



Bel
cappella

...AND THE RIVER
RUNS AWAY

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: MONICA BUCKLAND
PIANO DUET: JOSEPHINE ALLAN AND DAVID MILLER

3PM SATURDAY 20 APRIL
MOSMAN ART GALLERY



website: www.belacappella.org.au email: info@belacappella.org.au

Youtube: **Bel a cappella Choir**

BEL A CAPPELLA MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

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PROGRAM

Nachtwache I & II op. 104 Johannes Brahms

April Rain Song Robert A. Harris
Now Fades the Last Long Streak of Snow Kevin Barker **

Crossing the Bar Rani Arbo
Crossing the Bar Donald Hollier **

Carry Her Over the Water Benjamin Britten

Aus Goethes West-östlichem Divan Hans Huber *

1. Musst nicht vor dem Tage fliehen
2. Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe
3. Was wird mir jede Stunde so bang?
4. Mitternachts
5. Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
6. An vollen Büschelzweigen
7. An des lustigen Brunnens Rand
8. Deinem Blick mich zu bequemen
9. Herrin, sag', was heisst das Flüstern?
10. Lieb' um Liebe, Wort um Wort

~ Interval ~

Vineta op.42 no. 2 Johannes Brahms
By the Lone Seashore Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

The Drowned Lovers Judith Bingham
The Blue Bird Charles Villiers Stanford

Moss Stone Cantic Andrew Howes **

Nonsense Richard Rodney Bennett *

1. Of Pygmies, Palms and Pirates
2. Aunts and Uncles
3. Lean Sideways on the Wind
4. O Here It Is! And there it is!
5. How Fly the Birds of Heaven
6. The Men In Bowler Hats
7. The Dwarf of Battersea

* With Josephine Allan and David Miller, piano

** World premiere: Prize winners of Bel a cappella composition competition

We ask our audience to turn off all sound-emitting devices. Thank you.

Bel a cappella

Bel a cappella is a chamber choir of experienced singers who are dedicated to the performance of diverse, high quality choral music in fine venues around Sydney and further afield. Established in 1995, Bel a cappella continues to attract able singers who are keen to explore the more demanding repertoire to the highest possible standard.

Bel a cappella normally presents three concerts a year, providing a mix of well-loved choral works with lesser-known pieces of merit and appeal. Although we specialise in a cappella repertoire, we regularly perform with piano, organ or small ensembles to offer a variety of musical experiences for our growing audiences.

The choir has undertaken two European tours, in 2015 travelling through Italy, Slovenia and Austria to Vienna, and in 2018 singing in Germany, the Czech Republic, Hungary and Poland. Highlights included performances in St Peter's Basilica at the Vatican, Basilica San Marco in Venice and the Schönbrunn Palace. Our third tour to Europe, postponed by COVID-19, will be going ahead in May of 2025.

In addition to our regular concert series, Bel a cappella has also performed in consort at the Independent Theatre, the Sydney Conservatorium International Jazz Festival and Judith Neilson's Phoenix Central Park; and has hosted several 'Come and Sing' events, the most recent in the unique setting of Cockatoo Island.

Bel a cappella

Soprano

Catherin Borchok
Margaret Grove
Gillian Haslehust-Smith
Catherine Hastings
Katrina Jenns
Margot McLaughlin
Sally Ross
Diana van Breda

Alto

Jenny Bradford
Barbara Chmiel
Eve Killick
Tiffany Lim
Belinda Markham
Allison Moore
Pepe Newton
Olivia Watson

Tenor

Darrall Cutting
Bruce Daniel
Rod Lander
Geordie Marsh
David Morris
Chris O'Keeffe

Bass

Hubert Chan
James Devenish
David Goodwin
Michael Johnson
Clive Lane
Edward Phillips
Peter Phillips
Bruce Watson



Monica Buckland - Musical Director

With 30 years' professional conducting experience in Europe, the UK, USA and Australia, Monica brings the vision and passion to build on Bel a cappella's reputation for high quality performances which explore the diversity of choral repertoire.

Monica's extensive choral experience includes 16 years as musical director of ars cantata zürich. She has directed many other professional and amateur choirs, and led singing workshops and seminars.

As an orchestral conductor Monica recently conducted the Sydney Symphony Orchestra's concerts for schools, and a program of film music with the Orange Symphony Orchestra. In Europe, she directed the orchestras at the TU Dresden and in 2019 was named ITV's Woman of the Year for North-East England for her work with the New Tyneside Orchestra, before moving to Sydney where she is also Musical Director of the Balmain Sinfonia.



