

Concert Choir

Larry Cook, Conductor



Department of Music
University of Alberta
Edmonton, Alberta

CONVOCATION HALL

Sunday, February 18, 1979

8:00 p. m.

Programme

Spem in alium (Motet for 40 voices) Thomas Tallis
(ca. 1505-1585)

I have never founded my hope upon other than thee,
O God of Israel, who shalt be angry, and yet be gracious,
and who absolvest all the sins of mankind in tribulation.
Lord God, Maker of heaven and earth, be mindful of our
lowliness. (Judith VIII,9; VI,15)

Omnia tempus habent Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)

To everything there is a season, and a time to every
purpose under the heavens: A time to be born, and a time
to die; A time to plant and a time to harvest that which
has been planted. A time to kill, and a time to heal; a
time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to
weep, and a time to laugh. A time to mourn, and a time
to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to
gather stones together. A time to embrace, and a time
to refrain from embracing; a time to get and a time to
lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away; a time to
rend and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a
time to speak. A time to love, and a time to hate; a
time of war, and a time for peace. (Ecclesiastes III,1-8)

Tui sunt coeli Orlando di Lasso

The heavens are Thine, And the earth also is Thine;
as for the world and the fullness thereof, Thou hast
founded them. Justice and judgment are the habitation
of Thy throne. (Psalm LXXXIX,11,14)

Virga Jesse floruit Anton Bruckner
(1824-1896)

The rod of Jesse hath blossomed: a virgin hath
brought forth One who was both God and man; God hath
given back peace to man, reconciling the lowest with
the highest to Himself. Alleluia.

Timor et tremor (1939) Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Fear and trembling seize me and a dimness has come
over me: have pity, Lord, have pity on me for my soul
has put its trust in thee. God, give ear to my prayer
for thou art my refuge and a firm support. Lord. I
called thee, and will not be confounded.

TIME

IPS
GCO

10:00
10:00

5:20

4:00

13:45

Behold the Tabernacle of God

793
Healey Willan*
(1880-1968)

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and the Spirit of God dwelleth within you: for the temple of God is holy, Which temple are ye: for the love of whom ye do this day celebrate the joys of the temple with a season of festivity. O how dreadful is this place. This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

God the Master of this Scene

Harry Somers*
(b. 1925)

God the master of this scene. Choose us now the part we act; Move by Thy strength; inform the event Supply us with the light we lack. God the master of this scene. Since all the world They family is; Affectionately now comply our need. To mortal love Thy blessing give; Oh God surround in peace and joy our deed, Oh God, God the master of this scene. Love, Joy, God.

The Ninetieth Psalm

(First Performance)

Gerhard Krapf
(b. 1924)

Lord, thou hast been our refuge through all ages. Before the mountains were brought forth, or yet the world and earth created, thou art our God from everlasting. Thou turnest man to dust and sayest "Come again, children of men!" For thousand years within thy sight are but yesterday when past, or as a watch at night. Thou sweepest men away with a flood; like as a dream they pass and fade as grass, green in the morn but withered and cut down, come eventide. We are consumed by thy displeasure and troubled by thy wrath. Our misdeeds thou hast set before thee, our secret sins revealed by thy bright countenance. In wrath our days are passing and our years are spent as chatter. Our lives last three-score years and ten or four-score with good strength, yet passing are but toil and sorrow, soon we are gone. Who knoweth all thy power, feareth aright thy wrath and anger. Teach us to count our days that we may gain a heart of wisdom. Return again, O Lord. Have pity on thy servants and fill us early with thy mercy that we may sing and all our days rejoice. O comfort us again that we may sing and rejoice after these years of sorrow and affliction, and show thy works unto thy servants, show thy glory unto us. Now, let the beauty of the Lord be with us. Confirm thou what our hands may work; yea, what our humble hands be making, O Lord, our God, confirm and prosper.

INTERMISSION

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Hear the murmuring waters, the rustle in the tree tops as morning breezes stir among the branches, and on the verdant boughs the birds so sweetly sing airs to greet the sunrise, the eastern sky is beaming. See how the dawn arises mirrored deep in the ocean she brightens all the heavens. She makes pearls of the dewdrops and decks with gold high mountains. O loveliest Aurora lovely and gracious. Breezes thy heralds are and thou their envoy, sick hearts to life restoring.

Vorspruch: Wer die Musik sich erkiesst

Hugo Distler
(1908-1942)

Who takes music to himself takes a blessed joy from heaven for in heaven flows a spring where the art itself is nurtured, there the angels often times are themselves musicians fine. If then in the final hour everything in smoke must vanish; living in eternity Music's charms will never perish.

Two Songs from Shakespeare

Keith Bissell*
(b. 1912)

Full Fathom Five

When Icicles Hang by the Wall

Full fathom five thy father lies: of his bones are coral made. Those are pearls that were his eyes: nothing of him that doth fade, but doth suffer a sea change into something rich and strange; Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Hark! now I hear them, Ding Dong bell.

When icicles hang by the wall, and Dick the shepherd blows his nail, and Tom bears logs into the hall and milk comes frozen home in pail. When blood is nipt and ways be foul, then nightly sings the staring owl. Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! A merry note. While greasy Joan keels the pot. When all around the wind doth blow, and coughing drowns the parson's saw, and birds sit brooding in the snow and Marian's nose looks red and raw; when roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, then nightly sings the staring owl. Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!

Blanche comme la neige

arr. Sir Ernest MacMillan*
(1893-1973)

The lady lies asleep and light her bed of roses,
(The lady lies asleep and light her bed of roses)
White as cometh the snowflake, as fair as any dawn,
Three captains bold awake her, to take their love light on.
The youngest of the three, her snow-white hand he raises;
(The youngest of the three, her snow-white hand he raises)
"Mount ye, my princess upon my stallion grey,
To Paris I will take you and house you there so gay."

