



Singing Her Song!

(celebrating the music of Canadian women)

Saturday, April 27, 2024, 7pm @ First United Church, Truro

Cantabile Singers:

Chris Bowman, artistic director

Belinda Adshade, collaborative pianist

Truro Youth Singers:

Ann Legere, conductor

Lorraine Brocklehurst, collaborative pianist

Marie Braedley, assistant conductor

Get in touch with us, or come sing with us!

Facebook & Instagram: **@cantabiletruro**

Website: **www.cantabiletruro.org**

Email: **cantabiletruroinfo@gmail.com**

Consider a donation to the Cantabile Society:

<https://www.canadahelps.org/en/charities/cantabile-choral-society/>

or email **cantabiletrurofees@gmail.com**

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One Voice

- Ruth Moody, arr. Alison Girvan

This is the sound of one voice. One spirit, one voice.

The sound of one who makes a choice.

This is the sound of one voice. This is the sound of one voice.

This is the sound of voices two. The sound of me singing with you.

Helping each other to make it through.

This is the sound of voices two. This is the sound of voices two.

This is the sound of voices three. Singing together in harmony.

Surrendering to the mystery.

This is the sound of voices three. This is the sound of voices three.

This is the sound of all of us. Singing with love and the will to trust.

Leave the rest behind, it'll turn to dust.

This is the sound of all of us. This is the sound of all of us.

This is the sound of one voice. One people, one voice.

A song for every one of us.

This is the sound of one voice. This is the sound of one voice.

Parlez-moi

- France Levasseur-Ouimet, arr. Allan Bevan

*I search everywhere in the hope of finding someone who knows the
salty breath of the sea, someone who can tell me why the sound of the
waves on the shore and the pure and liquid song of the sea flow
through my very being.*

Speak to me of the sea. Tell me its story so that I may become a sailor.

*I spoke of the prairies to the elders of my country but they could not
help me. They did not understand me.*

*They spoke of time that is lost in forgetfulness, of loneliness, of solitude
but of the prairies they said nothing.*

Speak to me of the prairies.

Tell me their story so that I may be able to see beyond the horizon.

*I spoke to my mother. She knows so well all the great legendary heroes
of which we no longer speak. She spoke to me of hope, of death, of life,
of love, of giving and of grief. But of the earth she did not speak.*

*Teach me the earth and the sea and the prairies so that I may
understand them. Give me the words that I need.*

Speak to me of the earth.

Tell me its story so that I may become its guardian.

My Symphony

- Elise Letourneau

*To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury,
and refinement rather than fashion;*

to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich;

to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart;

to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently,

await occasions, hurry never;

in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious,

grow up through the common – this is my symphony.

(William Henry Channing)

In Song

- Laura Hawley

1. Intro: entre nos voix (Diane Boudreau, translation as follows):
*On the long midweek day, everything shakes us and pulls us along,
but amidst the tumult, there is a hope: to be able to sing this evening.*

And it's life that begins again in small gestures, with little steps.

We put down roots, we remain silent, we forget our worries.

2. Le Rideau (Ernestine Northover)

The river tumbles onwards to the sea, and rushes, racing over rocks and stones, and boulders, branches, pebbles, sand and scree, singing so many melodies to me, in whispering notes and thunderous roaring tones. Music that lingers in the ears and mind, soothing confusing thoughts that come my way, easing all stress, so my spirit is resigned, to watching its water ripple, swirl, glide and wind, and giving a soft contentment to my day. Always there, this river, which is never still, and every night and day, how strong it flows, into each pool, each inlet and each new rill, it does, my thirsty soul, with pleasure fill, and sets my thoughts on peace, and my 'being' glows.

3. In Song (Robert Wadsworth Lowry)

*My life flows on in endless song; above earth's lamentation,
I hear the sweet, tho' far-off hymn that hails a new creation;
Thro' all the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul – How can I keep from singing?*

5. How can I keep from singing? (text from Mvt. 1 and as follows):

*Our voices rise and join together, chasing away the shadows of
boredom, and reveal to us another world with a fragrance of harmony.
How can I keep from singing?*

In Remembrance

- Eleanor Daley

*Do not stand at my grave and weep. I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glint on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain. I am the gentle morning rain.
And when you wake in the morning's hush,
I am the sweet uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there, I did not die.*

Ring Out, Wild Bells

- Laura Bowman

*Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go; Ring in the false, ring in the true.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease, ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free, the larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land, ring in the Christ that is to be.
(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)*

The Sleepy Song (A Cree Lullaby)

- Sherryl Sewepagaham

Nipa, kisâkihitin (Go to sleep, I love you.)