Monica started working with Bel a cappella in March 2023, midway through rehearsals for the first concert of the year. Her own concert programs build on Bel's strong tradition of exploring lesser-known but enjoyable repertoire. www.buckland.ch

David G. Miller AM - Piano

David Miller is widely recognised as one of Australia's leading chamber musicians and vocal collaborative pianists. He founded the collaborative piano program at Sydney Conservatorium of Music in 1981 and supervised its development until his retirement in 2021. He also had a long association with Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, in the positions of choral repetiteur and pianist. David continues to teach and perform, with a particular interest in the promotion of Australian composers and their music. In 1995 he was appointed as a member of the Order of Australia for his service to music. Further information can be found at www.davidgmiller.com.au



Josephine Allan - Piano

Noted Australian pianist Josephine Allan is much in demand for her chamber music and ensemble playing.

Originally from Canberra, Josephine completed her Postgraduate Studies in Accompaniment at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. She has since pursued a busy career working with many eminent musicians, both singly and as part of various chamber music groups including the Australia Ensemble, Halcyon, Flametree, and regular duo work with the acclaimed Australian violinist Maria Lindsay.



Jo has extensive experience as an orchestral pianist and as a choral accompanist, and has been associated with most of the major musical organisations in Eastern Australia, including the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Sydney Philharmonia Choirs and Gondwana Choirs.

Recently Josephine has developed a keen interest in fostering young musical talent. She teaches and accompanies at Wenona School, Moriah College, and UNSW as well as maintaining a private studio.

Acknowledgment of Country

As a choir, we wanted to sing our Acknowledgement of Country. We approached Christopher Sainsbury, who as well as being an accomplished and very versatile composer, is responsible for the Ngarra-burria First Peoples Composers program at Australian National University, for which he won the APRA National Luminary Award in 2020. Chris is a member of the Dharug nation, the Indigenous people of Sydney, and so we felt commissioning him to write a song for us would be an appropriate thing to do.

What Chris has produced for us is perfect. Far from any dry formulaic text, he has written words that truly acknowledge the Country on which we rehearse and perform, and set them to music that beautifully illustrates the act of carving sandstone, the violence of bushfires, and the wash of rain across the waters.

We were thrilled to premiere this song at our concert in December 2023, and we intend to include it at the start of all our future concerts.

Program notes

...and the river runs away

In 2020, Bel a cappella held a competition for new choral music. Each of the three winning works would have its world premiere in one of the cities on the choir's 2021 tour of Russia and Northern Europe... but that was all before a certain pandemic struck, and the tour was cancelled. It has taken three years to (re)create a program around the premieres.

Running loosely through the whole program are some common themes – water, love, death – with further references and interconnections that tie some very contrasting works together. Victoriana is another recurring theme, in the form of Tennyson's poems, and music by popular composers of that age (Stanford and Coleridge-Taylor).

Each half of the concert begins with an a cappella work by Johannes Brahms, and ends with a multi-movement work accompanied by piano duet.

Following *Nachtwache* (Nightwatch) come two pieces about April (in the northern hemisphere). Prizewinner Kevin Barker's piece *Now Fades the Last Long Streak of Snow*, to a poem by Tennyson about the death of his beloved friend, is full of nostalgic images of life's burgeoning loveliness, yet laced with a soft sadness. It is preceded by the equally melancholic and slightly bluesy *April Rain Song* by eminent African American composer and choral conductor Robert A. Harris, to a text by Langston Hughes.

Tennyson also provides the words for the next pair of pieces, by Rani Arbo, an American singer-songwriter with the folk/bluegrass band Daisy Mayhem, and Sydney composer Donald Hollier. Both are settings of *Crossing the Bar*, a verse that explicitly uses sailing out to sea as a metaphor for death. Sadly, Donald Hollier, who spent much of his life working with choirs and opera, crossed the bar himself last August, and was thus unable to hear the premiere of his piece.

Benjamin Britten's short, sweet sextet, *Carry Her Over the Water*, brings us back to the land of the living, and to the theme of love. It comes from the final scene in Britten's early operetta *Paul Bunyan*, at the announcement that the lovers Slim and Tiny are to wed.

