

The Song Company presents



## Secret Garden

Amy Moore, soprano

Francis Greep, piano

Sunday 17 September, 3pm  
Wentworth Park House,  
Wentworth Falls



# The Song Company



The Song Company is Australia's leading vocal ensemble, presenting music from all times and places. Since its beginnings in 1984, it has captivated Australian and international audiences with exquisite performances of vocal work ranging from the 10th century to contemporary compositions. Every project The Song Company undertakes is underwritten by its unwavering commitment to excellence and to the transcendent and transformative beauty of the human voice.

## BOARD

Jack Percy, Chair  
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## ADMINISTRATION

Francis Greep, Executive Director  
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## CO-ARTISTIC DIRECTORS

Amy Moore & Jessica O'Donoghue

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## 2023 GUEST DIRECTORS

Amy Moore, Jack Symonds, Christopher Watson



The Song Company is assisted by  
the NSW Government through Create NSW

The Song Company acknowledges the Traditional Owners of Country throughout Australia  
and we pay our respect to the Elders past, present and those yet to come

The Song Company Pty Ltd trading as The Song Company is a non-profit organisation  
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# SONGS

## FROM A STRANGE LAND

7-22 OCTOBER

WOLLONGONG, SYDNEY,  
NEWCASTLE, HOBART &  
MELBOURNE

[the.song.company](http://the.song.company)

# Secret Garden Program

## 4 Norwegian Songs

Edvard Grieg

1. Vandring i Skoven (H.C. Andersen)
2. Kjærlighed (H.C. Andersen)
3. Nu er Aftenen lys og lang (Holger Drachmann)
4. Foraarsregn (Holger Drachmann)

## Late Spring (Judith Wright)

Elena Kats-Chernin

## Five Senses

Ross Edwards

Five Poems of Judith Wright

1. Song
2. To a Child
3. The Lost Man
4. The Forest
5. Five Senses

## Sechs Lieder (Six Songs)

Edvard Grieg

1. Gruß (H. Heine)
2. Dereinst, Gedanke mein (E. Geibel)
3. Lauf der Welt (L. Uhland)
4. Die verschwiegene Nachtigall (W. von der Vogelweide)
5. Zur Rosenzeit (J. W. von Goethe)
6. Ein Traum (F. M. Bodenstedt)

**Love Me Sweet** (after Elizabeth Barrett Browning) **Carl Vine**

**The Owl & the Pussycat** (Edward Lear) **Iain Grandage**

## Performers



Amy Moore takes joy in a broad repertoire, both as a soloist and as ensemble singer. Career highlights include BBC Proms appearances, countless premieres with EXAUDI Vocal Ensemble, her time as a member of Edvard Grieg Kor in Norway, solo appearances with Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, a lockdown passion project recording Messiaen's 'Harawi' with The Song Company, and her solo debut with Pinchgut Opera in 2021. In 2022 Amy became Musical Director of Phoenix Choir near her home in the Blue Mountains and founded CASTALIA Vocal Consort.

In March 2023, Amy directed **Songs Under the Southern Cross** was appointed Co-Artistic of The Song Company in July.



Francis Greep is an innovator, leading organisation renewal in his professional environments and is known for his collaborative, organisational and development skills. In addition to his administrative skills, Francis is sought out for his work as a vocal coach, recitalist, chorus master, continuo player and conductor, having worked extensively for Opera Australia and held the position of Head of Music at both West Australian Opera and Houston Grand Opera. Francis gained his Master of Music and Artist Diploma from the University of Cincinnati along with qualifications from the Sydney Conservatorium of Music and the University of Western Australia. He is currently completing his PhD at the University of Melbourne.

# Texts & Translations

## 1. Vandring i Skoven – Hiking in the Forest

My sweet bride, my young wife,  
My love, my life!  
Come, the moon shines full and clear.  
The night has such a stillness,  
Such a loveliness, such a solitude,  
My sweet bride, come with me!  
We go into the forest of beech trees,  
Where the wild woodruff flower grows.

In this bright, silent night,  
With you, my dearest treasure in the world.  
I'm so glad, so immensely glad  
To smell the fresh beech leaves!  
Sing, nightingale, in the bright moonlight!  
Here I possess all riches:  
My sweet bride, my young wife,  
My love, my life!

