

TRUE ROMANTICS

Our Lady of Mount Carmel	Middle Park	Sun	24 June	3:00pm
Church of the Resurrection	Macedon	Sat	25 August	3:00pm
Basilica of St Mary	Geelong	Sun	26 August	3:00pm
Art Gallery of NSW	Sydney	Sun	16 September	6.30pm

True Romantics. As the once-staggeringly-famous British broadcaster C.E.M. Joad would have said, ‘it all depends on what you mean by “Romantics”. What precisely do we mean, then, by musical Romanticism?

Is it a purely *chronological* phenomenon? Surely not. Otherwise in today’s concert, Monteverdi would never legitimately share a programme with Brahms; and nor would Brahms with Australia’s Anne Boyd.

Is it, instead, a purely *stylistic* phenomenon? No, not that either. Elgar and Ravel were composing at much the same time, yet nobody could mistake the former’s idiom for the latter’s, or the latter’s for the former’s. The contrast in creative approaches between Anne Boyd and her fellow Australian, Brendan Broadstock is similarly undeniable, though the two composers were born just six years apart.

In 1923 the musicologist Percy A. Scholes, having thrashed around manfully but unavailingly in his attempt to analyse the hypnotic charm of Chopin’s *Berceuse*, asked himself and his readers: ‘What, after all, *is* romance in music? How *is* it achieved? ... Can anyone say? Perhaps if they could there would be no romance. Is it the employment of a sixth sense? Is it the perception of the unknown?’

Maybe the undefinable is best defined through adapting a remark made by Justice Potter Stewart—of the US Supreme Court—in 1964. This judge observed that while he could not unambiguously say what pornography was, ‘I know it when I see it.’ And similarly with musical Romanticism. How it achieves its effect, neither performers nor listeners can hope to explain. But we all—performers and listeners alike—know it when we hear it.

**WARUM IST DAS LICHT GEGEBEN DEM MÜHSELIGEN?
(‘WHY IS LIGHT CAST UPON THE SORROWFUL?’), Op. 74 No. 1**

– Johannes Brahms

Born in Hamburg, 7 May 1833; died in Vienna, 3 April 1897

The *German Requiem* excepted, Brahms’s choral music has long tended to lie forgotten, in striking contrast to the continuing fame of his symphonies, concertos, chamber works, *Lieder*, and piano variations. Consequently his Op. 74, *Two Motets*, never enjoyed anything like the frequency of performance which it deserves. When not in the throes of composition, Brahms derived much of his income from choral conducting in Hamburg and Vienna. During his day and long afterwards, Germany and Austria were choir-obsessed. Even the smallest town in those countries could usually boast a choir that performed at a solid artistic level, so choral conductors were then assured of ample employment. Brahms’s greatest musical loves included Heinrich Schütz’s sacred works (not nearly as well known in the nineteenth century as they would become in the late twentieth). Some of Schütz’s influence is perceptible in the gloomy polyphonic rigour – alternating with declamatory chords – of *Warum ist das Licht gegeben*, which dates from 1877, although its Op. 74 companion had been finished back in 1864. Part of *Warum* recycles a *Missa Canonica* that Brahms had written during his early twenties but had then suppressed. (The *Missa Canonica*’s manuscript went missing for decades, and turned up only in 1978, at – improbably enough – Cape Cod, Massachusetts.) For the motet’s first three sections, Brahms used biblical texts (Job 3, Lamentations 3, James 5); while for the fourth and final section, he looked to Luther’s metrical paraphrase of the Song of Simeon (Luke 2). The outcome, traces of Schütz notwithstanding, could only have been Brahms’s work. To an admirer, Vincenz Lachner, who had queried the composer’s use of trombones and timpani in the predominantly blithe Second Symphony, Brahms replied: ‘I would have to confess that I am a severely melancholic person, that black wings are constantly flapping above us, and that in my output – perhaps not entirely by chance – that symphony is followed by a little essay about the great “Why?”. The motet, *Warum*, casts the necessary shadow on the serene symphony and perhaps accounts for those timpani and trombones.’

