

PHOENIX CHAMBER CHOIR

40 YEARS OF PHOENIX

We acknowledge that we live, work, and make music on the ancestral, traditional, and unceded territories of the Coast Salish People. Specifically, this concert is performed on the land of x^wməθkwəỷəm (Musqueam), Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), and Selílwitulh (Tsleil-Waututh) Nations

We ask you to acknowledge the land that you are on, and to recognize that acknowledgement is merely the beginning; we must all commit to active efforts towards reconciliation.

Swept Away - Sarah Quartel (b. 1982)

Blow wind, carry me on my way. Push me over this hill, I pray. Always moving and always strong, Take me where I must belong.

Grounded after the stormy wind.
Planted here at my journey's end.
Twisted roots, now deep and strong
Hold me here where I must belong.

But in you I am swept away, breathless and swept away, leaving me happy and helpless. Here I am swept away, caught in a current so strong.

Oh, here I am swept away, breathless and swept away. leaving me happy and helpless. Here I am swept away, caught in a current so strong.



Love - Matthew Emery (b. 1991)

Words by Marjorie Pickthall (1883-1922)

Breakwater, Christopher Pratt (1976)

Love said to the wind, Be still; Love said to Time, Be merciful; Love said to Life, Be sufficient.

But these answered,
Shall breath command breath,
Or the relentless, the relentless,
Or the shadow, the shadow?

Le Pont Mirabeau - Lionel Daunais (1902-1982)

Words by Guillaume Apollinaire

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine Et nos amours Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienne La joie venait toujours après la peine Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure.

Under the Mirabeau bridge flows the Seine, and our love
Shall I remember how joy always followed grief?
Come the night, toll the hour, days go by, still I remain.

Le Pont Mirabeau

L'amour s'en va comme cette
eau courante
L'amour s'en va
Comme la vie est lente
Et comme l'Espérance est violente

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure. Love goes away like this flowing water
Loves goes away
Life is so slow,
and hope so fierce!

Come the night, toll the hour, days go by, still I remain.

Le Pont Mirabeau

Passent les jours et passent les semaines Ni temps passé Ni les amours reviennent Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure Les jours s'en vont je demeure. No matter how many days and weeks go by, neither does past nor love come back.
Under the Mirabeau bridge flows the Seine.

Come the night, toll the hour, days go by, still I remain.

Vox Panacea Under the direction of Pippa Andrew Accompanied by Carolyn Shiau

Tonight You Belong to Me - arr. Kelsey James

Lyrics by Billy Rose, Music by Lee David

I know you belong to somebody new But tonight you belong to me

Although we're apart You're part of my heart And tonight you belong to me Way down by the stream, How sweet it would seem Once more just to dream By the moonlight

Oh my honey I know (I know)
In the dawn that you will be gone
But tonight you belong me, to just a
little old me.

True Colors - arr. Jesse Hampsch

Lyrics and Music by Billy Steinberg and Tom Kelly

You with the sad eyes Don't be discouraged, Oh I realize It's hard to keep courage

In a world full of people You can lose sight of it all And the darkness around you Makes you feel so small But I see your true colors
Shining through.
I see your true colors
And that's why I love you.

So don't be afraid to let them show.
Your true colors,
True colors are beautiful
Like a rainbow.

True Colors

Show me your smile then, Don't be unhappy Can't remember when I last saw you laughing.

If this world makes you crazy
And you've taken all you can bear,
Just call me up
Because you know I'll be there.

And I'll see your true colors
Shining through.
I see your true colors
And that's why I love you.

So don't be afraid to let them show. Your true colors, True colors are beautiful. Like a rainbow.

You Are The New Day - arr. Peter Knight

Adapted by Jacob Narverud, with words and music by John David

You are the new day.

I will love you more than me and more than yesterday if you can but prove to you are the new day.

Send the sun in time for dawn, let the birds all hail the morning. Love of life will urge me say, You are the new day.