You are as lively as the beech canopy,  
As the nightingale's song,  
As deep as the night's still sleep.  
Here where the sweet woodruff flowers grow,  
Where the picturesque beeches stand,  
And where we walk in the moonlight:  
My sweet wife, my young wife,  
My love, my life!

## 2. Kjærlighed – Beloved

Look, the sun is blushing so red!  
It rests its head on the waves' lap  
But who can portray that red with words  
All the world hushes in adoration  
Only flowers nod in the wind  
They kiss each other on the cheek.

In the bay, where reeds grow  
Rocking in the boat, the lovers two  
In sea, in eye, and on high, that blue  
Heaven stands in all three places  
But most amongst them  
Is surely the heaven in her eyes.

Her sky is of the purest blue  
And her thoughts are like stars in it  
You can clearly see to the spirit land  
You feel a child, yet still a man  
Every thought is lost against that heaven  
And the heart believes in its creator.

## 3. Nu er Aftenen lys og lang

Now the evening is bright and long;  
Come, my Love!  
Fill my happy heart with song beside the quiet sea.  
By the shimmering strand,  
throng of maidens eagerly wait in the evening air  
to hear a lover's barcarole.  
Play, violins, let us conspire  
to move those fair maidens to swooning.

Tell me maidens, tell me true:  
come, love, come to me!  
Favoured by one glance from  
you our boldness quickly dies.  
Though we cherished the joys of the merry chase,  
meekly our bondage we soon embrace,  
bewildered, confused and confounded,  
yielding the reigns, we abandon the race  
and grow gentle surrounded with kindness.

Soon the moment too must come, O my ecstasy!  
When you yield to me in our Elysium.  
When I kneel at your feet and confess my love,  
we will hear singing from heaven above  
in ethereal voices blending.  
Play, violins, let us conspire  
to move those fair maidens to swooning.

## 4. Foraarsregn – Spring Showers

The strains of magic instruments are sounding  
beneath each tender leaf that is appearing;  
the forest elves play endearing melodies,  
their harmonies from every tree sounding.  
O sounds of youth! How dear the recollection!  
My soul was drunk with all the joys of spring,  
Ah how my song then made the forest ring,  
so happily did each bush and flower sing  
as the birds displayed their affection.

And now again the forest elves are stirring,  
their music whispers through the greening woodland;  
the branched, quivering, release  
a shower of silvery cascading tones on the pebbles.  
My tears of gladness mingle with the raindrops.  
Come, you elves, concealed beneath tender leaves,  
come, know the joy of April's blessed rain.  
Even though a sadness trembles in that quatrain,  
To which the tree nods, heavy with crowns!

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## Late Spring

The moon drained white by day  
lifts from the hill  
where the old pear-tree fallen in storm  
springs up in blossom still.

Woman believe in the moon:  
this branch I hold  
is not more white and still than she  
whose flower is ages old,

and so I carry home  
flowers from the pear  
that makes such obstinate tokens still  
for fruit it cannot bear.



### **Song**

O where does the dancer dance –  
the invisible centre spin –  
whose bright periphery holds  
the world we wander in?  
For it is he we seek –  
the source and death of desire;  
we blind as blundering moths  
around that core of fire.  
Caught between birth and death  
we stand alone in the dark,  
to watch the blazing wheel  
on which the earth is a spark,  
crying, Where does the dancer dance –  
the terrible centre spin,  
whose flower will open at last  
to let the wanderer in?

### **To a Child**

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

In 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.

### **The Lost Man**

To reach the pool you must go through the rain-forest –  
through the bewildering midsummer of darkness  
lit with ancient fern,  
laced with poison and thorn.  
You must go by the way he went – the way of the bleeding  
hands and feet, the blood on the stones like flowers,  
under the hooded flowers  
that fall on the stones like blood.  
To reach the pool you must go by the black valley  
among the crowded columns made of silence,  
under the hanging clouds  
of leaves and voiceless birds.

To go by the way he went to the voice of the water,  
where the priest stinging-tree waits with his whips and fevers  
under the hooded flowers  
that fall from the trees like blood,  
you must forget the song of the gold bird dancing  
over tossed light; you must remember nothing  
except the drag of darkness  
that draws your weakness under.  
To go by the way he went, you must find beneath you  
that last and faceless pool, and fall. And falling  
find between breath and death  
the sun by which you live.

