

LANDSCAPES

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Wake the Grain</i> | Paul Suchan (b. 1983) |
| <i>A Boy and a Girl</i> | Eric Whitacre (b. 1970) |
| <i>Woodsmoke and Oranges</i> | arr. Rebecca Campbell (b. 1963) |
| <i>The Maple</i> | Garrett Krause (b. 1986) |
| <i>Sügismaastikud</i> | Veljo Tormis (1930-2017) |
| 1. On hilissuvi | |
| 2. Üle taeva jooksevad pilved | |
| 3. Kahvatu valgus | |
| 4. Valusalt punased lehed | |
| 5. Tuul kõnnumaa kohal | |
| 6. Külma sügisöö | |
| 7. Kanarbik | |
| <i>Magnificat Primi Toni</i> | Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611) |

INTERMISSION

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| <i>La blanche neige</i> | Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) |
| <i>A Frost Sequence</i> | Stephanie Martin (b. 1962) |
| I. Nothing Gold Can Stay | |
| II. The Road Not Taken | |
| III. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening | |
| <i>The Winter's Night</i> | Nicholas Myers (b. 1987) |
| <i>Tundra</i> | Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978) |
| <i>Song for a Winter's Night</i> | arr. Robin Salkeld (b. 1983) |

Texts and Translations

Wake the Grain (Douglas Elves)

One by one they step to the earth,
And hoping for prairie's birth,
Plant blossom within the breath, grow song.

With song the seeds intone a level harmony.

Voices disperse throughout the land,
Like flinging grain from our hand,
And spring up within the breath, grow song.

We'll wake the grain and choirs will sing;
Alleluia! There is no king but work, no god but peace.

White armies only winter storms,
From this new ground grow hymns that hint at peace.

Now home, now home,
Grow hymns that hint at peace.

A Boy and a Girl (Octavio Paz)

Stretched out,
Stretched out on the grass
A boy and a girl
Savoring their oranges
Giving their kisses like waves exchanging foam.
Stretched out,
Stretched out on the beach
A boy and a girl
Savoring their limes
Giving their kisses like clouds exchanging foam.
Stretched out,
Stretched out underground
A boy and a girl

Saying nothing, never kissing
Giving silence for silence.

Woodsmoke and Oranges (Ian Tamblyn)

By woodsmoke and oranges, path of old canoe,
I would course the inland ocean to be back to you.
No matter where I go to, it's always home again
To the rugged northern shore and the days of sun and wind.

In the land of the silver birch, cry of the loon,
There's something in this country that's a part of me and you.

We nosed her in by Pakaskwa, out for fifteen days,
To set paddle and the spirit at the mercy of the waves;
The wanigans were loaded down and a gift left on the shore,
For it's best if we surrender to the rugged northern shore.

The waves smashed the smoky cliffs of Old Woman Bay,
Where we fought against the backswell and then were on our way.
I would talk to you of spirit – by the vision pits we saw them
Walk the agate beaches of the mighty Gargantua.

I have turned my back upon these things, tried to deny
The coastline of my dreams, but it turns me by and by.
It tossed the mighty ship around, smashed the lighthouse door,
Sends a shiver up my spine, oh the rugged northern shore.

The Maple (Charles G. D Roberts)

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love, all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;
But the maple, it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh green hill,
Where a maple stood, just clear of the wood—
And oh, to be near it still!

Sügismaastikud – Autumn Landscapes (Viivi Luik)

On hilissuvi

Ja lõhnab angervaks
ja tulilill
ja ohakas.
On hilissuvi, on hilissuvi.
Ja pihlapuus
on marjakobar,
ja männikus
on kanarbik.
Ja seda suve
ei tule enam,
ei tule enam,
seda suve

It is late summer

*The fragrant meadow sweet
and buttercup
and thistledown.
It is late summer, it is late
summer.
And berries ripe
on rowan branches,
and heather
in the pine tree grove.
And this same summer
will ne'er return here,
will ne'er return here,
this same summer.*

Üle taeva jooksevad pilved

Üle taeva jooksevad pilved,
vihmajärgse hommiku
lillad pilved.

See on järvelt lõõtsuv tuul,
see on kartulivagude muld,
millest su käed külmetavad

Kahvatu valgus

Kahvatu valgus
sügismaastike kohal.
Valgeid tutte
ohakad külvavad tuulde.
All ribadeks rebitud taeva
pikad ja porised teed

Valusalt punased lehed

Valusalt punased lehed teel,
poriseks sõtkutud teel.
Imetlen neid ma ja tallan
poriseks sõtkutud lehti teel.

Tuul kõnnumaa kohal

Tuul kõnnumaa kohal
koolnukollase
kõnnumaa kohal.
Teekäänul,
kõhinal naeris,
paar surnud puud.

Clouds are racing

*Over heavens clouds are fast
racing,
morning clouds now lavender
after rainfall.
This a wind from lakeside blown,
this the soil of potato's low field,
chilling your hands, chilling,
chilling*

Pale light

*Pale light
over autumnal regions.
Whitish tassels,
thistledown scattering windwards.
'Neath heavens so tatter'd and
riven
lengthy and muddy the roads.*

Painfully red are the leaves

*Painfully red are the leaves on the
way,
muddied and trodden away.
Marvelling, awed I am trampling
muddied and trodden this leafy
way.*

Wind over the barrens

*Wind over the barrens
corpse-like yellowish
over the barrens.
Road bending,
rattling laughter,
some lifeless trees*

Külm sügisöö

Külm sügisöö kuu,
nagu kummaline münt läigatas
merre.

