



# Dāvana

*A Latvian gift*

**Aldis Sils** Guest Conductor

Elder Hall • 7:30 PM Saturday 7 September



**SEASON**  
**2024**

We acknowledge that we are on Kurna Miyurna land. We respect the ongoing spiritual relationship of the Kurna people with their country, and recognise their cultural heritage and beliefs, as well as their custodianship of the Adelaide region. We also pay our respect to the cultural authority of Aboriginal people attending from other areas of Australia.



We'd like to thank everyone who helped bring this concert to fruition, particularly:

Dr Carl Crossin OAM, our patron

Nerissa Pearce, Marco Callisto, and Leonie Hempton, our répétiteurs

Karl Geiger, our Director of Music

Kate Sautner from Unley Town Hall and Matīss Reinhardts from Latvian Hall, our rehearsal venues

Martin Victory at Elder Hall, our concert venue

Latvian Association of South Australia, Adelaides Latviesu biedrība, for publicity assistance

Padric McGee, our sound engineer

Kaden Davies, for presenting visual slides

Andrew Moschou, our graphic designer

Diana Treijs, for pronunciation assistance

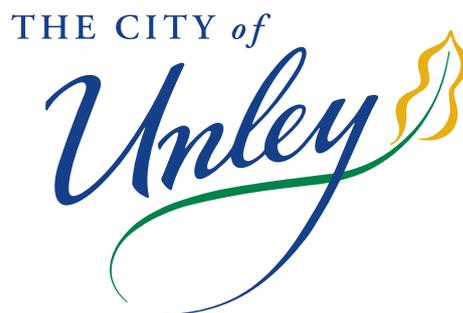
James Field, for photographs of the choir

Margot Blanch, for architectural sketches

Grads committee — David Shields, Genevieve Spalding, Madeline Turnbull, Nadia Gencarelli, Riana Chakravarti and Sarah O'Brien

Our front-of-house volunteers — Amelia Holds, Trudie Jackson, Andrew Moschou, Mark Roberts, and Graham Yuile

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- LŪCIJA GARŪTA **Mūsu Tēvs debesīs**
- VIKTORS BAŠTIKS **Rekviēms**
- Lūgšana
- Tikai vēja pūsma...  
*Soloist* Lisa Catinari
- Miera dārzā  
*Soloists* Genevieve Spalding, David Shields
- Svētīgi tie
- Redzi, es saku jums noslēpumu  
*Soloist* Greg John  
*Trio* Damien Day, David Shields, David Vinall
- Kungs, kas mājās Tavā dzīvoklī?
- Es zinu, dzīvs mans Glābējs
- Mūsu Tēvs debesīs
- INTERMISSION
- JURIS VAIVODS **Apkal manu kumeliņu**
- VALTS PŪCE **Ik rudeni valodiņa**  
*Soloists* Melinda Pike, Lisa Catinari
- Folk song*  
*arr.* Emilis Melngailis **Tumša nakte, zaļa zāle**
- Folk song*  
*arr.* Ārijs Šķepasts **Es gulu, gulu**  
*Soloist* Riana Chakravarti
- BRUNO SKULTE **Aijā**  
*arr.* Aldis Sils
- ĒRIKS EŠENVALDS **Dvēseles dziesma**  
*Soloists* Melinda Pike, Greg John, Susan Brooke-Smith
- ĒRIKS EŠENVALDS **My song**  
*Soloists* Susan Murdoch, Susan Brooke-Smith
- Folk song*  
*arr.* Imants Ramiņš **Pūt, vējiņi**  
*Soloist* Philip Moxham
- JĀZEPS VĪTOLS **Gaismas pils**
- MĀRTIŅŠ BRAUNS **Saule, Pērkons, Daugava**

# Guest musicians



## Aldis Sils

### Guest Conductor

Aldis Sils is a well-respected choral director and educator. He is the musical director of the Adelaide Philharmonia Chorus and has been a teacher at Marryatville High School's Special Interest Music Centre for over 25 years, and was its Head of Music for over 10 years. His Latvian heritage has given him the opportunity to introduce Australian audiences to a variety of Latvian and Baltic choral music.

Aldis has sung with Adelaide Chamber Singers, the State Opera South Australia chorus, and various other choirs. He is a highly-regarded baritone soloist and has performed alongside many ensembles in this capacity, including Graduate Singers (*Requiem*, 2015).

Aldis's recent performance highlights include leading Adelaide Philharmonia Chorus in a successful performance of Johannes Brahms' *Ein Deutsches Requiem*. Along with Jasmin Feneley and Jason Hammond, he directed Marryatville High School's touring choir, Karra Voices, to a Golden Diploma ranking in the secondary schools category at the World Choir Games in July 2024.



## Nerissa Pearce

### Piano

Nerissa Pearce has enjoyed a varied career as pianist, vocal coach, musical director, chorus master and répétiteur. She has worked in roles such as orchestral pianist for the long run of *Phantom of the Opera* in the late 1990s, répétiteur, vocal coach, chorus master and orchestral musician for Opera Queensland and the State Opera South Australia.

Recently Nerissa appeared in concert as accompanist for a recital of Brahms lieder with Alex Roose, and is accompanying the Adelaide Philharmonia Chorus and Graduate Singers along with her classroom music teacher commitments.

## Ensemble

**Jasmin Feneley** Flute

**Nick Bauer** Trumpet

**Andrew Wiering, Andrew Chan** Percussion

**David Heah** Organ

# Karl Geiger

## Director of Music

Karl Geiger is a pianist and conductor who relishes creating music with others. As a young musician, he was drawn to one of the first collaborative activities he was exposed to – choral music – and hasn't looked back since.

