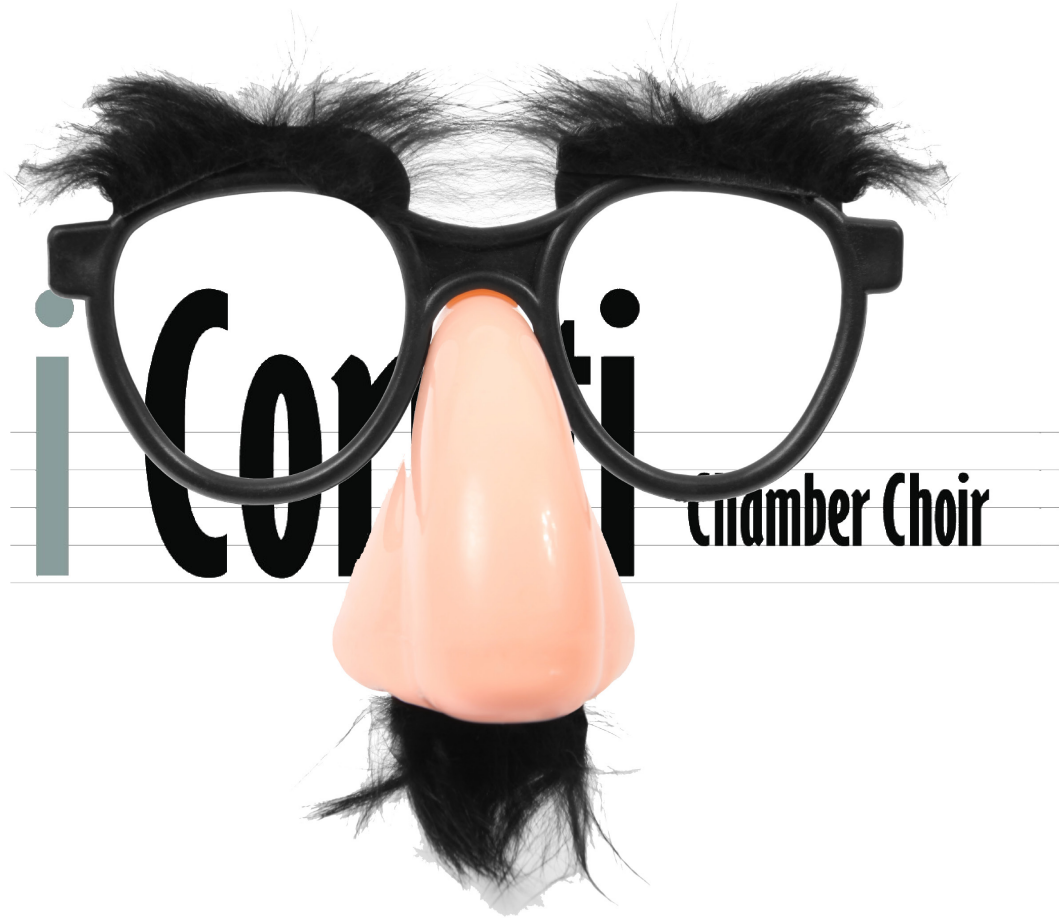


Noms de plume



Ricardo Shillyshally, conductor
Mademoiselle LaGadelle, resident accompanist

May 27, 2023 - 7:30 p.m.

Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Edmonton
and streamed live at

www.iCoristi.com



i Coristi Chamber Choir

Now celebrating its 29th season, *i Coristi* is one of Edmonton's premiere chamber choirs. Membership is by audition and has encompassed a broad cross-section of the population: accountants, teachers, computer programmers, nanotechnologists, designers, theologians, administrators, office personnel—singers for whom music is their vocation, and singers for whom music is their avocation!

The name *i Coristi* is Italian, meaning "the choral singers". Noted for its unique, eclectic programming, the choir focuses on a *cappella* masterpieces from the Renaissance to the 21st century, presented in three main concerts each season; the choir also performs at seniors' facilities and various local

businesses and gatherings. *i Coristi* has been heard on national and regional broadcasts of CBC Radio, and is a past first-prize winner in the Mixed-Voice Adult Chamber Choir category of the National Competition for Canadian Amateur Choirs. The choir has performed with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, has toured to England, Wales, Newfoundland, Ontario and Manitoba, and has been invited to perform in Toronto, Winnipeg and Edmonton at Podium, the national biennial conference of Choral Canada. The choir has recorded four CDs, including *Paths*, released in 2016.

