

Inspire Transform Enrich
Reverend Joy
From the Beginning
DaCapo
Chamber Choir
The Spirit, 18th
Inspiration

GIVING IDEAS VOICE
DIRECTED BY LEONARD ENNS

My Spirit Sang All Day

Sat., Nov. 11, 2023 - 7:30pm

Sun., Nov. 12, 2023 - 3:00pm

Trillium Lutheran, Waterloo

featuring the
2022 NewWorks winner

Find us on



25 for 25
Anniversary Season
Fundraiser



Program

My Spirit Sang All Day – Gerald Finzi

Black Riders – Iman Habibi

When David Heard – Eric Whitacre

Shadows – James Rolfe

Snow – Benjamin Bolden
(2022 NewWorks winner)

~intermission~

Calme de nuits – Camille Saints-Saëns

Past Life Melodies – Sarah Hopkins

Hymn to St. Cecilia – Benjamin Britten

If Music be the Food of Love – Jean Belmont

Beim Kronenwirt – Leonard Enns

Please join us for a chat and some treats after the concert,
as we celebrate 25 years of music-making!

*Most of us are here today as settlers on the traditional territory of the
Attawandaron (Neutral), Anishinaabe, and Haudenosaunee peoples.*

*Both our venue today and our choir's rehearsal space is built on the
Haldimand Tract, the land granted in 1784 to the Six Nations that includes
10 kilometres on each side of the Grand River from its source in Dundalk
to its mouth at Lake Erie.*

Overview

On November 21, 1998, the fledgling DaCapo Chamber Choir began its first concert with Gerald Finzi's *My Spirit Sang All Day*. We do the same today, as we celebrate twenty-five years of choral music making. The choir was formed as a "let's get together and sing some more" project, instigated by thirteen newly graduated university students who had sung together in the Grebel Chapel Choir (several are still in the choir). And, as these things go, the idea matured into a nationally award-winning group of twenty-four; always amateur, always singing for the love of it, always singing for the purpose of it — to express that which spills beyond the limits of language, to assure and comfort, to unsettle and challenge, and to inspire.

Our inaugural concert included Benjamin Britten's celebration of music, *Hymn to St. Cecilia*, which you will hear again today. The other music on the program is taken from subsequent past performances, apart from Ben Bolden's *Snow*, which is the current winning work of our NewWorks competition for choral music composition.

While the concert marks the joyful achievement of twenty-five years of singing, we know that our world is aching with the agony of newly devastating wars, and the madness of senseless political conflict. Current realities stand in stark contrast to the Remembrance Day motto of "Lest we forget." The first half of our concert is shaped with that in mind. Our motivation is well expressed in the words of Wilfrid Owen, writing from the mud and blood of World War I: *All a poet can do today is warn.*

We are pleased to share with you this moment of reflection and this celebration of a quarter century of singing.

Notes & Texts

Program notes written by Leonard Enns

My Spirit Sang all Day – Gerald Finzi (1901-1956, England)

First performed by DaCapo in November 1998

My Spirit Sang All Day is from a set of seven part-song settings of poetry by Robert Bridges. Finzi, largely self-taught as a composer, died much too soon of leukemia at the height of his career.

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 me 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 (1844-1930)

Black Riders – Iman Habibi (b. 1985, Iran)

First performed by DaCapo in November 2009

Regular listeners will remember Habibi's heart rending *Colour of Freedom* that DaCapo has performed twice, together with Persian soloist Amir Haghghi. *Black Riders* is an earlier composition of his, and already reflects the intensity and mastery of that larger composition. *Black Riders* takes us into the terror of battle, into the aggressive "clash and clang" that drives civilians into the hopeless scramble for safety, which all too often is an illusion as hospitals and places of refuge are razed despite assurances to the contrary. Dismissing this scenario as history is a delusion. It is today's reality.

Black riders came from the sea.
There was clang and clang of spear and shield,
And clash and clash of hoof and heel,
Wild shouts and the wave of hair
In the rush upon the wind:
Thus the ride of sin.

~ Stephen Crane (1871-1900)

When David Heard – Eric Whitacre (b. 1970, USA)

First performed by DaCapo in November 2004

Recorded on DaCapo's award-winning *ShadowLand* CD

The story is of a battle between father and child, David and Absalom. David's agony following the killing of his son is near-unbearable; in Whitacre's composition the loss becomes a death many times over, as the relentless keening seems to draw the very life from the father.

