21×21 beneath the trees

21 songs by 21 composers

A project by Jenny Wollerman in association with Michael Norris and Jian Liu

These songs were created through the 21×21 project, which was made possible by a research grant from Te Herenga Waka—Victoria University of Wellington, received in 2020. The project—to commission 21 female composers from Aotearoa New Zealand to write a song, then perform, record, and publish the resulting works—was intended to profile the work of female composers and poets from this country. I hope this addition of 21 new works for voice and piano, all composed in 2021, goes some way towards strengthening and diversifying the musical repertoire for performers, teachers of singing and their students. The inspiration for the title of the published score collection and the recording, 'Beneath the Trees', came from the painting on which the cover design is based, a watercolour by Raewyn Harris. This image and the title resonates with many of the song texts, and with my own sense of place here in Aotearoa. It has been an intensely rewarding journey managing the project, performing the premiere of the works with Jian Liu for the Aotearoa New Zealand Festival of the Arts in 2022, and recording them in the studio for release by Atoll Records in 2023. Just as I had hoped, the unique experience of here and now comes through in this diverse set of songs and I look forward with much anticipation to hearing many more performances of them in the future.

Mā te whakaatu i ēnei pūkenga wāhine, ka nui noa atu te mana o te wahine i roto i tēnei ao, te ao toi, otirā he mea tōtō mai i ngā whakaaturanga hou e hāngai ana ki ēnei wā. Te wheako ahurei o inamata nei, he mea kanorau, koinā tāku i wawata ai.

— Jenny Wollerman

Alternative keys are available for some songs, and all songs are available as individual downloadable scores.

Please refer to Wai-te-ata Music Press Online Store: www.waiteatamusicpress.co.nz

Note: the pitch ranges given on the Contents page are in scientific pitch notation format.

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NOTES AND TEXTS

All notes supplied by the composers; all texts reprinted with permission.

1. Āio

words and music by Mere Boynton

As Māori, we see the world through a dual lens: the feminine and the masculine, dark and light, sacred and profane. Right at this moment in our world the masculine is dominant and the feminine has become enslaved and silenced. This imbalance has been manifested in our selfish consumption and destruction of Papatūānuku (Earth mother). 'Āio' is a karanga, a call out to the universe to return the divine feminine to wāhine (women) and to Papatūānuku, and therefore bring balance and peace to our world.

Āio Āio

Hokia mai te ira atua, te ira wāhine

Papatūānuku Papatūānuku

Hokia mai te mana wāhine, te mana a hine

Peace

Return to me the life essence of my ancestors

and feminine Earth mother, Gaia

Return to me the sacred feminine, the divine feminine

2. Ala Mai Moana

words and music by Aiono Manu Fa'aea

The inspiration for this song is a call to action for Moana to rise up and claim her place in the world. It looks at Moana in three ways: one, as the ocean; two, as the people of the ocean; and three, as a personal reminder from parent to child of the legacy they want to keep alive. The gift that parents can give their children, who are seen as 'oloa or koloa (gifts), includes passing on knowledge and stories, hopes and dreams of the family for their young.

The piano accompaniment emulates the waves of the ocean and its rhythmic drive, although in contrast to the melody line sung by the soprano, it is meant to complement the buoyant nature of the lyrics. The text of the song is written in Gagana Samoa (Samoan language), a language rarely associated with Western art music. Choosing to write the lyrics in Samoan pays tribute to my heritage language.

The lyrics provided the inspiration for the melody of this song. In traditional Samoan culture, words matter greatly, as encapsulated in one of our proverbial expressions: *e pala ma'a, ae e lē pala upu* — stones decay, but words do not.

Ala mai Moana Manatua au galuega Ala mai Moana Sauni loa lau malaga

Ala mai Moana Ua valaau mai lugā Ala mai Moana O oe e malu ai aiga

'Aua e te fa'atamala Fa'amalosi pea E sousou le vasa E lē o iloa so ta taeao Ae tatou tumau Le Atua i lo ta va

Ala mai Moana Sailimalo i mea uma Ala mai Moana Sauni loa lau malaga Ala mai, lau malaga E tasi lava oe Moana Arise Moana Remember your work Arise Moana Prepare your journey

Arise Moana The call from above Arise Moana You shelter the family

Do not be careless
Continue to be strong
The waters are treacherous
We do not know our tomorrow
But we remain steadfast
With God between us

Arise Moana
Seek victory in all things
Arise Moana
Prepare your journey
Arise, your journey
There is only one you Moana

3. Because of the Child

words by Fiona Farrell, music by Gillian Whitehead

Fiona Farrell wrote the poem 'Because of the child' for me to set, and for it to be sung at a meeting outside the Dunedin museum to launch Sir Alan Mark's 'Wise response' movement, which proposes that government parties work together to address our overwhelming climate change issues. (The 'blue hats' on the houses refer to the tarpaulins that covered many houses after the Christchurch earthquakes.)

Because of the child who holds a dead bee and because of the angle of a road at twilight, and the moon over a close-shaven hill

And because that tree shrugs, Bare arms raised with a bird on each finger

And because of that coffee van that coffee van with its bald tyre, its bald tyre and its small choir of sparrows, sparrows

The child, the road at twilight, the moon, the tree, the coffee van and all the houses in their blue hats and the babies, the babies who keep squeezing in between bare bones And all those mouths popping, popping one word then another, one word then another, one word then another, one word then another

The child, the road at twilight, the moon, the tree, the coffee van, the houses, the babies, all those mouths

Oh, let us lift our faces as if there were someone speaking to us in the small rain telling us it's time to lay aside our toys

Come in. Be still. Be calm. Be quiet. Be very still.

4. He Wawata kia Māhorahora – Freedom words by Arapera Blank, music by Tabea Squire

Me ka taea Ka noho kē au ki rō rākau Me he manu!

Nā! Ko ngā rau hei ruru hau hei marumaru.

Ka painene, kia māhana.

Kia mākona ka tipi ki te rangi. Nōku hoki te āo!

Me ka taea, e kore ahau e kōpiri! Ka māhorahora ki te awhi i aku kaingākau. If I could

I would live instead In trees —

Like a bird!

Imagine! The leaves would give shelter, shade. For warmth I'd rise into the sun.

When I'm replete I'll soar. For I have the world!

If I could

I'd never be bound!
I'd be free
to care for
those who need me.

From Arapera Blank Ngā kōkako huataratara: the plumes of the kokako (Waiata Koa Trust, 1986) For Someone I Love (Anton Blank Ltd, 2015)

Note: this poem was written by the author in both te reo Māori and English.

5. If I Could Land

words by Sarah Broom, music by Salina Fisher

if I could land as lightly as those birds floating down to the mudflats their shapes dark against the sky and the silver floor of the sea open to them again

if I could settle like they do, sharp feet cool in the wet sand, beak busy preening, feeding, exclaiming their belonging

under cover of darkness the soul fingers its own restlessness

and the night is a stray feather blown into moonlight, a small heart pounding, the sting of salt on a wounded, scaly leg, the cry of the first to rise the cry of the last to land

and the one cry that does not ease but folds the darkness into itself and bears it till morning

From Sarah Broom, Gleam (Auckland University Press, 2013)

6. Inhabiting Every Sounding Sea

words by Peggy Dunstan, music by Louise Webster

For this song I wanted words and music that spoke to the strong and enduring relationships among women. I found '... and her ashes scattered upon the waters', a poem by Peggy Dunstan in which she writes with such vivid and compelling imagery of the continuing bonds between two women, even after the death of one.

