



472 225-2



WENDY DIXON

SOPRANO

JOHN PRINGLE

BARITONE

MARINA MARSDEN

VIOLIN

DAVID MILLER

PIANO

A classical-style painting of three figures. In the foreground, a woman in a green dress stands with her hand to her chest, holding a sheet of paper. Behind her, a man in a dark coat looks on. The background is a soft, hazy landscape. The word 'Echo' is written in a large, elegant, white cursive font in the lower right corner of the painting.

Echo

THE SONGS OF HORACE KEATS



Horace Keats (1895-1945)

1	Yellow Bracken	1'30	14	Columbine	2'05
2	In What Other Places Do You Live?	2'57	15	The Point Of Noon	3'19
3	We Sat Entwined	5'08	16	Moonlit Apples	3'20
4	The Orange Tree	5'05	17	Spring Breezes	2'16
5	Sea-Wraith	2'48	18	Fear	1'44
6	Galleons	1'44	19	Heaven Haven	2'35
7	Love's Secret	2'20	20	Versicle	1'10
8	Sun After Rain	3'43	21	Over The Quiet Waters	2'51
9	I Am Shut Out Of Mine Own Heart	5'29	22	Goldfish	2'50
10	White Heather	2'14	23	Plucking The Rushes	2'13
11	Of Old, On Her Terrace At Evening	3'45	24	The Fishing Pools	2'24
12	The Trespass	2'21	25	Once I Could Sit By The Fire Hour Long	3'12
13	Echo	4'07	26	The Roads Beside The Sea	2'27
			27	Drake's Call	2'50
				Total Playing Time	78'27

Wendy Dixon, *soprano* 1-4, 7-10, 13-17, 19, 21, 23, 25

John Pringle, *baritone* 5, 6, 11, 12, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27

Marina Marsden, *violin* 13

David Miller, *pianist*

Horace Keats

I want to say in music what the poet has said in words ..." responded the Australian composer, Horace Keats, to a question in the *Australian Composers Speak* series recorded by the ABC in 1945.

Born in London, England in 1895, Horace Keats left home at the age of 16 to earn his living as a pianist. He toured the countryside with concert parties (as they were known then) and later as the ship's pianist on various liners that sailed from the U.K. As a young man of 20 years he arrived in Australia in 1915 as accompanist to the American disease, Nella Webb. Here he met, amongst others, two prominent singers of the day, Ella Caspers and Peter Dawson. Both these artists prevailed on the young pianist to remain in Australia, which he did after seeking permission to break his contract with Webb. He later came to consider himself as first and foremost, an Australian.

In the years prior to commencing a lifetime association with the Australian Broadcasting Corporation (ABC), he toured throughout Australia as a pianist and conductor. This included involvement with the 'moving pictures' *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*, which saw him tour

from Perth to New Zealand, sometimes recruiting, training and conducting small orchestras, at other times, playing the theatre piano. This experience developed his unique skill to play the piano using an orchestral score.

In 1918, Horace Keats, met the young singer whom he was to marry, Janet le Brun. In later years in the course of her successful



Peter Dawson c. 1915

singing and broadcasting career, she adopted her professional name, Barbara Russell (the names of their first two children).

After some years of freelancing, he was engaged as the pianist for the Farmer & Co. Trio. This was to become the ensemble engaged by 2FC when they commenced broadcasting in 1923. Prior to this, both he and his wife had participated in the testing for musical broadcasts in studios situated on the Roof Garden of Farmers in Pitt Street, Sydney. It was from this trio that emerged, in the words of the ABC Weekly, "From 3 [members] to 45 and 80 for public concerts, is the record [of the beginning] of

the ABC's Sydney Orchestra ..."

Some years later, whilst in Perth with the ABC, Keats turned to composition. His wife was broadcasting from 6WF at the time and was in need of a greater variety of songs to sing. She was entranced by Chinese poetry and had found a number of lyrics but was unable to have them set. However during 1933, Frank Hutchens was also in Perth, so she approached him to set these lyrics. His response was, "No, we'll make Horace do them." Hutchens left a day or so after and as the train was pulling out of the station he lent out the window and called, "Hey Mrs. K. make Horace set



The original 2FC Orchestra founded during 1942. Horace Keats, conductor; Lionel Lawson, leader.

those songs for you.” Shortly after Keats set the poetry she selected, one of them, *Plucking the Rushes*, may be heard on this disc.

Problems were frequently experienced in obtaining permission to set Chinese lyrics, so Kenneth Mackenzie, a young writer who had been befriended by the Keats, agreed to write poetry in the Chinese idiom for the composer. This was gladly accepted and a number of Mackenzie lyrics were set. It is interesting that in these settings, Keats consistently used more whole tones than in his other songs and in so doing, was writing ahead of his contemporary Australians. Was it this that prompted Roger Covell to write many years later in *Australia's Music 1967* “In contrast to the coy warbling that degrades so much of Australian song-writing of the last fifty years Horace Keats ... had a touch in song-writing of a distinctly finer order ...”?

Eventually the Keats family returned to Sydney and some time later Mackenzie also moved across. It was through him that the composer was introduced to the poet, Hugh McCrae. Once more, another lifetime friendship was created. Both McCrae and Keats admired each other's work and regular correspondence flowed between them with many of the McCrae letters containing drawings when words would

not suffice. These became some of the composer's proudest possessions and copies may be seen in his biography, *A Poets Composer* by Brennan Keats or the originals viewed at the State Library, Sydney.

In the course of 1936 the composer and his wife, whilst at a dinner party, found displayed on a coffee table a book of Christopher Brennan poems. Barbara Russell, constantly looking for new words to sing, was struck by Brennan's work and wanted her husband to set them. Despite his protestations, the composer eventually went about making enquiries for permission to use the poetry and later won the exclusive rights to set Brennan's poetry during the composer's lifetime. The poet and composer were unknown to each other, although Keats recalls seeing Brennan in Sydney's Darlinghurst area with his distinctive pipe and his cloak billowing behind him as he strode down the street. As did many others, Keats considered the Brennan settings to be his finest. A visiting British critic, Neville Cardus, had been known to say that he could think of nothing worse than the train trip between Melbourne and Sydney, but that he would gladly endure it to hear a recital of the Brennan Songs.

Success in his aim to put poetry into his music is demonstrated by a letter to the

Sydney Morning Herald, 16 September 1936, by Kathleen Donovan, then Honorary Secretary of the Chris Brennan Committee who wrote: “All lovers of Brennan's work have noted the irresistible songfulness of some of his lyrics. No one has noticed it better than Horace Keats.” Later in the same letter she said: “... that hearing them, [the initial Brennan settings] we heard the fusion of two artists – the poet and the musician.” In 1941, the Australian poet, Hugh McCrae, wrote in a letter to the composer referring to the Brennan settings saying: “The settings ... restored Brennan to me ... the music more revelational than the words – or nature, the music opened the meaning of the words ... opened our mind to receive it. Positively you have become responsible for the apotheosis of a great poet.”