In his book, *On Consolation*, Michael Ignatieff writes: "Music's importance as consolation has only grown in an age that medicates grief and treats sorrow as an illness. In moments of grief and despair, there is something unsayable about the experience that only music seems to express." How true. In the case of Whitacre's musical outpouring of grief, the music defies the bonds of the very sparse text, cascading lament after lament over a quarter hour until emotional exhaustion leads to reluctant acceptance, and perhaps, ultimately, points to the possibility of consolation.

When David heard that Absalom was slain
he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept,
and thus he said:

My son, my son Absalom
O Absalom, O my son, Absalom my son,
Would God I had died for thee,
O my son, my son!

~ II Samuel 18:33

Shadows – James Rolfe (b. 1961, Canada)

First performed by DaCapo in November 2016

Recorded on DaCapo's recent *NewWorks* CD

It is healing consolation that is the goal of James Rolfe's *Shadows*. Here in D. H. Lawrence's poem we have a poignantly honest journey leading to and then through psychological and physical collapse, arriving ultimately at a fresh confidence in renewal.

And if tonight my soul may find her peace
in sleep, and sink in good oblivion,
and in the morning wake like a new-opened flower
then I have been dipped again in God, and new-created.

And if, as weeks go round, in the dark of the moon
my spirit darkens and goes out, and soft strange gloom
pervades my movements and my thoughts and words
then I shall know that I am walking still
with God, we are close together now the moon's in shadow.

And if, as autumn deepens and darkens
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems that break in storms
and trouble and dissolution and distress
and then the softness of deep shadows folding, folding
around my soul and spirit, around my lips
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a low, sad song
singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the solstice
and the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the shadow,
then I shall know that my life is moving still
with the dark earth, and drenched
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse and renewal.

And if, in the changing phases of man's life
I fall in sickness and in misery
my wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead
and strength is gone, and my life
is only the leavings of a life:

and still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion, and snatches of renewal.
odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet new, strange flowers
such as my life has not brought forth before, new blossoms of me
then I must know that still
I am in the hands of the unknown God,
he is breaking me down to his own oblivion
to send me forth on a new morning, a new man.

~ D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

Snow – Ben Bolden (b. 1971, Canada)

Premiere performance; 2022 NewWorks winner

Bolden is a two-time winner of the DaCapo NewWorks competition, having previously won the competition in 2016 with *Harvest*. The current piece, *Snow*, is a setting of Robert Frost's *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*. Bolden has written:

On one level, I enjoy the simple story of a journey, and a diversion off the track to a place where the protagonist isn't really supposed to go. But what really draws me in is the snow — the woods transformed by gently falling snow. ... With my music I tried to capture the longing I feel for that peaceful, hushed beauty. So wonderful when we find it, and actually take a moment to stop and sink in! But then realities and responsibilities tug, and it's time to set off again...yet with such yearning for what we must leave behind.

Beneath the immediate beauty and charm of this music is a call not to stop when it is easy for us to luxuriate in the peace and comfort available to us, a call to attend to the challenges facing us here and globally, particularly in this season when we pause to remember, but then must go on again.

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

~ Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Calme des nuits – Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921, France)

First performed by DaCapo in March 2007

Reflecting on the seeming incongruities between the arts and the hard realities of our day, music and the arts can appear of little importance. Joseph Glaser, director of the Ontario office of the Canadian Music Centre, recently expressed it this way:

In times of global strife and tragedy it seems trite to talk about concerts and composition prizes. How can we talk about music when we see so many lives crushed under the weight of seemingly insurmountable political forces? ...

I think about the power of composition to imagine worlds otherwise. ... I think about the humanity of those in Gaza, having the ability to author their destinies taken from them for generations. I think about hostages and those killed for political aims - unable to be authors of their destinies. I, perhaps naively, wonder if we conducted politics closer to how we create music we could imagine a world where neighbours could live alongside each other in peace.

So, we offer you this quiet moment, not in the spirit of “make the world go away,” but rather in Glaser’s sense of “let’s imagine another way.”

Calmes des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,
Vaste scintillement des mondes,
Grand silence des antres noirs
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.

L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;
Le poète seul est hanté
Par l'amour des choses tranquilles.

~ anonymous author

*Stillness of the night, cool of the evening,
Vast shimmering of the spheres,
Great silence of black vaults
Deep thinkers delight in you.*

*The bright sun, merriment,
And noise amuse the more frivolous;
Only the poet is possessed
By the love of quiet things.*

Past Life Melodies – Sarah Hopkins (b. 1958, Australia)

First performed by DaCapo in March 2005

Hopkins' compositions have been described as "music which sounds like the very essence of the universe." Whether or not one hears it that way, Hopkins gives us music that seems quite unrelated to standard Eurocentric contrapuntal, melodic, or harmonic practices. It reminds us of origins, and of the richness of cultures around us, and those that preceded us.

