

21×21 beneath the trees

21 songs by 21 composers

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

Wai-te-ata Music Press

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	<i>Peace</i>
Āio	
Hokia mai te ira atua, te ira wāhine	<i>Return to me the life essence of my ancestors</i>
Papatūānuku	<i>and feminine Earth mother, Gaia</i>
Papatūānuku	
Hokia mai te mana wāhine, te mana a hine	<i>Return to me the sacred feminine, the divine feminine</i>

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	<i>Arise Moana</i>
Manatua au galuega	<i>Remember your work</i>
Ala mai Moana	<i>Arise Moana</i>
Sauni loa lau malaga	<i>Prepare your journey</i>
Ala mai Moana	<i>Arise Moana</i>
Ua valaau mai lugā	<i>The call from above</i>
Ala mai Moana	<i>Arise Moana</i>
O oe e malu ai aiga	<i>You shelter the family</i>
'Aua e te fa'atamala	<i>Do not be careless</i>
Fa'amalosi pea	<i>Continue to be strong</i>
E sousou le vasa	<i>The waters are treacherous</i>
E lē o iloa so ta taeao	<i>We do not know our tomorrow</i>
Ae tatou tumau	<i>But we remain steadfast</i>
Le Atua i lo ta va	<i>With God between us</i>
Ala mai Moana	<i>Arise Moana</i>
Sailimalo i mea uma	<i>Seek victory in all things</i>
Ala mai Moana	<i>Arise Moana</i>
Sauni loa lau malaga	<i>Prepare your journey</i>
Ala mai, lau malaga	<i>Arise, your journey</i>
E tasi lava oe Moana	<i>There is only one you Moana</i>

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, 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 marumarū.
Ka painene, kia māhana.

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

Me ka taea,
e kore ahau e kōpiri!
Ka māhorahora
ki te awahi
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

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 microaggressions 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 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'.

I.

Kei te pai, e te tamaiti
hōmai te ringa.

*It's okay, little bro
take my hand.*

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

*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.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Hold fast to the truth,
everything passes:
word of the people,
hold fast!*

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

Ā, arohaina tonuina ana koe, nē?

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 mārāma
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, mātaimai
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-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!
untrammelled 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

there are only dream mountains high above the cloudline
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 kōrero 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)

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I. Āio

Words & Music: MERE BOYNTON
(Te Aitanga-a-Māhaki, Te Aitanga-a-Hauiti,
Ngāti Tūhoe) arr. Glenda Keam

(♩ = c.86)

mp Ā - i - o _____ Ā - i - o _____

p *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

7 *mf*
Ho - ki - a mai te i - ra a - tu - a, te i - ra wā - hi - ne _____

mp *p* *mp*

11 *f*
Pa - - pa - - - tū - ā -

mf *p* *p* *mf* *mf*

16
- nu - ku Pa - - pa - - - tū - ā - nu - ku

p *p* *mf* *mf*

21 *mf*

Ho - ki - a mai_ te ma-na wā - hi - ne, te ma-na

mp

8^{vb} loco 8^{vb}

25

a hi - ne

29 *mp*

Ā - - - i - o

p

8^{vb} loco

34 *p rit.*

Ā - - - i - o

pp

8^{va}

2. Ala Mai Moana

Words & Music: AIONO MANU FA'AEA

Adagietto (♩ = 70)

The piano introduction consists of two measures in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. The right hand has whole rests, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Ped. ad lib.

3 *mf*

Measures 3 and 4 of the vocal line. The melody is marked *mf* and features a slur over the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

A - la ma - i Mo - a - na

5

Measures 5 and 6 of the vocal line. The melody is marked *mf* and features a slur over the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Ma - na - tu - a au ga - lu - e - ga

7

Measures 7 and 8 of the vocal line. The melody is marked *mf* and features a slur over the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

A - la ma - i Mo - a - na Sa -

9

- u - ni lo - a lau ma - la - ga.

11 *mp*

A - la ma - i Mo - a - na Ua

13

va - la - au mai lu - gā,

15

A - la ma - i Mo - a - na O

17

oe e ma - lu ai a - i - ga.

19 *f*

'Au - a e te fa-a-ta - ma - la Fa-a-ma - lo - si pe - a E sou-so - u le

22

va - sa E lē o i - loa so ta tae - a - o Ae ta-tou tu -

25 *mp sotto voce* *poco rit.* *A tempo* *mf*

- ma - u Le A - tu - a i lo ta - va A - la ma - i Mo -

28

- a - na_____ Sa - i - li - ma - lo_____ i me - a u - ma

31

A - la_____ ma - i Mo - a - na_____ Sa - u - ni_____ lo - a lau ma -

34

- la - ga_____ *mp* A - la_____ ma - i, lau ma - la - ga_____ E

37

ta - si la - va o - e Mo - a - na_____

3. Because of the Child

Words: FIONA FARRELL

Music: GILLIAN WHITEHEAD (Ngāi Te Rangi)

(♩ = c.144)

mp-mf Be - cause of the child who holds a dead bee and be - cause of the an - gle of a

5 road at twi - light, and the moon o - ver a close - shav - en hill And be - cause that tree shrugs, —

8 Bare arms raised with a bird on each fin - ger — And be - cause of that cof - fee van —

11 ——— that cof - fee van with its bald tyre, its bald tyre and its

15 small choir of spar - rows, spa - rows, spa - - - rows — The *p*

18 child, the road at twi - light, the moon, the tree, the cof - fee van — and

22 all the hous - es in their blue hats and the ba - bies, the ba - bies who keep

The musical score is written in treble clef with a tempo marking of approximately 144 beats per minute. It features a variety of time signatures including 6/8, 3/4, 5/4, 7/8, 3/2, 4/4, and 6/8. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mp-mf* and *p*, and includes musical notations like triplets and slurs.

26

squeez-ing in be-tween bare_ bones_____ And all those mouths pop-ping, pop-ping

29 *cresc. poco a poco* - - - - -

one word then an - o - ther, one word then an - o - ther, one word then an - o - ther,

32 *mf* *p*

one word then an - o - ther, The child, the road at twi - light, the moon, the tree, the

35

cof-fee van, the hous-es, the ba - bies, all those mouths_____ Oh, let us

39

lift our fa - ces as if there were some-one speak-ing to us in the small rain

42 *pp*

tell - ing us it's time to lay a - side our toys_____ Come in. Be

45

still. Be calm. Be qui - et. Be ve - ry still.

