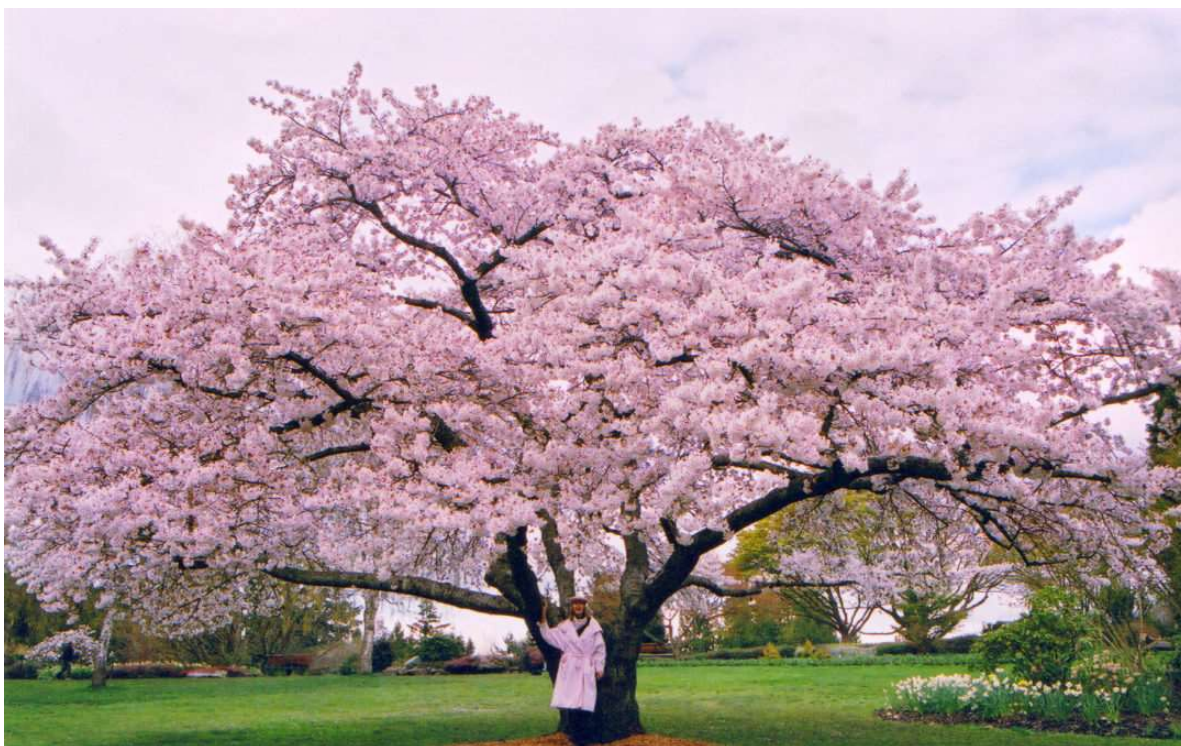




Vancouver Sings One Song

by Sean Bickerton | Apr 5, 2018 | 0 comments



The Canadian Music Centre in BC was thrilled to partner this year with the ***Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival*** (VCBF) to co-present ***Vancouver Sings One Song*** (VSOS), a massed choir concert featuring several hundred singers in Christ Church Cathedral on Tuesday, April 3 at 6:30 pm. The massed rehearsal/performance was led by choral director **Kathryn Nicholson** along with Host Choir, **Sound Eclectic**, brilliantly organized by the dynamic VCBF Executive Director, Linda Poole.

The evening saw the premiere of *Cherry Blossoms For You & Me*, composed by JUNO award-winning Tom Landa and Robin Layne for VSOS, along with performances of Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*, and Japanese folk song *Sakura*

Sakura in honour of Japan's gift of cherry trees to our city in celebration of international friendship.



Additional Pop-Up Performances that the public is encouraged to join will take place on Thursday, April 5 — ***Cherry Jam Downtown*** at Burrard SkyTrain Station at lunchtime; on April 14 & 15, for ***Sakura Days Japan Fair***, at the VanDusen Botanical Garden; and on April 14, ***The Big Picnic***, at Queen Elizabeth Park, 12:00pm- 3:00 pm.

Please [click here for more information](#) including lyrics, music and videos of the songs, as well as additional information about Vancouver's twelfth annual *Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival*.

In welcoming attendees to the rehearsal and performance on Tuesday night, I read the following lines from Wordsworth, remarking on how wonderful it is at such a trying time in the world that people of all backgrounds and ages can come together peacefully and join in song, creating, as Wordsworth writes "*a thousand blended notes.*"

Lines Written in Early Spring



By William Wordsworth

*I heard a thousand
blended notes,
While in a grove I sate
reclined,
In that sweet mood
when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to
the mind.*

To her fair works did

Nature link

*The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.*

*Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.*

*The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.*



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