Moving from chorister to accompanist to conductor was a natural progression. With this complementary set of skills, he often wears several hats, moving with ease between the podium and the keyboard. As a choral accompanist, Karl's principal long-term roles include the First Concert Choir of Young Adelaide Voices (2010 – 2016) and the choirs of the Elder Conservatorium of Music, in particular the Elder Conservatorium Chorale (since 2011). A versatile accompanist, Karl regularly performs as pianist, organist and harpsichordist.

He was the inaugural winner of the Diana Harris Prize for Accompanying, and the winner of the 2010 Geoffrey Parsons Award for Accompaniment. Karl was Organ Scholar at St Peter's Cathedral for two years, and has had extensive experience as a collaborative pianist and orchestral continuo player.

Karl first studied conducting under Carl Crossin OAM at the Elder Conservatorium of Music. He participated in the Gondwana National Choral School conductor's development program and has conducted in masterclasses with the King's Singers, Stephen Cleobury (Choir of King's College, Cambridge), and Stephen Layton (Choir of Trinity College, Cambridge).

Karl's principal role as a choral conductor has been as Director of Music of Graduate Singers since 2012. In this time, Karl has enjoyed conducting the choir's annual subscription concerts, as well as numerous other engagements, highlights of which include chorus-mastering for the 2015 *Doctor Who Symphonic Spectacular*, and for the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra's *Harry Potter in Concert* series.



# Graduate Singers

Graduate Singers, or 'Grads', is "one of Adelaide's finest choirs" (*The Advertiser*) and has been a dynamic member of the vibrant local choral scene for over 40 years. The choir enjoys a reputation for excellence throughout every aspect of presentation and performance.

Grads prides itself on its versatility, being equally at home with large-scale choral standards as with intimate chamber works. In particular, the choir is an exponent of 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century music, and has given numerous premiere performances of works by local and international composers.

In addition to presenting its own concert series, Grads maintains a busy schedule of freelance engagements. Recent highlights include collaborations with the Adelaide Symphony Orchestra such as *Doctor Who Symphonic*

*Spectacular* (2015), *Last Night of the Proms* (2016, 2019), *Scotland the Brave* (2017), *Carmina Burana* as part of the 2021 Festival of Orchestra, the 2021 world premiere of Richard Mills' *Nativity*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (2022) and *Christmas Unwrapped* (2023).

In 2024, Grads is delighted to host a series of guest conductors. Each programme is carefully curated to showcase the expertise of each conductor, who are some of Adelaide's most respected choral musicians. We are thrilled to have worked with Dr Carl Crossin OAM and Emma Horwood for our first concert this year, **Cadeau: A French gift**, featuring Gabriel Fauré's *Requiem*.

Join us for our upcoming Season 2024 concert: **Donum mirabile: A wondrous gift**  
Conducted by Kim Worley, 23 November

## Soprano

Alison Fleming  
Emma Chesterman  
Frances Robinson ♦  
Jackie Eldridge ♦  
Kate Huntingford  
Katharine Lahn ♦  
Lauren Driver ♦  
Lisa Catinari  
Megan Boundey  
Nadia Gencarelli  
Nicola Bevan  
Sarah O'Brien  
Susan Brooke-Smith  
Verity Colyer ♦

## Alto

Alison Hansen  
Annie Douglas ♦  
Carrie Lam ♦

Deborah Tranter  
Frances Owen ♦  
Genevieve Spalding  
Karen Watson  
Karen Yau  
Madeline Turnbull  
Marijke Mellor  
Michelle Zweck  
Riana Chakravarti  
Stephanie Neale ♦  
Susan Murdoch

## Tenor

Alexandra Cunningham  
Christopher Simpson ♦  
Gabriel Azpilcueta ♦  
Jo Pike ♦  
John Statton  
Karen Magno

Lou McGee ♦  
Melinda Pike  
Philip Moxham

## Bass

Andrew Moschou ♦  
Bryce Winter ♦  
Chris Steketee ♦  
Damien Day ♦  
David Rohrsheim  
David Shields  
David Vinall  
Greg John  
Neil Piggott  
Patrick Carrig ♦  
Paul Henning  
Robert Cox  
Scott Gunn  
Stuart Carter  
Timothy Pietsch ♦

♦ Not singing in tonight's concert   ♦ Section leader

# Program notes

As Spring takes its first steps here in Adelaide, we turn our thoughts to new things—to greening trees, budding flowers, warming earth, and to thrilling life in all its freshness. It feels entirely right that we welcome you to our second concert for the year, **Dāvana: A Latvian gift**, on the first weekend of Spring—after all, the music we sing tonight is new to us in so many ways, celebrating facets of life that unite us across cultures, exploring the natural world in both literal and figurative senses, and warming the soul.

Latvia, a small Baltic country, has forever existed on the crossroads of great powers. Since the medieval period, an opening of borders led to centuries of Swedish, Russian, Teutonic, Polish and Lithuanian rulership. This created a unique synthesis of cultures, overlaid by existing pagan traditions and beliefs. The brutalities of the 20<sup>th</sup> century were the most recent test of Latvia's historically mixed identity, with successive annexations, invasions and occupations by the Soviet Union, Nazi Germany, and the Soviet Union again. Decades of repression of its native culture followed, and the Latvia of today was forged in the 1980s. A Singing Revolution ended with full independence in 1991.

