Special thanks to
The Orange County Women’s Center, who was our “incubator” supporting organization for our first two seasons
Libbie Hough, publicist
Vicki Johnson, cover designer
Jane Lycan, for the Canada goose flute
Timothy Baker, Director of Music at UUMC
John Samulski, Facilities Manager at UUMC
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our numerous volunteers, within and without the chorus, without whom....

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Women’s Voices Chorus thanks
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Women’s Voices would like to express our gratitude for support of choral music in the Triangle to:

Classical Voice North Carolina (www.cvnc.org), an online arts journal for music, drama, and dance, with particularly strong calendar and review coverage of Triangle musical events.

TringleSings! (www.TriangleSings.org), an online clearing house for choral music information in the Triangle, with an events calendar, chorus directory, bulletin board for auditions and calls, links to chorus web sites, and an email newsletter service.

These services are free to all of us, but cost their hard-working proprietors money to maintain. Visit them to see how you can help.
Special thanks to our donors
(May 2003-May 2004)

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Diane & Allen Wold

Honoring our mothers in music

Jeanne Click - Thanks, Mom, for encouragement and opportunities, and for special things, like the glass of orange juice which appeared at the piano every morning.
  - Eva Marie

Joyce - Thanks for the music!
  - Sue Regier

In loving memory of my grandmother, Josephine Behrendt.
  - Margaret Berreth

Janie Brown - Happy Mother's Day and Get well soon!
  - Susan Brown

Lucy Pope Wheeler and Constance Doane Young Andrews - for passing on their love of music and song.
  - Hannah Wheeler Andrews

In honor of two daughters of Canada, my grandmother, Lillian Raine Clark, and my mother, Gladys Clark Menkens.
  - Anne Menkens

She sings praises every day, and is gracious and loving to all. I sing a melody for her being my Mother every day. She is Jean Whitney, and I am her daughter.
  - Karen Whitney

Patricia Lewey Gidwitz, mother, musician, musicologist, teacher, music commissioner. We love you sis!
  - Gail and Sue
About Women’s Voices Chorus

Women’s Voices Chorus, Inc., is a community-based chorus for sopranos and altos. We sing classical sacred and secular music, folk song settings, spirituals, and a little bit of jazz. Half our repertoire is by women composers.

From late August through early May, we rehearse on Mondays from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. at University United Methodist Church in Chapel Hill. We give a winter concert in January or February, and a spring concert in May.

We welcome new members, and invite all interested sopranos and altos to get acquainted by attending our next open rehearsal on August 30, or through participating in our summer chorus.

Auditions are scheduled by appointment with Mary Lycan, 919-932-5455.

Visit our web site at [www.womensvoiceschorus.org](http://www.womensvoiceschorus.org)

The Women’s Voices Low-Impact a cappella Summer Chorus

Sopranos and altos are invited to join us for six Monday evening rehearsals in June and July, followed by a short Tuesday evening musicale. This ensemble generally sings easier repertoire than we perform during our regular season. It is a fine gateway experience for newcomers, especially those who have not sung for a while.

This summer, rehearsals will be held on June 7, 14, 21, and 28, and July 12 and 29, from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. at The Chapel of the Cross, 304 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill. The musicale will be on Tuesday, July 20 at 7:30 p.m., at the same location.

The summer chorus is lightly auditioned, with no sight-reading requirement. For location, schedule, and more information, call Mary Lycan at 919-932-5455.

Women’s Voices Chorus

Soprano I
- Dolores Brine*
- Jeanette Falk
- Jessyka Glatz
- Fran Trubilla Kissell
- Anne Menkens
- Lila Rosa

Soprano II
- Hannah Andrews
- Virginia Byers Kraus
- Patty Daniel
- Beth Hauser
- Lauren Ray*
- Ruth Winecker
- Diane Wold

Alto I
- Heather Burnett
- Eva Marie Click
- Deborah Coolanis*
- Sue Gitwitz
- Mary Hoover
- Jacqueline Little
- Susan Lowell
- Rhonda Matteson
- Susan Regier
- Pauline Robinson
- Marge Schradie
- Ginger Sickbert