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

(♩ = 58)

The musical score is written for piano in common time (C). It consists of four systems of staves. The first system (measures 1-2) features a treble clef with a melody starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The bass clef has a whole note chord of B3, D4, and F4, marked 'con Ped.', followed by a sixteenth-note triplet in the right hand and a sixteenth-note triplet in the left hand. Dynamics include piano (p), mezzo-piano (mp), and mezzo-forte (mf). The second system (measures 3-4) continues the melody with a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics include mp and piano (p). The third system (measures 5-6) is marked 'Senza misura' and features a series of chords in the right hand and a descending line of notes in the left hand. The fourth system (measures 7-8) is marked 'A tempo' and includes the lyrics 'Me ka tae - a Ka'. The right hand has a melody starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand has a descending line of notes. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf) and mezzo-piano (mp).

p *con Ped.* *mp* *mf*

3 3 *mp* *p*

Senza misura

5

f *mf* *mp*

A tempo

mf

Me ka tae - a Ka

7

no - ho kē au ki rō rā - kau Me he ma - nu!

10

Nā!_

f

p sub.

12

Ko ngā rau hei ru - ru hau_ hei ma - ru - ma - ru... Ka pai - ne - ne, kia

16

marcato

mā - ha - na. Kia mā - ko - na ka

18

ti - - - pi ki te ra - - - ngi...

poco rit.

20

f
Nō - ku ho - ki te ā - - - o!

Senza misura

22

p

mf *f*

23 A tempo

Musical score for measures 23-26. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "Me ka tae - a, e". The piano accompaniment features a triplet in the right hand and a rhythmic pattern in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* and *mp*.

27

Musical score for measures 27-29. The vocal line has lyrics "ko-re a-hau e kō - pi - ri! Ka mā - ho-ra - ho - ra". The piano accompaniment includes triplets and sixteenth-note runs. Dynamics include *f* and *mp*.

30

Musical score for measures 30-32. The vocal line has lyrics "ki te a - whi i a - ku kai - ngā -". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *poco*.

33

Musical score for measures 33-35. The vocal line has the lyric "- kau...". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet and a *poco* marking. Dynamics include *p* and *poco*.

5. If I Could Land

Words: SARAH BROOM

for Jenny Wollerman and Jian Liu

Music: SALINA FISHER

(♩ = c.60) *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system (measures 1-3) is in 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of (♩ = c.60) and a dynamic of *p*. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'if I could land' and a long note. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, with a 'Ped.' marking. The second system (measures 4-6) is in 3/4 time, with a dynamic of *mp*. The vocal line continues with 'ly as those birds float - ing down to the mud flats'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, with a 'Ped.' marking. The third system (measures 7-9) is in 3/4 time, with a dynamic of *mp*. The vocal line continues with 'their shapes dark a - gainst the sky'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, with a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth system (measures 10-12) is in 3/4 time, with a dynamic of *mf* and a 'rit.' marking. The vocal line continues with 'and the sil-ver floor of the sea o - pen to them a - gain'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand and a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand, with a 'Ped.' marking.

if I could land as light-

ly as those birds float - ing down to the mud flats

their shapes dark a - gainst the sky

and the sil-ver floor of the sea o - pen to them a - gain

p

mp

mp

mf

rit.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

lift pedal gradually

8^{va}

8^{vb}

Just slightly faster (♩ = 64)

14

if I could set - tle like they do,

17

sharp feet cool in the wet sand, beak bu - sy

20

preen - ing, feed - ing, ex - claim - ing their be - long - ing

23

un - der co - ver of

27 *f* *rit.*

dark - ness the soul fin - gers its own

30 ($\text{♩} = 60$) *mp* *rit.* ($\text{♩} = 130$) *p*

rest-less-ness_ and the

34

night is a stray fea-ther blown in - to

38 *rit.*

moon - light, a small heart is pound-ing,

42 (♩ = 50) *mf* rit.

the sting of salt on a wound - ed, sca - ly

46 **A tempo** (♩ = 50) *mp* rit.

leg, the cry_____ of the first to rise the cry_____ of the last to

50 (♩ = 40) rit. **molto rit.**

land_____ and the one cry_____ that does not ease but folds_____ the dark-ness in - to it-

54 (♩ = 46) rit.

-self and bears it till morn - ing

6. Inhabiting Every Sounding Sea

Words: PEGGY DUNSTAN

Music: LOUISE WEBSTER

Lento (♩ = 56) **poco rit.**

Tempo primo (♩ = 56)

5 *mp*

I think of you in - hab - it - ing ev - 'ry sound - ing

poco rit. **Tempo primo** (♩ = 56) **poco accel.**

8 sea. Talk - ing in the voice of fish - es

poco rit. **A tempo**

11 and hol - low e - cho - ing shell.

Ped.

15 *mp* **Poco più mosso** (♩ = 64)

You re - main, your song in ev - ry breeze that stirs like the clouds like the

19 *mf* **poco rit.** *mp*

bright and va - ri - a - ble air you could ne - ver pos - si - bly be

21 **poco accel.** **Più mosso** (♩ = 84)

still.

23 *f* **molto rit.**

8va

25 (♩ = 72) *poco rit.* *Andante* (♩ = 66)

p *pp*

—△ Ped ad lib.

31 *pp* *cresc. poco a poco*

One day _____ when ice moves in a - gain, birds fall - ing

cresc. poco a poco

36 *mf*

brit - tle on the wing _____ or from stark trees, _____

mf

41 *f* *mf*

8va

f *mf*

8va

44 *mf*

(8) when

ff *mp*

47

sound splin - ters bro - ken glass a - gainst the

51 *f*

throat when o - ceans freeze.

mf *f*

55

ff *mf*

60 **Meno mosso** (♩ = 60) **Meno mosso**
p *pp* *tempo rubato*

I will stride the cracked green mir - ror of that aw - ful sea

66 **Lento** (♩ = 52) **poco rit.** **Meno mosso**
pp *colla voce*

and look - ing down, find not the re - flec - tion of my - self, but

71 **molto rit.** **Poco più mosso** (♩ = 62) **rit.**

you, laugh - ing up at me.