Horace Keats set the works of many other Australian and overseas poets and these songs are well represented in this recording and other records made over the years such as that made with the contralto Lauris Elms and Gordon Watson at the piano, recorded in 1972. He wrote for films, musicals, radio plays, as well as arranging a number of his songs for string quartets and small orchestras. It was sad that, at the height of his composing career,



Janet and Horace Keats

he died at 50 years of age. Shortly after, the distinct change in music away from a melodious to an atonal sound became apparent. It was Neville Cardus who was reputed to have said that had this composer lived he would have adapted to this change. It appeared that the Keats' songs were no

longer relevant in this period but it seems they have always been used by teachers and performed in the Horace Keats Section in the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Now there has been a return to melody and the Keats' songs have been welcomed back by audiences, and performers as well as continuing to be used teachers and students alike. This is understandable because Horace Keats was composing music that was well ahead of its time.

The Portrait

Six weeks after the composer's death, the artist, Dora Toovey, painted the portrait as seen on the cover. It represents those who played an important role in the creation of the Keats' Songs. The singer is Barbara Russell in the colour she always wore when singing a program of McCrae songs. Her face bears the sadness of one who has lost a dearly loved partner. Horace Keats is at the piano. Behind both of them is Christopher Brennan, his pipe to hand. Dora painted Brennan using the sketches that appear in the numerous books about him and sought advice as to colouring from his brother, Philip. Part of the music from the song, "I am Shut Out of mine Own Heart", sweeps across the bottom, a memento to the fact that it was the last

song ever performed by the composer and his wife. Worked into the background and looking directly up at the composer is the ghostly form of Barbara Russell's piano teacher, Ida Gurney, who accurately predicted that Horace Keats would become a composer. The portrait was submitted for the Archibald Prize in 1945 and so symbolised the contribution to Australian musical literature of one who rightly earned the title, *A Poet's Composer*.



1 Yellow Bracken

The poem *Yellow Bracken* by John Cowper Powys (who lived in Corwen, North Wales) was set by Horace Keats on 20 July 1937. Sir Charles Mackerras used the song in his youth as an oboe solo, doubtless using the original manuscript, which of course included the words. In 1995 Mackerras fondly recalled it as a song with a distinctly "blues ending," and how he made his first Australian Broadcasting Corporation broadcast of the work with the composer accompanying him. The nature of the work, which was described by the poet as a "little ditty," lends itself to the lightness that can characterise the oboe.

Taken from radio program notes, the composer recalls the circumstances of its setting, "*Yellow Bracken* is the only writing of Powys I have set, perhaps for the simple reason that I have little else of his. *Yellow Bracken* was copied out from memory for me by Kenneth Mackenzie (who has attained fair fame as an author) and who could not remember the origin of the poem but adjudged it to be an old Dorset verse, its authorship lost in antiquity. Eventually (after a matter of years) I came across a copy of *Wolf Solent*, a novel by Powys, in which the poem appeared. I wrote to the author, who with characteristic artistic abandon

replied, saying that he was proud to be the author of the line, but having sold the rights of the book to a publishing house, was not sure of his authority to give the necessary permission, but told me to go ahead as he liked the idea, and in any case it was easier that way!"

One of the strengths of Horace Keats' work is his piano accompaniments, which frequently stand in their own right and can with little or no modification, be used as piano solos. *Yellow Bracken* is no exception to this and so this arrangement has been made. In this case, the distinctive voice line has been incorporated into the existing piano part that has been filled out at times to add a little pianistic challenge and to reinforce parts where the piano allowed the voice or oboe to become more prominent.

There'll be yellow bracken beneath your head;
There'll be yellow bracken about your feet,
For the lass Long Thomas lays in's bed
Will have no blanket, will have no sheet.

My mother has sheets of linen white,
My father has blankets of purple dye.
But to my true-love have I come to-night
And in yellow bracken I'll surely lie.

In the yellow bracken he laid her down,
While the wind blew shrill and the river ran;

And never again she saw Shaftesbury town,
Whom Long Thomas had taken for his leman!

John Cowper Powys

2 In What Other Places Do You Live?

Horace Keats completed the setting of this poem on 9 September 1941. It is possible that both the poet, Russell Henderson, and composer were known to each other through a shared interest in another poet, Christopher Brennan. Henderson's interest is in evidence by an article he wrote on Brennan for *Hemisphere* many years later.

This is a love poem dedicated by Henderson to J. A. The person must have wielded considerable emotional power to inspire the wonderment so beautifully expressed in the poetry. This expression has been enhanced by music, strong at first, then drifting away in triplets leaving us wondering at "What slim stringed instrument sounds for you?"

In what other places do you live, with your blue
distant eyes,
your soft light hair blown by a mountain wind
and your fine features looking over the gold
green valley
beyond the far blue line of the hills?

In dim hallowed halls, shadow vaulted trellised

with thin sweet sad fluting;
where green and foamed waves break on a sweep of
yellow sands
where trees in the wind move against a summer sky?

Or in what vast rooms of the mind and time have
you your being?

What slim stringed music sounds for you?

Russell Henderson

3 We Sat Entwined

We Sat Entwined was noted by Neville Cardus as, "more closely related to Bantok's easygoing lushness in the piano part." It was the third Brennan setting by the composer following *Drowsy Chime* (which was for two voices), and was completed in late September 1936. At times punctuation in the song varies from the written text, however it would seem this was done to achieve more "musical sense."

Brennan wrote this poem in 1894, a year in which he found love, as well as a new range of possibilities in poetry. "Brennan began to fashion a poem out of the wooden emptiness and "voiceless misery" he had experienced before leaving Elisabeth. This poem (then called *Before Parting*, given the title *Trees ...* was the finest Brennan had yet written ..." Axel Clarke, *Christopher Brennan, a critical biography*.

We sat entwined an hour or two together
(how long I know not) underneath pine-trees
that rustled ever in the soft spring weather
stirr'd by the sole suggestion of the breeze:

We sat and dreamt that strange hour out together
fill'd with the sundering silence of the seas:
the trees moan'd for us in the tender weather
we found no word to speak beneath those trees.

but listen'd wondering to their dreamy dirges
sunder'd even then in voiceless misery;
heard in their boughs the murmur of the surges
saw the far sky as curv'd above the sea.

