

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus

In collaboration with Cypress Choral Music

presents

Genius of Gordon Lightfoot... *Canadian Legend*

Graham Fast, *Conductor*

Remi Do, *piano*

Rhonda Lynn, *violin*

Kevin Smith & Linda Boire, *guitar*

Thom Golub, *double bass*

Kim Boyes, *Reader*

David Garber, *Artistic Director*

Sunday, 27 November 2022, 3:00 pm
First Presbyterian Church, Edmonton



Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus & EdMetro Chamber Choir

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus

Artistic Director, Executive Director
David Garber

Conductors
Graham Fast
Allan Bevan
David Garber & Renéé Perez

Resident Accompanist
Remi Do

Resident Vocal Pedagogue
Mireille Rijavec

Resident Vocal Coaches
Debbie Epp, *soprano*
Mireille Rijavec, *alto*
Christian Maxfield, *tenor*
Graham Fast, *bass*

Associate Vocal Coaches
Erica Slevin, *soprano*
Josiah Maxfield, *bass*

EdMetro Chamber Choir

Conductors
Tyson Kerr
David Garber
Mireille Rijavec

Accompanists
Remi Do
Roxanne Classen



Board of Directors

Executive Officers
Margaret Ward-Jack, *Chair*
Brian Kiely, *Vice-Chair*
Alfred Kirtschig, *Treasurer*
Emma Perez, *Secretary*
Les Bell, *Past-Chair*

Directors-at-Large
Marilyn Metcalfe
Chris Moore
Alejandro Moreno
Tony Olivares
Angela Smythe

*New members are welcome
No auditions*

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus

2022-2023

Les Bell
Linda Boire
Kim Boyes
Ana María Cajamarca Alvarez
Lori Campbell
Tim Campbell
Margaret Carmichael
Sandra Croll
Diana Crump
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Jim Mahood
Gerard Massé
Christian Maxfield
Josiah Maxfield
Joanne C McNeal
Carolina Mendes
Marilyn Metcalfe
Margaret Mitchell
Christopher Moore
Alejandro Moreno Ruiz
Matheus Narciso

Esther Oaks
Gordon Oaks
Tony Olivares
Patricia Paradis
Emma Perez
Don Retson
Mireille Rijavec
Heather Rodgers
Lesly Round
Erica Slevin
Kevin Smith
Angela Smythe
Raffaella Spadafora
Karen Spiess
Lorna Townell
Richard Townell
Margaret Ward-Jack
Jacqueline Willette
Helen Wright
Laura Wynnychuk

edmetrochorus.ca/how-to-join

Gordon Lightfoot (born November 17, 1938) is a Canadian singer-songwriter and guitarist who achieved international success in folk, folk-rock, and country music. He is credited with helping to define the folk-pop sound of the 1960s and 1970s. He has been referred to as Canada's greatest songwriter and is known internationally as a folk-rock legend. Lightfoot's biographer Nicholas Jennings said "His name is synonymous with timeless songs about trains and shipwrecks, rivers and highways, lovers and loneliness."

Several of Lightfoot's albums achieved gold and multi-platinum status internationally. His songs have been recorded by artists such as Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Hank Williams Jr., The Kingston Trio, Jerry Lee Lewis, Neil Young, Bob Dylan, Judy Collins, Barbra Streisand, Johnny Mathis, Herb Alpert, Harry Belafonte, Sarah McLachlan, Eric Clapton, John Mellencamp, Peter, Paul and Mary, Ian & Sylvia, Glen Campbell, Tony Rice, The Grateful Dead, Nico, Olivia Newton-John, Gene Clark, Dan Fogelberg, Jimmy Buffett, and Jim Croce.

Robbie Robertson of The Band described Lightfoot as "a national treasure". Bob Dylan, also a Lightfoot fan, called him one of his favorite songwriters and said, "I can't think of any Gordon Lightfoot song I don't like. Everytime I hear a song of his, it's like I wish it would last forever.... Lightfoot became a mentor for a long time. I think he probably still is to this day".

Lightfoot was a featured musical performer at the opening ceremonies of the 1988 Winter Olympic Games in Calgary, Alberta. He received an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from

Trent University in Spring 1979 and was made a Companion of the Order of Canada in May 2003. In November 1997, the Governor General's Performing Arts Award, Canada's highest honour in the performing arts, was bestowed on Lightfoot. On February 6, 2012, Lightfoot was presented with the Queen Elizabeth II Diamond Jubilee Medal by the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario. June of that year saw his induction into the Songwriters Hall of Fame. On June 6, 2015, Lightfoot received an honorary doctorate of music in his hometown of Orillia from Lakehead University.