Ped. _____

75 **Più mosso** (♩ = 84) **molto rit.**
pp *cresc.* *mp* *f*

7. Kia Hora te Marino

Words: in original form associated with
Ngāti Maniapoto / Ngāti Rereahu

Music: DEBORAH WAI KAPOHE
arr. Glenda Keam

(♩ = c.52)

mf
Ki - a ho - ra te ma - ri -

4
- no Ki - a ho - ra te ma - ri - no

7
Ki - a wha - ka - pa - pa pou - na - mu - te mo - a - na -

10
te mo - a - na - Hei hu - a - ra - hi mā tā - tou Hei

mp *pp* *mp* *p*

loco *8va*

13

hu - a - ra - hi mā tā - tou i te ra - ngi nei

p *mp*

16

Ki - a ho - ra te ma - ri -

mf

19

- no Ki - a ho - ra te ma - ri - no

22

Ki - a wha - ka - pa - pa pou - na - mu te mo - a - na

f *8va* *loco*

25 *p*

te__ mo - a - na Hei hu - a - ra - hi__ mā tā - tou Hei

27

hu - a - ra - hi__ mā tā - tou i te__ ra - ngi nei__

p

29 *f*

A - ro - ha a - tu__ A - ro - ha mai__

mf

31 *mp rit.*

A - ro - ha a - - - tu A - ro - ha mai__

mp

33 **A tempo**

Musical score for measures 33-35. The system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line begins with a long note followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

36

Musical score for measures 36-38. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Tā-tou i ā tā-tou ka - toa" and "Tā - tou_ i ā tā - tou_ ka-to-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

39

Musical score for measures 39-41. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "- a" and "Tā-tou i ā tā-tou ka - toa". The piano accompaniment features a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic marking and continues with the established rhythmic pattern.

42

Musical score for measures 42-44. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Hu-i ē! Hu-i ē! Hui ē! Tā - i - ki_ ē!". The piano accompaniment concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

8. Listening to the Goldberg Variations

Words: ELIZABETH SMITHER

Music: MARIA GRENFELL

Moderato (♩ = 74)

pp
con Ped.

4

p

A dream of pia - no play - ing: I would rise from a

mf *pp*

7

mf

long dis - a-gree-a-ble__ din-ner par - ty__ where some had been in-sult-ed,

mf

10

p

some ig-nored (I_____ was of the ig-nored, the cheek turned a-side the

p

13 *mf*

gaze down-ward, the heart raw) when some-one op-po-site, a

16 *mf*

gentleman in tails would whis - per low or pass a note "Do you like hear-ing the

19

pia - no played?"

22 **Agitato** *p*

Qui-et-ly we rose and slipped through the door un - til,

24

sev'-ral doors di - vid - ing, where the air grew qui - et and sounds

26

fad - ed stood a ven'-ra - ble pia - no with a can - dle sconce at which the

28

gen - tle-man seat-ed him-self with (first smile of the night) a

30

flick of tails a shoot - ing of cuffs, a con-

32

- spi - ra - to - ri - al look

34

rubato, **Adagio** *pp* in a dream-like state

and be-gan to play The Gold - berg Va - ri - a - tions.

39

On the po-lished floor I sat in my eve - - ning dress

43

slipped off my san-dals and my el-bow gloves

48 *mf* *p*

rest - ed my head a - gainst a pia - no leg

52 *p*

and let all va - ri - e - ties of grief and

57 *mf* *mf*

love flow in - to re - so - lu - tion and a

61 *p* *philosophically*

me - thod for is not life of stairs com - posed of

65 *mf* *p* 3 *accel.*

climb - ing me - lo - dy___ and deep re - pose and this mi - nute by mi - nute's eas - ing___

69 **Tempo primo, agitato** *mf* 6

71 *f* 3

as the white hands___ with their lit - tle hairs___ on

73

se - cond knuck - les___ rose___ and tried to slip___ be - tween the

75 *mf*

keys un-til a smile, a-bout the time of Quod-li - bet__ ac-

77 *f*

-crued.

cresc. *f* *pp*

79 **Rubato** **Meno mosso**

p In the di - stance

82

chairs were held and were scraped back and nap-kins__ tossed down.

85 *f*

“Who cares they’ve gone?” some brute said as the

87 *p*

last notes brought their so - lace like a plate

89 **Tempo primo** *f*

and the gentleman in tails got up and snuffed out the can - dle be -

92 *f*

- tween a third fin - ger and a thumb. I

94

rose too, stiff and re-solved, and walked through the

f

3

96

door that o - pened on the street.

p

p

Ped.

98

cresc.

mf

6

6

Ped.

Ped.

100 *molto rit.*

dim.

p

Ped.

9. Massacre

Words: TUSIATA AVIA

Music: LEILA ADU-GILMORE

Thursday 14 March

(♩ = 135) mf

When I ar - rive in Auck-land and Hi - ne learns that

mf *sempre leggiero*

Ped. *let notes ring*

3 *f agitato*

I have moved back to Christ-church she asks me if I know

ff

5 *fff* *p conspiratorial* (any notes, natural speech register, loud but hushed stage speech) *poco rit.*

it is a bad place It is built on a swamp and ma-ny bad things have been

8 (sung) *Meno mosso* (♩ = 103)

done to Māo - ri there *mp* Yes, I tell her and re - mem - ber stand - ing,

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is divided into four systems. The first system (measures 1-2) starts with a tempo of 135 and a dynamic of *mf*. The piano part features triplet patterns and is marked *sempre leggiero*. A *Ped.* instruction with the note 'let notes ring' is placed below the piano part. The second system (measures 3-4) begins with a dynamic of *f agitato*. The piano part continues with triplet patterns and reaches a *ff* dynamic. The third system (measures 5-6) starts with a *fff* dynamic for the vocal line and a *p* dynamic for the piano part. The piano part includes a *poco rit.* instruction. The fourth system (measures 7-8) is marked '(sung)' and *Meno mosso* with a tempo of 103. The vocal line is marked *mp*. The piano part features a *p* dynamic and a *Ped.* instruction.

11 *f*

six years old in a hall - way, the swamp spi - rits ris - ing up through the floor...

ppp

Ped.

13

Walk - ing to school through them sit - ting be - side them on the bus. (♩ = ♩)

f *p sub.* *ppp*

Sunday 17 March

16 (♩. = 68) *mf* dream-like, ironic

I watch Ja - cin - da at Al Noor af - ter ma - ny bad things hap - pen...

dream-like, ironic

mf

Ped.

19 *mp*

she is in black and gold hi - jab

mp

21 *mf*

she says ma - ny things but she has her hand o - ver her heart _____ she keeps it there

mf

Ped.