Warum ist das Licht gegeben dem Mühseligen,

Und das Leben den betrüben
Herzen;
Die das Todes warten und
kommt nicht,
Und grüben ihn wohl aus dem
Verborgenen;
Die sich fast
freuen und sind fröhlich,
Dass sie das Grab bekommen; Und
dem Manne, des Weg
verborgen ist,
Und Gott vor ihm denselben
bedeckt?

Lasset uns unser Herz
Samt den Händen
aufheben zu Gott
in Himmel.

Siehe, wir preisen selig,
die erduldet haben.
Die Geduld Hiob habt ihr gehöret,
Und das Ende des Herrn
habt ihr gesehen;
denn der Herr ist barmherzig
und ein Erbarmer.
Mit Fried und Freud ich
fahr' dahin
In Gottes Willen;
Getrost ist mir mein Herz
und Sinn,
Sanft und stille.
Wie Gott mir verheissen hat:
Der Tod ist mir
Schlaf worden.

**Why is light
cast upon the sorrowful,**

And life to the afflicted
heart?
To those who long for death, and it
comes not,
And who dig for it, more than for
treasure;
To those who are near
happiness and are joyful
That they the grave will obtain;
And to the man whose way
is hidden,
And God has covered
him over?

Let our hearts
Together with our hands
Be lifted up to God
in heaven.

See, we praise as blessed those who
have endured.
The patience of Job have we heard,
And the goals of the Lord
have we seen;
That the Lord is merciful
and has pity.
With peace and joy I go
from here,
According to God's will;
Comforted are my heart
and soul,
Gentle and silent.
As God to me has promised:
death is to
become my sleep.

AS I CROSSED A BRIDGE OF DREAMS – Anne Boyd

Born in Sydney, 10 April 1946 (This work will not be performed in Sydney)

A former pupil of the late Peter Sculthorpe, Anne Boyd retired in 2017 from her twenty-six-year professorship at the Sydney Conservatorium, and has been a member of the Order of Australia since 1996. Probably her best-known piece is *As I Crossed A Bridge of Dreams*, dating from 1975, and embodying its composer's passionate love of mediaeval Japanese culture. It shares its title with a memoir by Lady Sarashina, who was born in AD 1008; but it does not use actual texts from this source. To quote Anne Boyd's own words:

'In at least two senses, this work harks back to the Japan of the 11th Century – to me, an infinitely remote and dream-like world whose great art spanning the centuries speaks with as much poignancy and beauty to the mind and heart of contemporary man as it did nine hundred years ago. In the first place, in attempting to write a composition for unaccompanied voices I found myself drawn again to the voice of the sho, a Japanese mouth-organ whose soft, infinitely subtle and slow-moving chords form the background sonority for gagaku, the ancient court music of Japan. The harmony is based upon the whole-tone scale with some chromatic embellishments; the chordal progressions are themselves essentially static in effect being a movement from one version of a chord to another version of the same chord ... I have chosen three of Lady Sarashina's dreams upon which the mood and "text" of each of the three sections of my own work are based.

'All three dreams take place in temples and the "magic" names of various Buddhas are phonetically transcribed and "hidden" inside the slow-moving choral textures. In the final dream the six-foot Amida shining with golden light appears with outstretched hands promising to return and fetch Lady Sarashina; it is upon this dream that her hope of salvation rests and it is at this point that my work is brought to a final cadence.

LASCIATEMI MORIRE, from the SIXTH BOOK OF MADRIGALS
SÌ, CH'IO VORREI MORIRE, from the FOURTH BOOK OF MADRIGALS
CRUDA AMARILLI, from the FIFTH BOOK OF MADRIGALS
– Claudio Monteverdi