The term “Singing Revolution” contains a clue to understanding the sheer importance of choral and group singing in Latvian identity. Mass singing events—non-violent demonstrations, really, and powerful symbols of protest in an age of suppression—spread throughout Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania under Soviet occupation. Songs like **‘Pūt, vējiņi’** (Blow, winds, performed tonight in an arrangement by Imants Ramiņš), Mārtiņš Brauns’ **‘Saule, Pērkons, Daugava’** (Sun, Thunder, Daugava), and Jāzeps Vītols’ **‘Gaismas pils’** (Castle of Light) are all inextricably linked to the Singing Revolution; all three represented different aspects of Latvia's drive for independence and self-determination. *Pūt, vējiņi* celebrates individual

freedom, and became the unofficial national anthem during the occupation; *Saule, Pērkons, Daugava* imbues the natural world with divine powers to save and protect a nation; *Gaismas pils* represents the light of knowledge fighting the dark forces of secrecy and censorship. Such is the power of these songs that the music of *Saule, Pērkons, Daugava* became the official anthem of the Catalan independence movement in 2014, set to the words ‘Ara és l'hora’ (The time is now). *Gaismas pils* lends its name to the iconic main building of Latvia's National Library, and *Pūt, vējiņi* is still sung at the close of every Song and Dance Festival.

‘The land that sings’ comes into full bloom once every 5 years at the Song and Dance Festival, the ultimate demonstration of choral culture in Latvia. Half a million people—nearly a quarter of the nation's population—attend the festival, which features 40 000 performers from 3 500 ensembles, from all across Latvia and the world, and over 65 events and exhibitions of singing, arts and crafts, orchestral music, parades and dancing. Many of tonight's songs are anthemic mainstays of the Festival, often sung by tens of thousands of voices. The rollicking muscularity of Juris Vaivods’ **‘Apkal manu kumeliņu’** (Shoe my horse), the hushed tenderness of Lūcija Garūta's **‘Mūsu Tēvs debesīs’** (Our Father), and Ēriks Ešenvalds’ uplifting **‘Dvēseles dziesma’** (Song of the soul) have all found their way to the massive stages and amphitheatres of the Song and Dance Festival.

Ēriks Ešenvalds is a contemporary Latvian composer who has found high acclaim outside his home country, and his music has been performed throughout the world. **‘My song’**—our only English text this evening—is a setting of a poem by Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore, in Tagore's own abridged translation from the original Bengali. Tagore lost his mother during

childhood, and many of his poems explore this early bereavement and its profound impact. In 'My song', a mother's undying love is transformed into music, enfolding, protecting, nurturing, and guiding the listening recipient. This simple, heartfelt sentiment is set beautifully by Ešenvalds, who matches the poem's touching sincerity.

Latvian music is rich in folk songs, and 'Apkal manu kumeliņu', Valts Pūce's '**Ik rudeni valodiņa**' (The autumn language), Emilis Melngailis' '**Tumša nakte, zaļa zāle**' (Dark night, green grass) and Ārijs Šķepasts' '**Es gulu, gulu**' (I lay asleep) all give us kaleidoscopic insight into the Latvian way of life. From fiercely proud celebrations of heritage and language, to fear of loss, expressions of love, romantic conquests, and tales of tragic partings, folk music performs a dual role by being characteristic of its place of origin, whilst also unveiling the commonalities of the human experience.

'**Aijā**' (Lullaby) has roots in folk music, but its story is actually more modern. It is a setting of a poem by Teodors Tomsons, who, like many of his compatriots, emigrated after the Second World War. Tomsons was one of nearly 20 000 Latvians who settled in Australia. He wrote 'Aijā' during his time in a displaced persons camp in Germany. It conveys deep yearning for one's homeland, and all that connect one to it—forests, fields, flowers, and the intangible desires of the heart. Set to music by Bruno Skulte for tenors and basses, it has been re-voiced for mixed choir by our guest conductor, Aldis Sils.

Another post-war émigré was Viktors Baštiks, whose **Rekviēms** (*Requiem*) is our major work

tonight. Baštiks is regarded as a pillar of Latvian church music, and wrote nearly 300 sacred compositions in a time when such repertoire was strictly silenced. His emigration to the United States allowed him to keep the tradition of sacred music alive outside Latvia's borders. The *Rekviēms* is the culmination of his musical genius, with clear, flowing melodic lines, masterful fugues (sections where different parts of the choir echo and extrapolate on a shared musical idea), and passionate spiritual heights.

Completed in 1979, Baštiks eschewed the traditional text of the *Requiem* mass, and adapted psalms, poetry, battle songs, Bible verses and hymns to create a work as syncretic as his native land. Lutheran hymns find equal place with strains of Slavonic chants; folk and military themes abound. Of particular note is the repeated leitmotif of 'Gloria, laus et honor' (All glory, laud and honour), the grand processional hymn of Palm Sunday. We first hear a brief quotation in the organ part in the second movement, 'Tikai vēja pūsma...' (Just a breath of wind...); it appears again as a *cantus firmus* (fixed melody) in the soprano part of a fugue in the sixth movement, 'Redzi, es saku jums noslēpumu' (Behold, I show you a mystery). Baštiks finally gives it a full setting in 'Es zinu, dzīvs mans Glābējs' (I know my Redeemer lives). The reference to a hymn that celebrates Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem—just a few days before the crucifixion—highlights the contrast of the exultant praises of Palm Sunday before the stark solemnity of the Holy Week, and the precarious balance of life and death.

The movement 'Miera dārzā' (In the garden of peace) is dedicated to fallen soldiers, while 'Svētīgi tie' (Blessed are they) and 'Redzi, es saku jums noslēpumu' look to eternal life in paradise. And yet, thanks to its psalm settings, much of this mass for the dead is, in fact, directed at the living—full of entreaties to live with a wise and hopeful heart, to cease worrying about vanities, to maintain faith, and to do good deeds so that future generations may flourish.

We thank you for joining us at **Dāvana**, and hope that you enjoy a taste of Latvia's vibrant, dynamic culture through these gifts from a distant land.