Founded by Dr. Debra Cairns, the choir is currently led by Artistic Director Dr. Rob Curtis.

i Coristi Chamber Choir is a proud partner of Choral Canada.

i Coristi Chamber Choir
PO Box 52068
Edmonton, AB T6G 2T5

i Coristi

Chamber Choir

Soprano

Caroline "Myst of Teal" De Grave
Ariane "Dreamweaver" Fielding
Kari "Grass" Heise
Odette "The Plant Lady" Lackey
Ariane "Vieillefille" Lowrey
Alison "Rusty" McInnes
Evelyn "Nightingale" Schaffer
Aynsley "Ace" Schilbe

Bass

Cameron "Caveman Cam" Dyck*
Patrick "A Pedant" Farkas
Douglas "Grumpy" Jahns
Gord "Shorty Whitehead" McCrostie
David "Manimal" Ravensborg
Erwin "Punnikhuus" Veugelers

Alto

Amanda "Sharkbait" Daignault
Colleen "Nana" Jahns
Lidia "Oboealstist" Khaner*
Diana "Midwintermuse" Tayler
Yvonne "Doodles" Trethart
Sarah "Brassica Lover" van Veen
Kirstin "Dr. V" Veugelers
Rachelle "Hunger & Slumber" Wong

Tenor

Wayne "Mr. Clever" Hiebert
Conrad "Finch" Lutz
Russell "Golf-fore" Wilkinson
Michael "Beaker" Woodside

**on leave for this concert*

Honorary Members

Lorna Arndt
Dr. Debra Cairns
Colleen Jahns
Douglas Jahns
Peter Malcolm
Margaret (Peg) Matheson



photo: Hal Thiessen

Biographies

Dr. Rob Curtis is delighted to welcome you to this final concert of i Coristi's 29th season. Rob completed a Master of Music in choral conducting in 2007 and a doctorate in 2015, both at the University of Alberta; his doctoral research focused on elements of space and place in the choral music of composer Malcolm Forsyth. Rob's other interests include spatialized choral music in general as well as the Canadian choral music repertoire. In addition to his work with i Coristi, Rob also conducted the University of Alberta Concert Choir from 2011 to 2017. Prior to that role he conducted Sine Nomine Chamber Choir and was the assistant conductor for the Richard Eaton Singers. Outside of his musical pursuits, Rob works as a freelance writer and keeps busy chasing after his very energetic six- and two-year-olds.



Born and raised in the Smoky River Region of Alberta, Ariane Lowrey received her Bachelor of Music Degree in piano performance at the University of Alberta in 2003, studying with Ayako Tsuruta and Janet Scott Hoyt. In the summers of 2001 and 2002, she attended the Summer Festival at the Orford Art Centre in Quebec, studying with piano professors Jean-Paul Sevilla, Jean Saulnier, and Richard Raymond. After completing her undergraduate degree, Ariane studied at the Université de Montréal with Paul Stewart and completed her Master of Music degree in piano performance in 2005.



Ariane is actively involved in accompanying and collaborative work as well as teaching and adjudicating, and has been i Coristi's resident accompanist for the past 14 seasons. Ariane is also the resident accompanist for A Joyful Noise Monday Choir under the direction of Eva Bostrand and a collaborative pianist for the Department of Music at King's University.

