



TORQ PERCUSSION QUARTET AND THE ELORA SINGERS

Mark Vuorinen, *conductor*

July 22nd, 2022

7:30 PM

TorQ and The Elora Singers

JULY XTH 2022

*river woman**

Melody McKiver

- i. she is bright
- ii. she's been dredged
- iii. she's full of good intentions
- iv. forever returning
- v. this river is your lover
- vi. this river is your mother
- vii. this river is my sister

Corpus

Paul Frehner

Solos: Katy Clark, soprano, Julia Barber, alto,
Nicholas Nicolaidis, tenor, Richard Hrytzak, bass

(b. 1970)

Intermission

The Dazzled Eye Lost its Speech

Rytis Mažulis

(b.1961)

Jerusalem

trad. Zulu, arranged by Jamie Drake
based on a version performed by
the Soweto Gospel Choir

dust to dusk*

Annika K. Socolofsky

(b. 1990)

- I. collecting
- II. falling
- III. holding
- IV. resting

Spoken Solos: Jennifer Krabbe, soprano, Julia Barber, alto,
Chris Fischer, tenor, Graham Robinson, bass

Sung Solos: Jessica Wright, alto, Christina Stelmachovich, alto,
Nicholas Nicolaidis, tenor

Domino Domino Domino*

Carmen Braden

(b. 1985)

****World Premiere Performance***

Heartfelt thanks to Wellington County
for the use of their beautiful space.

Texts & Translations

river woman

i. she is bright

this river is a woman
she is bright
and she is beautiful
she once carried every nation here
but she is one of those women
too soon forgotten
broken like a body
that begs without words
only rough hands
that reach out palms up

ii. she's been dredged

this river is a woman
she's been dredged
and dragged
metal coils catch her tangled hair
everyone wants to know her secrets
but she keeps them
won't let them go
unless she trusts you
unless you ask real nice
unless she feels like it

iii. she's full of good intentions

this river is a woman
she's full of good intentions
bad regrets
sometimes she just folds into herself
can slow to a slush
currents indiscernible
patterns intangible
and below she goes even faster

iv. forever returning

forever returning twisting north
a snake carved into prairie grass
hiding everywhere
eroded with age
forever returning
etched into her edges
and newly born every day

v. this river is your lover

this river is your lover
she curls around you
pulses and fills you
like a heart beat
if you are very quiet
all you hear is her

vi. this river is your mother

this river is your mother
she flows on and on
and unnoticed slips in slides out
as if she were never here
as if she were always here

vii. this river is my sister

this river is my sister
she is bright and beautiful and brown
sings soft every summer
holds us up all winter
and every spring she swells
reminds us we are just visitors here
this is her country
she is that woman
her deft voice reaches out
broken by everything
that has been thrown into her
but somehow her spirit rages on
somehow a song like her never fades

Corpus

Corpse

This is my body, me, splayed
on the road's crown like a shot bird.
Back street. No cars. Men step
over me, dogs and crows investigate.
My eyes gape. Circuitry of soul
is broken. I am in an odd shape
- twisted star - a pose I could never
strike in my life. Gymnastic, almost.
This double-jointedness in death
soon tightens as the muscles lock.
My face cracks in the sun.
My hands point up and down the street,
as if to say " came from here,
and there was where I headed.
Pregnant with its own ferment,
my gut swells a blue uniform.
I do not recall the battle, army,
cause. I cannot see a bullet-hole.
There is a voice nearby - not loud.
The sky - not bright - is green with storms.

Michael Symmons Roberts

Mark 5:41 excerpt:

Talitha Koum

Little girl, I say to you, arise.

Dies Irae Hymn

*Dies ire! dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla:*

*Teste David cum Sibylla!
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta strict discussurus!
Tuba, mirum spargens sonum*

Day of wrath, day that
will dissolve the world into burning
coals,
as David bore witness with the Sibyl.
How great a tremor is to be,
when the judge is to come briskly
shattering every grave.
A trumpet sounding an astonishing
sound

*Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit, et natura,*

*Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura,
Liber scripts proferetur,*

*In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?
Rex tremenda majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae vize:*

*Ne me perdas illa die,
Quaerens me, sedisti lassus:*

Redemisti Crucem passus:

Tantus labor non sit cassus

Juste judex ultionis,

*Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco, tamquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parce, Deus,
Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti.
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces me non sunt dignae:*

through the tombs of the region
drives all before the throne.
Death will be stunned and so will