Riana Chakravarti  
Additional notes by Aldis Sils



# Texts and translations

## Mūsu Tēvs debesīs

from the cantata *Dievs, Tava zeme deg!* (God, Thy land is aflame!)

*Music* LŪCIJA GARŪTA (1902–1977)

Mūsu Tēvs debesīs,  
Svētīts lai top Tavs vārds.  
Lai nāk Tava valstība,  
Tavs prāts lai notiek  
Kā debesīs, tā arī virs zemes.  
Mūsu dienišķo maizi dod mums šodien,  
Un piedod mums mūsu parādus,  
Kā mēs piedodam saviem parādniekiem.  
Un neieved mūs kārdināšanā,  
Bet atpestī mūs no ļauna.

Jo Tev pieder valstība,  
spēks, un gods.  
Mūžīgi mūžos, Āmen.

## Our Father in heaven

Our Father, which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy Name,  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
in earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive them that trespass against us;  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory,  
For ever and ever. Amen.

## Rekviēms

*Music* VIKTORS BAŠTIKS (b. 1912–2001)

### Lūgšana

*Text* PSALM 90.2–6, 9–10, 12

Kungs Dievs, Tu mums esi bijis par patvērumu  
uz audžu audzēm;  
Pirms kalni cēlušies  
un pasaule radīta,  
Tu esi no mūžības uz mūžību, ak Dievs!

Tu cilvēku atkal dari par pīšļiem  
un saki: “Griežaties atpakaļ, jūs cilvēku bērni!”  
Jo tūkstoš gadi Tavā priekšā  
ir kā vakardiena, kas pagājusi,  
un kā vienas nakts sardze.

Tu tos aizrauj kā plūdus, tie ir kā miegs,  
kā zāle, kas atzeļ, kas rītā atzeļ un zied,  
bet vakarā vīst un kalst.

Jo visas mūsu dienas zūd Tavā dusmu kvēlē,  
mēs pavadām savus gadus kā pasaku.  
Mūsu mūžs ir septiņdesmit vai astoņdesmit gadu,

## Requiem

### Prayer

Lord God, you have been our refuge  
throughout all generations;  
Before the hills were born  
and the world created,  
from everlasting to everlasting you are God!

You turn men back to dust,  
saying, “Return to dust, O sons of men”.  
For a thousand years to you  
are like yesterday, already gone,  
or like a watch in the night.

You sweep them away like a flood, like a dream,  
like the new grass that springs up in the morning  
but by evening is withered and dry.

For all our days pass away under your wrath,  
we spend our years as a tale that is told.  
The length of our days is seventy years, or eighty,

un viņa ieguvums ir grūtums un bēdas.  
Tās aizskrien ātri,  
mēs aizlidojam kā spārniem.

Kungs Dievs, māci mums  
tā skaitīt mūsu mūža dienas,  
ka gudru sirdi dabūjam. Āmen.

### Tikai vēja pūsma...

*Text* PSALM 39.6B–8A; 71.5A; 73.24

Tikai vēja pūsma ir cilvēks savās mūža gaitās.  
Cilvēks staigā kā ēna, raizējas,  
mantu krāj un nezina, kam tā būs.

Uz ko tad lai es ceru?

Mana cerība esi Tu, Dievs!

Tu mani vadi pēc sava prāta  
un beidzot uzņemsi godībā.

Mana cerība esi Tu, Dievs!

### Miera dārzā

*Text* SIRACH 44.10–11, 14  
LUDIS BĒRZIŅŠ (1870–1965)  
FOLK SONGS

*Tēvzemes cīnītājiem*

Bet krietno vīru krietnie darbi nav aizmirsti.  
Tas viņu pēcnācējiem ir labs mantojums,  
liela bagātība vēlākām audzēm.  
Mierā viņu miesas ir apraktas  
un viņu piemiņa paliek uz audžu audzēm.

Miera dārzā viņi dus,  
Karogu kas vaļā tina.  
Ceļus tēvu nospraustus  
Vai lai bērni neturpina?  
Tēvu nestu karogu  
Vai lai dēli nenestu?

Par to skaisto tēvu zemi  
Tautu dēli karā gāja.  
Nu ardievu, tēvs, māmiņa,  
Nu ardievu, līgaviņa.

Uz ežiņas galvu liku  
Sargāt savu tēvu zemi.  
Labāk manu galvu ņēma  
Nekā manu tēvu zemi.

Miera dārzs, kad stunda sauks,  
Ēnām klās ir mūsu audzi,  
Dzimums jauns aiz mums tad plauks,

yet all we gain is trouble and sorrow.  
Our days pass quickly,  
and we fly away as with wings.

Lord God, teach us  
to number our days aright,  
that we may gain a heart of wisdom. Amen.

### Just a breath of wind...

Just a breath of wind is man's life on earth.  
Man walks like a shadow, worries,  
heaps up wealth and knows not, for whom.

Where then do I place my hope?

My hope is in you, Lord!

You lead me according to your wisdom  
and in the end you will take me up into your glory.

My hope is in you, Lord!

### In the garden of peace

*To the warriors of the Fatherland*

Yet the virtues of godly men have not been forgotten.  
Their heritage remains with their descendants,  
a rich legacy for generations to come.  
Their bodies are peacefully laid away  
and their memory lives on and on.

They sleep in the garden of peace,  
Those who unfurled the flag.  
The paths that were marked by the fathers,  
Should their sons not walk the same ways?  
The flags that were carried by the fathers,  
Should their sons not carry them too?

Our sons went to war  
To defend our beautiful nation.  
Farewell, dear father, mother,  
Farewell, dear bride.

I lay my head on the border  
To protect my Fatherland.  
It is better my head be taken  
Than my homeland.