The music I have written is shaped by Peggy's words—in turn strong, brittle, sharp, dissonant, tender, translucent, fragile, yearning, and above all, enduring.

...and her ashes scattered upon the waters

I think of you inhabiting every sounding sea.

Talking in the voice of fishes and hollow echoing shell.

You remain, your song in every breeze that stirs like the cloud like the bright and variable air you could never possibly be still.

One day when ice moves in again — birds falling brittle on the wing

or from stark trees,
when sound splinters broken
glass
against the throat —
when oceans freeze.
I will stride the cracked green
mirror
of that awful sea
and looking down,
find not the reflection of myself,
but you,
laughing up at me.

From Private Gardens: an anthology of New Zealand women poets (Caveman Press, 1977)

7. Kia Hora Te Marino

music by Deborah Wai Kapohe, arranged by Glenda Keam

This poem is associated in its original form with Ngāti Maniapoto/Ngāti Rereahu, of the King Country/Maniapoto region. It is now used widely in shorter forms such as this one, which can be found on the Playcentre website as a *karakia tīmatanga* (opening incantation).

Kia hora te marino Kia whakapapa pounamu te moana Hei huarahi mā tātou i te rangi nei Aroha atu Aroha mai Tātou i ā tātou katoa Hui ē! Tāiki ē! May peace be widespread may the sea be smooth as greenstone A pathway for us all this day Love given, love given back
To everyone, for everyone
May we be bound together!

8. Listening to The Goldberg Variations

words by Elizabeth Smither, music by Maria Grenfell

Looking for a text to set for Jenny Wollerman's epic 21×21 project, I came across a beautiful poem titled 'Listening to The Goldberg Variations' by New Zealand poet Elizabeth Smither. Rhapsodic and musical in its use of language, it paints a dreamy and imaginative picture of two people escaping a 'disagreeable dinner party' and finding a piano, where the gentleman plays Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. It seemed an opportunity to use some snippets of Bach amidst the rest of the musical setting.

A dream of piano playing: I would rise from a long disagreeable dinner party where some had been insulted, some ignored (I was of the ignored, the cheek turned aside

the gaze downward, the heart raw) when someone opposite, a gentleman in tails would whisper low or pass a note Do you like hearing the piano played?

Quietly we rose and slipped through the door until, several doors dividing, where the air grew quiet and sounds faded stood a venerable piano with a candle sconce

at which the gentleman seated himself with (first smile of the night) a flick of tails a shooting of cuffs, a conspiratorial look and began to play *The Goldberg Variations*.

On the polished floor I sat in my evening dress slipped off my sandals and my elbow gloves rested my head against a piano leg and let all varieties of grief and love

On the polished floor I sat in my evening dress

flow into resolution and a method for is not life of stairs composed of climbing melody and deep repose and this minute by minute's easing

as the white hands with their little hairs on second knuckles rose and tried to slip between the keys until a smile, about the time of *Quodlibet*

accrued. In the distance chairs were held and scraped back and napkins tossed down. 'Who cares they've gone?' some brute said as the last notes brought their solace like a plate

and the gentleman in tails got up and snuffed out the candle between a third finger and a thumb. I rose too, stiff and resolved, and walked through the door that opened on the street.

From the New Zealand Electronic Poetry Centre

9. Massacre

words by Tusiata Avia, music by Leila Adu-Gilmore

There is a pristine colonial manicured garden city filled with a radical underbelly of musicians, artists, and activists; this is Christchurch. I grew up in a place where I encountered racist experiences, from being a little girl being called the 'N' word at school, to countless other microagressions that I thought were normal and that made me feel like I did not belong; this place is also Christchurch. These competing notions of this place I called home shaped how I view the world today. I'm proud of this community and the interconnectedness that people showed each other during and after the 2011 earthquake; yet these two Christchurches still exist and led to the events that inspired this piece.

When I was asked by Jenny Wollerman to work with a New Zealand female poet, I thought of Tusiata Avia whom I'd met years before in New York. When I saw her poem 'Massacre' I immediately knew that this was a song I could write: it resonated on so many levels. When the Christchurch massacre happened, I'd just started teaching at New York University (NYU). I heard a Muslim leader on the news say that the public could support the community by going to mosque in solidarity (I'd never been to one). I went to the NYU mosque and saw the community there—everyone mourning, a girl in tears because she felt so scared that people were coming to attack them. They asked me to speak on behalf of faculty—and as someone from Christchurch—along with interfaith leaders, a Christian priest, a Muslim imam and Jewish rabbi. The feeling of togetherness was palpable. When I saw this poem, I knew that I needed to make this a piece of music as a remembrance. This is not an easy poem or piece, but it's real. The massacre really happened and we must never forget that ignorance can take violent forms, and that we must be vigilant in our daily quest for peace.

The piece sets two sections of the complete poem. It begins with the 'Thursday 14 March' section, with dreamy birdlike piano moving to lower driving chords that become blurred, and an abstract vocal style including microtones, influenced by Māori waiata. In the second selected section 'Sunday 17 March,' I demonstrate the opposites and irony of the poem, as I move through different textures in the vocals and piano, edging towards schmaltzy and romantic, juxtaposed with brutalist Russian Ustvolskayan piano. The piece develops into arpeggios reminiscent of Schubert's *Winterreise* but laced with Arabic scales.

Thursday 14 March

When I arrive in Auckland and Hine learns that I have moved back to Christchurch she asks me if I know it is a bad place it is built on a swamp many bad things have been done to Māori there

Yes, I tell her and remember standing, six years old in the hallway, the swamp spirits rising up through the floor.

Walking to school through them sitting beside them on the bus.

Friday 15 March

The white spirits rise up from the swamp and many bad things happen the white spirits rise up from the swamp and kill those who kneel

and pray
and stand
and walk and run
and punch the windows out with their bare hands
and drag themselves through the glass
and stumble and fall
and find the body of a boy
and close his eyes
and take his cellphone from his hand
and tell his mother screaming through it
that her son is dead
and then they stand again
and run and run and run.

We, white men who have carved ourselves into statues and guard the four avenues, rise we, Queen Victoria—made of stone—who stares into the air past every kind of massacre, rise we, far right, we rise we, skinheads, we rise we, the white supreme, we rise

we are white ghosts and we rise up out of the swamp. You cry and shake as if the earthquake is coming but we are not here for you.

We are here for the 3-year-old Muslim boy for the 71-year-old Muslim man for the 45-year-old Muslim man and his 16-year-old son for the 44-year-old Muslim woman the 65-year-old grandmother the 14-year-old Muslim boy the 25-year-old Muslim woman. We are here for 101 Muslims we are not here for you.

You can lock down your schools and your buildings and your pain can come and go but we don't care, we have not come here for you.

We will not chase you through Hagley Park we are here on holy day Friday for Al Noor Mosque we will not chase you through Eastgate Mall we are here on holy day Friday for Linwood Masjid. We are only killing the people you have been calling the terrorists and today, we look like 'Fortnight'.

Sunday 17 March

I watch Jacinda at Al Noor she is in a black and gold hijab she says many things but she has her hand over her heart she keeps it there.

The spirits have sunk back out of sight you are watching that 'individual' from Australia you are saying to me: He isn't us.