Baptised in Cremona, 15 May 1567;
died in Venice, 29 November 1643

As British choirmaster Edward Higginbottom observed forty years back, the madrigals of Monteverdi ‘run through his life like the string quartets of Beethoven, or the symphonies of Haydn.’ In other words, they exemplify a genre to which the composer returned again and again, from youth to age. The first three books of Monteverdi’s madrigals were respected but largely uncontroversial; it was with the fourth and fifth books that Monteverdi’s troubles began. Theorist Giovanni Maria Artusi twice (in 1600 and 1603) denounced this music for its novel harmonies, its apparent contempt for the rules of traditional counterpoint. Artusi singled out the eccentric progressions in *Crudi Amarilli*—nearly all of which occur during the first bars—for particular censure. Benefiting from seventeenth-century Italy’s commendable absence of libel laws, Artusi called it a ‘monstrous birth, part man, part crane, part swallow, part ox.’ This invective, if anything, augmented Monteverdi’s influence rather than detracting from it; and Artusi would today be forgotten had he not condemned Monteverdi in such harsh terms. After Monteverdi’s death the madrigal also died out. He had expanded the form as far as he or anyone could, made it as much like a miniature opera as was possible. If the music of *Cruda Amarilli* was radical the choice of words was not: Monteverdi took his text from the once-celebrated fifteenth-century poet Giovanni Battista Guarini. As for the other two madrigals included in this concert, *Lasciatemi morire* (words by the composer’s friend Ottavio Rinuccini) was first published in 1614 and reworks the only surviving music from Monteverdi’s now-lost opera *Arianna*; while *Sì, ch’io vorrei morire* (poet unidentified) appeared in 1603. American critic Todd Tarantino described the latter as being ‘filled with the sorts of “chimaeras” and “imperfections” that Artusi objected to’. None of these alleged faults will cause any twenty-first century listener the slightest unease.

Lasciatemi morire;

E che volete voi che
mi conforte
In così dura sorte,
In così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

**Sì, ch'io vorrei
morire**

Hora ch'io bacio amore
La bella bocca del mio
amato core.
Ahi cara e dolce lingua,
Datemi tant'humore
Che di dollezza in questo sen
m'estingua.
Ahi vita mia,
a questo bianco seno
Deh stringetemi
finch'io venga meno.
Ahi bocca, ahi baci, ahi lingua!
Ahi lingua torn'a dire
Sì ch'io vorrei morire.

Cruda Amarilli

che col nome ancora
D'amar, ahi lasso,
amaramente insegna.
Amarilli
del candido ligustro,
Più candida e più bella,
Ma dell'aspido sordo
E più sorda e più fera e più fugace.
Poi che col dir t'offendo
lo mi morò tacendo.

Let me die;

And what you would think could
comfort me
In such a harsh fate,
In such a great martyrdom?
Let me die.

**Yes, how I would like
to die**

Now, as I kiss with love
The soft lips of my
beloved!
Oh dear and sweet tongue,
Give me excess of honey
That on this breast I may
drown in sweetness
Ah, beloved,
to your white breast
Strangle me
until I faint.
Ah lips, ah kisses, ah tongue!
Ah, my tongue, repeat:
Yes, how I would like to die.

Cruel Amaryllis,

who with your name
To love, alas,
bitterly you teach.
Amaryllis,
more than the white privet
Pure, and more beautiful,
But deeper than the asp,
And fiercer and more elusive.
Since telling I offended you,
I shall die in silence.

TWELFTH NIGHT

AGNUS DEI – Samuel Barber

Born in West Chester, Pennsylvania, 9 March 1910;

died in New York City, 23 January 1981

Twelfth Night, a Christmas carol to lines by the Englishman Laurie (*Cider With Rosie*) Lee, dates from 1968. At this stage Barber had lately undergone the greatest professional disappointment of his life: the spectacular critical mauling which his opera *Antony and Cleopatra* incurred the previous year after its première at the Met. This humiliation plunged him into a state of despair and alcoholism from which, in his remaining fourteen years, he seldom emerged. But no hint of fatigue or of artery-hardening marks this piece. It takes full advantage of the potential for harmonic juiciness and word-painting furnished by Lee's florid text.

