

Please turn off phones and pagers

Programme

Quam pulchra es	John Dunstable (c. 1390-1453)
<i>Nicki Jenkins (alto), Tim Smetham (tenor) Gino Sanidad (bass)</i>	
Ave Verum Corpus	William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)
Light of My Soul	Robert Pearsall (1795-1856)
Si, ch'io vorrei morire	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
Baci soavi e cari	Claudio Monteverdi
Zahnweh	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
De clavibus memorie	Gerardo Dirié (b. 1958)
I Am the True Vine	Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)
You Have Ravished My Heart	Stephen Chatman (b. 1950)
As Long As Time	Anthony Ritchie (b. 1960)
I. Timepiece	
II. Before the fall	
Sleep	Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
Your Fragrance	Edward Henderson (b. 1952)
<i>Rebecca Thomas (soprano)</i>	
Remember	Stephen Chatman

Texts & Translations

Quam pulchra es

Adapted from Song of Solomon 7:4-12

How beautiful and fair you are, my beloved,
most sweet in your delights.
Your stature is like a palm-tree,
and your breasts are like fruit.
Your head is like Mount Carmel
and your neck is like a tower of ivory.
Come, my beloved, let us go into the fields
and see if the blossoms have born fruit,
and if the pomegranates have flowered.
There will I give my breasts to you. Alleluia.

Ave Verum Corpus

Attributed to Pope Innocent VI, 14th century

Hail true body, born of the Virgin Mary,
Truly suffering, was sacrificed on the cross for mankind,
From whose pierced side flowed blood,
Be for us a foretaste in the final judgement.
O sweet, O Merciful, O Jesus, Son of Mary,
Have mercy on me. Amen.

Light of My Soul

From Leila: or The Siege of Granada by Edward Bulwer Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton (1803-1873)

Light of my soul, arise,
Thy sister lights are in the skies,
We want thine eyes, those joyous eyes,
Night is mourning for those eyes.
The sacred verse is on my sword,
And on my heart thy name;
The words of each alike ador'd,
The truth of both the same.

Si ch'io vorrei morire

Maurizio Moro, 16th century

Yes, I would like to die!
Love, now that I kiss the beautiful lips of my beloved sweetheart.
Ah, dear sweet tongue,
Give me kisses so moist that I perish from their sweetness upon her breast!
Ah, my life, please crush me to your white bosom until I faint!
Ah lips, ah kisses, ah tongue, I say once more: "Yes, I would like to die!"

Baci soavi e cari

Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Kisses, sweet and dear, sustenance of my life,
Whole steals my heart one moment and returns it the next!
Because of you I must learn how a ravished soul
Feels no pain in death and dies nonetheless.
All that is sweet has Cupid placed within you,
And if I could end my life with your sweet kisses,
Oh what a sweet death it would be!

Zahnweh

From Address to the Toothache by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
An' thro' my lug gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or argues freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeezes,
Our neibor's sympathy can ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee-thou hell o' a' diseases-
Aye mocks our groan.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
While round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup,
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup!

In a' the numerous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools, -
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o'fools,
Thou bear'st the gree!

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Where a' the tones o' misery yell,
An' ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,
Amang them a'!

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore, a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A townmond's toothache!

De clavibus memorie (The keys of memory)

Boncompagno da Signa, 12th century

The three keys that open the doors of memory

The First Key is a natural power to generate images.

The Second one is exercising such talent.

The Third one the workings of the soul.

In the first one Nature operates the outmost.

In the second one, progress is done to some extent.

In the third one, throughout completion is achieved.

Indeed, the soul drives to [inner] contemplation, and how it returns to it from far confines, in the middle the parts integrate as long as it endures everything.

At this point the natural memory and the artificial effort, through laborious exercise, join together [bond, unite].

I Am the True Vine

John 15:1-14

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away:
and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself,
except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him,
the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered;
and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will,
and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love;
even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you,
and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

You Have Ravished My Heart

Adapted from Song of Solomon 4:9-16

You have ravished my heart my sister my bride,
You have ravished my heart with a glance of your eyes,
You have ravished my heart with one jewel of your necklace,
How sweet is your love, how much better is your love than wine
And the scent of your oils than any spice
Your lips distil nectar my bride,
Honey and milk are under your tongue,
A garden locked is my sister my bride,
A garden locked a fountain sealed,
Your shoots are an orchard of pomegranates henna
With nard and saffron calamus cinnamon,
All trees of frankincense myrrh and aloes
A garden fountain a well and flowing stream
Awake O north wind,
Let my beloved come to his garden,
And eat its choicest fruit.

As Long As Time (excerpts)

I. Timepiece

Cilla McQueen (b. 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.

II. Before the fall

Rachel McAlpine (b. 1940)

After the bath with ragged towels,
My Dad would dry us very carefully,
Six little wriggly girls, each with foamy pigtails,
Two rainy legs, the invisible back we couldn't reach,
A small wet heart and toes, ten each.
He dried us the way he gave the Parish morning prayer:
As if it was important, as if God was fair,
As if it was really simple if you would just be still and bare.

Sleep

Charles Anthony Silvestri (b. 1965)

The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened dune
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon

Upon my pillow, safe in bed
A thousand pictures fill my head
I cannot sleep, my mind's a-flight
And yet my limbs seem made of lead

If there are noises in the night
A frightening shadow, flickering light
Then I surrender unto sleep
Where clouds of dream give second sight

What dreams may come, both dark and deep
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep,
As I surrender unto sleep.

Your Fragrance (from *Birdsong*)

Jalal al-din Rumi, 13th century

Your fragrance fills the meadow.
Your mouth appears in a red anemone,
But when those reminders leave,
My own lips open,
And in whatever I say,
I hear you.

Remember

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand.
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Additional text passages

An excerpt from *Leila, or The Siege of Granada* by Edward Bulwer Lytton (1838)

An excerpt from *Weather: A Novel* by Julie Capaldo (2001)

“Living in the Body” from *Straight Out of View* by Joyce Sutphen (1995)

Lay Your Skeleton Down, a meditation by Mary Durkin (year unknown)

*Fusion would like to thank the staff of the
Mercy Heritage Centre & Sisters of Mercy
for allowing us to sing in their beautiful All Hallows' Chapel.*

You are warmly invited to join us for refreshments following the concert.