Gordon Lightfoot actively tours - having just performed a concert at the River Cree Resort and Casino in Enoch, Alberta. Yes, he was invited to attend this concert, but regretfully was not able to fit the event into his schedule.

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus and Cypress Choral Music

We are thrilled to be collaborating with Cypress Choral Music in the presentation of this concert. Five of the choral arrangements performed today were written expressly for this concert. Larry Nickel himself travelled to Edmonton (at his own expense), to lead a workshop/rehearsal with the Chorus - in preparation for today's concert.



The songs performed today were released on the following
Gordon Lightfoot albums:

Lightfoot! (1966)

In the Early Mornin' Rain
Steel Rail Blues

The Way I Feel (1967)

Canadian Railroad Trilogy
Song for a Winter's Night

Did She Mention My Name? (1968)

Did She Mention My Name?
Pussy Willows, Cat-tails

Summer Side of Life (1971)

Cotton Jenny

Don Quixote (1972)

Alberta Bound

Sundown (1974)

Carefree Highway
Circle of Steel
Sundown

Cold on the Shoulder (1975)

Rainy Day People

Genius of Gordon Lightfoot...

Canadian Legend

All lyrics and songs by Gordon Lightfoot

Cotton Jenny - *arr. Mark Sirett*

In the Early Mornin' Rain - *arr. Mark Sirett*

Pussy Willows, Cat-tails - *arr. Larry Nickel*

Arranged and performed by Kevin Smith, Rhonda Lynn, Thom Golub:

Did She Mention My Name?

Sundown

Rainy Day People - *arr. Erica Phare-Bergh*

Song for a Winter's Night - *arr. Robin Salkeld*

Canadian Railroad Trilogy - *arr. Larry Nickel*

Steel Rail Blues - *read by Kim Boyes*

Circle of Steel - *arr. Larry Nickel*

Carefree Highway - *arr. Erica Phare-Bergh*

Alberta Bound - *arr. Larry Nickel*

Cotton Jenny

There's a house on a hill
By a worn down weathered old mill
In the valley below where the river winds
There's no such thing as bad times
And a soft southern flame
Oh Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheels of love go 'round

Wheels of love go 'round
Love go 'round, love go 'round
A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

In the hot, sickly south
When they say well shut my mouth
I can never be free from the cotton grind
But I know I got what's mine
With a soft southern flame
Oh Cotton Jenny's her name
She wakes me up when the sun goes down
And the wheels of love go 'round

Wheels of love go 'round
Love go 'round, love go 'round
A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

When the new day begins
I go down to the cotton gin
And I make my time worth while to them
Then I climb back up again
And she waits by the door
"Oh Cotton Jenny I'm sore!"
And she rubs my feet while the sun goes down
And the wheels of love go 'round

Wheels of love go 'round
Love go 'round, love go 'round
A joyful sound
I ain't got a penny for Cotton Jenny to spend
But then the wheels go 'round

In the Early Morning Rain

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
I'm a long way from home, Lord, I miss my loved ones so
In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine a big 707 set to go
And, I'm stuck here in the grass where the pavement never grows
Now, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fine
Well, there she goes, my friend, she'll be rolling down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly
There the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home in about three hours time

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me
And I'm stuck here on the ground as cold and drunk as I can be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

Pussy Willows, Cat-tails

Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses
Rainbows in the woodland, water to my knees
Shivering, quivering, the warm breath of spring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses

Catbirds and cornfields, daydreams together
Riding on the roadside the dust gets in your eyes
Reveling, disheveling, the summer nights can bring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft wind and roses

Slanted rays and colored days, stark blue horizons
Naked limbs and wheat bins, hazy afternoons
Voicing, rejoicing, the wine cups do bring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses

Harsh nights and candlelights, wood fires a-blazin'
Soft lips and fingertips resting in my soul
Treasuring, remembering, the promise of spring
Pussy willows, cat-tails, soft winds and roses



Did She Mention My Name

It's so nice to meet an old friend and pass the time of day
And talk about the home town a million miles away
Is the ice still on the river, are the old folks still the same
And by the way, did she mention my name

