

elektra women's choir

Elektra's Garden



Morna Edmundson and Diane Loomer, C.M., Co-Conductors

Elektra Women's Choir



Elektra Women's Choir, founded in 1987 by Co-Conductors Morna Edmundson and Diane Loomer, C.M., is regarded as an international leader among classical women's choirs. Its mandate is to inspire and lead in the choral art form through excellence in

performance and through the creation, exploration and celebration of women's repertoire. Since its inception, Elektra has commissioned and premiered over 50 new works, many of which have gone on to become standards of women's choral literature. Elektra has been honoured with many awards for artistic excellence, including those for performance of contemporary music. The choir is frequently heard on Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio broadcasts and on National Public Radio in the United States. Elektra frequently collaborates with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra, and Chor Leoni Men's Choir, as well as other talented musicians. The choir's first CD was nominated for a JUNO award and its recordings are in constant demand locally, nationally, and internationally. In addition to its concerts and recordings, the choir is proud to offer ongoing programs that encourage and train young singers, conductors, and composers.

Elektra's Garden

Thank you for venturing with Elektra Women's Choir into our musical "garden" through this recording. This is a very special collection of secular music from many parts of the world, including Spain, France, England, the United States and, of course, Canada. We feel this recording offers a rich variety of textures and expressions to the listener and, we hope, many new possibilities of repertoire for other women's choirs. The music is evocative, much of it recently written, exploring the human experiences of nature and love. Canadian composers Allan Bevan, Eleanor Daley, Allison Girvan, Diane Loomer, and Stephen Smith offer works ranging from new compositions on lyrical texts to exceptional folk song arrangements. Stephen Smith's role as Elektra's treasured accompanist is celebrated in so many of the pieces, culminating in his exciting arrangement of Frank Bridge's solo song "Love Went A-Riding". Another master of transcription is Germany's Clytus Gottwald, with his beautiful arrangement of Debussy's solo song, "Les Angé-lus". Two major suites are also included: the delicate and deservedly famous "Five Hebrew Love Songs" by Eric Whitacre and four "Stories of the Wind" from Spain's Alejandro Vagüe. Our thanks to violinist Nancy DiNovo for her fine playing and, as always, to our dedicated singers.

Welcome all, into this fine repertoire, beautiful poetry, with images of seashores and sunrises, breezes and blossoms —a rich, abundant garden.

Morna Diane

Morna Edmundson is one of Canada's best-known choral conductors, principally through her decades of accomplishment as Co-Founder and now Artistic Director of Elektra's Women's Choir. Morna's career as a choral musician has followed her passion for a cappella singing, for contemporary music, for early music, and for integrating the beauty of folksong traditions into choral repertoire. She has been Music Director of choirs of all voicings and ages, and is a frequent adjudicator and guest conductor at festivals. She is a long standing member of the International Federation for Choral Music and has been honoured to present sessions on her work at conferences locally and internationally.

Diane Loomer, C.M., recipient of the Order of Canada, director and founder of Chor Leoni Men's Choir, co-founder and co-conductor of Elektra Women's Choir, and most recently founder and conductor of EnChor Chamber Choir, is internationally recognized as one of Canada's leading musicians. Diane has conducted ACDA State and National Honour Choirs, as well as Provincial Youth and Honour Choirs in every province in Canada. Ms. Loomer has received many awards, the most recent being her appointment to the University of Victoria's University Women's Scholar Lecture Series (2005), Conductor Emeritus to Nova Scotia's Dalhousie University (2006), and in 2008 was named as a Paul Harris Fellow to the International Rotary Foundation.

Dr. Stephen Smith has been a resident of Vancouver since 1990. He obtained his doctoral degree in piano performance from the University of British Columbia (as a student of Jane Coop), and is a valued contributor to the musical life of the city as a performer, teacher, conductor, and composer. Stephen's choral arrangements and compositions are regularly performed and recorded all across North America and beyond, and he is increasingly sought after for commissions.

