

Musica Scotica 2018

***Saturday, April 21, 2018 @ 5.30 pm...@ the Tolbooth, Stirling
Scottish Voices with Martin Jones (piano)***

Programme of Music Relating to Conference Papers and Paper-givers

John Maxwell Geddes: Castle Mills Suite

Laura Margaret Smith (mezzo-soprano) and Anne Robertson (piano)

Idyll 1914

Castle Mills

Factory Song

Lullaby

Zeppelin 1916

Preview of the forthcoming *Scottish Voices* CD for *Ravello Records* (USA):

Graham Hair: Lament for Hagia Sophia (8 Voices and Digital Media)

Rachel Thomas & Susan Carr (sopranos)

Lynn Bellamy & Ruth Kiang (mezzo-sopranos)

Liam Bonthron & Ted Black (tenors)

Pedro Davoli Ometo & Will Forrest (basses)

Nick Bailey (Digital Media)

CD also includes music by Scottish composers Edward McGuire, Nicky Hind & Jonathan Stephens.

Margaret McAllister: Preludes for Piano

Martin Jones (piano)

1. *Moove*

2. *Swerrve*

3. *Whirl*

4. *Thread*

5. *Dance*

6. *Winding Round*

Graham Hair :

Sufi Preludes & Sufi Miniatures

Julia Daramy-Williams (soprano), Lynn Bellamy (mezzo-soprano), Digital Media

Four Studies from Twelve Transcendental Concert Studies

Martin Jones (piano)

Encore (Party Piece!).....

Franz Reizenstein: Variations on The Lambeth Walk

Martin Jones (piano)

Texts.....

John Maxwell Geddes: Castle Mills Suite

Idyll 1914

I remember beautiful weather before the War. I was sixteen, Johnny was eighteen before the War. After Church one Sunday morning we left unseen. Hand in hand, we wandered together in fields of green. Springtime by the Water of Leith and its rippling stream and the echoing Raven calling there in the sky.

Castle Mills

As I went down by Castle Mills, I thought I heard my Mother sing, a song from long ago. She sang of bygone days of daily toil and forgotten ways, Then to her my memr'y strays at Castle Mills in the morning. My Mother worked beside her team, by wheels of brass and copper gleam, She joined the worker's chorus. She mad boots for her son, who on the Somme stood by his gun; "This War by Christmas will be won", when he comes home a hero. The melody has slipped away, forgotten as a summer haze, or dew upon the Meadows. But Oh the thought remains, of daily toli and forgotten ways; the melody now faint as shadow on a May day morning. But some time in my fam'ly's past this joyful song was proudly cast at Castle Mills, and Fountainbridge, that melody comes unbidden. Often, when I dream, I hear her sing that workers' theme of happiness and busy days, at Fountainbridge at Castle Mills.

Factory Song

We all work at Castle Mills and ev'ry girl her quota fills making rubber boots, water bags, gun bags and covers and mats! Our brave lads are at the War in trenches filled with mud and glaur; we'll send them Wellington boots! Bags for water, bags for guns, We make rubber goods, tons and tons! We'll send them high pressure hoses and waterproof clothing and boots! We are working thru' the night, Castle Mills a blaze of light: helping our lads the War to win, Bouncing the Kaiser back to Berlin! We all work at Castle Mills and ev'ry girl her quota fills making valves, joints and rings and those telephone things and washers and gaskets and aeroplane fabric, and Wellington Boots!

Lullaby

Oh sleep, Oh sleep, my bonnie wee bairnie? Oh sleep, Oh sleep my bonnie wee lad. Ye lie sae still and nae-thin 'll wake ye, til mornin licht comeower the hill. Oh waur, Oh whaur is my bonnie wee bairnie? Oh whaur, Oh whaur is my bonnie wee lad? He marched awa' wi' bugles an' banners, he marched awa' tae the beat o' the drum. My bairnie lay in the warmth o' my briestie, sae bright his een the lassies he'd win! But noo he lies in clay-cauld Flanders, sae dull his een an' black his skin.

Zeppelin 1916

'On the night of 2nd April 1916 an enemy airship passed over the City of Edinburgh: its principal targets were military, munitions, docks, the Castle and the North British Rubber Company.....'