The Love of the Sea

- Donna Rhodenizer

*The love of the sea it holds like no other
The roll of the waves and the tangy salt air
She's stormy and gentle and constantly changing
Her song is my blood and I can't turn away.*

*Although I can't hold her
she knows how to soothe me
I hear her voice whisper and call out my name
I'll give of my heart to mortal for breaking
Myself, I will choose for my true love, the sea.*

*She has my love 'til death us do part
She has all of my soul and all of my heart*

*I'm not complete unless I am near her
My soul mate, my master, my true love, the sea.*

*What gifts she does bring in the colours she gives me
The blush of new morning, the sapphire of noon
The red glow of the sun in the evening,
the twilight's deep blue when I bid her goodnight.*

*Please follow my wishes and when I am dying
return me to her so together we'll be
Her waves will be the arms that enfold me
United at last with my true love, the sea.*

Waniska (Wake Up)

- Sherryl Sewepagaham

*Waniska, askî pimâtsimâkan (Wake up, the earth is alive)
Miwaytatan ôma oskâyi kîsikâw (Let's be happy with this new day)
Pimohtêtan kisastenohk (Let's walk together in the sun)*

Winter Proverbs

- Frances Farrell

*Proverb I – The Pine in Winter
The pine stays green in winter. Wisdom in hardship.*

*Proverb II – Winter's Dance
They who sing in summer, they must dance in winter.*

*Proverb IV – How Long the Winter
Oh wind, can spring be far?
No matter how long the winter spring is sure to follow.
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?*

*Oh, when the birds begin to sing.
Snow melts the soonest when the winds begin to sing.
No matter how long the winter spring is sure to follow.
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?*

*Proverb III – Cold Comfort
Those who don't pick roses in the summer
won't pick them in winter either.*

Nothing Gold Can Stay

- Stephanie Martin

*Nature's first green is gold, Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower; But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf. So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day. Nothing gold can stay.
(Robert Frost)*

Carry the Music

- Sarah Quartel

*I hear you, I see you.
Here, I am happy. Here, I am safe and loved.
Here, I am joyful and at peace.
Here, I am comforted, nourished, and brave.
Part of the story, part of the adventure.
And I carry the music on, my friend, carry the music on.
Join the story, join the song. Carry the music on.*

*Here, we are united. Here, we have a home.
Here, we are accepted and believed.
Here, we are powerful, rooted, and strong.
Part of the song, part of the adventure.
And we carry the music on, my friend, carry the music on.
Join the story, join the song. Carry the music on.*

*I hear you, when your voice is silent.
I see you, when your song is lost.
You are not alone.
Carry the music on, my friend, carry the music on.
Join the story, join the song. Carry the music...
I hear you, I see you too.*

Song for Peace

- Diane Loomer

*Gentle woman, gentle man. May I speak that you might understand?
I've been thinking we've been rather blind.
Let us leave every difference behind.*

*(Refrain) Cast your nets on these waters, your lines on the sea,
your sights on horizons wherever you please
for together we'll weather the tide that prevails
with the sun on our shoulders, the wind in our sails.*

*Those who suffer, those who cry, call to brothers and sisters, come by
for 'tis certain united we stand, side by side, arm in arm, hand in hand.*

*Little children know the way.
They spend life dream by dream, day by day.
And by nature they seem to imply
we must love and just never ask why.*

Rainy Day People

- Gordon Lightfoot, arr. Erica Phare-Bergh

*Rainy day people always seem to know when it's time to call
Rainy day people don't talk, they just listen 'til they've heard it all
Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell 'ya they've been down like you
Rainy day people don't mind if you're cryin' a tear or two*

*If you get lonely, all you really need is that rainy day love
Rainy day people all know there's no sorrow they can't rise above
Rainy day lovers don't love any others, that would not be kind
Rainy day people all know how it hangs on a piece of mind*

*Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell you,
they've been down there too
Rainy day people don't mind if you're cryin' a tear or two*

*Rainy day people always seem to know when you're feeling blue
High-stepping stutters who land in the gutters sometimes need one too
Take it or leave it, or try to believe it. If you've been down too long
Rainy day lovers don't hide love inside, they just pass it on
Rainy day lovers don't hide love inside, they just pass it on*

Cantabile Choral Society Board and Administrative Staff:

Helen Bell (chair), Chris Bowman (ex officio), Marie Braedley, Kerrie Coady, Joy Hewitt (choir administrator/ex officio), Barb Main (past chair), Jennifer McKay, Beth Peterkin, Danielle Richard (secretary), Cat Taylor (treasurer)

Artistic Team Bios:

Christopher Bowman (M. Mus Memorial University, B. Mus Mount Allison University) enjoys making music in many forms – as a conductor, solo and choral singer, educator, and composer. He is full-time Minister of Music at First United Church in Truro, Nova Scotia, and Artistic Director of the Cantabile Society of Truro, where he conducts the Cantabile Singers and works with the Cantabile children’s choirs. He also sings with the Juno-nominated Canadian Chamber Choir and takes great delight in the fact that choral music has given him the opportunity to sing in every Canadian province. Chris is active as a baritone soloist; his debut CD “Over Hill and Valley” with pianist David Chafe won Music NS and Music NL awards, and was nominated for an East Coast Music Award.

