

**WV** Wascana Voices  
presents...

*In Beautiful  
Array*

Sunday, April 22nd, 2018

7:00pm

Our Savior's Lutheran Church

190 Massey Road

Admission: Free Will Donation

Enjoy hearing a cappella works by  
Antognini, Chatman, Gjeilo,  
Whitacre, as well as new music by  
Regina composer Stewart Wilkinson.

## program

Amor vittorioso	Giovanni Gastoldi
I am Come into My Garden Of all the birds that I do know Il bianco e dolce cigno	William Billings John Bartlett Jacob Arcadelt
Jubilate Deo Adoramus Te, Christe The Deer's Cry	Giovanni Gabrieli Eric William Barnum Arvo Pärt
Go, Lovely Rose The Blue Bird	Eric Whitacre Charles Villiers Stanford text - Mary E. Coleridge

## intermission

Serenity O Gloriosa Domina	Ola Gjeilo Ivo Antognini text - Venantius Fortunatus
Due North i. Mountains ii. Trees iii. Woodpecker iv. Varied Thrushes v. Mosquitoes	Stephen Chatman
The Lost Lagoon	W. S. Wilkinson text - E. Pauline Johnson text - Edwin John Pratt
Erosion	
A Little Lovely Dream	Edie Hill text - Sarojini Naidu
Grace Before Sleep	Susan LaBarr text - Sara Teasdale

### Amor vittorioso

Tutti venite armati  
O forte miei soldati.  
Fa la la  
Io son l'invitt'Amore  
Giusto saettatore.  
Non temete punto,  
Ma in bella schiera uniti,  
Me seguitate arditi.  
Fa la la

Come all ye, armed,  
My hardy soldiers!  
Fa la la  
I am Love indomitable,  
The righteous archer.  
Do not fear in the slightest,  
But in beautiful array,  
Follow me with ardor!  
Fa la la

Sembrano forti heroi  
Quei che son contra voi.  
Fa la la  
Ma da chi sa ferire,  
Non si sapran schermire,  
Non temete punto,  
Ma coraggiosi e forti,  
Siat' a la pugna accorti.  
Fa la la

They seem strong heroes,  
Those in front of you.  
Fa la la  
But from those who know how to wound,  
They will know not how to defend.  
Do not fear in the slightest,  
But, bold and strong,  
Be shrewd in battle!  
Fa la la

### I am Come into My Garden

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse,  
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice,  
I have eaten my honeycomb, my honeycomb with my honey,  
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Eat, eat, O friends, drink, drink, O friends.  
Eat, O friends abundantly, and drink, O friends, abundantly.

I sleep, but my heart waketh;  
It is the voice of my beloved, saying:  
Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled,  
For my head is fill'd with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself,  
And he was gone.  
I sought him, I sought him, but I could not find him;  
I call'd him, I call'd him, I call'd him, I call'd him, but he gave me no answer.

Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.  
Make haste, my beloved, and be like a roe,  
Or a young hart upon the Mountains, the mountains of spices.



#### Of all the birds that I do know

Of all the birds that I do know, Philip my sparrow hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit she low, be she far off or be she neer,  
There is no bird so fair, so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
For when she once hath felt a fit, Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet, yet, yet...

Come in a morning merrily when Philip hath been lately fed;  
Or in an evening soberly, when Philip list to go to bed,  
It is a heaven to hear my Phipp, how she can chirp with merry lip,  
For when she once hath felt a fit, Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet, yet, yet...

She never wanders far abroad, but is at home when I do call;  
If I command she lays on low with lips, with teeth, with tongue and all,  
She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, that I believe she hath no peer,  
For when she once hath felt a fit, Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet, yet, yet...

And to tell truth he were to blame, having so fine a bird as she  
To make him all this goodly game without suspect or jealousy,  
He were a churl and knew no good, would see her faint for lack of food,  
For when she once hath felt a fit, Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet, yet, yet...

#### Il bianco e dolce cigno

Il bianco e dolce cigno  
cantando more, ed io  
piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.  
Stran' e diversa sorte,  
ch'ei more sconcolato  
ed io moro beato.  
Morte che nel morire  
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.  
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,  
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

The white and sweet swan  
dies singing, and I,  
weeping, reach the end of my life.  
Strange and different fate,  
that he dies disconsolate  
and I die a blessed death,  
which in dying fills me  
full of joy and desire.  
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,  
I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

#### Jubilate Deo

Jubilate Deo omnis terra,  
quia sic benedicetur homo qui timet Dominum  
Deus Israel conjugat vos et ipse sit vobiscum,

O be joyful in the Lord, all the earth,  
Blessed is the man who fears the Lord.

mittat vobis auxilium de sancto  
Et de Sion tueatur vos.  
Benedicat vobis Dominus ex Sion,  
Qui fecit coelum et terram.  
Servite Domino in laetitia!

May the God of Israel bind you and be with you.  
May he help you from His sanctuary  
And from the top of Zion  
The Lord of Zion, who created heaven  
and earth, bless you.  
Serve the Lord with gladness!