The theme of love is picked up in our next piece by the Romantic Swiss composer Hans Huber. Hafiz, the great 14th-century Persian poet, was best known for his *Divan*, a collection of (often mystical) poems about (earthly) love, faith, and hypocrisy. It inspired Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's last great poetry cycle, the *West-östlicher Divan*, with the "west-eastern" understood as an exchange between German (Christian) and Middle Eastern (Muslim) cultures. It was published in 1819, and provided texts and inspiration for numerous composers from Schubert to Schoenberg. The ten love-poems in this cycle range in mood from passion and fear to extreme tenderness, and are in a style quite reminiscent of the *Liebeslieder-Walzer* by Brahms ...

... and that brings us to launching the second half with another work by Brahms, *Vineta*, which describes a mythical submerged city. It is paired with *By the Lone Seashore*, a part-song by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, an enormously popular British composer of the late Victorian era. A mixed-race man, his nickname was "the African Mahler", and his most famous piece, *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*, was premiered by Charles Villiers Stanford.

One of Stanford's own pieces, *The Blue Bird*, possibly the best-known Victorian part-song, inspired Judith Bingham to write a companion work, *The Drowned Lovers*. Stanford's description of a bird taking flight over the stillness of a lake, to a poem by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge, contrasts starkly with Bingham's rather dark work about the drowning of an unfaithful lover.

Composed in the Blue Mountains, *Moss Stone Cantic* by Andrew Howes imagines the passage of a stone, down river to the sea. The music unfolds along expanding tonal pathways and rippling rhythmic motifs, evoking the stone's journey and exploring the composer's own feelings about journeys and change.

Our final piece, *Nonsense*, by Richard Rodney Bennett, sets poems by Mervyn Peake, best known for his fantastical *Gormenghast* novels. His taste for the macabre and an enjoyment of simple absurdity are both apparent in these seven poems, which Bennett has set with appropriate wit and flair. *Aunts and Uncles* is a simple play on rhymes, while *O Here It Is!* satirises Mercury from Holst's *Planets*, and *The Men in Bowler Hats* reveals corruption in the City, and the final *Dwarf of Battersea*, a sort of gruesome Grimm fairytale, is set absurdly in the manner of a folksong.

What connects all this nonsense to the rest of our program? Perhaps only the thought that both love and death become equally absurd, as the river runs away...



Upon a high rock platform – Christopher Sainsbury (b. 1963)

An Acknowledgement of Country Song commissioned by Bel a cappella

Upon a high rock platform,
An ancient voice greets me.
Speaking through carvings in the
sandstone, the clans have spoken.
Etchings by Dharug hands
are seeking someone to know them.

Beside the wide blue water,
An ancient voice greets me.
Whispering through casuarina
Dreams crossing generations.
Quietly a message in the
mist brings a revelation.

Spanning moons, eons blown,
Enchanting stars that gods have loaned.
Surviving firestorm, surviving rain.

Upon a high rock platform,
I humbly ask: teach me, teach me.

Nachtwache I & II op. 104 – Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Nachtwache

1. Leise Töne der Brust,
geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus,
ob sie euch öffnen' ein Ohr,
Oeffn' ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
Trag' ein Nachtwind euch
seufzend in meines zurück.

2. Ruhn Sie? Rufet das Horn des Wächters
drüben aus Westen,
und aus Osten das Horn rufet entgegen:
Sie ruhn.
Hörst du, zagendes Herz,
die flüsternden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampe getrost,
hülle in Frieden dich ein.

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

Night Watch

1. Soft sounds from the breast,
awakened by the breath of love,
Go tremblingly forth,
whether or not they open your ear.
May a loving heart open,
and if none opens to you,
May a night breeze bear you,
sighing, back to my heart.

Translated by Monica Buckland

2. Are they resting? calls the watchman's horn
from the west,
And from the east the horn calls back:
They are resting!
Do you hear, o anxious heart,
the angels' whispering voices?
Reassured, put the light out,
cover yourself in peace.

Translated by Andrew Barnett

April Rain Song – Robert A. Harris (b. 1938)

Let the rain kiss you
 Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops
 Let the rain sing you a lullaby
 The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk
 The rain makes running pools in the gutter
 The rain plays a little sleep song on our roof at night
 And I love the rain.