In 1936 young Barber completed what would become far and away his most famous work: the *Adagio*, originally part of his Op. 11 String Quartet. Ironically, in view of the weariness Barber would later show towards his greatest hit ('I wish they'd play some of my other pieces'), he was at first justifiably proud of what he had done. 'I have just finished the slow movement of my quartet today—it is a knockout.' In its subsequent arrangement for a full string ensemble, it attracted the admiring attention of Toscanini, who conducted its première (from memory, as was his wont) in 1938. Thence it became to American culture what Elgar's *Nimrod* became to British culture: the all-purpose funereal lamentation, used by American radio—and latterly television—networks for every time of national mourning (including the deaths of FDR, JFK, and Princess Grace of Monaco, not to mention 9/11's aftermath). In 1967 Barber, finally conceding that the work was not about to go away, made a choral arrangement of it to the words of the Latin Mass's *Agnus Dei* section.

Twelfth Night

No night could be darker than this night,
No cold so cold,
As the blood snaps like a wire,
And the heart's sap stills,
And the year seems defeated.

O never again, it seems, can green things run,
Or sky birds fly,
Or the grass exhale its humming breath,
Powdered with pimpernels,
From this dark lung of winter.

Yet here are lessons for the final mile
Of pilgrim kings;
The mile still left when all have reached
Their tether's end:
That mile where the Child lies hid.

For see, beneath the hand,
The earth already warms and glows;
For men with shepherd's eyes
There are signs in the dark,
The turning stars,
The lamb's returning time.

Out of this utter death He's born again,
His birth our saviour;
From terror's equinox he climbs and grows,
Drawing His finger's light across our blood:
The sun of heaven,
And the Son of God.

Agnus Dei

Soprano Soloist – Elspeth Bawden

Agnus Dei,
qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata
mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God,
Who takest away the sins of the
world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the
sins of the world, have mercy on us.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the
sins of the world,
grant us Thy peace.

OUR BRIDGE OF DREAMS

In 2007, Douglas Lawrence and I dreamed of a choir of smart graduate singers whom would be paid to sing, whom we would work with to produce transporting performances. We established the ACC in 2007 and for the first time in 2013, with the help of our donors, we paid all our singers for all performances. That year we sang Anne Boyd's *As I Crossed a Bridge of Dreams* in 24 concerts in Australia, Germany, Denmark and Poland. Europeans were fascinated by the work and a Leipzig journalist wrote of the audience "listening, dreaming, carried away and seemingly floating on a bed of sound". For the first time in 2013, we added regional concerts in NSW to our usual list of Victorian concerts, completing our tour that year with concerts in Canberra and Sydney. In 2018 with some 280 performances behind us, we continue to work hard to establish a structure that is sound enough to support the work of the Australian Chamber Choir for generations to come. We are on a bridge that connects our dreams with reality.

— Elizabeth Anderson

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INTERVAL (there will be no interval in Sydney)

AND THE RAIN – Alan Holley (2017) (first performance)

Born in Sydney, 1 October 1954

In recent years Alan Holley has been a featured composer at numerous music festivals and received composer profile concerts in Croatia, Serbia, Albania and Australia. His first Sydney Symphony Orchestra commission, the trumpet concerto *Doppler's Web* (2005), was written for Paul Goodchild and conducted by Simone Young. Kookaburra Music publishes Holley's works, many of which are also available on disc via Hammerings Records. *And The Rain* (2017) sets lines from the poem *Thirteen Winds* by Mark Tredinnick (also Sydney-born). The composer writes:

'For eight consecutive days from 2 June 2016 I visited Thomaskirche, Leipzig where Bach worked for more than 25 years. To be in that space where, for me and many composers, the greatest of all musical thinkers wrote some of the most amazing music in the European canon was a special time. I listened to concerts and I sat quietly and I wrote down a "few dots" each day. When I was 14 I went to an all Bach concert in St Andrew's Cathedral Sydney and heard the cantata *Wachet auf* and the E major violin concerto. On leaving the concert I knew that I was to be a composer. That I reached the age not far from the one when Bach died without writing a choral work now looks surprising. Lack of opportunity, busy with instrumental, orchestral and solo vocal works notwithstanding, it seems odd that the music that made me want to be a composer, choral music by Bach, did not lead me to write works in that genre before my 2017 composition *And The Rain*. Maybe I needed that experience in the Thomaskirche to start the whole process of wanting to write a work for choir and to find exactly the right text for my music. Selecting words to set to music is always difficult but I remembered reading the deeply touching and lyrical work of Mark Tredinnick when he won the Montreal Poetry Prize in 2011. On re-reading his work two sections from his *Thirteen Winds* flew to me as if the music was already in the air and all I had to do was write the notes down. When Mark wrote the lines "and I pray for you" and then later "and it is too late to pray" and then had three more references to the word "pray" it was as if my motif was apparent.'

