

*In a new Transformed  
From the Spirit, St. John  
From the Spirit, St. John  
From the Spirit, St. John*  
**Da Capo**  
*Chamber Choir*

directed by Leonard Enns

# Leonardo *Dreams*

featuring...

***Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine***  
by Eric Whitacre

***Ritchot Mass with string quartet***  
by Glenn Buhr

***Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil***  
with instrumental chamber ensemble  
by Leonard Enns

**Saturday May 4/13 - 8pm**

St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church  
(corner of Duke & Water, Kitchener)

**Sunday May 5/13 - 3pm**

Knox Presbyterian  
(corner of Erb & Caroline, Waterloo)

Sponsored by:



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## Program

***Snowforms* – R. Murray Schafer**

***Ritchot Mass* – Glenn Buhr  
with string quartet**

***Leonardo dreams of his flying machine* – Eric Whitacre**

*~ intermission ~*

***Tal vez tenemos tiempo* – Tarik O'Regan**

***Ten thousand rivers of oil* – Leonard Enns  
with instrumental ensemble**

***Sur le pont Mirabeau* – Jeff Enns**

*Please join us for an informal reception following the concert.*

## Notes & Texts

(notes written by L. Enns unless otherwise noted)

Welcome to the culminating concert of our 12/13 year. Our season, *Hear, to be moved*, has taken us through time (in November), and along a pilgrim path (in March); today's program expresses the aspiration to move beyond the bonds of gravity – both physical gravity and the gravity of limited imagination.

The first half of the concert traces a physical topography, from snow, to water, and then air, in the effort to break the “surly bonds of earth.” Schafer's *Snowforms*, graphically notated for the singers, is a visual representation of snow that asks for a sonic representation of the same from the singers; Buhr's *Ritchot Mass* is inspired by the power of water—by the Manitoba flood of 1997 that destroyed the composer's home in the Ritchot municipality south of Winnipeg; Whitacre's *Leonardo dreams*, though playful and intentionally derivative (you can imagine da Vinci's Renaissance composer friends in the music!), reflects the aspiration of gravity-bound humans—to break away from this pull down to the clay. The dream stretches back thousands of years of course—Greek mythology already had Icarus (though he didn't listen to his dad and ended up in a nasty crash!), likely not the first reflection of this dream, and certainly not the last. At the turn of the 16th century da Vinci improved on the wax and feathers of Icarus, leaving mechanical sketches for several options of an improved version of the flying machine. In the past hundred years, of course, the dream has been achieved.

Breaking free from gravity is of course illusory for most of us, but nevertheless attended by a particular euphoria (why do kids jump when they play!). Today, half a millennium after da Vinci, it remains hard to improve on the words of the young RCAF pilot, John Gillespie Magee (freshly trained in flight schools in St Catharines and Ottawa, tragically killed at 19 years in a flying accident over Lincolnshire, England):

*Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth And danced the  
skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air..  
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew —  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod*

*The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*  
– John Gillespie Magee (1922-1941)

The second half of our concert challenges another gravity—the one that keeps our imaginations from breaking free from assumptions (and entitled complacency) that may eventually undo us. One thinks of the ancient dictum, *Carpe diem*, with which (though largely trivialized today) Horace was surely challenging his Greek compatriots to respect and attend to the future by seizing the opportunities of the day. In our time, the poet Pablo Neruda locates us at the breaking, and aching, point—the opportunity is now, or forever lost: *Tal vez tenemos tiempo aún para ser y para se justos ...tenemos este ultimo minuto y luego mil años de Gloria para no ser y no volver* (“Maybe we still have time to be, and to be just ...we have this final moment, and then forever in glory, not to return”).

*Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil* offers another approach to the gravity of old assumptions. Here the propaganda of sacrifice, along with its attending rationale, is laid on the table. Some seven centuries even before Horace’s *Carpe diem* injunction, the Hebrew prophet Micah is saying “enough, already, with all this ‘sacrifice,’ this killing that you think will appease your god; the sacrifice that is needed is justice, mercy, humility.” He railed against the sacrifice of animals, the offerings of the fruit of the land, and possibly even of children (shall I offer my firstborn?). *Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil* brings that censure up to date especially through the words of the contemporary George Whipple: “What we’ve done is past recall—changed God to man to children dying for the price of oil.” For Whipple, the fundamental answer to the challenge of “seizing the moment” lies in the rhetorical question posed in the third movement of the work “How did the world evolve...except by love?”

