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Programme

O Crux	José de Baquedano (c. 1642-1711)
Stabat Mater	Grzegorz Gerwazy Gorczycki (c. 1665-1734)
O Sacrum Convivium	Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)
When David Heard	Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623)
Earth Teach Me	Rupert Lang (b. 1948)
<i>Rebecca Thomas & Bronwyn Mitchell (sopranos), Robin Maurer (baritone)</i>	
How Shall we Sing in a Strange Land?	Joseph Twist (b. 1982)
<i>Bronwyn Mitchell & Katherine Chan (sopranos)</i>	
There Will Come Soft Rains	Ivo Antognini (b. 1963)
Hush: On the Death of a Bush Church	Iain Grandage (b. 1970)
<i>Alisen McLeod (alto)</i>	
The Elephant (from <i>A Medieval Bestiary</i>)	R. Murray Schafer (b. 1933)
<i>Katherine Chan (soprano)</i>	
Greater Love Hath No Man	John Ireland (1879-1962)
<i>Bronwyn Mitchell (soprano), Chris Bradley (tenor)</i>	
Lux Aurumque	Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)
<i>Katherine Chan (soprano)</i>	
O Vera Digna Hostia (from <i>Sequence for St Wulfstan</i>)	Tarik O'Regan (b. 1978)
Oread Farewell	Dan Forrest (b. 1978)
<i>Shannon Atkin (soprano)</i>	

Texts & Translations

O Crux

Roman hymn, 6th century

O Hail the Cross, our only hope in this time of suffering,
Grant justice to the faithful,
And mercy to those awaiting judgement.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa (The Sorrows of Mary)

Attributed to Pope Innocent III, 13th century

The grieving Mother stood beside the cross weeping, where her son was hanging.
Through her weeping soul, compassionate and grieving, a sword passed.
O Mother, fount of love, make me feel the power of sorrow, that I may grieve with you.
Grant that my heart will burn, in the love of the Lord Christ, that I may greatly please Him.

O Sacrum Convivium

St Thomas Aquinas, 13th century

O sacred banquet! In which Christ is received,
The memory of His passion is recalled,
The mind is full of grace,
And future glory is given to us. Alleluia.

When David Heard

2 Samuel 18:33

When David heard that Absalon was slain, he went up to his chamber, over the gate, and wept; and thus he said, "O my son, Absalon, would God I had died for thee."

Earth Teach Me

A prayer of the Ute Nation, one of the First Peoples of Canada

Earth teach me stillness, as the grasses are stilled with light.
Earth teach me suffering, as old stones suffer with memory.
Earth teach me humility, as blossoms are humble with beginning.
Earth teach me caring, as the mother who secures her young.
Earth teach me courage, as the tree which stands alone.
Earth teach me limitation, as the ant which crawls on the ground.
Earth teach me freedom, as the eagle which soars in the sky.
Earth teach me resignation, as the leaves which die in the fall.
Earth teach me regeneration, as the sea which rises in the spring.
Earth teach me to forget myself, as the melted snow forgets its life.
Earth teach me to remember kindness, as the dry fields weep with rain.
Earth teach me.

How Shall we Sing in a Strange Land?

A Song of Hope by Oodgeroo Noonuccal (1920-1993), and Psalm 137:4

Look up my people, the dawn is breaking,
The world is waking to a bright new day,
When none defame us, no restriction tame us, nor sneer dismay.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
Quomodo cantabimus canticum Domini intera aliena?

Now brood no more on the years behind you,
The hope assigned you shall the past replace,
When a juster justice grown wise and stronger
Points the bone no longer at a darker race.

So long we waited bound and frustrated,
Till hate we hated and caste disposed,
Now the light shall guide us, no goal denied us,
And all doors open that long were closed.

See plain the promise, dark freedom lover,
Night's nearly over, and though long the climb,
New rights will greet us, new mateship meet us,
And joy complete us, in our new Dream Time.