When I lay me down at night knowing we must pay, Thoughts occur that this night might stay yesterday.

Thoughts that we as humans small could slow worlds and end it all lie around me where they fall before the new day.

You Are The New Day

One more day when time is running out For everyone.

Like a breath I knew would come,
I reach for a new day.

Hope is my philosophy,
Just needs days in which to be.
Love of life means hope for me,
Borne on a new day.

You are the new day.



Blue Moon - arr. Shaun Islip

Words and Music by Richard Rogers & Lorenz Hart

Blue moon, you saw me standing alone Without a dream in my heart Without a love of my own.

Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for You heard me saying a prayer for Someone I really could care for. And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold I heard somebody whisper,
"Please adore me"
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold.

Blue Moon

Blue moon, Now I'm no longer alone Without a dream in my heart Without a love of my own.

And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will ever hold.

I heard somebody whisper,
"Please adore me"
And when I looked,
the moon had turned to gold.

Blue moon, Now I'm no longer alone Without a dream in my heart Without a love of my own.

I Love My Love - Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

Abroad as I was walking, One evening in the spring, I heard a maid in Bedlam So sweetly for to sing;

Her chain she rattled with her hands,
And thus replied she:
"I love my love because I know
My love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents Who sent my love to sea, And cruel was the ship That bore my love from me:

Yet I love his parents since they're his, Although they've ruined me: I love my love because I know my love loves me.

I Love My Love

With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine; With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;

And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea. For I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Just as she there sat weeping, Her love, he came on land, Then, hearing she was in Bedlam, He ran straight out of hand;

He flew into her snow-white arms
And thus replied he:
"I love my love because I know my love
loves me; I know my love loves me,
loves me."

I Love My Love

She said: "My love don't frighten me; are you my love or no?"

"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am return'd to make amends for all your injury;

I love my love because I know my love loves me." So now these two are married And happy may they be, Like turtle doves together, In love and unity.

All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
I love my love because
I know my love loves me.

Versa est in luctum - Juan Gutierrez de Padilla (1590 - 1664)

Versa est in luctum cíthara mea,

My harp is turned to mourning

Et órganum meum in vocem fléntium,

And my music into the voice of weeping.

Parce mihi, Dómine, nihil enim Spare me, Lord, for my days sunt dies mei.

are nothing.

The Turtle Dove - R. Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,

And leave you for a while;

If I roam away I'll come back again,

Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,

Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,

So deep in love am I;

But I never will prove false to the

bonny lass I love,

Till the stars fall from the sky, my

dear,

Till the stars fall from the sky.

The Turtle Dove

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the
bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,

As I will do for thee.

A Silence Haunts Me - Jake Runestad (b. 1986)

Words by Todd Boss (b.1968), from Beethoven's Heiligenstadt Testament

A Silence Haunts Me

after Beethoven's Heiligenstadt Testament by Todd Boss

Hear brothers have a confess i on pa i nful to me S i x years have endured a curse that deepens every make day They 'll cease to hear the very say that soon mus i c of soul What should be the sense most perfect fa i ls shames i n taunts

A s i lence haunts They ask me They hear the shepherd s i ng i ng faroff soft Do hear a d i stant flut i ng danc i ng you joyously aloft No th ink so No th i nk so No Prometheus ex i led i n cha i ns for g i ft i ng God

humank i nd f i re Take feel i ng Take my s i ght Take w i ngs m i dfl i ght but let hear my the sear i ng roar of a i r before score the ground Why S i lence God is 's reply and so beg take me and feel a ringing l i fe when lo hear a grace

in me after all So now as leaves of autumn fall I
make my mark and s i gn my name and turn aga i n to
touch my flame of mus i c to the world a broken man as best
I can As ever Faithfully Yours A bell A bell
Hear me and be well

A Silence Haunts Me - Jake Runestad (b. 1986)

Hear me brothers I have a confession painful to make.