As the composition comes to an end, you will hear overtone singing, which is simply a strengthening of various higher frequencies in the sound spectrum that are always there but generally not consciously perceived. Overtones are the normally unacknowledged sonic workers that make vowels (and language in general) intelligible, and that add richness to the music we hear. They provide a metaphor for those many invisible people who help make our lives what they are.

Hymn to St. Cecilia – Benjamin Britten (1913-1976, England)

First performed by DaCapo in November 1998

Hymn to St. Cecilia is the other work (along with the Finzi) that we repeat today from the inaugural concert of the choir. Britten's friend, W. H. Auden, had written the poem as a gift for Britten, whose birthday falls on St. Cecilia Day, Nov 22. (The Roman martyr, Cecilia, has long been recognized as the patron saint of music.) Britten and his partner Peter Pears had emigrated to the U.S. in 1939 but chose to return to England in 1942. After a period of lingering illness and self-doubt as an artist in the US, Britten's return voyage was marked by a renewal of energy and commitment to his musical career, expressed in a compositional outburst already while at sea. Both his *Ceremony of Carols* and *Hymn to St. Cecilia* were composed on board the ship and have become much-loved gifts to the choral world.

Auden's poem is complex, but in general terms we can hear the first section as describing Cecilia and the effect of music; for example, Aphrodite (Greek goddess of Love) is moved to delight by music, which even eases the pain of those in hell! The second section may be heard as the voice of music itself, describing itself as pure, incorporeal (*I have no shadow*), free, and asking only to be loved. The third section is a dialogue, the beginning being addressed to St. Cecilia. Auden expresses a longing for a return to a pure state, free of the outworn images we have attached to sorrow, hope, and even to dread. He asks for St. Cecilia (aka music) to *re-arrange*, to *restore our fallen day*. The conversation goes back and forth — St. Cecilia responds, addressing humans as immature children who have lost their way (*O dear white children...*). So much potential has been missed (*the lives your wishes never led*), and what is left is to *weep away the stain*, so that *that what has been may never be again*.

Toward the end of the poem various musical instruments are summoned, pointing out humanities failures — solo voices imitate each instrument as it is named. The final trumpet, given to a tenor soloist (likely Peter Peers in Britten's mind) is a challenge to 'fess up and go on: *O wear your tribulation like a rose*. Rather in the British spirit of the stiff upper lip, that.

I.

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

II.

I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.
I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.
I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.
All you lived through,

Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.
I shall never be Different.
Love me.
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

III.

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.
~ W.H. Auden (1907-1973)

If Music be the Food of Love – Jean Belmont (b. 1939, USA)
First performed by DaCapo in March 2002

For Belmont, writing music is one of many creative and healing pursuits that engage her. She has said, in what amounts to a kind of personal Credo, "Make beauty yourself where you live. I believe in making music where you are. I believe in that concept as a salve against whatever may be happening politically in the world."

(Though the title may autopilot our brains toward Shakespeare, the poem is not by him, apart, perhaps, from the first line which is identical to the Duke Orsino's opening words in *Twelfth Night*.)

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.
~ Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

Beim Kronenwirt – Leonard Enns (b. 1948, Canada)

First performed by DaCapo in March 2000

Beim Kronenwirt, da ist heut' Jubel und Tanz,
Die Kathrin trägt heut' ihren heiligen Kranz,
Die Musik, die spielt und es jubelt und kracht,
die Knödel, die dampfen, der Kronenwirt lacht.
Dort oben beim Pfarr' ist dem Krischan sein Platz,
Und rot wie der Mond glüht die Kathrin, sein Schatz,
Und er schaut nach der Uhr, und es ist erst halb vier,
und bis sieben Uhr bleiben die Hochzeiter hier!
(Einz, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sieben...)

Die Musi, die bläst jetzt auf einmal 'nen Tusch,
Und die Brautleut', die sein verschwunden, husch, husch,
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,
Der Mond scheint so hell und so klar ist die Nacht,
Und vom Tanz dröhnt das Dorf und das uralte Haus,
und dem Krischan geht längst schon das Lämp'le aus.

~ Heinrich Binder (alt.) (1880-?)