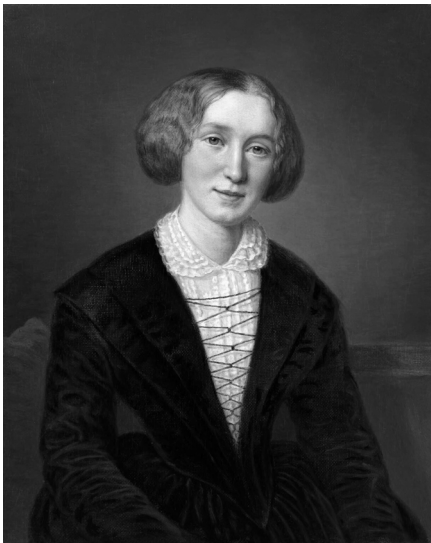
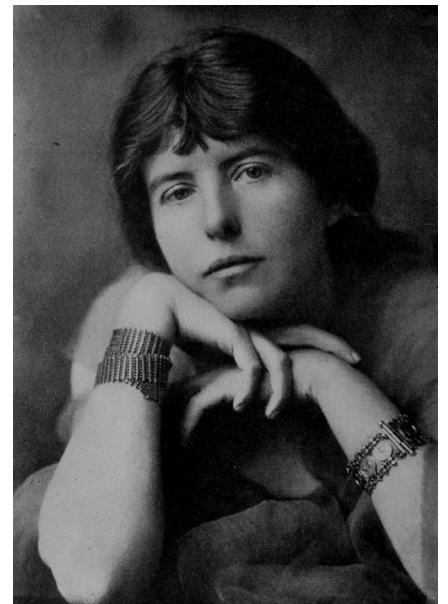
When not at work, Ariane can be found with her husband and three young children walking or biking to the playground, growing a garden, baking, crafting, dancing and jamming with them on any musical instrument they can get their hands on.

Program Notes

Names. They're central to our identity and have deep connections to our family, our history, our culture. It's often the first thing you ask when you meet someone and it's a faux pas to forget. Your name can open doors or close them. It can cause people to make assumptions about who you are and where you come from.

Tonight's program features music by composers and lyricists who chose to publish their work under an assumed name—that is, a pen name, a *nom de plume*. We're glad you've joined us to explore some of the stories behind the pseudonyms.

Violet Nicolson (right) was the daughter of a British army officer, and she grew up in India, where he was posted. She returned to England to complete her education, and then moved back to India and married another British officer (whose claim to fame was having crossed a river by hopping from one crocodile to another). She came from a family of writers: her father was the editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*, her sister Isabel also became an editor, and her sister Annie Sophie Cory wrote racy novels under the pseudonym "Victoria Cross". Violet was a poet, but her poetry was far too erotic and violent for Victorian society to accept it as having been written by a woman. At first, she tried to claim that her poetry was actually translated from other poets, but that was met with skepticism. Eventually, Violet published her poetry under the pseudonym "Laurence Hope", so that it could claim some acceptance. In the **Five Songs of Laurence Hope**, Marques L. A. Garrett has created choral arrangements of five art songs for solo voice and piano by African-American composer Harry T. Burleigh. One of Garrett's fields of research is non-idiomatic music of Black composers, and through these arrangements he has made this underperformed set of pieces accessible to a much wider audience.



i Coristi commissioned **A Better Time Will Come** from Canadian composer Christine Donkin in 2016, and we're excited to have another opportunity to perform it for you. The poetry comes from George Eliot (left), whose real name was Mary Ann Evans. Evans was a successful editor, translator and critic, and when she decided to begin writing fiction she wanted to keep those endeavours separate from her existing career. She chose a male name in order to escape the stereotype of female authors writing "silly novels", combining her partner's first name with Eliot as a "good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word". Publishing under a pseudonym also allowed Evans's work to escape—at least initially—some of the scandal that dogged her in London society because of the particulars of her relationship with George Lewes, who was in an open marriage with another woman.