But I grew up with him he was Eddie the skinhead in my science class everybody knew him he had a Māori girlfriend for a while and wore a Nazi trenchcoat which you told me was cool

Remember, you grew up with him he was Danny, not in your class because he was younger than you but you watched him walk through the playground with his bootboy boots and his swastikas.

It was Christchurch — and all the other places — back when you were young and it was cool and it was the fashion it was the fashion and you and I were into it.

Friday 22 March

In Auckland I sit at the vigil the women of Ngāti Whātua call to the sacred land across Tāmaki Makaurau the women call to the martyrs, to the broken-hearted

the women do the grieving for us the women remind us of Parihaka and Ruatoki the murdered and their murderers.

The women say that they have been fighting since Captain Cook landed and after they grieve, they will fight.

A white man who could be scary in another place hands me a sign and I take it.
It says 'NZ was founded on White Supremacist Violence'.
He looks into my eyes, I nod and hoist it to my shoulder.

I watch a white woman weep and tell me it is hard to be white
I read a poet say he feels the shame of talking about how he feels.

A white poet can only talk about how he feels I can only talk about how I feel I can only weep like the white woman and write you this poem that will not end

From Ko Aotearoa Tātou: We Are New Zealand: An Anthology (Otago University Press, 2020)

10. My Sister's Country

words by Rhian Gallagher, music by Claire Cowan

The pureness and innocence of Rhian's words spoke to me when I first read this poem. When I tried setting the words to music, I found myself coming back to the simplest of chord progressions. To me it feels like a hymn or a ritual; a place of comfort to cradle the weight of the small but heavy words — and lift them up off the page into song.

Your first cry broke, barely touching earth you turned back through the veil and were gone.

No other girl but you out before me, almost weightless, you would not have burdened an angel's wings. Sister, what could I be but an outlaw against your legacy: petals unbruised, relentless purity.

You'd scaled to a place higher than the high country. I had the crazy dance of a body, my bones were not ether.

From Rhian Gallagher, Shift (Auckland University Press, 2011)

11. Nā Kui ki a Tama: Te Pūroto Kōpua (Big Sis to Little Bro: The Deep Dark Pool) words and music by Jenny McLeod

Little Brother is living alone overseas and feeling awfully low. Big Sister sings a series of rallying messages in support, to lift his spirits and restore some hope, as well as a smile. (I) The worst darkness always passes, hang in there. (II) The mirror is harsh, but still we love you, don't we? (III) Make a plan, your 'firm river bank beside the deep dark pool', walk the dog, get outside, take a 'sniff of what you're missing' (deep breaths). (IV) Ah, the gladness of dogs! the relief of unconditional love, the 'sweet salt swallow of thankfulness'.

Kei te pai, e te tamaiti hōmai te ringa.

Te āhua nei he mutungakore te pō tangotango tino kino, e. Ko te kawe rawa atu te huatau āmua ka pēnā tonu ake tōu ora.

Kaua e whakapono, kei te hē kē rā, ana, he teka anō, tē meka kau.

Tāwhati atu ai ngā mea katoa. Muri i te tino hōhonu o te pō ka haramai tonu ai ko te haeata, e-i-e.

Kia mau te pono, ka hipa te katoa: ko te kupu a te iwi, kia mau nei rā!

II. Pakeke te ata, ka romi tonu mai ka whakaitia mātou kanohi ki te kanohi i ō mātou ake hē, i ngā pāhewahewa hanga aroha

i aua takarepa katoa ka tatanga nui ake kua mōhio noatia e ētahi atu kei te tātata e kite ariari ake ana i a mātou, e.

Otirā, kāore he tangata e paruhi me pēhea kē atu pēhea taea te tupu? e ako tonu ai?

Māu anō koe ake e muru, rite tonu ki te nuinga o ōu hoa-whanaunga, e.

Ā, arohaina tonuina ana koe, nē?

It's okay, little bro take my hand.

The worst darkness seems it will never end. Hardest to bear the thought that from now on your life is going to be nothing but this.

Don't believe it, this is wrong, indeed a lie, simply not true.

All things pass. The deepest dark still heralds the dawn, e-i-e.

Hold fast to the truth, everything passes:

word of the people, hold fast!

Harsh is the mirror, overwhelming humiliating face to face with our own mistakes, the pitiful self-deceptions

all those imperfections so much more easily recognised by others close by who see us more clearly

But nobody's perfect otherwise how could we grow? how would we ever learn?

You will indeed forgive yourself, just as most of us have who know you.

And still we love you, don't we?

III.

Kei te pai nā, e tōtahi ana ki ro haumūmūtanga (kia ngā ōu manawa) Mahia he kaupapa, purutia māmā, purutia tonu hoki ia rā, ia rā hei tō taha mārō o te awa i te taha o te pūroto kōpua

E ngoi ake mai i te moenga, uea ake, kumea ki roto i te hīrere, ā, tūtaki ki te mata whakaata nā (ka menemene? kāore rānei, e)

Nui te mahara, waku niho paraihetia ngā makawe, he karaehe wai, ruarua he apunga mea...

Whāngaia te kurī, tākarotia! Ā, whakahaerea tino tonu nā, Nui haere, āta hoki nā hāuaua, hahana rānei.

E te kairapa i te ao mārama ka puta ki te whai ao tīkina tētahi whakamono o te aha koe e ngaro ana nā

He koa te āhua tūturu o te ao tūturu. Māu anō koe hoki e koa (pai ana, roa ana, hōhonu ngā manawa)

Haere ki ngā wāhi kurī
— ki te mea pēnā e tūpono
ki Marēhia hirahira
(mahara anake: kia tūpato ki ngā neke!)

he kakara rākau, puāwai wāhi wera kitā, papā, pekī, waiari pīpī korotī, kati puku pī o ngā manu — kete-kete, kete-kete, kete-kete, kete-kete, kete-kete!

IV.

Mea pai rawa atu ko ngā kurī! he māmā noa te mihi, te kōrero (auātu nā ki ngā kaihākoro, ka taea te mōhio ā muri ake nei)

E, te pārekareka o te kurī! Ko te hari wātea, ko te oha eā, ko te whakamāmā o te aroha, o te aroha taute kore

me te horonga reka, mātaitai o te tino whakawhetai, (o te tino whakawhetai), e-i-e. It's okay, there alone
in the stillness
(deep breaths)
Make a plan
keep it simple, and keep it up
every day, every day
it will be your firm river bank
beside the deep dark pool

Crawl out of bed, drag yourself force yourself into the shower meet that face in the mirror (smile? optional)

Serious attention, brush teeth, hair glass of water a bite or two of something...

Feed the dog, play with her take her for a walk — a real one, long, plenty slow rain or shine

Seeker of the world of light get out into the day get a sniff of what you're missing

Nature by nature is happy. You too will be happy again (good long deep breaths)

Go to the dog places

— if such a thing happens
in good old Malaysia
(just watch out for the snakes!)

smell of trees tropical flowers chirp chortle chuckle of birds... (chatter-chatter...)

Best are the dogs! so easy to greet, to talk to (never mind the owners you can get to know them later)

Ah, the gladness of dogs! untrammeled joy, generosity ah, the relief of love, unconditional love

and the sweet salt swallow of thankfulness, (of thankfulness), e-i-e.