That noon seam'd some forgotten afternoon,
cast out from Life, where Time might scarcely be:
our old love was but remembered as some swoon;
Sweet, I scarce thought of you nor you of me

but, lost in the vast, we watched the minutes hasting
into the deep that sunders friend from friend
spake not nor stirr'd but heard the murmurs wasting
the silent distance without end:

so, whelm'd in that silence, seem'd to us as one
our hearts and all their desolate reverie,
the irresistible melancholy of the sun,
the irresistible sadness of the sea.

Christopher J. Brennan

4 The Orange Tree

In mid 1938, Keats set the mystical poem by John Shaw Neilson, *The Orange Tree*, to music. As far as we know, both poet and composer were unknown to each other. Neilson had been described as a mystic for whom words were used less to convey ideas and more to convey perceptions from "the other side."

A sense of mystery is struck in the opening words of the poem and thus a dialogue is set up with anxious questions from the writer attempting to ascertain the meaning of "a light, not of the sky lives somewhere in the Orange Tree." These persistent questions elicit a cry of "Silence" from the girl, and she makes plain her desire to listen like the orange tree. Each of the questions is given different thematic material by the composer, and each is separated by the opening melody in varying forms. It is with this opening phrase that we are reminded in the end, that the question as to the nature of "the light" remains unanswered.

The young girl stood beside me.
I saw not what her young eyes could see:
A light, she said, not of the sky
Lives some where in the Orange Tree.

Is it, I said, of east or west?
The heart beat of a luminous boy
Who with his faltering flute confessed
Only the edges of his joy?

Was he, I said, borne to the blue
in a mad escapade of Spring
Ere he could make a fond adieu
to his love in the blossoming?

Listen! the young girl said.
There call no voice, no music beats on me;
But it is almost sound:
it falls this evening on the Orange Tree.

Does he, I said, so fear the Spring
Ere the white sap too far can climb?
See in the full gold evening
all happenings of the olden time?

Is he so goaded by the green?
Does the compulsion of the dew
make him unknowable but keen
Asking with beauty of the blue?

Listen! the young girl said.
For all your hapless talk you fail to see
There is a light, a step, a call,
This ev'ning on the Orange Tree.

Is it, I said, a waste of love
I'm perishably old in pain,
Moving as an affrighted dove
Under the sunlight or the rain?

Is it a fluttering heart that gave
too willingly and was reviled?
Is it the stammering at the grave,
The last word of a little child?

Silence! the young girl said.
Oh, why, Why will you talk to weary me?
Plague me no longer now,
for I am listening like the Orange Tree.

John Shaw Neilson

5 Sea-Wraith

At the end of 1939, Keats set three poems by J.J. Donnelly – *The Promise*, *Chicago Stockyard Serenade* and *Sea-Wraith*. *Sea-Wraith* is a brooding song about a siren who, when perceived, would ensure a rapid descent to a watery grave for sailors who dared to look at her, for such is the superstition of sailors.

Listen to the piano tell of the woman's hair waving like the weeds over a shipwrecked sailor's grave, with a series of rising thirds and fourths, creating an atmosphere of watery gloom. This woman with eyes of green jade is well known to sailors who step back and rarely look as she passes by, for they alone are aware of the closeness between love and death.

The song returns to a steady movement and as the poem concludes, it tells of those sailors who did succumb to the woman's

looks, and now stare through the green film-like sea, eternally.

A woman walked by the water-front,
and her eyes were green as jade;
Her hair was like the weeds that wave
above a ship wrecked sailor's grave,
a sailor craving the balm of sleep
in the coral gardens of the deep.
The sailors standing upon the shore,
drew back as she passed them by.
Love and death are maidens twain
and he who looks, must look again.
The sky seems green through a film of sea,
to men who stare eternally.

J. J. Donnelly

6 Galleons

Poet, Kenneth Mackenzie, was a young man of 17 when he was introduced to the composer. At the time Keats, who had just begun composing, was experiencing difficulty in obtaining permission to set various Chinese poets, so Mackenzie volunteered to write poetry for the composer in the Chinese idiom. Over the years, many of Kenneth Mackenzie's poems were set including *Galleons*, which was completed in 1937.

You can see the Chinese influence in the simplicity of the words – the roll of the ships portrayed in the piano accompaniment,

and later, one may hear the wash of the waves in the words, "I might ask of the sea that swells beneath its cliff, what are its purposes?" Yet the ships roll on voiceless in to the setting moon, leaving the listener to guess the answer.

O ships of venturing
with your ghostly sails
mighty with winds of night,
blowing into the setting moon ...
what are your questings,
wither your voyages?

I might ask of the sea
that swells beneath its cliff
what are its purposes?
and have as little answering:
for the ships sail on,
voiceless, voiceless,
into the setting moon.

Kenneth Mackenzie

7 Love's Secret

Set to poetry by William Blake, *Love's Secret* was composed in February 1934 but not published until 1946. The composer, in a brief set of program notes, said of the poet, "... his works may be divided into three groups; first, *Songs of Innocence* and the like. Secondly, his prophetic books. These he

claimed were dictated by the angels. The last group comprises witty and scurrilous epigrams such as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. He was definitely a mystic and saw with such an eye.”

Never seek to tell thy love,
love that never told shall be;
For the gentle wind does move silently,
silently, invisibly.

I told my love,
I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.

Ah! She did depart.
Soon after she had gone from me,
a traveller came by,
silently invisibly:
He took her with a sigh.

William Blake

8 Sun After Rain

Poet, Hugh McCrae and Horace Keats both shared a strong mutual admiration. McCrae always exclaimed how thrilled he was that his poems were being set to music by one so brilliant. The composer on his part frequently claimed that the production of a song was a “two way street” with each participant contributing an equal share in

the work. Their friendship commenced in the late 30s and endured until the composer’s death in 1945. Not only was it confined to the setting of the poet’s work – McCrae, through his son-in-law, also used considerable political influence in an attempt against all odds to have the *Brennan Songs* published using a Commonwealth Literary Grant. Despite considerable additional backing from musical academics, a combination of WWII and the unusual nature of the project led to its failure.

It is interesting that in two poems (*O Deep And Dewy Hour* and *Sun After Rain*), McCrae wrote for friends or relatives bereaved by death. Although the composer was not preoccupied with death, it could be said that he was attracted by the way McCrae treated death: with great compassion for those left in its wake. *Sun After Rain* was set on 10 March 1941. It is a poem full of both the great tenderness, so much part of the poet, and the strong imagery he was capable of conveying by word. The composer was sympathetic to these qualities, as he ably demonstrated in this song. Consider the music in the following lines, “Let the tears flow far better than that the heart might break.” Can you not hear in the music these words being spoken by a kind friend to one flooded with sorrow? Listen to the piano as

we are born on wide wings through the villages of heaven, there to see slim lightning wink a fiery eye.

