



Music in the Spring

a favourite collaboration

Saturday, June 1, 2024, 7pm @ First United Church, Truro

Sunday, June 2, 2024, 4pm @ Life Branch Church, Dartmouth

Cantabile Singers:

Chris Bowman, artistic director

Belinda Adshade, collaborative pianist

Nova Voce:

Bryan Crocker and Bill Perrot, co-artistic directors

Lynn Pelton, collaborative pianist

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

Facebook & Instagram: **@cantabiletruro; @novavoce**

Website: www.cantabiletruro.org; www.novavoce.com

Email: cantabiletruroinfo@gmail.com; information@novavoce.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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<https://www.novavoce.com/donation-form>

Le Rideau (from *In Song*)

- Laura Hawley

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.

(poem by Ernestine Northover)

Singing Summer's Praises (from *In Song*)

- Laura Hawley

*See, the grass is full of stars, fallen in their brightness;
Hearts they have of sining gold, rays of shining whiteness.
Buttercups have honeyed hearts, bees they love the clover,
but I love the daisies' dance all the meadow over.
Blow, O blow, you happy winds, singing summer's praises,
up the field and down the field a-dancing with the daisies.*

(poem by Marjorie Pickthall)

Sure On This Shining Night

- Morten Lauridsen

*Sure on this shining night of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me this side the ground.*

*The late year lies down the north. All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth. Hearts all whole.
Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone of shadows on the stars.*
(poem by James Agee)

Fields of Gold

- G.M. Sumner, arr. Roger Emerson

*You'll remember me when the west wind moves
upon the fields of barley.
You'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we walk in fields of gold.*

*So she took her love for to gaze a while upon the fields of barley.
In his arms she fell as her hair came down among the fields of gold.*

*Will you stay with me? Will you be my love?
Among the fields of barley.
We'll forget the sun in his jealous sky as we lie in fields of gold.*

*I never made promises lightly
and there have been some that I've broken,
but I swear in the days still left we'll walk in fields of gold.*

*Many years have passed since those summer days
among the fields of barley.
See the children run as the sun goes down among the fields of gold.*

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.
(poem by Robert Frost)*

Bridge Over Troubled Water

- Paul Simon, arr. Kirby Shaw

*I'll be your bridge o'er troubled water, when you're down I will carry you
like a bridge o'er troubled water, I will lay me down.*

*When you're weary, feelin' small,
when tears are in your eyes I will dry them all.
I'm on your side, oh, when times get rough
and friends just can't be found, like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.*

*When you're down and out, when you're on the street, my Lord,
when evening falls so hard I will comfort you.
I'll take your part, oh, when darkness comes
and pain is all around, like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.*

It Is Well With My Soul

- Phillip Bliss, arr. Robert Sterling

*When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul*

*Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate
And hath shed His own blood for my soul
It is well, it is well with my soul*

*My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to the cross, and I bear it no more
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, o my soul!
It is well, it is well with my soul
(text by Horatio G. Spafford)*

Homage

- Z. Randall Stroope

*Inside the doorway, fleeting mem'ries burn,
And fragile silence speaks at ev'ry turn
Remember me as I remember you
The muted laughter that our eyes once knew,
Out of his strength I now have life,
Out of his tears I now have joy,
And out of his soul I now see God,
Heart sing softly, softly to me*

*May nothing harm dissuade the journey's end,
To silent fields where frost has never been
There midnight and noon flow in a sea of light
Drenched by the spray of wisdom and delight.
Out of his strength I now have life,
Out of his tears I now have joy,
And out of his soul I now see God,
Heart sing softly, softly to me.*

*Heaven fills my lamp with oil
And lights a window of my soul.
Cling to my fire in silence or storm.
And let my heart once more
If only for awhile*

*Walk the same bright earth with him,
Ev'ning beguile
Out of this strength I now have life,
Out of his tears I now have joy.
Out of his soul I now see God
Heart, sing softly
Heart, sing softly
Softly to me.
(text by W. L. Stroope)*