Nancy DiNovo Former member of the St. Louis, Toronto and Boston Symphony Orchestras and founding concertmaster of the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, violinist Nancy DiNovo enjoys a multi-faceted career performing styles ranging from period instrument to contemporary. "....stunning violin playing— a superlative mix of virtuosity and earthy vigour" (Victoria Times Colonist)

1 SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Text and Music: Traditional English

Arr. Stephen Smith

Publisher: Stephen Smith Music (2005)

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seam nor needle work.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the salt water and the sea strand.
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there.
She once was a true love of mine.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6

FIVE HEBREW LOVE SONGS

Texts: Hila Plitmann

Music: Eric Whitacre

Publisher: Walton Music

WJMS1054 (2003)

Soloist: Sara Fretz

Tambourine: Sheila Little

I. Temuná (A Picture)

Temuná belibí charutá
Nodédet beyn ór uveyn ófel:
Min dmarná shekazó et guféch
kach ota,
Usaréch al paná'ich kach nófel.

A picture is engraved in my heart;

Moving between light and darkness:

A sort of silence envelopes your body,

And your hair falls upon your face

just so.

II. Kalá Kallá (Light Bride)

Kalá kallá
Kula shell,
U'vekalut
Tishák hí lí!

*Light bride
She is all mine.
And lightly
She will kiss me!*

III. Larov (Mostly)

"Laróv," amár gag la'shama'im,
"Hamerchák shébeynéynu hu ad;
Ach lifnéy zman alu bechán shna'im,
Uveynéynu nisháe sentiméter echad."

*"Mostly", said the roof to the sky,
"the distance between you and I
is endlessness;
But a while ago two came up here,
and only one centimeter was left
between us."*

IV. Eyze Sheleg! (What snow!)

Eyze shéleg!
Kmo chalomót ktaním
Noflím mehachama'im.

*What snow!
Like little dreams
Falling from the sky.*

V. Rakut (Tenderness)

Hu hayá male rakút;
Hi haytá kasha.
Vechól káma shenistá lehishaér kach,
Pashút, uvlí sibá tová,
Lakách otá el toch atzmó,
Veheníach
Bamakóm hachí, hachí rach.

*He was full of tenderness;
She was very hard.
And as much as she tried to stay thus,
Simply, and with no good reason,
He took her into himself
And set her down
in the softest, softest place.*

7 TO MORNING

Text: William Blake

Music: Allan Bevan

*Publisher: Cypress Choral Music
CP 1076 (2002)*

O holy virgin! clad in purest white,
Unlock heaven's golden gates and
issue forth.
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven;
let light
Rise from the chambers of the east,
and bring
The honey'd dew that cometh on
waking day.
O radiant morning, salute the sun,
Roused like a huntsman to the chase
and with
Thy buskin'd feet appear upon our hills.

8 LET ME FISH OFF CAPE ST. MARY'S

Music and Text: Otto P Kelland

Arr. Diane Loomer

*Publisher: Cypress Choral Music CP1039 (1999)
Soloist: Karenann Soon*

Take me back to my Western boat,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's,
Where the hagdowns sail and the
foghorns wail
With my friends the Browns and
the Clearys.
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's.

Let me feel my old dory lift
To the broad Atlantic combers,
Where the tide rips swirl and the wild
ducks whirl,
Where old Neptune calls the numbers
'Neath the broad Atlantic combers.

Let me view that rugged shore,
Where the beach is all a-glisten,
With the caplin spawn where from
dusk to dawn
You bait your trawl and listen
To the undertow a-hissin'.

Take me back to that snug green cove
Where the seas roll up their thunder.
There let me rest in the earth's cool
breast
Where the stars shine out their
wonder,
And the seas roll up their thunder.

9 KAIPAAVA

*Text and Music: Traditional Finnish
Arr. Essi Wuorela and Jussi Chydenius
Publisher: Sulasol
S1217B
Soloist: Stephanie Ching*

Ja ilman kuuta ja aurinkoa tämä
maailma pimiä on.
Sula rai-ai-ai, sula rallallei, tämä
maailma pimiä on.

Ja yhden pojan tähden minun
sydämeni kipiä on.
Sula rai-ai-ai, sula rallallei, minun
sydämeni kipiä on.

