

**Andrea Dawes** has been fiddling around in Montréal, Québec for nearly a decade. Her musical endeavours span two provinces and numerous genres, and have allowed her to explore the many diverse ways in which a violin and viola can be played. While she enjoys offering vocal and string-based harmonies to indie rock projects and jamming on Shostakovitch string quartets, Andrea is also very at home with jigs, reels and waltzes. Her traditional fiddling repertoire was built on the strong foundations of her father's roots up and down the Ottawa River valley, and has been helped along by various encouraging fiddle circle friends, and stints as "the fiddler" in traditional music bands.

**Christopher Dawes**, numbered among Canada's leading church musicians, concert organists and choral accompanists, is also an active freelance theatre musician, writer, and consultant. He has given concerts in all of Canada's major cities, and has toured, and been recorded and broadcast in the U.S.A. and Europe. Mr. Dawes currently divides his time between his family, freelance performing and workshop-leading; performing, directing and composing in adjunct capacity to music and drama programs of the University of Toronto; and the Directorship of the production company Organ Alternatives, the Organ Concerts and Academy at Stratford Summer Music, and Canada's Summer Institute of Church Music. Having served Toronto's St. James' Cathedral first as organist and later as Director of Music for twelve years ending in 2003, his most recent church musical ministry is as consultant and Lead Musician at Toronto's Church of St. George-the-Martyr.

**Pipe Major Allan M. Eaton**, CD, currently serves as Pipe Major to the Halton Regional Police Pipes and Drums, having served the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in similar capacity from 1989-2004. While living in Hamburg, Germany from 1984-1988 he was a founding member and Pipe Major to Grant's Clan Pipers and the Scandanavian Seaways Pipes and Drums, the latter of which won the Federal Republic of Germany Championship Competition in 1988. He appears on some eight recordings, one with the pipe organ of St. Jacob's Cathedral in Hamburg. He first worked with Chris Dawes in a 1995 CBC broadcast raising funds for fire-ravaged St. George's Round Church in Halifax.

**Scottish tenor Alasdair Elliott** is an internationally-celebrated star of the operatic stage, and also a true Scot with a great love for the music of his homeland. One of the UK's leading tenors, his recent portrayals of Pong for the Teatro Real, Madrid and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden; David's Die Meistersinger for Staatstheatre Stuttgart; Monostatos' Die Zauberflöte in Lisbon; Vasek's The Bartered Bride for Glyndebourne; Torquemada's L'heure espagnole for La Monnaie; Midas' Die Schöne Galatea for Buxton Festival; and Skuratov for Welsh National Opera have placed him at the forefront as one of Europe's leading character tenors. Mr. Elliott studied at The Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama and The Guildhall School of Music with Laura Sarti, with whom he continues to study. He studied at The Britten Pears School with Sir Peter Pears and at The National Opera Studio. He has taken part in Master classes conducted by Graziella Schutti, Elizabeth Schwartzkopf, Hugh Cuenod, Nancy Evans, Thomas Allan and John Copley.



presents

# Salute to



# Scotland

Andrea Dawes, violin and fiddle  
Allan M. Eaton, pipes

Christopher Dawes, organ and piano  
Alasdair Elliott, tenor

**Sunday 3 August 2008, Knox Presbyterian Church, Stratford, Ontario**

**ADMISSION BY DONATION**

# SALUTE TO SCOTLAND

Sunday August 3 2008  
Knox Presbyterian Church, Stratford

## Procession

Mary Scott, Flower of Yarrow  
Highland Cathedral

## Scottish Songs - Franz Josef Haydn

Scots, was ha'e wi Wallace bled  
Wha wadna be in love (Maggy Lauder)  
From thee Eliza I must go

## A Canadian Highland Medley

Kathryn MacDonald (Slow Air) – Bob Worrall  
Lady Suzanne of Sapigneulx – Allan Eaton  
John Dinsmore's Still in France – Allan Eaton

## An Iona Devotional – John L. Bell arr. C. Dawes

I will always bless the Lord (Talla Criosdh)  
Paul's Song (A Rosebud)  
I bow my knee in prayer (Dunning)  
Show your face (Up in the Mornin' Early)  
Come Holy Ghost (Aye Waukin O)

