



# Cantemus! Just Sing!

## Cantiamo Women’s Choir

Saturday, May 14, 2022, 7:00 p.m.

Woodroffe United Church

Founding Artistic Director: Jackie Hawley

Accompanist: Dian Wilkie

### Program

\*Canadian

- Cantemus! ..... Text/music: [Lajos Bardos](#)
- Anyone Can Sing ..... Text: [William Ayot](#), Music [Andrea Ramsey](#)  
*Library sponsorship: For the inaugural members of our “Choral Sanctuary” with love and gratitude from Jackie Hawley (2022)*
- I Have Had Singing ..... Text: Fred Mitchell, Music: Ron Jeffers
- La belle se promène ..... Canadian (Acadian) folk song, arr. [Meghan Quinlan\\*](#)  
**Quartet:** Suzanne Morrison, Kim McMillan, Kathy Goodsell, Mary Blais
- Ah! si mon moine voulait danser ..... Canadian folk song, arr. [Donald Patriquin\\*](#)
- Chelsea Morning ..... Text/music: [Joni Mitchell\\*](#), arr. [Laura Hawley\\*](#)  
*Library sponsorship: To all Board members, past and present, with thanks from the Soldaat family*
- Stones (2020 CCO commission – live premiere) Text/music: [Rose Vaughan\\*](#), arr. [Laura Hawley\\*](#)
- Wood River ..... Text/music: [Connie Kaldor\\*](#), arr. [Willi Zwozdesky\\*](#)  
**Soloist:** Barbara Prime
- Kicking-Horse River ..... Text: [E. Pauline Johnson\\*](#), Music: [Jeff Smallman\\*](#)  
**Piccolo:** Aura Giles (Anonymous Sponsor), **Bodhran:** Megan Batty  
*Library sponsorship: In memory of Shirley Pyett, grandmother of Kaitlyn Pyett (alumna)*
- O Love ..... Text: [George Matheson](#), Music: [Elaine Hagenberg](#)  
**Cellist:** Brandon Wilkie  
*Library sponsorship: For CCO, for embodying the love, light and joy of singing in community (Leslie Bricker 2021)*
- How Can I Keep from Singing? ..... Text: [Rev. Robert Lowry](#), Music: arr. [Robert Hugh](#)  
**Small Group:** Jenn Koop, Kim McMillan, Laura Newton-Miller, Andra Popescu



[cantiamo.ca](http://cantiamo.ca)



Choral Canada  
Association of Canadian  
Choral Communities

# Cantemus!

*Text and music by Lajos Bárdos*

Cantemus, quia catare bonum est  
Cantemus, quia cantare iucundum est  
Cantemus, quia cantare amantis est

*Translation:*

*Just sing, because song a very good thing is!  
Just sing, because song a very happy thing is!  
Just sing, because song in your heart is!*



# Anyone Can Sing

*Text: William Ayot*

*Music: Andrea Ramsey*

Anyone can sing, anyone can sing,  
You just open your mouth and give shape to a sound.  
Anyone can sing.  
What is harder is to proclaim the soul,  
To give the voice broad sonorous wings of solitude, grief, and celebration,  
To prise the reluctant heart wide open,  
To witness defeat, suffer contempt, shrink, lose face,  
Retreat to the last, dark hiding place,  
The tattered remnants of your pride,  
To know these rags as your only protection and yet still open and sing,  
Sing from that, and sing to fill the void,  
And sing with every hurt, every heart, every hard-won joy  
That staves off death yet honours its coming,  
To sing both full and utterly empty,  
Alone and conjoined, exiled and at home,  
Anyone can sing, yes, anyone can sing.

# I Have Had Singing

*Text: Fred Mitchell*

*Music: Ron Jeffers*



Singing, Singing, oh the singing!  
There was so much singing then!  
We all sang, and this was my pleasure too.

The boys in the fields,  
The chapels were full of singing,  
Always full of singing.

Here I lie, here I lie,  
I have had pleasure enough,  
I have had singing.

# La belle se promène

*Canadian folk song (Acadian)*

*Arr. Meghan Quinlan*

Le belle se promène au fond de son jardin.  
Au fond de son jardin sur les bords de l'île  
Au fond de son jardin sur les bords de l'eau  
Sur les bords du ruisseau.

Elle voit venir une barque de trente matelots,  
De trente matelots sur les bords de l'île  
De trente matelots sur les bords de l'eau  
Sur les bords du ruisseau.

Le plus jeune des trente, il se mit à chanter,  
Il se mit à chanter sur les bord de l'île  
Il se mit à chanter sur les bord de l'eau  
Sur les bords du ruisseau.

La chanson que tu chantes, je voudrais la savoir,  
Je voudrais la savoir sur les bords de l'île  
Je voudrais la savoir sur les bords de l'eau  
Sur les bords du ruisseau.

Embarque dans ma barque, je te la chanterai  
Je te la chanterai sur les bords de l'île  
Je te la chanterai sur les bords de l'eau  
Sur les bords du ruisseau.

Translation:

*The beautiful woman/girl strolls in her garden  
At the base of her garden on the banks of the island  
At the base of her garden on the banks of the water  
On the banks of the stream*

*She sees a ship with thirty sailors coming near  
Thirty sailors on the banks of the island.....*

*The youngest of the thirty starts to sing  
He starts to sing on the banks of the island.....*

*The song you're singing, I want to learn it,  
I want to learn it on the banks of the island.....*

*Come with me on my ship and I will sing it for you  
I will sing it to you on the banks of the island....*



## Ah! si mon moine voulait danser

*Canadian folk song*

*Arr. Donald Patriquin*

O danse mon moine danse, tu n'entende pas la danse.