Let the tears flow far better so
Than that the heart might break
He loved, we know.
Dear, for your own sweet sake,
This comfort take:
Cometh plenty after dearth,
Sun after rain.
Surely, he’ll meet you somewhere, again,
Whether on earth
Or in the villages of heaven
Whose cottage lights are dim to us,
below our swaying green crested elm boles.
Swim to clearest ether,
on wide wings uplifted silently
Companioned by the whisperings of angels,
He will send to lead you through the
lonely skies,
where the slim lightning, turning in his sleep,
Winks fiery eyes.
Look down and mark this earth-speck creep
Smaller than grit
So small is your sorrow, smaller than it.

Hugh McCrae

9 I Am Shut Out Of Mine Own Heart

Horace Keats was to champion Australian poet, Christopher Brennan. It is interesting

to note Kenneth Mackenzie’s comment in the Australian *Blue Book* of 1946 regarding the composer’s choice of Brennan: “it is a curious irony that Keats, naturally a cheery man with a broad sense of humour and vigorous love of life, should have chosen as his favourite poet that poet of gloom and despair, that singer of beauty and death, that advocate of self denial, of worldly happiness and fleshly well being.” As it happened, it was Keats wife who was chiefly responsible for this choice. She saw a book of Brennan’s poems and persuaded her husband to set them.

I am Shut Out Of Mine Own Heart was written by Brennan in 1897. There is a spirit of solitariness as he anticipated his wedding, due to happen at the end of that year; listen to the opening words, “I am shut out of mine own heart because my love is far from me.” Keats set it to music in 1937.

How poignant it was that in the last recital by the composer and his wife, Keats chose this song as an encore on the very night he was to suffer the stroke which killed him some days later. Here lies the contradiction: for the poet, anticipation of wedded bliss, for the composer, a musical acknowledgement of pending death.

Despite the sadness that one is tempted to associate with this song, it was greatly

admired by many including Hugh McCrae who wrote, "... it's a fine song from all points of view ... the poet's, the composer's, the singer's, the listener's." The composer said of it, "What poignancy. Was Brennan awaiting the arrival of his bride from overseas? Waiting with doubt in his heart? I know not, but of all the poems of yearning and longing this is as fine as I have heard."

I am shut out of mine own heart
because my love is far from me,
nor in the wonders have I part
that fill its hidden empery:

The wildwood of adventurous thought
and lands of dawn my dream had won,
the riches out of Faery brought
are buried with our bridal sun.

And I am in a narrow place,
and all its little streets are cold,
because the absence of her face
has robb'd the sullen air of gold.

My home is in a broader day:
at times I catch it glistening
thro' the dull gate, a flower'd play
and odour of undying spring:

the long day that I lived alone,
sweet madness of the springs I miss'd,
are shed beyond, and thro' them blown
clear laughter, and my lips are kiss'd:

– and here, from mine own joy apart,
I wait the turning of the key,
I am shut out of mine own heart,
because my love is far from me.

Christopher Brennan

10 White Heather

Edith Sterling Levis was a playwright and poet whom Keats greatly admired. His appreciation of her poetry encouraged him to set a number of her poems, most of which were published.

White Heather, to a poem of the same name by Edith Sterling Levis, was completed on 13 August 1943 and published by Palings on 11 November 1943. The composer said of this song, "[a] breath of Ireland. Really an experience of Mrs. Levis when visiting that country. She was invited by a cousin to pick white heather, but really thought that Australian trees and wild flowers are more colourful and bounteous in growth. However she wrote the verse to imitate the peculiar Cork'ian rising and falling of voice so apparent in her cousin's speaking."

Keats received early musical training in Brompton Oratory London, and you can hear this influence come through in this song. Needless to say there is a lilt in the music, except when it comes to the proud statement marked in the music "*piu forte*"

and "*molto sostenuto*" – "And I am a child of the Sun and the Southland" – definitely no lilt in that utterance!

If time permitted, the opening bars of *White Heather* were frequently used by the composer as a signature tune (replacing *She Walks in Beauty*) when he completed a broadcast. It was frequently heard when he was rostered as Mr. Melody Man in the ABC's Children's Session.

He said we would gather white heather bells
growing in cool leafy places in Kilnawoodthe.
"I know where the fairies have hidden the darling
in yonder green forest" said Patsy to me.
But great copper beeches are glowing like torches,
and hyacinths sway like a lapis blue sea.
There's silver rain slanting on honey gold bracken,
and lichens are gleaming in Kilnawoodthe.
There's a sudden bronze glint of a pheasant's
wing flashing
a robin's breast burns from the jade of a tree
And tawny furze riots in a wild splendour breaking
where the mountains come down to meet
Kilnawoodthe.
And I am a child of the Sun and the Southland
and colour's a flame in the glad heart of me.
So how should I seek the pale heather bells dreaming
above the cool mosses of Kilnawoodthe.

Edith Sterling Levis

11 Of Old, On Her Terrace At Evening

Of Old, On Her Terrace At Evening was the last Brennan poem that the composer was to set, it being completed on 20 June 1945 almost exactly two months before his death. He had recently returned from a recording session in Melbourne, a city full of the memories of his eldest son recently killed in action on HMAS *Canberra*, a death from which Keats was never to fully recover. Listen to the measured treatment in the piano of a perceived foreboding in the middle of the song beginning with the lines, "Our gaze dwelt wide on the blackness." Is it that those words resonated with the composer who by now was sure of his pending death?

The poem for Brennan, however, was another love poem, in fact he appended the title 'Romance' to it. Yet even for him, one may see a longing for Eden expressed, where despite being "Close-locked in that passionate arm clasp," there is still a "tearless infinite yearning for some long-gone kingdom."

Of old, on her terrace at evening
– not here – in some long-gone kingdom
oh, folded close to her breast!

Our gaze dwelt wide on the blackness
(was it trees? or a shadowy passion
the pain of an old-world longing

that it sobb'd that it swell'd, that it shrank?)
– the gloom of the forest
blurr'd soft on the skirt of night-skies
that shut in our lonely world.

Not here – in some long-gone world ...

Close-lock'd in that passionate arm-clasp
no word did we utter, we stirr'd not:
the silence of Death, or of Love.
Only, round and over us,
that tearless infinite yearning,
and the Night with her spread wings rustling,
folding us with the stars.

Not here – in some long-gone kingdom
of old, on her terrace at evening,
oh, folded close to her heart!

Christopher Brennan

12 The Trespass

The composer used the following notes in a broadcast circa 1940, “Hugh McCrae who wrote the sonnet *The Trespass* is living in Sydney, and I'm sorry to say has recently lost his life partner Nancy, a wonderful helpmeet(?) to such a man. Most of my listeners probably know McCrae as well as I, but for those who do not, I tell you that he is a big man, big and tall with a huge voice and a heart so great that it seems impossible even for his size to contain it.

