

PRO CORO CANADA
choral experiences 20.21

new s p @ c e s

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

A ↔ PART SONGS

OCTOBER 18, 2020
Between 2:30 and 5:00pm

 40th anniversary
season
PRO CORO CANADA

Texts & Translations

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It was a lover and his lass – George Macfarren**Text: William Shakespeare**

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

The land of wonders – Henry Smart**Text: Friedrich Schiller**

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh! how happy should I be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair;
To the mountains I would fly,
Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings
Tones of heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings,
Balmy odour round me flows.
Golden grows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there,
Winter marks not for his prey.

But a torrent bars my way:
Fierce its angry billows roll,
And the menace of its spray,
With a shudder fills my soul.
Lo! a boat reels to and fro,
But alas! the pilot fails
Bold and fearless in it go,
Life breathes on its swelling sails.

Heav'n ne'er gives a pledge to man,
Strong in faith then thou must dare;
Thee nought but a wonder can
To the Land of Wonders bear.

Under the greenwood tree – George Macfarren**Text: William Shakespeare**

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
Well pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

How Good Will It Feel – Allan Gilliland**Text: Jemma Hicken**

How good will it feel when time gusts around us once again
To listen to the wind
To turn our stiff selves inside out
And notice where we bend
How good will it feel when I am right side up and outside in
When abstract
Hardens to concrete
And I still scrape my knees
When the stillness feels like respite
And the quiet tastes like honey

By then, we will have noticed the small things we love
We will have picked up the smoothest pebbles
From the quiet beach down the road
And stuffed them in our pockets.
We'll find them later
On a lunch break
Or an airplane
When the stillness feels like respite
And the quiet tastes like honey
And time gusts around us once again.

Shall we go dance? – Charles Stanford

Shall we go dance the hay, the hay?
Never pipe could ever play
better shepherd's roundelay,
Fa la la la la la la!

Shall we go sing the song, the song?
Never love did ever wrong,
fair maids, hold hands all along,
Fa la la la la la la!

Shall we go learn to woo, to woo,
Never thought came better too,
better deed could ever do.
Fa la la la la la la!

Shall we go learn to kiss, to kiss?
Never heart could ever miss
comfort where true meaning is.
Fa la la la la la la!

Thus at base they run,
when the sport was scarce begun;
but I wak'd, and all was done,
Fa la la la la la la!

Love – Edward Elgar

Like the rosy northern glow
Flushing on a moonless night
Where the world is level snow,
So thy light.

In my time of outer gloom
Thou didst come, a tender lure;
Thou, when life was but a tomb,
Beamedst pure.

Thus I looked to heaven again,
Yearning up with eager eyes,
As sunflow'rs after dreary rain
Drink the skies.

Oh glow on and brighter glow,
Let me ever gaze on thee,
Lest I lose warm hope and so
Cease to be.

Music, when soft voices die – Charles Hubert Hastings Parry**Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley**

Music, when soft voices die,
vibrates in the memory.
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
are heaped, heaped for the beloved's bed;
and so thy thoughts, when thou art gone.
Love itself shall slumber on.

My Mother's Body – Stuart Beatch**Text: Zara Neukom**

Ravens lift, weightless in the updraft
snow dusts clay like flour on a stone surface.

My mother, white-haired goddess on thin legs
watches the wind-players and laughs with them.

I watch my mother watch the birds. Her soft eyes fall
and lift again. She was sick for a year a year I wasn't home.

When the organ of your body that is programed to give life turns
against you, how do you still say woman? I was drinking in a hostel

half way across the world. I remember I had 3 minutes of Internet left
when I opened the email with a picture of my mother

with cloth for hair. My dad shaved his beard. I cried
in a room full of faces I didn't know. A flock of

ravens is called unkindness. I'm watching
them in the lines of my mother's body

and it seems impossible to believe
in bad omens. She steps on frozen

sage. And for a minute laughing
feels like floating

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!**Claude Debussy****Text: Charles d'Orléans**

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle;
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle,
Chascun est prest de la louer.
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,
La gracieuse bonne et belle!
Par deça, ne delà, la mer,
Ne scay dame, ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous biens parfaits telle!
C'est un songe d'y penser.
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! how good to look on her!