When the hour calls, the garden of peace  
Will provide shade to our generation.  
Our descendants will thrive and blossom after us

Sauli sveiks vēl ziedi daudzi.  
Darbs, ko darām neiznīks,  
Jaunā audzē sēkla dīgs.

Miera dārzā viņi dus,  
karogu kas vaļā tina,  
miera dārzā viņi dus.

## **Svētīgi tie**

*Text* REVELATION 14.13; JOHN 14.12, 11.25

Svētīgi mirušie, kas mirst iekš tā Kunga.  
Svētīgi tie.

Tie dus no savām darbošanām,  
un viņu darbi tos pavada.  
Svētīgi tie.

Svētīgi mirušie, kas mirst iekš tā Kunga.  
Svētīgi tie.

Jēzus sacīja:

“Mana Tēva namā daudz ir mājokļu,  
es aizeju jums vietu gatavot.  
Es esmu augšāmcelšanās un dzīvība.  
Kas man tic, tas dzīvos,  
ja arī mirtu.”

Svētīgi mirušie, kas mirst iekš tā Kunga.  
Svētīgi tie.

## **Redzi, es saku jums noslēpumu**

*Text* 1 CORINTHIANS 15.51–57

Redzi, es saku jums noslēpumu:  
mēs visi nemirsim,

Bet visi tiksīm pārvērsti piepeši,  
vienā acumirkli,  
pēdējai bazūnei atskanot.

Jo atskanēs bazūne,  
mirušie tiks uzmodināti neiznīcībā,  
un mēs tiksīm pārvērsti.

Jo tam, kas šeit iznīcīgs,  
jātērpjas neiznīcībā,  
un tam, kas šeit mirstīgs, jātērpjas nemirstībā.

Un kad šis nīcīgais  
apvilks neiznīcību,  
un kad šis mirstīgais apvilks nemirstību,  
Tad piepildīsies tas vārds, kas rakstīts:

“Nāve ir aprīta uzvarā.  
Kur, elle, tava uzvara,  
Kur, nāve, tavs dzelonis?”

Slava lai Dievam, Viņš devis mums uzvaru  
caur Jēzu Kristu mūsu Glābēju.  
Slava lai Glābējam!

And many flowers will greet the sun.  
The work we do will not wither away,  
The seeds we plant will bear fruit for the next generation.

They sleep in the garden of peace,  
Those who unfurled the flag,  
They sleep in the garden of peace.

## **Blessed are they**

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord,  
Blessed are they.

They rest from their labour,  
and their deeds follow them.  
Blessed are they.

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.  
Blessed are they.

Jesus said:

“In my Father’s house are many mansions,  
I go to prepare a place for you.  
I am the resurrection and the life.  
He who believes in me will live,  
even though he dies.”

Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord,  
Blessed are they.

## **Behold, I show you a mystery**

Behold, I show you a mystery:  
we shall not all die,

But we shall all be changed in an instant,  
in the twinkling of an eye,  
at the last trumpet.

For the trumpet will sound,  
the dead will be raised imperishable,  
and we shall all be changed.

For the perishable  
must clothe itself with the imperishable,  
and the mortal with immortality.

And when the perishable  
has been clothed with the imperishable,  
and the mortal with immortality,  
Then what is written will come true:

“Death has been swallowed up in victory.  
Where, O grave, is your victory,  
Where, O death, is your sting?”

Glory be to God, who gives us the victory  
through Jesus Christ, our Saviour.  
Glory be to the Saviour!

## Kungs, kas mājās Tavā dzīvoklī?

*Text* PSALM 15.1

Kungs, kas mājās Tavā dzīvoklī,  
kas uzkāps Tavā svētajā kalnā?

## Es zinu, dzīvs mans Glābējs

*Text* JOB 19.25–26

Es zinu, dzīvs mans Glābējs, un es to skatīšu,  
ja arī nāves tumsa šē mani apņemtu.  
Viņš celsies pāri pīšļiem un mani modinās.  
Es zinu, dzīvs mans Glābējs, Viņš mani neatstās.

## Mūsu Tēvs debesīs

Mūsu Tēvs debesīs,  
svētīts lai top Tavs vārds.  
Lai nāk Tava valstība,  
Tavs prāts lai notiek  
kā debesīs tā arī virs zemes.  
Mūsu dienīško maizi dod mums šodien  
un piedod mums mūsu parādus,  
Kā arī mēs piedodam saviem parādnikiem.  
Un neieved mūs kārdināšanā,  
bet atpestī mūs no ļauna.

Jo Tev pieder valstība,  
spēks un gods,  
mūžīgi mūžos. Āmen.

## Apkal manu kumeliņu

*Music* JURIS VAIVODS (b. 1966)

*Text* RŪDOLFS BLAUMANIS (1863–1908)

Kalējiņi, bāleliņi,  
Apkal manu kumeliņu!

Ar veciemi dālderiem(i),  
Ar dimanta nagliņām.

Meitu mātes istabiņa  
Ledus kalna galiņā.

Apkārt kalnu, garām kalnu  
Nekaustītu kumeliņ'.

Man kaustītis kumeliņis,  
Es kalniņa galiņā(i),

Saskaldīju ledus kalnu  
Deviņos(i) gabalos.

Meitu mātes istabiņa  
Uz devīta gabaliņ'!

## Lord, who may dwell in your sanctuary?

Lord, who may dwell in your sanctuary,  
who may ascend your holy mountain?

## I know my Redeemer lives

I know my Redeemer lives and I shall see his face,  
even if death's darkness envelops me here.  
He will rise over the dust and awaken me.  
I know my Redeemer lives, he will not forsake me.

## Our Father in heaven

Our Father, which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy Name,  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done,  
in earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread;  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
As we forgive them that trespass against us;  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,  
the power, and the glory,  
For ever and ever. Amen.

