



CAN'T CONTAIN THIS

HANCHER



THE NATIONAL CHAMBER CHOIR OF IRELAND

Paul Hillier, Artistic Director and Conductor
Stewart French, Guitar

Sopranos: Sarah Busfield, Elizabeth Hilliard, Deirdre Moynihan, Abbi Temple, Susannah Vango

Altos: Mark Chambers, Mihaela-Loredana Chirvase, Stephanie Seeney, Christina Whyte

Tenors: Alan Leech, Warwick Harte, Michael Solomon Williams, Jacek Wislocki

Basses: Tristan Caldwell, Jeff Ledwidge, Paul McGough, Andrew Thompson

Thursday, October 20, 7:30 pm
St. Mary's Catholic Church

Iowa Center for the Arts
The University of Iowa

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Program



J.S. BACH (1685-1750)

Jauchzet Dem Herrn

Johannes BRAHMS (1833-1897)

*O süsßer Mai
All meine Herz Gedanken
Dein Herzlein mild
Waldesnacht*

Siobhán CLEARY (b.1970)

Theophilus Thistle & The Myth of Miss Muffet

INTERMISSION

Tarik O'REGAN (1978-)

Acallam Na Senorach

About The Artists

The National Chamber Choir of Ireland is made up of vocalists drawn from the ranks of Ireland's leading choral singers. It was founded in 1991 by composer and conductor, Colin Mawby and was developed under the direction of Brazilian conductor Celso Antunes until early 2007. In 2008, the internationally celebrated and multi-award winning conductor Paul Hillier joined the National Chamber Choir of Ireland as Artistic Director and Principal Conductor.

Each vocalist has a different and wide-ranging background in solo, operatic and choral performance, which enhances the choir's ability to undertake some of the most diverse and challenging choral work and contributes to the special sound that is unique to this Irish ensemble.

Through collaboration with some of the world's leading conductors and its dedication to performing the finest vocal music, old and new, the National Chamber Choir of Ireland remains at the pinnacle of vocal performance both in Ireland and internationally. In recent years, the Choir has collaborated with such distinguished guest conductors as Bo Holten (Denmark), Stephen Layton (Cambridge), Erwin Ortner (Vienna) and Catherine Simonpietri (France). The Choir also maintains a welcome relationship with Irish conductor David Brophy.

The National Chamber Choir of Ireland's repertoire extends from early to contemporary music, and it regularly commissions new, pioneering vocal work by composers such as Gerald Barry, Andrew Hamilton, Elaine Agnew, Gráinne Mulvey and Tarik O'Regan.

Given its history of touring in Ireland, the Choir is keen to keep developing its touring network in order to present high quality choral concerts to audiences all around the country.

Internationally, the Choir has toured in Europe, Asia and South America, and made its début in the US in October 2011 with an extensive tour conducted by Paul Hillier. Future recording projects include Tarik O'Regan's *Acallam na Senórach* on the Harmonia Mundi label.

The Choir continues to foster relationships with other Irish performing ensembles, and, in the past, has collaborated successfully with the Crash Ensemble, the Irish Baroque Orchestra and the Irish Chamber Orchestra. The ensemble enjoys a unique relationship with Cork International Choral Festival, with which it collaborates on an annual basis.

Major funding for the National Chamber Choir of Ireland comes from the Arts Council / an Chomhairle Ealaíon, The Arts Council of Northern Ireland and major in-kind support from Dublin City University, where the group has been Choir in Residence since 1996.

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Paul Hillier

Artistic Director and Principal Conductor

Paul Hillier is from Dorset in England and studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London.

His career has embraced singing, conducting, and writing about music. Earlier in his career, he was the founding director of the Hilliard Ensemble, and subsequently founded Theatre of Voices. He has taught in the USA at the University of California campuses at Santa Cruz and Davis, and was Director of the Early Music Institute at Indiana University from 1996-2003. He was also Principal Conductor of the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir (2001-2007) and has been Chief Conductor of Ars Nova Copenhagen since 2003.

His recordings, which include over 100 CDs and seven solo recitals, have earned worldwide acclaim and won numerous prizes. His books about Arvo Pärt and Steve Reich, together with numerous anthologies of choral music, are published by Oxford University Press. In 2006, he was awarded an OBE for services to choral music. In 2007, he received the Order of the White Star of Estonia, and was awarded a Grammy for Best Choral Recording.

In 2008, he took up the position of Artistic Director and Chief Conductor of the National Chamber Choir of Ireland, and in 2009 was invited to form the new Coro Casa da Musica in Porto, Portugal. In 2010, he won a second Grammy (this time in the small ensemble category), for Theatre of Voices' recording of David Lang's 'The Little Match Girl Passion' (which also won a Pulitzer Prize), together with a selection of choral works by Lang, sung by Ars Nova Copenhagen.

Stewart French

Guitar

Stewart French is a British classical musician and sound engineer. Holding a master's degree in mathematics from Cambridge and the coveted Dip. RAM honor from the Royal Academy of Music (the institution's most prestigious performance award), Stewart has focused his professional career on exploring collaborative creativity through recording projects.

As a performer, Stewart's major achievements include recordings with Naxos, Universal, Collegium and Draft, compositional projects with John Rutter and Joseph Finlay, a new edition of Walton's Five Bagatelles for Guitar, and three volumes of 19th century guitar arrangements. Upcoming projects include a recording with Paul Hillier and the National Chamber Choir on Harmonia Mundi and an album project with Grammy-award nominee Tarik O'Regan.