(Alan Holley's new work sets the second and third stanzas of the poem below)

You fell out of the afternoon among us, violent
And serene and longed for as rain and lovelier.
You came in F and in B-flat and B-flat again,
And I think you are what Mozart knew, the lightness
And the grace and wit; And I don't know why
The world didn't stop. But nothing stopped
And fire did not cease and the music kept on

And the rain. And tonight in fire season you lie asleep
Beside me and I pray for you. The city is spectral
In the black summer sky and the air tastes of passing
Planes and woodsmoke, and it is too late to pray,
Like the poet for his child, that beauty elude you. You have
The gift of joy and calm, and I think you will be bold
And courteous and bright and yourself entirely.

So I pray that we have left the world enough alive
To keep you, and I pray the storms that saw
You in are not the only kind of weather
The future has in mind, nor yet the fires
That burn the edge of summer tonight. And I pray
The light you carry outlasts you and that goodness
Finds you everywhere and every time.

© Mark Tredinnick and Pitt Street Poetry

AS TORRENTS IN SUMMER, from KING OLAF

(The above work will not be performed in Sydney);

LUX AETERNA (originally NIMROD, from ENIGMA VARIATIONS)

– Sir Edward Elgar

Born in Broadheath, Worcestershire, 2 June 1857;

died in Worcester, 23 February 1934

Nimrod, already mentioned in connection with Samuel Barber's *Agnus Dei*, has a most intriguing performance history. In our time it automatically entails connotations of British public bereavement (it has become a fixture of Remembrance Day ceremonies at London's Cenotaph, and was recently included in the soundtrack for *Dunkirk*); yet this was not always so. Elgar never intended it – contrary to a widespread myth – as a funeral tribute to his publisher friend August Jaeger (Jaeger = Nimrod = hunter); Jaeger remained very much alive when Elgar wrote it in 1899. And as noted in the brilliant survey *Performing Music in the Age of Recording* (by British scholar Robert Philip), Elgar's distinctly moderate tempo in his own recorded account never suggests unmistakable grief. When, therefore, did *Nimrod* become so death-haunted? We cannot, with any confidence, say. At any rate, the current arrangement—with Elgar's music fitted to words from the traditional Latin Requiem Mass—is by the ACC's own Elizabeth Anderson.

From somewhat earlier in Elgar's career comes *King Olaf* (1896), one of several cantatas that Elgar produced before his big breakthrough—which occurred in Germany rather than in Britain—with *The Dream of Gerontius*. From today's standpoint, these cantatas resemble trial runs for the grand opera that Elgar long hoped to undertake but never actually managed. *King Olaf* uses what was in late-Victorian England a highly fashionable poem, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's *The Saga of King Olaf*, which depicts the tenth-century Norwegian monarch Olaf Trygvason, credited with having extirpated paganism and with commissioning his country's first Christian church. As *Torrents in Summer* comes at the end, and it kept a following of its own long after the rest of Elgar's score had fallen from public favour.

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though
The sky is still cloudless.
For rain has been falling.
Far off at their fountains;
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they who behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine
Cum Sanctis tuis
in aeternum
quia pius es
Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine
et lux perpetua
luceat eis
Cum Sanctis tuis in aeternum
quia pius es

May **eternal light** shine upon them,
O Lord,
with Thy saints forever:
For Thou art gracious.
Eternal rest give to them, O Lord,
And let perpetual light
shine upon them,
With Thy saints forever:
For Thou art gracious.

I HAD A DREAM – Brenton Broadstock

Born in Melbourne, 12 December 1952.