Lord! how good to look on her,
The good and fair and gracious lady;
For the high qualities within her,
All are eager to praise her.
Who could ever tire of her?
Her beauty always increases.

Lord! how good to look on her,
The good and fair and gracious lady!
The ocean knows of no woman in any quarter,
Married or single, who is as perfect
As she in every way.
You would never dream of such a thing;
Lord! how good it is to look on her!

Spring Night – Colin Eatock**Text: Sara Teasdale**

The park is filled with night and fog,
The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.

O, Beauty are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love,
With youth, a singing voice and eyes
To take earth's wonder with surprise?

Why have I put off my pride,
Why am I unsatisfied,--
I for whom the pensive night
Binds her cloudy hair with light,--
I, for whom all beauty burns
Like incense in a million urns?

O, Beauty, are you not enough?
Why am I crying after love?

O Happy Eyes – Edward Elgar

O happy eyes, for you will see
My love, my lady pass today;
What I may not, that may you say
And ask for answer daringly.
O happy eyes.

O happy flow'rs that touch her dress,
That touch her dress and take her smile,
O whisper to her all the while
Some words of love in idleness.
O happy flowers.

O happy airs that touch her cheek,
And lightly kiss and float away,
So carelessly as if in play,
Why take ye all the joy I seek?

O happy eyes my love to see,
Alas! alas! I may not greet
With word or touch my lady sweet;
More happy eyes, say all for me.

Droplets – Laura Hawley**Text: Jeni Couzyn**

When you pass, dip your head.
This is the adab of breath.

I breathe in, I breathe you in.
I breathe out, you breathe me in.
Everything we are, have ever been.
We have no choice,
can't stop breathing.

Droplets – seed banks of time
droplets so fine
mist so ephemeral only mystics
could see it, each breath seeded with
a snowdrop death.

I breathe you in – treading
the congregation of water –
each ancient life,
sea-ocean, sky-ocean, land-ocean
we swim in, that swims in us.

We breathe in stars
of our ancestors
their loves, their hurts.
We are what we breathe.
Take care my love, how you breathe.

You breathe me in.
The mist binds us as the pricking spring
molecules green the spaces of the forest
branches that scribble sky
light that flows taproot to taproot.

It's a dawning – like a nuclear cloud
there's no escaping
beast, grain, droplet
in a snaking mist –
we're none but one creature.

Singing In The End – Jane Berry**Text: Brandon Wint**

All the poems carry on
hunting bits of paradise,
I fasten hope to this song, the music of my life.

And if it's coming anyway, I'll make of death a friend.
If the reaper finds me waiting, I'll be singing in the end.

This is not the end;
I still see such beauty lurking,
though I hear the bells of dirges,
I give thanks to those deserving,
press my hands to good things earthen.

Though the path is less than certain,
I stretch my hands to work with purpose,
do not court the amber curtain
of my death.

And if it's coming anyway, I'll make of death a friend.
If the reaper finds me waiting, I'll be singing in the end.

Des pas dans l'allée**Camille Saint-Saëns****Text: Maurice Boukay**

Tombez, souvenirs, tombez feuille à feuille,
 Faites un tapis de vos ors défunts.
 Les fleurs reviendront pleurer leurs parfums.
 Mais reverrons-nous celle qui les cueille?
 Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
 S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Dormez, feuilles d'or, parmi l'avenue,
 Gardez dans vos plis le pli de ses pas.
 Celui-ci plus las inclinait plus bas
 Son âme vers moi qui l'ai méconnue.
 Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
 S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Tombez, souvenirs! glissez feuille à feuille,
 Recouvrez ses pas de vos ors défunts.
 D'autres fleurs viendront pleurer leurs parfums!
 Mais plus ne viendra celle qui les cueille!
 Vers quel silence? en quelle allée
 S'est-elle en un beau soir allée?