Did she mention my name just in passing
And when the morning came,
Do you remember if she dropped a name or two
Is the home team still on fire, do they still win all the games
And by the way, did she mention my name

Is the landlord still a loser, do his signs hang in the hall
Are the young girls still as pretty in the city in the fall
Does the laughter on their faces still put the sun to shame
And by the way, did she mention my name

Did she mention my name just in passing
And when the talk ran high,
Did the look in her eye seem far away
Is the old roof still leaking when the late snow turns to rain
And by the way, did she mention my name

Did she mention my name just in passing
And looking at the rain,
Do you remember if she dropped a name or two
Won't you say hello from someone, they'll be no need to explain
And by the way, did she mention my name

Sundown

I can see her lying back in her satin dress
In a room where you do what you don't confess

Sundown, you better take care
If I find you been creeping 'round my back stairs
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you been creeping 'round my back stairs

She's been looking like a queen in a sailor's dream
And she don't always say what she really means

Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feeling better, when I'm feeling no pain
Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feeling better, when I'm feeling no pain

I can picture every move that a man could make
Getting lost in her loving is your first mistake

Sundown, you better take care
If I find you been creeping 'round my back stairs
Sometimes I think it's a sin
When I feel like I'm winning, when I'm losing again

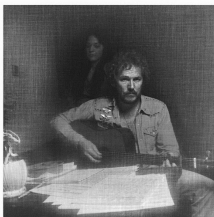
I can see her looking fast in her faded jeans
She's a hard-loving woman, got me feeling mean

Sometimes I think it's a shame
When I get feeling better, when I'm feeling no pain
Sundown, you better take care
If I find you been creeping 'round my back stairs

Sundown, you better take care
If I find you been creeping 'round my back stairs
Sometimes I think it's a sin
When I feel like I'm winning, when I'm losing again

GORDON LIGHTFOOT

COLD ON THE SHOULDER



Rainy Day People

Rainy day people always seem to know when it's time to call
Rainy day people don't talk
They just listen till they've heard it all
Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell you
They've been down like you
Rainy day people don't mind if you're cryin' a tear or two

If you get lonely, all you really need is that rainy day love
Rainy day people all know there's no sorrow
They can't rise above
Rainy day lovers don't love any others
That would not be kind
Rainy day people all know how it hangs
On their peace of mind
Rainy day lovers don't lie when they tell you
They've been down there, too
Rainy day people don't mind if you're cryin' a tear or two

Rainy day people always seem to know
When you're feelin' blue
High stepping strutters who land in the gutters
Sometimes need one, too
Take it or leave it or try to believe it,
If you've been down too long,
Rainy day people don't hide love inside, they just pass it on

Rainy day lovers don't hide love inside, they just pass it on

Song for a Winter's Night

The lamp is burning low upon my table top
The snow is softly falling
The air is still within the silence of my room
I hear your voice softly calling

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
Upon this winter night with you

The smoke is rising in the shadows overhead
My glass is almost empty
I read again between the lines upon the page
The words of love you sent me

If I could know within my heart
That you were lonely too
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
Upon this winter night with you

The fire is dying now, my lamp is growing dim
The shades of night are lifting
The morning light steals across my windowpane
Where webs of snow are drifting

If I could only have you near
To breathe a sigh or two
I would be happy just to hold the hands I love
And to be once again with with you
To be once again with with you

Canadian Railroad Trilogy

There was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun
Long before the white man and long before the wheel
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real

But time has no beginning and the history has no bound
As to this verdant country they came from all around
They sailed upon her waterways and they walked the forest tall
Built the mines, mills and the factories for the good of us all

And when the young man's fancy was turned into the spring
The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers ring
Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their day
And many a fortune lost and won and many a debt to pay

For they looked in the future and what did they see?
They saw an iron road runnin' from the sea to the sea
Bringin' the goods to a young growin' land
All up from the seaboard and into their hands

Look away – they say
Across this mighty land
From the eastern shore
To the western strand

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
We got to lay down the track and tear up the trails
Open your heart, let the life blood flow
We got to get on our way 'cause we're movin' too slow

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
We're gonna lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
Open your heart, let the life blood flow
We got to get on our way 'cause we're movin' too slow

Get on our way 'cause we're movin' too slow
Behind the blue Rockies the sun is declinin'
The stars they come stealin' at the close of the day
Across the wide prairies our loved ones lie sleeping