23 *mp*

The spi-rits have sunk back _____ out of sight _____ you are watch-ing that in-di-

mp

26 *f*

- vi-du-al from Aus-tra-li - a You are say-ing to me: He is-n't us. But_

ff sfz

29 *risoluto* *agitato*

_____ I _____ grew up with him _____ he was Ed - die the
flowing, like a strong river

f

Ped.

31 *mf* matter-of-fact, flat tone

skin - head in my sci - ence class ev - 'ry - bo - dy knew

33 *ff* molto agitato

him he had a Mão - ri girl - friend for a while_

35 *f* matter-of-fact, flat tone *mf*

and wore a Na - zi trench-coat which you told me was cool. Re -

37 *f*

- mem - ber, you grew up with him_ he was Dan - ny, not

Ped.

39 *mp*

in your class be - cause he was

41 (♩ = 120)

young - er than you

mf freely

Ped.

46 *mf*

but you watched him walk through the play - ground with his boot-boy boots and his

mp

51 (♩ = 80) *f* risoluto

swa - sti - kas. It was Christ - church, and all the o - ther pla -

mf dream-like, ironic

Ped.

54 *mf* *f*

- ces, back when we were young it was cool and it was

56 *fff* *agitato* *ff* *sempre risoluto*

the fa - shion it was the fa-shion and you and I were in-to it

60 *f* *molto rit.*

it was the fa - shion and you and I were

64 *molto rit.* moment of silence

in-to it.

10. My Sister's Country

Words: RHIAN GALLAGHER

Music: CLAIRE COWAN

Calmly, with feeling (♩ = 60)

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked as 60 beats per minute. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-piano (*mp*). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

Ped. ad lib.

This system covers measures 6 to 12. The vocal line begins at measure 6 with the lyrics "Your first cry broke,". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. Dynamics include mezzo-piano (*mp*) with elasticity and piano (*p*). The key signature remains one flat and the time signature is 3/4.

This system covers measures 13 to 17. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "bare - ly touch-ing earth you turned back through the veil and were_ gone...". The piano accompaniment features a triplet in measure 13. Dynamics include mezzo-piano (*mp*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*). The key signature remains one flat and the time signature is 3/4.

This system covers measures 18 to 21. The tempo is marked as 55 beats per minute. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "No o-ther girl_ but you out be-fore me, al-most weight-less,". The piano accompaniment features triplets and a *poco accel.* marking. Dynamics include forte (*f*) and mezzo-piano (*mp*). The key signature remains one flat and the time signature changes to 4/4.

A tempo (♩ = 60)

22 *freely* *f* *mf*

you would-n't have bur-dened an an - gel's wings, you would-n't have bur - dened_

p *mf*

A tempo (♩ = 60)

25 *rit.* *mp*

— an an - gel's wings.

Slightly faster (♩ = 70)

30 *mf* *rit.*

Sis - ter, what could I be but an out - law a - gainst your le - ga - cy:—

p

(♩ = 60)

34 *mp* *mf* *mp*

pe - tals un - bruised, re - lent - less pu - ri - ty. —

mf *mp*

37 *f* *accel.* *p* *mp* A tempo (♩ = 50)

You'd scaled to a place high-er than the high coun - try. I had the cra-zy dance of a bo-dy, -

40 *p (undertone)* *p* *p (ord.)*

my bones, my bones were not

43 (♩ = 60)

e - ther.

47 *f* *p* *mf* *pp*

(half release)

II. 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

Words & Music: JENNY McLEOD

I

(♩ = 150) Free (♩ = 120)

mp Kei te pai, e te ta-ma-i - ti _____ hō-mai te ri - nga.

mp *p* *pp*

8 With contained energy (♩ = 168) *mf*

Te ā - hu - a nei he mu - tu - nga ko - re

mf *ppp* *mf* *ppp*

8^{va} ----] loco

14 *mf*

te pō ta-ngo-ta - ngo ti - no ki - no nā.

mf *ppp* *mf*

20

Ko te ka - we ra-wa a - tu te hu - a - tau ā - mu - a ka pē - nā

25

to - nu a - ke tō - u o - ra. Kau - a e wha-ka-po - no,

31

kei te hē kē rā, a - na, he te - ka a - nō, tē me-ka kau.

37

Tā - wha - ti a - tu ai ngā me - a ka - to - a. Mu - ri i te

43

ti - no hō - ho-nu o te pō ka ha-ra-mai to-nu ai

mf *pp* *Ped.*

8va *loco*

49 *poco rit.* (♩ = 144) *poco rit.*

ko te hae - a - ta, e - i - e - i - e - i - e - i - e - i

poco rit.

Haka style, but intimate (♩ = 168)

55 *clap* *slap thighs*

Ki - a mau te po - no! ka hi - pa te ka - to - a!

clap *slap thighs*

Ki - a mau te po - no!

to the end (optional) pianist partly doubles singer

59 *slap chest (both hands)*

ko te ku - pu a te i - wi, ki - a mau nei rā!

slap chest (both hands) *eyes wide open suddenly*

ki - a mau nei rā!

II

(♩ = 80) *f* with mock fear, dark humour, as from elder to younger, more or less play-acting

Pa - ke - ke — te a - ta, ka ro - mi to - nu mai ka wha - ka -

- i - ti - a mā - tou ka - no - hi ki te ka - no - hi nei i ō mā - tou

a - ke hē, i ngā pā - he - wa - he - wa ha - nga a - ro - ha

i — au - a ta - ka - re - pa ka - to - a ka ta - ta - nga nu - i a - ke

17

kua mō-hi-o no-a-ti-a e ē-ta-hi a-tu e tā-ta-ta

20

mf

e ki-te a-ri-a-ri a-ke a-na ai i a mā-tou.

24

mp

O-ti-rā, kā-o-re he ta-nga-ta e pa-ru-hi

28

mp

me pē-he-a kē a-tu? Ka pē-he-a tae-a te tu-pu?

33

Pē - he - a e a - ko to - nu ai? _____

8va *loco*

p *pp*

38

mp

Mā - u a - nō ko - e a - ke e mu - ru, ri - te to - nu ki te nu - i - nga

p *pp*

43

o ōu mā - tou ho - a - wha - nau - nga, e.

8va

p

47

rit. *p* *(still amused)*

Ā, e a - ro - ha - i - na to - nu - i - na a - na ko - e, nē? _____

(8) *pp*

III

(♩ = 100) *mp*

Kei te pai nā, e tō - ta - hi a - na

8 *free* (audible deep breath)

ki ro hau - mū - mū - ta - nga, (ki - a ngā ō ma - na - wa)

13 *mf* poco rit.

