

**BLACK SQUARE  
QUARTET**  
**WITH**  
**EMMA BAKER-SPINK**

Camille Barry (violin)  
Mike Patterson (violin)  
Charlotte Burbrook de Vere  
(viola)  
Dan Curro (cello)  
+  
Emma Baker-Spink  
(soprano)

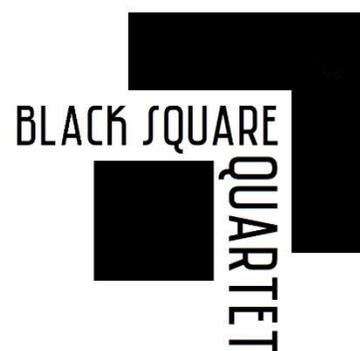
PROGRAMME

O VIRIDISSIMA VIRGA	Abbess Hildegard of Bingen
PASSACAGLIA	Thomas Green
THE CHILD LIVED	Sir John Tavener / Mother Thekla
MANY YEARS	Sir John Tavener
ELIZA'S ARIA	Elena Kats-Chernin
THE CURLEW CRIED	Thomas Green / Oodgeroo Noonuccal
STRING QUARTET II (World Premiere)	Thomas Green

**Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> November 3pm**

**Old Museum Building – Concert Hall**

**480 Gregory Terrace, Bowen Hills QLD 4006**



### O VIRIDISSIMA VIRGA

Abbess Hildegard of Bingen. (1098-1179)

Hail, O greenest branch,  
sprung forth in the airy breezes  
of the prayers of the saints.

So the time has come  
that your sprays have flourished;  
Hail, hail to you,  
because the heat of the sun has exuded from you  
like the aroma of balm.

For the beautiful flower sprang from you  
which gave all parched perfumes their aroma.

And they have radiated anew  
in their full freshness.

Whence the skies bestowed dew upon the pasture,  
and all the Earth was made joyful  
because her womb  
brought forth corn,  
and because the birds of the firmament  
built their nests in her.

Then there was harvest ready for Man  
and a great rejoicing of banqueters,  
whence, O sweet Virgin,  
no joy is lacking in you.

Eve rejected these things.

Now let there be praise to the Highest.

### THE CHILD LIVED

Music - Sir John Tavener (1944-2013)

Text - Mother Thekla (1918-2011)

The child lived.  
A woman clothed with the sun  
Upon her head a crown of stars  
A child to be born.

A mighty dragon, with seven heads,  
To bring destruction; death; corruption  
To devour the child

But nature rebelled  
Befriended the woman clothed with the  
sun  
The child lived.

### MANY YEARS

Sir John Tavener (1944-2013)

May the Lord God grant unto his servant  
Charles,  
Prince of Wales,  
a long and peaceful life,  
health and safety,  
and furtherance in all things,  
and preserve him for many years.

MANY YEARS!

### THE CURLEW CRIED

Oodgeroo Noonuccal

Three nights they heard the curlew cry,  
It is the warning known of old  
That tells them one tonight shall die.

Brother and friend he comes and goes  
Out of the Shadow Land to them,  
The loneliest voice that earth knows.

He guards the welfare of his own,  
He comes to lead each soul away-  
To what dim world, what strange unknown?

Who is it that tonight must go?  
The old blind one? The cripple child?  
Tomorrow all the camp will know.

The poor dead will be less afraid,  
Their tribe brother will be with him  
When the dread journey must be made.

"Have courage, death is not an end,"  
He seems to say.  
"Though you must weep, death is kindly, and is  
your friend."

Three nights the curlew cried.  
Once more he comes to take the timorous  
dead -  
To what grim change, what ghostly shore?

Thank you for your support.  
Our performance today is held on Jagera and Turrbal land.  
We respectfully acknowledge the traditional owners,  
and we pay respects to elders past, present and emerging.

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