

Voice of Australia

Complete Volumes I & II

I: First Person Feminine III & VII

Two songs from a cycle of seven – “First Person Feminine”

Date of Composition: 1988

Words by Jane Adamson (b. 1948)

Music by Ian Cooper (b. 1934)

III.

Did you see her at the mirror
Practising her smile?
As if that face could be improved
Without plastic surgery!

Did you see that dress she wore,
Frisilly down the side?
The yellow tinge just matches
Her complexion!

Don't you love the way she eats,
Chewing it slowly?
And the way she reads those novels
On the sly!

Did you see that note she wrote,
The goody-goody?
But when our backs are turned
She gets so catty!
Yes, she's just so spiteful,
Such a cat!

VII.

When you're my age, dear,
You'll see the point of what I say
— If you recall it.
Though I can't recall his name,
Or exactly when it happened,
Or even what I wanted, come to that ...
But I know my great Aunt Jane
Gave some very sound advice ...
I can't recall exactly what it was ...
But I do recall her frown
And how she took me by the hand,
And told me rather firmly what to do ...
And after that she said,
Just as I say to you now,
When you're my age, dear,

You'll see the point of what I say
— If you recall it ...

2: *Strange Requiem*

Date of Composition: c. 1935

Words by Esther Levy (b. -)

Music by Margaret Sutherland (b. 1897 - 1984)

How rest in peace?
I'll not sleep quietly - through days when young trees swim in golden light.

Old dancing tunes of Spain I know will waken me whenever music holds a summer night that
flowers in stars, pale blossoms swift in flight before the robber winds, and buds that swing their
censers gently to the dusk, the summer rain that softly draws sweet scents from earth, again shall
waken joy in me.

Surely in Spring, when lads and lasses laughing as they go, kiss in the cool green woods, I'll not
remain alone, asleep.

And if to me you bring white roses from the old grey portico, I'll not sleep quietly; I'll wake and
know.

3: *Titania's Lullaby*

The fourth song in a cycle of five - "Five Shakespeare Songs"

Date of Composition: 1986

Words by William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)

Music by Hugh Dixon (b. 1927)

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; Lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;

Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; Lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night with lullaby.

4: *Auguries of Innocence*

The first song in a cycle of five – “Eternity’s Sun Rise”

Date of Composition: 1995

Words by William Blake (1757 – 1826)

Music by John Peterson (b. 1957)

To see a World in a Grain of Sand.
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

5: *I am black*

Date of Composition: 2001

Text from Jerusalem Bible translation of “The Song of Songs”, Solomon’ (971-931 B.C.)

Music by Andrew Schultz (b. 1960)

Tell me then, you whom my heart loves,
Where will you lead your flock to graze?
When will you rest at noon?
Before the dawn wind rises,
Before the shadows flee,
That I no more may wander,
Return.
Return.
I am black.

6: *Frogs*

A cycle of three songs

Date of Composition: 1995

Words by Emily Dickenson (1830-1886)

Music by Nigel Butterley (b. 1935)

1.

The long sigh of the Frog
Up-on a Summer's Day
Enacts intoxication
Upon the Revery –
But his receding Swell
Substantiates a Peace
That makes the Ear inordinate
For corporal release –

2.

His Mansion in the Pool
The Frog forsakes
He rises on a Log
And statements makes –
His Auditors two Worlds
Deducting me –
The Orator of April
Is hoarse Today –
His Mittens at his Feet
No Hand hath he –
His eloquence a Bubble
As Fame should be –
Applaud him to discover
To your chagrin
Demosthenes has vanished
In Waters Green –

3.

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – Too?
Then there's a pair of us?
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
How public – like a Frog -
To tell one's name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!

7: *Quel Rosignuol*

The second song from a cycle of three - "Three Italian Songs"

Date of Composition: 1979

Words by Francesco Petrarca (1304-1474)

Music by Colin Brumby (b. 1933)

Quel rosignuol che sì soave piagne
Forse suoi figli o sua cara consorte,
Di dolcezza empie il cielo e la campagne
Con tante note sì pietose e scorte;
E tutta notte par che m'accompagne
E mi rammente la mia dura sorte;
Ch'altri che me non ho di cui mi lagne:
Che'n Dee non credev'io regnasse Morte,
Morte.