Alto II
- Elizabeth Bigger
- Susan E. Brown
- Jen Byrnes*
- Shannon Carpenter
- Elisabeth Curtis
- Gail Freeman
- Chris Hagenberger
- Joan Holland
- Karen Whitney

- Diane Wold
- Guest artists
- Jane Lynch, organ
- Bo Newsome, oboe

- Program notes
- Mary Lycan

Women’s Voices Board

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Anne Menkens, Vice President
Hannah Andrews
Elisabeth Curtis
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Pauline Robinson, Treasurer
Rhonda Matteson
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Susan Regier, Secretary
Pauline Robinson, Treasurer
Rhonda Matteson
Diane Wold
Our neighbors to the north have a rich choral tradition: music of indigenous peoples; folk songs imported from France, the British Isles, and many other countries; and performance of European sacred works. Tonight’s concert brings you a chronological sampler of this eclectic mix, ranging from the 17\textsuperscript{th} century to a work premiered three months ago.

\textit{~Program~}

\textit{Please turn off your pagers, cell phones, and watch alarms}

\textbf{Hayuwehahe} \hspace{1cm} Huron song, transcribed by Margaret Sargent (1950)

Hayuwehahe, hayuweweye weyahe, Hayuwayuwehahehehe, Yuwehahe hayuwe.

In 1911, in his very old age, Abbé Vincent, a Huron priest, sang this and several other Huron songs for the anthropologist Marius Barbeau, who recorded them on Edison wax cylinders. Decades later, Margaret Sargent transcribed them and published them, unfortunately without translation, with commentary:

When the ancient Hurons wished to celebrate the investiture of a chief, or to honor a distinguished visitor, they would give a \textit{sagamité} feast. After the \textit{sagamité} – a stew of green corn, beans, and animal brains – had been eaten, and all had decorated themselves with vermilion paint and silver ornaments, the sound of songs would ring through the air, inciting the revelers to begin a long night of dancing. \textit{Journal of American Folklore}, Vol. 63, No. 248.

\textbf{En roulant ma boule} \hspace{1cm} French-Canadian voyageur song

\begin{tabular}{ll}
En roulant ma boule roulant, & While rolling by ball, rolling, \\
En roulant ma boule & Rolling my ball. \\
Derrière chez nous, ya-t-un étang, & Behind our house we have a pond, \\
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, & Where three fine ducks swim round and round, \\
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, & Where three fine ducks swim round and round, \\
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant, & To hunt them comes the young king's son \\
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant. & With him he brings his shining gun \\
Avec son grand fusil d'argent. & With him he brings his shining gun \\
Avec son grand fusil d'argent. & He aims it at the black for fun. \\
Visa le noir, tua le blanc. & He aims it at the black for fun. \\
O fils du roi, tu es méchant! & But then he hits the whitest one
\end{tabular}

\textbf{J'entends le Moulin} \hspace{1cm} French-Canadian folk song, arranged by Donald Patriquin (b. 1938)

J’entends le moulin tique tique taque. \hspace{1cm} I hear the millwheel tique tique taque.

Mon père a fait bâtir maison. \hspace{1cm} My father is having a house built.
L’a fait bâtir à trois pignons. \hspace{1cm} It’s being built with three gables.
Sont trois charpentier qui l’a font. \hspace{1cm} There are three carpenters building it.
Le plus jeune c’est mon mignon... \hspace{1cm} The youngest is my darling.
Qu’apportes-tu tu jupon? \hspace{1cm} What do you have in your apron?
C’est un pâté de trois pigeons. \hspace{1cm} It’s a pie made of three pigeons.
Asseyons-nous et le mangeons. \hspace{1cm} Let’s sit down and eat it.
En s’assayant il fit un bond, \hspace{1cm} While sitting down they all leapt up.
Qui fait trembler mer et poissons, \hspace{1cm} Causing the sea and fish to tremble,
Et les cailloux qui sont au fond. \hspace{1cm} And the stones on the bottom of the sea.

Donald Patriquin, a native of Quebec, is a graduate of Bishop’s University and of the Faculties of Music of McGill and Toronto Universities. He taught theory, musicianship and arranging, and directed a variety of ensembles, at McGill’s Faculty of Music. He now lives in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, where he is finding more time to perform, conduct, compose, produce and publish. Mr. Patriquin is known internationally particularly for his choral and instrumental arrangements of folk music.