## Shoe my horse

Blacksmiths, brothers,  
Shoe my horse!

With old coins,  
With nails of diamond.

The maiden's mother's room  
Is at the very peak of an icy mountain.

Unshod horses could only be led  
Around the mountain, past the mountain.

I have a shod horse  
I get to the top of the mountain,

I split the icy mountain  
Into nine pieces.

The maiden's mother's room  
Was on the ninth piece!

Stili stāvi, kumeliņi,  
Uz tā ledus gabaliņ'!

Lai es varu parunāt(i)  
Ar to meitu māmulīņu.

Es aizvedu tautu meitu  
Ar visām(i) villainēm!

## Ik rudeni valodiņa

*Music* VALTS PŪCE (b. 1962)

*Text* INESE ZANDERE (b. 1958)

Rakstā! Rakstā!

Melna gaiļa asinīm  
Rijas krāsni aizkrustīju,  
Riņķī kūla mani ļaudis,  
Es tai kūļa vidū biju,  
Lai man sita, lai man lauza,  
Gaudi bira, vārdi bira,  
Ik rudeni miltos mala,  
Valodiņa nenomira.

*Rakstā! Rakstā!*

*Ar mēli kuldami,  
Uz kula guldami,  
Maldami, muldami,  
Rakstā mani runājiet!*

Saber, sābri, kambarī,  
Es ar tevi kopā bēru,  
Melna alus padarīju,  
Rūgtin rūga, spertin spēra,  
Pa vārpai salasīju,  
Pa mēram ļaudīm lēju,  
Vienu vārdu nodzēros,  
Visas krūtis nodimdēja.

*Rakstā! Rakstā!*

*Ar mēli kuldami,  
Uz kula guldami,  
Maldami, muldami,  
Rakstā mani runājiet!*

Pērkons granda, ducināja  
Visu garu vasariņu,  
Duciniēt, danciniēt,  
Savu dzīvu valodiņu!

*Rakstā! Rakstā!*

*Ar mēli kuldami,  
Uz kula guldami,*

Stand still, my dear horse  
On that chunk of ice!

Let me speak  
With the mother of the maiden.

I brought away the maiden  
With all of her shawls!

## Autumn language

In rhythm! In rhythm!

With the blood of a black rooster,  
I crossed the stove in the threshing barn,  
My people threshed in circles,  
And I was in the middle,  
Let them beat me, let them break me,  
Grain poured out, words poured out,  
Every autumn they're threshed into flour,  
But their language never dies.

*In rhythm! In rhythm!*

*Threshing with your tongue,  
Laying on the floor,  
Grinding, raving,  
Speak to me in rhythm!*

Pour your neighbours into the storeroom,  
I poured with you,  
I made black beer,  
So bitter, and with such a kick,  
I gathered grain ear by ear,  
I doled it out with measure,  
I drank a wave of words,  
My bosom resounded.

*In rhythm! In rhythm!*

*Threshing with your tongue,  
Laying on the floor,  
Grinding, raving,  
Speak to me in rhythm!*

Thunder roared and rumbled  
All summer long,  
Thunder and dance,  
Your living language!

*In rhythm! In rhythm!*

*Threshing with your tongue,  
Laying on the floor,*

*Maldami, muldami,  
Rakstā mani runājiet!*

Atskrien balts kumeliņš,  
Cietu zemi kapādams,  
Atjāj balts kara kungs,  
Zobentiņu vēzēdams,  
Uzkar baltu mētelīti  
Manu ļaužu istabā,  
Neļauj tukšu izrunāti,  
Glabā mani klusumā!

*Rakstā! Rakstā!*

*Ar mēli kuldami,  
Uz kula guldami,  
Maldami, muldami,  
Rakstā mani runājiet!*

## Tumša nakte, zaļa zāle

*Text and music* FOLK SONG  
*Arrangement* EMILIS MELNGAILIS (1874–1954)  
*Translation* KILE SMITH (b. 1956)

Tumša nakte, zaļa zāle,  
Laukā laidu kumeliņu.

Nu, Dieviņi, tavā vaļā,  
Nu tavāi rociņāi.

Nu tavāi rociņāi,  
Manis labis kumeliņis.

Migla, migla, liela rasa,  
Man pazuda kumeliņis.

Nokrīt migla, nokrīt rasa,  
Es dabūju kumeliņu.

## Es gulu, gulu

*Text and music* FOLK SONG  
*Arrangement* ĀRIJS ŠĶEPASTS (b. 1961)  
*Translation* LILIJA ZOBENS (b. 1950)

Es gulu, gulu, man sapnī rādās,  
mans mīļais are man' nerunā.

Es sēž' pie loga raudādama,  
mans mīļais seglo kumeliņ'.

Uz zirga lekdams, cepuri cēla,  
ar dievu, sirsnīņ mīļākā!

*Grinding, raving,  
Speak to me in rhythm!*

A pure white horse comes running,  
Pounding the solid earth,  
A pure white military officer comes riding,  
Flashing his sword,  
He hangs his white coat  
In the room of my people,  
Don't let me speak empty words,  
Keep me in silence!

*In rhythm! In rhythm!*

*Threshing with your tongue,  
Laying on the floor,  
Grinding, raving,  
Speak to me in rhythm!*

## Dark night, green grass

Dark is the night and green is the grass,  
I left my horse in the field.

Now, God, it is your will,  
Now, God, it is in your hands.

Now it is in your hands,  
My good horse is in your hands.

So much fog and heavy dew,  
I have lost my horse.

Fog falls away, the dew now falls away,  
I have found my horse.

## I lay asleeping

I lay asleeping, I lay adreaming,  
my dearest to me said not a word.

I sat awweeping by the window,  
my dearest saddled up his horse.

