



WESTERN AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS

W.A. CONSERVATORIUM OF MUSIC

LUNCHTIME CONCERT

Tuesday 8th August 1989 at 1.15pm

"Ancient Voices of Children"

George Crumb (1970)

MUSIC AUDITORIUM

2 Bradford Street
MOUNT LAWLEY WA 6050

CAST

Soprano	Janice Taylor - Warne
Boy Soprano	Joanna Higham
Oboe	Anne Gilby
Piano & Toy Piano	Robert Curry
Harp	Anthony Maydwell
Mandolin & Musical Saw	Louise Ross
Percussion	Allison Eddington
	Neil Craig
	Gary France

Acknowledgement
Spear and Jackson Saw
kindly donated by John Neill Pty Ltd.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF PERFORMING ARTS



The Academy, incorporating the Conservatorium of Music is one of the few schools throughout the world, that offers a comprehensive performing curriculum in Classical Music, Jazz, Dance, Theatre, Musical Theatre, Production and Design, Media Performance and Arts Management.

PROGRAMME

ANCIENT VOICES OF CHILDREN (1970)

George Crumb

I. The little boy was looking for his voice

DANCES OF THE ANCIENT EARTH

II. I have lost myself in the sea many times

III. From where do you come, my love, my child?
(DANCE OF THE SACRED LIFE-CYCLE)

IV. Each afternoon in Granada, a child dies each
afternoon

GHOST DANCE

V. My heart of silk is filled with lights

THE LORCA TEXTS

|
El niño busca su voz.
(La tenía el rey de los grillos.)
En una gota de agua
buscaba su voz el niño.

No la quiero para hablar;
me haré con ella un anillo
que llevará mi silencio
en su dedo pequeño.

||
Me he perdido muchas veces por el mar
con el oído lleno de flores recién cortadas,
con la lengua llena de amor y de agonía.
Muchas veces me he perdido por el mar,
como me pierdo en el corazón de algunos niños.

|
The little boy was looking for his voice.
(The king of the crickets had it.)
In a drop of water
the little boy was looking for his voice.

I do not want it for speaking with;
I will make a ring of it
so that he may wear my silence
on his little finger.

||
I have lost myself in the sea many times
with my ear full of freshly cut flowers,
with my tongue full of love and agony.
I have lost myself in the sea many times
as I lose myself in the heart of certain children.



¿De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño?
 De la cresta del duro frío.
 ¿Qué necesitas, amor, mi niño?
 La tibia tela de tu vestido.
 ¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
 y salten las fuentes alrededor!
 En el patio ladra el perro,
 en los árboles canta el viento.
 Los bueyes mugen al boyero
 y la luna me riza los cabellos.
 ¿Qué pides, niño, desde tan lejos?
 Los blancos montes que hay en tu pecho.
 ¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
 y salten las fuentes alrededor!
 Te diré, niño mío, que sí,
 tronchada y rota soy para ti.
 ¡Cómo me duele esta cintura
 donde tendrás primera cuna!
 ¿Cuando, mi niño, vas a venir?
 Cuando tu carne huele a jazmín.
 ¡Que se agiten las ramas al sol
 y salten las fuentes alrededor!



Todas las tardes en Granada,
 todas las tardes se muere un niño.



Se ha llenado de luces
 mi corazón de seda,
 de campanas perdidas,
 de lirios y de abejas.
 Y yo me iré muy lejos,
 más allá de esas sierras,
 más allá de los mares,
 cerca de las estrellas,
 para pedirle a Cristo
 Señor que me devuelva
 mi alma antigua de niño.



From where do you come, my love, my child?
 From the ridge of hard frost.
 What do you need, my love, my child?
 The warm cloth of your dress.
 Let the branches ruffle in the sun
 and the fountains leap all around!
 In the courtyard a dog barks,
 in the trees the wind sings.
 The oxen low to the ox-herd
 and the moon curls my hair.
 What do you ask for, my child, from so far away?
 The white mountains of your breast.
 Let the branches ruffle in the sun
 and the fountains leap all around!
 I'll tell you, my child, yes,
 I am torn and broken for you.
 How painful is this waist
 where you will have your first cradle!
 When, my child, will you come?
 When your flesh smells of jasmine-flowers.
 Let the branches ruffle in the sun
 and the fountains leap all around!



Each afternoon in Granada,
 a child dies each afternoon.



My heart of silk
 is filled with lights,
 with lost bells,
 with lilies, and with bees,
 and I will go very far,
 farther than those hills,
 farther than the seas,
 close to the stars,
 to ask Christ the Lord
 to give me back
 my ancient soul of a child.

Excerpts from "Selected Poems" by Federico García Lorca.
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ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

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 Stephen Spender and J. L. Gill (II)
 J. L. Gill (III and V)
 Edwin Honig (IV)