## Punch - various arr. Lúnasa

Scottish Concerto  
Trip to Windsor  
Punch in the Dark

## Scots Songs – arr. Derek J. Clark

Ye Banks and Braes - The Lea Rig - The Birks of Aberfeldy  
My love is like a red, red rose - Ae fond kiss - The Wee Cooper of Fife

Derek J. Clark was born in Glasgow and studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama and the London Opera Centre. He joined Welsh National Opera's music staff in 1977 as a répétiteur and staff conductor. Since joining the Scottish opera as Head of Music in 1997 he has conducted *Samson*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Così fan tutte*, *Fidelio*, *Rigoletto*, *Carmen*, *La Bohème*, *Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Eugene Onegin*, *Hansel and Gretel* and James MacMillan's *Inés de Castro*. This season he has conducted *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and five new operas in the Company's Five:15 project, and made a guest appearance with the Lithuanian State Symphony Orchestra in Vilnius.

## Scotland the Brave - Cliff Hanley arr. C. Dawes

### Verses

Hark! When the night is falling  
Hark! Hear the pipes are calling,  
Loudly and proudly calling,  
Down through the glen.  
There where the hills are sleeping,  
Now feel the blood a-leaping,  
High as the spirits  
Of the old Highland men.

Far off in sunlit places,  
Sad are the Scottish faces,  
Yearning to feel the kiss  
Of sweet Scottish rain.  
Where tropic skies are beaming,  
Love sets the heart a-dreaming,  
Longing and dreaming  
For the homeland again.

### ***Please Join in the final verse and chorus:***

High in the misty Highlands,  
Out by the purple islands,  
Brave are the hearts that beat  
Beneath Scottish skies.  
Wild are the winds to meet you,  
Staunch are the friends that greet you,  
Kind as the love that shines  
From fair maidens' eyes.

### Chorus

*Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river,  
Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the brave.*

*Towering in gallant fame,  
Scotland my mountain hame,  
High may your proud standards gloriously wave,  
Land of my high endeavour,  
Land of the shining river,  
Land of my heart for ever,  
Scotland the Brave*

## Scots Songs, arr. Derek J. Clark (con't)

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go? will ye go? will ye go?  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;  
Come let us spend the lightsome days  
In the Birks o' Aberfeldy.

While o'erhead the hazels hing,  
The little burdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's  
The foamin' stream deep roarin' fa's  
O'erhung with wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd wi' love an' thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Ж

Oh, my love is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June,  
My love is like a melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art my bonnie lass  
Sae deep in love am I,  
And I will love thee still my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever!  
Ae fareweel, and then forever!  
Deep in heart-rung tears I'll pledge thee,  
War ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!

Ж

There was a wee cooper wha' lived in Fife,  
*Nickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo,*  
An' he has gotten a gentle wife,  
*Hey Willie Wallacky, Ho, John Dougal,*  
*Alane quo' rushety roo, roo roo.*

She wadna' card, she wadna' spin,  
For shamin' o' her gentle kin.

She wadna' bake, she wadna' brew,  
For spoilin' o' her comely hue.

The cooper has gone tae his wool-pack,  
He's laid a sheepskin on his wife's back.

``I wouldna thrash ye for your gentle kin,  
``But I will thrash my ain sheepskin.``

``Oh, I will card and I will spin,  
``And think no mair o' my gentle kin.``

``Oh, I will bake, and I will brew,  
And think no mair o' my comely hue.

`A' ye wha' has gotten a gentle wife,  
Just send ye for the Cooper of Fife.

## Scottish Songs – arr. F. J. Haydn

Scots, wha ha'e wi Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victorie.  
Now's the day, now's the hour;  
See the front of battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power –  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!  
What for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freemen stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and plains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free.  
Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!  
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!  
Let us do or die!

Ж

Wha wadna be in love wi bonnie Maggy Lauder?  
A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?  
Right scornfully she answered him,  
“Begone, you hallanshaker.”  
“Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,  
My name is Maggie Lauder.”

“Maggy,” quo' he, “and by my bags,  
“I'm fidging fain to see thee;  
“Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
“In troth I winna steer thee:  
“For I'm a piper to my trade,  
“My name is Rob the Ranter;  
“The lasses loup as they were daft

“When I blaw up my chanter.”  
Then to his bags he flew with speed,  
About the drone he twisted;  
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,  
For brawly she could she frisk it.  
“Weel done,” quo' he – “Play up,” quo' she:  
“Weel bobb'd,” quo Rob the Ranter:  
“It's worth my while to play indeed.  
“When I ha'e sic a dancer.”

