that cometh up from the desert
 like a wreath of sweet smoke
 arising from frankincense and myrrh?
 - 8th c. Responsory from
 an Office of Our Lady

Fair in Face

Fair in face, but fairer far in thy faith,
 blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary;
 despising the world,
 thou shalt rejoice with the angels:
 Pray thou for us all.

O holy and spotless maidenhood,
 I wot not how to praise thee.
 Pray thou for us all.
 - 8th c. Responsory from
 an Office of Our Lady

Rise Up, My Love

Rise up, my love, my fair one,
 and come away;
 for lo, the winter is past,
 the rain is over and gone;
 the flowers appear upon the earth;
 the time of the singing
 of birds is come;
 arise my love, my fair one,
 and come away.
 - Song of Solomon

FOUR MOTETS (Durufié)

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.

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 of Israel,
the source of honour to our people.

Tu es Petrus

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

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.

O IGNIS SPIRITUS (Raminsh)

O fire of the Holy Spirit,
Life of the life of all creatures,
You are sanctified by endowing forms with life.

O breath of sanctity,
O fire of charity
O sweet breath in our breasts
and inundation of our hearts
in the good odour of virtues!

From you the clouds have their flow,
the air its flight,
the minerals their temper,
the waters their streams,
and the earth its greenness.

(fugal section)

Wherefore praise be to you,
who are the sound of praise and joy of life,
highest hope and greatest honour,
giving us the succour of light.

– Hildegard von Bingen (1098 - 1179)
tr. John A. Miller

TROIS CHANSON (Debussy)

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

God, what a vision she is;
one imbued with grace, true and beautiful!
For all the virtues that are hers
everyone is quick to praise her.
Who could tire of her?
Her beauty constantly renews itself;
On neither side of the ocean
do I know any girl or woman
who is in all virtues so perfect;
it's a dream even to think of her;
God, what a vision she is.

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
in my bed I remain calm,
not lifting my head from the pillow
saying, "It is too early,
I'll fall asleep again."
When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
the young jump from partner to partner
not even bothering to remember you.
From him, I'll move on,
finding a lover that's conveniently close by.
When I hear the tambourine
sound, calling us to May,
in my bed I remain calm,
not lifting my head from the pillow.

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain

Winter, you're nothing but a villain!
Summer is pleasant and nice,
joined to May and April,
who go hand in hand.
Summer dreams of fields, woods, and flowers,
covered with green
and many other colors,
by nature's command.
But you, Winter, are too full
of snow, wind, rain, and hail.
You should be banished!
Without exaggerating, I speak plainly –
Winter, you're nothing but a villain!



REINCARNATIONS (Barber)

Mary Hynes

She is the sky of the sun!
She is the dart of love!
She is the love of my heart!

She is a rune!
She is above the women
of the race of Eve
As the sun is above the moon!

Lovely and airy the view from the hill
That looks down on Ballylea!
But no good sight is good, until
By great good luck you see
The blossom of branches
walking towards you, airily.

Anthony O Daly

Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine!
The fish leap not out
In the waves!

On our meadows the dew
Does not fall in the morn,
For O Daly is dead!

After you
There is nothing to do!
There is nothing but grief!

The Coolin

Come with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine if it be thy will.

And we will talk, until
Talk is a trouble, too,
Out on the side of the hill;
And nothing is left to do,

But an eye to look into an eye,
And a hand in a hand to slip;
And a sigh to answer a sigh;
And a lip to find out a lip!

What if the night be black!
And the air on the mountain chill!
Where the goat lies down in her track,
And all but the fern is still!

Stay with me, under my coat!
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Out on the side of the hill!

— James Stephens

SONGS OF INNOCENCE (Enns)

Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a Lamb!”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again.”
So I piped: he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Shepherd

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

He hears the lamb's innocent call,
and he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know that their shepherd is nigh.

The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee live, 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 calléd 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 calléd by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit
And the green hills laugh with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grass hopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary, Susan and Emily
With their sweet mouths sing “Ha, Ha, He!”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, Ha, He!”

— William Blake

DaCapo Choir Members:

Soprano:

Ana Fretz
Sara Fretz
Sara Martin
Jennie Wiebe

Tenor:

Nolan Andres
Brian Black
Tim Corlis
Ron Schweitzer

Alto:

Margaret Andres
Angie Koch
Shauna Leis
Sara Wahl
Susan Wall

Bass:

Mark Adams
Christopher Allen
Donnie Cheung
William Lewis
Reuben Janzen Martin

Our heartfelt thanks...

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

...to St. James Anglican Church and St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church for the use of these wonderful venues.

...to Heather Lee for volunteering her time and tremendous talent to design and create DaCapo's logo, tickets, posters, and programs.

Upcoming Concerts

Saturday, November 4th, 2000 at 8:00pm
St. James Anglican Church, Stratford

Saturday, November 11th, 2000 at 8:00pm
St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Kitchener

For more information, email dacapo@canada.com