

A decorative border consisting of a continuous line of musical notes, resembling a treble clef staff, surrounds the entire page. The notes are black with white outlines and are arranged in a slightly wavy pattern.

High Spirits Choir

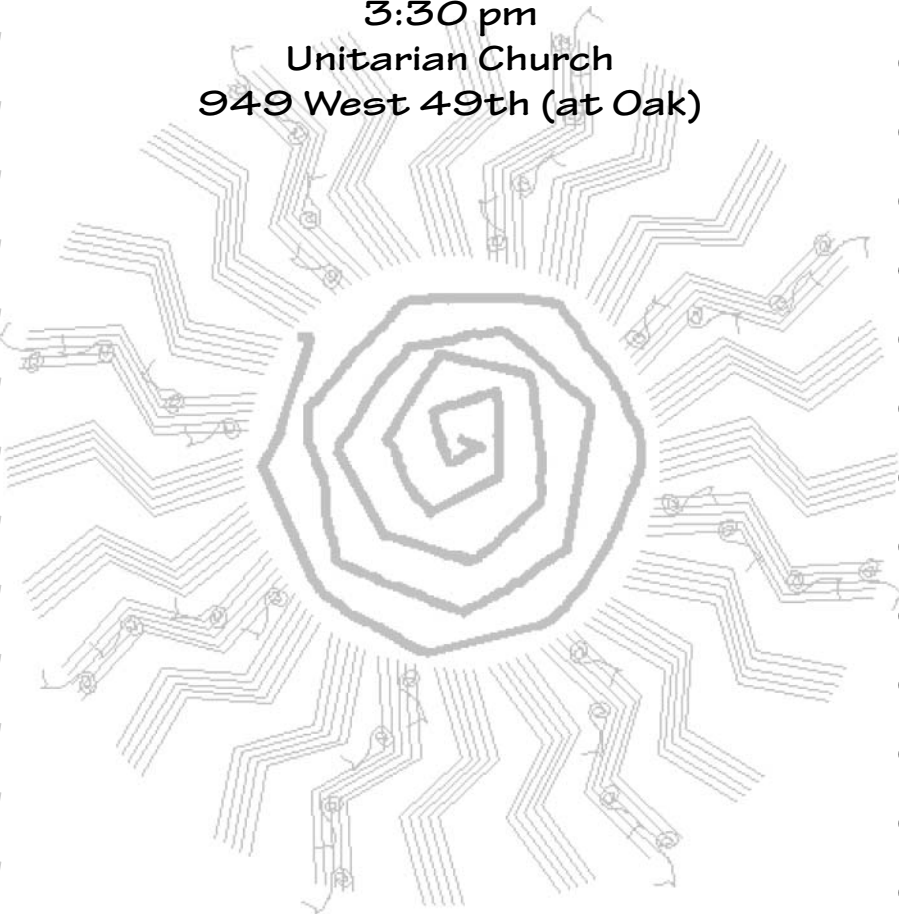
2007 Winter Concert

Sunday, January 28, 2007

3:30 pm

Unitarian Church

949 West 49th (at Oak)



*It may be cold outside,
but music warms the heart & soul!*

High Spirits Choir * Winter Concert * January 28, 2007

- Vita de la mia vita William Hawley
poem by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)
- Exsultate Deo Alessandro Scarlatti (1660–1725)
- In My Life John Lennon & Paul McCartney
arr. Steve Zegree
Trio: Catherine Shaw, Karen Kristjanson, Lisa Wells
- Harlem Nocturne music by Earle Hagen, lyrics by Dick Rogers
arr. Michele Weir
- V’la l’bon vent trad. French Canadian, arr. Celia O’Neill
piano accompaniment by Stephen Smith
- Loch Lomond trad. Scottish, arr. Jonathan Quick
Ensemble: My Lady’s Chamber
- Chattanooga Choo Choo . . . music by Harren Warren, Lyrics by Mack Gordon
arr. Mac Huff
Ensemble: My Lady’s Chamber
- Sanctus Rosephanye Powell
- Ecce nunc benedicite dominum Tomás Luis de Victoria (1549-1611)
arr. Robert S. Hines

