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Programme

Lamentatio	Manuel Cardoso
Egressus Jesus Secessit	Pero de Gamboa
Tristis est Anima Mea	Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla
<i>Bronwyn Mitchell, Julia Golding (sopranos), Debra Shearer-Dirié (alto), Robin Maurer (bass)</i>	
Nascia la Gioia Mia	Nigel Westlake
He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven	Daniel Brimsmead
Lux Aeterna	Paul Stanhope
In Paradisum	Megan Nelson
<i>Katherine Chan (soprano)</i>	
Nearer My God to Thee	Lowell Mason arr. James Stevens
<i>Chris Bradley (tenor)</i>	
We Welcome Summer	Clare Maclean
On the Banks of the Condamine	Iain Grandage
<i>Bronwyn Mitchell (soprano), James Fox (bass)</i>	
Waltzing Matilda	arr. Ruth McCall

*Fusion thanks the parish of St Andrew's Anglican Church
for kindly allowing us to use their beautiful space this afternoon.*

*You are warmly invited to join us for refreshments following the concert –
come and sample Fusion's new wine and support our touring fund!
(Details in programme)*

There are many things about Australian music to be excited about in the 21st century. From world class orchestras like the Australian Chamber Orchestra, multiple award-winning choirs such as the Adelaide Chamber Singers, and internationally-renowned conductors like Simone Young, our country is producing a wealth of talent and creativity on the musical stage.

Today's programme explores a variety of music, much of which is by Australian composers. Among them are some established names – Nigel Westlake, Paul Stanhope, Clare Maclean – but also some younger emerging composers like Daniel Brimsmead and Megan Nelson, who will become part of the next generation of musical voices. Their work reflects a uniquely Australian landscape and culture, while also drawing on quintessentially Australian poetry and imagery. The words of Dorothea Mackellar (“the hot, gold hush of noon”) or Michael Leunig (“we are loved by the sun”) immediately conjure up sensations of the Australian summer heat, which has a quality distinct from anything experienced in the rest of the world. There is also music which reflects intensely personal stories of sadness for the loss of Australian lives, such as Nigel Westlake's *Nascia la Gioia Mia*, written after the tragic death of his 19 year old son, and Paul Stanhope's *Lux Aeterna*, which was commissioned in memory of a young student from St Peters Lutheran College, just a few hundred metres from where we are today.

We begin, however, with three early works of Renaissance polyphony; not because the composers share our common heritage, culture and stories, but because it is interesting to note how many Australian composers are inspired by both Latin texts and plainsong chant in creating their own work. Paul Stanhope and Megan Nelson are just two of many contemporary composers who have taken passages from either scripture or the Latin Mass and breathed new life into them with a fresh harmonic language. It is a seamless blending of ancient and modern traditions, and Australia is nothing if not a fusion of cultures across many times and places. We hope you enjoy today's performance.

Lamentatio

Music: Manuel Cardoso (Portuguese, c. 1566-1650)

Text: Lamentations 1:6-7

Vau. Et egressus est a filia Sion omnis de cor ejus:
facti sunt principes ejus velut arietes non invenientes pascua
et abierunt absque fortitudine ante faciem subsequentis.

Zain. Recordata est Jerusalem dierum afflictionis suae
et praevaricationis omnium desiderabilium suorum quae habuerat a diebus antiquis,
cum caderet populus ejus in manu hostili et non esset auxiliator
viderunt eam hostes et deriserunt Sabbata ejus.
Jerusalem convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

*Vau. And from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed:
her princes are become like harts that find no pasture,
and they are gone without strength before the pursuer.*

*Zain. Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction
and of her miseries all her pleasant things that she had in the days of old,
when her people fell into the hand of the enemy, and none did help her.
The adversaries saw her: and did mock at her Sabbaths.
Jerusalem turn to the Lord thy God.*

Egressus Jesus Secessit

Music: Pero de Gamboa (Portuguese, c. 1563-1638)

Text: Matthew 15:21-22a

Egressus Jesus secessit in partes Tyri et Sidonis: et ecce mulier Cananea a finibus illis
egressa, clamavit dicens ei: Miserere mei Domine, Fili David.

*Departing, Jesus withdrew to the region of Tyre and Sidon: and behold, a woman from
Canaan from those borders coming out, cried saying to Him: Have mercy on me, O Lord,
Son of David.*

Tristis est Anima Mea

Music: Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (Mexican, c. 1590-1664)

Text: Matthew 26:38-39

Tristis est anima mea, usque ad mortem: sustinete hic et vigilate me cum.
Et cum processisset pusillum procidit in faciem suam, orans, et dicens:
Pater mi, si possibile est transeat a me calix iste.
Verum tamen non sicut ego volo.