Ah! Si mon moine vouliat danser

Un capuchin je lui donnerais.

Un ceinturon je lui donnerais.

Un chapelet je lui donnerais.

Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais.

S'il n'avait fait voeu de pauvertè

Bien d'autres choses je lui donnerais.

Translation:

*O dance, my monk, dance.*

*Ah! If my monk would like to dance*

*I would give him a cap.*

*I would give him a sash.*

*I would give him a rosary.*

*I would give him a homespun coat.*

*If he had not made a vow of poverty,*

*I would give him other things as well.*

*Indeed other things I would give him.*



## Chelsea Morning

*Text and music Joni Mitchell*

*Arr. Laura Hawley*

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I heard  
Was a song outside my window, and the traffic wrote the words  
It came a-ringing up like Christmas bells and rapping up like pipes and drums  
Oh, won't you stay  
We'll put on the day  
And we'll wear it 'till the night comes

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I saw  
Was the sun through yellow curtains, and a rainbow on the wall  
Blue, red, green and gold to welcome you, crimson crystal beads to beckon  
Oh, won't you stay  
We'll put on the day  
There's a sun show every second

Now the curtain opens on a portrait of today  
And the streets are paved with passers-by  
And pigeons fly  
And papers lie  
Waiting to blow away

Woke up, it was a Chelsea morning, and the first thing that I knew  
There was milk and toast and honey and a bowl of oranges, too  
And the sun poured in like butterscotch and stuck to all my senses  
Oh, won't you stay  
We'll put on the day  
And we'll talk in present tenses

When the curtain closes and the rainbow runs away  
I will bring you incense owls by night  
By candlelight  
By jewel-light  
If only you will stay  
Pretty baby, won't you  
Wake up, it's a Chelsea morning

# Stones

*Text: Rose Vaughan Trio*

*Arr. Laura Hawley*

I bring stones home from the river  
I bring stones home from the sea  
I put them on the table in the city  
I dream my dreams around them,  
Their cool and peaceful shapes  
    The beauty of stones  
    The stories of stones  
    The silence of stones

The summer heat was cruel today  
The city grass is dry  
The city summer wears the smile thin  
My stones sit like an island  
In the sea of push and pull  
    The beauty of stones  
    The stories of stones  
    The silence of stones

Water running over stones  
in mountain streams in forests  
where the air is cool  
Sunlight playing over stones  
by sleepy summer lakes  
until the stones are warm

A stone sits on my table  
I take it in my hand  
A hundred thousand years  
are but a moment  
And I like the quiet kinship  
of their cool and peaceful shapes  
    The beauty of stones  
    The stories of stones  
    The silence of stones.



# Wood River

*Text and music: Connie Kaldor*

*Arr. Willi Zwozdesky*

Oh, won't you come with me where the Wood River flows?  
We'll watch it meander slowly as the sky turns from red to dark.  
And as the sun goes down, we'll throw our arms around each other  
And tell the dreams that are deep in the heart.

'Cause the heart is bigger than trouble,  
And the hearts is bigger than doubt.  
But the heart sometimes needs a little help  
To figure that out.

So, won't you come with me where the Wood River flows?  
The little Wood River knows that it goes to nowhere  
But that doesn't stop it going or those willows growing  
Or all of the lovers showing their hearts to each other there.



## Kicking Horse River

*Text: E. Pauline Johnson*

It does not care for grandeur,  
It does not care for state,  
It flips its little fingers.  
In the very face of fate;  
And when its course is thwarted  
current set at bay,  
It just kicks up its heels  
And takes another way.

It laughs among the monarchs,  
It giggles at the kings.  
It dances in the gorges,  
While a comic song it sings;  
It ripples into waterfalls and into spray,  
And when they raise their voice  
It takes another way.

*Music: Jeff Smallman*

Flow proud river, flow,  
On, sweet water on,  
Never still, never humble  
Never mourn days gone.

It does not care at all,  
For the granite of the rocks.  
It never gets discouraged,  
For it's never in a box.  
When mountains contradict,  
And canyons have their way,  
It kicks a little higher,  
And takes another way.

## O Love

*Text: George Matheson*

O Love, O Love,  
O Love that will not let me go,  
O Love, I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thy ocean's depths its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Joy, O Joy,  
O Joy that seeks me through the pain,  
I trace the rainbow through the rain  
and feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

*Music: Elaine Hagenberg*

O Love, O Love,  
O Love that will not let me go,  
I Love, I rest my weary soul in thee.  
I give thee back the life I owe  
And in thy ocean's depth its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Love, O Love,  
O Love that will not let me go.



## How Can I Keep From Singing?

*Original words by Anne Warner  
Third verse by Doris Plenn*

*Original music by Rev. Robert Lowry  
Arranged by Robert I. Hugh*

My life flows on in endless song, above earth's lamentation.  
I hear the real though far off hymn, that hails a new creation.  
Above the tumult and the strife, I hear the music ringing.  
It sounds an echo in my soul.  
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars, I hear the truth it liveth.  
What though the darkness round me close, songs in the night if giveth.  
No storm can shake my inmost calm, while to that rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of Heav'n and earth,  
How can I keep from signing?

When tyrants tremble sick with fear, and hear their death-knell ringing,  
When friends rejoice both far and near, how can I keep from singing?  
In prison cell or dungeon vile, our thoughts to them are winging.  
What friends by shame are undefiled?  
How can I keep from singing?