

High Spirits Choir

Ieva Wool (ee'eh vah)

Music Director

Ieva Wool is a gentle and light-hearted conductor and singing teacher, with a passion for having fun and building community. She brings her 25 years of experience as a trainer, group facilitator and Gestalt therapist to her choirs and students. Ieva's singers learn a lot, and have fun doing it. You can visit her website at www.gottasing.ca

Ya-wen Wang

Acting Accompanist

Ya-wen Wang composes, conducts, directs music and performs as an interdisciplinary performer. A recipient of numerous awards, Ya-wen has collaborated with many organizations and artists across Canada. She was the musical director of *Urinetown, The Musical!*, Vancouver's "hottest tickets in town" (The Vancouver Sun) and Best Production 2006. She is musical director for the Vancouver Moving Theatre's upcoming *The Shadows Project*, and premiering new compositions for the documentary concert *Triaspora*.

Do You Love to Sing?

High Spirits Choir welcomes new singers in September for its fall season. Rehearsals are Wednesdays from 7:00–9:30. Good choral experience is a must, and reading music is an asset.

Contact Susan Braverman at (604) 450-1833, info@highspiritschoir.ca or visit our website at www.highspiritschoir.ca.

Love High Spirits but want something that's not so demanding? Consider one of our sister choirs, Simple Gifts (Tuesdays 7:30–9:30) or Afternoon Delight (Thursdays 1:00–3:00), also conducted by Ieva. Contact her at (604) 732-7418, ieva@gottasing.ca, or www.gottasing.ca.

High Spirits Choir

THE SONG'S THE THING

Sunday, June 10, 2007

3:30 pm

Unity Church

5840 Oak St. (at 42nd Ave.)

High Spirits Choir * 'The Song's the Thing' * June 10, 2007

- Balia di sehú. trad. Caribbean, Ety Toppenberg, arr. Rufo Odor
Vita de la mia vita music by William Hawley
poem by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)
El grillo Josquin des Pres (c.1440–1521)
Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair. .trad. American, arr. René Clausen
with Tara Gaertner, flute, and Claire Lloyd, clarinet
The Man in the Moon.music by Raymond Liebau, lyrics by Ruth Liebau
Barter.music by René Clausen, poem by Sara Teasdale
Veni sponsa christi Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)
Ensemble: My Lady's Chamber
The Drunken Sailor. trad. English, arr. Robert Sund
Ensemble: My Lady's Chamber
Afro-Celtic DiddleMichael Coolen

* Intermission *

- Ecce nunc benedicite dominum Tomás Luis de Victoria (1549-1611)
arr. Robert S. Hines
double choir with Debbie Lenz, euphonium, and Richard Lenz, trumpet
The Road Not Taken.music by René Clausen, poem by Robert Frost
Penny Lane. John Lennon & Paul McCartney, arr. Bob Chilcott
I Got a Robe trad. spiritual, arr. Moses Hogan
Trio: Callum McLeod, Fred Samorodin, Martin Gerson
Más que nada. Jorge Ben, arr. Steve Zegree
Trio: Christina Stechishin, Ruth Nyman, Susan Braverman
Grumble Too Much. trad. Caribbean, arr. Rosephanye Powell
Sing, Sing, Sing Louis Prima, additional lyrics by Peter Eldridge
arr. Damon Meader for New York Voices
*Scat singers: Callum McLeod, Christina Stechishin, Gil Jaysmith,
Kathryn Murray Hoenig*
Irish Blessing music by Joyce Eilers Bacak, trad. Irish text

Special thanks to our guest instrumentalists:

*Paul Bergman, bass
Phil Belanger, percussion*

Más que nada

Jorge Ben, arr. Steve Zegree

in the style of the original performance by Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

Ô ariá raio

Ôbá ôbá ôbá

Más que nada

Sai da minha frente

Que eu quero pasar

Pois o samba está animado,

O que eu quero e sambar

Esse samba

Que é mixto de maraca

tú

É samba de preto velho,

samba de preto tú

Más que nada,

Um samba como esse

tao legal

Você nao vai querer que

eu chegue no final

Ô ariá raio

Ôbá ôbá ôbá

Ô ariá raio

Ôbá ôbá ôbá

Oh come on,

get out of my way.

I want to get through

'Cause this samba's so exciting.

What I want is to dance!

This samba,

that is a mix of

maraca tú*,

it's the samba of

preto velho†,

samba of black you

Oh come on

A samba like this

one is so cool

You won't want me

to stop

Ô ariá raio

Ôbá ôbá ôbá



* maraca tú — a carnival dance, based on pre-colonial African traditions

† preto velho — peaceful and kind spirits of old slaves

Thanks

High Spirits Choir would like to thank the Unity Church for working with us to change our concert venue on short notice. Our appreciation goes out to Andy Rose for his contributions in designing our program and posters, and to Sara Young and Kim Palmer for organizing the concert and volunteers. Finally, we wholeheartedly thank our volunteers for giving us their energy, experience, and, most of all, their time.

We also gratefully acknowledge the support of the Province of British Columbia through the British Columbia Gaming Commission.

And many many thanks to YOU, our generous supporters over the years, who keep the magic and the music alive!

The Vancouver High Spirits Choral Society is a registered charity. We welcome and appreciate all donations to assist in covering the costs of bringing music to care homes and others who would otherwise be unable to experience the joy of live music. Tax receipts are available on request.