Langston Hughes (1901–1967)

Now Fades the Last Long Streak of Snow – Kevin Barker (b. 1965)

Soprano solo: Margaret Grove

*Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.*

*Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.*

*Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;*

*Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives*

*From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.*

*IN MEMORIAM A.H.H.
 Canto CXV
 Alfred, Lord Tennyson
 (1809–1892)*

Crossing the Bar – Rani Arbo (b. 1968)

Crossing the Bar – Donald Hollier (1934–2023)

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the
 boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Carry her over the water – Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Carry her over the water,
Set her down under the tree,
Where the culvers white all days and all night,
And the winds from every quarter,
Sing agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

The preacher shall dance at your marriage,
The steeple bend down to look,
The pulpit and chairs shed suitable tears,
While the horses drawing your carriage
Sing agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

Put a gold ring on her finger,
Press her close to your heart,
While the fish in the lake their snapshots take,
And the frog, that sanguine singer,
Sings agreeably, agreeably, agreeably of love.

*W.H. Auden (1907–1973),
from the libretto to Paul Bunyan*

Aus Goethes West-östlichem Divan, Op. 69 – Hans Huber (1852–1921)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)
Translations by Eric Ormsby*

1. Musst nicht vor dem Tage fliehen

Einladung

Musst nicht vor dem Tage fliehen:
Denn der Tag, den du ereilest,
Ist nicht besser als der heut'ge;
Aber wenn du froh verweilest,
Wo ich mir die Welt beseit'ge,
Um die Welt an mich zu ziehen,
Bist du gleich mit mir geborgen:
Heut ist heute, morgen morgen,
Und was folgt und was vergangen,
Reisst nicht hin und bleibt nicht hangen.
Bleibe du, mein Allerliebstes;
Denn du bringst es, und du gibst es.

Invitation

You must not flee before the day: for the day
that you hurry towards is no better than the day
today; but if you stay happily here where I have
set the world aside the better to draw it to me,
you will be safe and secure with me. Today is
today, tomorrow tomorrow, and what comes
after and what is past, neither tarries nor remains
immobile. Stay, O my best beloved, for it is you
who bring it and you who give it.

2. Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe

Baritone solo: Bruce Daniel

SULEIKA

Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe
Schelt ich nicht Gelegenheit;
Ward sie auch an dir zum Diebe,
Wie mich solch ein Raub erfreut!

SULEIKA

Supremely happy in your love, I do not blame
occasion. If to you it came as a thief, how such
a robbery gladdens me!

Und wozu denn auch berauben?
Gib dich mir aus freier Wahl;
Gar zu gerne möchte ich glauben –
Ja, ich bin's, die dich bestahl.

But then, why speak of robbery? Give yourself to
me of your own free choice; I'd find it much too
sweet to think that yes, it was I who stole you
away.

Was so willig du gegeben,
Bringt dir herrlichen Gewinn;
Meine Ruh, mein reiches Leben
Geb ich freudig, nimm es hin!

What you have so freely given returns a splendid
gain to you; my tranquillity, my rich life I gladly
give, take it away!

Scherze nicht! Nichts von Verarmen!
Macht uns nicht die Liebe reich?
Halt ich dich in meinen Armen,
Jedem Glück ist meines gleich.

Don't joke! Don't talk of impoverishment.
Doesn't love make us rich? When I take you in
my arms my happiness surpasses anyone's.

3. Was wird mir jede Stunde so bang?

Was wird mir jede Stunde so bang? --
Das Leben ist kurz, der Tag ist lang.
Und immer sehnt sich fort das Herz,
Ich weiss nicht recht, ob himmelwärts;
Fort aber will es hin und hin
Und möchte vor sich selber fliehn.
Und fliegt es an der Liebsten Brust,
Da ruht's im Himmel unbewusst;
Der Lebensstrudel reisst es fort,
Und immer hängt's an einem Ort;
Was es gewollt, was es verlor,
Es bleibt zuletzt sein eigner Thor.

Why does every hour frighten me so? Life is
short, the day is long. And the heart is ever
longing away, and I don't really know if it's
heavenwards; it wants to be up and away,
away, and it longs to escape from itself. If it
flees to the beloved's breast it rests unwittingly in
paradise. But the whirlpool of life rips it away
and it sticks forever in the self-same spot;
whatever it wanted whatever it lost, at the end
it remains its own poor fool.

4. Mitternachts

Alto solo: Jenny Bradford; Baritone solo: James Devenish

Schlechter Trost

Mitternachts weint' und schluchzt' ich,
Weil ich dein entbehrte.
Da kamen Nachtgespenster
Und ich schämte mich.

False Comfort

At midnight I was weeping and sobbing,
because I was bereft of you.
Then night-spirits arrived
and I was ashamed.