The tradition whereby composers write pieces in memory of other composers is a very old one, dating back at least to the late fifteenth century, which was when Josquin Desprez mourned the formidable contrapuntist Johannes Ockeghem. More recent examples include John Blow's ode on Purcell's death, Ravel's *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, Marcel Dupré's *Le Tombeau de Titelouze* [Jehan Titelouze, early-seventeenth-century French organist], and Arvo Pärt's *Cantus* in homage to Britten. With *I Had A Dream ...*, Broadstock sought to memorialise the English-born but Melbourne-resident musician and festival director Michael Easton, who died in 2004 aged forty-nine, as the result of a fall. Scored for a *cappella* SATB choir, the composition sets words of Broadstock's own. It begins and ends with an appropriately grim F-minor chord, and necessitates substantial division of the basic four vocal parts.

I had a dream,
I had a life, I had a soul,
A life, a mind, a soul.
I had a dream,
I had love, I tasted love.
Am I a dream? A life?
I once had a name.
How do I know?
Have I been good?
Have I been right?
Am I a dream? Am I a life? Am I a soul?
Or am I nothing? A dream?
I am a dream. I am a soul.
I am a mind. I am love.
I am in everything.
I am a life
And I am known.
I am remembered.

TROIS CHANSONS – Maurice Ravel

*Born in Ciboure, France, 7 March 1875;
died in Paris, 28 December 1937*

Ravel's attempts to enlist during the Great War foundered, thanks to his thin physique. France's army required each soldier to weigh at least 50 kilograms, whereas Ravel in 1914 weighed a mere 48. His hopes of being accepted for the country's still-embryonic air force likewise came to nothing. (The French government confined him to the non-combatant, but still dangerous and exhausting, role of an army truck-driver. Perils of this occupation included exposure to dysentery, of which Ravel suffered such a bad case that he had to be invalided back to a Paris hospital.) While the composer awaited officialdom's verdict, he occupied himself with, among other things, writing these three unaccompanied choral works, all of them – most atypically – to his own texts. He dedicated the second of them to Paul Painlevé, who served two brief terms as Prime Minister: the first of them lasting for a mere two months in 1917, the second for seven months in 1925. 'Ronde' bears another politically motivated dedication, this time to Georges Clemenceau's sister-in-law.

Ravel inscribed 'Nicolette' to an old and non-political friend of his: the poet Léon Leclère, whose verses he had already set in *Shéhérazade*, and who for most of his output used the spectacularly Wagnerian pseudonym 'Tristan Klingsor.' We should note the Russian connection in 'Ronde': specifically, the allusion to Baba Yaga, the hag depicted in Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, which Ravel unforgettably orchestrated.

Nicolette, à la vêprée,
S'allait promener
au pré,
Cueillir la pâquerette,
La jonquille et le muguet.
Toute sautillante,
toute guillerette,
Lorgnant ci, là,
de tous les côtés.

Rencontra vieux
loup grognant
Tout hérissé, l'oeil brillant:
'Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Viens-tu pas chez
Mère Grand?'
A perte d'haleine,
S'enfuit Nicolette,
Laissant là cornette
Et socques blancs.

Rencontra page joli,
Chausses bleues
et pourpoint gris:
'Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas d'un doux ami?'
Sage, s'en retourna,
Pauvre Nicolette,
Très lentement
le coeur bien marri.

Rencontra seigneur chenu,
Tors, laid, puant
et ventru:

Nicolette, at twilight,
Went for a walk
through the fields,
To pick daisies, daffodils,
And lilies of the valley.
Skipping around,
completely jolly,
Spying here, there,
and everywhere.

She met an old,
growling wolf
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:
'Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,
Won't you come to
Grandmother's house?'
Out of breath,
Nicolette fled,
Leaving behind her head-dress
and white clogs.

She met a cute page,
Blue shoes
and grey doublet:
'Hey there! Nicolette dear,
Wouldn't you like a sweetheart?'
Wisely, she turned round,
Poor Nicolette,
Very slowly,
with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,
Twisted, ugly, smelly
and pot-bellied:

'Hé là! ma Nicolette,
Veux-tu pas tous ces écus?'
Vite fut en ces bras,
Bonne Nicolette,
Jamais au pré n'est plus
revenue.

'Hey there! Nicolette dear,
Don't you want all this money?'
She ran straight into his arms,
Good Nicolette,
Never to the fields
to return.