12. Night Train to Anyang

words by Nina Mingya Powles, music by Gemma Peacocke

I love the blurry, dreamlike imagery Nina Mingya Powles uses to describe glimpses of a landscape from a train moving through the dark towards Anyang. The way she describes memory and longing for Aotearoa as she travels through an unfamiliar night-time landscape is at once impressionistic and deeply modern. Juxtaposed in the poem are neon lights and monolithic mountains—the ancient and contemporary and foreign and familiar—in China and New Zealand. This duality is embodied in Anyang itself, a modern industrial city in Henan province and an ancient capital of Chinese culture.

light changes as we cross into neon clouds
voices flicker through the moving dark
like dream murmurs moving through the body

red and silver 汉字 glow from building tops floating words I can't read rising into bluest air they say there are mountains here but I can't see them

I come from a place full of mountains and volcanoes

I often say when people ask about home

when I shut my eyes I see a ring of flames and volcanoes erupting somewhere far away when I open my eyes snow is falling like ash

From Nina Mingya Powles, Magnolia 木蘭 (Seraph Press, 2020)

13. O Little One

words by Lauris Edmond, music by Helen Fisher

Lauris Edmond's poignant lyrics bring to life the April 1843 story of an intimate relationship between a compassionate woman, Sarah Ironside, with a baby in her care, the daughter of murder victim Rangihaua Kuika, who was a niece of Te Rauparaha. This was a time of increasing tension between some Māori and settlers which led to the June 1843 Wairau Affray, an early incident in the New Zealand Land Wars. Earlier, Sarah's husband, Samuel Ironside, had been persuading the victim's family and friends to put their faith in the new justice system, which had been established for all New Zealanders after the Treaty of Waitangi signing. But he and they were shocked when Rangihaua's murderer, a Pākehā called Dick Cook was tried and discharged, this verdict being justified because 'It was only a Māori girl'.

Originally from the music drama *Taku Wana* (1998/2002) the composing process for 'O Little One' began in 1993: a journey of korero and whanaungatanga with Maui John and Hilary Mitchell (historians), Rangimoana Taylor (artistic director), Lauris Edmond (poet), Linden Loader (mezzo soprano), kuia and kaumatua of Whakatū Marae, and finally in 2021, with Jenny Wollerman (soprano) and Jian Liu (piano) as part of 21×21.

O little one who lies alone in the cradle of the world, O breaking heart O tender limbs so young, so slight to hold.

Lula-lula-lula-bye Lula-lula-lula-bye.

You are my care, my cry, my Christ my comfort and my grail. Yet in the roar of a larger war my small crusade will fail. Your loneliness I take as mine your hunger as my need but a frontier's a careless place and our voices go unheard.

Lula-lula-lula-bye Lula-lula-lula-bye.

14. Of Trees and Hope

words by Dinah Hawken, music by Rosa Elliott

The century-old tree bears many rings of wisdom. Painted with simple melancholic lines, 'Of Trees and Hope' presents the lessons one may learn from such a tree as expressed by poet Dinah Hawken. A knowledge of the tree's patient waiting and slow strengthening are particularly appropriate for times in which we too find ourselves 'bound to the earth' and grappling with the grief of a pandemic. Hidden in the bare-boned harmonies is a tinge of hope.

It is to do with trees: being amongst trees.

It is to do with tree ferns: mamaku, ponga, whekī. Shelter under here is so easily understood.

You can see that trees know how it is to be bound into the earth and how it is to rise defiantly into the sky.

It is to do with death: the great slip in the valley: when there is nothing left but to postpone all travel and wait in the low gut of the gully for water, wind and seeds. It is to do with waiting. Shall we wait with the trees, shall we wait with, for, and under trees since of all creatures they know the most about waiting, and waiting and slowly strengthening, is the great thing in grief, we can do?

It is always bleak at the beginning but trees are calm about nothing which they believe will give rise to something flickering and swaying as they are: so lucid is their knowledge of green.

From Water, Leaves, Stones (Victoria University Press, 1995)

15. Out in the Garden

words by Katherine Mansfield, music by Helen Bowater

This 1917 poem may well allude to the garden surrounding Chesney Wold, Karori, where Mansfield's family lived from 1893 to 1898, and reflect the nostalgia she felt for these happiest times of her childhood. Her brother Leslie's death during a grenade training drill in October 1915 profoundly affected her, and inspired writings drawn from her childhood experience, such as the short stories *See-saw* (1917) and *Prelude* (1915–18), the latter based on the family's move to Karori.

I also lived in this area as a child and immediately responded to the intensity, simplicity, implied mystery and sense of exultation on a swing anchored by a towering tree, see-sawing over hedges and flower-beds in 'the windy, swinging dark.'

Out in the garden,
Out in the windy, swinging dark,
Under the trees and over the flower-beds,
Over the grass and under the hedge border,
Someone is sweeping, sweeping,
Some old gardener.
Out in the windy, swinging dark,
Someone is secretly putting in order,
Someone is creeping, creeping.

From Poems by Katherine Mansfield (Constable and Co. Ltd., 1930)

16. Riven

words by Roma Potiki, music by Eve de Castro-Robinson

I was immediately struck by Roma Potiki's powerful words and strong, stark images — dark, impassioned, spiky and percussive, and begging to be coaxed into sound. The song should be delivered as a kind of ritual: intense, urgent, yet contained and still. The piano part has an uncompromising quality, with a palpable intensity. Much of its material is percussive, either on the body of the instrument, or a few prepared notes. This song is dedicated to the memory of my husband Ken, who died in 2021.

I am dead, dead gone, gone —

as insubstantial as a cloth of mist up from the river I drift towards rafts of bones needles, eyes-of-needles.

The chills of night overtake me and I hear no sound except the small interruption, for a second, of the river's clack as I slip from the bank numbed. All about me water, I am riven, dispersed.

An émigré, I pass becoming a continuous lilting note swaying, swaying, as I enter the sparking mountain. My tongue splits and I have the loudest of voices beyond this everydayness.

Fire-rocks crack my back and hips, in my open mouth, cinders from the volcano.

Hot trees fall and smiling I receive each flame.

Past the tears of fathers, of mothers, freed to stare into the light all about me,

I am riven, dispersed.

From Contemporary NZ Poets in Performance (Auckland University Press, 2007)

17. Talking of Goldfish

words by Jeni Curtis, music by Janet Jennings

This charming and whimsical poem by Jeni Curtis pops us gently into the watery worlds of fish. Are goldfish devoid of memory as they circle their bowls? Do flounder ponder the flatness of the earth from the flatness of their estuaries? Do salmon recollect which stream to follow? Do herrings in their flurried shoals share a single thought? Finally, the poet sinks into the sea of her own memory. The song is a synthesis of words and music. Individual words, phrases, and stanzas are painted musically, as are the overall mood and delicate structure of the poem. The composer hopes that the music will encourage listeners to immerse themselves in the worlds of the text.

they say a goldfish remembers nothing doomed to endless circles of a bowl the waterweed waving in a familiar kind of way like a memory that lurks just around the corner

who knows what a flounder thinks of the flatness of the estuary might lend credence to the flatness of the earth the rise and ebb of tides repetition and cycles of comforting predictability

salmon too are given to recollection how to read the signs of the shingled river mouth which stream to follow the instinctual leap of faith over slick glazed rocks light catching water in sudden radiance

herrings bow to Jung a collective unconscious in flurried shoals too numerous to count the silver circling of a single thought not caught in the individual moment but a massed dream of blue and darkness

and I remember you moments like droplets that gather into water gush and rush into streams into lakes a sea of memory in which I swim I sing I drown

bring back your boat your net and catch me

From Poetry New Zealand Yearbook 2020 (Massey University Press)

18. The Power of Moss

words by Jo Randerson, music by Celeste Oram

An excerpt from Jo Randerson's live research performance for Secret Art Powers (her upcoming book) at Lit Crawl 2021 encapsulates the feminist philosophy of continuance that underscores her poem 'AND' in this song:

Right now, it's not the power of the sword we need but the power of moss the oldest surviving plant EVER it's not tall, it doesn't thrust up above everything else It doesn't define itself well, there's no shiny grand statement it just quietly and softly persists and is known in every continent.