Nature, when arises
the creature responding
to the One judging.
The written book will be brought
forth,

in which the whole is contained
whence the world is to be judged.
Therefore when the Judge shall sit,
whatever lay hidden will appear;
nothing unavenged will remain.
What am I the wretch then to say?
what patron I to beseech?
when scarcely the just be secure.
King of tremendous Majesty,
who saves those-to-be-saved free,
save me, Fount of piety.
Remember, faithful Jesus,
because I am the cause of your
journey:

do not lose me on that day.
Thou has sat down as one wearied
seeking me Thou
has redeemed having suffered the
Cross; so much
labor let it not be lost.

Just judge of the
avenging-punishment,
work the gift of the remission of sins
before the Day of the Reckoning.
I groan, as the accused:
my face grows red from fault:
spare this suppliant, O God.
Thou who forgave Mary,
and favorably heard the thief,
hast also given me hope.
My prayers are not worthy,

*Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.*

*Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hadis me sequestra,
Statues in parte dextra.
Confutatis maledictis,*

*Flammis acribus addictis:
Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis,
Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla*

*Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.*

Psalm 27:1

Adonai, ori V'yishi-I mimi ira?

Psalm 121:7

*Adonai, yismar-cha mikkol ra,
yishmor et nafshecha*

Ecclesiastes 1:7

*Kol ha-'chalim holchim el hayam,
'hayam eineinu maleh.
El m'kom she-ha-n'chalim holchim,
sham hem shavim lalechet.*

but do Thou, Good God, deal kindly
lest I burn in perennial fire.

Among the sheep offer me a place
and from the goats sequester me,
placing me at Thy right hand.
After the accursed have been
silenced,
given up to the bitter flames,
call me with the blest.
Kneeling and bowed down I pray,
My heart contrite as ashes:
Do Thou care for my end.
That sorrowful day,
on which will arise from the burning
coals
Man accused to be judged:
therefore, O God, do Thou spare him.
Faithful Lord Jesus,
grant them rest. Amen.

Thomas of Celano, ca. 13t Century

The Lord is my light and my
salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord shall preserve thee from
all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

All the rivers flow into the sea,
yet the sea is never full.
To the place where the rivers come
from,
there they return to flow again.

The Dazzled Eye Lost its Speech

*apstulbusi akis prarado amq
nedidelé skruzdé plonytém kojom
rito jq per gaublį*

The dazzled eye lost its speech
It was rolled on the globe
By a little ant with slender legs

*Stanisław Grochowiak
Translated by Sigita Geda*

dust to dusk

Collecting on the windowsill collecting on the sidewalk collecting in my
eyes my eyelashes on my lashes my cheekbones

Dust to dust little specks of dusk in my eyes my eyelashes on my lashes my
cheekbones

Water runs down to the ground the ground water water run go leave the
dust the dusk on my cheekbones

spatter me with sprinkles with finger flecked sprinkles red dusky dusk
cheekbones

as the water runs down down to the ground the water ground water from
the sky

from the sky to the ground the water by way of cheekbones of dust of
dusky red collecting

collecting on the windowsill collecting on the sidewalk collecting in the
clouds collecting in my eyes

eyelashes flecked with cheekbones red dusky dust blushing blood rushing
from the sky to the ground dust to dust with water collecting spreading
dropping binding cleaving stretching bunching holding falling

falling to the ground from the sky the water cling to each other! cling to the
water bring the dust closer bring the water closer make a drop a drop that
drops holding holding to itself holding to the water the dust the water dust
water soul water dust water dust body cleave cleave hold tight let the
molecules work let the bonds stay let the charges meld let the children rest
oh soul water
oh my soul

"Raindrops"
by Molly Moses

Domino Domino Domino

Cascade, touch touch go.
Domino, domino, domino.
Like a river rushing downhill all pregnant with snow
And million year old overflow.
And the hard rock formed with a crack so long ago
And that's where the seed is able to grow
And the people see it far away, see it so slow
Cascade, touch touch go.
Domino, domino, domino.

Music and text by Carmen Braden

Upcoming Concerts

July 23 TorQ Percussion Quartet Workshop
 Brahms: A Saturday Serenade
 Schubert: A Saturday Serenade
 The Elora Singers *Unplugged*

July 24 *Sing-IN* at Gambrel Barn

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**



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2022 ELORA FESTIVAL

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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.*