Once in the saddle, he raised his hat  
and cried "farewell dearest"!

## Aijā

*Music* BRUNO SKULTE (1905–1976)  
*Arrangement* ALDIS SILS (b. 1968)  
*Text* TEODORS TOMSONS (1909–1988)

Klusē koki, klusē lauks,  
Klusē tālie sili,  
Aijā, mana dzimtene,  
Meži, meži zili.

Strauja krāce vilni sviež,  
Sirds vai vēl ko gaida?  
Skumji ievas aizsmaržo,  
Nav man tava smaida.

Klusē kalni, klusē lauks,  
Klusē tālie sili,  
Tālu mana dzimtene,  
Meži, meži zili.

## Dvēseles dziesma

*Music* ĒRIKS EŠENVALDS (b. 1977)  
*Text* ANITA KĀRKLĪŅA (b. 1949)

Dzied, mana dvēsele dzied  
Caur tūkstoš balsīm klusi.  
Dievs manā dvēselē dzied,  
Kas zvaigznēm piebirusi.  
Skumst, mana dvēsele skumst  
Kā zvejas tīkli jūras krastā.  
Skumst, mana dvēsele skumst,  
Tā skumst Kurzemē.

Dzied, mana dvēsele dzied  
Caur tūkstoš balsīm klusi.  
Dievs manā dvēselē dzied,  
Kas zvaigznēm piebirusi.  
Raud, mana dvēsele raud  
Par Staburaga mēmām sāpēm.  
Raud, mana dvēsele raud,  
Tā raud Vidzemē.

Dzied, mana dvēsele dzied  
Caur tūkstoš balsīm klusi.  
Dievs manā dvēselē dzied,  
Kas zvaigznēm piebirusi.  
Zied, mana dvēsele zied  
Kā saulespuķe kviešu laukā.  
Zied, mana dvēsele zied,  
Tā zied Zemgalē.

*Mirdz mana dziesma,  
Lūdz mana dziesma,  
Mīl mana dziesma Latvijā!*

## Lullaby

The trees grow silent, the fields grow silent,  
The distant forests grow silent.  
Sleep soundly, my homeland,  
Forests, forests blue.

A strong swell creates a wave,  
Heart, are you still waiting for something?  
The elderflowers scent the air with sadness,  
I no longer see your smile.

The mountains grow silent, the fields grow silent,  
The distant forests grow silent.  
My homeland is far away,  
Forests, forests blue.

## Song of the soul

It sings, my soul sings  
Through a thousand voices quietly.  
God sings into my soul,  
Which is full of starlight.  
It is saddened, my soul is saddened,  
Like nets strewn on the shore.  
The coast is sad, my soul is sad,  
In Kurzeme (West Latvia).

It sings, my soul sings  
Through a thousand voices quietly.  
God sings into my soul,  
Which is full of starlight.  
It weeps, my soul weeps  
For the destruction of the Staburags Cliff,  
It weeps, my soul weeps  
In Vidzeme (North Latvia).

It sings, my soul sings  
Through a thousand voices quietly.  
God sings into my soul,  
Which is full of starlight.  
It blooms, my soul blooms,  
Like a sunflower in a field of wheat,  
It blooms, my soul blooms  
In Zemgale (South Latvia).

*My song glistens,  
My song prays,  
My song loves, in Latvia!*

Dzied, mana dvēsele dzied  
Caur tūkstoš balsīm klusi.  
Dievs manā dvēselē dzied,  
Kas zvaigznēm piebirusi.  
Deg, mana dvēsele deg  
Kā piena krūze māla ceplī.  
Deg, mana dvēsele deg,  
Tā deg Latgalē.

*Mirdz mana dziesma,  
Lūdz mana dziesma,  
Mīl mana dziesma Latvijā!*

It sings, my soul sings  
Through a thousand voices quietly.  
God sings into my soul,  
Which is full of starlight.  
It burns, my soul burns  
Like a clay milk jug in a kiln.  
It burns, my soul burns  
In Latgale (East Latvia).

*My song glistens,  
My song prays,  
My song loves, in Latvia!*

## My song

*Music* ĒRIKS EŠENVALDS (b. 1977)

*Text* RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1861–1941)

This song of mine will wind its music around you  
like the fond arms of love.

This song of mine will carry your sight into the heart of things  
like a faithful star in the dark night over your road!

My song will be like a pair of wide wings to your dreams,  
like the fond arms of love it will wind its music around you.

My song will take you to the verge of unknown.  
When you are in a crowd it will surround you with its strength.  
When you are alone it will stay by your side  
like a faithful star in the dark night over your road!

My song will be like a pair of wide wings to your dreams,  
like the fond arms of love it will wind its music around you.

Oh! My song will be like a pair of wide wings to your dreams,  
like the fond arms of love it will wind its music all around you;  
my song of love!

And when my voice is silent, my song will live in you.

## Pūt, vējiņi

*Text and Music* FOLK SONG

*Arrangement* IMANTS RAMIŅŠ (b. 1943)

Pūt, vējiņi, dzen laiviņu,  
Aizdzen mani Kurzemē.

Kurzemiece man solīja  
Sav' meitiņu malējiņ'.

Solīt sola, bet nedeva,  
Teic' mani lielu dzērājiņu.

[Teic' mani lielu dzērājiņu,  
Kumeliņa skrējējiņ'.]

## Blow, winds

Blow, winds, blow my dear boat,  
Blow me (back) to Kurzeme.

A Kurzeme woman promised me  
Her daughter who mills for my bride.

Promises, promises, but she broke them.  
She said I was a drunkard.

[She said I was a drunkard,  
and a reckless horse-racer.]

Kuru krogu es izdzēru,  
Kam noskrēju kumeliņ'?