McCrae always expressed delight when I set any of this poems and was keen that I should set the works of others also, going so far as to spend hours copying some of their poetry to send me with that object in view. True great heartedness. A letter from him always included a sketch in which his wit is displayed in no uncertain manner [many of these letters may be viewed in *A Poet's Composer*, the biography of Horace Keats, and are also now held in the State Library, Sydney], I have many of these sketch letters which I assure you are among my most highly treasured possessions.”

O Love, to feel your lips again on mine!
To draw your breath like honey from the tree,
to marvel, while your heart's red flashing wine
Washt sorrow from your cheek's white memory;
To know your print forgiveness of my shame
in ev'ry love lit kiss that you bestow.

The hidden praise within the playful blame
as diamond on diamond doth glow!
Stay, and stay forever, sunny time!
Put chains upon the dial's flying shade
so never storm of pelting flood or rime
dis glorify this summer we have made.

But no, dear love! The trespass I'll repeat,
Since you have made the punishment so sweet.

Hugh McCrae

13 Echo

Christina Rossetti was the daughter of an Italian patriot who came to England in 1824. She published a number of books of poems mainly of a religious and melancholy nature.

The song *Echo* was completed during January 1936, the same year that Horace Keats embarked upon setting the poems of Christopher Brennan. The music in *Echo* gives a little hint of what was to come with the Brennan Songs.

After publishing both the song and song with obbligato, the publisher incorporated the melodic voice line into the already rich piano accompaniment and so produced the piano solo. This was done to make a unique piece of Australian composition available to a wider musical public.

As you listen to the words, “Come to me in the silence of night,” you may be tempted to await the unravelling of a delicate bewitchment. This is not to be. Instead one is left to ponder great passion once shared or dreamed of, now lost to Paradise, home of “souls brimful of love.” A Paradise wherein one is locked together with those whose “thirsting, longing eyes, watch the slow door that opening, letting in, lets out no more.”

A repeating musical theme appearing at the end of each of the phrases allows time for reflection upon the words sung to a lullaby reflecting on a love long ago, “how long ago.”

Come to me in the silence of the night
Come in the speaking silence of a dream.
Come with soft rounded cheeks,
and eyes as bright as sunlight on a stream.

Come back in tears, O memory
Hope, Love of vanished years.
O Dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
whose wak'ning should have been in Paradise,
where souls brimful of love, abide, and meet.

Where thirsting, longing eyes watch the slow door
that opening, letting in, lets out no more.
Yet to come to me in dreams, that I may give my
very life again,
though cold in death.

Come back to me in dreams, that I may give pulse
for pulse,
Breath for breath.
Speak low, lean low, as long ago, my love how long ago.

Christiana Rossetti

14 Columbine

Hugh McCrae took great delight in Horace Keats' setting of this poem. McCrae noted

that, “Columbine shames the clown, perplexes Harlequin, and easily avoids him.” The original publishers of the piece, Chappell & Co. Ltd., Sydney, described the composer’s setting saying, “After a vigorous opening, the music, as befits the poem, becomes lightsome and dainty.”

McCrae expressed his delight of song by sending Keats and his wife one of his drawings, a favoured method of communication frequently used by him. It has an over-all wash of blue. The Rocks is in the foreground while in the background, the Sydney Harbour Bridge is depicted as a treble clef. Sketched into the Bridge’s structure are the words “Columbine Columbine.” On the back was written,

For very dear Jan
and very dear Horrie
from very dear Hugh

Horace Keats, in turn, was clearly delighted by the poem. He said, “Columbine, not the usual plain picture of Columbine, no! A dramatic clearing of the stage. ‘Exit the ribald clown.’ Away with all that might detract from Columbine’s beauty and daintiness. Let her have the stage and well lit to dance around. No wonder McCrae likes this poem better than most of his [others].”

Listen to the music following the mood of the words and listen to the musical excitement in the first three stanzas of the poem. Then, for the last two, there follows a highly reflective passage. The high piano notes tinkle over a sustained bass line to create a tranquil atmosphere. Hear the cello (left hand of the piano) softly alternating with the voice, until we are left with an image of Columbine, hovering there as the piano skips away in tempo piano subito (literally quickly and quietly) to finish with two little ‘twinks’. Then she is gone. Here is perfect interaction between poet and the composer.

Exit the ribald clown –

Enter like bubbling wine,
Lighter than thistle down,
Sweet little Colombine.

Whist! and behold the game

Long eyes and pointed chin.
Paler than candle flame,
At her feet Harlequin.

Look, look how their shadows run,
Swift as she flies from him! –
Moths in the morning sun,
Out of a garden dim.

Faint through the fluttering
Fall of a flute divine,

Softly the ‘cellos sing:
“Colombine” “Colombine”

Softly the ‘cellos sing:
“Colombine” “Colombine”

Hugh McCrae

15 The Point Of Noon

To satisfy the requirements of Brennan’s literary executors, Keats was required to set a poem for their ears only, the understanding being that if they disapproved the work was to be destroyed. On 1 September 1936 the first poem to be set, *The Point Of Noon*, was completed. The executors did approve, and for his lifetime the composer was granted exclusive rights to set Brennan’s poetry.

The point of noon is past, outside: light is asleep;
brooding upon its perfect hour: the woods are deep
and solemn, fill’d with unseen presences of light
that glint, allure, and hide them; ever yet more bright
(it seems) the turn of a path will show them:
nay, but rest;
seek not, and think not; dream and know not;
this is best:
the hour is full; be lost: whispering, the woods
are bent,
This is the only revelation; be content.

Christopher Brennan

16 Moonlit Apples

The composer tells of the background of the poem in broadcast notes prepared about 1940. “The exquisite delicacy of his poem *Moonlit Apples* is I hope portrayed in my setting which will be sung. The beauty of English apples laid in rows on floor and racks, bathed in the moonlight of a summer night is well pictured in Drinkwater’s poem. Drinkwater in his early youth was keenly interested in amateur theatrical performances, and during an interlude in a rehearsal of a play at a country house in England chose a loft where apples were stored and the moon shining into the window to declare his love. Very many years afterwards, the memory of this romantic and far distant hour inspired this beautiful poem.”

Listen to the piano prepare a calm atmosphere early in the song. Hear a cloud drift by followed by the scratching of a mouse. Listen to the quiet and the steady ticking of a clock in the silent house. Yet despite the muted activity within the house, the apples in the orchard keep tryst with the moon and gather its silver beams to become “moon-washed apples of wonder.”

