

Please turn off phones

Programme

In Winter's Keeping	Jackson Hill
Evening Song	Zoltán Kodály
The world, the clustering spheres <i>Bonnie Pearce (soprano)</i>	Paul Mealor
Oremus	Urmas Sisask
Madrigali	Morten Lauridsen
1. Ov'è, Lass', Il Bel Viso?	
2. Quando Son Più Lontan	
3. Amor, Io Sento L'alma	
4. Io Piango	
5. Luci Serene E Chiare	
6. Se Per Havervi, Oimè	
Timepiece	Anthony Ritchie
Long Road	Ēriks Ešenvalds
With a Lily in Your Hand	Eric Whitacre
Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep	Joseph Twist
Verano Porteño	Astor Piazzolla arr. Oscar Escalada

*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.*

In Winter's Keeping

Music: Jackson Hill (American, born 1941)

Text: Princess Nukata (Japanese, 7th century), translation by Jackson Hill

Fuyugomori	Long hidden deep in winter's keeping
Haru sarikureba	Spring bursts forth from its slumber
Nakazarishi	The once-silent birds
Tori mo kinakinu	Commence their song.
Sakazarishi	The incipient buds
Hana mo sakeredo	Now bloom in bright array.
Yama o shigemi	Yet in the hills the growth is so thick with trees
Irite mo torazu	Our delights are out of reach.
Kusabukami	So thick the weedy grass
Torite mo mizu	We cannot find the flowers to pick them.
Akiyama no	But in the hills in autumn-time
Konoha o mite wa	We gaze upon the rich-coloured foliage.
Momichi o ba	The leaves of brightest gold
Torite so shinofu	Longingly we take for picking.
Aoki o ba	The stubborn leaves that are still green
Okite so nageku	Regretfully we leave behind.
Soko shi urameshi	There is a melancholy in our delight:
Akiyama so are wa	Oh, the beauty of the golden hills!

Evening Song

Music: Zoltán Kodály (Hungarian, 1882-1967)

Text: Geoffrey Russell-Smith

Peaceful woods, the dusk descending,
Fragrant now with Summer's ending;
There I rested, and e'er sleeping,
Praying, sought His sweet safe-keeping.

Thus I lay there, silent, praying;
“Lord, I wander ever straying;
Wand'ring through the world, yet knowing.
Thou wilt guard me, and my going.

“Let not darkness from Thee hide me,
May Thine angels watch beside me.
Guard us all while we are sleeping,
Safe for ever in Thy keeping,
Ever, ever in Thy keeping.”

The world, the clustering spheres (from *Praise*)

Music: Paul Mealor (Welsh, born 1975)

Text: Christopher Smart

The world, the clust'ring spheres, he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
Where wisdom hides her skill.

The pillars of the Lord are sev'n,
Which stand from earth to topmost heav'n;
His wisdom drew the plan.

Oremus (from *Gloria Patri*)

Music: Urmas Sisask (Estonian, born 1960)

Madrigali: Six “Fire Songs” on Italian Renaissance Poems

Music: Morten Lauridsen (American, born 1943)

Text: 1 - Henricus Schafften ; 2 – Ivo; 3 - Jhan Gero (a parody of a ballata by Machiavelli); 4 – Ruffo; 5 - Ridolfo Arlotti; 6 - Claudio Monteverdi (from Primo Libro de Madrigali). All translations by Erica Muhl.

Morton Lauridsen writes:

“The choral masterpieces of the High Renaissance, especially the sacred works of Josquin and Palestrina and the secular madrigals of Monteverdi and Gesualdo, provided the inspiration for my own *Madrigali*. Italian love poems of that era have constituted a rich lyric source for many composers, and while reading them I became increasingly intrigued by the symbolic imagery of flames, burning and fire that recurred. I decided to compose an intensely dramatic a cappella cycle based on Renaissance poems employing this motif while blending stylistic musical features of the period within a contemporary compositional idiom. In doing so, I wanted the music to emanate (like ripples from a pebble thrown into a pond) from a single, primal sonority – one dramatic chord that would encapsule the intensity of the entire cycle and which would provide a musical motivic unity to complement the poetic. This sonority, which I've termed the 'Fire-Chord', opens the piece and is found extensively throughout all six movements in myriad forms and manipulations. The *Madrigali* are designed in an arch form with significant sharing of

materials between movements one and six, two and five. The cycle has its dramatic high point in movement four, 'Io Piango', where the music gradually builds from pianissimo to a fortissimo, seven-part explosion of the 'Fire-Chord' before settling to a quiet return of the opening measures.”