#### Adoramus Te, Christe

Adoramus te, Christe,  
Et benedicimus tibi:  
Quia per sanctam crucem,  
Et passionem tuam  
Redemisti mundum.  
Domine, miserere nobis.

Christ, we adore thee,  
And vast our blessings upon thee:  
Thou, who by thy holy crucifixion  
And through thy passion  
Redeemed the world,  
Lord, have mercy on us.

#### The Deer's Cry

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,  
Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me,  
Christ on my right, Christ on my left,  
Christ when I lie down, Christ when I sit down,  
Christ in me, Christ when I arise,  
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,  
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,  
Christ in the eye that sees me,  
Christ in the ear that hears me,  
Christ with me.

#### Go Lovely Rose

Go, lovely rose  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desire,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee;  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

### The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O'er it, as I looked there flew across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue,  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image, his image as he flew.

The lake lay blue below the hill.

### Serenity

O magnum mysterium,  
et admirabile sacramentum.  
Ut animalia viderent  
Dominum natum, iacentem in  
praesepe: Beata Virgo,  
cujus viscera meruerunt portare  
Dominum Christum  
Alleluia

### O Gloriosa Domina

O gloriosa domina,  
excelsa super sidera,  
qui te creavit provide,  
lactas sacro ubere.

Quod Eva trusts abstulit,  
tu reddis almo germine;  
intrent ut astra flebiles,  
sternis benigna semitam.

Tu regis alti ianua  
et porta lucis fulgida;  
vitam datam per Virginem,  
gentes redemptae, plaudite.

Patri sit Paraclito  
tuoque Nato gloria,  
qui veste te mirabili  
circumderunt gratiae. Amen.

O great mystery  
and wonderful sacrament,  
that animals should see the new-born Lord,  
lying in a manger.  
blessed is the Virgin whose womb  
was worthy to bear  
Christ the Lord.  
Alleluia.

O Heaven's glorious mistress,  
enthron'd above the starry skyl  
thou feudist with thy sacred breast  
thy own Creator, Lord most high.

What man had lost in hapless Eve,  
thy sacred Womb to man restores,  
thou to the wretched here beneath  
hast open'd Heaven's eternal doors.

Hail, O refulgent Hall of Light!  
Hail Gate august of Heaven's High King!  
through thee redeem'd to endless life,  
thy praise let all the nations sing.

To the Father and the Spirit  
and to thy Son all glory be,  
who with a wondrous garment  
of graces encircled thee. Amen.

### The Lost Lagoon

It is dusk on the Lost Lagoon, and we two dreaming the dusk away,  
Beneath the drift of a twilight grey, beneath the drowse of an ending day,  
Curve golden moon.

It is dark in the Lost Lagoon, and gone are the depths of haunting blue,  
The grouping gulls, and the old canoe, the singing firs, and the dusk, and you.  
And gone is the golden moon.

O! lure of the Lost Lagoon, I dream tonight that my paddle blurs the purple shade where the seaweed stirs.  
I hear the call of the singing firs in the hush of the golden moon.

### Erosion

It took the sea a thousand years to trace the granite features of this cliff,  
in crag and scarp and base.  
It took the sea an hour one night, an hour of storm to place the sculpture of these granite seams upon a  
woman's face.

### A Little Lovely Dream

From groves of spice,  
O'er field of rice,  
Athwart the lotus stream,  
I bring for you,  
Aglint with dew,  
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,  
The wild fireflies  
Dance through the fairy neem;  
From the poppybole  
For you I stole  
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,  
In golden light  
The stars around you gleam;  
On you I press  
With soft caress  
A little lovely dream.

### Grace Before Sleep

How can our minds and bodies be  
Grateful enough that we have spent  
Here in this generous room, we three,  
This evening of content?  
Each one of us has walked through storm  
And fled the wolves along the road,  
But here the hearth is wide and warm,  
And for this shelter and this light  
Accept, O Lord, our thanks tonight.

**Women**

Adelle Johnson  
Kayla Stadnick  
Janelle Johnston  
Jeanette Wiens  
Stacy Allan  
Victoria Elliot

**Men**

Arthur Jack  
Brendan Dickie  
Dana Brule  
David Gerhard  
Glenn Sawatzky  
William Matthews

Special thanks to: Mike Clory (Printing); Glencairn Alliance Church and Sonlight Christian Reformed Church; Stewart Wilkinson; Our Savior's Lutheran Church; Saskatchewan Choral Federation

Thank you all for attending our concert! See you again in winter for another amazing performance!

Follow us on Facebook and Instagram to receive updates on performances and photos. Please visit our website: [www.wascanavoices.ca](http://www.wascanavoices.ca) to stay updated on the groups' upcoming events!

**About the Cover Art**

**Janelle Johnston** is a freelance artist born and raised in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. After working most of her life in the world of vocal music she turned her attention to visual art. She primarily works with alcohol inks which are a relatively new medium in the art world. She endeavours to create artworks that are illuminated in colour and spark the imagination. You can visit Janelle's Gallery on her Facebook at Abstract Living by Janelle.



Wascana Voices