Footsteps in the alley

Fall, memories, fall leaf by leaf,
 Make a carpet of your deceased gold.
 The flowers will come back to cry their perfumes.
 But will we see the one who picks them up again?
 Towards what silence? in which alley
 Did she go on a beautiful evening?

Sleep, gold leaves, among the avenue,
 Keep the folds of his steps in your folds.
 This one, more weary, inclined lower
 Her soul towards me who ignored her.
 Towards what silence? in which alley
 Did she go on a beautiful evening?

Fall, memories! slip sheet by sheet,
 Cover his footsteps with your dead gold.
 Other flowers will come to cry their perfumes!
 But the one who picks them will never come!
 Towards what silence? in which alley
 Did she go on a beautiful evening?

Ronde – Maurice Ravel

Les vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
 Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:
 Il y a plein de satyres,
 de centaures, de malins sorciers,
 Des farfadets et des incubes,
 Des ogres, des lutins,
 Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,
 Diables, diablots, diabolins,
 Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
 des démons,
 Des loups-garous, des elfes,
 des myrmidons,
 Des enchanteurs et des mages,
 des stryges, des sylphes,
 des moines-bourus,
 des cyclopes, des djinns,
 gobelins, korrigans,
 nécromants, kobolds ...
 Ah!
 N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
 N'allez pas au bois.

Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
 Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:
 Il y a plein de faunesses,
 de bacchantes et de males fées,
 garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses,
 des ogresses,
 Et des babaïagas,
 Des centaures et des diablasses,
 Goules sortant du sabbat,
 Des farfadettes et des démons,
 Des larves, des nymphes,
 des myrmidones,
 Il y a plein de démons,
 D'hamadryades, dryades,

Round

The old women:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
 Young maidens, do not go into the forest:
 It is full of satyrs,
 Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,
 Of sprites and incubuses,
 Ogres, pixies,
 Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,
 Devils, imps, and fiends,
 Cloven-foot, gnomes,
 Of demons,
 Of werewolves, elves,
 Warriors,
 Enchanters and conjurers,
 Of fairies, sylphs
 Of surly hermits,
 Cyclopes, Djinnns,
 Spirits, gremlins,
 Necromancers, trolls ...
 Ah!
 Do not go into Ormonde forest,
 Do not go into the forest.

The old men:

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
 Young men, do not go into the forest:
 It is full of female fauns,
 Of Bacchae and evil spirits,
 Lads, do not go into the forests.

Of female satyrs,
 Ogresses,
 And Baba Yagas,
 Of female centaurs and devils,
 Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
 Of sprites and demons,
 Of larvae, of nymphs,
 Of warriors,
 It is full of demons,
 Tree spirits and dryads,

naiades,
 ménades, thyades,
 follettes, lémures,
 gnomides, succubes,
 gorgones, gobelines ...
 N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

Les filles / Les garçons:
 N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,
 Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
 plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
 Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
 Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
 Plus d'ogresses,
 De faunes, de follets, de lamies,
 Diables, diablots, diabolins,
 De satyresses, non.
 De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,
 de démons,
 Plus de faunesses, non!
 De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
 de myrmidons
 Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
 de stryges, de sylphes,
 de moines-bourus,
 De centaures, de naiades,
 de thyades,
 Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
 dryades,
 folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes,
 gorgones, gobelines,
 de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux,
 d'éfrits, d'aegypan,
 de sylvains, gobelins, korrigans,
 nécromans, kobolds ...
 Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
 N'allez pas au bois.

Les malavisées vieilles,
 Les malavisés vieux
 les ont effarouchés -- Ah!

Naiads,
 Bacchantes, oreads,
 Hobgoblins, ghosts,
 Gnomes, succubuses,
 Gorgons, monsters,
 Do not go into Ormonde forest.

The maids / The lads:
 We won't to into Ormonde forest any more,
 Alas! Never more we'll go into the forest.

