

ISLAND VOICES
CHAMBER CHOIR

Sopranos:

Joyce Baker, Janet Bouey,
Beth Kingston, Jo-Anne Preston,
Andrea Ritchie, Michelle Weckesser

Altos:

Anne Classen, Jan Maund,
Helen Moats, Chris Round,
Jean Valikoski, Lorill Vining

Tenors:

Doug Blue, John Elson,
Douglas Sauer, Gary Stewart,
Paolo Tancon,

Basses:

Kerry Baerg, Doug Colwell,
Tim Fairbank, Matthew Nicoll,
Tom Tully

Island Voices
Chamber Choir

Jo-Anne Preston, Director
Michelle Weckesser, Co-Director

PRESENT

**SONGS OF THE
PEOPLE**

In support of the Stephen Lewis Foundation,
Grandmothers to Grandmothers Campaign

FRIDAY, APRIL 17TH, 2010
CAMPBELL RIVER, BC

SUNDAY, APRIL 19TH, 2010
COURTENAY, BC

PROGRAM

Master of Ceremonies: John Elson

Jabula Jesu

Stephen Hatfield

Sorida

Rosephanye Powell

Soloists, Doug Blue, Kerry Baerg, Tim Fairbank

Percussion, Jonathan Fairbank, Tom Tully,

Matthew Nicoll, Gary Stewart,

Michelle Weckesser, Doug Colwell

Baile de Gaita

arr. Wagner/ Ahrold

Durme, Durme

arr. Alice Parker

Igraj Kolce

arr. Jakob Jez

If We Ever Needed the Lord Before

arr. Robert Campbell

Solo, Andrea Ritchie

Shenandoah

arr. James Erb

Danny Boy

arr. Peter Knight

Solo, Tom Tully

Coal Town Road

Allister MacGillivray

Solo, Matthew Nicoll

The Banks of Loch Erin

arr. Derek Healey

Sopranos—Beth Kingston, Andrea Ritchie

Feller From Fortune

arr. Harry Somers

Helen Moats, piano

N'kosi Sikelel' I Afrika was written in 1897 and was eventually adopted by the African National Congress as a national anthem. Today it is sung throughout Africa in many different languages, dialects and with a variety of lyrics.

God bless/preserve Africa.

Let her glory be held up high.

Please listen to our prayers.

God bless (we) her children.

Holy Spirit, please come down.

Bless us (we) her children.

God protect our nation.

Please bring an end to wars and suffering.

Protect us.

Protect our nation, Africa.

Many Thanks!

We would like to sincerely thank the wonderful women with the Stephen Lewis Foundation, Grandmothers to Grandmothers Campaign. All of the help with advertising, ticket sales and set up is much appreciated.

Our thanks go to Jonathan Fairbank for a great job on the bongos and for attending all those rehearsals.

Thank you very much to Carihi Secondary School for graciously loaning us their set of chimes.

Thank you to the Maritime Heritage Centre and Comox Pentecostal church for the use of their concert spaces.

A very special thanks to our families for their love and support. And a heartfelt thank you to our audience! Thank you!!

Berceuse Acadienne *An Acadian lullaby.*

Sleep, sleep my little babe,
You are mother's most beautiful child.
Sleep, sleep, mother's babe.

Tomorrow if it is nice,
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Will we go to grandfather's;
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Tomorrow if it is nice,
Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Will we go to grandmother's;
Sleep, sleep, sleep.

Hine e Hine *The Maori people were the earliest settlers in New Zealand, arriving about a thousand years ago. Their music consists largely of monophonic chants with a very limited range of pitches. The early missionaries brought their own musical styles and these were soon adopted by the Maori people. Many well-known Maori songs like this one are really a mix of both musical forms.*

You are crying, my daughter,
You are tired, my daughter,
Stop your sadness, rest in love,
The heart of the father, hine e hine.

Oh Yini (Where are you?) *is a song about "Themba," a common name of a boy, meaning "hope." Umtata is the largest city in the former homeland of Transkei and "Tsotsi" is the Xhosa word for "gangster."*

Intermission

Ah! Si Mon Moine Voulait Danser! Arr. Donald Patriquin
Helen Moats, piano, John Elson, spoons

Berceuse Acadienne arr. Mark Sirett
The Log Driver's Waltz Wade Hemsworth
Solo, Michelle Weckesser

Eskimo Hunting Song arr. Derek Healey
Solos, Doug Blue, Paolo Tancon,
Andrea Ritchie, Janet Bouey

Gamelan R. Murray Schafer
Hine e Hine arr. David Hamilton
Solo, Andrea Ritchie

Ripe Tomata Green Peas arr. C. Adderley
Jonathan Fairbank, bongos

Jump Down, Spin Around arr. Larry Nickel
Solos, Gary Stewart, Kerry Baerg,
Doug Blue, John Elson

O Yini? (Where Are You?) arr. Anders Nyberg
N'Kosi Sikelel' i Afrika arr. Audrey Snyder
Lorill Vining, chimes, Joyce Baker, cello

Program Notes and Translations

Jabula Jesu

We say, be joyful (with) Jesus
We say, play Solly, have a good time.
Hey, Solly, have a good time.
Listen!

Baile de Gaita

I don't want you to court me, neither ask me for a dance
I have other lovers who know how to please me.
I don't want you to court me, neither ask me for a dance
I have other lovers who know how to please me.
Dancing, dancing, dancing, dance.

I lost the ribbon in my hair and that was all I gained.
I don't want you to court me, neither ask me for a dance
I have other lovers who know how to please me.
To the great dance, my love I take, my love I take
To the great dance, I will go with my love,
I will go with my love.

Durme, Durme

Sleep, sleep, mother's little one,
free from worry and grief.
Listen, my joy, to your mother's words,
the words of Shema Yisrael.
Sleep, sleep, mother's little one,
with the beauty of Shema Yisrael.

Igraj Kolce

Come and dance in a ring,
Don't stand apart.
I haven't come to dance in a ring,
I've come to choose a girl.
The girl is not bedecked with jewelry,
The oar is not gilded.

Ah! si mon moine voulait danser! Folksong believed to have been sung in France before the 17th century. The title is a play on words: 'moine' means both a 'spinning top' and a 'monk'. It is set in Renaissance France where a group of young women are playing at making their tops dance and spin. A young monk walks by and they use the pun to flirt. If the monk wanted to dance, they would give him: hood, sash, rosary, robe, psalter and many other things (wink, nudge...).

Oh, if my monk would dance with me!
A big brown hood I would give to him.

Refrain:

Dance my monk, dance
Can't you hear the dance?
Can't you hear my mill?
Can't you hear my mill turning?

Oh, if my monk would dance with me!
A fine wide sash I would give to him.

Oh, if my monk would dance with me!
A rosary I would give to him.

Oh, if my monk would dance with me!
A homespun robe I would give to him.

Oh, if my monk would dance with me!
A psalter rich I would give to him.

If it weren't for your vow of poverty,
There's nicer things you would get from me.