



Contemporary choral music
by female composers

8PM 9th November 2015
Freemason's Hall
17 Molesworth Street, Dublin 2

Tickets
€10 full price
€5 concession



Moon Song

Text: Anna Clock
Music: Anna Clock

Oh! To have opacity

I shine like a note over noise.
It has been my fate
to dream of a proximity
behind a glowing mask.

The cruel softness of intimacy,
that shatters through a clear night.
To wear such animate fragility
would undo my desperate shine.

The pitch of your breath,
your close transparency,
the scent of your wants,
make a little God out of me.

January

Text: Siobhra Quinlan
Music: Siobhra Quinlan

Death has been hanging heavy on this
house.
It's climbing through the floorboards,
It's creeping up the ceiling,
Leaves no room for any other kind of
feeling.
You're not winning when life's a waiting
game.

Take him. Set him free.

Let him breath easy,
Fill his lungs with another kind of life.
Let him breath easy,
But leave your love behind on earth
Please leave it with your wife.

Where do you go when this house isn't a
home?

Into the woods with you, my darling.
Search for what you've lost.
You will find it in the night,
Lit by the glow of the frost.
Take it back, it's yours to keep.
Guard it safe, in waking and in sleep.



Dulciana *in alphabetical order*

Aisling Dexter*
Aoife Erraught
Brid Ní Ghruagáin
Cecilia Molumby
Eileen Coyle
Emma O'Reilly*

Éna Brennan
Judith Lyons*
Lena Hennessy*
Liath Gleeson
Louise McGuinness

Lucie Lacombe O Flynn
Niamh Ní Lochlainn
Raegnha Zutshi
Sarah McFadden
Sarah Thursfield
Tara Walsh

Director: Eoghan Desmond
Assistant Director: Judith Lyons
Artwork: Éna Brennan

Follow us on Social Media for updates about future concerts:
Facebook: facebook.com/dulcianachoir
Twitter: @dulciana_ve

Please feel free to join us across the road at Buswell's for a post concert drink.



Heaven In it is Always Autumn

Text: John Donne

Music: Imogen Holst

In heaven it is always autumn;
His mercies are ever in their maturity:
We ask our daily bread,
And God never says:
You should have come yesterday,
He never says:
You must ask again tomorrow:
But today, if you will hear his voice,
Today he will hear you.
He brought light out of darkness,
Not out of a lesser light:
He can bring they summer out of
winter,
Though thou have no spring.

Though in the ways of fortune
Or understanding
Or conscience
Thou have been benighted until now,
Wintered and frozen,
Clouded and eclipsed
Damp and benumbed
Smothered and stupefied 'til now:

Now God comes to thee
Not as in the dawning of the day
Not as in the bud of the spring,
But as the sun at noon,
As the sheaves in harvest.



Now will I Weave

Text: Meléagros, trans. William Harding

Music: Imogen Holst

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils
With myrtle spray,
And lily bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay:
With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's
rose
That she may wear –
My sun-maiden – each scented flower that
blows,
Upon her scented hair.

The Twelve Kindly Months

Text: Thomas Tusser

Music: Imogen Holst

A kindly good January
Freezeth pot by the fire.
Fill February, fill-dike
With what thou dost like.
March-dust to be sowed
Worth ransom of gold.
Sweet April showers
Do spring the May flowers.
Cold May and a windy
Makes barns fat and findy.*
Calm weather in June
Corn setteth in tune.
No tempest, good July
Let all things look ruly.
Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.
September, blow soft,
'til fruit be in loft.
October, good blast
To shake the hog mast.
November, take flail;
Let ship no more sail.
O dirty December,
For Christmas remember.

**findy* = *weighty*



Ahtunowhiho

'One who lives below'

Text: Song of Songs, 6:4-5

Music: Raegnha Zutshi

Pulchra es amica mea,
Thou art beautiful, O my love
Suavis et decora sicut Jerusalem
Sweet and comely as Jerusalem
Terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata.
Terrible as an army set in array.

Averte oculos tuos a me
Turn away the eyes from me
Quia ipsi me a volare fecerunt.
For they have made me flee away.

Ave Maria

Text: Sacred

Music: Rebecca Clarke

Ave Maria, Gratia plena
Hail Mary, full of Grace
Dominus tecum.
The Lord is with thee.
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Blessed art thou among women
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.
Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Regina Coeli,
Holy Mary, Queen of heaven,
Dulcis et pia, O Mater Dei.
Gentle and merciful, O Mother of God.

Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Prey for us sinners
Ut cum electis videamus.
So that with the saints we may see thee.



Passion Laughs at the Terrors of Hell

Text: Song of Songs, 6:6-8, adapted

Music: Sherry Hazlett-Gallen

Passion laughs at the terrors of hell.

Hang my locket around your neck,
Wear my ring upon your finger.

Passion laughs at the terrors of hell.

Love is invincible.
Love stops at nothing.
It sweeps everything before it.

Passion laughs at the terrors of hell.

Trip

Text: Éna Brennan

Music: Éna Brennan

Luke fell for you as he tripped over
that broken part stolen bicycle
Scratched and scraped both in and out
of bed on a Saturday afternoon
Picking crumbs off of your form-fitting
top ten playlists on shuffle for the
day
Passing the time, feeling his gaze on the
back of your neck, ready to go out
for brunch again.

Blue Peter badge pinned proudly on
the lapel of a well-to-do man
Why wouldn't you try to catch him
if you can
You fell for him as he tripped over
the final hurdle on that
List of things you felt you should
only say yes to

Your heart is always jumping
out of your chest
But you always end up
back in his nest

All we are to each other are scars
Reminder of those who made the world
less noisy
If only for an instant

A part of your heart is always with
them and a part of theirs
is with you too.