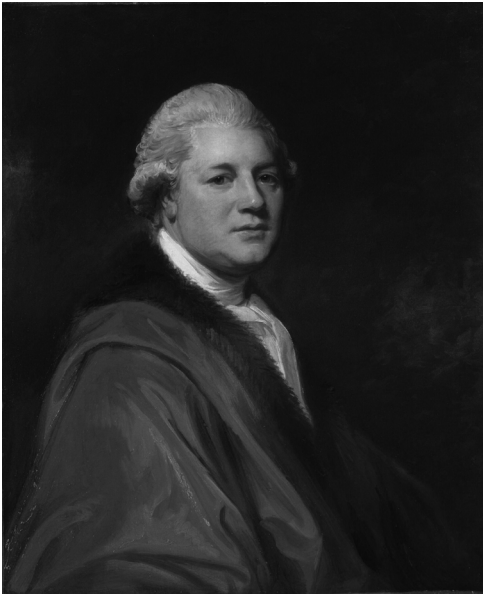
The text for **Lux Nova** is attributed to Edward Esch, a poet who has no online presence, no Wikipedia page, and no published works. Whitacre describes Esch as “a recluse, in the truest sense of the word ... born sometime in the early ‘70s, but rarely making a public appearance.” All this has led many to conclude that Esch is actually a pen name used by Whitacre himself to avoid any accusations of self-indulgence or poor source material in composing music to texts that he also wrote. The smoking gun may be the name of Whitacre’s son: Esch Edward Whitacre. **Lux Nova** is a re-imagining of another choral piece of Whitacre’s, *Lux Aurumque*. Whitacre rearranged this choral piece for wind band, and decided to replace the middle section with an excerpt from his musical, *Paradise Lost* (the book of which is also credited to Esch). He liked the result so much that he arranged that version back into a choral setting and published it separately.



Some pseudonyms do not disguise the author at all, but are taken on as a comedic persona. Peter Schickele writes serious music under his own name, but also writes satirical pieces under the name P.D.Q. Bach—“the most justifiably neglected composer in the history of music”, who “distinguished himself in his lifetime by triumphing over the most staggering obstacle ever placed in front of a composer: an absolute and utter lack of talent.” **My Bonnie Lass, She Smelleth** (a play on Thomas Morley’s *My Bonnie Lass, She Smileth*) was, according to Schickele, commissioned by 18th-century nobleman Count Pointercount “as a tribute to his wife Thusnelda, a singer who had recently triumphed over earthly cares by holding a high note so long that she died of asphyxiation, complicated by a lack of oxygen.” The piece was “written during the final period of the composer’s life, the Contrition Period, when P.D.Q. was trying to make amends for the previous twenty-nine years (the Soused Period).”

Philip Heseltine (right) was a successful music critic and composer, who put himself in the awkward situation of having to submit a piece for publication to a publisher whom he had just alienated with some angry and aggressive correspondence regarding another composer’s work. A fan of the occult, Heseltine submitted his work under the name “Peter Warlock”, and it was accepted for publication. He used this pseudonym for the rest of his career, in part because it did a good job of keeping his work as a critic separate from his work as a composer. Philip Heseltine did in fact publish a number of critical reviews of concerts that included his own alter-ego’s works—and critiqued “Warlock’s” works quite harshly. **All the Flowers of the Spring** comes from his set of Three Dirges. The music is focused on melody, drawing influence from English folk-song, though the harmonic accompaniment is challenging and dissonant. Heseltine often establishes a complex harmony, then moves the voices in parallel to prolong it. The moments when the choir arrives on a simple major chord, in contrast, feel like moments of tremendous peace.





When they were published in 1761 and 1763, the works of Ossian—an ancient Gaelic poet, translated by James Macpherson (left)—were a huge hit. Almost immediately, however, critics and scholars began to question the source material: did Macpherson truly find ancient writing to translate, or did he simply write it all himself? Modern scholars seem to agree that Ossian was almost certainly not a real person, but that Macpherson did draw on ancient oral traditions to compose this material. In any case, Ossian’s writings were later translated into German, and they took on a life of their own in the German-speaking world. Brahms set some of the translated text in **Darthulas Grabesgesang**, where we hear about the tragic end of Dar-Thula, daughter of Colla, who was slain alongside her brothers in an ancient conflict: the bards mourn her passing as her blood slowly pools around her in the fresh-fallen snow.

A common misconception is that Fanny Mendelssohn published extensively under her brother Felix’s name. In fact, she only published six songs under Felix’s name, slipping them into the larger Op. 8 and Op. 9 collections. She published 11 opuses under her own name, but left 450 unpublished compositions behind when she died. We include her tonight as an illustration of why many female composers and writers chose to publish under male pseudonyms: how much of her catalogue might have been published if the musical world were willing to accept it as coming from a composer with a woman’s name? The **Gartenlieder, op. 6**, are chosen from a larger set that Mendelssohn wrote in 1846; she was able to get six of the songs published the following year. They are charming pieces, expertly crafted, and tie into the longing for a return to nature that was an important part of German society in the mid-19th century.

