

Please turn off phones

Programme

Beatus Vir, Sanctus Martinus	Paweł Łukaszewski
In Pace	René Clausen
Bound for South Australia	Traditional arr. Ruth McCall
Lamentations for Maundy Thursday	Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla
In Paradisum	Megan Nelson
The Gallant Weaver	James MacMillan
Flame	Ben Parry
Dawn	Eric William Barnum
Long Road	Ēriks Ešenvalds
Bumble Bee	Anders Enderoth

*Fusion thanks the parish of St Andrew's Anglican Church
for kindly allowing us to use their beautiful
(and now air conditioned!) space this afternoon.*

Beatus Vir, Sanctus Martinus

Music: Paweł Łukaszewski (Polish, born 1968)

Text: Paweł Łukaszewski

Alleluia. Beatus vir, Santus Martinus, urbis Turonis Episcopus, requievit:
quem susceperunt Angeli atque Archangeli, Throni, Dominationes et Virtutes.

*Alleluia. The blessed man Saint Martin, Bishop of the City of Tours, is dead:
whom Angels carried off, Archangels, Principalities, Dominions and Virtues.*

In pace

Music: René Clausen (American, born 1953)

Text: John Sheppard (c. 1515-1560)

In pace, in idipsum dormiam et requiescam.
Si dederō somnum oculis meis
Et palpebris meis dormitationem,
Dormiam et requiescam.
Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Amen.

*In peace, in true peace, I shall sleep and rest.
If I give slumber to my eyes,
And to my eyelids drowsiness,
I shall sleep and rest.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.*

Bound for South Australia

Music: Traditional arr. Ruth McCall (Australian)

Text: Traditional sea shanty

In South Australia I was born,
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn.

*Heave away, you ruler kings,
Heave away, haul away!
Heave away, you'll hear 'em sing,
We're bound for South Australia.*

As I was walking 'long the square,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

I chased her up, I chased her down,
I chased her all around the town.

And now we're galloping 'round Cape Horn,
You'll wish to God you never was born.

And now we're bound for a foreign land,
With a bottle o' whisky in one hand.

I'll raise my glass to the foreign shore,
And another to the girl that I adore.

Lamentations for Maundy Thursday

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

Text: From the Lamentations of Jeremiah

Incipit lamentatio Ieremiae prophetae.

Aleph. Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo! Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium; princeps provinciarum facta est sub tributo.

Beth. Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lacrimæ ejus in maxillis ejus: non est qui consoletur eam, ex omnibus caris ejus; omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam, et facti sunt ei inimici.

Ghimel. Migravit Judas propter afflictionem, et multitudinem servitutis; habitavit inter gentes, nec invenit requiem: omnes persecutores ejus apprehenderunt eam inter angustias.

Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

Here begins the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah.

Aleph. How does the city sit alone, that was full of people: she has become like a widow, she that was great among the nations: the leader of the provinces has become a vassal.

Beth. She weeps, she weeps in the night, and her tears lie on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her, even among all her own flesh. All her friends have scorned her and become her enemies.

Gimel. Judah has departed because of the torment and great slavery: she has dwelt among the heathen but has not found rest. All her pursuers seized her in her perplexity.

Jerusalem, turn to the Lord your God.

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.*

The Gallant Weaver

Music: James MacMillan (Scottish, born 1959)

Text: Robert Burns (1759-96)

Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is the gallant Weaver.

Oh I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd the tocher-band
To gie the lad that had the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I love my gallant Weaver.

Flame

Music: Ben Parry (British, born 1965)

Text: Garth Bardsley

A flame

Dispels the dark
Its delicate light repels the shadows
A flame alone

Brings within its flicker
A welcoming warmth
A single flame

That shares its light
Is but strengthened by this splitting in two
And as each flame
Begets another
Its life and light is multiplied
To become unending
Forever burning
A beacon that both beckons and guides

So to light the world

Dawn

Music: Eric William Barnum (American, born 1979)

Text: Robert Bode

From the door's soft opening
And the day's first sigh, filling the room,
I see before me a life of doors, one opening on another:
Doors upon doors, and doors upon doors,
And sighs, sighs upon sighs,
Rising in a tide of mornings,
Rising, until that final sigh.
And the last morning,
And the last holy breath,
Whispering "this".

Long Road

Music: Ēriks Ešenvalds (Latvian, born 1977)

Text: Paulīne Bārda (1890-1983), translation by Elaine Sigley Lloyd

I love you night and day as a star in the distant sky.
And I mourn for this one thing alone that to love, our lifetime was so short.
A long road to heaven's shining meadow, and never could I reach its end.
But a longer road leads to your heart, which to me seems distant as a star.
High above the arch of heaven bends and light so clear is falling.
Like a flow'ring tree the world is blooming.
Overwhelmed, my heart both cries and laughs.

Bumble Bee

Music: Anders Endenroth (Swedish, born 1963)

Text: Anders Endenroth

From flower to flower,
Hour after hour,
Be humble, be humble bumble bee.

They all say you can't fly,
Tiny wings still take you high,
Be humble, be humble bumble bee.

And I heard you can't die,
Heaven knows if that's a lie,
Be humble, be humble bumble bee.