* Intermission *

- Yemaya Asesu trad. Afro-Cuban
hymn to Yemaya, goddess of the sea, arr. Brian Tate
- The Road Not Taken René Clausen
poem by Robert Frost
- Maquerúle trad. Columbian, arr. Julián Gómez Giraldo
Quartet: Catherine Shaw, Christina Stephen, Karen Kristjanson, Sara Forsey
- La doble trad. Argentinian , arr. Rubén Urbiztondo
- Sick of the Songs of the Sea Charles A. Bennett
- Praise His Holy Name! Keith Hampton
- Nella fantasia music by Ennio Morricone, lyrics by Chiara Ferrau
arr. Audrey Snyder
- Irish Blessing music by Joyce Eilers Bacak, trad. Irish text

Special thanks to our guest instrumentalists:

Paul Bergman, bass

Michael Bray, percussion

High Spirits Community Choir

Ieva Wool, music director

Carrie Lee, accompanist

1st Sopranos

Daphne Ing	Patti Palm
Hilary Tait	Paulette Tattersall
Kathryn Murray Hoenig	Rosalia Dean
Loretta Schwarzhoff	Sara Forsey
Michelle Dall	Vera Kuznecov

2nd Sopranos

Chantal Pekarek	Leigh Bowie
Christina Stephen	Margaret Davies
Janine Root	Mari Leppilampi

1st Altos

Camille Musseau	Karen Kristjanson
Catherine Shaw	Paula Weaver
Christina Gutmanis	Tara Gaertner
Heather D'Oyley	Trudy Lingham
Jamie Moon	Veronica Maynard

2nd Altos

Christina Stechishin	Lisa Wells
Claire Lloyd	Natalie Grant
Debbie Lenz	Sara Young
Kim Palmer	

1st Tenors

Andy Rose	James Ceaser
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2nd Tenors

Dale Sweet	Mike Maughan
Gerry Hayle	

Baritones

Brad Couch	Fred Samorodin
Callum MacLeod	Matt Westphal

Basses

Barney Lee	Roger Moss-Norbury
Larry Lear	Wayne Smith
Martin Gerson	

My Lady's Chamber

Sara Forsey	James Ceaser
Akiko Hara	Andy Rose
Christina Stephen	Dale Sweet
Heather D'Oyley	Martin Gerson
Renate Preuss	Callum MacLeod
Wendy Vallance	Roger Moss-Norbury

Vita de la mia vita

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

*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.*

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.



V'la l'bon vent

French-Canadian folk song, arranged by Celia O'Neill

*V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent
V'là l'bon vent m'amie m'appelle
V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent
V'là l'bon vent m'amie m'attend
Derrière chez nous y'a t'un étang,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant
Avec son grand fusil d'argent
Visa le noir, tua le blanc.
O fils du roi, tu est méchant!
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc!
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang.
Par les yeux sortent des diamants
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent.
Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent.
Trois dames s'en vont les ramassant.
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Pour y coucher tous les passants.*

Go good wind, go pretty wind.
Go good wind, my lass is calling
Go good wind, go pretty wind
Go good wind, she waits for me
There's a pond behind our house
where three pretty ducks bathe.
The king's son is hunting
with his big silver gun,
Aiming for the black, he kills the white.
O, son of the king, you are wicked!
You have killed my white duck:
Under the wing he loses his blood
From his eyes pour diamonds and
from his beak, gold and silver.
His feathers are blowing away in the
wind; three ladies gather them up
And make a bed for passers-by to
sleep in.

Nella fantasia

Music by Ennio Morricone, Italian lyrics by Chiara Ferrau

*Nella fantasia io vedo un mondo giusto,
Li tutti vivono in pace e in onestà.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanità in fondo all'anima.*

*Nella fantasia io vedo un mondo chiaro,
Li anche la notte è meno oscura.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanità in fondo all'anima.*

*Nella fantasia esiste un vento caldo,
Che soffia sulle città, come amico.
Io sogno d'anime che sono sempre libere,
Come le nuvole che volano,
Pien' d'umanità in fondo all'anima.*

In my fantasy I see a world of justice,
Where all live in peace and honesty.
I dream of hearts that are always free;
Free like the soaring clouds,
Full of humanity in the depths of their soul.

In my fantasy I see a word of light
Where even the night is not so dark;
I dream of hearts that are always free;
Free like the soaring clouds
and full of humanity in the depths of
their soul.