Ma - hi - a he kau - pa - pa, pu - ru - ti - a mā - mā,

18 (♩ = 96) poco rit. (♩ = 96) *mp*

pu - ru - ti - a to - nu ho - ki, i - a rā, i - a rā, hei ta - ha mā - rō o te a - wa,

25

rit. Tempo I (♩ = 100)

i te ta - ha o te pū - ro - to kō - pu - a.

31

mf (mock dreary, with wry amusement, yet serious)

E ngoi a - ke nā, i te mo - e - nga, u - e - a a - ke,

36

ku - me - a ki ro - to i te hī - re - re, ā, tū - ta - ki ki te

41

ma - ta wha - ka - a - ta nā (ka me - ne - me - ne, nē? kāo - re rā - ne - i, e)

47

Nu-i te ma - ha - ra, wa - ku ni - ho, pa - rai - he - ti - a ngā

53

ma - ka - we, he ka - ra - e - he wai, ru - a - ru - a he a - pu - nga

58

me - a ...

(♩ = 108) (♩ = 54)

64 (face brightens) same tempo *mf*

Whā - ngai - a te ku - rī, tā - ka - ro - ti - a, wha - ka -

70

-ha-e - re-a ti-no to - nu nā, _____ nu-i hae-re, ā - ta ho -

Ped.

76

-ki nā, hā - u - a - u - a, ha - ha - na rā - ne - i. E te kai - ra - pa

Ped. Ped.

82

i te a - o mā - ra - ma e pu - ta _____ ki te wha - i a -

Ped.

87

f
-o _____ tī - ki - na tē - ta - hi wha - ka - mo - no o te a - ha e

f
Ped.

93

nga-ro a - na ai

Ped.

mf

99

mf

He ko - a te ā - hu - a tū - tu - ru o te a - o

mf

104

tū - tu - ru. Mā - u a - nō ko - e ho - ki e ko - a

mf

110

(ma - na - wa hō - ho - nu, pai a - na, ro - a a - na) Ha - e - re ki ngā

f

116

wā - hi ku - rī ki te me - a pē - nā e tū - po - no

122

ki Ma - rē - hi - a hi - ra - hi - ra! (ma - ha - ra a - na - ke:

127

(dark humour)

ki - a tū - pa - to ki ngā ne - ke!

132

mf

he ka - ka - ra rā - kau, pu - ā - wai wā - hi we - ra,

137 (somewhat playful)

ki - tā, pa - pā, pe - kī, wai - a - ri pī - pī, ko - ro - tī,

(8)

loco

143

rit.

ka - ti pu - ku pī o ngā ma - nu

148 (♩ = 154)

ke - te - ke - te, ke - te - ke - te, ke - te - ke - te, ke - te - ke - te,

152

rit.

(♩ = 120)

ke - te - ke - te, i - e - i - e - i - e - i - e - i - e

p

IV

(♩ = 120)

mf

Mea pai ra-wa a-tu

8

ko ngā ku-rī! He mā-mā no-a te mi-hi, te kō-re-ro

14

(au-a-a-tu nā ki te kai-hā-ko-ro, ka tae-a te mō-hi-o

20

mf

ā mu-ri a-ke nei.) E, te pā-re-ka-re-ka

26

o te ku - rī _____ ko te ha - ri wā - te - a, ko te o - ha. E - ā, _____

pp *mf*

8va *loco*

32

_____ ko te wha - ka - mā - mā _____ o te a - ro - ha, o te a - ro -

pp *mf*

8va *loco*

37

-ha ta - u - te ko - re _____

pp

8va

43 **Poco più lento** (♩ = 116)

mp ā, te ho - ro - nga re - ka, mā - tai - ta - i _____

mp *p*

Red.

50 *mp*

o te ti - no wha - ka - whe - tai, o te ti - no wha - ka - whe - tai,

pp

56 *rit. p*

e - i - e i - e - i e i - e (i)

pp

ppp

8va

12. Night Train to Anyang

Words: NINA MINGYA POWLES

Music: GEMMA PEACOCKE

Foggy (♩ = 80)

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and block chords in the left hand. The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings.

ppp
u.c.

7 *mp* *mf*
light chan - ges as we cross in - to

mp *pp* *mp* *8va* *loco*

13 *mp*
ne - on voi - ces flick - er through the

19 *p* *mp*
mov - ing dark like dream mur - murs mov - ing

25 *mf*

through the bo - dy red and sil - ver Hân - zì
汉 - 字 *

mp

* see footnote on p. 65

31 *mp* *f*

glow from build - ing tops

f *p*

t.c. gradually →

38 (♩ = 120) *mp* *mf*

(♩ = ♩) float - ing words I can't read

mp *ppp* *p*

u.c.

45 *mp* *mf* *f* *mp*

ris - ing in - to blu - est air

t.c.

52 *mp*

they say there are moun - tains here but I can't see them

ppp

u.c.

60

there are on - ly dream moun - tains high a - bove the cloud - line

mp

t.c.

68

mf

l.v.

74 *mp* *mf*

I come from a place full of moun - tains and vol - ca - noes,

p *mp*

81

mp

vol - ca - noes _____ I of - ten say when peo - ple

mf *mp*

86

p

ask a - bout home _____ I see a ring of flames,

pp *mp*

92

mp *mf* *f*

I see a ring of flames, I see a ring of flames and vol -

mf

98

ebullient

- ca - noes _____ e - rupt - ing e - rupt - ing

f

106

some - where far _____ a - way _____

113 rit. (♩ = 88) *mp*

when I o - pen my eyes _____ snow _____

119 *p* *p* *mf*

is fall - ing _____ like ash _____ like _____

pp *8va* *loco* *u.c.*

126

ash _____

mf *ppp*

t.c. *8^{vb}*

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

Legato (♩ = 96) *Intimate, expressive tone*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system (measures 1-6) features a vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'Mm' and 'mm'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and a 'Ped.' marking. The second system (measures 7-12) has the vocal line with lyrics 'mm', 'mm', and 'O lit - tle'. The piano accompaniment continues with triplets and a 'mp' dynamic. The third system (measures 13-19) contains the lyrics 'one who lies a - lone in the cra - dle of the world,'. The piano accompaniment features triplets and a 'p' dynamic. The fourth system (measures 20-25) has the lyrics 'O break - ing heart O ten - der limbs so'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and a 'p' dynamic. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

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26 *, pp*

young, so slight to hold. Lu - la, lu - la, lu - la-

32 *rall.* (♩ = 90)

-bye Lu - la, lu - - - la - bye.