This song is dedicated to Carmel Carroll and Ronnie Karadjov, the two flame-haired women who taught me how to sing.

AND

although the plants grew for many days they never got any bigger but only seemed to be just managing to stay alive.

From The Spit Children (Victoria University Press, 2000)

19. When I First Asked For My Whakapapa

words by Miriama Gemmell, music by Josie Burdon

When I first asked for my whakapapa I heard four names, four corner posts for a whare, irish seaman, scotch gambler, german whaler, and an english captain, four white men for the foundations of Who I am carving their last names to our tuakiri when ours were insufficient.

next I heard a list of names lilting like bird song Tamatea-ariki-nui Rongokako

Tamatea-pōkai-whenua to his son and his son and his son

we'll never know if some of the fathers were mothers

needing to clarify ia or ia came with the corner posts auē taukiri ē!

I call on my tīpuna wahine where did you plant your waewae? which names were yours

that I might call on you to protect my mauri

my wairua

which stumbles at the clip-on edges of his son and his son and his son

hidden names forgotten mothers manaakitia mai kōrero mai teach me to be humble to have heard proud to be heard

māia and manawaroa

matapihi tūroa against the rain

manawanui

with or without the grace of their god

From Tupuranga Journal (www.tupurangajournal.com)

20. Wild Light

words by Michele Leggott, music by Leonie Holmes

this is the spring of the world of light te puna i te ao marama diffused refracted irradiant wild light sitting there looking at me making me remember walking through the world travelling light because our hearts those crazy old caloyers have gone on ahead with all the stories on a string all the stories in the world waiting to happen again

light swings between us luminous and dispersive anguish no anguish *I won't be back this way again* but the world of light throws its salts into the sky one more time foam dew clouds lightning and on this arm of the harbouring planet we look up and agree to live in perpetual commotion a new moon and just below it the evening star

From Michele Leggott, Milk & Honey (Auckland University Press, 2005)

21. With You – Without You

words by Panni Palásti, music by Miriama Young

Inspired by musical evocations inherent in the poem, I sought to capture the ebb of the tide, and the rhythms of music and metronome both incessant and gone 'haywire', as symbols for the heart both pulsating and yearning. My thanks to Panni Palásti for generously creating and sharing this poem.

When I was with you, I could breathe with the offhand ease of the sea breeze that freshens by noon every day and festoons the bay with rolling folds of whitecaps.

Not like now.
Without you, the rhythm of bed and work broken and jumbled to hell,
I cannot tell any longer what matters.
All plans lie in tatters,
and the old metronome gone haywire with fitful swings
signals a dire
arrhythmia.

From Panni Palásti, Taxi! Taxi! (Maitai River Press, 2008)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Many thanks to the copyright holders and poets, and above all, to all the brilliant composers who so willingly agreed to contribute their work for the project. The project, as 21 songs by 21 female composers from Aotearoa New Zealand, was funded by a grant from the Faculty Strategic Research Fund of Te Herenga Waka—Victoria University of Wellington (Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences) in 2020.

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Tūhoe)

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Adele Chan

Jeni Curtis

Frances Edmond

Aiono Manu Fa'aea

Fiona Farrell

Rhian Gallagher

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Ngāti Kahungunu)

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Dinah Hawken

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Glenda Keam

Graham Kennedy

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Wayne Laird

Michele Leggott

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Rāwhiti Whānui)

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Manawatū, Ngāi Te Rangi)

David Morriss

Sally Jane Norman

Michael Norris

Panni Palásti

Helene Pohl

Roma Potiki (Te Rarawa, Te Aupōuri, Ngāti Rangitihi)

Nina Mingya Powles

Chris Price

Tony Rabbit

Te Oti Rakena

Jo Randerson

Poulima Salima

Elizabeth Smither

Jonathan Paul Dunstan & Tracey Stacey

Theodore Vaisala

Chris Watson

Robert Wiremu

Pamela Wright

Charlotte Yates



mf =



2. Ala Mai Moana

Words & Music: AIONO MANU FA'AEA







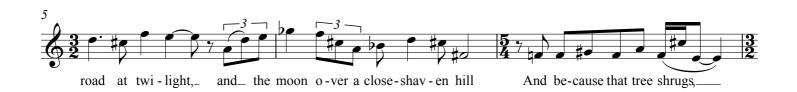


3. Because of the Child

Words: FIONA FARRELL

Music: GILLIAN WHITEHEAD (Ngāi Te Rangi)





























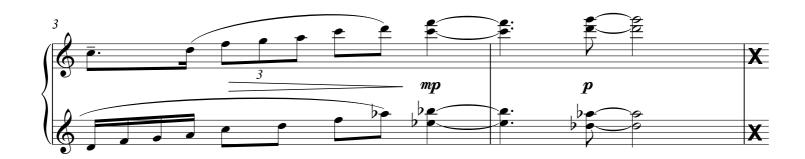
The poem, and its setting, were written for the launch of Sir Alan Mark's Risk Assessment project, which asks the government to put aside party politics and focus on the risks we are facing in Aotearoa/New Zealand. The launch and performance (by Ana Good, mezzo-soprano) took place in front of the Dunedin Museum early in 2013.

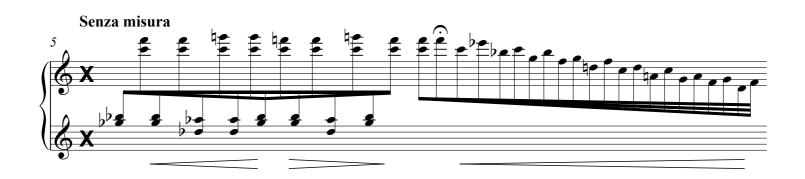
4. He Wawata kia Māhorahora with thanks to Anton Blank

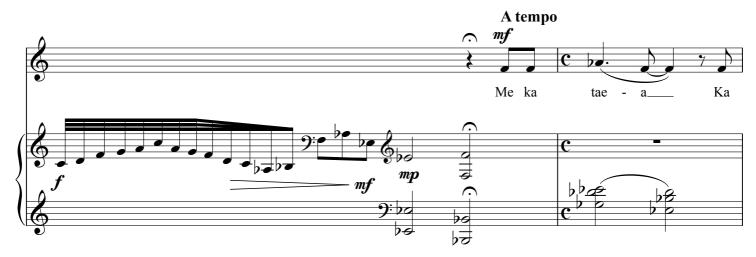
Words: ARAPERA BLANK (Ngāti Porou, Ngāti Kahungunu, Rongowhakaata, Te Aitanga a Māhaki)