Mairi's Wedding

- Trad. Irish Reel, arr. Drew Collins

*Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row, all for Mairi's wedding
Over hillways up and down, myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the shielings through the town, all for sake of Mairi*

*Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row, all for Mairi's wedding
Red her cheeks as rowans are. Bright her eyes as any star
Fairest of them all by far is our darling Mairi*

*Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row, all for Mairi's wedding
Oh plenty herring, plenty meal. Plenty peat to fill her creel
Plenty bonny bairns as well. That's the toast for Mairi*

*Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and row on row, all for Mairi's wedding*

Carrickfergus

- Trad. Irish Folk Song, arr. Mark G. Sirett

*I wish I was in Carrickfergus
Or else in Antrim or Ballygran.
The deepest ocean I would swim over
The deepest ocean my love to find.*

*But the sea is wide and I can't swim over
And neither have I the wings to fly
I wish I had a handsome boatman
To ferry me over my love and die.*

*Now in Kilkenny it is reported
On marble stones as black as ink,
With gold and silver I will support her,
I'll sing no more now 'till I get a drink.
I am drunk today, and I'm seldom sober.
A handsome rover from town to town,
And now I'm tired and my life is over
Come all you young men and lay me down.*

No Time

**- Trad. Camp Meeting Song, arr. Susan Brumfield
(transcribed for TTBB by Bryan Crocker)**

*Rise, oh fathers, rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh I really do believe that, just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.*

*Rise, oh mothers, rise; let's go meet 'em in the skies.
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.
Oh I really do believe that, just before the end of time,
We will hear the angels singing in that morning.*

*No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you.
No time to tarry here for I'm on my journey home.*

*Brothers, oh fare ye well, brothers, oh fare ye well,
Brothers, oh fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.
Sisters, oh fare ye well, sisters, oh fare ye well,
Sisters, oh fare ye well, for I'm on my journey home.*

*Rise, oh fathers, rise,
we will hear the angels singing in that morning.
No time to tarry here, no time to wait for you,
No time to tarry here, for I'm on my journey home.*

Hope Is The Thing With Feathers

- Byron Hermann

(world premiere)

*"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -*

*And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -*

*I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.*

(poem by Emily Dickinson)

Omnia Sol (Let Your Heart Be Staid)

- Z. Randall Stroope

*Somewhere far from nowhere, I grew both strong and tall.
Longing to become, but knowing not the path at all.
But the footprints of the winter melted to fields of spring;
One last embrace before I cross the threshold: To life we sing!*

*O stay your soul and leave my heart its song.
O stay your hand; the journey may be long.
And when we part and sorrow can't be swayed,
Remember when and let your heart be staid.*

*Omnia sol temperat, absens in remota.
Ama me fideliter, fidem meam nota.
(translation: The sun warms everything, even when I am far away.
Love me faithfully, and know that I am faithful.)*

*Weave the dance and raise the chorus, grieve no more.
Through the strength of Orion find refuge from the shore.
Let courage be your oar, let passion be your sail.
Wisdom and Truth will guide your deep heart's yearning
through all travail.*

Away From The Roll Of The Sea - Allister MacGillivray, arr. D. Loomer

*Small craft in a harbour that's still and serene
give no indication what their ways have been.
They rock at their moorings all nestled in dreams,
away from the roll of the sea.*

*Their stern lines are groaning a lullaby air,
a ghost in the cuddy, a gull on the spar.
But never they whisper of journeys afar
away from the roll of the sea.*

*Oh, had they the tongues for to speak,
what tales of adventure they'd weave,
but now they are anchored to sleep and slumber a-lee.*

*Come fair winds to wake them tomorrow we pray.
Come harvest a-plenty to them every day
till guided by harbour lights they're home to stay,
away from the roll of the sea.*

Shipyard Shanty

- Robbie Smith, arr. Chris Bowman

Lay another plank down boys – sing a shipyard shanty everyone
Lay another plank down boys, we'll be tastin' the rum when she's done
When her seafaring life's begun