*At the innkeepers' today there is celebration and dancing;
Today Kathrin carries her holy garland.
The music is playing, it's a rowdy event,
the dumplings are steaming, and the innkeeper laughs.
Krischan stands up there by the parson
and Kathrin, his sweetheart, is blushing red as the moon.
He looks at his watch, but it's only 3:30,
but the guests will be here until 7 o'clock!
(One, two, three, four, five, six, seven...)*

*The music breaks in with a flourish.
And the bridal couple have vanished, hush, hush,
The girls look embarrassed and silly,
while the boys shout and swing them around.*

*Michel blows his trumpet, and the innkeeper laughs,
The moon shines brightly, and the night is clear,
The village and the old house resound with dancing,
but Krischan has long since put out the lamp.*

The Artists

Leonard Enns, Artistic Director

Leonard Enns is the founding director of the DaCapo Chamber Choir and Professor Emeritus of Music at Conrad Grebel University College, University of Waterloo. He is also active as composer; premieres this past season include *For Love of Music* (Winnipeg, December 2022), *A Great Tide of Love* (Waterloo, May 2023), *The Place of Memory* (Waterloo, July 2023), and *Countless Gifts* (Winnipeg, July 2023). In a fresh, collaborative performance with the Victoria Choral Society and members of the Victoria Symphony, Ballet Victoria danced to his newly revised half-hour choral suite, *Ten Thousand Rivers of Oil*, in a performance in May 2023. This past Sunday, his *One Hundreth*, an organ fanfare commissioned in honour of the RCCO Winnipeg 100th anniversary, was premiered in that city. (It's based on the "Old Hundredth" hymn tune, hence the double pronged title 😊.) In the new year, Enns will begin work on another environmentally themed composition, this one focusing on trees, provisionally titled *Taiga*. The project is a three-choir commission from Victoria Choral Society, Chronos Vocal Ensemble, and the University of Guelph choirs.

DaCapo Chamber Choir

The DaCapo Chamber Choir was founded in 1998 in Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario under the direction of Leonard Enns. The mission of the choir is to promote the best of contemporary choral music through public performance and recordings, including the intentional championing of music of Canadian and local composers. The choir's NewWorks choral competition for Canadian composers (which ran for over a decade) aided in establishing a vibrant and vital presence for recent and emerging Canadian choral music.

The choir has released three CDs: *NewWorks* (2019); 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).

For more information about the choir, including photos, sound clips, and more, visit our web site at www.dacapochoamberchoir.ca or join our eList by emailing info@dacapochoamberchoir.ca.

We're Social!    

For behind-the-scenes photos, rehearsal insights, and online savings, follow us on one of our socials!

Choir Members

Soprano

Sara Fretz
Maria Geleynse
Marlys Neufeldt
Sydney O'Brien
Janelle Santi
Caroline Schmidt

Tenor

Brian Black
Curtis Dueck
Marcus Kramer
Nathan Martin
Stephen Preece
Jeff Wyngaarden

Alto

Theresa Bauer
Sarah Flatt
Sara Martin
Nathalie Nasr
Susan Schwartzentruber
Jennie Wiebe

Bass

Daniel Cockayne
Mike Hook
Daniel King
Phil Klassen-Rempel
Mike Lepock
Kento Stratford

Acknowledgements

Graphic Design – Heather Lee, www.leedesigns.ca

Choir Manager – Sara Martin

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DaCapo thanks the following organizations and individuals:



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TECHNOLOGY SOLUTIONS



Conrad Grebel
University College

We are grateful to Conrad Grebel University College for providing rehearsal space in its beautiful Chapel, where DaCapo was shaped as a child of the Grebel Chapel Choir, and which continues to be our rehearsal home.

There is a strong historic and ideological relationship between DaCapo and Grebel. Artistic director, and Grebel Professor Emeritus, Leonard Enns directed the Grebel Chapel Choir for 33 years; out of this grew the DaCapo Chamber Choir, beginning in 1998 with a dozen alumni.

DaCapo has grown to extend beyond its Grebel origins, but organic connections remain. Even after 25 years, a number of the singers are Grebel alumni, and our music continues to be grounded in spiritual and healing convictions shared with the College.

Donors (since September 2022)

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



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Dualities

Sat., April 20 - 7:30pm

Sun., April 21 - 3:00pm

Trillium Lutheran, Waterloo

featuring pianist

Catherine Robertson

and **mezzo-soprano**

Jennifer Enns Modolo

25 for 25
Anniversary Season
Fundraiser



This year, DaCapo is celebrating our 25th anniversary season!

To help sustain the choir's future, and fund initiatives like NewWorks commissions, we invite you to make a contribution of \$25 (or a multiple of \$25) to our #25for25 campaign.

Fill out the form below and drop it off at the ticket desk:

Donation Amount:

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PO Box 40035
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