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
and the skylight lets the moonlight in,

and those apples are deep-sea apples of green.
There goes a cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches,
and then there is no sound at the top of the house
of men or mice;
and the cloud is blown, and the moon again
dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy
beams;
on the sagging floor; they gather the silver streams
out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams.
And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep,
and stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
tryst with the moon, and deep in the silence,
deep on moon washed apples of wonder.

John Drinkwater

17 Spring Breezes

Spring Breezes, what happiness for poet and composer! The poem was written in 1897 by Christopher Brennan, anticipating the arrival of his new bride, and set to music in August of 1939 by Keats. Such delight in the light hearted accompaniment. The rise and fall of the piano part portraying the light breeze on tropic waters as it speeds the poet's wife to be, to her most ardent lover. The solemn command by the poet to the

wind to "bring her tenderly over a subject sea" stressed by the only chords in the song.

For Keats as well, all was happiness; the birth of his youngest son, success in a collaboration with the English poet Herbert Brandon – this is a song of joy, in fact the most joyful of all the Brennan poems set by Horace Keats.

Spring breezes over the blue,
now lightly frolicking in some tropic bay,
go forth to meet her way,
for here the spell hath won and dream is true.
O happy wind, thou that in her warm hair
mayst rest and play!
could I but breathe all longing into thee,
so where thy viewless wing
as flame or thought, hastening her shining way.

And now I bid thee bring
tenderly hither over a subject sea
that golden one whose grace hath made me king,
and, soon to glad my gaze at shut of day,
loosen'd in happy air
her charmed hair.

Christopher Brennan

18 Fear

As the official accompanist for the ABC, Horace Keats accompanied all the leading singers that came to Australia, one of whom

was the baritone, Sydney de Fries. *Fear* was set for de Fries, being completed by August 1935. He and other singers used it extensively both in Australia and overseas. Based on the prose of Michel Montaigne, the song explores the perils of wealth and the freedoms associated with comparative poverty. Although the song was considered very worthwhile it remained unpublished until recently because, in the words of the publishers, Allans, "it is very fine from a musical and artistic point of view, but is essentially an art song, and its appeal would be limited to only the most talented of singers." It must be remembered that most music published in those days was for "around the home piano, singing," where, naturally, talents were somewhat limited. However it was greatly appreciated where it was sung, as the Broadcasting Service in New Zealand bears witness, "... your setting of *Fear* is well remembered here and has excited much favourable comment."

Fear! Fear! Fear!
Such as are in continual fear to lose their goods.
To be banished or to be subdued live in
unceasing agony,
unceasing agony and languor.
And thereby often lose both their drinking,
their eating,
and their rest.

Whereas the poore, the banished, the seely servants
live often as carelessly and as pleasantly, as the other.
Whereas the poore, the banished, the seely servants,
live often as carelessly and as pleasantly as the other
Fear! Fear! Fear!

Michel Montaigne

19 Heaven Haven

Heaven Haven, set to a poem by Gerard Manly Hopkins, was composed as a present for Keats' wife, on 14 June 1937. Shortly after it's composition, the song was performed at a country school, Elm Court Dominican Convent, Moss Vale, and it was proposed by the Convent that it be performed on future occasions when a nun takes the veil. This was not however to be the case.

I have desired to go where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail.
And a few lilies blow.
And I have asked to be where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manly Hopkins

20 Versicle

Versicle was composed on 30 September 1940 as a 'time filler' for an impending broadcast. The composer was to say of it:

“The idea of describing a song as ‘a little gem’ does not appeal to me much. But, if from an aeroplane you could look over a vast tract of land and see just one little spot where the trees are a shade greener, and the streamlet catches a glint of sunlight, then that little spot becomes the centre of beauty to attract your eyes. Thus in the book of lovely verse by Hugh McCrae, after you have read it and are feeling happier for the reading thereof, you come to the last page and lo! The grass is a shade greener and the water sparkles because of four lines of verse. Just four lines and they appear immensely.”

I dreamt you were a dream,
And hardly breathed for fear
Of waking: ne'er to dream
Of you, again ... my dear ...

Hugh McCrae

21 Over The Quiet Waters

Keats had a purely business relationship with Herbert Brandon. Correspondence was confined to publishing details and prospective markets. Despite this and his commitment to Australian writers, numerous Brandon poems were set and quite a number of them were published during the War years – quite a feat in its own right. Brandon would send up to 40 or 50 poems

at a time by sea mail to the composer. Keats wondered where Brandon had heard of him. Brandon replied: “I am a very prolific writer and have had some 500 songs published by Chappell, Boosey, Aschenberg, Cramer, Enoch, Ashdown etc etc., in fact nearly all leading publishers both in England and USA. If you are a prolific composer we should be able to fix up a lot of songs with English and American publishers. I got your address from Aschenbergs and wrote to them through seeing one of your songs (I forgot the title mentioned in *Musical Opinion*). All good wishes and may good luck attend our collaboration.”

No date is available for the composition of *Over The Quiet Waters*, but given the dedication of the song – to the memory of Keats’ eldest son, Russell, killed in action whilst serving on *HMAS Canberra* – the work must have been written after August 1942. The words of the poem expressed the composer’s thoughts at the time. There is a constant haunting and longing particularly in the words, “ever your dear song whispers” and “some day you’ll come to me.” The composer’s wife could never sing this song, in fact it was hard for her to listen to its haunting beauty.

Over the quiet waters,
A song comes through the night
While the weary earth is sleeping
And the stars are shining bright
Born on the twilight shadows,
Over the dreaming sea,
Ever your dear song whispers,
Still you remember me.

Over the quite waters,
I hear your voice again
And it brings the old time gladness,
And the old time tears and pain
Into the heart that loves you
Creeps like a new ecstasy;
Ever your dear song whispers,
Some day you’ll come to me
Some day you’ll come to me.

Herbert Brandon

22 Goldfish

Goldfish, another poem by Kenneth Mackenzie, was completed during 1935. The simplicity of the poem speaks of the Chinese influence that Mackenzie was keen to achieve. The lazy timeless movement one associates with these creatures is stated by the accompaniment in varying rhythms at the beginning of the song. At about the time Mackenzie wrote the poem, he had just met the young woman who was to

become his wife; no doubt the gold of the fish reminded him of her hair as he observed the slow parade of beauty moving before him. The scene painted by the poetry and sound drifts away with three bell-like chords to close the song.

Slowly moving in their tideless world of water,
and still bright weed.

They are more lovely than the gold
and the jewels in my beloved’s hair,
or the red gold of summer morn,
or the pallid flame of winter sunlight in rain
wet afternoons.

They are the notes of a song from my beloved’s throat.
Slowly rising in a timeless world seals of its silences.

