Klee Wyck
for SATB chorus with piano, frame drum, and triangle

with excitement and wonder

*S"rhythms with tree, "Wyck" with stick.

Mother of the earth
daughter of the river
sister of the sky.

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Klee Wyck!

mother of the wind

Like the wolf,
daughter of

driver of

sister of the sun.

triangle (let ring)

Perc.

Perc.
your spirit runs.

Like the whale, Your spirit
ides.

Like the 
your spirit soars.

Perc.

Perc.

cresc.

mf

cresc.
Green forest, gray waters, blue sky.

Wyck! mother of the wind

Klee Wyck! mother of the wind

Klee Wyck!
blue sky. The blue sky.

blue sky. The blue sky.

light that strikes the eye, the eye that guides the hand, the light that strikes the eye, the eye that guides the hand, the light that strikes the eye, the eye that guides the hand, the light that strikes the eye, the eye that guides the hand.

the eye that guides the hand, the eye that guides the hand, the eye that guides the hand, the eye that guides the hand.
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
hand that moves the brush, the brush that makes the canvas come alive,
wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.

wolf, your spirit runs.
Like the whale, your spirit glides.
(no cresc.)

soars. Green forest gray waters,
soars. Green forest gray waters,
soars. Green forest gray waters,
Soars. Green forest gray waters,
Oh, soars. Oh, Green est, gray waters,
Oh, soars. Oh, Green est, gray waters,
Oh, soars. Oh, Green est, gray waters,
Oh, soars. Oh, Green est, gray waters,
brian Tate is an award-winning composer/arranger and popular choral clinician and choral director. Many of his choral works have been published and his music is performed worldwide. Brian directs Vancouver’s 100-voice City Soul Choir, teaches singing and choir at Studio 58 – Langara College’s professional theatre school – and performs with the world music a cappella vocal trio “TriVo”. He frequently gives choir workshops and is in demand internationally as a clinician and workshop leader. Brian is a passionate advocate of music-making at all levels. (these notes are from 2015)