Nachtgespenster, sagt' ich,
Schluchzend und weinend
Findet ihr mich, dem ihr sonst
Schlafendem vorüberzogt.
Grosse Güter vermiss' ich.
Denkt nicht schlimmer von mir,
Den ihr sonst weise nanntet,
Grosses Übel betrifft ihn!
Und die Nachtgespenster
Mit langen Gesichtern
Zogen vorbei,
Ob ich weise oder thörig
Völlig unbekümmert.

Night-spirits, I said,
you find me here sobbing and weeping, I
whom you used to pass over while asleep.

I am missing great good things.
Don't think worse of me whom you once
called wise.
A great evil has afflicted him!
And the night-spirits
with long faces passed by,
utterly unconcerned as to whether I was wise
or foolish.

5. Über meines Liebchens Äugeln

Geheimes

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute;

Secret

Everybody stands bedazzled by my
sweetheart's shy sidelong glances.

Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
Weiss recht gut, was das bedeute.

Denn es heisst: ich liebe diesen
Und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süsse Stunde.

6. An vollen Büschelzweigen

An vollen Büschelzweigen,
Geliebte, sieh nur hin!
Lass dir die Früchte zeigen,
Umschalet stachlig grün.

Sie hängen längst geballet,
Still, unbekannt mit sich;
Ein Ast, der schaukelnd waltet,
Wiegt sie geduldiglich.

Doch immer reift von innen
Und schwillt der braune Kern,
Er möchte Luft gewinnen
Und säh' die Sonne gern.

Die Schale platzt, und nieder
Macht er sich freudig los;
So fallen meine Lieder
Gehäuft in deinen Schoos.

7. An des lustigen Brunnens Rand

SULEIKA

An des lustigen Brunnens Rand,
Der in Wasserfäden spielt,
Wusst ich nicht, was fest mich hielt;
Doch da war von deiner Hand
Meine Chiffer leis gezogen,
Niederblickt ich, dir gewogen.

Hier, am Ende des Kanals
Der gereihten Hauptallee,
Blick ich wieder in die Höh,
Und da seh ich abermals
Meine Lettern fein gezogen:
Bleibe! bleibe mir gewogen!

By contrast, I, who am in the know, know very
well what that signifies.

For it means: I love this one,
and not that one or the other.
You good people, leave off your amazement,
your yearning.

Yes, with enormous powers
she shoots her glance all around;
and yet, she is only seeking to alert him
to the next sweet hour.

On the laden twigs of the shrubs, Beloved,
take a look! Let me show you the fruits,
their spiky green husks.

For a long time they hang down,
clustered, still, unknown to themselves; one
branch that wavers and swings rocks them
patiently.

But the brown kernel ever ripens within
and swells; it longs to reach the air and
would love to see the sun.

The husk bursts open and downward with
joy it breaks free; just so my songs fall and
are heaped in your lap.

SULEIKA

At the rim of the jubilant fountain that plays in
ribboning trickles, I didn't know what held me
fast; but there, faintly traced by your hand, was
my cipher. I lowered my eyes, in love with you.

Here, at the end of the orderly promenade
along the canal I look again up into the sky and
there I glimpse again my faintly traced letters:
Stay! O stay in love with me!

HATEM

Möge Wasser springend, wallend
Die Zypressen dir gestehn:
Von Suleika zu Suleika
Ist mein Kommen und mein Gehen.

8. Deinem Blick mich zu bequemen

Deinem Blick mich zu bequemen,
Deinem Munde, deiner Brust,
Deine Stimme zu vernehmen
War die letzt' und erste Lust.

Gestern, Ach! war sie die letzte,
Dann verlosch mir Leucht' und Feuer,
Jeder Scherz der mich ergetzte
Wird nun schuldenschwer und theuer.
Eh es Allah nicht gefällt
Uns aufs neue zu vereinen,
Gibt mir Sonne, Mond und Welt
Nur Gelegenheit zum Weinen.

9. Herrin, sag', was heisst das Flüstern?

Vollmondnacht

Herrin! sag, was heisst das Flüstern?
Was bewegt dir leis die Lippen?
Lispelst immer vor dich hin,
Lieblicher als Weines Nippen!
Denkst du, deinen Mundgeschwistern
Noch ein Pärchen herzuziehn?

"Ich will küssen! Küssen! sagt ich."

