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# Programme

Vidi Aquam <i>Robin Maurer (baritone)</i>	Filipe de Magalhães (c. 1571-1652)
Drop, drop, slow tears	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
Quis dabit capiti meo aquam? <i>Bronwyn Mitchell (soprano), Chris Bradley (tenor), Robin Maurer (baritone)</i>	Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450-1517)
Aquam quam ego dabo	Manuel Cardoso (c. 1569-1650)
Super flumina Babylonis	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1526-1594)
Un Soir de Neige I. De grandes cuillers de neige II. La bonne neige III. Bois meurtri IV. La nuit le froid la solitude	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
To be Sung on the Water	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
There will come soft rains	Ivo Antognini (b. 1963)
Wysła burzycka, bandzie desc	Henryk Górecki (1933-2010)
Seed of Clear Water <i>Bonnie Pearce &amp; Katherine Chan (sopranos)</i>	Robert Kyr (b. 1952)
The Pool	Dan Walker (b. 1978)
At the River	Hymn tune arr. R. Wilding White (1922-2001)

# Texts & Translations

## Vidi Aquam

*Ezekiel 47 & Psalm 117*

I saw water flowing from the temple on the right side, Alleluia:  
And all whom that water reached have been saved, and they will say, Alleluia, Alleluia.  
Acknowledge the Lord for he is good: for his mercy is forever.  
Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.  
As it was in the beginning, and now, and always, and for ages and ages. Amen.

## Drop, drop, slow tears

*Phineas Fletcher (1582-1650)*

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from heaven  
The news and Prince of Peace:  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercies to entreat;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease.  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let his eye see sin,  
But through my tears.

## Quis dabit capiti meo aquam?

*Jeremiah 9:1, and Angelo Poliziano (1454-1494) - a lament on the death of Lorenzo de' Medici in 1492*

Who will send water to my head?  
Who will fill the fount of tears for my eyes  
That I may weep by night, that I may weep by day?  
Thus the widowed turtle dove, thus the dying swan,  
Thus the nightingale is overcome.  
Alas poor suffered, such grief!

The laurel is stricken down suddenly by the lightning bolt,  
The laurel celebrated by the choirs of all the muses and nymphs

Beneath whose canopy Phoebus' lyre sounds mellow and voice sweeter;  
Now all are mute, all silent.

## Aquam quam ego dabo

*John 4:14*

The water which I shall give, if anyone shall drink of it, he shall never thirst,  
Said the Lord to the Samaritan woman.

## Super flumina Babylonis

*Psalms 137*

By the river of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered thee, Zion.  
On the willows there we hung up our harps.

## Un Soir de Neige

*Paul Eluard (1895-1952), English translation by Robert Hess*

I. As great drifts of snow are blowing  
Our feet wander through the fields  
With harsh and bitter lamenting  
Winter holds us in its grasp  
Each tree has its special place  
Every rock knows why it stands there  
Each stream knows where it is flowing  
We are cold and have no fire.

II. Lovely snow through skies of blackness  
The dying branches all are crying here in the forest full of danger  
Shame to the beasts which are pursuing  
Their flight like arrows pierce the heart  
The tracks of all their helpless victims excite the wolf  
The wolf is beautiful and bold  
The wolf is always the last alive which is threatened by total and absolute death

The lovely snow through skies of black  
The dying branches all are crying  
Here in the forest full of danger  
Shame to the beasts which are pursuing  
Their flight like arrows pierce the heart.

III. Wounded woods, wasted woods,  
On winter's voyage go  
A ship on which the snow takes hold  
Woods of shelter and death  
Where without hope I'm dreaming  
Of the sea with its broken glass  
One moment in the water so cold, drowning there  
My shaken body cries in suffering,  
My heart grows weak, my strength is shattered  
My life is revealed, death is revealed, the world revealed.  
Wounded woods, wasted woods,  
Woods of shelter and death.

IV. Night-time of chill and desolation  
I must be carefully enclosed  
To my prison the branches are seeking their way  
See how the grass is searching for the sky  
If one could bolt the sky then my prison would fade  
Cold so alive, cold so intense  
I can never escape.

## To be Sung on the Water

*Louise Bogan (1897-1970)*

Beautiful, my delight,  
Pass, as we pass the wave,  
Pass, as the mottled night  
Leaves what it cannot save,  
Scattering dark and bright.  
Beautiful, pass and be

Less than the guiltless shade  
To which our vows were said;  
Less than the sound of the oar  
To which our vows were made,  
Less than the sound of its blade  
Dipping the stream once more.

### **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.

### **Wysła burzycka, bandzie desc (from *Five Kurpian Songs*)**

Polish folk text

The storm is coming; it will rain.  
Where will you hide, you little bird?  
O! To the woods I will fly  
Under the leafy branch to hide,  
In the leafy cover I will hide  
Waiting for the storm to pass me by,  
There I will stay dry and sheltered  
No rain will wet my golden feathers.  
The storm is coming; it will rain.

## Seed of Clear Water (from *Infinity to Dwell*)

*Traditional Latin; haiku by Fukuda Chiyo-ni (1703-1775); Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)*

Grant them eternal rest, O Lord.

along every road  
still rain from today's raining  
seed of clear water

Our journey had advanced  
Our feet were almost come  
To that odd fork in being's road,  
Eternity, by term.  
Our pace took sudden awe,  
Our feet reluctant led;  
Before were cities, but between  
The forest of the dead.  
Retreat was out of hope;  
Behind, a sealed route,  
Eternity's white flag before,  
And God at every gate.

## The Pool

*Roger McDonald (b. 1941)*

I am searching for the deep pool that has been likened to glass,  
A pool of water with rocks curving down, red for a space, and green  
I am walking towards it, carrying upon my back the weight of my birth,  
And the spring in my step is piled leaf, and structures of bone.  
Earlier I slipped, hanging for minutes to a loose rock.  
Wishing, blind wishing lifted me up.  
Once I grew bored as a crimson butterfly unfolded from bark.  
Another time, excited by the texture of moss.  
I am searching for the deep pool that has been likened to everything,  
Why is it not said: The pool is water,  
Around the water is rock, is stone, is rock.

## At the River

Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

Shall we gather by the river,  
Where bright angel's feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God.

*Yes we'll gather by the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river,  
Gather with the saints by the river  
That flows by the throne of God.*

Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

*Yes we'll gather by the river...*

*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,  
as well as Griffith Film School for collaborating  
with us on today's performance.*

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