

Dance Mantra

Music: Ross Edwards (Australian, born 1943)

Text: From the Sequence Hymn for Pentecost, by the poet and saint Notker (10th century)

Sancti spiritus adsit nobis gratia.

May the grace of the Holy Ghost be with us now.

In Winter's Keeping

Music: Jackson Hill (American, born 1941)

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

Jackson Hill completed his doctorate in musicology at the University of North Carolina in 1970 and was later a visiting scholar and choral assistant at universities in Oxford and Cambridge. He studied Buddhist chant as a Fulbright Fellow in Japan in the 1970s, and Japanese traditional music has been a strong influence in his work. Hill became interested in characteristics of non-Western music such as modes, pentatonic and hybrid scales, and drone-like clusters of notes. On his website he writes: 'What interested me most, however, about Asian music was its pacing and its temporal dimension, and the ideal of pace as space — emptiness, musical choreography, the sense of "presentness" in the music, the absence of striving, letting music become itself in its own terms, the universe that is inherent in a single note ... Music that is more passive than active.'

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

Sakura (Cherry Blossoms)

Music: Japanese folk song, arr. Jon Washburn (Canadian, born 1942)

Text: Traditional

One of the most well-known Japanese folk tunes, the tune of *Sakura* was a popular urban melody from the Edo period (1603–1868). During this period, Japan was under the rule of the Tokugawa shogunate and the country's 300 feudal lords, and it was a time characterised by economic growth, strict social order, and isolationist foreign policies, but also of popular enjoyment of arts and culture. Towards the end of the 19th century, *Sakura* was adopted as a piece for students learning to play the *koto* (a Japanese stringed instrument) at the Tokyo Academy of Music, and the song has remained popular since.

<i>Sakura sakura</i>	Cherry blossoms
<i>Yayoi no sora wa</i>	In the March sky
<i>Mi-watasu kagiri</i>	As far as one can see.
<i>Kasumi ka kumo ka</i>	A Mist? A cloud?
<i>A Nioi zo izuru</i>	Their fragrance fills the air
<i>Izaya izaya</i>	Come, everybody,
<i>Mini yukan</i>	Let's go and see them.

Butterflies Dance

Music: Matthew Orlovich (Australian, born 1970)

Text: Michael J. Smith (Indigenous Australian, born 1964) from *Rimfire: Poetry from Aboriginal Australia*

Butterflies come to the water
from mountains, valleys, hills and plains.
Why is it that they come to kiss the salt of the ocean?
Dancing above the waves I see them, there, there,
the butterfly is gone
in the motion of the ocean
or maybe in the belly of a fish.
Your colours belong to you
I shall not speak of their beauty
Butterfly, butterfly dance the dance to die
come kiss the salt of the ocean.

Three Korean Folk Songs (excerpts)

Music: Korean folk songs, arr. Jisoo Kim (Korean, born 1984)

Text: Traditional

Jisoo Kim grew up on the picturesque island of Geoje off the coast of South Korea, and briefly worked as an English teacher in Seoul before studying in the United States. He received his bachelor's degree in music and biology from Grinnell College, Iowa. *Taryeong* is a type of Korean folk song that is always strophic in structure, with a refrain following each verse. They use a compound metre with occasional hemiolas (a syncopated rhythmic device with two beats in the time of three, or three beats in the time of two) which is characteristic of much Korean traditional music and gives the effect of shifting between duple and triple time. The first of these songs, with its slow rolling rhythms, is a love song about the Han River that flows through Seoul. The lyrics recall a time when the water was still blue and clear, before pollution turned the water murky and green. The last song in the set can be traced back to the rebuilding of Seoul's famous Gyeongbok Palace (kung) in 1865 after it was destroyed by fire. The royal government levied the commoners to reconstruct the palace, and this tune must have lightened the burden of heavy labour for the workers.

1. Hangangsu Taryeong (Han River Song)

Eruhwa! Let's go boating on Han River deep and clear.

Ehe ehe eheyo eheyo eoheoya eolssamma dunggedieora my love (refrain)

In front of me drifts a fishing boat
and behind me sails a boat to bring home my love.

3. Gyeongbokkung Taryeong (Gyeongbok Palace Folk Song)

Ehe! The South Gate opens, the morning bell rings, and all the world dawns.

