



ELORA SUMMER PROGRAM RECITAL

**Featuring Vocal artists from the
Elora Festival Summer Program
in Ensemble and Solo Singing**

Erika Switzer, *piano*
Lorin Shalanko, *piano*

July 9th, 2022
1:30 PM

**Sponsored by Tony Arrell,
C.M., and Anne Arrell**

Upcoming Concerts

- July 9 Elora Festival Summer Program Recital
 Schubert's *Winterreise*
 An Evening with Sarah Slean and The Elora Singers
- July 10 The Gesualdo Six with Owain Park: *English Motets*
- July 14 *Baltic Voices*
 Twilight: At Day's Last Glow - Blackwood
- July 15 Canadian Brass with The Elora Singers
- July 16 Shoestring Opera: *The Magic Flute*
 Stars and Heavens - SMAM
 Being Lost - Tom Allen & Friends
 Kaleidoscope - Autorickshaw, The Elora Singers,
 Penderecki String Quartet
- July 17 *Voice of the Weaver* – The Elora Singers
- July 21 The Music of Nina Simone
 The Elora Singers at *Twilight*

...and much more!

Free Music in the Community

- Sundays The Elora Singers at St. John's – Church Services
Thursdays The Elora Singers – Evensong Church Services
Weekends Music in the Village – Mill St and Metcalfe

**For the full concert listing and artist information,
please consult the souvenir program book.**



**Visit elorafestival.ca or scan the
QR code to learn more**



Elora Summer Program Recital

JULY 9TH, 2022

O Admirabile

SSAA | TTBB

Jacob Handl

(1550-1591)

Creation

SATB

William Billings

(1746-1800)

Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow?

Autumn Debassige, *mezzo-soprano*

Robert Johnson

(1583-1633)

"Waft Her Angels" from *Jephthah*

Oliver Munar, *tenor*

George Frideric Handel

(1685-1759)

Ushas (Dawn), Op. 24, No. 1

Ben Wallace, *baritone*

Gustav Holst

(1874-1934)

Terre-Neuve

SSAA

Marie-Claire Saindon

(b. 1984)

Die Gebüsche

Graham Climie, *bass-baritone*

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Not in a Silver Casket

Kate Zimmon, *soprano*

Jake Heggie

(b. 1961)

She Moved Through the Fair

TBB

arr. Timothy Takach

(b. 1978)

When the Earth Stands Still

SATB

Don Macdonald

(b. 1966)

Lúa Descolorida

Leslie Higgins, *soprano*

Oswaldo Golijov

(b. 1960)

Litanei

Joshua Sutherland, *tenor*

Franz Schubert

Au pays où se fait la guerre

Catherin Carew, *mezzo-soprano*

Henri. Duparc

(1848 -1933)

Lay a Garland

SSAATTBB

Robert Pearsall

(1795-1856)

The Road Home

SATB

Stephen Paulus

(1949-2014)

Heartfelt thanks to St. John's Elora
for the use of their beautiful space.

Texts & Translations

O Admirabile

*O admirabile commercium!
Creator generis humani,
animatum corpus sumens,
de virgine nasci dignatus est:
et procedens homo sine semine,
largitus est nobis suam deitatem.*

O Wondrous

O wondrous exchange!
The Creator of humankind,
taking our flesh upon him,
deigns to be born of a virgin;
and, coming forth, without seed, as
man,
bestows his divinity upon us.

Creation

When I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand,
Thus built my humble clay.

Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand,
Thus built my humble clay.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow?

Have you seen but a white lily grow before rude hands had touched it;
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow before the earth hath smudged it?

Have you felt the wool of beaver or swan's down ever,
or have smelt of the bud of the briar or the nard in the fire,
or have tasted the bag of the bee?

Oh, so white,
Oh, so soft,
Oh, so sweet, so sweet,
so sweet is she.

Anonymous

Waft Her Angels

Waft her, angels through the skies
Far above yon azure plain, far above yon azure plain

Angels, waft her through the skies, waft her through the skies
Far above yon azure plain, far above yon azure plain.

Glorious there like you to rise, there like you forever reign.
Forever reign, there like you forever reign.