38 *p* — *mf* — *mp*

You are my care, my cry, my Christ my com - fort

44 *f*

and my_ grail. Yet in the roar of a

49 *mp* *p*

lar - ger war my small cru - sade will

54 *poco accel.* *A tempo* (♩ = 96) *con anima* *f*

fail. Your lone - li - ness I

discreet Ped. to b.65

59

take as mine your hun - ger as

63 *mp*

my need but a fron - ti - er's a

68 *p* *rall.* *p* (♩ = 88)

care - less_ place and our voi - ces go_ un - heard.

p

p

Ped.

74 *pp*

Lu - la, lu - la, lu - la - bye, Lu - la,

pp

Ped. *Ped. sim.*

80 *rall. poco a poco al fine*, *ppp*

lu - - - la - bye. Mm mm

ppp

87

8va *slow arpegg.*

almost fade away

Ped.

14. Of Trees and Hope

Words: DINAH HAWKEN

Music: ROSA ELLIOTT

(♩ = c.90)

p freely, with gentle strength

It is to do with trees: be-ing a-mongst trees.

pp

u.c. Ped.

It is to do with tree ferns: ma-ma-ku, po-nga, whe-ki...

Shel-ter un-der here is so ea-si-ly un-der-

mp

t.c.

- stood. You can see that trees know how it is to be

20 *mf* *plena voce* *p*

bound in - to the earth and

mp *mf*

Ped.

24 *mf*

how it is to rise de - fi - ant - ly in - to the sky.

pp *mp* *p*

27 *p* *Meno mosso* *p* *sotto voce*

It is to do with

pp

8va

31 *ord.*

death: the great slip in the val - ley: where there is

loco

35 *mf* **Più mosso** *p*

no-thing left but to post-pon-e all tra-vel and wait

38 *mp*

in the low gut of the gul-ly for

42

wa-ter, wind and seeds.

45 **Meno mosso** *p* *slightly sprechstimme* *ord.*

It is to do with wait-ing. Shall we wait with the

50 *mp* *mf*

trees, shall we wait with, for, and un-der trees _____ since of

pp *p*

54 *f* *p*

all crea-tures they know the most _____ a-bout wait-ing, and wait-ing _____

mp *mf* *p*

58 *mp* *mf* *mp* *pp*

_____ and slow-ly strength-en-ing, _____ is the great thing in grief, _____ we can

63 *p*

do? _____ It is al-ways bleak at the be-gin-ning

pp

u.c. Ped.

68

but trees are calm a-bout no-thing which they be - lieve will give rise to

p 3 3

71

mp some - thing *mf* flick - er - ing and sway - ing

mp 3 7 3 3 3 3

74

Molto meno mosso

mp as they are: so lu - cid is their know - ledge of

p 3 3 3 3

79

green.

pp

mp *p*

8^{va}

8^{vb}

hold until chord fully decays

15. Out in the Garden

Words: KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Music: HELEN BOWATER

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of quarter note = 76. The piano accompaniment features a variety of textures, including triplets and arpeggiated chords. The dynamics range from *mf* (mezzo-forte) to *pp* (pianissimo). The score is divided into four systems, with measures 1-7, 8-10, 11-13, and 14-16. The lyrics are: "Out in the gar - den, Out in the gar - den, Out in the win - dy, swing - ing, swing - ing,". The piano part includes markings for *ped.* (pedal), *8^{vb}* (8va), and *loco*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature changes from 4/4 to 3/4 and back to 4/4.

14 *f* *mp*

Out in the win - dy, swing - ing dark,

mf *p*

8^{va} 8^{vb}

18

mp *mf*

5 3 3

8^{vb}

21

pp

5 3 3

(8)

23 *mp* *mf* *f* *mf*

Un - der, un - der the trees_ and o - ver the flow'r - beds, O - ver the grass and un - der the

mf

(8)

26 *mp*

hedge bor - der, ————— Some - one is

p *mp* *Ped.*

30 *mf* *mp*

sweep - ing, sweep - ing, ————— Some old

p *mp* *p* *8va loco*

34 *mf* *f*

gard - 'ner, some old gard - 'ner. Out in the win - dy, swing - ing,

mf *f*

38 *mf* rit. A tempo

swing - ing dark,

p *mp*

Poco meno mosso

41 *mp* *p rit.*

Some-one is se-cret-ly put-ting in or-der, Some-one is

p *pp*

44

creep-ing, creep-ing.

p

48 *mf* *pp*

Out in the gar-den, Out in the win-dy, swing-ing dark,

mp *pp*

52 *f*

Un-der the trees and o-ver the flow-er-beds,

mp *mf* *f*

55

f *mf*

O - ver the grass and un - der the hedge bor - der,

mf *mp*

58

mf *mp*

Some-one is sweep - ing, Some - one is sweep - ing, -

pp

62

p

sweep - ing.

mp *mf*

66

f

16. Riven

to the memory of my husband Ken

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

Music: EVE de CASTRO-ROBINSON

Resolute, ritualistic (♩ = 66)

f dramatic
half-spoken *ord.*

I am dead, dead gone,

slam keyboard lid down (keep hands on it) drum on lid with flat fingers

Ped. **f**

Meno mosso (♩ = 60)

mp mournful

gone, gone,

deadstroke knock on soundboard

mf

poco rit.

mp

gone, 'one

soft knocks (rebounding)

mp

11 (♩ = 54) **mp** dark

gone, 'one

Slap lid with flat fingers then slowly open lid

mf **p**

13

15 (♩. = 54) *mf* warm, lyrical

as in - sub - stan - tial as a cloth of mist up from the ri -

19 *poco rit.* *mf* tenuto

-ver I drift t'wards rafts of bones nee - dles, eyes

23 (♩. = 66) *f*

of nee - dles. The chills of night o - ver take me and I hear

28 *mf* *poco rit.* *half-whispered*

no sound ——— ex-cept the small in - ter - rup-tion, for a se-ond,

32 *ord.* *mf* *f* (♩ = 54) *mf tenuto*

of the ri-ver's clack as I slip from the bank numbed... All a - bout me

37 *poco rit.* (♩ = 81) *f* *half spoken* *ord.*

wa - ter, — I am ri - ven, — dis -

42 *poco rit.* (♩ = 54) *mf/mp* *warmly*

-persed. ——— An ém - i - gré, I pass

46 *freely*

be-com-ing_ a con - tin - uous lilt - - ing note_____ sway - ing,

(8) *loco* *8va*

50

sway - ing, as I en - ter the spark-ing moun - tain. My tongue splits

(8) *loco* *8va* *loco* *ff*

7:4 *f*

54 *poco rit.*

and I have the loud - est of voi - ces_____ be-yond this ev - ry - day - -

(8) *mf* *loco*

5 *7:4*

57 *f* *dramatic*

- ness. Fire-rocks crack my back and hips,_____ in my o - pen

(8) *8va* *ff* *f*

(♩ = 66)