That nightingale which so gently weeps
Perhaps for his children or his dear spouse,
With sweetness fills the sky and the
countryside
With so many notes so piteous and full;
And all night it seems that he accompanies me
And reminds me of my hard fate;
That no other than myself have I to complain
to
That Goddesses, I didn't believe, are prevailed
upon by Death.

8: *each thoughtless day & where the wind sighs*

From a song set of five – "Where whispered sounds linger"

Date of Composition: 2002

Words by Jane de Couvre (?)

Music by Trevor Pearce (b. 1954)

1. *each thoughtless day*

Diminishing dreaming
drowned
'neath
the city's
harsh pavement

Earth dream
drowned earth
pale mourning grey dream
feet are passing over dreams
each thought-less day

2. *where the wind sighs*

In my hand yours
crossing the bridge
here the wind
sighs

9: *Night after Bushfire*

From - "Through the Fire"

Date of Composition: 2003

Words by Judith Wright (1915 – 2000)

Music by Gordon Kerry (b. 1961)

There is no more silence on the plains of the moon,
And time is no more a-lien there than here.
Sun thrust his warm hand down at the high noon
But all that stirred was the faint dust of fear.
Charred Death upon the rock leans his charred bone
And stares at death from sockets black with flame.
Man, if he come to brave that glance a-lone,
must leave behind his human home and name.
Carry like a threatened thing your soul away
And do not look too long to left or right
For he whose soul wears the strict chains of day
Will lose it in this landscape of charcoal and moonlight.

10: *Balloon Ride*

The third song in the set - "Three songs of sleep"

Date of Composition: 1999

Words by Ross Baglin (b. 1961)

Music by Stuart Greenbaum (b. 1966).

Tender as snow falls
Seahorses ride
Sleep blows a balloon
And upward you glide

Where butterflies sway
And chimney smoke flies
Up where the starlings
Speckle the sky

Silver satellites
Weave starlit filaments
Over the valleys
Where steeples lie sleeping

Sleep now and float
Forever, where Earth
Rises in dreams

11: Asmaradana

The first song in a cycle of three – “Indonesian Triptych”

Date of Composition: 1977

Words by Goenwan Mohamad (b. 1941), trans. Dr. Harry Aveling (b. 1942)

Music by Betty Beath (b. 1932)

He heard the beat of the wings of the bats and the fall of the rest of the rain, the wind against the teak trees. He heard the restlessness of the horses and the tug of the chariot as the sky cleared of cloud, revealing the pole-star in the distance. Between them words were unnecessary.

Then he spoke of the separation, the death. He saw the map, fate, the journey and a war indistinctly.

He realised she would not cry. In the morning there would be footprints on the grass in the yard, to the north. She would refuse to consider what had passed or what was to come, no longer daring to do so.

Anjasmara, my love, stay, again.

The moon is covered by the wind, time ignores it.

Passing cloud and ember, you forget my face, I forget yours.

12: Turning Fifty

Date of Composition: 1980

Words by Judith Wright (1916 – 2000)

Music by Paul Paviour (b. 1931)

Having known war and peace and loss and finding,

I drink my coffee and wait for the sun to rise.

With kitchen swept, cat fed, the day still quiet,

I taste my fifty years here in the cup.

Outside the green birds come for bread and water.

Their wings wait for the sun to show their colours.

I'll show my colours too.

Though we've polluted even this air I breathe

And spoiled green earth;

Though,

Granted life or death,

Death's what we're choosing.

And though these years we live scar flesh and mind.

Still, as the sun comes up bearing my birthday.

Having met time and love I raise my cup.

Dark, bitter, neutral, clean,

Sober as the morning

To all I've seen and known,

To this new sun.

13: *The Downfall*

The sixth song from a cycle – “Eight songs of Eve”

Date of Composition: 1998

Words by Gwen Harwood (1920-1995)

Music by James Penberthy (1917-1999)

What have they done to you baby my baby
What have they done to you baby my own
Your nose to the snow and your arm to the needle
In fields of cement in a city of stone
Where were you running my baby my baby
From the pain of the world and the taste of despair
Why are you lying there baby O baby
With filth in the gutter and blood in your hair.