We finish this evening with a modern pseudonym that is still doing its job of concealing the true identity of the composer behind the mask. On his website, Pinkzebra identifies himself as “a successful music producer and composer [who] has built an international brand as an industry leader in the world of music licensing, selling over 100,000 licenses for all forms of media. ... Millions of his fans discovered his music through its usage in viral YouTube videos, TV commercials, films, and TV shows.” In an interview, Pinkzebra spoke about a desire to “write from the heart”, and to keep these compositions separate from his other work, so that they can stand on their own merits. As you listen to **Remembering Decembers**, are you reminded of the work of any film or TV composers? Do you have any theories as to the true identity behind the nom de plume?



-Rob Curtis

Program

Five Songs of Laurence Hope (1915, arr. 2020)
Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
arr. Marques L. A. Garrett (b. 1984)

1. Worth While
2. The Jungle Flower
3. Kashmiri Song
4. Among the Fuchsias
5. Till I Wake

Ariane Lowrey, piano

A Better Time Will Come (2016)
Christine Donkin (b. 1976)

1. Sweet Endings Come and Go, Love
*soloists: Ariane Fielding, Erwin Veugelers,
Patrick Farkas, Kari Heise, Russ Wilkinson,
Aynsley Schilbe*

2. May I Reach That Purest Heaven
soloists: Russ Wilkinson and Kari Heise

Lux Nova (2014)
Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
soloist: Aynsley Schilbe

My Bonnie Lass, She Smelleth (publ. 1968)
P. D. Q. Bach (1807-1742?)
"edited with feeling by
Professor Peter Schickele" (b. 1935)
soloist: Patrick Farkas

Intermission

All the Flowers of the Spring (1923-1925)
Peter Warlock (1894-1930)
soloist: Diana Tayler

Darthulas Grabesgesang, op. 42 no. 2 (1861)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Gartenlieder, op. 3 (1846)
Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847)
1. Lockung
2. Schöne Fremde
3. Herbstlied
4. Morgengruß
5. Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
6. Im Wald

Remembering Decembers (2017)
Pinkzebra (b. ?)



Texts and Translations

Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949), arr. Marques L. A. Garrett (b. 1984)

Five Songs of Laurence Hope (1915, arr. 2020)

text: Laurence Hope [Violet Nicolson, 1865-1904]

1. Worth While

I asked my desolate, shipwrecked soul
"Wouldst thou rather never have met
the one whom thou lovedst beyond control
and whom thou adorest yet?"

Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,
came the answer swiftly thrown:
"What matter the price? We would pay it again,
we have had, we have loved, we have known!"

2. The Jungle Flower

Thou art one of the jungle flowers,
strange and fierce and fair,
palest amber, perfect lines,
and scented with champa flower.
Lie back and frame thy face
in the gloom of thy loosened hair;
sweet thou art and loved—
ay, loved—for an hour.

But thought flies far,
ah, far, to another breast,
whose whiteness breaks to the rose
of a twin pink flower,
where wind the azure veins
that my lips caressed
when Fate was gentle to me
for a too-brief hour.

3. Kashmiri Song

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
where are you now?
Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
before you agonize them in farewell?

Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and Pains,

holding the doors of Heaven and Hell,
how the hot blood rushed
wildly through the veins
beneath your touch, until you waved farewell.

Pale hands, pink tipped,
like Lotus buds that float
on those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat,
crushing out life, than waving me farewell!

4. Among the Fuchsias

Call me not to a secret place
when daylight dies away,
tempt me not with thine eager face
and words thou shouldst not say.
Entice me not with a child of thine,
ah, God, if such might be,
for surely a man is half divine
who adds another link to the line
whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus lake
that drooping fuchsias hide,
what if my latent youth awake
and will not be denied?
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong
(thy mouth is a budded kiss)
my days are empty, my nights are long.
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong
as thy temptation is?

5. Till I Wake

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,
stoop, as the yellow roses droop
in the wind from the South.
So I may, when I wake, if there be an awakening,
keep, what lulled me to sleep,
the touch of your lips on my mouth.