There are no more satyrs there,
 No more nymphs or evil spirits.
 No more sprites, no more incubuses,
 No ogres, no pixies,
 No more ogresses,
 No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks,
 Devils, imps, or fiends,
 No female satyrs, no.
 No more goat-footed, no gnomes,
 No demons.
 No more female fauns, no!
 Nor werewolves, nor elves,
 No warriors,
 No more enchanters or conjurers,
 No fairies, no sylphs,
 No surly hermits,
 No female centaurs or naiads,
 No more oreads,
 No more Bacchantes or tree spirits,
 No dryads,
 Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses,
 gorgons, goblins,
 No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends,
 no ifrits, no Aegipan,
 No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins,
 necromancers, trolls..
 Ah!

Do not go into the Ormonde forest,
 Do not go into the forest.

The misguided old women,
 The misguided old men
 Have chased them all away -- Ah!

Nicolette – Maurice Ravel

Nicolette, à la vesprée,
S'allait promener au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
la jonquille et la muguet,
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,
Lognant ci, là de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux loup grognant,
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;
Hé là! ma Nicolette,
viens tu pas chez Mère Grand?
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas d'un doux ami?
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,
le cœur bien marri.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant et ventru
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,
veux tu pas tous ces écus?
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

Nicolette

Nicolette, at twilight,
Went for a walk through the fields,
To pick daisies,
daffodils, and lilies of the valley.
Skipping around, completely jolly,
Spying here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf,
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:
"Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,
won't you come to Grandmother's house?"
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,
Leaving behind her cornette⁷ and white clogs.

She met a cute page,
Blue shoes and gray doublet:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
wouldn't you like a sweetheart?"
Wisely, she turned 'round, poor Nicolette,
very slowly, with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,
Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied:
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,
don't you want all this money?"
She ran straight into his arms, good Nicolette,
Never to return to the fields again.

Herbstlied – Felix Mendelssohn**Text: Nikolaus Lenau**

Holder Lenz, du bist dahin!
Nirgends, nirgends darfst du bleiben!
Wo ich sah dein frohes Blühn,
Braust des Herbstes banges Treiben.

Wie der Wind so traurig fuhr
Durch den Strauch, als ob er weine;
Sterbeseufzer der Natur
Schauern durch die welken Haine.

Wieder ist, wie bald! wie bald!
Mir ein Jahr dahingeschwunden.
Fragend rauscht es aus dem Wald:
"Hat dein Herz sein Glück gefunden?"

Waldesrauschen, wunderbar
Hast du mir das Herz getroffen!
Treulich bringt ein jedes Jahr
Welkes Laub und welches Hoffen.

Ruhetal – Felix Mendelssohn**Text: Ludwig Uhland**

Wann im letzten Abendstrahl
gold'ne Wolkenberge steigen,
und wie Alpen sich erzeigen,
frag ich oft mit Thränen:
liegt wohl zwischen jenen
mein ersehntes Ruhetal?

Autumn Lament

Lovely spring, you are gone!
for never, never may you remain!
Where I saw your merry blossoms
now bluster autumn's anxious stirrings.

How the wind blows so mournfully
through the bushes, as if it were weeping;
Nature's dying sighs
shudder through the decaying grove.

Again it is, how soon, how soon!
a year has vanished, lost from me.
It rushes through the woods, asking
"Has your heart found happiness?"

Murmuring woods, how wonderfully
have you affected my heart!
Every year reliably brings
Withered leaves and withered hopes.

Valley of Rest

When in the final rays of evening
golden mountain clouds rise
like Alpen peaks on high,
I often ask sorrowfully:
Is my own final resting-place
among them?

How soft the shades of evening – Henry Smart**Text: Reginald Heber**

How soft the shades of evening creep
 O'er yonder dewy lea,
 Where balmy winds have lulled to sleep
 The tenants of the tree.
 No wandering breeze is here to sweep,
 In winding ripple o'er the deep,
 Yet swells the heaving sea.