CDs and tapes of tonight’s performance may be ordered in the lobby

Upcoming events:

The Chapel Hill Community Chorus, Dr. Sue T. Klausmeyer, Director, will present Johannes Brahms’s \textit{A German Requiem} and music by Thomas Tallis, Morten Lauridsen, and Edwin Fissinger on Saturday, May 15 at 8:00 p.m., at the Chapel Hill Bible Church (off Sage Rd. and 15-501). Tickets are $12 general admission and $6 for students.

Common Woman Chorus, Cindy Bizzell, Director, will present a cabaret concert, “Wild Women Don’t Get the Blues”, on Saturday, June 5, at 7:00 p.m., at Eno River Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, 4907 Garrett Rd., Durham. Tickets are $15 (including light fare and refreshments).
2. When I Was in My Prime

solists: Ruth Winecker, Lauren Ray

When I was in my prime,
I flourished like a vine.
There came along a false young man,
Who I thought I'd wait till June.

In June the red rose blooms,
And that's no flower for me.
For then I'll pluck up a red rose, boys,
And plant a willow tree.

The gardener standing by,
And the willow tree shall twist
Three offers he gave to me. (The pink's no flower at all)
I wish I was in the young man's arms.

The pink, the violet, and red rose,
Which I refuse all three
There is a glorious plant
I thought I'd wait till June.

When I was in my prime,
I flourished like a vine.
There came along a false young man,
Came stole away my thyme.

And that's no flower for me.
For then I'll pluck up a red rose, boys,
And plant a willow tree.

And the willow tree shall twist
Three offers he gave to me.
I wish I was in the young man's arms.
The one the love of mine.

The pink's no flower at all,
For they fade away too soon.
And the violets are too pale a bloom,
I love that false young man.

If I am spared for one year more,
And God shall grant me grace.
I'll buy a barrel of crystal tears,
For to wash his deceitful face.

3. Nell Flaherty's Drake

My name it is Nell, right under aye ell,
I live in Cole Hill, I'll never deny,
I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake,
My grandmother left me, when going to die;
The poor little fellow, his legs they were yellow;
He flew like a swallow and swam like a hake;
Till some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
He murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

He was plump, he was round,
and he weighed twenty pounds;
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree.
His neck it was white, he was fit for a sight,
He was plump, round and heavy, and brisk as a bee.

May his horse never neig, may his hens never lay,
May his cattle all stray, both early and late,
May black flies molest him and bedbugs infest him,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

Newfoundland fishermen and sailors brought these traditional British folk songs to the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

O fils du roi, tu es méchant!
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc
"Oh, prince, now see what you have done!"

But then he hits the whitest one
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc
From his bright eyes two di'monds fall
"Oh, prince, now see what you have done!"

Par les yeux lui sont'nt des di'mants
And from his bill drops gold for all
Par les yeux lui sont'nt des di'mants
And from his bill drops gold for all

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc
From his bright eyes two di'monds fall
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent
And from his bill drops gold for all

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent
And from his bill drops gold for all
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent
Out of his wing the red drops pour

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent
Out of his wing the red drops pour
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant
And on the wind his feathers soar

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant
And on the wind his feathers soar
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
Three maidens fair his feathers take

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp.
A bed for weary men they make

Explorers, fur traders, and missionaries traveled the Canadian interior in canoes paddled by Franco-Canadian voyageurs, known for their bravery and strength. These canoeists brought an enormous French folk song repertoire with them. As their passengers reported, they sang in call-and-response fashion, for hours at a time, to set the pace of their stroke.

Sacrae familiae

attributed to Fr. Charles-Amador Martin (1648-1711)

Sacrae familiae,
Felix spectaculum,
Dulce cubulumbul
Senobis reserat.

Rerum principium
Pater in aether,
Caso frigida terna,
In ullnis recubat.

Castis visceribus
Pastores properant:
Novo sub sidere
Cultus exprimitur.

O dulcis junitas
Intactae virginis?
Visum ne territet
--Abbé Simon Gourdan

Quis natum cogitet
Astra refugleant,
Quem tibi similem
Splendens praesepium! Amen.

