

24 / 25 CONCERT
SEASON

musica intima

Solitude: created in collaboration with

Russell Wallace

Sunday, December 8

Raven's Cry Theatre, Sechelt



This concert sponsored by The Sunshine Coast Foundation



THE COAST RECITAL SOCIETY

| www.coastrecitalsociety.ca

The artists

Founded in 1992, **musica intima** has grown from grassroots beginnings to a fully professional vocal ensemble which has championed Canadian music on stages around the world. One of Canada's most esteemed vocal ensembles, musica intima's unique collaborative leadership model invites each of the 12 members to be co-artistic directors of the group, exchanging ideas freely and exploring their individual musical creativity.

musica intima strives to be a role model in "going beyond the land acknowledgment" through building relationships with IBPOC artists across disciplines. The ensemble demonstrates their commitment to education and outreach through multiple cross-Canada tours, working with thousands of young singers and artists on collaboration and fostering the decolonization of the choral arts.

Lee Clapp

Sam Dabrusin

Renee Fajardo

Jacob Gramit

Anja Kelly

Steve Maddock

Kate Medcalf

Danny Najjar

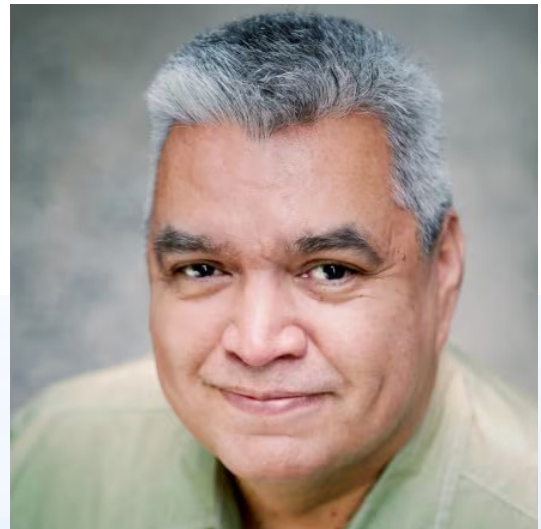
Lucy Smith

Risa Takahashi

Gloria Wan

Patrick Zhu

Russell Wallace is an award-winning composer, producer and traditional singer from the St'at'imc and Lil'wat Nation. Wallace learned about traditional singing from his mom Flora Wallace from Xaxlip/Lil'wat. His music can be heard on soundtracks for film, television and theatre/dance productions across Canada and the U.S. Wallace received a Leo Award for best music for a documentary for his work on the TV series *1491* and received the Lieutenant Governor's Art and Music Award in 2022 for artists who have demonstrated exceptional leadership, creativity, community engagement and commitment through fostering and mentoring others in the fields of Visual Arts, Music or Performance. Wallace's music has been performed internationally and was featured at the 59th International Art Exhibition in Venice. He works with many choirs in Vancouver and has been the Director of Indigenous Vocal Ensemble at Vancouver Community College.



The program

"When you ask how old a person is in the Northern St'át'imcets language you would ask "k'wínaszánucw máqa?" or "how many snows are you?" Winters can be harsh and our lives are measured by how many winters one survives."

– Russell Wallace

solicitude

<i>A Candle Burned</i>	The O'Pears
<i>Northern Lights</i>	Russell Wallace
<i>Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening</i>	Rebecca Dale
<i>Invitation to Love</i>	Saunder Choi
<i>Gatherings</i>	Wallace/Hussein Janmohamed
<i>Io, io</i>	Jocelyn Morlock
<i>Silent Night</i>	Arr. L. Price
[Audience Sing – Russell]	
<i>Winter Breviary</i>	Reena Esmail
<i>I. We Look for You (Evensong – Raag Hamsadhwani)</i>	
<i>II. The Year's Midnight (Matins – Raag Malkauns)</i>	
<i>III. The Unexpected Early Hour (Lauds – Raag Ahir Bhairav)</i>	
<i>Keep the Light Burning</i>	Wallace
<i>O Holy Night</i>	Arr. Trombone Shorty
[new work]	Wallace
<i>Song for a Winter's Night</i>	Gordon Lightfoot, arr. J. Gramit

"Snow is cold and covers everything and dampens the sounds around us but it also reflects light. It does not take much light to illuminate a large area. Today, we may feel the darkness as winter represents the end of a cycle but it also blankets and gives some rest to the earth and life around it. It also forces us to rely on each other. Let us light up that snow and provide warmth and company to each other so we may all survive another winter."