Ehe Eoya, we grind away singing *Eolleolleol!* (refrain)

To the twelfth peak of Nam mountain, a pair of crows flies.
Azaleas, cockscombs and touch-me-nots all blossom.

Ugwangkungkwang! What is this sound?

It's the sound of milling to build the Gyeongbok Palace.

Mountain Song and Dancing Tune

Music: Chinese folk song, arr. Chen Yi (Chinese, born 1953)

Text: Traditional, from the Guizhou and Yunnan provinces

Born in Guangzhou in 1953, Chen Yi began violin and piano at age three. When the Cultural Revolution overtook China in the 1960s, she continued practising violin at home with the mute attached, and she took her instrument with her when sent to the countryside for forced labour for two years. At 17, she returned home and served as concertmaster and composer with the Beijing Opera Troupe. But having experienced the life and music of her motherland and its people, she also began her research of Chinese music and Western and Chinese music theory. When the school system was restored in 1977, she enrolled in the Beijing Central Conservatory studying composition in violin, and in 1983, she composed the first Chinese viola concerto. She became the first woman in China to receive a Master of Arts in composition, and her career took her to the United States where she completed a Doctorate of Musical Arts. She is a multi-award winning composer with a long string of commissions from ensembles all over the world. As the composer-in-residence for Chanticleer in 1993, Chen Yi arranged a set of ten folk songs to bring China's musical culture to American audience. The melodies are taken from eight different provinces of China, and represent five different ethnic groups. Her *Mountain Song and Dancing Tune* is the final song in this collection, from the neighbouring Guizhou and Yunnan provinces in southwest China.

Mountains high, I look far, far away.

Harvest time, grain is ripe, rivers flow towards the east.

I am going to sing a song, in my home village, for my beautiful homeland.

Ubi Caritas

Music: Perry Joyce (Australian)

Text: Antiphon for Maundy Thursday

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.

Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.

Exultemus et in ipso iucundemur.

Timeamus, et amemus Deum vivum.

Ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

Saecula per infinita saeculorum. Amen.

Where charity and love are, God is there.

Christ's love has gathered us into one.

Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.

Let us fear, and let us love the living God.

And may we love each other with a sincere heart.

Unto the ages through infinite ages. Amen.

Francisco Feliciano is one of the Philippines' most important composers, and one of Asia's leading figures in liturgical music. He has written more than thirty major works, including operas and works for orchestra, large chorus, and ballet. He has studied in the Philippines, Berlin, and the United States, and holds both a Master of Musical Arts and a Doctorate in Music Composition from Yale University School of Music. The two works we bring you today couldn't be more different in their styles. *To the Unnamed Light* is a simple, meditative reflection on a single verse from the longer poem *Fireflies* by Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian polymath who reshaped Bengali literature and music in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The second piece uses a text of folk origin, and relates a conversation between a hunter and a sparrow. The language sung in *Pamugun* is Maguindanao, one of the local languages spoken in the province of the same name on Mindanao Island, the second largest island in the Philippines. It is more closely related to Malay (spoken in Singapore and Western Malaysia) than to Tagalog, which is spoken in the metropolitan regions of the capital, Manila.

To the Unnamed Light

Music: Francisco F. Feliciano (Filipino, 1941–2014)

Text: Rabindranath Tagore (Indian, 1861–1941), from Fireflies

Life sends us in blades of grass its silent hymn of praise to the unnamed light.

Pamugun

Music: Francisco F. Feliciano

Text: Traditional folk text from Mindanao Island

Pamugun, Pamugun, gkagútem aku.
Gkagútem ka bun, ka di ka bpanegkau.
Manegkau aku, na seleden aku.
Seleden ka bun, ka di ka malagui.
Malagui aku, na timbáken aku.
Timbáken ka bun, ka di ka magennâ.
Magennâ aku, na kayáten aku.
Kayáten ka bun, ka di ka mamusug.
Mamusug aku, na sugkalen aku.
Sugkalen ka bun, ka di ka pedtipu.
Temibpû aku, na malepû aku.
Malepû ka bun, ka di ka mapagud.
Mapagud aku, na masígken aku.
Masígken ka bun, ka di ka bpeledtu.
Lemedtu aku, na sayaben aku.
Sayaben ka bun, ka di ka demedsuk.
Demedsuk aku, na litagen aku.
Litagen ka bun, u di ka pebpátai.