So, we invite you to share this zero-gravity journey with us.

**Snowforms** R. Murray Schafer (b. 1933, Canada)

Some of Schafer’s most compelling works draw inspiration from the Canadian experience—from northern landscape, from the measurement of ocean waves, from environmental issues, and from the social realities of contemporary life. Here he feeds back the winter snowscape in sound.

In his words:

*In 1971 I flew the polar route from Europe to Vancouver over Greenland. Clear weather provided an excellent opportunity to study the forms of that spectacular and terrifying geography.*

*... Often on a winter day I have broken off from other work to study the snow from my farmhouse window, and it is the memory of these forms which has suggested most of the continuous horizon of "Snowforms".*

Much of the music is hummed, and words that do occur are some of the many Inuit words for snow: *apingaut*, first snowfall; *mauyk*, soft snow; *akelrorak*, drifting snow; *pokaktok*, snow like salt.

***Ritchot Mass*** Glenn Buhr (b. 1954, Canada)

The *Ritchot Mass* is dedicated to those who lost their homes during the 1997 flood of the Red River Valley in Manitoba. The work was commissioned by the Elora Festival Singers, but the impulse of the composition was personal and poignant. Buhr lost his home, in the municipality of Ritchot south of Winnipeg, in that '97 flood. He mentions that "grieving after the loss of our house, I wrote the mass; the first words "Lord of mercy" seemed to carry more meaning at that time than they ever had before." Buhr also notes that the version we are performing tonight (with the added strings) "was first performed outdoors in the ruins of the St. Norbert Monastery, which is where we lived while our house was being re-built."

Almost throughout the work one has a sense of water: water as the calm presence we hear in the string "aura" around the relatively traditional choral Kyrie; water as active, energetic and unrelenting (pouring in?) in the Gloria; water as mysterious and luminescent in the Sanctus (we experience this as though submerged while hearing that "holy, holy, holy"); and water as healing and calming, when after a traditional-sounding Agnus Dei the final "dona nobis pacem" embraces us with a shimmering and ethereal comfort.

***I. Kyrie***

*Lord, have mercy.*

*Christ, have mercy.*

*Lord, have mercy.*

***II. Gloria***

*Glory be to God in the highest.*

*And on earth peace*

*to those of good will.*

*We praise Thee, we bless Thee,*

*we worship Thee, we glorify Thee.*

*We give thanks to Thee*

*for Thy great glory.*

*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.*

*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.*

*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.*

### **III. Sanctus**

*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.  
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
Hosanna in the highest.*

*Blessed is he who comes  
in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.*

### **IV. Agnus Dei**

*Lamb of God,  
you who take away the sins of the world,  
have mercy upon us.  
Lamb of God.  
grant us peace.*

*Leonardo dreams of his flying machine* Eric Whitacre (b. 1970, USA)

*Whitacre describes this work as a kind of miniature opera, in which both text and music are at times modern and at other times reflective of da Vinci's late Renaissance era, in the composer's words "an exotic hybrid of old and new."*

Tormented by visions of flight and falling,  
More wondrous and terrible each than the last,  
Master Leonardo imagines an engine  
To carry a man up into the sun...

And as he's dreaming the heavens call him,  
Softly whispering their siren-song:  
*Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare.*  
(Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly.)

*L'uomo colle sua congegiate e grandi ale,  
faciendo forza contro alla resistente aria.*  
(A man with wings large enough and duly connected  
might learn to overcome the resistance of the air.)

As the candles burn low he paces and writes,  
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one  
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise...

And as he dreams, again the calling,  
The very air itself gives voice:  
*Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare.*  
(Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly.)

*Vicina all'elemento del fuoco...*  
(Close to the sphere of elemental fire...)  
Scratching quill on crumpled paper,  
*Rete, canna, filo, carta.*  
(Net, cane, thread, paper.)  
Images of wing and frame and fabric fastened tightly.  
*...sulla suprema sottile aria.*  
(...in the highest and rarest atmosphere.)

As the midnight watchtower tolls,  
Over rooftop, street and dome,  
The triumph of a human being ascending  
In the dreaming of a mortal man.



Leonardo steels himself,  
takes one last breath, and leaps...  
*Leonardo vieni á volare! Leonardo, sognare!*  
(Leonardo, come fly! Leonardo, dream!)