Schau! Im zweifelhaften Dunkel
Glühen blühend alle Zweige,
Nieder spielet Stern auf Stern;
Und smaragden durchs Gesträuche
Tausendfältiger Karfunkel:
Doch dein Geist ist allem fern.

"Ich will küssen! Küssen! sagt ich."

Dein Geliebter, fern, erprobet
Gleicherweis im Sauersüssen,
Fühlt ein unglückselges Glück.
Euch im Vollmond zu begrüßen,
Habt ihr heilig angelobet;
Dieses ist der Augenblick.

"Ich will küssen! Küssen! sag' ich."

HATEM

May the surging whirling water and the
cypresses avow: From Suleika to Suleika is my
coming and my going.

To be at one with your glance, your mouth, your
breast, to catch your voice, was the final
pleasure and the first.

Yesterday, ah, it was the last, and then flame
and fire went out, all the light caprice that
enchanted me, now turned heavy with care
and scarce.
Before it pleases Allah to unite us once again,
the sun, the moon, the world itself, give me
nothing but occasions to weep.

Night of the Full Moon

Tell me, Lady, what does this whispering mean?
What makes your lips move so lightly? You
murmur over and over to yourself, sweeter than
sipping wine! Do you imagine you'll attract
another pair of lips to yours?

"I want to kiss! To kiss!" I said.

Look! In the dubious darkness all the branches
glow as they bloom. One star after another
falls; and through the thickets a thousand-
faceted gem shines emerald: but your mind is
far from everything.

"I want to kiss! To kiss!" I said.

Far away, your beloved tests the bitter-sweet
like you, feels happiness that is misery; you have
both made a sacred promise to meet one
another at the full moon. This is the very
moment.

"I want to kiss! To kiss!" I said.

10. Lieb' um Liebe, Wort um Wort

Lieb' um Liebe, Stund' um Stunde,
Wort um Worte und Blick um Blick;
Kuss um Kuss vom treuesten Munde,
Hauch um Hauch und Glück um Glück.
So am Abend, so am Morgen!
Doch du fühlst an meinen Liedern
Immer noch geheime Sorgen;
Jussufs Reize möcht ich borgen,
Deine Schönheit zu erwiedern.

Ach, ich kann sie nicht erwiedern,
Wie ich auch daran mich freue;
Genüg' es dir an meinen Liedern,
Meinem Herzen, Meine Treue!

Love upon love, hour upon hour, word upon
word and glance upon glance; kiss upon kiss
from the most faithful mouth, breath upon
breath and bliss upon bliss.
So in the evening, so in the morning! But you
sense in my songs an ever-secret sorrow; I'd like
to borrow Joseph's charms so as to respond to
your beauty.

Alas, I can't answer [it] as much as it would
please me to do so; may my poems be enough
for you, and my heart and my fidelity.

~ INTERVAL ~

Vineta op. 42 no. 2 – Johannes Brahms

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem Grunde
klingen Abendglocken, dumpf und matt.
Uns zu geben wunderbare Kunde
von der schönen, alten Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoss hinabgesunken,
blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn.
Ihre Zinnen lassen goldne Funken
widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den Zauberschimmer
einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,
nach der selben Stelle schiff er immer,
ob auch ringsumher die Klippe droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem Grunde
klingt es mir wie Glocken, dumpf und matt.
Ach, sie geben wunderbare Kunde
von der Liebe, die geliebt es hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn,
lassen sich als goldne Himmelfunken
oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

Out of the deepest depths of the sea
Evening bells sound dull and faint,
Offering us wonderful tidings
Of the beautiful, bygone, wondrous city.

Swallowed by the surging tide,
Its remnants still stand.
Its battlements emit golden sparks
That reflect luminously on the mirrored surface.

And the sailor that saw this magical shimmering,
Once in the bright sunset,
Sails to the same place ever again,
Despite the threatening cliffs that surround him.

Out of the deepest depths of the heart
Rings a bell like sound, dull and faint.
Ah, it gives wonderful tidings
Of the love that it has spent.

Sunken there lies a beautiful world,
Its remnants still stand,
Emitting golden, heavenly sparks
Often visible in the mirror of my dreams.

Und dann möcht ich tauchen in die Tiefen,
mich versenken in den Wunderschein,
und mir ist, als ob mich Engel riefen
in die alte Wunderstadt herein.

Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)

And then I would like to dive into the depths,
To immerse myself in the reflection,
It is as if angels call me
Into the bygone, wondrous city.

