



20 FESTIVAL OF VOICES

CELEBRATING 20
YEARS OF SINGING

27 JUNE - 6 JULY 2025

WAIATA,
CANÇONS, LIEDER

ORDER OF SONGS



LUMINATA PERFORMING:

Haere Mai Nga Iwi - Wehi Whanau (NZ)

Canticum Novum - Ivo Antognini

Ave Maris Stella - David Hamilton (NZ)

Te Atua - Te Taepa Kameta (NZ)

VEUS PERFORMING:

Suite Catalana - Josep M. Ruera

O Lux Beatissima - Kentaro Sato

Under the Willow - Susan Labarr

Baba Yetu - Christopher Tin

Kirishitan - Imayo - Hideki Chihara

Wau Bulan - arr. Tracy Wong

SJAELLA PERFORMING:

Mein Grund, mein Puls - Laura Marconi

Hohelied-Motetten - Melchior Franck

Hypophysis - Sjaella

Head Heart - David Lang

Letterbox - Alice Chance (AUS)





SJAELLA - TRANSLATIONS

FESTIVAL OF VOICES
20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA
LAURA MARCONI - MEIN GRUND, MEIN PULS

Original

Mein Grund,
mein Puls, mein Wort,
mein Schäumen,
mein ganzes Grün,
meine zarten Flammen,
meine Röte,
meine Schwärze,
mein Gedeihen,
meine Hand im Mund
der Welt.

English

My ground,
my pulse, my word,
my foaming,
all my green,
my tender flames,
my redness,
my blackness,
my thriving,
my hand in the mouth
of the world.





FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

MELCHIOR FRANCK - HOHELIED-MOTETTEN

Original

Meine Schwester, liebe Braut,
 du bist ein verschlossener
 Garten,
 ein' verschlossene Quelle,
 ein versiegelter Brunn.
 Dein Gewächs ist wie ein
 Lustgarten
 von Granatäpfeln mit edlen
 Früchten,
 Zypern mit Narden,
 Narden mit Safran, Kalmus und
 Cynamen,
 mit allerlei Bäumen des
 Weihrauchs,
 Myrrhen und Aloes,
 mit den allerbesten Würzen,
 wie ein Garten Brunn,
 wie ein Brunn lebendiger
 Wasser,
 die von Libanon fließen.
 Steh auf, Nordwind, und komm,
 Südwind,
 und wehe durch meinen Garten,
 daß seine Würze triefen!

English

My sister, my beloved bride,
 you are a locked garden,
 a sealed spring,
 a fountain enclosed.
 Your plants are like a garden of
 delight,
 with pomegranates and choice
 fruits,
 henna with nard,
 nard and saffron, calamus and
 cinnamon,
 with all kinds of trees of
 frankincense,
 myrrh and aloes,
 with the finest spices.
 A garden fountain,
 a well of living water,
 flowing from Lebanon.
 Arise, north wind, and come, south
 wind—
 blow through my garden,
 so that its fragrance may be
 scattered.



FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

MELCHIOR FRANCK - HOHELIED-MOTETTEN CONT.

Original

O daß ich dich, mein Bruder,
der du meiner Mutter Brüste
säugest,
draußen finde und dich küssen
mußte,
daß mich niemand höhnete!
Ich wollt' dich führen
und in meiner Mutter Haus
bringen,
da du mich lehren solltest.
Da wollt' ich dich tränken
mit gemachtem Wein
und mit dem Most meiner
Granatäpfel.
Seine Linke liegt unter
meinem Haupt,
und seine Rechte herzet mich.

English

Oh, that I might find you, my
brother,
You who nursed at my
mother's breast,
Out in the open—there I'd kiss
you,
And none would scorn or
shame our rest.
I would lead you, bring you
home,
To my mother's house and
care,
Where you would teach me
tender things—
And I'd pour wine with
sweetness rare,
And share the juice of
pomegranates,
Pressed and rich beyond
compare.
His left arm is under my head
and his right arm embraces
me.



FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

MELCHIOR FRANCK - HOHELIED-MOTETTEN CONT.

Original

Du bist aller Dinge schön,
meine Freundin, und ist kein
Flecken an dir.
Komm, meine Braut von
Libanon.
Du hast mir das Herz
genommen,
meine Schwester, liebe Braut.
Wie schön sind deine Brüste,
meine Schwester, liebe Braut.
Deine Brüste sind lieblicher
denn Wein,
und der Geruch deiner Salben
übertrifft alle Würze.
Deine Lippen sind wie ein
triefender Honigseim.
Honig und Milch ist unter
deiner Zunge,
Und der Geruch deiner Kleider
ist wie der G'ruch Libanon.

English

You are beautiful in every way;
my beloved, there is no flaw in
you.
Come with me, my bride, from
Lebanon.
You have captured my heart,
my sister, my beloved bride.
How beautiful are your
breasts,
my sister, my beloved bride.
more pleasing than wine,
and the scent of your oils
surpasses all spices.
Your lips drop sweetness as the
honeycomb,
honey and milk lie beneath
your tongue.
And the fragrance of your
garments
is like the scent of Lebanon.



FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

SJAELLA - HYPOPHYSIS

Hypophysis
Process of the Pituitary
A view into the Ovary

FSH - follicle stimulating
hormone
stimulates me!
stimulates you!

Follicle choir
Here we go, folks!

We secrete estrogen!
Here we grow in this cocoon.

Uh, what the...?!?
Is it time?
We're about to start!
I would really like to have a
moment...
Feels like drugs!