Six years I have endured a curse that deepens every day.

They say that soon I'll cease to hear the very music of my soul.

What should be the sense most perfect in me fails me, shames me, taunts me.

A silence haunts me.

They ask me,
"Do you hear the shepherd singing far off soft?
Do you hear a distant fluting dancing joyously aloft?"

No. I think so. No.I think so. No.

A Silence Haunts Me

God, am I Prometheus exiled in chains for gifting humankind my fire?

Take my feeling, take my sight, take my wings mid-flight But let me hear the searing roar of air before I score the ground.

Why, Why?
Silence is God's reply
And so I beg me, take my life.
When lo I hear a grace and feel a ringing in me after all

A Silence Haunts Me - Jake Runestad (b. 1986)

So now as leaves of autumn fall I make my mark and sign my name And turn again to touch my flame of music to the world

A broken man as best I can
As ever Faithfully Yours
A bell, a bell.
Hear me and be well.



Intermission FROM PHOENIX WITH LOVE **PHOENIX CHAMBER CHOIR** 40 YEARS OF PHOENIX

Since You've Been Gone - Anders Edenroth (b. 1963) and Emma Nilsdotter (b. 1976)

Since you've been gone
I tell myself I'm better off without you.
It turned out you can't be counted on,
And now I've got a lot of living left to do.
I'm walking away, it's a beautiful day.

A wonderful time, I'm playing around and around, I'm playing. I know I'm born to be, bound to be free and happy. It's no crime walking in the sun. Since you've been gone.

Since you've been gone I've had some crazy busy days and busy nights,

Seen the memory of you fading with the dawn,

And laid my hungry hands on heavenly delights.

I'm singing a song, not a thing can go wrong.

Since You've Been Gone

A wonderful time, I'm playing around and around, I'm playing. I know I'm born to be, bound to be free and happy. It's no crime walking in the sun. Since you've been gone.

Still I remember the look in your eyes that day
When all that was mine went down in a bag
And at the bottom a broken dream.

In the middle of December, the frozen tears on the ground. Because nothing makes sense in a world of fools

Where rhyme and reason is not in season.

Since you've been gone
I show the universe I'm glad you're not around.

It's not a play that I've been putting on, It's just a way to get my feet back on the ground.

And maybe someday I don't lie when I say

Since You've Been Gone

A wonderful time, I'm playing around and around, I'm playing.

I know I'm born to be, bound to be free.

Oh Yes I'm bound to be free

I was born to be walking in the sun.

Since you've been gone.



Like My Father - Jax Arr. Carolyn Shiau (living composer)

I wanna come home to roses
And dirty little notes on Post-its,
And when my hair starts turning gray,
He'll say I'm like a fine wine, better with
age.

I guess I learned it from my parents, That true love starts with friendship. A kiss on the forehead, a date night. Fake an apology after a fight. I need a man who's patient and kind,
Gets out of the car and holds the door.
I wanna slow dance in the living room
Like we're eighteen at senior prom
And grow old with someone,
who makes me feel young.
I need a man who loves me
like my father loves my mom.

Like My Father

I wanna road trip in the summers,
I wanna make fun of each other.
I wanna rock out to Billy Joel,
And flip our kids off when they call us old.

He'll accidentally burn our dinner, And let me be the Scrabble winner, And when my body changes shape, He'll say, "Oh my God, you look hot today." I need a man who's patient and kind,
Gets out of the car and holds the door.
I wanna slow dance in the living room
Like we're eighteen at senior prom
And grow old with someone,
who makes me feel young.
I need a man who loves me
like my father loves my mom.

Like My Father

And if he lives up to my father,
Maybe he could teach our daughter
What it takes to love a queen.
She should know she's royalty.