No sooner were they come, the hostess came demanding,
 "Ah! come and tell me, fair one, both true and quick,
 Have you come a captive, or pleasure would you seek?"
 The lady answer gave: "A maid am I and honest,"
 "There from my father's castle the King's men bore away
 And brought me here to house me, to house me here so gay."
 The words are barely said, the captain is returning:
 "Dine ye and drink, my fair one, nor stint ye our good cheer,
 With a gallant captain the night will disappear."
 The feast was not yet through, the lady fell a-dying,
 Toll ye the dirges and regimental drum.
 My mistress fell a-dying, ere sixteen years had come.
 Where shall we dig the grave of this lovely princess?
 There in her father's garden, grey orchard for tomb.
 We shall pray to God: "Make Paradise her home."
 Three days ago it fell, her father went a-walking:
 "Open the tomb, if you are still my dear,
 Three days my death I feign to keep my honour clear."

Un Canadien errant

arr. Michael Perman*
 (b. 1955)

Once a Canadian lad, Exiled from hearth and home,
 Wandered, alone and sad, Through alien lands unknown.
 Down by a rushing steam, Thoughtful and sad one day,
 He watched the water pass And to it he did say:
 If you should reach my land,
 My most unhappy land, Please speak to all my friends
 So they will understand. Tell them how much I wish
 That I could be once more In my beloved land
 That I will see no more.
 'My own beloved land I'll not forget till death,
 And I will speak of her With my last dying breath.
 My own beloved land I'll not forget till death,
 And I will speak of her With my last dying breath!

Le Tambour

arr. Harry Somers*
 (b. 1925)

"My Lord, my king, I've come to take your daughter."
 Tell me drummer, where are all your riches?
 "Here is my wealth, my trusty drum, my drumsticks!
 Go, go get thee gone, gone, drummer, you cannot have
 my daughter.
 "Three ships have I full sail upon the ocean,
 One's filled with gold, another with gorgeous finery.
 The fairest one of all, is to carry my loved one."
 Come ye back, come ye back, drummer, I give you my daughter!
 "I laugh at you and your daughter. From whence I come the
 maids are far more lovely."
 Tell me drummer, who is your father!
 "He is the King, he is the King of England!"

*Canadian Composer

THE CONCERT CHOIR

Soprano I

Dianne Andrews
Christine Clark
Suzanne de Grandpre
Crystal M. Fleuty
Bonnie Frohlich
Deborah Ann Giese
Elvira McInerney
Heather Meyers
Suzanne Nix
Debbie Sawchuk
Pearl Spaulding
Merrill Tanner
Joyce Thiessen
Mary Ellen Thompson
Margaret Wallwork

Alto I

Lillian Buckler
Bev Guebert
Anne Hafso
Margaret MacIntosh
Judy Rogers
Helve Sastok
Helen Savaryn
Renita Sinn
Heather Walker
Betty Wallace
Sandra Young

Tenor

Bryan Butler
Larry Grudzinski
Stephen Heatley
Brad Hiron
Wayne Karpoff
Bruce Moltzan
Ed Mortimer
Richard Patching
Michael Perman
Reiner Piehl
Robert Thiessen

Soprano II

Kathleen Biersdorff
Bev Brimacombe
Elaine Dobson
Susan Greene
Bina John
Susan Lindholm
Lee Meiklejohn
Nancy Millions
Rebecca Ng
Janie Perman
Tami Shandro
Loraine Shepherd
Bonnie Tomm
Barbara Wells

Alto II

Eileen Armstrong
Jo-Ann Forsythe
Lee Fraser
Lois Samis Lund
Jean Matheson
Elizabeth Raycroft
Skylar Rickabaugh
Doreen Watt
Deborah Young

Bass and Baritone

Peter Clark
Theodore Fremd
Steve Halls
Dan Hodges
Brian Kathol
John L. Krysa
A. Ian MacDonald
Warren Mack
David Malone
Gordon Maxwell
Jim Raycroft
David Riske
Dominique Roy
Brian Rude
John Shandro
Allen Supynuk
Paul Young

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CONCERT CHOIR is a mixed choir of over 80 singers representing nearly every Faculty of the University. Established in 1970, and sponsored by the Department of Music, membership is based on an audition for musical ability and enthusiasm for singing. The Choir follows an active concert schedule with annual Christmas and Spring Concerts, radio and television broadcasts, participation in workshops, religious functions, and school programs, and collaboration with the University orchestra and opera. Last year the CONCERT CHOIR was a semi-finalist in the CBC-Canada Council Choral Competition, and this spring (March 23-24) the CONCERT CHOIR will join with the Da Camera Singers and the Richard Eaton Singers and the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra in performing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

The CONCERT CHOIR repertoire is one of both variety and specialization comprising examples of the finest sacred and secular music from the 16th century to the present. The CONCERT CHOIR has premiered several new works by Canadian composers, and has sung many other Canadian compositions.

Each Spring after the completion of examinations, the CONCERT CHOIR performs on tour; the tour choir consists of 40 to 50 singers selected from the larger ensemble. The CONCERT CHOIR made its first European tour two years ago (1977), and after the success of that venture will be making its second overseas tour this Spring, touring Germany and Austria for three weeks. The CONCERT CHOIR has sung throughout Alberta and in parts of Saskatchewan, British Columbia, and the northwestern U. S.

CONCERT CHOIR GALA BENEFIT CONCERT

Wednesday, April 25, 1979

8:00 p. m.

Convocation Hall

See, hear, and support the Concert Choir at its best--

immediately prior to its European Concert Tour

Champagne Reception

Tickets \$10.00