Music: TABEA SQUIRE

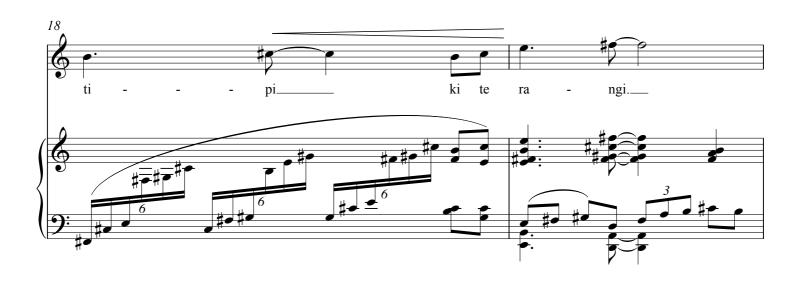


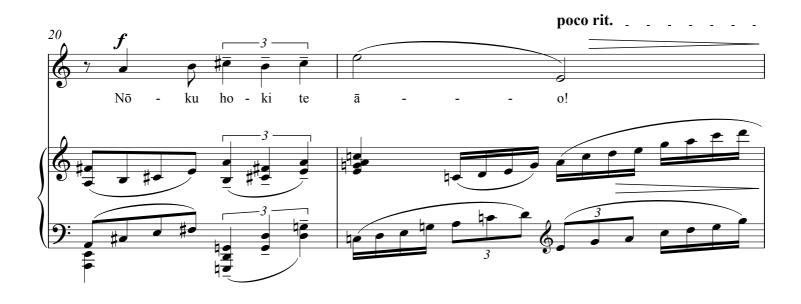


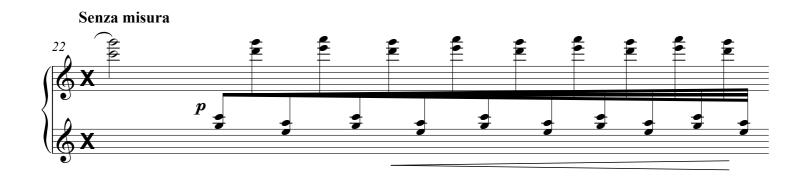
















5. If I Could Land

for Jenny Wollerman and Jian Liu Words: SARAH BROOM Music: SALINA FISHER (= c.60)if could land. light-Led ly as those birds float - ing down to the mud flats their shapes a - gainst the sky. dark. mp lift pedal gradually Led. rit. the sil-ver floor. of the sea_ o - pen to them a - gain mf





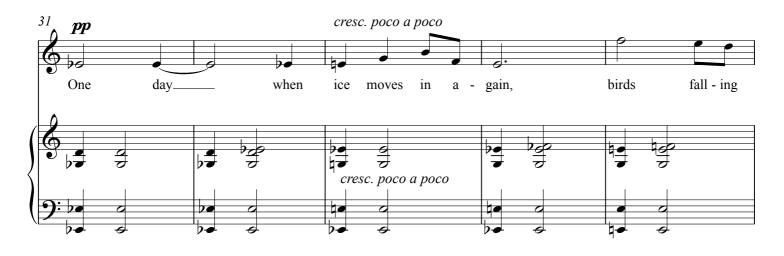


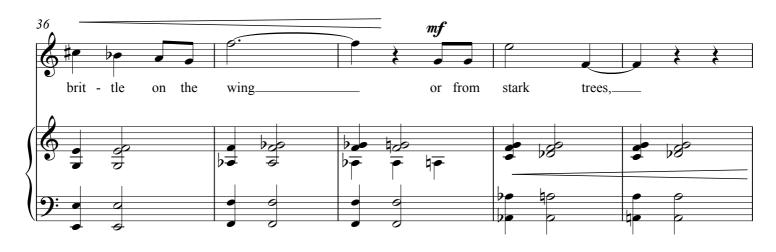
6. Inhabiting Every Sounding Sea

















7. Kia Hora te Marino









8. Listening to the Goldberg Variations

Words: ELIZABETH SMITHER

Music: MARIA GRENFELL



















9. Massacre













10. My Sister's Country

Words: RHIAN GALLAGHER

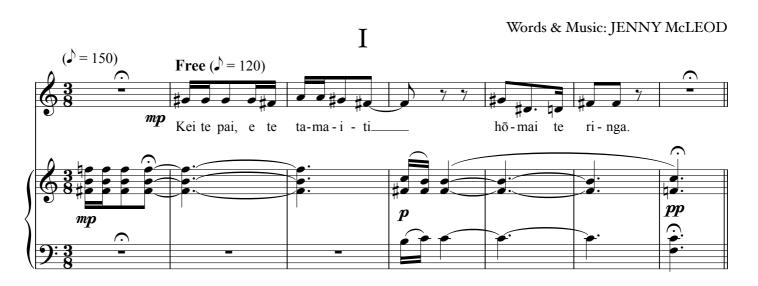


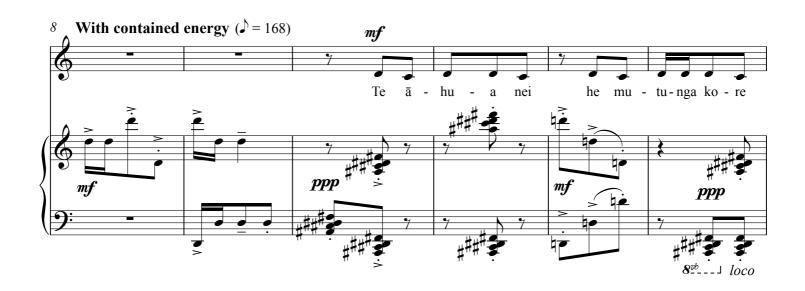


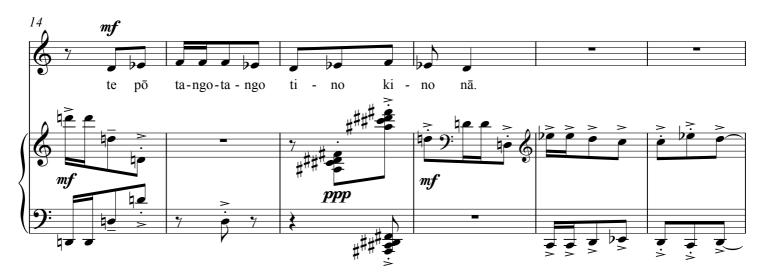


11. Nā Kui ki a Tama: Te Pūroto Kōpua

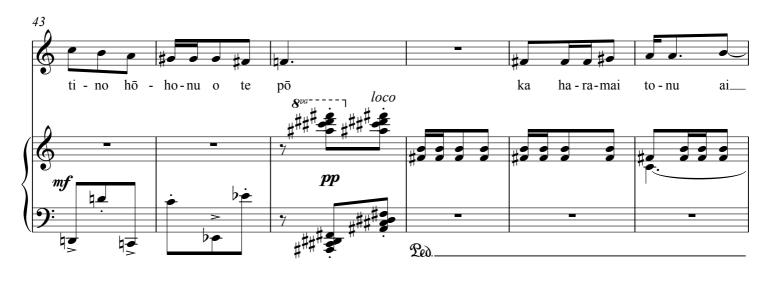
(Big Sis to Little Bro: The Deep Dark Pool) he pūtoi-iti waiata: a mini song cycle