I need a man who's patient and kind,
Gets out of the car and holds the door.
I wanna slow dance in the living room
Like we're eighteen at senior prom
And grow old with someone,
who makes me feel young.
I need a man who loves me
like my father loves my mom.



L'amour de moi - arr. Ward Swingle (1927-2015)

L'amour de moy s'y est enclose Dedans un joli jardinet Où croît la rose et le muguet, Et aussi fait la passerose.

Ce jardin est bel et plaisant, Il est garni de toutes fleurs; On y prend son ébattement Autant la nuit comme le jour. This love of mine confined itself Inside a nice small garden Where roses and lily grow And hollyhock as well

This garden is nice and pleasant,
Embellished with all kinds of flowers.
You can enjoy it in the night
And in the day as well.

L'amour de moi

Hélas, il n'est si douce chose Que de ce doux rossignolet Qui chante au soir, au matinet; Quand il est las, il se repose.

Je la vis l'autre jour cueillir La violette en un vert pré: La plus belle quonc que je vis, Et la plus plaisant à mon gré. Alas! Nothing is sweeter
Than this gentle nightingale
That sings at dusk and at dawn.
When it is tired, it rests.

I saw her the other day
Picking violettes in a green meadow:
The most beautiful I ever saw
and in my opinion, most pleasing.

L'amour de moi

Je l'ai regardée une pose; Elle était blanche comme lait, Et douce comme un agnolet, Vermeille et fraîche comme rose. I watched her rest White as milk and gentle like the lamb, a rose, vermeil and fresh

Sérénade Italienne - Music by Ernest Chausson, Arr. Mari Esabel Valverde (b. 1987)

Partons en barque sur la mer Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles. Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Le vieux pêcheur italien Et ses deux fils qui nous conduisent, Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien Aux mots que nos bouches se disent. Let's go embark on the sea

To spend the night under the stars.

Look! The wind is blowing just enough

To puff out the canvas sails.

The old Italian fisherman and his two sons, who steer us, Listen but do not make any sense Of the words that our mouths utter.

Sérénade Italienne

Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois: Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes, Et nul ne comprendra nos voix Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

On the dark, serene sea, look:
We can exchange souls,
And no one will understand our voices
Except the night, the sky, and the
swells of the water.

World Premiere: Student Composition Competition Winner

The Herdsman and the Weaver - Kristine Choi (b. 2000)

이랴이라 짤깍짤깍 두 소리가 만나 Giddy Up, Clackety Clack, the two sounds come across

어우렁 더우렁 어울려 하모니가 흘러가네 (Onomatopoeia describing the chemistry between two people) a stream of harmony flows

> 앙글방글 알콩달콩 불꽃같은 사랑 Sweetly, beamingly, a flame of love

모락모락 저넓게 퍼져서 하늘세상 채우네 (Onomatopoeia describing the manner of rising into the air) spreads widely and fills the Universe

The Herdsman and the Weaver

행복은 잠시못가 Their happiness becomes short-lived

건널 수 없는 별의 강을 사이에 두고 떨어져 Separated and put between the celestial river

홍수 같은 눈물을 와르르르 쏟으니 (Onomatopoeia describing a crumbling sound) Pour the flood like tears

사랑의 눈물에 감동한 까막까치가 모여 높이 날아 올라 All the magpies and ravens who are moved by the tear of love gather together and fly up high

The Herdsman and the Weaver

은하수 강 위로 꽁지깃 물어 오작교 놓아주네 Across the river of the Milky Way form a bridge, tying each other's tales

새들 날개를 밟고 만나 얼싸 안아 The two lovers walk on the birds' wings and embrace each other

새들도 아픈줄 몰라 기뻐하네 Their vast joy drowns out the impending pain

Circa Mea - Mark Burrows (b.1971)

Circa mea pectora, Multa sunt suspira. De tua pulchritudine, Que me ledunt misere.

Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii, Sicut splendor fulguris lucem donat tenebris.