– Russell Wallace

Throughout this program, music of light and music of compassion weave together. We open and close with candlelight—the folk trio *The O'Pears* write a song of a candle flickering on the table while snow swirls outside, and the late Gordon Lightfoot brings us through the night into a new dawn as the fire dies and morning light fills our space.

Familiar carols herald the coming of the light we associate with this time of year and works by Russell Wallace and Jocelyn Morlock remind us how we are surrounded by light, from the fire we gather around and the sky we look up to.

Reena Esmail's *Winter Breviary*, a set of three miniatures based on Hindustani ragas, reflects skies filled with light, colour and nature. Keeping us firmly on the ground, Rebecca Dale's setting of Robert Frost's classic text is a lush depiction of woods—lovely, dark and deep. But as they fill with snow, Russell reminds us that snow reflects—dappling our evergreen Northwest forests with shafts of glowing light.

Many of us gather with family or friends at this time of year. Traditional meals, annual parties, favourite concerts—each filled with familiar faces and generations of memories. Two pieces remind us, though, that while "gathering" is a noun, the root is, of course, the verb "to gather". Care and concern for one's community, be it your own or one in which you are a guest, are beautiful concepts. But who stands on the edges of those gatherings and how can we ensure everyone is welcomed in? The collaborative work, *Gatherings* by Hussein Janmohamed and Russell Wallace draws together the musical and spiritual traditions of both composers and shares them with you, the audience, our "thirteenth member."

In *Invitation to Love*, Saunder Choi sets words by Paul Dunbar. "Come when the lights are bright with stars," he writes, "Come in the night or in the day / Come, O love...". Love is present when we all gather together—when all are welcome. This is our hope for you today, this season, and for the coming year; may our solicitude for each other guide us through the "winter's drifting snows, and you are welcome, welcome."

Program notes: Jacob Gramit

A Candle Burned (Boris Pasternak, alt.)

It snowed and snowed, the whole world over,
Snow swept the world from end to end.
A candle burned on the table; a candle burned.

The blizzard sculptured on the glass
Designs of arrows and of whorls.
A candle burned on the table; a candle burned.

*Distorted shadows fell upon the lighted ceiling:
Shadows of crossed arms, of crossed legs –
Of crossed destiny.*

As during summer midges swarm
To beat their wings against a flame
Out in the yard the snowflakes swarm
To beat against the window pane.

All things vanished within
The snowy murk-white, hoary.

It snowed and snowed
All through the month[s]
and almost constantly.

A candle burned on the table; a candle burned.

Northern Lights (vocables)

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (Robert Frost)

Whose woods these are I think I know,
his house is in the village though,
he will not see me stopping here,
to watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer,
to stop without a farmhouse near,
between the woods and frozen lake,
the darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake,
to ask if there is some mistake,
the only other sound's the sweep
of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep,
but I have promises to keep,
and miles to go before I sleep,
and miles to go before I sleep.

Invitation to Love (Paul Dunbar)

Come when the nights are bright with stars
Or come when the moon is mellow;
Come when the sun his golden bars
Drops on the hay-field yellow.
Come in the twilight soft and gray,
Come in the night or come in the day,
Come, O love, whene'er you may,
And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, O Love, dear Love,
You are soft as the nesting dove.
Come to my heart and bring it to rest
As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief
Or when my heart is merry;
Come with the falling of the leaf
Or with the redd'ning cherry.
Come when the year's first blossom blows,
Come when the summer gleams and glows,
Come with the winter's drifting snows,
And you are welcome, welcome.