Ж

From thee Eliza I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The gruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar;  
But boundless ocean's roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza, dear!  
The maid that I adore!  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more!  
But the last throb that heaves my heart,  
While death stands victor by,  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh!

## An Iona Devotional – John Bell arr. C. Dawes

I will always bless the Lord,  
Praise his name and love his word.  
Humble folk will fill with joy  
As in God I glory.

When I prayed, God answered me,  
From my fears he set me free;  
None who trust God's faithful love  
Shall be disappointed.

Taste and see that God is good,  
Know your yearnings understood,  
Find your true security,  
Be God's holy people.

Alleluia!

Ж

Should I rehearse with human voice  
The words which angels make their choice,  
Devoid of love, my song resounds  
Magnificent but empty,  
And should I preach with earnest tone  
And know whatever can be known  
And move the hills by faith alone –  
If I lack love I'm nothing.

In love is patience always found;  
For love kind hearts make common ground,  
From love, conceit and pride take flight  
And jealousy is banished.  
Love keeps no score of what's gone wrong  
Nor sings a pessimistic song,  
Nor lets regret or guilt or guilt prolong,  
For love expects tomorrow.

Let strange and startling language cease,  
Let tongues their ecstasy release,  
Let knowledge come and go in peace:  
These things are not eternal.  
For all the thought and skill we show  
Are but a phase through which we grow,

Till, face to face with God, we'll know  
That love that lasts forever.  
I bow my knee in prayer  
before the Father who made me,  
before the Son who purchased me,  
before the Spirit who cleansed me,  
in friendship and love.

Lord, through your blessed Son,  
give us the fullness we long for,  
lovre and affection for our God,  
the smile and wisdom of our God,  
the grace of God.

So may we live on earth  
as saints, as angels in heaven;  
each shade and light, each day and night  
through every moment we draw our breath,  
God, give us your Spirit.

Ж

The Word of Life and Lord of Love,  
God's chosen and our chooser,  
Has made his home among the poor  
And sided with the loser.

*Then show your face and take your place,  
And share your time and treasure  
Where no one less than Christ the King  
Takes refuge and brings pleasure.*

A fish, a loaf, a seed, a coin,  
A cup, a cross, a silence,  
An empty tomb, an upstairs room:  
By these he conquers violence.

In pain, redundancy and loss,  
In stigma and rejection,  
The Son of God is present yet,  
Inspiring resurrection.

*Come, Holy Ghost,  
Soon we should be sleeping.  
Gladden every heart  
Entrusted to your keeping.*

Now the day is done,  
Thanks for all it brought us,  
For what we met or missed,  
and how that touched or taught us.

*Refrain:*

Bless the ones we love,  
Bless the ones we weary  
And bless the ones whose lives  
Are empty, done, or dreary.

*Refrain:*

Let our bodies rest,  
Free our minds for dreaming,  
And shed the light of Christ  
To set our spirits gleaming.

*Refrain:*

*Please join in singing the third and final refrains:*

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost:  
Soon we should be sleep- ing.  
Glad - den ev' - ry heart en -  
trust - ed to your keep- ing.

## Scots Songs, arr. Derek J. Clark

Ye banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
An' I sae weary, ful' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,  
That wanton through the flow'rin' thorn.  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon  
Tae see the rose and woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie.  
As fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome hert I pu'd a rose  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
An' my fause lover stole my rose,  
But ah, he left the thorn wi' me.

Ж

When o'er the hill the eastern star  
tells buchtin' time is near, my jo,  
When owsen frae the furrowed field  
return sae dowf and weary, o,  
Doon by the burn, where scented birks  
wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the Lea Rig,  
my ain kind dearie-o.

The hunter lo'es the mornin' sun  
tae rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen along  
the burn tae steer, my jo.  
Gi'e me the 'oor o' gloamin' grey, it mak's  
my hert sae cheery-o,  
Tae meet thee on the Lea Rig,  
my ain kind dearie-o.