Chris loves working with choral singers of all ages and stages, and has conducted community, church, school, and university choirs in Atlantic Canada and Ontario. He is sought after as a clinician, adjudicator, and lecturer, and has taught in various university music departments in Atlantic Canada as a sessional instructor. As time permits, he is a composer/arranger of choral music, and in recent years has become interested in hymn writing; he and Valerie Kingsbury have written dozens of pieces of music for use in liturgical settings under the ‘Tidal Bore Music’ banner.

Chris’ favourite musical collaborations, however, are with his wife Laura, and their children Erica and Meredith. They live in Valley, Nova Scotia.

Belinda Adshade grew up in Truro, NS and is thankful for a rich musical heritage that began with singing and playing in her church, and continued with her training in voice and piano locally, and as a music student at Acadia University. Appreciated for her sensitive playing, Belinda has been accompanying soloists and groups since she was a teenager. She taught voice and piano privately for over thirty years in several Maritime towns, until her retirement in 2020.

Belinda has worked with numerous choirs in her role as a Music Director for various churches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. While residing in Miramichi, NB, she was additionally given the opportunity to teach music at Millerton School, and to accompany and direct the community choir known as The Villagers. A former singer with Cantabile, Belinda is pleased to have the opportunity to be a part of the current artistic team.

Belinda currently resides in Bible Hill, close to her two adult children and three grandchildren.

Ann Legere has been the Artistic Director of the Cantabile Truro Youth Singers since the inception of the choir. After her studies in voice and piano, Ann has been directing and accompanying choirs and soloists. She directs Immaculate Conception Church choir and has been on the Board of the Truro Music Festival since coming to Truro.

Upon moving to Truro 22 years ago from Bathurst, New Brunswick, she formed the Cantabile Truro Youth Singers, with her daughter, Lorraine Brocklehurst who has been accompanist since its inception. The choir is made up of students in Grades 4 and up, and performs regularly in concerts throughout the year with Cantabile Choir (Cantabile Singers (Adult), and Cantabile Boys Choir. The choir has been so fortunate in having the addition of Marie Braedley as Assistant Director.

They are regularly invited guests in concerts with the “Creative Voices” women’s choir. They participate yearly in the Truro Music Festival, and TYS girls love singing the Anthem at the Junior Bearcat’s hockey games at the RECC during their season, as well as for other groups in our community who request the singing of O Canada. Her husband, Max, (a retired high school teacher of 35 years at Bathurst High School) is a wonderful support in many aspects of the choir.

Lorraine Brocklehurst has been accompanist for the Cantabile Truro Youth Singers for the past 20+ years. Along with her piano accompanying, she takes part in all aspects in the choosing and preparation of music for the choir. Between September and June, Lorraine operates a very busy piano studio for students of all ages. Erin and Megan, her daughters (and Alumni of TYS) are the centre of her life, along with her two cats, Fiona & Jackson, and Erin's dogs, Lennon & Harley, as well as Megan's dog, Attie!

Marie Braedley (B. Mus. & B. Ed. Mount Allison University, M. Ed. St. Mary's University) welcomes the opportunity to work as Assistant Director with Ann and Lorraine and the Truro Youth Singers. She has taught Classroom Music (Grades P-9) for 34 years and substituted for more than 10 years after retiring.

When her children were young, she also taught Music for Young Children for 14 years. Since Marie and her husband, Bob, moved to Truro in 1982, she has played Handbells at First United Church. She also joined the church choir about 10 years later. In 1998, she joined Cantabile and is excited to be entering her twenty-fifth year singing with them.

Marie grew up in Cape Breton, and from the age of 10 she participated in the Sydney Kiwanis Festival of Music, Speech and Drama. When she and Bob started teaching in McAdam, NB, she was mainly responsible for continuing McAdam's tradition of a Spring Music Festival. In Truro, most of her MYC students and all of her school classes and choirs participated in the Truro Music Festival. Marie has volunteered with the Truro Music Festival Committee for over 25 years.