1. Ov'è, lass', il bel viso?

Ecco, e' s'asconde.

Oimè, dov'il mio sol? Lasso, che velo

S'è post'inanti et rend'oscur'il cielo?

Oimè ch'io il chiamo et veggio;

e' non risponde.

Deh, se mai sieno a tue vele seconde

Aure, dolce mio ben, se cangi pelo

Et loco tardi, et se 'l signor di Delo

Gratia et valor nel tuo bel sen'asconde,

Ascolta i miei sospiri et da' lor loco

Di volger in amor l'ingiusto sdegno,

Et vinca tua pietade il duro sempio.

Vedi qual m'arde et

mi consuma fuoco;

Qual fie scusa miglior, qual maggior segno

Ch'io son di viva fede et d'amor tempio!

Alas, where is the beautiful face?

Behold, it hides.

Woe's me, where is my sun? Alas, what veil

Drapes itself and renders the heavens dark?

Woe's me, that I call and see it;

it doesn't respond.

Oh, if your sails have auspicious winds,

My dearest sweet, and if you change your hair

And features late, if the Lord of Delos

Hides grace and valor in your beautiful bosom,

Hear my sighs and give them place

To turn unjust disdain into love,

And may your pity conquer hardships.

See how I burn and how

I am consumed by fire;

What better reason, what greater sign

Than I, a temple of faithful life and love!

2. Quando son più lontan de' bei vostri occhi

Che m'han fatto cangiar

voglia et costumi,

Cresce la fiamma et mi conduce a morte.

Et voi, che per mia sorte,

Potreste raffrenar la dolce fiamma,

Mi negate la fiamma che m'infiamma.

When I am farther from your beautiful eyes

That made me change

my wishes and my ways,

The flame grows and leads me to my death;

And you, who for my fate

Could restrain the sweet flame,

Deny me the flame that inflames me.

3. Amor, io sento l'alma

Tornar nel foco ov'io

Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.

Io ardo e 'n chiara fiamma

Nutrisco il miser core;

Et quanto più s'infiamma,

Tanto più cresce amore,

Perch'ogni mio dolore

Nasce dal fuoco ov'io

Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.

Oh love, I feel my soul

Return to the fire where I

Rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.

I burn and in bright flames

I feed my miserable heart;

The more it flames

The more my loving grows,

For all my sorrows come

From out of the fire where I

Rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.

4. Io piango, chè'l dolore
Pianger' mi fa, perch'io
Non trov'altro rimedio a l'ardor mio.
Così m'ha concio' Amore
Ch'ognor' viv'in tormento
Ma quanto piango più, men doglia sento.
Sorte fiera e inaudita
Che'l tacer mi d'a morte e'l pianger vita!

*I'm weeping, for the grief
Makes me cry, since I
Can find no other remedy for my fire.
So trapped by Love am I
That ever I lie in torment
But the more I cry the less pain I feel.
What cruel, unheard of fate
That silence gives me death and weeping life!*

5. Luci serene e chiare,
Voi m'incendiate, voi; ma prov'il core
Nell' incendio diletto, non dolore.
Dolci parole e care,
Voi mi ferite, voi; ma prov' il petto
Non dolor né la piaga, ma diletto.
O miracol d'amore!
Alma ch'è tutta foco e tutta sangue,
Si strugge e non si duol,
mor'e non langue.