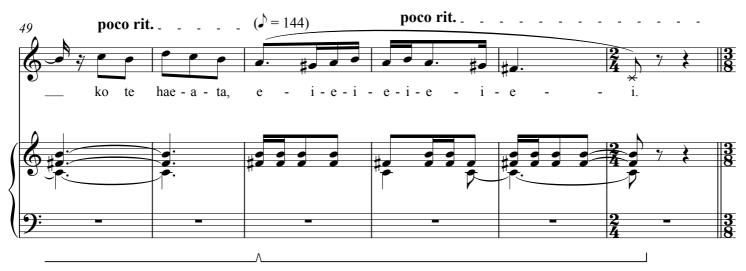


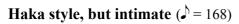


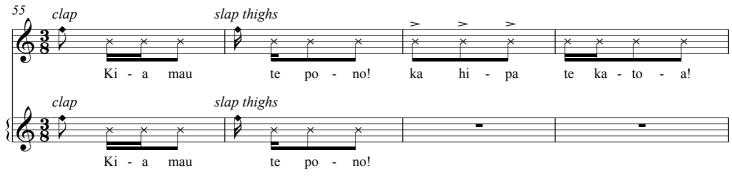




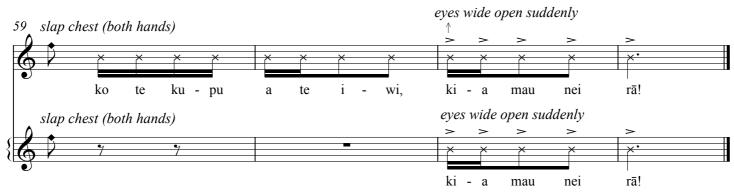








to the end (optional) pianist partly doubles singer

















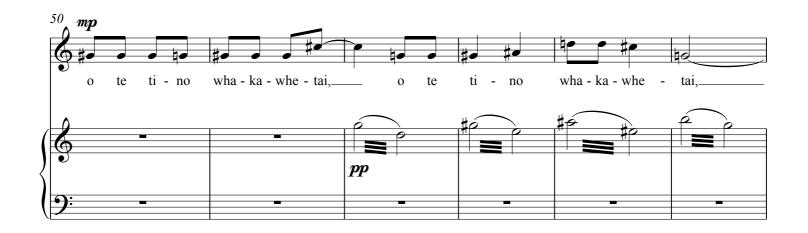


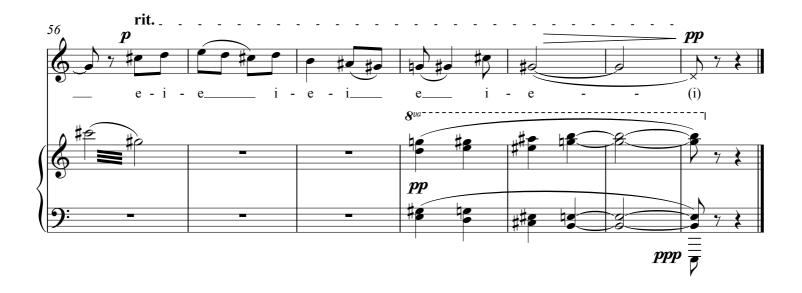












12. Night Train to Anyang











Note: At bar 29, the Mandarin word (*Hànzi*) means 'Chinese characters'.

A recording of the pronunciation is available at: www.gemmapeacocke.com/night-train-to-anyang

13. O Little One

Words: LAURIS EDMOND Music: HELEN FISHER









14. Of Trees and Hope











15. Out in the Garden









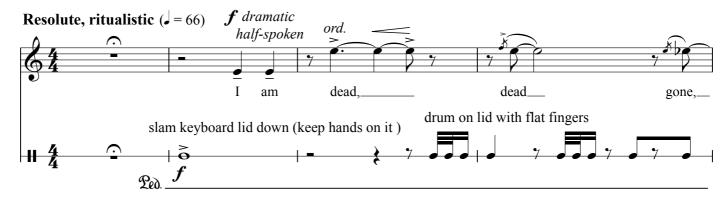


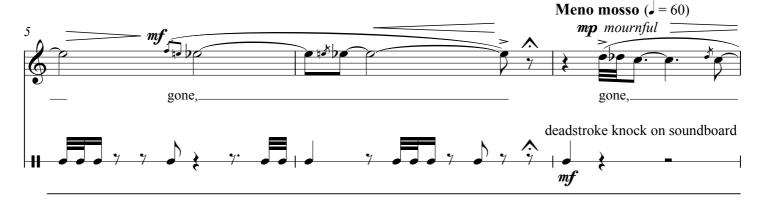
16. Riven

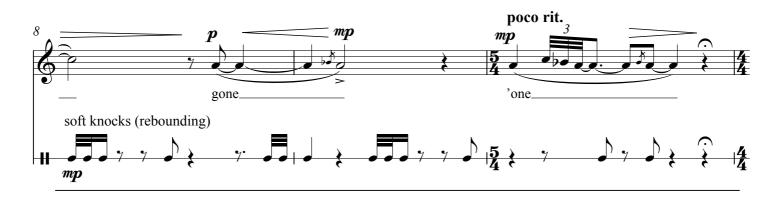
to the memory of my husband Ken

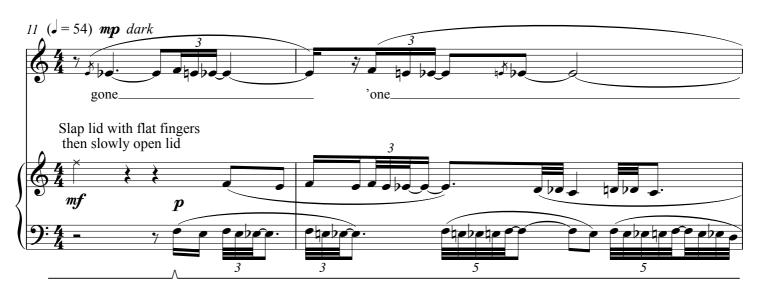
Words: ROMA POTIKI (Te Rarawa, Te Aopōuri, Ngāti Rangitihi)

Music: EVE de CASTRO-ROBINSON







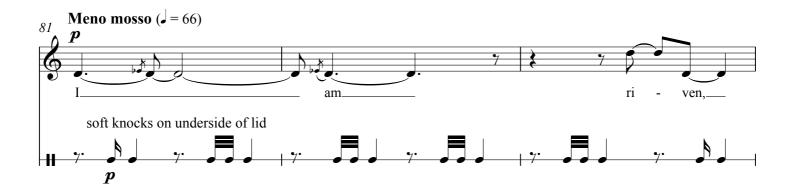


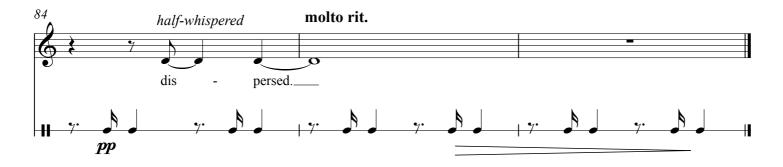












Performance notes:

The work should be delivered as a kind of ritual: intense, urgent, yet contained and still. Tempi are very flexible, depending on ambience and acoustic.

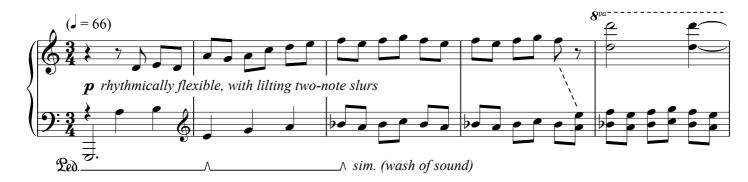
Prepare the piano strings from Bb to Eb (two octaves below middle C) with wedges of firm rubber, for a resultant dull thud. They can be removed very quickly after the performance.