Christine Donkin (b. 1976) - **A Better Time Will Come (2016)**

text: George Eliot [Mary Ann Evans, 1819-1880]

1. Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love

"La noche buena se viene,
La noche buena se va,
Y nosotros nos iremos
Y no volveremos mas."

[*Christmas Eve will come,
Christmas Eve will go,
And we will go
And will not return.*]

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore:
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine:
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born:
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

2. May I Reach That Purest Heaven

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffus'd,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970) - **Lux Nova (2014)**

text: Edward Esch [Eric Whitacre?], trans. Charles Anthony Silvestri

Lux
calida gravisque pura velut aurum
et canunt angeli molliter
modo natum.

Light
warm and heavy as pure gold
and the angels sing softly
to the newborn babe.

P. D. Q. Bach (1807-1742?) - **My Bonnie Lass, She Smelleth (publ. 1968)**

My bonnie lass, she smelleth,
Making the flowers jealouth.
Fa la la la la...

My bonnie lass dismayeth
me; all that she doth say ith:
Fa la la la la...

My bonnie lass she looketh like a jewel,
And soundeth like a mule.
My bonnie lass she walketh like a doe,
And talketh like a crow.
Fa la la la la...

My bonnie lass liketh to dancelot,
She's Guinevere and I'm Sir Lancelot.
Fa la la la la...

My bonnie lass I need not flatter,
What she doth not have doth not matter.
Oo la la la la...

My bonnie lass is so fine;
Oh, if she only were mine.
Fa la la la la...

Peter Warlock [Philip Heseltine] (1894-1930) - **All the Flowers of the Spring (1923-1925)**

text: John Webster (c. 1578-c. 1632)

All the flowers of the spring
Meet to perfume our burying;
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progress from our birth,
We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites!
Sweetest breath and clearest eye,
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done,
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings,
Who seek with trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) - **Darthulas Grabesgesang, op. 42 no. 2 (1861)**

text: Ossian [trans.? James Macpherson, 1736-1796]

Mädchen von Kola, du schläfst!
Um dich schweigen die blauen Ströme Selmas!
Sie trauren um dich, den letzten Zweig
von Thrutils Stamm.

*Maiden of Colla, you sleep!
The blue streams of Selàma are silent around
you! They mourn for you, the last branch
of Truthil's line.*

Wann erstehst du wieder in deiner Schöne?
Schönste der Schönen in Erin!
Du schläfst im Grabe langen Schlaf,
dein Morgenrot ist ferne!

*When will you rise again in your beauty?
O most beautiful of the beauties of Erin!
You sleep the long sleep of the grave,
distant is your morning sunrise.*

Nimmer, o nimmer kommt dir die Sonne
weckend an deine Ruhestätte: „Wach' auf!
Wach' auf, Darthula!
Frühling ist draußen,
die Lüfte säuseln,
auf grünen Hügeln, holdseliges Mädchen,
weben die Blumen! Im Hain wallt sprießendes
Laub!“

*Never again will the sun come
to your resting-place to wake you: "Wake up!
Wake up, Dar-thula!
Spring is outside,
the winds whisper,
upon the green hills, lovely maiden,
the flowers wave! Sprouting leaves flutter in the
grove!"*

Auf immer, auf immer, so weiche denn, Sonne!
Dem Mädchen von Kola, sie schläft!
Nie erhebt sie wieder in ihrer Schöne!
Nie siehst du sie lieblich wandeln mehr.

*Forever, forever, wane then, O Sun!
The maiden of Colla sleeps!
Never again will she arise in her beauty!
Never again will you see her lovely wandering.*

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel (1805-1847) - **Gartenlieder, op. 6 (1846)**

1. Lockung

text: Joseph Karl Benedikt, Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Hörst du nicht die Bäume rauschen
draußen durch die stille Rund?
Lockt's dich nicht, hinabzulauschen
von dem Söller in den Grund,
wo die vielen Bäche gehen
wunderbar im Mondenschein
und die stillen Bürger sehen
in den Fluß vom hohen Stein?

Kennst du noch die irren Lieder
aus der alten, schönen Zeit?
Sie erwachen alle wieder
Nachts in Waldeseinsamkeit,
wenn die Bäume träumend lauschen
und der Flieder duftet schwül
und im Fluß die Nixen rauschen,
komm herab, hier ist's so kühl.