*Sparrow, sparrow, I am hungry.
You will be hungry if you don't steal.
If I steal I will be chased.
You will be chased if you don't run.
If I run I will be shot.
You will be shot if you don't hide.
If I hide I will be found.
You will be found if you don't climb.
If I climb I will be poked.
You will be poked if you don't jump.
If I jump I will be sprained.
You will be sprained if you are not massaged.
If I am massaged I might be caught.
You will be caught if you don't soar.
If I soar I will be swooped upon.
You will be swooped upon if you don't dive.
If I dive I will be trapped.
You will be trapped if you haven't died.*

The Happiness of Fish

Music: Zechariah Goh (Singapore, born 1970)

Text: Chuang Tzu, 4th century BCE – often known as Zhuangzi ('Master Zhuang')

Zechariah Goh Toh Chai is a senior lecturer of composition at the Nanyang Academy of Fine Arts, Singapore's pioneer arts education institution. He writes music for choir, symphonic band, and wind ensembles, as well as chamber music and large scale orchestral works, carefully fusing South East Asian-Chinese and Western traditions. Before embarking on his studies in the United States, he was a familiar face in the local music scene, teaching bands and choirs in Singapore. His choral music includes many works in Mandarin (Chinese), the language sung in *The Happiness of Fish*, but he also sets texts in English, Malay, Hainanese, Taiwanese, and Hakka.

Zhuangzi and Huizi were strolling along the dam of the Hao Waterfall when Zhuangzi said: 'See how the minnows come out and dart around where they please! That's what fish really enjoy!'

Huizi said, 'You're not a fish – how do you know what fish enjoy?'

Zhuangzi said, 'You're not me, so how do you know I don't know what fish enjoy?'

Huizi said, 'I'm not you, so I certainly don't know what you know. On the other hand, you're certainly not a fish so that still proves you don't know what fish enjoy!'

Zhuangzi said, 'Let's go back to your original question, please. You asked me how I know what fish enjoy so you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. I know it by standing here beside the Hao.'

Gamelan

Music: R. Murray Schafer (Canadian, born 1933)

Canadian composer Raymond Murray Schafer is also a writer, music educator, and environmentalist. His music spans a huge array of genres and styles, with influences from around the world, drawing on serialism, and the language, literature, and philosophy of ancient cultures. His studies have led him in many different directions, from exploring mythology and symbolism in modern life, to urban themes of alienation and neuropsychosis. He has been called the 'father of acoustic ecology' and has long been concerned about the damaging effects of noise on people. He is perhaps most well known for his groundbreaking work on soundscapes. In the 1960s and 70s, Schafer was particularly drawn to eastern mythology, and he has set poetry by Rumi, verses by Rabindranath Tagore, and Buddhist texts from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

Gamelan, composed in 1979, imitates the sound of the Indonesian xylophone-like instrument. The gamelan music of Bali and Java uses an unusual pentatonic scale (C, D, F, G, B flat) which is different from that employed in the pentatonic music of the Chinese (C D E G A). The Balinese call these five tones *dong, deng, dung, dang, ding*. The words have onomatopoeic suggestiveness, for the initial 'd' reminds us of something struck while the 'ng' recalls the ringing of a gong or idiophone. The changing colours of the vowels from dark to light suggest the rising notes of the scale.

Midwinter

Music: Dan Walker (Australian)

Text: Michael Dransfield (Australian, 1948-1973)

Winter again, so newly cold,
Spring, summer, autumn lie in drifts under the trees,
The dreamtime has come in suspension,
A fire in a clearing in the forest with the stars.
Clouds of breath, heads are planets,
The newness of finding answers,
Making a shelter from the rain,
Firewood, dry sticks are kindling,
They make good fuel, good flame, good ashes.
Birds who have stayed sing about the cold,
The clarity of the moon,
The scent of brewing tea.

A Traveller's Prayer: Ka u ki Matanuku

Music: David Hamilton (New Zealand, born 1955)

Text: Author unknown

Ka u ki Matanuku
Ka u ki Matarangi
Ka u ki tenei whenua
Hei whenua,
He kai mau te ate o te tauhou.

I arrive where an unknown earth is under my feet,
I arrive where a new sky is above me,
I arrive at this land,
A resting-place for me.
O spirit of the earth! The stranger humbly offers his heart as food for thee.