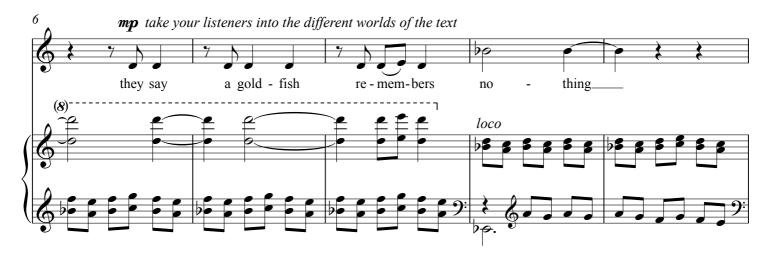
The percussive material should be interpreted by the pianist depending on the characteristics of the instrumen All actions should be clear, deliberate, theatrical and resounding.

17. Talking of Goldfish

Words: JENI CURTIS

Music: JANET JENNINGS





















18. The Power of Moss

Words: JO RANDERSON from *The Spit Children*

dedicated to Carmel Carroll & Ronnie Karadjov, the two flame-haired women who taught me how to sing

Music: CELESTE ORAM

This song can be accompanied by any 12-tone instrument. If it is an instrument which cannot sustain more than one note at a time, play the *ossia* line. If the vocalist sings an octave lower than written, the instrumentalist likewise plays an octave lower. From bar 122 to the end, make octave transpositions to the instrumental line as necessary to accommodate the instrument's range (the written part is optimised for piano or violin). Alternatively, it is possible to end the song at bar 110.

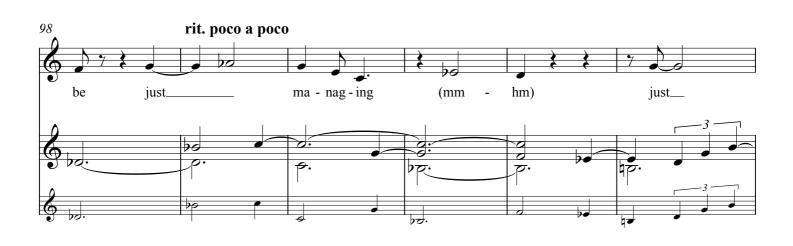
Dynamics and articulation are at the performers' discretion. Both the vocalist and instrumentalist are encouraged to ornament and personalise their parts *ad lib*; the style in which they do so might draw from various musical practices (e.g. pop, jazz, folk, early music) – whatever is relevant to their interests. Feel free to take a lot of time with the first two bars especially; this can be a moment of timbral and vocal exploration. Small noteheads in the vocal part are alternative pitches to accommodate a lower range.

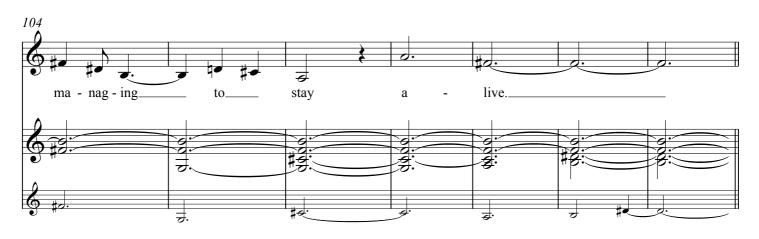








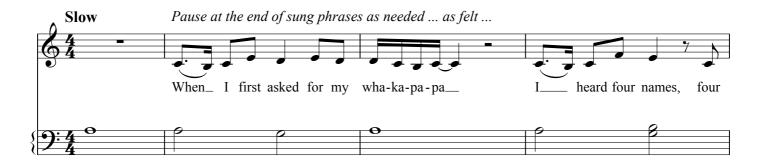




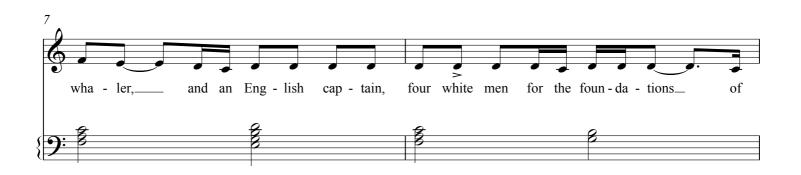


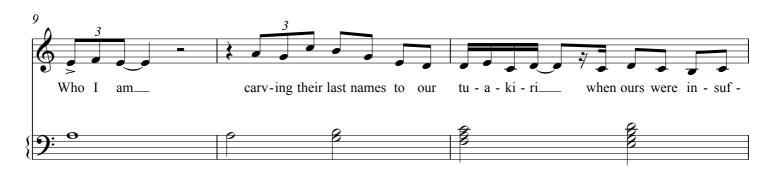
19. When I First Asked for my Whakapapa

Words: MIRIAMA GEMMELL (Ngāti Pāhauwera, Ngāti Rakaipaaka, Ngāti Kahungunu) Music: JOSIE BURDON (Ngāti Maru)















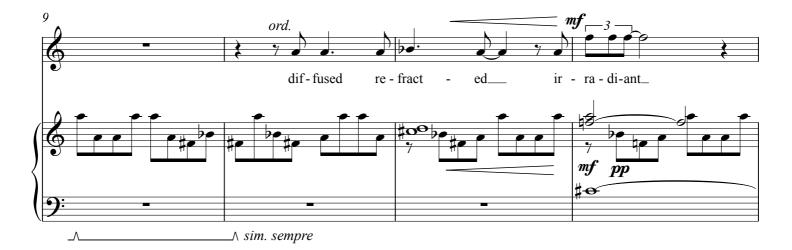
20. Wild Light

Words: MICHELE LEGGOTT Music: LEONIE HOLMES



('washy' pedal throughout, except in full bar rest)





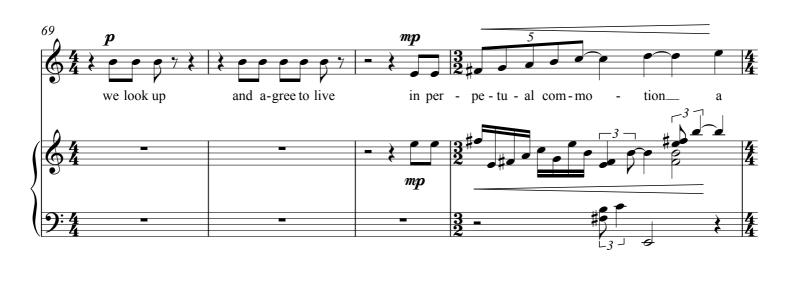


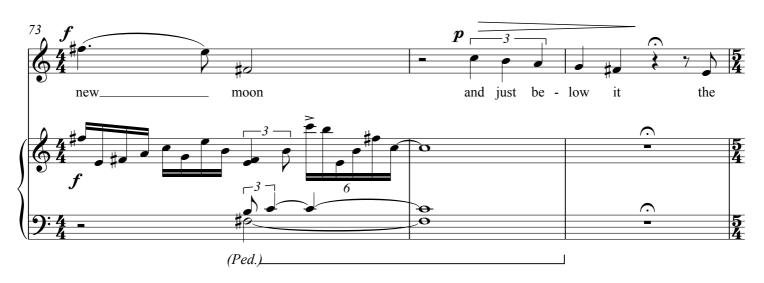
















21. With You – Without You