A year or so it takes
for us to choose among us,

I'M THE FIRST! The FISRT! I
was here first! I'm the FIRST!

The favored one, Graafian
Graafian, the largest, most
grand follicle

Actually it was my turn today
Next life, sis
What did I do wrong?
New life, new chance
It's always the others who
make it
You will make it next year

Hypophysis
I love this time

The peak and the fall,
the rising of Estradiol
I want love
don't want love
fair enough
A blanket builds in layers,
the endometrial wall of the
cave
It's getting so hard to move
the cervix
Ah!

I'm cold
I love it, everything becomes so
soft
Yeah, sperm friendly
Oh stop it!



SJAELLA - TRANSLATIONS

FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

SJAELLA - HYPOPHYSIS CONT.

Ah soft, awaiting the
possibility of love's tap
Do you feel it? Do you feel it
rising?
The pinnacle wave,
luteinizing hormone

The time has arrived,
one cell leaving
out of the Graafian
egg cell
the exhale of ovulation

Now it is on its way down
Time is running out
But why, there is all the time in
the world
Take your time

Down the tube, the winding
channel
a 24 hour chance of survival,
everything is possible, nothing
is necessary

Easy
No pressure
It's ok
We love you

Corpus luteum
A view into an ovary

I am what's left after ovulation
a cell cluster
rejected

You are still pretty useful,
you make progesterone even as
you die

Possibility possibility - it's
possible

even as we die

Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhhh! Ahhh!
Ahhh!

Don't touch me now!
Ugh do not yell at me like that!
I feel exhausted
I feel bloated

In the eventuality of no
change, from the egg cell

Give me food
All i want is sleep
I sweat
Everything dissolves
Then.. that's it?
That's what?
We are no longer needed here

This month we have achieved,
we have achieved a lot again

And now.. everyone out!

Hypophysis
Process of the Pituitary
A view into the Ovary

SJAELLA - TRANSLATIONS

FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

DAVID LANG - HEAD HEART

Heart weeps.

Head tries to help heart.

Head tells heart how it is, again:

You will lose the ones you love.

They will all go.

But even the earth will go, someday.

Heart feels better, then.

But the words of head do not remain long
in the ears of heart.

Heart is so new to this.

I want them back, says heart.

Head is all heart has.

Help, head. Help heart.



CELEBRATING
20 **FESTIVAL OF VOICES**
YEARS OF SINGING



FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

ALICE CHANCE - LETTERBOX

My dear
My dear
I hope this letter finds you
Well... happy ... alive ... with botox
maybe? ... safe ... not
too lonely

My dear
My dear
I can't believe
I was you ... will become you ... I am
you ... that we were so
little ... so panicked ... so hopeful

My dear

My dear

Letter 1

Hello. I am sitting on a thick wooden
fence by the lake. I am
eight years old. I don't like school.
Did we become an actress?
Do we still paint and sing? Did we
ever tell someone what
happened? Are we okay now? Don't
forget to go for walks in
the forest. Don't forget to sometimes
write a poem. These are
two things that I love. Yours
Sincerely...

Letter 2

My dearest, I am sitting in a very
fast train. You've never seen
one like this. You are going to love
them. You are at school. You
have a brother now. It's all so new.
You want to be perfect at
everything, I know. It's okay to ask
questions. It's so wonderful
to be curious. I've become so
different from you. There's so
much I feel that we could teach
each other.

My dear

My dear

I hope you're not too busy ... not
too tired ... not working in an
office ... not forgetting yourself in
motherhood ... not losing
your voice ... not losing touch with
your body.

My dear

My dear

I hope you're
Exercising regularly ... phoning
your grandmother ... not
paying too much for beer

My dear

My dear



SJAELLA - TRANSLATIONS

FESTIVAL OF VOICES

20TH ANNIVERSARY ORCHESTRA

ALICE CHANCE - LETTERBOX CONT.

Letter 3

My dear, I'm walking on cliffs by the ocean. There's wind in my hair. I just turned eighteen. I want to go further and further, chase freedom forever. Are you still free?

Letter 4

My dear, you have so many more adventures ahead of you. Please invest in a good pair of shoes. Learn some French. Don't be too quick to judge. I am still young myself, I haven't got all the answers. But as things get harder, we find ways to manage. No matter what the world becomes, promise me you'll take care of your friends.

Letter 5

My dear, I am out walking old forest paths with my love. I look at him and wonder. Do we stay together? Do we have a baby? Do you lose yourself? Your fight? Or is she still there?

Letter 6

My dear, you are so old now. I'm sorry. I worry every day about getting older. I hope that makes you laugh. Did we still have time for fresh juice every morning? Are they all still alive? Do we knit birthday clothes for our grandchildren? Are you proud of who you were? Or have I let you down? In your wisdom and beauty, will you forgive me?

Arrival of the divine Granny spirit

OTHER EVENTS YOU MAY LIKE!

- **Cheers to 20 Years**

Sun 6 Jul

2.00 pm

Hobart City Hall

Sing 'n Sip - A Cockney Knees-Up

Sat 5 July

4.30 pm

Long Gallery, Salamanca Arts Centre

Apple Shed Shindig

Sat 5 July

5.00 pm

Willie Smith Apple Shed, Grove

HAYA Band: Migration

Sat 5 July

7.30 pm

Theatre Royal

SCAN HERE



FESTIVAL^{OF} VOICES
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27 JUNE
to 6 JULY