Waft her, angels through the skies
Far above yon azure plain, far above yon azure plain

Angels, waft her through the skies, waft her through the skies
Far above yon azure plain, far above yon azure plain.

Ushas (Dawn), Op. 24, No. 1

Behold the Dawn, the fairest of all visions,
Day's glory now appears.
Arise! For the night hath fled!
Arise and greet the Dawn.
Welcome her! Unveiled she now appeareth,
All things greet her radiant smile.

Borne by winged horse and car
 She steals across the sky.
 Child of heav'n arrayed in shining garments,
 Blushing maiden draw thou near:
 Sovran lady of earth and sky,
 We hail thee as our queen.
 Heav'n's breath awakened creation,
 The sky is all aflame,
 Th'eastern Portals open wide.
 The Sun draws nigh.
 Greeting thee, the holy fire ascendeth,
 Greeting thee, our hymns arise,
 Greeting thee, the Sun appeareth,
 Greeting thee, thy worshippers
 Bow down and bless and adore.

trans. Holst, from the original Sanskrit

Terre-Neuve

Terre
éclaboussée du cri d'un soleil
aux couleurs d'océan
de roc
fauve la falaise se brise
craquements de glace
goût frais de neige qui fait trembler
la mémoire ensevelie
se mêle de vent
s'enroule au sel d'une joie
Neuve

Die Gebüsche

Es wehet kühl und leise
Die Luft durch dunkle Auen,

Und nur der Himmel lächelt
Aus tausend hellen Augen.

Newfoundland

Land
splattered with shrieks of sun
with colours of ocean and
rock
rust-red the cliff splits
crackling ice
a fresh taste of shivering snow
stirs a shrouded memory
mingles with the wind
spirals vibrant with the salt of a joy
New found

The Undergrowth

There is a cool and gentle movement
In the air going across the dark
meadows,
And only the sky smiles
From a thousand bright eyes.

*Es regt nur Eine Seele
Sich in der Meere Brausen,
Und in den leisen Worten,
Die durch die Blätter rauschen.
So tönt in Welle Welle,
Wo Geister heimlich trauren;
So folgen Worte Worten,
Wo Geister Leben hauchen.
Durch alle Töne tönet
Im bunten Erdentraume
Ein leiser Ton gezogen,
Für den, der heimlich lauschet.*

Only a single soul is stirring
In the roaring of the sea,
And in the gentle words
Which are rustling through the leaves.
Thus wave echoes wave
Where spirits grieve in secret;
Thus words follow words,
Where spirits breathe life.
Resounding amongst all the notes
In the colourful dreams of earth,
A single faint note rings out
For the person who is secretly
paying attention.

Not in a Silver Casket

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
“Look what I have!—And these are all for you.”

– Edna St. Vincent Millay

She Moved Through the Fair

My young love said to me
“My mother won’t mind, and my father won’t slight you for your lack of
kind,”
and she stepped away from me and this she did say,
“It will not be long, love, ‘til our wedding day.”

She stepped away from me and she went through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in,
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
“It will not be long, love, ‘til our wedding day.”

When the Earth Stands Still

Come listen in the silence of the moment before rain comes down.
There’s a deep sigh in the quiet of the forest and the tall tree’s crown.

Now hold me.
Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the chill?
Or miss me.
Will you take the time to miss me when the earth stands still?

’Cause there’s no use running
’cause the storm’s still coming
and you’ve been running for so many years.

Come listen in the silence of the moment before shadows fall.
Feel the tremor of your heartbeat matching heartbeat as we both dissolve.

Now hold me.
Will you take the time to hold me and embrace the chill?
Or miss me.
Will you take the time to miss me when the earth stands still?
’Cause there’s no use running
’cause the storm’s still coming
and you’ve been running for so many years.

So stay with me, held in my arms.
Like branches of a tree,
they’ll shelter you for many years.