Quis flos egreditur?
Quis flos egreditur?
Novo sub sidere
Novo sub sidere

Pannis terrestribus
Deus involvitur,
Pannis terrestribus
Deus involvitur,

Cunob et accubat.
Cunob et accubat.
This text (only a portion of which we sing tonight) recounts the story from Luke 2:41-52, in which Mary and Joseph become separated from the twelve-year-old Jesus after their annual Passover pilgrimage to Jerusalem. After three days of searching, they discover the boy in the temple, deep in discussion with the learned elders, who are astonished at his understanding.

This earliest preserved piece by a Canadian-born composer is a plainchant setting of a prose for the Feast of the Holy Family. It was chanted at the Quebec cathedral annually, on the Holy Family feast day, until the 1950’s. Father Martin served as curate of several parishes in Quebec City, and as a canon and grand chantre at the Quebec Cathedral.

Huron carol derived from the 16th-century French melody ""Une Jeune Pucelle"

"Twas in the moon of wintertime when all the birds had fled,
That mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead;
Before their light the stars grew dim, and wond'ring hunters heard the hymn:
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, Jesous ahatonia.

The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before him knelt with gifts of fox and beaverpelt.
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria."

O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The holy child of earth and heaven is born today for you.
Come kneel before the radiant boy, who brings you beauty, peace and joy.
"Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born, in excelsis gloria."

Listen to the Lambs R. Nathaniel Dett (1882-1943)
soloist: Anne Menkens

Listen to the lambs! All a-crying!
All a-crying, all a-crying, all a-crying.
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
and carry the young lambs in his bosom.
Ah! Listen! Listen to the lambs! All a-crying! Amen.

Born in Drummondville (now Niagara Falls), Ontario, Nathaniel Dett earned music degrees at Oberlin College and the Eastman School of Music, and studied with Nadia Boulanger. His essay, “The Emancipation of Negro Music,” won literary prizes at Harvard in 1920. He taught at Hampton Institute in Virginia from 1913 to 1932, and at Bennett College for women in Greensboro from 1937 to 1942, and organized choruses for the USO during World War II.

Three Maritime Folk Songs arranged by Ruth Watson Henderson

Bo Newsome, oboe

1. Johnny’s Gone A-Sailing soloist: Virginia Byers Kraus
Johnny's gone a-sailing with trouble on his mind, For the leaving of his country and his darling girl behind. Dora lee a laddie, dora lee my lily oh.
"Before you step on board, sir, your name I'd like to know."
With a smile upon her countenance she answered, "John Monroe!"
"Your waist it is quite slender and your fingers they are small And your cheeks they are too rosy to face the cannon ball."
"My waist it is quite slender and my fingers they are small, But I'll never faint nor falter, if ten thousand 'round me fall!"
"I am not your daughter, and her I do not know, For I've just come from the battlefield, and they call me Jack Munro."
The Rose Trilogy was commissioned by the Oriana Singers of Toronto, William Brown, Conductor, on the occasion of their 30th anniversary. Dedicated to the memory of their conductor emeritus, John Ford, it was premiered at the Podium conference in Toronto in 2002. The first movement is typical of Eleanor Daley’s lush folk-driven style, while the rhythmic urgency of the second movement, and the doom-laden anger of the last, are less usual.

In the seventeenth century, French Jesuit missionaries established schools and missions in Canada. Observing the Huron children’s responsiveness to music, they taught their young converts sacred songs and instrumental music. Father Jean de Brébeuf, a French-born musician of considerable skill, was sent to the Huron near Georgian Bay, where he learned the Huron language and was involved in the preparation of a Huron grammar and dictionary. In 1649, invading Iroquois captured and killed him.

The “Huron Carol” made its way into mainstream Anglo-Canadian culture in the 1920’s, with Jesse Edgar Middleton’s charming rendering. Not a strict translation of the original text, it nevertheless remains the real “Huron Carol” for millions of Canadians, and has made its way into many U.S. hymnals.

**Gloria**

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam,
Domine Deus, Rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus.

Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.
Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris.