Gatherings

Allahu Akbar Laillaha Hu
God is great
Shukran
Thanks
úll'usen [doomoolth kau]
Gather us all together

Io, Io (Philipp Nicolai)

Io, Io!
Eternally, in dulci jubilo!
No eye has ever seen,
No ear has ever heard
Such joy as ours – such joy as our joy.

Silent Night

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child!
Holy infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born!
Christ the Saviour is born!

Winter Breviary

I. We Look for You (Evensong – Raag Hamsadhwani)

Eventide, our single star,
One looking star, this night.
Next to me, the sparrow hen,
Two pilgrims small and bold.
Dusking hour, that lonely hour
The sky dims blue to grey.
Our forest road will fade,
We look for You.

Pines glisten wet with sleet,
She looks with me,
We look for You.

Fog falls in
So close, my breath,
She looks with me,
We look for You:
Great Silent One Unseen,
We look for You.

Eventide, our single star,
One looking star, this night.
We look for You,
Forgiving light, our guide.

II. The Year's Midnight (Matins – Raag Malkauns)

The longest night is come,
A matins for beasts, they low, they kneel,
O, their sleep, their psalm sung.
A matins for trees, they slow, they stem,
O, their reach, their psalm won.
Hush, hush,
Can I hear them?

Can I hear what is not said?
Hush, hush,
Can I hear You?
Ev'ry need met.

To light, the path is dark,
Our star has gone.
Beneath my feet a year of leaves
fallen, frozen, done.

I walk these woods,
The longest night is come,
Above me, the sparrow,
She brings our new seed home.
Brown true sparrow,
Take tomorrow home.

III. The Unexpected Early Hour (Lauds – Raag Ahir Bhairav)

Praise be! praise be!

The dim, the dun, the dark withdraws
Our recluse morning's found.
The river's alive, the clearing provides
Lie down, night sky, lie down.

I feel the cold wind leaving, gone,
I feel the frost's relief.
My tracks in the snow can still be erased
In us, the sun believes.

Winter is, Winter ends,
So the true bird calls.
The rocks cry out
My bones cry out
All the trees applaud.
Ev'ry hard thing lauds.

Lie down, night sky, lie down.

I know the seeding season comes,
I know the ground will spring.
My fate is not night, I don't need to try
Behold! The dawn, within.

Horizon lights across my thoughts,
Horizon lines redraw.
Inside of my throat a rise of the gold
Inside my chest I thaw.

Winter is, Winter ends,
Nothing stays the same.
The moon strikes high,
The sun strikes high and
Now I hear your name:
Earth's Untired Change.

Praise be! praise be!

The unexpected early hour
Grows the good light long.
Our darkness ends, o mercy sun,
Trust can warm us all.

Begin again, again, again,
O may our day begin!

Keep the Light Burning

Sgwels ʔu7 i stśákwa, wan? *Keep the lights burning, okay?*
pañtlhkán kelh múta7 *I will return again.*

O Holy Night

O Holy night! The stars are brightly shining.
It is the night. Long lay the world in darkness.

The thrill of hope, the world rejoices,
Yonder breaks a new and glorious morn,
O can you hear the thrill of hope,
Led by light, raise our voices...

Fall on your knees, hear the angel voices
O night divine, O holy night.

Song for a Winter's Night

The lamp is burnin' low upon my table top
The snow is softly falling
The air is still in the silence of my room
I hear your voice softly calling.

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you.

The smoke is rising in the shadows overhead
My glass is almost empty
I read again between the lines upon each page
The words of love you sent me

If I could know within my heart
That you were lonely too
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you

The fire is dying
Now my lamp is growing dim
The shades of night are lifting
The morning light steals across my window pane
Where webs of snow are drifting

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
On this winter night with you; to be once again with you

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