*Tal vez tenemos tiempo* Tarik O'Regan (b. 1978, UK)

Maybe we still have time  
to be and to be just.  
Yesterday, truth died  
a most untimely death,  
and although everyone knows it,  
they all go on pretending.  
No one has sent it flowers.  
It's dead now and no one weeps.

Maybe between grief and forgetting,  
a little before the burial,  
we will have the chance  
of our death and our life  
to go from street to street,  
from sea to sea, from port to port,  
from mountain to mountain,  
and, above all, from man to man,  
to find out if we killed it  
or if other people did,  
if it was our enemies  
or our love that committed the crime,  
because now truth is dead  
and now we can be just.

Before, we had to battle  
with weapons of doubtful caliber  
and, wounding ourselves, we forgot  
what we were fighting about.

We never knew whose it was,  
the blood that shrouded us,  
we made endless accusations,  
endlessly we were accused.  
They suffered, we suffered,  
and when they at last won  
and we also won,  
truth was already dead  
of violence or old age.  
Now there is nothing to do.  
We all lost the battle.

And so I think that maybe  
at last we could be just  
or at last we could simply be.  
We have this final moment,  
and then forever  
for not being, for not coming back.  
– Pablo Neruda (1907-1973)  
(translated by Alastair Reid)

***Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil*** Leonard Enns (b. 1948, Canada)

*Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil* was commissioned by Marta McCarthy for the University of Guelph. At McCarthy's request, texts are drawn from the Old Testament book of Micah; to these I have added words by the contemporary Canadian poet, George Whipple. In its four movements, the texts of this work:

1. ask a fundamental lifestyle question: *how shall we make good what has been undone?* (Micah)
2. put before us the result of forcefully gained advantage: *we have changed God to man, to children dying for the price of oil;* (Whipple)
3. call us to consider the true generating energy of our world: *how did the world evolve except by love?* (Whipple)
4. propose a way forward: *to live justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with your God.* (Micah)

These are not simple problems, and not trivial responses, though in our position of relative comfort and security we are always in danger of hypocritical pontificating. Yet, as Wilfrid Owen wrote a century ago (quoted by Britten on the title page of his *War Requiem*): *all a poet can do today is warn*. It is in that spirit—in the hope that there may be some cathartic and perhaps ennobling motivational good in what art can do—that I have written this work.

## I. With what shall I come

With what shall I come before the Lord  
and bow down before the exalted God?  
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings,  
with calves a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams,  
with ten thousand rivers of oil?  
shall I offer my firstborn for my transgression,  
the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?  
– Micah: 6:6&7

## II. The Price of Oil

What we've done  
is past recall—  
changed God to man  
to children dying for  
the price of oil.

Compounding the offence,  
the more the dead  
are confined up  
the more must die  
in recompense

while bombs outbid  
the body for the soul  
of him who can  
no longer battle for  
the price of oil.

– George Whipple  
(from *Swim Class and Other Poems*)  
(used by permission of the poet)

### III. Evolution

How did the world evolve  
from rock to leaf  
to cells with souls  
except by love?

How did loam become a rose  
and the scent thereof  
like rising prayer evolve  
except by love;

and how do those  
in ghetto graves evolve  
into transparent souls  
entering gift homes above  
except by love?

– George Whipple  
(from *The Colour of Memory and Other Poems*)  
(used by permission of the poet)

### IV. O people

O people,  
what does the Lord require of you?  
I have shown you what is good.  
To live justly, to love mercy  
and walk humbly with your God.

– based on Micah: 6:8

**Le Pont Mirabeau** Jeff Enns (b. 1972, Canada)

'Neath the bridge Mirabeau, Seine softly flowing  
And there our love comes back in memories glowing  
How joy would ever come from pain's bestowing  
Night comes, the evening is waning,  
Days slipping by, I remaining.

Let us stay hand in hand, face to face  
While down below  
The bridge of our embrace  
Roll the waves weary of our endless gaze  
Let night come toll hours away  
Days go by me, here I stay  
Love slips away just as the water flowing  
Love slips away, how life seems ever slowing  
And even hope is violence unknowing  
Night comes, the evening is waning,  
Days slipping by, I remaining.

Days slowly pass and turn to weeks unerring  
But neither time nor love shall be recurring  
Below the bridge the Seine is slowly stirring  
Night comes, the evening is waning  
Days slipping by, I remaining.