14: *To say before going to sleep*

Date of Composition: 2014

Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926), trans. Wendy Dixon (b. 1956)

Music by Stephen Yates (b. 1957)

I would like to sing someone to sleep
Sit beside you and always be there
Sing soft and rock you to sleep
And watch as you fall into sleep.
I'd like to be the only one in the house
Who would know 'How cold is the night'.
To hear your soft breath, the world, the woods
All breathe everlastingly
And then see to the depths of time.
I would gaze, on you, gently
My eyes would hold you till silence fell
I would sing you softly to sleep
Sing you softly to sleep.

15: *She wore a black ribbon*

Date of Composition: 2001

Words by Peter Wesley-Smith (b.1945)

Music by Martin Wesley-Smith (b.1945)

She wore a black ribbon
To tie up her hair
And a black armband
Black dress black gloves

She grieved for her children stolen away
Lost past lost future, lost culture lost loves

She wore a black ribbon to tie up her hair
But her hair and her heart were grey.

She wore that black ribbon
Through all of her years
And the black armband
Day after day

Black gin black heart
Black laughter black tears
Black beauty black children stolen away
She wore that black ribbon to tie up her hair
But her hair and her heart were grey.

16: *The bird sings*

The second song from a cycle of seven – “In the Garden”

Date of Composition: 2005

Words by Aub Podlich (b. 1946)

Music by Rhonda Berry (b.1936)

The bird sings,
Ah it couldn't care less,
About an early death.
Why should I worry about tomorrow?

17: *Golden Boy*

Date of Composition: 2001

Words by Pat McCahey (1940-2011)

Music by Stephen Cronin (b.1960)

Oh golden boy! The smell of you still lingers
Your feel beneath my fingers
The roughness of your chin against my skin
My one desire Oh golden boy!

Our passion was so strong
The days and nights were long
You stole all my leisure gave me pleasure
And now it's gone Oh golden boy!

I thought you'd never sever The cord
that bound forever. How cruel your
eyes the night You ended my delight
And stole away. Oh golden boy!

I follow you wherever
It seems we'll be together.

You mustn't try to leave me
Better to bereave me
Is that the way? Oh golden boy!

I know you hear them talking
They say I'm out here stalking
Trying to gain the strength
Going to any length to be free.
Oh golden boy!

The smell of you still lingers
Your feel beneath my fingers
The roughness of your chin against my skin
My one desire Oh golden boy!

18: *A Summer's Day*

The sixth song from a cycle of six – "The Rose of Amherst"

Date of Composition: 1991

Words by Emily Dickenson (1830-1886)

Music by Gerald Glynn (b. 1943)

A something in a summer's Day
As slow her flambeaux burn away
Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer's noon—
A depth—an Azure—a perfume—
Transcending ecstasy.

And still within a summer's night
A something so transporting bright
I clap my hands to see—

The veil my too inspecting face
Lets such a subtle – shimmering grace
Flutter too far for me -

The wizard fingers never rest -
The purple brook within the breast
Still chafes its narrow bed

Still rears the East her amber flag -
Guides still the sun along the crag
His caravan of red –

So looking on – the night – the morn
Conclude the wonder gay –
And I meet, coming thro' the dews
Another summer's Day!

19: Burn out my eyes

The first song from a cycle of four – “Rilke Songs”

Date of Composition: 2009

Words by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926), trans. Quentin Grant (b. 1962)

Music by Quentin Grant (b. 1962)

Lösch mir die Augen aus:
ich kann dich sehn,
wirf mir die Ohren zu:
ich kann dich hören,
und ohne Füße
kann ich zu dir gehen,
und ohne Mund
noch kann ich dich beschwören.
Brich mir die Arme ab,
ich fasse dich mit meinem Herzen
wie mit einer Hand,
halt mir das Herz zu,
und mein Hirn wird schlagen,
und wirfst du in mein Hirn den Brand,
so werd ich dich auf meinem Blute tragen.

Burn out my eyes
I can still see you,
Deafen my ears
I can still hear you
And without feet
I can still come to you
And without a voice
I can still call to you.
Tear my arms from me
And I'll still hold you,
With all my heart as in a single hand.