Air Raid Action! Zeppelin attack! High explosive! Fire from the sky burning in the night. All over the City, bombs were falling, At George Watson's College and Castle Rock. In Marchmont Terrace, a bomb struck the roof and travelling downwards through three ceilings and floors, and unexploded, lay in the basement. In Marshall Street six people were killed, and seven injured, Ah! Castle Terrace, Zeppelin attack! High explosive! Fire from the sky burning in the night! Six people were injured at Causeway side. At St Leonard's Hill two more were hurt, but Ah! the child was dead. Broken Glass lies in the Meadows, hospital windows, on ancient graves; Why? what is the meaning of so much pain? This is the war to end all wars.

Lament for Hagia Sophia

Greek text with transcription (by Kim Bastin) and translation.(by Dr Costas Panyotakis).

Σημαίνει ο Θεός, σημαίνει η γη, σημαίνουν τα επουράνια, Sēmaínei o Thíos, sēmaínei ē gēs, sēmaínoun ta epouránia,
σημαίνει κι η Αγία Σοφία, το μέγα μοναστήρι, sēmaínei ki ē Agiá Sofiá, to méga monastéri,
με τετρακόσια σήμαντρα κι εξηνταδυό καμπάνες, me tetrakósia sēmantra ki exēntadyó kampánes,
κάθε καμπάνα και παπάς, κάθε παπάς και διάκος. káthe kampána kai papás, káthe papás kai diákos.

God is ringing the bells, the earth is ringing the bells, the sky is ringing the bells, Santa Sophia too, that great church, is ringing, with its four hundred sounding boards and its sixty-two bells; each bell has its own priest and each priest his own deacon.

Ψάλλει ζερβά ο βασιλιάς, δεξιά ο πατριάρχης, Psállei zervá o vasiliás, dexiá o patriárchēs,
κι απ' την πολλή την ψαλμουδιά εσειόντανε οι κολόνες. ki ap' tēn pollē tēn psalmoudiá eseióntane oi kolónes.

The Emperor is chanting on the left, the Patriarch on the right, and the sound of the chanting was making the pillars shake.

Να μπούνε στο χερουβικό και να 'βγη ο βασιλέας, Na bouíne sto cherouvikó kai na 'vgē o vasiléas,
φωνή τους ήρθε εξ ουρανού κι απ' αρχαγγέλου στόμα: fōnē tous ērthe ex ouranoú ki ap' archangéλου stóma:

They were about to start the hymn of the Cherubim and the Emperor was about to come forth, when they suddenly heard a voice from Heaven and from the mouth of the Archangel:

«Πάψετε το χερουβικό κι ας χαμηλώσουν τ' άγια, Pápsete to cherouvikó ki as chamēlōsoun t' ágia,
παπάδες πάρτε τα γιερά, και σεις κεριά σβηστήτε, papádes párte ta gierá, kai seis kerιά svēstēte,
γιατί είναι θέλημα Θεού η Πόλη να τουρκέψη. giati éinai thélēma Theoú ē Pólē na tourképsē.

'Cease the hymn of the Cherubim, and let all holy things abase themselves; priests, remove everything sacred, and you candles, extinguish yourselves, for it is God's will that the City should become a Turkish city.

Μον στείλτε λόγο στη Φραγκιά, να 'ρτουνε τρία καράβια: Mon steílte lógo stē Frankiá, na 'rtoune tría karávia:
το 'να να πάρη το σταυρό και τ' άλλο το βαγγέλιο, to 'na na páre to stauró kai t' állo to vangélio,
το τρίτο, το καλύτερο, την άγια τράπεζά μας, to tríto, to kalýtero, tēn ágia trápezá mas,
μη μας την πάρουν τα σκυλιά και μας τη μαγαρίσουν.» mē más tēn pároun ta skyliá kai más tē magarísoun.'

'But send a message to the West and ask for three ships to come: the first to bear away the Cross, the second to bear away the Gospel, the third, the best of them all, to bear away our Holy Altar, lest those beasts snatch it from us and foul it.'

Η Δέσποινα ταράχτηκε, και δάκρυσαν οι εικόνες. Ē Despoina taráchtēke, kai dákrysan oi eikónes.

Our Lady was upset and the icons shed tears.