Translation © Laura Prichard

Soloists

Amelia Jones – Soprano

Anish Nair – Tenor

Elspeth Bawden – Mezzo-Soprano

Lucas Wilson-Richter – Bass

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis,

(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Three beautiful birds of Paradise

(My love is gone to the war),
Three beautiful birds of Paradise
Have passed this way.

Le premier était plus bleu que ciel,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.
'Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z'il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?

The first was bluer than the sky
(My love has gone to the war)
The second was the colour of snow
The third was red as vermilion.
'Beautiful little birds of Paradise
(My love has gone to the war),
Beautiful little birds of Paradise,
What do you bring here?'

'J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre).
Et moi, sur beau front couleur de
neige, un baiser dois mettre,
encore plus pur.'

'I carry an azure glance
(Your love has gone to the war)
And I must leave on a snow-white
brow, a kiss,
even purer.'

'Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez vous ainsi?'

'Red bird of Paradise
(My love has gone to the war),
You red bird of Paradise
What are you bringing me?'

'Un joli coeur tout cramoisi
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre).'
'Ha! je sens mon coeur
qui froidit ...
Emportez le aussi.'

'A loving heart, flushing crimson
(Your love has gone to the war).'
'Ah, I feel my heart
growing cold . . .
Take that with you as well.'

Translation © Judith Kellock

Ronde

[Les vieilles:]

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas
au bois:

Il y a plein de satyres,
De centaures,
de malins sorciers,
Des farfadets et des incubes,
Des ogres, des lutins,
Des faunes, des follets,
des lamies,
Diables, diabolots, diabolotins,
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,
des démons,
Des loups-garous, des elfes,
des myrmidons,
Des enchanteurs es des mages,
des stryges, des sylphes,
des moines-bourus,
des cyclopes, des djinns,
gobelins, korrigans,
nécromants, kobolds ...

Ah!

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

[Les vieux:]

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:

Il y a plein de faunesses,
de bacchantes
et de males fées,
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.

Des satyresses, des ogresses,
Et des babaïagas,
Des centaures
et des diablasses,
Goules sortant du sabbat,
Des farfadettes
et des démons,
Des larves, des nymphes,

Ronde

[The old women:]

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young maidens, do not go into the
forest:

It is full of satyrs,
Of centaurs,
of evil sorcerers,
Of sprites and incubi,
Ogres, pixies,
Fauns, hobgoblins,
spooks,
Devils, imps, and fiends,
Cloven-foot, gnomes,
Of demons,
Of werewolves, elves,
Warriors,
Enchanters and conjurers,
Of fairies, sylphs
Of surly hermits,
Cyclopes, Djinns,
Spirits, gremlins,
Necromancers, trolls ...

Ah!

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

[The old men:]

Do not go into Ormonde forest,
Young men, do not go into the forest:

It is full of female fauns,
Of Bacchae
and evil spirits,
Lads, do not go into the forests.

Of female satyrs, of ogresses,
And Baba Yagas,
Of female centaurs
and devils,
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,
Of sprites
and demons,
Of larvae, of nymphs,

Des myrmidones,
Il y a plein de démons,
D'hamadryades, dryades,
Naiades,
Ménades, thyades,
Follettes, lémures,
Gnomides, succubes,
Gorgones, gobelines ...
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.
[Les filles / Les garçons:]
N'irons plus au bois
d'Ormonde,
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons
au bois.

Il n'y a plus de satyres,
Plus de nymphes ni de males fées.
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,
Plus d'ogresses,
De faunes, de follets,
de lamies,
Diabls, diablots, diabolins,
De satyresses, non.
De chèvre-pieds,
de gnomes,
de démons,
Plus de faunes, non!
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,
De myrmidons
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,
De stryges, de sylphes,
De moines-bourus,
De centaresses, de naiades,
De thyades,
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,
Dryades,
Follets, lémures, gnomides,
Succubes, gorgones, gobelines,
De cyclopes, de djinns,
De diabloteaux, d'éfrits, D'aegypan,
De sylvains, gobelins,
korrigans, Nécromans, kobolds Ah!