Kenneth Mackenzie

23 Plucking The Rushes

Horace Keats’ wife was very fond of Chinese poetry, so it was natural that his first settings should draw on that source. He said of Chinese poetry, when some people claimed he must have had Oriental blood to have captured the mood of these poets so well, “My father is truly English and my mother as Irish as possible. So my liking for Chinese poetry is not accounted for thusly. I really think that it must be direct simplicity [of the poetry] that appeals to me and many others.”

The very simple accompaniment to the anonymous fourth century Chinese poem (translated by Arthur Waley), suggests the paddling of a boat in very calm water; listen for the descending chords, so tranquil. As the pair start at dawn from the Orchid Island, they speak of their rest to that same paddling theme. The confession is made, “had not plucked a handful when night came,” and drifting away, the song concludes.

Green rushes with red shoots,
long leaves bending to the wind.
You and I in the same boat
plucking rushes at the Five Lakes
We started at dawn from the Orchid Island.
We rested under the elms at noon.
You and I plucking rushes,
Had not plucked a handful when night came.

Anonymous Chinese

24 The Fishing Pools

The Fishing Pools was completed on 1 April 1934. Notice its simplicity due to the Chinese influence. The poem, by Kenneth Mackenzie, is in three themes: the first is of brothers indulging in that childlike delight of fishing in the pools that adorn rock platforms worldwide; the second theme talks of the mood, “the lamp of the evening” as it swings low over the tide that

will inevitably cover those pools; and lastly, a description using beautiful imagery, of how those pools will become “mirror of tomorrow’s Dawn.”

The music is at first light, as the brothers fish in the deep green pools, then the rise of the tide is heralded by a more sombre note. Listen to those final chords in the piano part and watch in your mind’s eye as the sunrise turns the pools orange and red with its rays, so mirroring the morrow’s dawn.

In the deep green pools
Among rocks and broken coral,
My brothers and I fished all day in the sunlight,
But when the lamp of the evening
Swings low over the rising tide
Blue and sleepy were the pools we left,
Waiting for the night to cover them,
And for the slow waves to fill them again
for mirrors of tomorrow’s Dawn.

Kenneth Mackenzie

25 Once I Could Sit By The Fire Hourlong

The poem, an early one in the Brennan series of poems known as *The Wanderer*, was written at a time of change in both poetic and domestic direction for the poet. Keats too, had experienced musical and domestic change, so it is interesting to note

that this was the Brennan poem he chose to set at this particular time of this life. Further, the lives of both artists were about to rapidly decline: for the poet, an already existing marital strain reaching breaking point; for the composer, the pain of his eldest son’s death at sea coupled with a sense of his own impending death which occurred two years later. It can be said that this song encapsulates the hope, impact and decline we experience in our lives.

The mood of *Once I Could Sit By The Fire Hourlong*, and the music it subsequently evoked for the composer in April 1943, is at once quite clear. The overall contentment felt in the past is overlaid with a shadow of despair. The music is portraying the opening lines by moving along with a steady piano part. As we are lulled away, the song drifts into silence. Then – “*Drammatico*” – an abrupt change of pace. Words and sharp chords disperse the silence: “Now, when I hear I am cold within: for my mind drifts wide”; then – “*poco accel.*” – a scramble of words and music: “where the blessing is shed for naught on the salt waste of the sea, on the valleys that hold no rest and the hills that may not abide”; and so, back to the original musical theme, the words this time portray a life even more meaningless: “and the fire

loses its warmth and my home is far from me.”

Once I could sit by the fire hourlong when the
dripping eaves
sang cheer to the sheltr’d, and listen, and know that
the woods drank full,
and think of the morn that was coming and how
the freshen’d leaves
would glint in the sun and the dusk beneath would
be bright and cool.

Now, when I hear I am cold within: for my mind
drifts wide
where the blessing is shed for naught on the salt
waste of the sea,
on the valleys that hold no rest and the hills that
may not abide:
and the fire loses its warmth and my home is far
from me.

Christopher Brennan

26 The Roads Beside The Sea

Keats completed *The Roads Beside The Sea* to a poem by Herbert Brandon, on 27 October 1941. It was accepted for publication by Chappell & Co. Ltd. on 12 March 1942, and recorded for Columbia by Harold Williams with the composer at the piano on 21 April of that year. Keats was so popular at this time that his songs were being accepted almost as quickly as

he could write them.

The song expresses the fears and hopes that must have been experienced by all overseas travellers during the war years, and because his eldest son was in the Royal Australian Navy at the time, the dedication of the song to him seems particularly poignant. There is a story that the recording mentioned above was actually transported to his son's ship as it was passing through Sydney Heads.

When you go down the quiet roads
That run beside the sea,
In mem'ry of the bygone days
I know you'll think of me.
For ev'ry wave up on the shore,
And ev'ry seagull's cry,
Will speak of joys that can never fade,
And love that cannot die.
When you go to the harbour side,
And ships put out to sea,
To voyage half a world away,
Then think a while of me.
And when the ships come back again,
Safe on the Homeland shore,
Oh! Listen what they say for me
I'll soon be home once more.

Herbert Brandon

27 Drake's Call

This is a setting of another poem by Herbert Brandon, the original title being *Sir Francis*. Keats requested permission from Brandon to set this poem but was advised that an American composer was also showing interest, however, he would like to save it for Keats. The song was published by Chappell & Co. in 1943 and later recorded by Peter Dawson.

A starless night lay on the sea
To southward far away,
Above the sound of wind and wave,
Drake's drum began to play.
Then with his Drum I heard Drake's call
ring down the Channel over all.

"Foes shall hear my Drum down Channel;
they shall hear it in the west;
While our dear old Flag is flying;
till the seas are all at rest;
Where soever fleets go sweeping,
For a thousand years to come;
Still patrolling loudly rolling,
they shall hear Sir Francis' Drum!"

Unguarded lay the darken'd sea,
as viewed by mortal eye;
And yet I knew, by all unseen,
Grim phantom fleets were nigh.

The Drum rolled out, and, hid from sight,
The voice of Drake rang through the night.

"Foes shall hear my Drum down Channel;
They shall hear it in the west;
While our dear old Flag is flying;
till the seas are all at rest;
Where soever fleets go sweeping;
For a thousand and years to come;
Still patrolling, loudly rolling,
They shall hear Sir Francis' Drum!"

Herbert Brandon

Annotations by Brennan Keats

Wendy Dixon

Since Wendy Dixon's arrival in Australia 1987, she has sung and performed a wide range of Australian music, continuing a commitment to recently composed music that was begun in New Zealand, where she performed a wide range of New Zealand music, including compositions commissioned by her and others for her.