Beyond the dark ocean in a place far away
We are the navvies who work upon the railway
Swingin' our hammers in the bright blazin' sun
Layin' down track and buildin' the bridges

Bendin' our backs 'til the railroad is done
So over the mountains and over the plains
Into the Muskage and into the rain
Up to St. Lawrence on the way to Gaspé

Swingin' our hammers and drawin' our pay
Layin' 'em in and tyin' 'em down
Away to the bunkhouse and into the town
A dollar a day and a place for my head
A drink to the livin', a toast to the dead

Oh, the song of the future has been sung
All the battles have been won
On the mountaintops we stand
All the world at our command
We have opened up this soil
With our teardrops and our toil

Oh, there was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun
Long before the white man and long before the wheel
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real
And many are the dead men
Too silent to be real

Canadian Railroad Trilogy was commissioned by the CBC for a special broadcast on January 1, 1967, to start Canada's Centennial year. Writing and composing it took him three days.

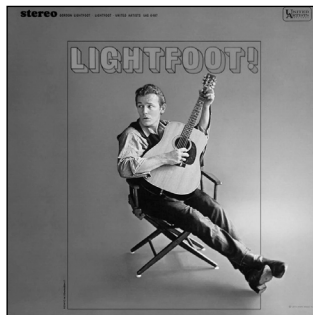
While Lightfoot's song echoes the optimism of the railroad age, it also chronicles the cost in sweat and blood of building "an iron road runnin' from the sea to the sea." The slow middle section of the song is especially poignant, vividly describing the efforts and sorrows of the nameless and forgotten "navvies," whose manual labour actually built the railway.

Steel Rail Blues

Well I got my mail late last night
A letter from a girl who found the time to write
To her lonesome boy somewheres in the night
She sent me a railroad ticket too
To take me to her lovin' arms
And the big steel rail
Gonna carry me home to the one I love

Well I bin out here many a long days
I haven't found a place that I could call my own
Not a two bit bed to lay my body on
I bin stood up I bin shook down
I bin dragged into the sand
And the big steel rail
Gonna carry me home to the one I love

Well I bin up tight most every night
Walkin' along the streets of this old town
Not a friend to tell my troubles to
My good old car she done broke down
'Cause I drove it into the ground
And the big steel rail
Gonna carry me home to the one I love



Well I look over yonder across the plain
The big drive wheels are poundin' along the ground
Gonna get on board and I'll be homeward bound
Now I ain't had a home cooked meal
And Lord I need one now
And the big steel rail
Gonna carry me home to the one I love

Now here I am with my hat in hand
Standin' on the broad highway will you give a ride
To a lonesome boy who missed the train last night
I went in town for one last round
And I gambled my ticket away
And the big steel rail
Won't carry me home to the one I love

Circle of Steel

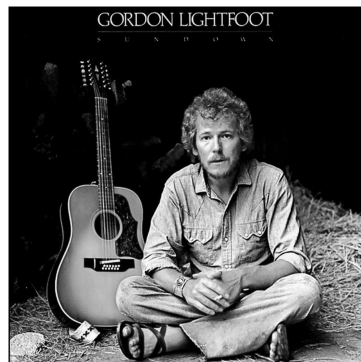
Rows of lights in a circle of steel
Where you place your bets on a great big wheel
High windows flickerin' down through the snow
A time you know
Sights and sounds of the people goin' 'round
Everybody's in step with the season

A child is born to a welfare case
Where the rats run around like they own the place
The room is chilly, the building is old
That's how it goes
The doctor's found on his welfare round
And he comes and he leaves on the double

Deck The Halls was the song they played
In the flat next door where they shout all day
She tips her gin bottle back 'till it's gone
The child is strong
A week, a day, they will take it away
For they know about all her bad habits

Christmas dawns and the snow lets up
And the sun hits the handle of her heirloom cup
She hides her face in her hands for a while
Says look here child
Your father's pride was his means to provide
And he's servin' three years for that reason

Rows of lights in a circle of steel
Where you place your bets on a great big wheel
High windows flickerin' down through the snow
A time you know
Sights and sounds of the people goin' 'round
Everybody's in step with the season



Carefree Highway

Picking up the pieces of my sweet shattered dream
I wonder how the old folks are tonight?
Her name was Ann
And I'll be damned if I recall her face
She left me not knowing what to do