Translation by Harry Baechtel

By the lone seashore – Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875–1912)

By the lone seashore
Mournfully beat the waves;
Mournfully evermore
The wild wind sobs and raves.

A sadness
And a sense of deep unrest
Brood on the clouds
And on the waters' breast.

But lo! The white seamew careering,
Float indolently by.
And lo! A snowy sail appearing
Gleams fair against the sky,

The sadness
And the loneliness depart,
And nature smiles
With sympathy of heart.

Charles Mackay (1814–1889)

The Drowned Lovers – Judith Bingham (b. 1952)

Solo: Katrina Jenns

In the deepest reaches of the lake
I and my love do lie
I clung to him, and pulled him down
And so we both did die
Th'uncaring clear blue waters
Over our heads did close
And shoals of fishes, sightlessly
In clouds around us rose
His pale green eyes were cold in death
His love had been a lie
But now we share a watery death
Forever intertwined

Blue below
Cold and still
Beneath me
Cold and still
Blue in blue
His image
Cold and still

Words and music by Judith Bingham, 2008

The Blue Bird – Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

The lake lay blue below the hill
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still
A bird whose wings were palest blue

The sky above was blue at last
The sky beneath me blue in blue
A moment, ere the bird had passed
It caught his image as he flew.

Mary E. Coleridge (1861–1907)

Moss Stone Cantic – Andrew Howes** (b. 1992)

Blue water, deep water
Resting deep.
Flow away down-river, woundless
in the green twig-rushes.

Calm water, sing away,
in gentle air and whispers in the rushes,
where the wind sings
with the river

Pale water, sweep away
down-river and rush,
in joyous cries to the sea,
and the deep water.

Words and music by Andrew Howes

Nonsense – Richard Rodney Bennett (1936–2012)

A Book of Nonsense - Mervyn Peake (1911–1968)

1. Of Pygmies, Palms and Pirates

Of pygmies, palms and pirates,
Of islands and lagoons,
Of blood-bespotted frigates,
Of crags and octoroons,
Of whales and broken bottles,
Of quicksands cold and grey,
Of ullages and dottles,
I have no more to say.

Of barley, corn and furrows,
Of farms and turf that heaves
Above such ghostly burrows
As twitch on summer eves
Of fallow-land and pasture,
Of skies both pink and grey,
I made a statement last year
And have no more to say.

2. Aunts and Uncles

- i. When Aunty Jane
Became a Crane
She put her leg behind her head;
And even when the clock struck ten
Refused to go to bed.
- iii. When Uncle Wog
Became a Dog
He hid himself for shame;
He sometimes hid his bone as well
And wouldn't hear the front-door bell,
Or answer to his name.
- v. When Aunty Vi
Became a Fly
Her favourite nephew
Sought her life;
How could he know
That with each blow
He bruised his Uncle's wife?

- ii. When Aunty Grace
Became a Plaice
She all but vanished sideways on;
Except her nose
And pointed toes
The rest of her was gone.
- iv. When Aunty Flo
Became a Crow
She had a bed put in a tree;
And there she lay
And read all day
Of ornithology.
- vi. When Uncle Sam
Became a Ham
We did not care to carve him up;
He struggled so
We let him go
And gave him to the pup.

vii. When Aunty Nag
Became a Crag
She stared across the dawn,
To where her spouse
Kept open house
With ladies on the lawn.

viii. When Aunty Mig
Became a Pig
She floated on the briny breeze,
With irritation in her heart
And warts upon her knees.

ix. When Aunty Jill
Became a Pill
She stared all day through dark-blue glass;
And always sneered when men appeared
To ask her how she was.

x. When Uncle Jake
Became a Snake
He never found it out;
And so as no one mentions it
One sees him still about.

3. Lean Sideways on the Wind

Lean sideways on the wind, and if it bears
Your weight you are a Daughter of the Dawn:
If not – pick up your carcass, dry your tears,
Brush down your dress – for that sweet elfin horn
You thought you heard was from no fairyland –
Rather it flooded through the kitchen floor,
From where your Uncle Eustace and his band
Of flautists turn my cellar, more and more
Into a place of hollow and decay:
That is my theory, darling, anyway.

4. O Here It Is! And There It Is!

O here it is! and there it is!
And no-one knows whose share it is!
Nor dares to stake a claim –
But we have seen it in the air,
A fairy, like a William pear –
With but itself to blame.