Sinä hienoinen kuin heinä, minä
matala niinkuin maa.
Sula rai-ai-ai, sula rallallei, minä
matala niinkuin maa.

Oi jos sinä kultani tietäisit miten ikävä
minulla on!
Niin varmaanhan sinä rientäisit, etkä
matkalla viipyisi.
Sula rai-ai-ai, sula rallallei, etkä
matkalla viipyisi.

Longing

*And without the moon or sun to shine,
this world it is so dark.
With a "fa la la" and a "fa la la", this
world it is so dark.*

*And for the sake of one fine boy my
heart is troubled sad.
With a "fa la la" and a "fa la la", my
heart is troubled sad.*

*You are fine like the grass on the
meadow, I am lowly like the earth.
With a "fa la la" and a "fa la la", I am
lowly like the earth.*

*Oh, if you knew, my beloved, how much
I miss you now!
For sure you would hasten back to me
and not tarry on your way.
With a "fa la la" and a "fa la la", and not
tarry on your way.*

10, 11, 12, 13 HISTORIETAS DEL VIENTO STORIES OF THE WIND

Text: Federico Garcia Lorca

Music: Alejandro Yagüe

Publisher: CM Ediciones Musicales S.L.

CM.2.0096 (2004)

I

El viento venía rojo
por el collado encendido
y se ha puesto verde, verde
por el río.

Luego se pondrá violeta,
amarillo y...

Será sobre los sembrados
un arco iris encendido.

*The wind came in red
through the burned-over pass
and changed into green
down by the river.*

*And it will change into violet
and yellow and ...*

*Over fields sown with seed,
an elongated rainbow.*

II

Viento estancado.

Arriba el sol.

Abajo

Las algas temblorosas

De los Alamos.

Y mi corazón

Temblando.

Viento estancado

A las cinco de la tarde.

Sin pájaros.

Stagnant wind.

Sun above you.

Below you

*the tremulous algae of
aspens.*

*And my heart
trembling too.*

Stagnant wind

*at five in the afternoon
and no birds.*

III

La brisa

es ondulada

como los cabellos

de algunas muchachas.

Como los marecitos

de algunas viejas tablas.

La brisa

brota como el agua

y se derrama,

como un bálsamo blanco,

por as cañadas,

y se desmaya

al chocar con lo duro

de la montaña.

The breeze

so wavy

*like the hair of
certain girls.*

*Like the oceans made small
in certain old panels.*

The breeze

now gushes like water,

now overflows

- tenuous balsamic white –

through the canebrakes,

now faints,

where it crashes against

the rock of a mountain.

IV

(Maestro:): ¿Qué doncella se casa con el viento?

(Niño:): La doncella de todos los deseos.

(Maestro:): ¿Qué la regala el viento?

(Niño:): Remolinos de oro y mapas superpuestos.

(Maestro:): ¿Ella le ofrece algo?

(Niño:): Su corazón abierto.

(Maestro:): Decid cómo se llama.

(Niño:): Su nombre es un secreto.

(Teacher:): What maiden will marry the wind?

(Child:): The maiden of all our desires.

(Teacher:): What does the wind give the maiden?

(Child:): Whirlwinds of gold. A pileup of maps.

(Teacher:): And she gives him what in return?

(Child:): Her heart laid bare.

(Teacher:): Tell me her name.

(Child:): Her name is a secret.

14 HARP OF WILD

Text: Emily Brontë

Music: Allan Bevan

Publisher: Classica Music Publishers

EVW#104 (2005)

Harp of wild and dreamlike strain,
When I touch thy strings,
Why dost thou repeat again
Long-forgotten things?

Harp, in other, earlier days
I could sing to thee,
And not one of all my lays
Vexed my memory.

But now, if I awake a note
That gave me joy before,
Sounds of sorrow from thee float,
Changing evermore.

Yet, still steeped in memory's dyes,
They come sailing on,
Darkening all my summer skies,
Shutting out my sun.

15 LES ANGELUS

*Text: Grégoire Le Roy
Music: Claude Debussy,
Arr. Cytus Gottwald
Publisher: Carus Verlag
9.503 (2001)*

Cloches chrétiennes pour les matines,
Sonnant au coeur d'espérer encore!
Angélus angelisés d'aurore!
Las! Où sont vos prières câlines?