We've been bending our backs all through the winter
Cutting the spruce, the oak and the fir
She has to be made of the finest timber
And twice as long as the other ones were

She's a handsome schooner sound and sturdy
Built to rival the marblehead line
Pick up the pace for the sun sets early
And there's extra pay if she's finished on time

So, lay another plank down boys –
She'll soon be ready for the springtime run
Lay another plank down boys –
For the quarterdeck's nearly done, nearly done

It's been nigh on a year since first we started
And many long days since we bolted the keel
It's hard to believe we'll soon be parted
When the captain comes to take hold of the wheel
But we'll stand and watch her outline fading
Into the mists at the mouth of the bay
Roundin' the cape and ridin' the tradewinds
Gathering speed as she sails away.

Oh, lay another plank down boys –
As a merchant vessel she'll be second to none
Lay another plank down boys –
It's time for the last inspection
Lay another plank down boys –
She'll be launched tomorrow with the rising sun
We'll turn the capstan crank round boys
And we'll give her soul to the ocean

Well, we've watched her grow from a stack of lumber
We've given her strength and we've given her form
I pray she'll not be torn asunder
Out on a reef in the teeth of a storm

No, she'll do us proud taking the breakers
Skirting the shoals through the billowing spray
Paying respect to her shore-bound makers
Long after we've all passed away.

So lay another plank down boys – sing a shipyard shanty everyone
Lay another plank down boys, we'll be tastin' the rum when she's done
When her seafaring life's begun, oh, when her seafaring life's begun

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.

Bryan Crocker has been conducting choirs since 2000 when he was appointed Artistic Director of the Dalhousie Health Professions Chorale. Previous to that he enjoyed being a professional saxophonist in Halifax playing with such artists/ events as Ice Capades, The Moscow Circus, The Temptations, The Spinners, Rosemary Clooney, Dionne Warwick, the John Alphonse Big Band and many others.

Since that time, Bryan has continued to expand his conducting skills and besides Nova Voce he is also the first Artistic Director of the Halifax Gay Men's Chorus (HGMC).

Bryan also sings baritone with the acclaimed Halifax Camerata Singers and is a long-standing member of the Sackville Concert Band playing baritone saxophone. He is also involved with the Nova Scotia Choral Federation, and sits on a number of planning committees, both provincially and nationally.

Bill Perrot graduated from Westminster Choir College Princeton, NJ, in 1975 and has been involved in school, church and community choirs since his

arrival in Nova Scotia. He has been active in the Nova Scotia Choral Federation since its inception in 1976 and is also a Charter Life Member of Choral Canada. Bill is the founding conductor of Kings Chorale, a community choir established in 1982. In addition, he has conducted the Annapolis Valley Honour Choir, the Acadia University Chorus, the Acadia Vocal Ensemble, and NSCF's Youth Choir Camp. He has prepared choirs for Symphony Nova Scotia performances as well as for concerts with the Nova Scotia Youth Orchestra. In 1994, he was the Master Conductor for the Rotary Youth Choir in Halifax, now the Nova Scotia Youth Choir. In May of 2008, Bill was given the Alumni Merit Award from Westminster Choir College for his work with choirs, particularly youth choirs, in Nova Scotia. Bill is extremely pleased to be sharing the podium with Bryan Crocker as Co-Artistic Director.

Lynn Pelton, pianist and former music educator, is a graduate of Nova Scotia Teachers College and Mount Allison University (B.Mus. Major in Performance and Music History). Lynn has previously accompanied many choirs and string groups, including Aeolian Singers, N.S. Choral Federation workshops and Halifax Metro Honour Choirs. Many of the school choirs she has conducted won several awards at the N.S. Kiwanis Music Festival. In addition to working with local choral conductors, she has had the opportunity to work with many well known choral clinicians including Mark Sirett, Mark Ramsay and Charles Bruffy.