A thug it is! and smug it is;
And like a floating pug it is,
Above the orchard trees.
It has no right – no right at all
To soar above the orchard wall,
With chilblains on its knees.



5. How Fly the Birds of Heaven

How fly the birds of heaven, save by their wings?
How tread the stags, those huge and hairy kings
Save by their feet? How do the fishes turn
In their wet purlieus where the mermaids yearn
Save by their tails? How does the plantain sprout
Save by that root it cannot do without?
I hope that I have made my meaning clear...

6. The Men In Bowler Hats

The Men in Bowler Hats are Sweet!
And dance through April showers,
So innocent! Oh it's a treat
To watch their tiny little feet
Leap nimbly through the arduous wheat
Among the lambs and flowers.

The grass is lush – the moss is plush,
The trees are hands at prayer.
The banker and the broker flush
To see a white rose in a bush,
And gasp with joy, and with a blush
They hug each bull and bear.

Many and many is the time
That I have watched them play,
A broker drenched in glimmering rime,
A banker, innocent of crime,
With lots of bears and bulls, in time
To share the holiday.

The Men in Bowler Hats are sweet
Beneath their bowler hats.
It's not their fault if, in the heat
Of their Transactions; I repeat,
It's not their fault if Vampires meet
And gurgle in their spats.

7. The Dwarf of Battersea

1. There lived a dwarf in Battersea
(O lend me a tanner!)
There lived a dwarf in Battersea
Whose hands were white with leprosy
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

3. And there he saw a maiden fair
(O lend me a tanner!)
And there he saw a maiden fair
With tawny eyes and tawny hair
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

5. He gave a most disgusting croak
(O lend me a tanner!)
He gave a most disgusting croak
At which the sleeping one awoke.
(Sing you-O, for me-O)
And the river runs away.

2. At dead of night he crept to see
(O lend me a tanner!)
At dead of night he crept to see
What he could see at 163!
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

4. Then through the letterbox he crept
(O lend me a tanner!)
Then through the letterbox he crept
To where the golden lady slept
(Sing you-O, for me-O)
And the river rolls away.

6. The dwarf hissed through his pointed teeth
(O lend me a tanner!)
The dwarf hissed through his pointed teeth
And drew a skewer from its sheath
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

7. But look! A creature high above
(O lend me a tanner!)
But see! A creature high above
Has singed the yellow wall with love!
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

9. O he came sailing through the air
(O lend me a tanner!)
O he came sailing through the air
For what man dareth he will dare
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

11. He thrust a paintbrush through the dwarf
(O lend me a tanner!)
He thrust a paintbrush through the dwarf
And shouted with a grisly larf...
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

13. The dwarf turned white but did as bid
(O lend me a tanner!)
The dwarf turned white but did as bid
And then they fastened down the lid
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

15. Until the yellow dwarf went black
(O lend me a tanner!)
Until the yellow dwarf went black
And then they laid him on his back
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

17. And sent him down the Thames afloat
(O lend me a tanner!)
And sent him down the Thames afloat
Within a papier-maché boat
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

19. And all beware who wish to see
(O lend me a tanner!)
And all beware who hope to see
The golden light of 163
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away!

8. And like the story tales of yore
(O lend me a tanner!)
And like the story tales of yore
This creature leaps upon the floor
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

10. His hair was dark his lips were fat
(O lend me a tanner!)
His hair was dark his lips were fat
He wore a greeny yellow hat
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

12. 'Get in this tin of linseed oil!'
(O lend me a tanner!)
'Get in this tin of linseed oil
Before I put it on to boil!'
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

14. They danced a tango up and down
(O lend me a tanner!)
They danced a tango up and down
Until the yellow dwarf went brown
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

16. Until the yellow dwarf went red
(O lend me a tanner!)
Until the yellow dwarf went red
And then they stood him on his head!
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away.

18. So one and all beware who wish
(O lend me a tanner!)
So one and all beware who wish
Within the sacred pool to fish!
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river runs away.

20. There lived a dwarf in Battersea
(O lend me a tanner!)
There lived a dwarf in Battersea
But he has now passed over, see,
And where is he? O don't ask me!
(Sing you-O, to me-O)
And the river rolls away
Away
And the river rolls away.



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Bruckner's Mass in E minor, together with the piece that inspired it, Palestrina's Missa Brevis.

Works by 20th- and 21st-century composers for the patron saint of music, together with Frank Martin's electrifying Mass for double choir.