«Σώπασε, κυρά Δέσποινα, και μη πολυδακρύζης, Sópase, kyrá Déspoina, kai mē polydakrýzēs,
πάλι με χρόνους, με καιρούς, páli diká sas éinai.» páli me chrónous, me kairóús, páli diká sas éinai.'

'Hush, our dear Lady, don't shed so many tears, for after years and after centuries all this will once again be yours.'

Margaret McAllister: Preludes for Piano

Martin Jones (piano)

1. *Moove*
2. *Swerrve*
3. *Whirl*
4. *Thread*
5. *Dance*
6. *Winding Round*

Sufi Fragments

(texts by Yunus Emre, translations by Süha Faiz)

The Beloved is made manifest in colours multitudinous –
But one is His accent which a hundred thousand hearts with joy has filled.

Azrail and Death's twin angels, black of brow, with flaming eyes,
Spoke in turn the word ordained: to You O God I stretched my hand.

I am both Ka'aba and idolatry – I am the whirling universe;
I am the cloud which rises to the skies and pours its rain on the earth.

Sufi Miniatures

(texts by Yunus Emre, translations by Süha Faiz)

O Friend, my heart and head are one within the furnace of Your Love
But though my heart is in that fire consumed, in that is my delight.

Before all things had yet been born, or angel hosts the skies had filled,
Before creation yet was formed, with Him who formed it I was one.

Earth and air and fire and water I would leave to see His Face,
From chance released, assume the form of formlessness outside this life.

Stony Town

(from the song-cycle *Somewhere in the Orange Tree*)

(text by John Shaw Neilson)

If ever I go to Stony Town, I'll go as to a Fair,
With bells and men and a dance girl with the hear-wave in her hair.
I'll ask the birds that live on the road, for I dream, though it may not be,
That the eldest song was a forest thought and the singer was a tree.
 O Stony Town is a hard town, it buys and sells and buys,
 It will not pity the plights of youth, or any love in the eyes.
 No curve they follow in Stony Town, but the straight line and the square,
 And the girl shall dance them a myral dance, like a blue wren at his prayer.
O Stony Town is a hard town, it sells and buys and sells,
Merry men three shall I take with me, and seven and twenty bells.
The bells will laugh and the men will laugh and the girl shall shine so fair
With the scent of love and the cinamon dust shaken out of her hair.
 Her skirts shall be of gossamer, full nthyirty inches high,
 And her lips shall move as the flowers move, to see the winds go by.
 The men will laugh, and the bells shall laugh to see the world so young
 And the girl shall go as a velvet bird, with a quickstep on her tongue.
She shall cry aloud that million moons for a lover is not long,
And her mouth shall be as the green honey in the honey-eaters song.
If ever I go to Stony Town, I'll go as to a Fair,
And the girl shall, with the cinamon and the heat-wave in her hair.

From *Twelve Transcendental Concert Studies*.....

Study no 3: *Epiphany of Light*.....

Amherst in Massachusetts in the Fall:
I ranged the college campus to admire
Maple and beech, poplar and ash in all
Their panoply of fire;
 Not budding Spring, not Summer's green parade
 Clothed in such glory these resplendent trees;
How strange, then, that the splendour of the Fall
Should serve no natural need
 Who could have guess in summer's green concealed
 The leaf's resolve to die?

(.....from A D Hope, 'Ode on the Death of Pius the Twelfth')

Study no 7: *Dances and Devilment and Sunlit Airs*.....

Over the hills they took him and black prayers
Fell as a frost on tenderlings a near.
Dances and devilment and sunlit airs
Were all so full of him that yester year.

(.....from John Shaw Neilson: 'The Lover Dies in Poetry')

Study no 8: *Naming the Stars*.....

Now all the garden's overcome with dark,
its flowers transplanted, low to high,
become night's far-off suns, and map in hand
we find where Sirius and Canopus stand
and trace our birth-stars on the zodiac.

(.....from Judith Wright: 'Naming the Stars')

Study no 1: *Snatched Voices*

Under the enormous stones the wind took our voices
Snatched them and tore them to pieces, insisting
That this was no place for communication, enjoining
Silence, submission.

(.....from Rosemary Dobson: 'At Stonehenge')

***Encore (Party Piece!)*.....**

Franz Reizenstein: Variations on The Lambeth Walk

Martin Jones (piano)