Carefree highway
Let me slip away on you
Carefree highway
You've seen better days
The morning after blues
From my head down to my shoes
Carefree highway
Let me slip away, slip away on you

Turning back the pages to the times I love best
I wonder if she'll ever do the same?
Now the thing that I call living
Is just being satisfied
With knowing I got no one left to blame

Carefree highway
I've got to see you my old flame
Carefree highway
You've seen better days
The morning after blues
From my head down to my shoes
Carefree highway
Let me slip away, slip away on you

Searching through the fragments
Of my dream shattered sleep
I wonder if the years have closed her mind?
I guess it must be wanderlust or trying to get free
From the good old faithful feeling we once knew

Carefree highway
Let me slip away on you
Carefree highway
You've seen better days
The morning after blues
From my head down to my shoes
Carefree highway
Let me slip away, slip away on you

Carefree highway
I've got to see you my old flame
Carefree highway
You've seen better days
The morning after blues
From my head down to my shoes
Carefree highway
Let me slip away, slip away on you

Alberta Bound

Oh the prairie lights are burnin' bright
The Chinook wind is a-movin' in
Tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound
Though I've done the best I could
My old luck ain't been so good and
Tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound

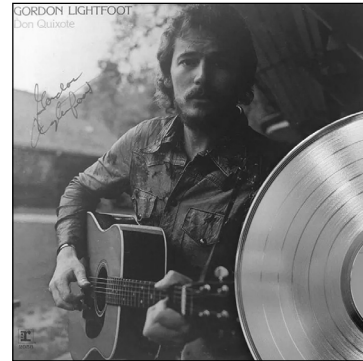
No one-eyed man could e'er forget
The Rocky Mountain sunset
It's a pleasure just to be Alberta bound
I long to see my next of kin
To know what kind of shape they're in
Tomorrow night I'll be Alberta bound

Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound

Oh the skyline of Toronto
Is somethin' you'll get onto
But they say you've got to live there for a while
And if you got the money
You can get yourself a honey
A written guarantee ta make you smile

But it's snowin' in the city
And the streets and brown and gritty
And I know there's pretty girls all over town
But they never seem ta find me
And the one I left behind me
Is the reason that I'll be Alberta bound

Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound
Alberta bound, Alberta bound
It's good to be Alberta bound



Ibero-Americano

... South American Renaissance & Baroque

Collaboration with Nueva Convivencia; René Pérez, leader

The unique and vibrant sounds of South American music - influenced by Indigenous rhythms and dances.

Performed on period instruments

Sunday, 11 June 2023, 3 pm
First Presbyterian Church

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus & soloists
David Garber, conductor

PLUS baroque violin, cello, shawm, baroque oboe
baroque guitar, theorbo, archlute, harpsichord
baroque percussion



Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus is sincerely thankful to the City of Edmonton and the Edmonton Arts Council for providing funding through the Connections & Exchanges Program - enabling the Chorus and Chamber Choir to hire guest artists and vocal coaches, who are performing with us during the season.

Guest Artists:

Laura Raboud, *Director/Composer/Playwright/Actor*
Tyson Kerr, *Music Director/Arranger/Keyboard/Singer*
Dana Wylie, *Singer*
Keith Rempel, *double bass*
Jamie Cooper, *drums*

Rhonda Lynn, *violin*
Kevin Smith, *guitar*
Thom Golub, *double bass*

René Pérez, *theorbo/archlute/baroque guitar*
Valentina Benvenuti, *baroque guitar*
Stephanie Wong, *baroque oboe/harpsichord/shawm*
Svitlana Remniakova, *baroque violin*
Ryan Hoffman, *cello*
Roger Weir, *baroque percussion*
Sebastian Perez, *visual artist/projectionist*

Vocal Coaches:

Debbie Epp, Mireille Rijavec, Christian Maxfield
Graham Fast, Josiah Maxfield

Edmonton Metropolitan Chorus is grateful for financial support provided by:

Veterans Affairs Canada

Province of Alberta through the Alberta Foundation for the Arts

City of Edmonton through the Edmonton Arts Council

Corporate Copy

Enbridge, Inc

Cypress Choral Music, Larry Nickel



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CanadaHelps.org

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Edson & District Historical Society

Eventbrite.ca

First Presbyterian Church

Galloway Station Museum & Archives

Strathearn United Church

Tix on the Square

Trinity Lutheran Church