2. Schöne Fremde

text: Joseph Karl Benedikt, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
als machten zu dieser Stund
um die halbverfallenen Mauern
die alten Götter die Rund.

Hier unter den Myrtenbäumen
in heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
was sprichst du wirr wie in Träumen
zu mir, phantastische Nacht!

Es funkeln mir zu alle Sterne
mit glühendem Liebesblick,
es redet trunken die Ferne
von künftigem, großem Glück.

Temptation

*Don't you hear the trees rustle
outside through the quiet round?
Aren't you tempted to listen down
from the balcony to the ground,
where the many streams flow
wondrously in the moonlight,
and the quiet castles look down
into the river from the high rock?*

*Do you still remember the mad songs
from beautiful old times?
They all awake again
at night in the loneliness of the woods,
when the dreaming trees listen,
and the lilacs' smell is sultry,
and the mermaids murmur in the river;
come down, it is so cool here.*

Beautiful Foreign Land

*The treetops rustle and shiver,
as if at this hour
around the half-sunken walls
the old gods make their rounds.*

*Here under the myrtle trees
in secret twilight splendour,
what do you dreamily murmur
to me, fantastic night!*

*The stars glitter down to me
with glowing gazes of love;
the distance speaks tipsily
of great future happiness.*

(Gartenlieder, continued)

3. Herbstlied

text: Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Seid begrüßt mit Frühlingswonne,
blauer Himmel, goldne Sonne!
Drüben auch aus Gartenhallen
hör' ich frohe Saiten schallen.

Ahnest du, o Seele wieder
sanfte, süße Frühlingslieder?
Sieh umher die falben Bäume!
Ach, es waren holde Träume.

4. Morgengruß

text: Wilhelm Hensel (1794-1861)

Schnell fliehen die Schatten der Nacht,
hell blühen die Matten in Pracht,
hoch rauschet der Wald in dem Glanze,
still lauschet ihm heimlich die Pflanze.
In glitzernden, blitzenden Gauen,
wie selig, den Morgen zu schauen.

Was fehlt noch dem goldenen Raum?
Komm, Liebchen, erfülle den Traum.
Mein Lied tönt in wonnigem Rauschen,
o komm, wie die Blume zu lauschen.
Es will dich mein bebendes Sehnen
betauen mit seligen Tränen.

5. Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald

text: Joseph Karl Benedikt, Freiherr von
Eichendorff

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
aus den tiefen Gründen,
droben wird der Herr nun bald
an die Sterne zünden.
Wie so stille in den Schlünden,
abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh,
wie die Welt verbrause,
schauernd hört der Wanderer zu,
sehnt sich tief nach Hause.
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,
Herz geh endlich auch zur Ruh.

Autumn Song

*Be greeted in the bliss of springtime,
blue sky, golden sun!
Over there, too, from the garden bowers
I hear joyful strings resound.*

*O soul, do you discern again
the soft, sweet songs of spring?
Look around at the tawny trees!
Ah, it was a lovely dream.*

Morning Greeting

*The shadows of night quickly flee away,
the meadows bloom brightly in splendour,
high up, the woods rustle in the brilliance,
quietly, secretly, the plants listen.
In the glittering, sparkling places,
how blessed to behold the morning.*

*What is missing from this golden realm?
Come, beloved, fulfill the dream.
My song sounds in the blissful rustling.
O come, listen as the flowers do.
It bedews my trembling longing for you
with blessed tears.*

The Woods Still Rustle in the Evening

*The woods still rustle in the evening
from the deepest grounds,
above, the Lord will soon
light the stars.
How silent it is in the depths,
in the evening only the woods rustle.*

*Everything is going to its rest,
how the world buzzes,
shuddering, the wanderer listens,
yearning deeply for home.
Here in the woods' green cloister,
the heart, too, at last, goes to its rest.*

(Gartenlieder, continued)

6. Im Wald

text: Emanuel von Geibel (1815-1884)

Im Wald, im hellen Sonnenschein,
wenn alle Knospen springen,
dann mag ich gerne mittendrein
eins singen.

Wie mir zu Mut in Leid und Lust,
im Wachen und im Träumen,
das stimm ich an aus voller Brust
den Bäumen.