*My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: abide ye here, and watch with me.
And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying,
“O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me:
nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”*

Nascia la Gioia Mia (My Joy is Born)

*Music: Nigel Westlake (Australian, born 1958), adapted from two movements of Missa Solis: Requiem for Eli
Text: Giovan Leonardo Primavera (c. 1540-1585); Hannie Rayson and Michael Cathcart (adapted from John Weiley's narration to the Imax documentary Solarmax)*

Nasce la gioia mia
Ogni volta ch'io miro il mio bel sole,
E la mia vita è via
Qualor nol miro,
Perché il sguardo tale
Ch'ogni volta beato farmi suole.
O Sol, o Sol almo immortale.

*My joy is born
every time I gaze at my beautiful sun:
but my life dies
when I cannot look at it,
for the very sight
is bliss to me.
O Sun, immortal life-giver.*

Glowing...
Aurora Borealis
Aurora Australis
The whole planet glowing
in the infra red warmth
of a star we call sun.
The sun is singing a song to itself,
too deep to be heard,
too secret to know.
The whole planet glowing
at the edge of a spiral
with the song of a star called Sun.
A song of tides and currents,
of secret tides and currents,
revealing tides and currents.

Die Sonne, Soleil
Illios, Guwing
Surya, Eki
Ilanga, Yaraaay
Inti, Suvar
Solntsa, Khama
Taiyo, Solis

He Wishes for the Cloths Heaven

Music: Daniel Brimsmead (Australian, born 1988)

Text: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim,
And the dark cloths of night and the half light.
I would spread the cloths under your feet,
But I being poor have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

Lux Aeterna

Music: Paul Stanhope (Australian, born 1969)

Text: From the Latin Requiem Mass

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum
Quia pius es.

*Let eternal light shine upon them, O Lord,
With thy saints forever,
Because thou art gracious.*

In Paradisum

Music: Megan Nelson (Australian, born 1990)

Text: From the Latin Requiem Mass

In paradisum deducant te Angeli;
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Ierusalem.
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam habeas requiem.

*May angels lead you into paradise;
upon your arrival, may the martyrs receive you and lead you to the holy city of Jerusalem.
May the ranks of angels receive you,
and with Lazarus, once a poor man, may you have eternal rest.*

Nearer My God to Thee

Music: Lowell Mason, arrangement with original music by James Stevens

Text: Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848)

In articulo mortis
caelitus mihi vires.
Deo adjuvante,
non timendum in perpetuum,
Dirige, nos Domine,
ad augusta per angusta,
Sic itur ad astra
Excelsior!

At the moment of death
my strength is from heaven.
God helping,
Nothing should ever be feared,
Direct us, O Lord,
to high places by narrow roads,
Such is the path to the stars,
ever upward!

Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.
There let the way appear, steps unto heav'n,
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n.
Still shall all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.
Angels to beckon me, nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee.

Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly!

We Welcome Summer

Music: Clare MacLean (New Zealand, born 1958)

Text: Michael Leunig (born 1945)

We welcome summer
And the glorious blessing of light.
We are rich with light;
We are loved by the sun.
Let us empty our hearts
Into the brilliance.
Let us pour our darkness
Into the glorious forgiving light.
For this loving abundance
Let us give thanks
And offer our joy. Amen.

On the Banks of the Condamine

Music: Iain Grandage (Australian, born 1970)

Text: Excerpts from *My Country* by Dorothea McKellar, and traditional Australian bush ballad *On the Banks of the Condamine* (author unknown)

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.

Oh hark the dogs are barking, love, I can no longer stay,
The men are all gone mustering and it is nearly day,
I must be off by morning light before the sun doth shine,
To meet the Sydney shearers on the banks of the Condamine.

Lagaga nu paipa kunia Wanana Maia mai ulaipa.

O Willie, dearest Willie, I'll go along with you.
I'll cut off all my auburn fringe and be a shearer too,
I'll cook and count your tally, love, while ringero you shine,
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy, with me you cannot go,
The squatters have given orders, love, no woman should do so,
Your delicate constitution is not equal unto mine,
To stand the constant tig'ring on the banks of the Condamine.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky
When sick at heart around us
We see the cattle die.

Oh Willie, dearest Willie, then stay back home with me,
We'll take up a selection and a farmer's wife I'll be,
I'll help you husk the corn, love, and I'll cook your meals so fine,
You'll forget the ramstag mutton on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh Nancy, dearest Nancy, please so not hold me back,
Down there all the boys are waiting and I must be on the track,
So here is a goodbye kiss, love, for back home here I'll incline,
When we've shore the last of the jumbucks on the banks of the Condamine.

An opal hearted country,
A wilful lavish land
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand.

Though Earth holds many splendours
Wherever I may die
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly!

Waltzing Matilda

Music: Ruth McCall (Australian)

Text: Banjo Paterson (1864-1941)

*Kallara, marlee, patanga, yanagin,
carawatha, yarrabee, tyalla,
maroong, yallaroo, tumbeeluwa.*

Under the shade of the coolibah tree
Who'll come a waltzing Matilda with me?
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me!"