



WASCANA  
VOICES

# *Earth's Secret Soul*

7 p.m., Thursday, April 16, 2026

Christ Lutheran Church

4825 Dewdney Ave.

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## ***Earth's Secret Soul***

<i>Ambe Anishinaabeg</i>	Andrew Balfour (b. 1967)
<i>i carry your heart</i>	Connor Koppin (b. 1991)
<i>Lunar Lullaby</i>	Jacob Narverud (b. 1986)
<i>Earth's Secret Soul</i>	Laura Hawley (b. 1982)
<i>I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud</i>	David L. McIntyre (b. 1950)
<i>Poem for 2084</i> Adelle Johnson, alto Kayla Stadnick, soprano	Edie Hill (b. 1962)
<i>Walk Out on the Water</i> Joshua Hendricksen, <i>baritone</i>	Royal Canoe, arr. Geung Kroeker-Lee
<i>The Imaginary Garden</i> Jocelyn Heroux, soprano	Marie-Claire Saindon (b. 1984)
<i>When Music Sounds</i>	Katharine Petkovski (b. 1997)
<i>Softest Rains</i> Chloé Golden, soprano Arthur Jack, tenor	Rob Dietz (b. 1987)

## Texts and Translations

### **Ambe Anishinaabeg** (A. Balfour)

Ambe,	<i>Come in,</i>
Ambe Anishinaabeg,	<i>Come in, two-legged beings,</i>
biindigeg Anishinaabeg,	<i>come in all people,</i>
Mino-bimaadiziwin omaa.	<i>There is good life here.</i>

### **icarry your heart** (C. Koppin)

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in my heart) i am never without it (anywhere i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done by only me is your doing, my darling) i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true) and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows (here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide) and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

– e.e. cummings

### **Lunar Lullaby** (J. Narverud)

The moon settles in the dusky sky. The gentle eyes of the north star rest upon your sleeping face and the heavens gaze upon you.

In this moment, I know;  
You are not from the ground on which you tread, but of the stars!  
You are my radiant, my celestial child.

As night is drowned by morning you remain at my side, accompanying the sunrise until night swells again across the sky!

Then, dreaming, you return to the stars.  
You are my radiant, my celestial child.

– Kathleen Nicely

**Earth's Secret Soul** (L. Hawley)

We have not heard the music of the spheres, the song of star to star, but there are sounds more deep than human joy and human tears that nature uses in her common rounds;  
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain the oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might of thunder breaking afar off, or rain that falls by minutes in the summer night.

These are the voices of earth's secret soul, uttering the mystery from which she came.

– Archibald Lampman

**I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud** (D. L. McIntyre)

I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine and twinkle on the milky way, they stretched in never-ending line along the margin of a bay:

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but  
they out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay, in such  
a jocund company; I gazed but little  
thought what wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie in  
vacant or in pensive mood, they flash  
upon that inward eye which is the  
bliss of solitude; And then my heart  
with pleasure fills, and dances with  
the daffodils.

–William Wordsworth

**Poem for 2084 (E. Hill)**

My breath has become water.  
Chokecherries and wild roses grow from the ashes of my bones.  
You who wake in human form, healthy and vigorous, above the  
root-shaped rocks, take heart, evolutionary spirits, many feared  
you would never appear.

If the rivers and oceans have begun to purify, if the lead  
contaminated earth has begun to heal, if the mind has grown  
less separate from other minds, rejoice - call your family and  
friends to hear these words of a dead poet: gather rosehips for  
tea, share bread with chokecherry jelly.

– Joan Wolf Prefontaine

### **Walk Out on the Water** (Royal Canoe)

Still got a ticket to play  
I won't be walking away.  
I feel all the weight of the world.  
I won't get another one.

Will I be singing a hallelujah  
when I walk out on the water?  
I'm not going under.  
I own the space that I occupy.

Oh, oh hallelujah, climb up  
through the trees. I'm strong  
enough to breathe. I'll grow my  
wings like a butterfly.

I woke up alone on the shore.  
The sun it fought through my  
Wondering what all this is for –  
Is it for you?

Phone stuck, hung up.  
I never hear what you say you're saying.  
Line cut when the door shut.  
I don't know why I'm straying.

Everything's happening the way I want.  
Is everything happening the way I want?

### **The Imaginary Garden** (M. Saindon)

There once was a woman green as the  
spring, who planted her hands in a garden.  
And another woman, red as her heart, who  
plucked light from the bars of a prison. And  
now, here I am with my own patch of soil,  
growing a garden in this small cell, with  
poppies full of love for each pane.

You need just one flower – that's all it takes  
– to open the windows of sight. A single  
verse is quite enough to illumine the eyes  
with light.

So I'll tie my bags to the foot of the breeze  
and soar high up to the top of the trees  
in my garden that grows inside. And I'll  
spread my wings to reach you and soar  
high to teach you how windows can open  
wide.

You don't need much:  
One poppy is all it takes to be open to love.  
One verse is sufficient to fill the eyes with  
the shining beams from above.

– Mahvash Sabet

**When Music Sounds** (K. Petkovski)

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
and all her lovely things, even lovelier grow;  
Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees lift  
burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise naiads  
whose beauty dims my waking eyes, rapt in  
strange dreams burns each enchanted face, with  
solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am, ere to  
this haunt of brooding dust I came; And from  
Time's woods break into distant song, the swift-  
winged hours, as I hasten along.

– Walter de la Mare

**Softest Rains** (R. Dietz)

Slowly goes the heart that knows the  
roaring depths of riverbeds, guided  
by the feathered ways of those who  
came before, who forged the strange-  
eyed streams.

I dream of storms that fray and flood  
the graying banks and amber tides.  
I long to be a thunder drum unto a  
world anew;

But in defense of what remains beautiful,  
let me be the joy in softest rains, that  
I may embrace the places where the  
flowers grow and hide a spring from  
which the light may flow when harder  
winds preside. To carve a secret winding  
path into the tired stars. For when the  
constellations fall, a harbor in my arms  
and in our softest rains. So amidst the  
foaming gloam their glowing voices will  
remain until one day, a hurricane.

– Stephanie Dietz

## **Wascana Voices Members**

Stacy Allan

Chloé Golden

Jocelyn Heroux

Adelle Johnson

Katherine Mutschler

Kayla Stadnick

Dana Brûlé

Joshua Hendricksen

Will Ireton

Arthur Jack

André Magnan

Edward Willett

## **Special thanks to:**

Broadway United Church; Christ Lutheran Church; Choirs Ontario.

Thank you for attending our concert! Visit our website at [wascanavoices.ca](http://wascanavoices.ca) and follow us on Facebook and Instagram for choir news and upcoming performances.

If you would like to support Wascana Voices' trip to Victoria, BC to perform at PODIUM 2026, you may do so online (e-transfer: [wascanavoices@gmail.com](mailto:wascanavoices@gmail.com)). All donations are much appreciated!





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