Cold autumn night

*Cold autumn-night moon,
like an atypical coin glittering
seaward.*

Kanarbik

Kurb lilla kanarbik
meeletult lõõskab,
päikese vimane virgendus
silms,
Muidu kõik on kui ikka,
need samad on nurmed,
need samad on teed,
ainult nende peal põleb,
maailma suurune leek.

Heather

*Sad purple heather-bell
frantic'ly blazes,
capturing aftermost flickering
sunlight.
And all else is as always,
as ever the meadows,
as ever the roads,
only over them burning,
flaring the planet aflame.*

Magnificat Primi Toni (from Evening Vespers, Luke 1:46-55)

Magnificat ánima mea Dóminum.
Et exultávit spíritus meus: in Deo
salutári meo.

Quia respéxit humilitátem
ancíllae suae:

Ecce enim ex hoc beátam me
dicent omnes generatiónes.

Quia fécit mihi mágna qui pótens
est: et sánctum nómen eius.

Et misericórdia eius in progénies
et progénies timéntibus eum.

Fécit poténtiam in bráchio suo:
dispérsit superbos mente cordis
sui.

Depósuit poténtes de sede: et
exaltávit húmiles.

Esuriéntes implévit bonis: et
dívites dimísit inánes.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.
and my spirit hath rejoiced in
God my Saviour.

Because he hath regarded the
humility of his handmaid:
for behold from henceforth all
generations shall call me
blessed.

Because he that is mighty hath
done great things to me: and
holy is his name.

And his mercy is from
generation unto generations, to
them that fear him.

He hath shewed might in his
arm:

he hath scattered the proud in
the conceit of their heart.

Suscépit Ísrael púerum suum:
recordátus misericórdiae suae.
Sicut locútus est ad patres
nostros: Ábraham, et sémini eius
in saecula.
Glória Patri, et Fílio, et Spirítui
Sancto,
Sicut erat in princípío, et nunc, et
semper, et in sæcula sæculórum.
Amen.

He hath put down the mighty
from their seat and hath exalted
the humble.
He hath filled the hungry with
good things: and the rich he
hath sent empty away.
He hath received Israel his
servant, being mindful of his
mercy.
As he spoke to our fathers: to
Abraham and to his seed
forever. Amen.

La blanche neige (Guillaume Apollinaire)

Les anges les anges dans le ciel
L'un est vêtu en officier
L'un est vêtu en cuisinier
Et les autres chantent

*Angels, angels in the sky.
One is dressed as an officer,
one is dressed as a cook,
and the others are singing.*

Bel officier couleur du ciel
Le doux printemps longtemps
après Noël
Te médaillera
D'un beau soleil.

*Oh, handsome sky-coloured
officer,
the sweet springtime long after
Christmas
will give you a medal:
a beautiful sun.*

Le cuisinier plume les oies
Ah! tombe neige
Tombe et que n'ai je
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras

*The cook is plucking geese.
Ah! let the snow fall
and fall, and if only
I held my beloved in my arms!*

A Frost Sequence (Robert Frost)

I. Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;

But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

II. The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

III. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

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.

The Winter's Night (Nicholas Myers)

Deep in the night, quiet and still,
while all the world's asleep,
dreaming of what they will;
Out from the warmth, out in the cold,
snowflakes are falling, covering the earth,
telling the world, winter has come.
Making the earth turn to new from old,
tapping the window, brushing the ground,
Soft as a dream, sweet as a dream,
dreams pure as white,
white as the snow.

Tundra (Charles Anthony Silvestri)

Wide, worn and weathered,
Sacred expanse
Of green and white and granite grey;
Snowy patches strewn,
Anchored to the craggy earth.
Unmoving;
While clouds dance across the vast, eternal sky.

Song for a Winter's Night (Gordon Lightfoot)

The lamp is burning low upon my tabletop

The snow is softly falling

The air is still in the silence of my room

I hear your voice softly calling

If I could only have you near

To breathe a sigh or two

I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

On this winter night with you

The smoke is rising in the shadows overhead

My glass is almost empty

I read again between the lines upon each page

The words of love you sent me

If I could know within my heart, that you were lonely too

I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

On this winter night with you

The fire is dying now, my lamp is growing dim

The shades of night are lifting

The morning light steals across my windowpane

Where webs of snow are drifting

If I could only have you near, to breathe a sigh or two

I would be happy just to hold the hands I love

On this winter night with you

And to be once again with you

WASCANA VOICES MEMBERS

Stacy Allan

Chloé Golden

Dorianna Holowachuk

Adelle Johnson

Kayla Stadnick

Jeanette Wiens

Dana Brûlé

Tim Friesen

Joshua Hendricksen

Will Ireton

Arthur Jack

Glenn Sawatzky

Edward Willett

SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Broadway United Church; First Presbyterian Church; The Saskatchewan Choral Federation, Manitoba Choral Association, Choirs Ontario.

Thank you for attending our concert! Follow us on facebook and Instagram for choir news and upcoming performances.



Wascana Voices