Vous étiez de si douce folies!
Et chanterelles d'amours prochaines!
Aujourd'hui souveraine est ma peine.
Et toutes matines abolies.

Je ne vis plus que d'ombre et de soir;
Les las! angélus pleurent la mort,
Et là, dans mon coeur résigné, dort
La seule veuve de tout espoir.

*The morning bells of Christendom
Call to the heart to hope once again.
The Angelus brings in the dawn.
Alas! Where are your tender pleas?*

*You were such sweet folly,
And close messenger of love!
Today my pain rules over me.
All mornings are abolished.*

*I live only in shadows and night;
The weary Angelus bells mourn death.
And there in my resigned heart, sleeps
The only widow of all hope.*

16 THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

Text: William Butler Yeats

Music: Eleanor Daley

Publisher: Oxford University Press

W154 (2002)

I will arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay
and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive
for the honey-bee,
And live alone, in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for
peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the
morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight 's all aglimmer, and
noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always
night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low
sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the
pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

17 V'LA L'BON VENT

Text and Music: traditional

French Canadian

Arr. Allison Girvan

Publisher: Cypress Choral Music

CP1105 (2005)

Derrière' chez nous y'a-tun étang
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.

V'la l'bon vent, Oa l'joli vent,
V'la l'bon vent m'amie m'appelle
V'la l'bon vent, v'la l'joli vent,
V'la l'bon vent m'amie m'attend.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant.
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent.
Visa le noir tua le blanc.

Visa le noir tua le blanc.
O fils du roi, tu est méchant!

O fils du roi, tu est méchant
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.

*Behind our home there is a pond
Three beautiful ducks are going
to bathe.*

*Here comes the good wind, here comes
the nice wind,
Here comes the good wind, my lady is
calling me,
Here comes the good wind, here comes
the nice wind,
Here comes the good wind, my lady
awaits me.*

*Three beautiful ducks are going
to bathe,
The king's son is going off hunting.*

*The king's son is going off hunting,
With his long silver rifle.*

*With his long silver rifle,
He points out the black one, but shoots
the white.*

*He points out the black one, but shoots
the white.
O king's son, you are mean!*

*O king's son, you are mean,
To have killed my white duck!*

18 LOVE WENT A-RIDING

Text: Mary Coleridge

Frank Bridge (UK)

Arr. Stephen Smith (Canada)

*Manuscript: stephensmithmusic.com
(2002)*

Love went a-riding,

Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode ...

The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens
cried,

"Stay here with us." "King of Kings."

But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings."

Love went a-riding ...

19 HERE'S TO SONG

Text and Music: Allister MacGillivray

Arr: Diane Loomer

Piano accompaniment based on that of Lydia Adams

Publisher: Cypress Choral Music

CP1148 (2009)

Soloist: Grace Fatkin

The candle flickers t'wards its last; our
time together's ended.

The evening sped so swiftly past; no
richer way to spend it.

Before we head our sep'rate ways, I'd
like in truthfulness to say:

You've made this day a special day
with songs and kindness splendid.

Here's to song, here's to time, here's to
both with friends of mine.

Here's to friends who raise their
voices high.

Kings have riches widely lain, lords
have land but then again,

We have friends and song no wealth
can buy.

We each a diff'rent road must go to
mountain, sea or city.

The hour has come for sweet adieus,
and oh, the more's the pity.

But first unite in hand and heart and
sing a chorus 'ere we part,

For ev'ry end leads to a start, we need
not break so sadly.

Here's to song...

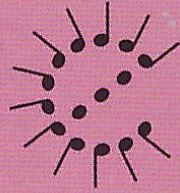
And 'till our paths in future cross, may
blessings kindly greet you.

Until that time I must, alas, only in
mem'ry meet you.

But often I will sit and stare, and think
upon this evening rare,

The company beyond compare. For
now, farewell and thank you.

Here's to song...



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WOMEN'S CHOIR

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