62 *poco rit.*

mouth, cin - ders from the vol - ca - no.

ff

8va

67 (♩ = 81) *mf tenuto*

Hot trees fall and smil - ing I re - ceive each flame.

ff

(prepared note)

loco *f*

8va

72 *mp dark, mournful*

Past the tears of fa - thers, of mo - thers,

mp

76 *leggiero*

freed to stare in - to the light all a - bout me,

p

81 **Meno mosso** (♩ = 66)

p

I am ri - ven, —

soft knocks on underside of lid

p

84 *half-whispered* **molto rit.**

dis - persed. —

pp

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 B♭ to E♭ (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 instrument.
 All actions should be clear, deliberate, theatrical and resounding.

17. Talking of Goldfish

Words: JENI CURTIS

Music: JANET JENNINGS

(♩ = 66)

p rhythmically flexible, with lilting two-note slurs

Ped. \wedge *sim.* (wash of sound)

6 *mp* take your listeners into the different worlds of the text

they say a gold - fish re - mem - bers no - thing

(8) *loco*

11 doomed to end-less cir - - cles in a bowl the

15 wa - ter weed wav - ing in a fa - mi - liar kind of way

8^{va}

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system (measures 1-5) is in 3/4 time, with a tempo of quarter note = 66. The piano part features a 'wash of sound' effect with a sustain pedal and a 'loco' section. The second system (measures 6-10) includes the lyrics 'they say a gold - fish re - mem - bers no - thing'. The piano accompaniment has a 'loco' section. The third system (measures 11-14) includes the lyrics 'doomed to end-less cir - - cles in a bowl the'. The piano part features triplets and a change in time signature from 4/4 to 3/4. The fourth system (measures 15-18) includes the lyrics 'wa - ter weed wav - ing in a fa - mi - liar kind of way'. The piano part features a triplet and a change in time signature from 2/4 to 3/4. There are dynamic markings like *p*, *mp*, and *loco*, and performance instructions like 'rhythmically flexible, with lilting two-note slurs' and 'take your listeners into the different worlds of the text'. There are also markings for '8^{va}' and '8^{vb}'.

20 poco rit.

like a me - mo - ry that lurks just a - round the cor - ner

25 Poco più mosso (♩ = 66)

Who knows what a floun - der thinks of

30 poco rit.

the flat - ness of the es - tu - a - ry might lend cre - dence to the flat - ness of the

34 A tempo (♩ = 76)

earth the rise and ebb of the tides re - pe -

(8)

- ti - tion and cy - cles of com - fort - ing pre - dict - a - bi - li - ty

Più animato (♩ = 92)

mp

sal - mon too are giv - en to re - col - lec - tion how to read the signs of the

shin - gled ri - ver mouth which stream to fol - low

8va

loco

54 **poco rit.**

the in-stinc-tu-al leap of faith o-ver slick glazed rocks

58 **A tempo** (♩ = 92)

light catch-ing wa-ter in sud-den ra-di-ance

61

64 **poco rit.** **Affretando** (♩ = 108)

Ped. \wedge \wedge *sim.*

67 *mf*

her - rings bow to Jung a col - lect - ive un -

70

- con - scious in flur - ried shoals too

73

nu - mer - ous to count the sil - ver

76

cir - cling of a sin - gle thought not

79

caught in the in - di - vi - du - al mo - ment but a

82

massed dream of blue and dark

85

ness

calando

88 rit. (♩ = 76) *p*

and I re - mem - ber

p

Ped.

93 **Tempo primo** (♩ = 66)

you mo - ments like drop - lets that ga - ther in - to

p

ped. *sim.*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 93 through 97. The vocal line features a melody with several triplet markings. The piano accompaniment includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a pedal instruction (*ped.*) with a *sim.* (sustained) marking. The music is in 3/4 time.

98

wa - ter gush and rush in - to streams in - to lakes

Detailed description: This system contains measures 98 through 101. The vocal line continues with triplet markings. The piano accompaniment features multiple triplet markings in both hands. The music is in 3/4 time.

102

a sea of me - mo - ry in which I swim I sink I drown

poco rit. *mp* *p*

mp *p*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 102 through 106. The tempo is marked *poco rit.* (ritardando). The vocal line includes dynamic markings of *mp* and *p*. The piano accompaniment also includes *mp* and *p* markings. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4 and back to 3/4.

107 **A tempo**

bring back your boat your net and catch me

poco rit.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 107 through 110. The tempo is marked *A tempo*. The vocal line includes a *poco rit.* marking. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords in the right hand and moving lines in the left hand. The time signature changes from 3/4 to 4/4 and back to 3/4.

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.

Freely **Lithe and lilting** (♩ = c.112) * feel free to modify the vowel *ad lib*.

The musical score is written for a 12-tone instrument and a vocalist. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and an instrumental line. The first system (bars 1-6) is marked 'Freely' and 'Lithe and lilting' with a tempo of approximately 112 bpm. The vocal line starts with a long note 'ooo' and then has a series of notes with small noteheads. The instrumental line follows a similar melodic path. The second system (bars 7-12) is marked 'poco rit.' and 'A tempo'. The third system (bars 13-19) includes an 'ossia' line for the instrumental part. The fourth system (bars 20-27) is marked 'poco rit.' and 'A tempo'. The score includes various time signatures (5/8, 3/4, 4/4, 7/8, 2/4) and dynamic markings like 'sim.*' and 'and'. There are also accents (^) and a fermata over a note in the final system.

27

al - though al - - - -

33

- - though the plants - - - - grew - - - -

40

the

46

plants - - - - grew - - - -

51

for - - - - ma - ny - - - - days - - - -

poco rit.

ossia:

57 **A tempo**

for ma - ny days_ for_ ma - ny ma -

63

molto rit.

Broadly (♩ = c.86)

- - - ny days they_ ne - ver got a - ny

70

A little more momentum

big - ger they_ ne - ver ne - ver got_ a -

75

rit. poco a poco

- - - ny_ big - ger they_ ne -

80

- ver got_ a - ny big - - -

ossia:

85

molto rit.