To our fathers' fathers, the pain, the sorrow,
To our children's children, the glad tomorrow.

There Will Come Soft Rains

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;
Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence wire;
And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done,
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree
If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Hush: On the Death of a Bush Church

Iain Grandage

Hush, hush, hush as daylight melts away,
This place is of treasure made - glint of gold, or Dreamtime of faith.

Lagu-nu paipa kunia wanana ngai-gar mai-a mai ulaipa.

Jewels of metal and of soul –
For them 'tis dreams of ages past, for us 'tis tales tales of gold.

Stone on stone we thus did build
Natives fled, others killed
Spirit for them disappeared
Their land and dreamtime cut and cleared...
But at least our castle stood on Rock of Ages, sound and good.

Hush, harsh, hush, parched. Hush, hush, hush.

Flies and heat we stumble through to find a strike that only few will find,
For gold we dig all day, no time for thirst, no time to find a way
To live with owners past of land - the land we dig and pan
In search of gold – the yellow dust that has its hold on ev'ry one of us.

When first I left old Ireland's shores the yarns that we were told,
Of how the folks in far Australia could pick up lumps of gold.
I made my fortune in a day and blued it in a week.

Mai-a, ngai-gar mai-a.

Our picks we lift and drop to sever rocks from hills,
Land which no longer lives in dreamtime vision or in spirit
Its sole purpose is to give us gold, but gold is running dry and makes us question why
We live in this forsaken place of flies and heat, 'tis just a place to die.

Our rock of ages may live on without us, for now we are gone.
There is no gold on which to live,
Golden country cannot give us more if there's no more to find
But holes in earth will all remind you of our lives and those we crushed...

Hush, hush, hush. Silent now she sleeps.
Stone on stone – rubble of a dream,
Cloaked in sand – yet who now weeps unseen?
This place of treasure no one wants to know
Both jewels lost their real hearts long ago.

The Elephant

Text based on T.H. White's translations of a 12th century Latin bestiary from Lincolnshire, England

The elephant has no wish to copulate, hence they never quarrel about women, and adultery is unknown to them. When an elephant falls down he cannot get up, hence he leans against a tree. Hunters saw part way through the trees so that elephants will fall down. He cries out, and immediately another elephant appears, but he is unable to lift him up, so they cry out together and twelve more elephants arrive. No use! Then at once there comes a very insignificant elephant who lifts him up.

Jesus Christ is the most insignificant elephant. Jesus Christ has humbled himself to show us His strength. Jesus Christ has raised himself up in order to raise us all.

Greater Love Hath No Man

Includes passages from Song of Songs 8, St John 15, 1 Peter 2, 1 Corinthians 6, Romans 12

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.

Love is strong as death. Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Who His own Self bare our sins in His own Body on the tree,
that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.

Ye are wash'd, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus;
Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation,
That ye should shew forth the praises of Him
who hath call'd you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God,
that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice,
holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

Lux Aurumque

Edward Esch, with a Latin translation by Charles Anthony Silvestri (born 1965)

Light, warm and heavy as pure gold
And the angels sing softly
To the new-born baby.

O Vera Digna Hostia

From the Portiforium of St Wulfstan, 11th century

O Thou from whom hell's monarch flies,
O great, O very sacrifice
Thy captive people are set free,
And endless life restored in Thee! Amen.

Oread Farewell

Charles Anthony Silvestri

The time has come to say farewell;
And though my heart be heavy,
I promise still to remember ye
E'en though we say, "Farewell."

The flow'rs that bloom'd in Summer's sun
Have lost their fleeting glory,
And all but died in Winter's chill;
And we must say, "Farewell."

So brief a time has come and gone
Since first we sang together;
But bittersweet is that music now
That we must say, "Farewell."

Now we must part, and fare ye well
In all that ye endeavour!
And last, I pray fondly think of me,
Whene'er ye say, "Farewell."

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