### **The Forest**

When first I knew this forest  
its flowers were strange.  
Their different forms and faces  
changed with the seasons' change –

white violets smudged with purple,  
the wild-ginger spray,  
ground-orchids small and single  
haunted my day;

the thick-fleshed Murray-lily,  
flame-tree's bright blood,  
and where the creek runs shallow,  
the cunjevoi's green hood.

When first i knew this forest,  
time was to spend,  
and time's renewing harvest  
could never reach an end.

Now that its vines and flowers  
are named and known,  
like long-fulfilled desires  
those first strange joys are gone.

My search is further.  
There's still to name and know  
beyond the flowers I gather  
that one that does not wither –  
the truth from which they grow.

### **Five Senses**

Now my five senses  
gather into a meaning  
all acts, all presences;  
and as a lily gathers  
the elements together,  
in me this dark and shining,  
that stillness and that moving,  
these shapes that spring from nothing,  
become a rhythm that dances,  
a pure design.

While I'm in my five senses  
they send me spinning  
all sounds and silences,  
all shape and colour  
as thread for that weaver,  
whose web within me growing  
follows beyond my knowing  
some pattern sprung from nothing–  
a rhythm that dances  
and is not mine.

### **Gruß – Greeting**

Sweet chimes are softly  
filling my soul;  
Ring, little springtime-song  
Ring out: far and wide.

Go forward till you reach the house,  
where the violets bloom;  
And if you see a rose,  
give her my greetings.

### **Dereinst, Gedanke mein – One day, my mind**

One day, O my mind, you will be at peace.  
Love's ardour will not leave you alone,  
In the cool earth, there you sleep well  
and without suffering; you will be at peace:

What you have not found in life,  
When it has vanished, will be given to you;  
Then without wounds and without pain  
you will be at peace.

### **Lauf der Welt – The Way of the World**

Each evening I go out,  
over the meadow-path.  
She looks out from her summerhouse,  
which stands by the pathway.  
We have never questioned this,  
it is just the way things are.

I don't know how it happened so,  
for a long time I kiss her,  
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes,  
however, she also never says no.  
If lips like to rest on lips,  
we forbid them not, it pleases us well.

The little breeze plays with the rose,  
it doesn't ask: do you love me?  
The little grasses are chilled by the dew,  
they don't often say: stop!  
I love her, she loves me,  
however neither says: I love you!

### **Die verschwiegene Nachtigall – The secretive nightingale**

Under the lindens on the heath  
at the spot where I sat with my boyfriend  
you might discover how he and I  
squashed the flowers and the grass.  
From the woods came a sweet sound –  
"Tandaradei!" – the nightingale singing in the valley.

I came to the meadow;  
my sweetheart had arrived before me.  
He greeted me as a noble lady  
(I'm still very happy about that).  
Did he offer me kisses?  
"Tandaradei!" – See how red my lips are!

If anyone found out (God forbid!)  
what happened as I lay there,  
I would be deeply ashamed.  
May nobody know how the young man embraced me  
except him and me – and a little bird –  
"Tandaradei!" – who will certainly keep a secret.

### **Zur Rosenzeit – Time of Roses**

You are wilting, sweet roses –  
my love could not sustain you.  
Bloom for hopelessness then,  
for he whose soul is breaking from sorrow!

I think mournfully of those days  
when I hung on you, angel,  
waiting for your first little bud  
and going to my garden early;

Every blossom, every fruit  
I carried to your feet;  
and before your countenance,  
hope throbbled in my heart.

You are wilting, sweet roses....

### **Ein Traum – A Dream**

I once had a beautiful dream:  
I was in love with a fair-haired young woman,  
we were in a green forest glade,  
it was warm spring weather,

the buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong,  
the sounds of the distant village could be heard,  
we were full of joy,  
immersed in bliss.

And even more beautiful than the dream  
was what occurred in reality:  
it was in a green forest glade  
it was warm spring weather,

the buds were sprouting, the brook was running strong,  
the sounds of the distant village reached our ears --  
I held you tight, I held you long,  
and now will never again let you go!

Oh the spring-green glade  
is alive in me for all time!  
That is where reality became a dream  
and the dream became reality!

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### **Love Me Sweet**

Love me sweet, with all your heart,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing;  
Love me with your lightest glance,  
Love me in full being.

Love me with your open arms,  
In their frank surrender;  
With the vowing of your lips,  
in their silence tender.

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