Circa mea pectora, Multa sunt suspira. In my heart,
There are many sighs
For your beauty,
Which wound me sorely.

Your eyes shine
Like the rays of the sun,
Like the flashing of lightning
Which brightens the darkness.

In my heart, There are many sighs.

Amor de mi Alma - Z. Randall Stroope (b. 1953)

Words by Garcilaso de la Vega (1503-1536)

Yo no nací sino para quereros; Mi alma os ha cortado a su medida; Por hábito del alma misma os quiero. I was born to love only you;
My soul has formed you to its measure;
I want you as a garment for my soul.

Escrito está en mi alma vuestro gesto; Yo lo leo tan solo que aun de vos Me guardo en esto. Your very image is written on my soul; Such indescribable intimacy I hide even from you.

Amor de mi Alma

Quanta tengo confiesso yo deveros; Por vos nací, por vos tengo la vida, Y por vos é de morir y por vos muero. All that I have, I owe to you;
For you I was born, for you I live,
For you I must die, and for you I give
my last breath.

Rytmus - Ivan Hrušovský (1927 - 2001)

Ave Eva, fons amoris, Tu regina venustatis. Be greeted Eve, you source of love, you are the queen of nobleness.

My heart be brave - Marques L.A. Garrett (b. 1984)

Text by James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

My heart be brave, and do not falter so, Nor utter more that deep, despairing wail. Thy way is very dark and drear I know, But do not let thy strength and courage fail;

For certain as the raven-winged night Is followed by the bright and blushing morn, Thy coming morrow will be clear and bright, 'Tis darkest when the night is furthest worn.

My heart be brave

Look up, look up, look out, beyond, surrounding clouds, And do not in thine own gross darkness grope, Rise up, and casting off thy hind'ring shrouds, Cling thou to this, and e'er inspiring hope:

Tho' thick the battle and tho' fierce the fight, There is power in making for the right.





Nicholle Andrews Artistic Director PHOENIX CHAMBER CHOIR

Dave Rosborough Assistant Conductor







Brad Andrews Sound Engineer

Nicholle Andrews Producer







Vaughn Chauvin

Carolyn Shiau







Ashley Bontje Administrator

Victor Burke Production Manager

VOX PANACEA TREBLE PHYSICIAN CHOIR

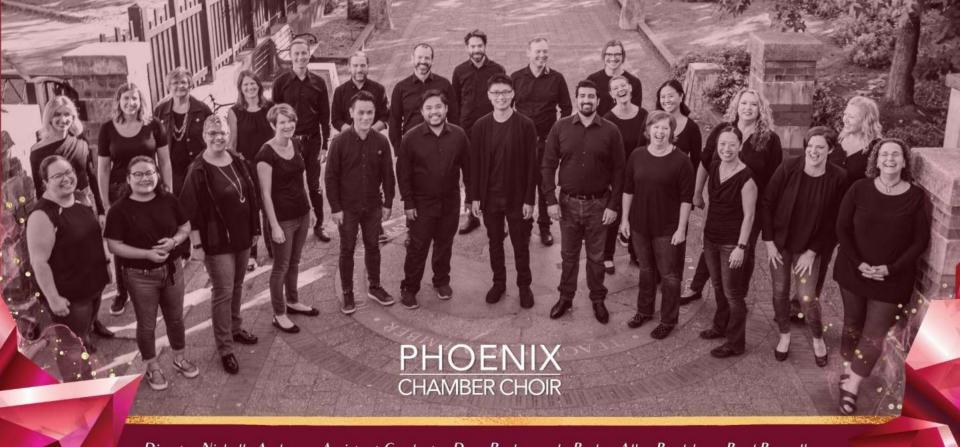
treble-voiced, non-auditioned physician choir, meeting both in-person and online!

This project began online in 2020 as a way for physicians to relax and unwind after extremely stressful work days.