How calm the sky! rest, ocean, rest,
 From storm and ruffle free,
 Calm as the image on thy breast
 Of her that governs thee.
 And yet beneath the moon's mild reign,
 Thy broad breast heaves, as one in pain,
 Thou dark and silent sea!

A prayer to bring you home – John Estacio**Text: Alice Major**

The street is lined with green ash.
 You know these trees,
 Now turning bronze.
 Come home.

You know the songs sung in the cracked voice of this sidewalk.
 Come home past the drying stalks of morning, mourning sigh and clutter.
 Come home through the litter of autumn leaving us again.

Come home. I am watching for you from the window, half empty glass.
 Come home up the path you have always known.
 Come home Your suitcase is heavy as a headstone,

Light as a purseful of leaves.
 It is warm.
 Come in, come in my arms.

Ich hab' die Nacht geträumet**Max Reger****Text: August Zarnack**

Ich hab die Nacht geträumet
wohl einen schweren Traum,
es wuchs in meinem Garten
ein Rosmarienbaum.

Ein Kirchhof war der Garten
ein Blumenbeet das Grab,
und von dem grünen Baume
fiel Kron und Blüte ab.

Die Blüten tät ich sammeln
in einen goldnen Krug,
der fiel mir aus den Händen,
dass er in Stücken schlug.

Draus sah ich Perlen rinnen
und Tröpflein rosenrot:
Was mag der Traum bedeuten?
Ach Liebster, bist Du tot?

I had a dream last night

I had a dream last night,
It was such a worrisome dream,
There was growing in my garden,
A rosemary tree.

A graveyard was the garden,
A flowerbed the grave
And from the green tree
The crown and flower fell.

The blossoms I gathered
in a golden jar,
It fell out of my hands,
And smashed to pieces.

Out of it I saw pearls trickling
And droplets rose-red
What could the dream mean?
Oh, my love, are you dead?

Der Mond ist aufgegangen**J.A.P Schulz****Text: Matthias Claudius**

Der Mond ist aufgegangen.
 Die gold'nen Sternlein prangen
 am Himmel hell und klar.
 Der Wald steht schwarz und schweiget,
 und aus den Wiesen steigt
 der weiße Nebel wunderbar.

Wie ist die Welt so stille,
 und in der Dämmerung Hülle
 so traulich und so hold,
 gleich einer stillen Kammer,
 wo ihr des Tages Jammer
 verschlafen und vergessen sollt.

Seht ihr den Mond dort stehen?
 Er ist nur halb zu sehen
 und ist doch rund und schön.
 So sind wohl manche Sachen,
 die wir getrost belachen,
 weil unsere Augen sie nicht seh'n.

So legt euch denn, ihr Brüder,
 in Gottes Namen nieder;
 kalt ist der Abendhauch.
 Verschon uns, Gott, mit Strafen
 und laß uns ruhig schlafen,
 und unsren kranken Nachbarn auch!

The Moon Has Risen

The Moon has risen,
 The golden little stars shine
 In the bright and clear sky.
 The forest is dark and silent,
 And from the meadows is rising
 Wonderfully, the white mist.

How the world is silent,
 In the envelope of twilight,
 So intimate and so fair,
 As a silent chamber,
 Where the day's misery
 Should be slept upon and forgotten.

Do you see the moon up there?
 It is only half visible,
 And yet it is round and beautiful!
 So are many things
 That we laugh at boldly
 Because our eyes can not see them.

So, lie down, you, brothers,
 In God's name here below;
 Cold is the evening breeze.
 Spare us, O God! punishment
 And let us sleep in peace!
 And our sick neighbor too!

Evening Song – Allan Bevan**Text: Sidney Lanier**

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea;
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer we.

Now, in the sea's red vintage melts the sun
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart,
Glimmer, ye waves, 'round else unlighted sands;
Oh night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands.

PRO CORO CANADA
choral experiences 20.21

new s p @ c e s

MOTETS

NOVEMBER 22, 2020

Between 2.30 and 5:00pm

 40th anniversary
season
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