Deborah Coclanis, piano
Jane Lynch, organ

Ruth Watson Henderson studied piano and organ at The Royal Conservatory in Toronto and the Mannes School of Music in New York. She was active as a concert pianist, was accompanist for the Elmer Iseler Festival Singers in Toronto, and has been accompanist for the Toronto Children’s Chorus since its inception in 1978. From that position she has promoted the artistry of children’s voices through many compositions for treble voices. “Gloria” was commissioned by Doreen Rao.
Sleep, Holy Babe  
Herbert A. Fricker (1868-1943)

Sleep, holy Babe! Upon Thy mother's breast  
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky  
How sweet it is to see Thee lie  
In such a place of rest  
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, holy Babe! Thine angels watch around  
All bending low with folded wings  
Before Th'incarnate King of kings  
In reverent awe profound

Herbert Fricker was a chorister and assistant organist at Canterbury Cathedral in England. The founder of the Leeds Philharmonic and conductor of numerous choral societies, he was recruited to emigrate and direct the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir in 1917. He began his illustrious tenure with a collaboration with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and closed in 1942 with a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. “Sleep, Holy Babe” reflects his love and mastery of the idiom of Bach’s chorales.

O Queen of Heaven  
Healey Willan (1880-1968)

Oh! queen of heav’n, thou sitest in thy see,  
Oh! blessed branch of humility,  
Oh! comfort of all captivity,  
Right causeth us all the sing to thee,  
 Regina coeli, letare. (Queen of heaven, rejoice)

Benign lady, blessed may thou be,  
That bearest God in virginity;  
Therefore sing we unto thee,  
 Regina coeli, letare.

Born in Balham (London), England, Healey Willan was a choirboy at St. Saviour’s Choir school in Eastbourne, where he became a good organist and conductor before his departure at age 15. He served as organist and choir director at a number of parishes before emigrating to Toronto in 1913.

In 1921 Willan left his downtown church job for the modest suburban parish of St. Mary Magdalene. In his lifelong career there, he shaped the music to reflect his devotion to the Oxford Movement-inspired ideals of Anglo-Catholic liturgy. A Ritual choir sang English plainchant propers at the front of the church; an a cappella Gallery choir sang Renaissance motets from the back. This tradition continues at the church today.

Willan’s mellifluous style was influenced by Elgar, Parry, and Stanford, but especially by the rhythms of the plainchant he so loved.

Sonata  
Bo Newsome, oboe  
Deborah Coolanis, piano

Born in Toronto, Srul Irving Glick was the son of an émigré Russian Jewish cantor. As a producer for CBC Radio, he was responsible for the broadcast of much new Canadian music. He was conductor of the choir at Beth Tikvah Synagogue, Toronto, and became its composer in residence in 1978.

The Gate of the Year  
Small group: Anne Menkens, Lauren Ray, Lila Rosa

Eleanor Daley, whose degrees and diplomas are in organ and piano performance, has been the Director of Music at Fairlawn Heights United Church in Toronto since 1982. During that time she has established a thriving choral program, including a professional women’s quartet, “El’s Angels,” for whom much of her choral music for upper voices has been composed. Her Requiem was awarded the National Choral Award for Outstanding Choral Composition of the Year in 1994 by the Association of Canadian Choral Conductors (ACCCC).

“The Gate of the Year” was commissioned for the 2004 Alliance World Festival of Women’s Singing, and was premiered in Salt Lake City on February 7. Its text is a portion of the poem George VI read as part of his famous Christmas message broadcast in 1939, at the beginning of World War II:

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year
“Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.”
And he replied, “Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way!”
So I went forth and finding the Hand of God
Trod gladly into the night.

Lux aeterna (eternal light)
--Minnie Louise Haskins (1875-1957)

Audience sing-along: O Canada

O Can-a-da! Our home and na-ive land! True pa-triot love in all thy sons com-mand.
With glow-ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and free! From far and wide
O Can-a-da, we stand on guard for thee. 0 Can-a-da, we stand on guard for thee.

O Can-a-da! Our home and na-ive land! True pa-triot love in all thy sons com-mand.
With glow-ing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and free! From far and wide
O Can-a-da, we stand on guard for thee. 0 Can-a-da, we stand on guard for thee.