*Eyes serene and clear,
You inflame me, but my heart must
Find pleasure, not sorrow, in the fire.
Words sweet and dear,
You wound me, but my breast must
Find pleasure, not sorry, in the wound.
O miracle of love!
The soul that is all fire and blood,
Melts yet feels no sorrow,
dies yet does not languish.*

6. Se per avervi, ohimè, donato il core,
nasce in me quell'ardore,
donna crudel, che m'ard'in ogni loco,
tal che son tutto foco.
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire
Mi fa di duol morire,
Miser! che far debb'io
privo di voi che sete ogni ben mio?

*If, alas, when I gave you my heart,
There was born in me that passion,
Cruel Lady, which burns me everywhere
So that I am all aflame,
And if, loving you, bitter torment
Makes me die of sorrow,
Wretched me! What shall I do
Without you who are my every joy?*

Timepiece (from *As Long As Time*)

Music: Anthony Ritchie (New Zealander, born 1960)

Text: Cilla McQueen (born 1949)

I got home from work and looked at my watch, and it said ten to five,
So I did the washing and picked some greens and tidied up the kitchen,
And sat down and had a cup of coffee,
And looked at my watch and still it said ten to five,
So I did some ironing and made the beds and thought
Hell, I might get all of the housework done in one day for a change
Then looked at my watch but nope, no change,
And I turned on the radio and it said ten to five,
So I cleaned the bathroom like mad and picked some flowers
And wrote some letters and some cheques

And scrubbed the kitchen floor and got started on the windows.
By this time I was getting a bit desperate
I can tell you I was thinking alternately
“Yay! Soon there'll be no more to do and I'll be free”,
And “Jeez, what if I run out?”
I did in fact run out, past the church clock saying ten to five
And the cat on the corner with big green eyes ticking away,
And up into the sky past the telephone wires,
And up into the blue, watchless, matchless, timeless cloud curtains,
Where I hide, and it is silent.

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.

With a Lily in Your Hand (from *Three Flower Songs*)

Music: Eric Whitacre (American, born 1970)

Text: Federico García Lorca (Spanish, 1898-1936) translation by Jerome Rothenberg

With a lily in your hand
I leave you, o my night love!
Little widow of my single star
I find you.
Tamer of dark butterflies!
I keep along my way.
After a thousand years are gone
you'll see me,
o my night love!
By the blue footpath,
tamer of dark stars,
I'll make my way.
Until the universe
can fit inside
my heart.

Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep

Music: Joseph Twist (Australian, born 1982)

Text: Mary Elizabeth Frye (American, 1905-2004)

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glint on snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you wake in the morning hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circling flight
I am the soft starlight at night.
I am not there, I did not die!
Do not stand at my grave and weep.

Verano Porteño

Music: Astor Piazzola (Argentinian, 1921-1992), arr. Oscar Escalada



A few thoughts on our tour to South Korea in August...

“Attending the International Choral Symposium was a wonderful experience. Joining ensembles from around the world, we had the opportunity to perform in the impressive National Theatre, and the great pleasure of singing in a joint concert with a Seoul-based women’s choir and a girls choir from Japan. A highlight was the chance to listen to a very high standard of choral music from some very talented singers. The opportunity to learn more about the history of South Korea, and to visit wonderful palaces, temples and gardens was also a real delight.”

- Nicki Jenkins



“Performing in Seoul with Fusion was a significant opportunity for the ensemble but also for my own professional development. Being at a world event and hearing the music and performances that other choirs presented is so important for our own learning and continued performing at world's standards, and also in presenting the music of Australia. We built a number of relationships with other choirs and commenced new plans for further growth.”

- Stephanie Eaton



“A personal highlight was our performance at the Mapo Arts Centre where we privileged to hear the wonderful Ikeda Junior Choir from Japan as well as the local Korean choir from the Mapo neighbourhood. Our combined performance of the famous Korean folksong – Arirang, was full of joy and emotion reminding us of the power of music to promote international understanding and friendship.”

- Tim Smetham



See more tour photos
in the gallery on our website!