Und sie verstehen mich gar fein,
die Blätter alle lauschen
und fall'n am rechten Orte ein
mit Rauschen.

Und weiter wandelt Schall und Hall,
in Wipfeln, Fels und Büschen.
Hell schmettert auch Frau Nachtigall
dazwischen.

Da fühlt die Brust am eignen Klang,
sie darf sich was erkühnen,
o frische Lust, Gesang! Gesang
im Grünen.

In the Woods

*In the woods, in the bright sunshine,
when all the buds are springing,
right in the middle of all that I like
to sing a song.*

*According to my mood, in sorrow and joy,
waking and in dreams,
I voice it, with a full heart,
to the trees.*

*And they understand me very well,
the leaves all listen
and blend in, in the just the right place,
with rustling.*

*And the sound and echo wander further,
through the treetops, rocks and bushes.
Brightly blares also Mrs. Nightingale
in the middle of it all.*

*Then, when the heart hears its own sound,
it lets itself do whatever it audaciously dares,
what a refreshing pleasure, a song! a song
among the greenery.*



Pinkzebra (b. ?) - **Remembering Decembers (2017)**

text: Pinkzebra

I'm remembering Decembers, in the quiet of the evening.
I'm recalling winter moments, long ago.
I saw life through the eyes of a child then,
playing games in the snow with my best friends.
And now, how it warms my heart.
Life was at the start.

I'm remembering Decembers, spent with loved ones, filled with laughter.
Time was moving so much slower in those days.
There was wonder and joy in the small things.
I can still feel it now when the bells ring.
They ring like they did before.
My heart is filled once more.

The candle lanterns glowing in the snow ignite my memories leading me back home.
The seasons turn with lessons learned as life unveils its play, in its own way.

I'll remember this December, I'll forever hold it closely.
When I look back on this season I'll recall time with you, by your side, spent together.
In my dreams these are days I will treasure.
So now, come and join with me.
Join with me.
Make a memory.

Dr. Debra Cairns Legacy Scholarships

After 19 years as visionary Music Director of i Coristi, Dr. Debra Cairns retired in the summer of 2013. To honour Debbi's significant contributions to the choral community in Edmonton, the province, and the nation, and in recognition of her long and close association with Choir Alberta, i Coristi Chamber Choir has established the Dr. Debra Cairns – i Coristi Chamber Choir Scholarships.

"This program was incredibly meaningful to me, and gave me the opportunity to work with the fantastic conductor Jean-Sébastien Vallée, along with many other talented singers."
-Alli Zaragoza, 2022 Legacy Scholarship recipient

"This experience gave me a new love and passion for choral singing that I didn't know I had."
-Kara Friesen, 2022 Legacy Scholarship recipient

Donations made to i Coristi will be used to support Alberta's delegates to the National Youth Choir (NYCC), covering a portion of their participation fees. Please consider supporting these legacy scholarships and assisting young Alberta singers by making a donation.

To support this program, visit www.icoristi.com and click on "Donate", or cheques can be made payable to "i Coristi Chamber Choir", with "Legacy Scholarship" written on the memo line.

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i Coristi Chamber Choir is grateful for the ongoing support provided by the following government agencies and individuals:

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*We have made every effort to acknowledge all donations received since March 15, 2022.
Please contact us in case of error or omission.*

Mark your calendars for *i Coristi's* 2023–2024 season:

November 25, 2023: Loves

Fall in love with this program of love songs with a twist: not only songs of romantic love, but songs of friendship, divine love, physical love, and more. This concert will feature the world premiere of the winning entry from our Call for Commission Proposals: a setting of "Jesus at the Gay Bar" by composer Stuart Beatch.

March 2, 2024: Vespers

Monteverdi's Vespers is one of the pillars of choral music, marking the transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque. Set for choir, soloists, brass, and strings, these Vespers are full of variety, colour, and beauty. Come be transported by this epic, concert-length work from one of choral music's all-time masters.

May 25, 2024: Pearls

Celebrate three decades of music-making with *i Coristi* as we mark our 30th anniversary season! We'll be joined by alumni from across the years as we open up our music library with a program of your favorite repertoire from *i Coristi's* history.