In my fantasy there is a warm breeze;
It breathes over the city, like a friend;
I dream of hearts that are always
free;
Free like the soaring clouds,
Full of humanity in the depths of
their soul.

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.

Maquerúle

This catchy Colombian folksong, arranged by Julián Gómez Giraldo, tells the tale of a friendly baker who learns the hard way to collect the cash up front! Syncopated rhythms add to the fun, along with vocal parts that mimic double-bass, piano, and trumpets.

*Maquerúle era un chombo, panadero de Andagoya,
lo llamaban Maquerúle, se arruinó fiando mogolla.*

Maquerúle was a baker fellow from Andagoya,
They called him “good old Maquerúle,” going broke selling on credit.

*Maquerúle, póngale la mano al pan, pa’que sude.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pa’que sude.*

Knead the bread, Maquerúle, work it out.
Work the bread with your hands, sweat it out.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pim, pam, pum, sweat it out.

*Maquerúle no está aquí, Maquerúle está en Condoto.
Cuando vengan Maquerúle, su mujer se fué con otro.*

Maquerúle isn’t here, he’s gone to Condoto.
When he gets back, he’ll find his wife’s run off with somebody else.

*Maquerúle, póngale la mano al pan, pa’que sude.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pa’que sude.*

Knead the bread, Maquerúle, work it out.
Work the bread with your hands, sweat it out.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pim, pam, pum, sweat it out.

*Maquerúle amasa el pan, y lo vende de contado.
Maquerúle ya no quiere que su pan se venda fiado.*

Maquerúle kneads the bread, but now he sells for cash only.
Maquerúle doesn’t want to sell his bread on credit.

*Maquerúle, póngale la mano al pan, pa’que sude.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pa’que sude.*

Knead the bread, Maquerúle, work it out.
Work the bread with your hands, sweat it out.
Pim, pam, pum, Maquerúle, pim, pam, pum, sweat it out.



La doble

Chacarera — a joyful dance from the province of Santiago del Estero in northwestern Argentina. The lyrics are humorous and slyly suggestive, while the mixture of different rhythms — sometimes one after the other, sometimes on top of each other — gives the music a distinctive snap.

*El gallo en su gallinero abre las alas y canta,
y el que dureme en cama a jena madrugando se levanta.*

In his yard, the rooster opens his wings and sings:
If you sleep in someone else's bed, you must vanish at daybreak.

*La chacarerita doble que me alegra el corazon
The little chacarera doble makes my heart so glad!*

*¿Dónde estará mi vidita pasando calamidades?
De noche sufriendo frío de día necesidades.*

Where will my darling be when troubles come?
When I shiver all night, and even the dawn brings no hope?

La chacarerita doble . . . etc.

*El demonio son los hombres, dicen todas las mujeres.
Sin embargo andan de seando que el demonio se las lleve.*

Oh, all men are devils, or so the women say;
But we know they hope one of those devils will carry them away.

La chacarerita doble . . . etc.

*Me gusta de ver un viejo cuando anda de pretendiente
Abre la boca y se rie ye no se le ve ni un diente.*

Oh, I like to watch the old man who comes looking for love,
When he smiles, you can't even see one tooth!

La chacarerita doble . . . etc.

*Es costumbre de Santiago cuando le llegan visitas,
se amanecen junto al fuego cantando la vidalita.*

It's a tradition in Santiago when people come to visit:
They all gather at dawn around the fire, singing the vidalitas.

La chacarerita doble . . . etc.

*Vida mia, cielo mio, no puedo vivir sin verte,
cuando estás cerca suspiro, lloro cuando estás ausente.*

Oh, my love, my life, I can't live without you.
I sigh when you are near; I weep when you are away.

La chacarerita doble . . . etc.

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

Carrie Lee

Accompanist

Carrie Lee has been accompanying choirs since she was eleven years old. A talented pianist and skillful musician, Carrie supports, anticipates, encourages, fills in, drums, improvises, and helps to make the magic happen in many ways. Carrie is an elementary music school teacher in Burnaby.

Thanks

High Spirits Choir would like to thank Kim Palmer, our Concert Coordinator; Joan Gillis, who organizes the team of ushers and other concert volunteers; Andy Rose, who designed the programme; and the countless other volunteers who help to pull it all together — including everyone on the Board of Directors, whose enthusiasm keeps the spirit flowing!

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.

Do You Love to Sing?

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

Contact Paulette 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.