Almost tempo primo (♩ = c.100)

ger but on ly on -

91

- ly seemed to

98

rit. poco a poco

be just ma - nag - ing (mm - hm) just

104

ma - nag - ing to stay a - live.

111

With quiet perseverance (♩ = c.96)

* as before, modify the vowel ad lib.
(maybe close to a hum if that feels right)

116

121

125

molto rit.

(finish on whichever note is most comfortable for your range)

129

* end on the A only if the singer ends on the F

19. When I First Asked for my Whakapapa

Words: MIRIAMA GEMMELL
(Ngāti Pāhauwera, Ngāti Rakaipaaka, Ngāti Kahungunu)

Music: JOSIE BURDON
(Ngāti Maru)

Slow *Pause at the end of sung phrases as needed ... as felt ...*

The musical score is written in 4/4 time and consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The tempo is marked 'Slow' and there is a performance instruction: 'Pause at the end of sung phrases as needed ... as felt ...'. The lyrics are: 'When I first asked for my wha-ka-pa-pa I heard four names, four cor-ner posts for a wha-re, I - rish sea-man, Scotch gam-bler, Ger-man wha - ler, and an Eng - lish cap - tain, four white men for the foun - da - tions of Who I am carv-ing their last names to our tu - a - ki - ri when ours were in - suf -'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. There are triplets in the vocal line at measures 9 and 10.

When I first asked for my wha-ka-pa-pa I heard four names, four

cor-ner posts for a wha-re, I - rish sea-man, Scotch gam-bler, Ger-man

wha - ler, and an Eng - lish cap - tain, four white men for the foun - da - tions of

Who I am carv-ing their last names to our tu - a - ki - ri when ours were in - suf -

12

- fi - cient. Next I heard a list of names lilt - ing like bird song

15

Ta - ma - te - a - a - ri - ki - nu - i Ro - ngo - ka - ko Ta - ma - te - a

17

pō - kai - whe - nu - a to his son and his son and his son we'll

19

ne - ver know if some of the fa - thers were mo - thers need - ing to cla - ri - fy

22

i - a or i - a came with the cor - ner posts au - ē tau-ki-ri ē! I

26

call on my tī - pu - na wa - hi - ne where did you plant your wae - wae? which names were

28

yours that I might call on you to pro-tect my mau-ri my wai - ru - a which

30

stum - bles at the clip - on ed - ges of his son and his son and his son.

32

hid-den names for-got-ten mo-thers____

35

ma-na-a-ki-ti-a mai, kō-re-ro mai__ teach me to be hum-ble, to have heard,

37

proud, to be heard mā-i-a and ma-na-wa-ro-a ma-ta-pi-hi tū-ro-a a-

40

-gainst the rain__ ma-na-wa-nu-i when__ I first asked for my wha-ka-pa-pa__

20. Wild Light

Words: MICHELE LEGGOTT

Music: LEONIE HOLMES

(♩ = 84)

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of quarter note = 84. It consists of four systems of vocal and piano parts. The piano part features a 'washed' pedal effect throughout, with dynamic markings of *f*, *pp*, *p*, and *mf*. The vocal part includes lyrics in English and Māori. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, slurs, and articulation marks.

p this is the spring

f *pp* delicately
Ped. (‘washy’ pedal throughout, except in full bar rest)

5 *spoken ad lib:*
of the world of light te puna i te ao marama

9 *ord.* *mf*
dif-fused re-fract-ed ir-ra-di-ant

mf *pp*
sim. sempre

13 *mp*
wild light sit-ting there look-ing at me

17 *mf*

mak-ing me re-mem - ber walk - ing

20

walk-ing walk-ing walk-ing through the world

23 **Poco più mosso** (♩ = 90) *mf*

trav - 'ling light be-cause our

27 *f*

hearts those cra - zy old ca - loy - ers

(Ped.)

30 *p* *mf*

have gone on a - head _____ with all the sto - ries on a string

34 *f*

all the sto - ries in the world _____ wait - ing to hap - pen

(Ped.)

37 **Tempo primo** (♩ = 84) *p*

a - gain

pp rocking

40 *delicately*

44 *mp*

light swings _____ be - tween us

47

lu - min - ous, _____ dis - pers - ive _____

mp 6 *pp*

50 *mp*

an - guish no an - - - - - guish

pp

mp

53 *spoken ad lib:* *ord. mp*

I won't be back this way again but the world of light throws its

56 *mf* *mp*

salts in-to the sky one more time mak-ing me re-mem-

59 *mf*

- ber foam dew clouds light-ning

62

one more time and on this

66 *f*

arm of the har-bour-ing pla-net

(Ped.)

69 *p* *mp*

we look up and a-gree to live in per - pe - tu - al com - mo - tion_ a

73 *f* *p*

new_ moon and just be - low it the

(Ped.)

76

eve - ning star_

pp

80 *poco rall.*

21. With You – Without You

for Jenny Wollerman and Jian Liu

Words: PANNI PALÁSTI
Music: MIRIAMA YOUNG

Rubato (♩ = 48)

whimsical *

pp < *p*

Sea breeze _____ by noon

p sea bloom

loco

* until bar 10 Ped. Ped.

the bay _____ roll - ing white - - - caps. _____

mp *p*

p *mf*

Ped.

When I was

mp espress.

f *mp sub.*

with you, I could breathe with the off - hand ease of the

19

sea breeze _____ that fresh - ens by noon _____

25

ev - 'ry day _____ and fes - toons _____ the bay _____ with roll - ing folds of _____

31 *mf espress.*

white - caps. _____ Not

35 **A little faster** (♩ = 53) *angrily* 3

like now. _____ With - out you, the rhy - thm of bed _____ and work _____ bro - ken and _____

39 *f* *mf bluntly*

jum - bled to hell, I

43

can - not tell a - ny long - er what mat - ters. All

47 *f* *mf* *f*

plans lie in tat - ters, and the old met - - ro -

51 *mf*

-nome gone hay - wire with fit - ful swings

55 *mf* *f*

sig-nals a dire ar - rhyth-mi-a.

59 *A tempo, steady* (♩ = 48) *espress.* *p* *mp* *p*

brea - the sea breeze

p sub., delicately

65 *p* *mp* *p*

by noon the bay roll-ing white -

71 *rit.*

- caps.

pp *p* *pp*

8va *loco*