– Guillame Apollinaire

Translated by Jon Washburn & A.Z. Foreman

## The Artists

### Leonard Enns

Conductor and composer Leonard Enns is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir, and a faculty member in the Music Department at Conrad Grebel College, University of Waterloo. As conductor, he returns to Llangollen, Wales in July to adjudicate at the International Music Eisteddfod. As composer, this month sees premieres of his compositions in San Francisco, Boston and Winnipeg.

### 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.dacapochamberchoir.ca](http://www.dacapochamberchoir.ca) or join our eList by emailing [info@dacapochamberchoir.ca](mailto:info@dacapochamberchoir.ca).



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

## **DaCapo Chamber Choir**

### ***Soprano***

Corey Cotter Linforth  
Brittany Gunpat  
Sara Martin  
Deborah Seabrook  
Melanie VanDerSluis  
Jennie Wiebe

### ***Tenor***

Brian Black  
Thomas Brown  
Curtis Dueck  
Michael Lee-Poy  
Stephen Preece

### ***Alto***

Theresa Bauer  
Emily Berg  
Sarah Flatt  
Janice Maust Hedrick  
Susan Schwartzentruber

### ***Bass***

Keith Hagerman  
Stephen Horst  
Bill Labron  
Phil Rempel  
Shantanu Thaivalappil

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

## **String quartet for *Ritchot Mass***

Marcus Scholtes, 1st violin  
Bruce Skelton, 2nd violin  
Susan Zach, viola  
Miriam Stewart-Kroeker, cello

## **Chamber ensemble for *Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil***

Sharon Kahan, flute  
Aimee Berends, oboe  
Miriam Stewart-Kroeker, cello  
Amy Di Nino, percussion  
Carol Bauman, timpani  
Angela Schwarzkopf, harp  
Marlin Nagtegaal, organ

## Acknowledgements

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

Board of Directors:

Margaret Holton  
Nancy Kidd, acting chair  
Sarah Klassen  
Stephen Strauss

## DaCapo thanks the following organizations and individuals:

Conrad Grebel University College – for providing the space for DaCapo's weekly rehearsals  
PeaceWorks Consulting – for hosting our Web site

Wellington Winds – for the generous loan of the timpani set

A HUGE thank-you to Bill Labron (and his Music Plus truck) for transporting the percussion equipment to and from our rehearsals and concert venues.

Flow Cafe & Catering – for catering our post-concert receptions



[flowcatering.ca](http://flowcatering.ca)



# Volunteer Opportunity

## DaCapo Board of Directors

We are currently seeking new Board members.

**WHO ARE WE:** The Board of Directors of DaCapo Chamber Choir is made up of volunteers who avidly support the choir and the vision of presenting outstanding chamber choral works of the last 100 years, as well as the championing of Canadian choral works and composers.

**WHAT WE DO:** We are the sounding board for the Artistic Director and the Choir Manager. As well as attending DaCapo concerts, the Board members provide support for ushering, ticket taking and other House tasks on performance days. We are ambassadors of DaCapo, distributing advertising and promoting the organization through word of mouth. Members are also willing to take on ad hoc responsibilities as needed.

**WHEN DO WE MEET:** The Board of Directors meets six to ten times a year (usually Saturday mornings) at the call of the Director or Manager.

**WHAT DO VOLUNTEERS BRING TO THE BOARD:** We encourage a range of interests in our Board members from music lovers, teachers, performers, administrators, artists, University students, business leaders, and so on.

**WHAT DOES THE BOARD NEED:** We need volunteers who have knowledge and sincere appreciation of DaCapo Chamber Choir, and who have personal or business contacts that could support the ongoing needs of the organization.

**Currently we are looking for volunteers with skills or experience in finance, fundraising, social media, and/or individuals with corporate or political connections. We particularly need a Treasurer.** For more details on any of these positions, please email the Choir Manager, Sara Martin ([smartin@dacapochamberchoir.ca](mailto:smartin@dacapochamberchoir.ca)).

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### Other upcoming events



### Chamber Music Evening

Woodwind quintet and sax quintet joined by soprano Caroline Déry in works by Stravinsky, Debussy, Britten, Poulenc, Piazzolla, Vaughan-Williams, Arnold, Purves-Smith, and more.

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