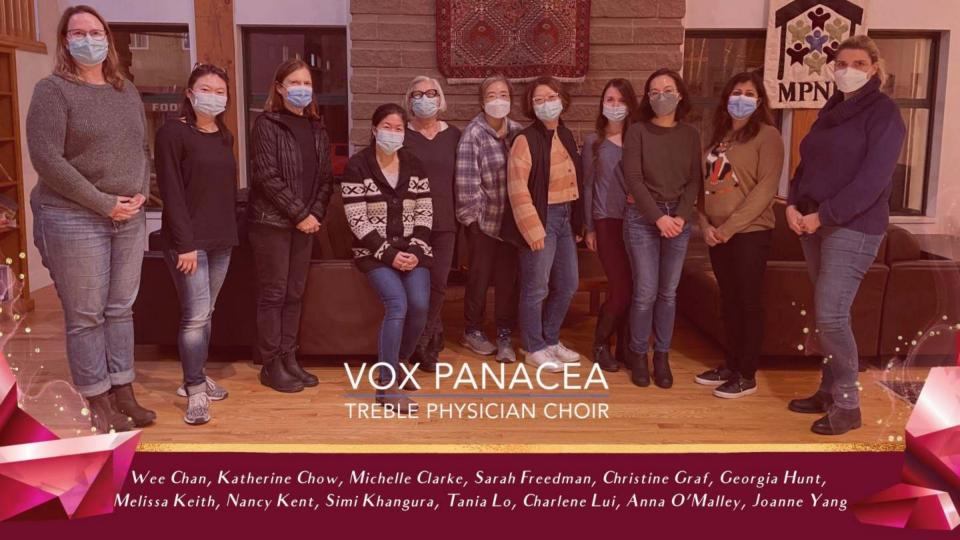
This season, we continue our online choir and also launched an in-person choir!



Pippa Andrew, Director Vox Panacea



Director Nicholle Andrews, Assistant Conductor Dave Rosborough, Barbra Allen Bradshaw, Brad Bonnell,
Catherine Campolin, Vaughn Chauvin, Kimi Cheong, Marc Cheneval, Leanne Dalton, John (Jack) Foster, Rachel Goetz,
Danielle Hamilton, Heather Horwood, Jen Knight, Andrea Krotz, Cara Lau, Brandon Lim, Alexis Lytle, Bea Miller, Zulfikar Nathoo, Erica
Northcott, Richard Paragas, Benjamin Scoten, Carolyn Shiau, Matthew Smith, Shannon Thue, Clinton Tsang, Justin Yap, Emily Zuidema





Kristine Choi is a classically trained pianist and a student enrolled in a dual degree in Bachelor of Music and Education at University of British Columbia. She was the recipient of numerous scholarships, including the Norah Mansell Music Scholarship, June Goldsmith Scholarship in Music, and President's Outstanding Graduate Award, to name a few. While actively participating in piano competitions, she actively sings in the UBC Choir and Vocal Chamber and choir workshops. Her community involvement takes place at her church as a piano accompanist and a singer as well as community wind ensembles as a flautist. She holds a Piano Teaching Certification from the RCM, instructing piano and theory.





"Our Favourite Things"

May 7, 2023

PHOENIX CHAMBER CHOIR

40 YEARS OF PHOENIX

Join us on May 7 as we celebrate Phoenix's 40th Anniversary

We will sing favourite pieces from throughout our history, welcome back past conductors, invite the audience to learn a song from Grammy nominated singer/composer Melanie.

DeMore, and premiere a newly commissioned work by Saunder Choi





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In-Class Participation, In-Person Workshop, and World-Premiere Concert

A unique opportunity to for cultural appreciation and exploration in a choral setting to middle, junior and high-school students in the Greater Vancouver Area.

With commissioned works by composer Saunder Choi and composer/vocal activist Melanie DeMore



April 30, 2023 May 7, 2023



ELEKTRA WOMEN'S CHOIR

Special Thanks

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