Of warriors,
It is full of demons,
Tree spirits and dryads,
Naiads,
Bacchantes, oreads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts,
Gnomes, succubi,
Gorgons, monsters,
Do not go into Ormonde forest.
[The maids / The lads:]
We won't go into Ormonde
forest any more,
Alas! Never more we'll go into the
forest.

There are no more satyrs,
No more nymphs or evil spirits.
No more sprites, no more incubi,
No ogres, no pixies,
No more ogresses,
No more fauns, hobgoblins
or spooks,
Devils, imps, or fiends,
No female satyrs, no.
No more goat-footed,
no gnomes,
No demons.
No more female fauns, no!
Nor werewolves, nor elves,
No warriors,
No more enchanters or conjurers,
No fairies, no sylphs,
No surly hermits,
No female centaurs or naiads,
No more oreads,
No more bacchantes or tree spirits,
No dryads,
Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes,
Succubi, gorgons, goblins,
No cyclopes, nor djinns, nor fiends,
no ifrits, no Aegipan,
No tree spirits, goblins,
gremlins, necromancers, trolls Ah!

N'allez pas au
bois d'Ormonde,
N'allez pas au bois.

Do not go into the
Ormonde forest,
Do not go into the forest.

Les malavisées vieilles,
Les malavisés vieux
Les ont effarouchés -- Ah!

The misguided old women,
The misguided old men
Have chased them all away – Ah!

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The **AUSTRALIAN CHAMBER CHOIR** was established by Douglas Lawrence in 2007. In its first ten years, the choir has undertaken six concert tours of Europe, recorded five CDs and given over 200 concert performances, many of which were recorded for broadcast on ABC Classic FM or 3MBS FM.

In 2015, returning by invitation to Denmark's oldest classical music festival, the *Sorø International*, the ACC was made an Honorary Life Member and took its place alongside such luminaries as Wilhelm Kempff, Anton Heiller, Gaston Litaize and Julian Bream. On this tour and on the subsequent one in 2017, the choir was accompanied by a group of *Friends*. You are invited to join Douglas Lawrence and the singers of the ACC on their 2019 tour (see the inside cover of this program for more details).

In Australia, the ACC has supplemented regular performances in key Victorian centres with interstate visits, performing in Canberra, Sydney, Albury, Bowral and Wagga Wagga.

In 2016, the choir expanded its regular commitments by undertaking to present all its *a cappella* programs in Sydney.

Wherever they perform, the Australian Chamber Choir is met with resounding accolades from audiences and critics alike:

“the many listeners were totally captivated by the marvellous sound conjured by the Australian Chamber Choir ... At the end ... several minutes of standing ovation ...”

Schwäbische Zeitung, Ravensburg, 17 July 2015

“Impeccable pitch and articulation of the text are a feature of the ACC's performances, and throughout (Palestrina's Stabat Mater) the tempered contrasts of dynamics in response to the text was scholarly and splendid”

Classic Melbourne, 12 April 2018

“The impact is magical and leaves a lasting impression” (Mozart Requiem)

Melbourne Observer, 2 May 2018

“In Mozart's Requiem the ACC gave us the full range of dynamic contrasts with unified control and sensitivity, ... and Lawrence was in command of seamless tempo changes”

Classic Melbourne 12 April 2018

AUSTRALIAN CHAMBER CHOIR

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Douglas Lawrence OAM

SOPRANOS

Sarah Amos

Elsbeth Bawden*

Alex Hedt

Amelia Jones*

Elizabeth Lieschke

Jennifer Wilson-Richter

TENORS

Joshua Lucena

Anish Nair*

Ben Owen or Stuart Webb

Tanum Shipp

ALTOS

Elizabeth Anderson

Melissa Lee

Hannah Spracklan-Holl

Isobel Todd

BASSES

Lucien Fischer or Jerzy Kozlowski

Kieran Macfarlane

Nicholas Retter

Lucas Wilson-Richter*

*denotes soloist

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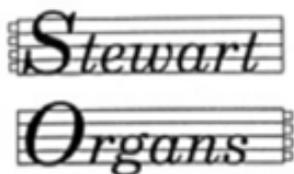
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