In Australia she has performed works by Gillian Whitehead (*Hotspur* in the old Broadwalk Studio; plus excerpts in Canberra), Moya Henderson (title role in *Lindy* for Opera Australia), Brenton Broadstock (*Fahrenheit 451* for Sydney Metropolitan Opera, Michael Whittacker (Marie in *Gesualdo* for Opera Australia), Martin Friedel (*Foxy* for Sydney Metropolitan Opera), Allan Holley (*Gold Songs* for Kuring-gai Virtuosi), Peggy Glanville-Hicks (songs for Grevillea Ensemble), Margaret Sutherland (songs for Grevillea Ensemble), Alfred Hill (for Grevillea Ensemble) and the songs of Horace Keats as heard on this CD.

Wendy Dixon is an active recitalist, as well as being known as an opera singer (guest artist with Opera Australia and other opera companies throughout Australia and New Zealand) performs regularly as a

founding member of Grevillea Ensemble, also giving joint recitals with David Miller. She always includes 20th century music and where ever possible, Australian content.

Wendy Dixon teaches at the Access Centre, Sydney Conservatorium, as well as maintaining a busy private studio.

John Pringle

John Pringle was born in Melbourne, where he graduated as a pharmacist, before studying singing and percussion.

He won the Adelaide Aria and Melbourne Sun Aria, before going to Rome for further study. He has been a member of Opera Australia since 1967 and has sung much of the lyric baritone repertoire, including the Mozart roles of Figaro, Count Almaviva, Don Giovanni, Leporello, Guglielmo, Don Alfonso and Papageno; Rossini's Barber; Verdi's Falstaff and Ford; Gianni Schicchi, Marcello, Sharpless and other Puccini roles; Eugene Onegin; Beckmesser in *Die Meistersingers* and many other parts, across a wide spectrum of operas. He has also appeared with the state opera companies of Australia. Internationally, he has been a guest artist with Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Paris Autumn Festival and Paris Theatre Musical and performed in

Nancy, Cologne, Brussels, Turin, San Diego and Los Angeles. He is a regular recitalist and concert artist, having sung with all the Symphony Australia orchestras. He played Judge Grey in the film *Black River* and appeared as Alphonse Daudet in Melvyn Morrow's one-man show, *Postcards from Provence*.

In 1988, John Pringle was made a Member of the Order of Australia (AM) and in 1999 he was appointed Conjoint Professor in the Department of Vocal Studies at Newcastle University Conservatorium.

Marina Marsden

Marina Marsden completed her Performers' Diploma (DSCM) on violin with distinction at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music in 1984, studying with Alice Waten. From 1985 to 1989, she furthered her studies at the Vienna Musikhochschule with Professor Gerhard Schulz, (member of the Alban Berg Quartet) and gained her Diploma in Performance in 1989. This study was assisted by a number of Austrian and Australian scholarships, which included an Australia Council grant and a Queen Elizabeth II Jubilee Award.

Marina Marsden was a Concertmaster

of the Bruckner Orchestra in Linz (Austria) from 1990 to 1992. In 1992 Marina returned to Australia to become Associate Concertmaster of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and since then has appeared as Guest Concertmaster with the Queensland, Adelaide and Tasmanian Symphony Orchestras.

From 1995 to 1999 she was a member of the Sydney-based chamber ensemble, Ku-ring-gai Virtuosi, touring with them for Musica Viva, including a tour to Vietnam in 1998. She is a founding member of the chamber group, Grevillea Ensemble, with pianist David Miller and soprano Wendy Dixon. Marina travelled to Austria and the USA on a Churchill Fellowship in 1997.

As soloist and chamber musician, Marina Marsden has recorded for ABC Classics, Move Records and Tall Poppies. Her recording of *Margaret Sutherland – The Chamber Music with Strings* received the 1999 Australian Music Centre Award for Most Distinguished Contribution to the Presentation of Australian Composition by an Individual. She is editor of the 2000 edition of Margaret Sutherland's Violin Sonata for Currency Press. She has appeared as soloist with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, Adelaide Chamber orchestra and Canberra Symphony Orchestra.

Marina Marsden has been the Assistant Concertmaster with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra since 1995 and lectures in violin at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. She plays a Eugenio Degani violin, made in Venice in 1892.

David Miller

The pianist David Miller is widely recognized as one of Australia's leading chamber musicians and vocal accompanists. The Sydney Morning Herald has described him as "the role model of Australian accompanists" and in the Queen's Birthday 1995 Honours List he was appointed a member of the Order of Australia (AM) for his service to music.

His distinguished career has included partnerships with many internationally renowned singers and instrumentalists including Joan Carden, Boris Belkin, Raphael Wallfisch, Marilyn Richardson, Lauris Elms, John-Mark Ainsley, Luigi Alva, John Pringle, Takako Nishisaki, Liane Keegan, Leonard Sharrow, Meir Rimon, Alain Marion, Igor Ozim, and Daniel Stolper.

He is a founding member of the innovative Grevillea Ensemble with soprano Wendy Dixon and violinist Marina Marsden. He has also been involved with a number of other Australian chamber ensembles including

The Huntington Piano Trio, Flederman, The Song Company, The Australia Ensemble, Ensemble 24, The Canberra Wind Soloists and the Ku-ring-gai Virtuosi. His performing schedule has taken him to the United Kingdom, New Zealand, Indonesia, Japan, China, Saudi Arabia, New Caledonia, Korea and Vietnam as well as through most parts of Australia.

He works regularly for the ABC and Musica Viva Australia and has recorded for ABC Classics, Walsingham Classics, Tall Poppies, Vox Australis and 2MBS-FM. His current extensive catalogue includes three volumes of Australian flute music, the first complete recording of Martin Wesley-Smith's musical "Boojum!" with the Sydney Philharmonia Motet Choir.

David Miller has been on the staff of Sydney Conservatorium of Music since 1980 and in 1995 was appointed as the first chair of the newly formed Ensemble Studies Unit, with responsibility for Chamber Music/Accompaniment tuition at both graduate and undergraduate levels. He has also conducted master classes and given lectures for universities, conservatoriums, music organizations and conferences in many parts of Australia and Asia.

Executive Producers Robert Patterson, Lyle Chan
Product Manager Anna-Lisa Whiting
Recording Producer
Recording Engineer
Mastering Thomas Grubb
Booklet Design Imagecorp Pty Ltd
Photography ABC Stills
Cover Painting Dora Toovey

Recorded

Music published by Wirripang
wirripang.com.au

© 2002 Australian Broadcasting Corporation.
© 2002 Australian Broadcasting Corporation.
Distributed in Australasia by Universal Classics & Jazz,
a division of Universal Music Group, under exclusive licence.
Made in Australia. All rights of the owner of copyright reserved.
Any copying, renting, lending, diffusion, public performance or
broadcast of this record without the authority of the copyright
owner is prohibited.



BLANK FOR NOW



BLANK FOR NOW