Break my stop my heart
and my brain will keep on beating.
Should your fire at last my brain consume,
The flowing of my blood will carry thee
Take my arms from me and I'll still hold you
With all my heart as in a single hand.

20: Coolness

The second song from a cycle of four – “Four Haiku”

Date of Composition: 2007

Words by Issa [Kobayashi Issa] {1763-1828}

Music by David Keefe (b. 1956)

gege mo gege
gege no gekoku no
suzushisa yo

Poor, poor, yes, poor
The poorest of the provinces, - and yet
Feel this coolness

21: Of a noble race she came

The third song from a cycle of eight – “Nine Lives”

Date of Composition: 1988

Words by Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Music by Roger Smalley (b. 1943)

Of a noble race she came,
And Grimalkin was her name.
Young and old full many a mouse
Felt the prowess of her house:

Weak and strong full many a rat
Cowered beneath her crushing pat:
And the birds around the place
Shrank for her too close embrace.

But one night, reft of her strength,
She laid down and died at length:
Lay a kitten by her side,
In whose life the mother died.

Spare her line and lineage,
Guard her kitten's tender age,
And that kitten's name as wide
Shall be known as hers that died.

And whoever passes by
The poor grave where Puss doth lie,
Softly, softly let him tread,
Nor disturb her narrow bed.

22: *Bush Christmas*

Date of Composition: 1994

Words by David Martin (1915-1997)

Music by Wendy Hiscocks (b. 1963)

Stuffed with pudding to his gizzard
Uncle James lets out a snore,
Auntie Flo sprawls like a lizard
On the back verandah floor.

Grandpa Aub sits with a flagon
On the woodheap 'neath the gums,
And he thinks he's seen a dragon
Where the pigs are munching plums.

Cousin Val and Cousin Harry,
Cousin May and Cousin Fred,
Play the goat with Dulce and Larry
By the creek below the shed.

In the scrub the cows are drowsing,
Dogs are dreaming in the shade,
Fat and white, the mare is browsing,
Cropping softly, blade by blade.

It is hot. Mosquitoes whirring.
Uncle Jamie rubs his knee:
'Flo,' he whispers, 'are you stirring?
It's near time to get the tea.'

23: *Listening to the Harp*

The seventh song from a cycle of seven – “The Jade Harp”

Date of Composition: 2007

Words by Li-Po [Li-Bai] (701-762 A.D.)

Music by Larry Sitsky (b. 1934)

The monk with his harp
Came from the land of Shu in the west,
From the high mountains.
Plucking the strings, he played for me.
I heard murmuring pines in many valleys.
Like flowing water, the music cleansed my heart,
Leaving its echo in the frosty bell.
Dusk came unnoticed to these green hills,
As the autumn clouds grew darker and darker.

24: *The Moon Has Set*

The second song from a cycle of six – “Mythweaver”

Date of Composition: 2010

Words by Sappho (c. 630 B.C. - c. 570 B.C.)

Music by Kevin March (b. 1964)

The moon has set
and the Pleiades:
in the middle of the night.
the hours go by
I lie alone

and on the eyes
black sleep of night
Black dream you come roaming

[]
[]
deep sound []
[]
rushing down
mythweaver

**brackets indicate lost text*

25: *To a child*

The second song from a cycle of five – “Five Senses”

Date of Composition: 2012

Words by Judith Wright (1915-2000)

Music by Ross Edwards (b. 1943)

When I was a child I saw
a burning bird in a tree.
I see became *I am*,
I am became *I see*.

In the winter dawns of frost
The lamp swung in my hand.
The battered moon on the slope
lay like a dune of sand;

and in the trap at my feet
the rabbit leapt and prayed
weeping blood, and crouched
when the light shone on the blade.

The sudden sun lit up
the webs from wire to wire;
the white webs, the white dew
blazed with a holy fire.

Flame of light in the dew,
flame of blood on the bush
answered the whirling sun
and the voice of the early thrush.

I think of this for you.
I would not have you believe
the world is empty of truth,
or that men must grieve;

but hear the song of the martyrs
out of a bush of fire;
“All is consumed with love;
all is renewed with desire.”