Barter

Setting by René Clausen of poem by Sara Teasdale (1883–1933)

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

*Note: 3rd stanza "singing" changed to "shining"
by the composer.*



The Road Not Taken

Setting by René Clausen of poem by Robert Frost (1874–1963)

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.

High Spirits Community Choir

Ieva Wool, music director

Ya-Wen Wang, acting accompanist

*(*denotes High Spirits Choral Society Board of Directors)*

1st Sopranos

Akiko Hara
Bonnie Caulfield
Daphne Ing
Kathryn Murray Hoenig
Loretta Schwarzhoff

Patti Palm
Paulette Tattersall*
Rosalia Dean
Sara Forsey

2nd Sopranos

Alison Wardrop
Chantal Pekarek
Christina Stephen
Francis Picherack
Hamida Hajee
Judith Williamson

Leigh Bowie
Lillian Tang
Margaret Davies
Mari Leppilampi
Michelle Root
Ruth Nyman

1st Altos

Camille Musseau
Catherine Phillippe
Catherine Shaw
Christina Gutmanis
Heather D'Oyley

Janine Root*
Sarah Jaysmith
Tara Gaertner
Trudy Lingham
Veronica Maynard*

2nd Altos

Carla Zimmerman
Christina Stechishin
Claire Lloyd
Debbie Lenz
Kim Palmer*

Karyn Davies
Lisa Wells*
Natalie Grant
Sara Young*

1st Tenors

James Ceaser
Alf Franco-Cea

Gil Jaysmith

2nd Tenors

Dale Sweet

Susan Braverman*

Baritones

Brad Couch
Callum MacLeod*

Fred Samorodin
Lance Coombe

Basses

Barney Lee
Larry Lear
Martin Gerson*

Roger Moss-Norbury
Wayne Smith

My Lady's Chamber

Sara Forsey
Heather D'Oyley
James Ceaser
Martin Gerson

Akiko Hara
Kim Palmer
Andy Rose
Callum MacLeod

Christina Stephen
Renate Preuss
Dale Sweet
Roger Moss-Norbury

Balia Di Sehú

trad. Caribbean, Etty Toppenberg, arr. Rufo Odor

The language of Balia de Sehú is Papiamentu, a mixed language containing elements of African, Portuguese, Spanish, English and Dutch. It is the native tongue of Curacao, Bonaire, and Aruba. The Sehú is a dance celebrating the corn harvest — it can go on all day and all night.

<i>Ban balie, ban zoje foi mainta trempan te seis or di manjan.</i>	Let's dance it, let's swing from early morning until the next day.
<i>Ta seis or di mainta y m'a lanta trempan ma prepara mi muchila y m'a faha mi lomba.</i>	It's six in the morning and I woke up early; I'll bring my pack and my bag.
<i>Nos t'ei balia sehú, nos t'ei zoja sehú, mi shon, riba ritm'i tambú.</i>	We're going to dance and swing the sehú, my man, to the rhythm of the tambú.
<i>M'a topa cu Peruchi y m'a topa mi swa, nan tur cu nan botr'i pin chi nan tambe ta bei sehú.</i>	I met Peruchi and my brother-in-law; everyone brings a small bottle. Plain people who fight for their
<i>Hende nan humilde gainan di hopi rasa, mi shon, nan t'ei zoja sehú.</i>	rights, my man, are going to swing to the sehú.



Vita de la mia vita

Setting by William Hawley (b. 1950) of poem by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)

<i>Vita de la mia vita, Tu mi somigli pallidetta oliva O rosa scolorita; Nè di beltà sei priva, Ma in ogni aspetto tu mi sei gradita, O lusinghiera o schiva; E se mi segui o fuggi Soavemente mi consumi e struggi.</i>	Life of my life, You are to me like a pale olive Or a delicate rose; Nor are you lacking in beauty, But in every way you please me, Whether you flatter or shun; And whether you follow me or flee, Softly you consume me and I melt.
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El grillo

Josquin des Pres (c.1440–1521)

*El grillo è buon cantore
Che tiene longo verso
Dalle beve grillo canta.
El grillo è buon cantore*

*Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli,
Come li han cantato un poco,
Van de fatto in altro loco.
Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo.*

*Quando la maggior el caldo,
Alhor canta sol per amore.*

The cricket is a good singer
Who sings for a long time
He sings for the fun of it —
The cricket is a good singer.

He isn't like the other birds;
When they've sung a bit
They fly off somewhere else —
The cricket just stays where he is.

But when the weather is very hot
He sings only for love.

The Man in the Moon

music by Raymond Liebau, lyrics by Ruth Liebau

The man in the moon looks down ev'ry night,
and covers the world with a soft silver light.
He watches the lovers who stroll hand in hand,
and the man in the moon winks his eye.

The man in the moon has been there for years
just watching the lovers through laughter and tears.
He knows all their hope and he know all their fears,
and the man in the moon winks his eye.

The man in the moon may sometime be blue;
may sometimes be full and sometimes be new.
The man in the moon will always be there,
but his secrets, but his secrets he will not share

So when you're in love, and the world seems to glow,
the man in the moon wants you always to know
he'll be there forever high up in the sky,
watching lovers stroll by,
and the man in the moon winks his eye.