Pats par savu naudu dzēru,  
Skrēju savu kumeliņu.

Pats precēju līgaviņu,  
Tēvs, māmiņa nezināj'.

Pūt, vējiņi, dzen laiviņu,  
Aizdzen mani Kurzemē.

## Gaismas pils

*Music* JĀZEPS VĪTOLS (1863–1948)

*Text* MIKELIS KROGZEMIS 'AUSKELIS' (1850–1879)

Kurzemīte, Dievzemīte,  
Brīvas tautas auklētāj'!  
Kur palika sirmie dievi,  
Brīvas tautas dēliņi,  
Jā, tautas dēliņi?

Tie ligoja vecos laikos  
Gaismas kalna galotnē.  
Visapkārt egļu meži,  
Vidū gaiša tautas pils.

Asiņainas dienas ausa  
Tēvu zemes ielejā;  
Vergu valgā tauta nāca,  
Nāvē krita varoņi.

Ātri grima, ātri zuda  
Gaismas kalna staltā pils.  
Tur guļ mūsu tēvu dievi,  
Tautas gara greznumi!

Sirmajam(i) ozolam(i)  
Pēdīgajo ziedu dod.  
Tas slēpj svētu piles vārdu  
Dziļās siržu rētiņās,  
Jā, siržu rētiņās.

Ja kas vārdu uzminētu,  
Augšām celtos vecā pils,  
Tālu laistu tautas slavu,  
Gaismas starus margodam'!

Tautas dēli uzminēja  
Sen aizmirstu svētumu:  
Gaismu sauca, Gaisma ausa!  
Augšām ceļas Gaismas pils,  
Gaismas pils!

Where's the tavern that I've drunk dry,  
where's the horse that I've run ragged?

I paid for my own drinks,  
And I raced my own horse.

I married my bride,  
Father and mother did not know.

Blow, winds, blow my dear boat,  
Blow me (back) to Kurzeme.

## The Castle of Light

Dear Kurzeme, land of God,  
Nursemaid of a free people!  
Where have the ancient gods gone,  
And the sons of a free nation,  
Yes, the sons of the nation?

They celebrated in those days of old  
On the peak of the mountain of light.  
Forests of firs grew all around,  
In the centre, a bright castle of the people.

Bloody days dawned  
In the valleys of our fatherland;  
The nation fell in bonds of slavery,  
Its heroes died in battle.

It sank and disappeared quickly,  
The mighty castle of the hill of light.  
There lie the gods of our fathers,  
And the treasures of the soul of our nation!

To the ancestral oak tree  
A final sacrifice was given;  
The holy name of the castle  
Is hidden deep in its scarred heart,  
Yes, in the scars of its heart.

If only the name could be remembered,  
The old castle would rise up again!  
And proclaim the glory of our nation,  
With rays of shining light!

The sons of the nation remembered  
The long-forgotten riddle;  
They called the light, the light dawned!  
The Castle of Light arose,  
The Castle of Light!

## Saule, Pērkons, Daugava

*Music* MĀRTIŅŠ BRAUNS (b. 1951–2021)

*Text* JĀNIS PLIEKŠĀNS 'RAINIS' (1865–1929)

Saule Latvi sēdināja  
Tur, kur gali satiekas:  
Balta jūra, zaļa zeme,  
Latvei vārtu atslēdziņa.

Latvei vārtu atslēdziņa,  
Daugaviņa sargātāja.  
Sveši ļaudis vārtus lauzā,  
Jūrā krita atslēdziņa.

Zilzibeņu pērkons spēra,  
Velniem ņēma atslēdziņu:  
Nāvi, dzīvi Latve slēdza,  
Baltu jūru, zaļu zemi.

Nāvi, dzīvi Latve slēdza,  
Baltu jūru, zaļu zemi.

Saule Latvi sēdināja  
Baltas jūras maliņā.  
Vēji smiltis putināja,  
Ko lai dzēra latvju bērni?

Dzīves ūdens, nāves ūdens  
Daugavā satecēja,  
Es pamērcu pirksta galu,  
Abus jūtu dvēselē.

Nāves ūdens, dzīves ūdens—  
Abus jūtam dvēselē.

Saule, mūsu māte  
Daugav' sājpu aukle  
Pērkons velna spērējs  
Tas mūsu tēvs!

## Sun, Thunder, Daugava

The sun placed Latvia  
where the ends of the earth meet.  
White sea, green earth—  
Latvia had the key to the gate.

Latvia had the key to the gate  
and Daugava was the guardian.  
Strangers broke the gate,  
the key fell into the sea.

Thunder hurled blue lightning  
and took the key from the devils.  
Latvia locked up death, life,  
the white sea, the green earth.

Latvia locked up death, life,  
the white sea, the green earth.

The sun placed Latvia  
by the edge of the white sea.  
The wind raised a sandstorm,  
what can Latvian children drink?

Waters of life and death  
flowed into the Daugava.  
I dip my fingertip into it  
and feel both in my soul.

Water of death and life—  
we feel both in our soul.

The sun is our mother,  
the Daugava—nursemaid of our pain.  
Thunder, who strikes devils,  
is our father.

### FRONT COVER

*Ziema* (Winter)  
Oil on cardboard  
Vilhelms Purvītis (1872–1945)

### INSIDE FRONT COVER

*Kopa Augšup* (Upward Together), Grand Finale Concert  
xxvii Nationwide Latvian Song and xvii Dance Festival 2023  
Over 16 000 singers on the newly constructed festival stage  
Photograph by Kaspars Teilāns, Copyright Latvian National Centre for Culture Archive

### BACK COVER

*The annunciation*  
Oil on panel  
Raffaellino del Garbo (c. 1466–1527)

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