Lúa Descolorida

*Lúa descolorida
como cor de ouro pálido,
vesime i eu non quixera*

*me vises de tan alto.
O espazo que recorres,
lévame, caladifña, nun teu raio.*

*Astro das almas orfas,
lúa descolorida,
eu ben sei que n'alumas
tristeza cal a miña.
Vai contalo ó teu dono,
e dille que me leve adonde habita.*

*Mais non lle contes nada,
descolorida lúa,
pois nin neste nin noutros
mundos teréis fortuna.
Se sabe onde a morte
ten a morada escura,
dille que corpo e alma xuntamente*

*me leve adonde non recorden nunca,

nin no mundo en que estou nin nas
alturas.*

Colourless Moon

Moon, colourless
like the colour of pale gold:
You see me here and I wouldn't like
you
to see me from the heights above.
Take me, silently, in your ray
to the space of your journey.

Star of the orphan souls,
Moon, colourless:
I know that you don't illuminate
sadness as sad as mine.
Go and tell it to your master
and tell him to take me to his place.

But don't tell him anything,
Moon, colourless,
because my fate won't change
here or in other worlds.
If you know where Death
has her dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul
together
To a place where I won't be
remembered,
Neither in this world, nor in the
heights above.

trans. by Osvaldo Golijov

Litanei

*Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,*

*Aus der Welt hinüber schieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden*

*Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen,
Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen,
Die ein falscher Freund verliess,
Und die blinde Welt verstieß:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!*

*Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,*

*Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!*

Au pays où se fait la guerre

*Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche*

Litany

May all souls rest in peace;
those whose fearful torment is past;
those whose sweet dreams are over;
those sated with life, those barely
born,
who have left this world:
may all souls rest in peace!

The souls of girls in love,
whose tears are without number,
who, abandoned by a faithless lover,
rejected the blind world.
May all who have departed hence,
may all souls rest in peace!

And those who never smiled at the
sun,
who lay awake beneath the moon
on beds of thorns,
so that they might one day see God
face to face
in the pure light of heaven:
may all who have departed hence,
may all souls rest in peace!

To the land where a war is waged

To the land where a war is waged
my beloved has departed;
it seems to my disconsolate heart
that I alone remain on earth.
On leaving, with the farewell kiss,
he took my soul from my lips

The Road Home

Tell me where is the road I can call my own,
That I left, that I lost,
So long ago?
All these years I have wandered,
Oh when will I know
There's a way, there's a road that will lead me home?

After wind, after rain,
When the dark is done,
As I wake from a dream
In the gold of day,
Through the air there's a calling
From far away.
There's a voice I can hear that will lead me home.

Rise up, follow me,
Come away is the call,
With love in your heart
As the only song;
There is no such beauty as where you belong,
Rise up, follow me,
I will lead you home.

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Recordings

BY THE ELORA SINGERS

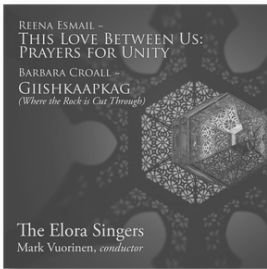


RADIANT DAWN: Music for Advent & Christmas

A new recording from The Elora Singers, featuring traditional and contemporary arrangements by:

Sir David Willcocks	Ola Gjeilo
Bob Chilcott	James Macmillan
Jonathan Dove	Philip Stopford
Jeff Enns	Arvo Pärt

...and others.



THIS LOVE BETWEEN US

Reena Esmail's *This Love Between Us* explores Eastern and Western musical soundscapes, even as it focusses our attention on a truth of many of the worlds' religious traditions. Though it is not an easy path, there is still more that unites us, than divides us.

Barbara Croall's Giishkaapkag (Where the Rock is Cut Through) responds to a recurring tragedy befalling women and girls in Indigenous communities of this country, but also of those around the world. Her powerful elegiac text and music hears their missing voices in the rocks, believed to be the oldest beings of the earth, and is transmitted through the haunting traditional cedar flute, the pipigwan, the voices of the choir and percussion.

Purchase yours at the **Festival Shop table** throughout the **2022 Elora Festival.**

Also available through your favourite streaming platforms, and at **www.elorasingers.ca**

THANK YOU

FOR SUPPORTING THE
2022 ELORA FESTIVAL

*We are thrilled to be welcoming you back to
our first live festival in three years.*

*Thank you to our audiences, artists,
volunteers, donors, sponsors, and the Elora
community at large, for all of your support.*