At the other end of the microphone, Stewart has worked with many of the industry's leading audio professionals, labels and artists, including Bob Katz, Simon Eadon, Andrew Keener, Joshua Bell, Renée Fleming, Hyperion Records, Clare College Choir, Wigmore Hall Live, Alina Ibragimova, Cédric Tiberghien and Steven Osborne. His re-mixing abilities were recently recognized by veteran mastering engineer Bob Katz, who commented, "[His] mix is excellent, make that superb! I think there is something magical about this master." An analyst and theorist, Stewart has recently been awarded funding to follow his research interests at Cambridge, looking at mathematical modeling of recording/reproduction systems and collaborative creativity in record production.

Tarik O'Regan

Composer, *Acallam na Senórach*

Born in London in 1978, Tarik O'Regan was educated at Oxford University and subsequently at Cambridge. Recently, his work has garnered two 2009 Grammy nominations (including Best Classical Album), two British Composer Awards and a NEA Artistic Excellence grant. He has held the Fulbright Chester Schirmer Fellowship at Columbia University and a Radcliffe Institute Fellowship at Harvard. Other appointments include positions at Trinity and Corpus Christi Colleges in Cambridge, as well as at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton and Yale Universities. O'Regan's BBC Proms commission, *Latent Manifest*, by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the broadcast of a self-penned documentary, *Composing New York*, which he presented for BBC Radio. *Heart of Darkness*, his opera based on Joseph Conrad's novel of the same name, opens at the Royal Opera House Linbury Theatre in November 2011. ♦

Program Notes

J. S. Bach (1685 - 1750)

Jauchzet dem Herrn alle Welt.

The authorship of the three movements of this work, though attributed to J.S. Bach, is unclear. The first movement is probably an arrangement by Bach of a piece by Telemann (1681–1767). The second movement is an arrangement, probably by Bach himself, of one of his own works: the second movement of his cantata *Nun lob, mein Seel, den Herren*. The third movement is a reworking, most likely by Bach, of Telemann's Christmas cantata *Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich* (TWV 1066).

Jauchzet dem Herrn alle Welt, (Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.)

Chorale: *Sei Lob und Preis mit Ehren*
(With Glory be Praised)

Closing Chorus: *Lob und Ehre und Weisheit*
(Praise and Glory and Wisdom)

Johannes Brahms (1833 -1897)

O süsßer Mai (O Sweet May)

All meine Herzgedanken
(All My Innermost Thoughts)

Dein Herzlein mild (Your Gentle Heart)

Waldesnacht (Woodland Night)

German composer Johannes Brahms maintained an interest in choral music throughout his working life. He worked as a choral conductor in the early part of his career, and several of his earliest choral works were written for those choirs. He wrote 46 *a cappella* partsongs in all, published in seven collections. The first of the four songs performed here is taken from the collection *Lieder und Romanzen op 93a* (1884), while the remaining three are from *Sieben Lieder op. 62* (1874).

Siobhán Cleary (b.1970)

Theophilus Thistle & The Myth of Miss Muffet.

Born in Dublin, Siobhán Cleary studied music at NUI Maynooth, Queen's University Belfast and Trinity College Dublin, where she completed a Masters in Music and Media Technology. She has attended composition courses in Italy, France and Poland, where her tutors included Franco Donatoni and Louis Andriessen. She has also studied privately with Tom Johnson and Kevin Volans.

Her music has been performed and broadcasted in Ireland, the United Kingdom, USA, Italy, Switzerland, Poland, Czech Republic and France. Her orchestral work, *Threads* (1992 rev.1994), was selected by Vienna Modern Masters for performance at the Second International Festival of New Music for Orchestra in Olomouc in the Czech Republic, and was later released on CD. She has also written the music for two Roger Corman films, 'Space-jacked!' and 'Dangerous Curves.' Her orchestral work, 'Alchemy' (2001), commissioned by RTÉ, was performed by the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra in 2002, and in 2003 she was a featured composer in the Composers' Choice concert series at the National Concert Hall.

Recent commissions include 'Conachlann' (2008), commissioned for the Amstel Quartet and pianist Maria McGarry, and 'Mis' (2008), a work for Irish speakers and orchestra commissioned by the Kerry Chamber Orchestra. Future commissions include a work for the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra for

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performance in 2009. Siobhán Cleary was elected a member of Aosdána, Ireland's state-sponsored academy of creative artists, in 2008.

A NOTE FROM THE COMPOSER:

The point of departure for this work lies in the tradition of word games such as tongue-twisters, battologisms, spoonerisms and shibboleths. The structure follows a geographical area, journeying from the Italian peninsula and traveling north through Germany, south to the Iberian peninsula and west to Ireland. On first encounter, these word games seem to have little meaning, and indeed many of the ones included are a collection of nonsensical words that exist merely because of the sheer pleasure in their articulation, as in the Catalan "*tica-xica-mica*." Others contain words that are meaningful in themselves but become nonsensical because of their context, such as the Basque "*Olagarroaren erro errea larra errean gora*" which roughly translates as, "The cooked tentacle of the octopus on top of the burnt meadow." However, many contain a rich provenance of times-gone-by, such as the genealogy of the important Clan Maclean (in Scottish Gaelic). Included among the more didactic phrases are some sensible domestic economics from Lombardy, house-building lore from Brittany and a lesson in tolerance in Irish. We meet a host of colourful characters such as Sasà from Sicily with her dubious sleeping patterns, while in Germany, the earthy Doffel brothers display their fraternal affection by carrying each other through the village dirt.

There were casualties along the way, as I could not include every language and dialect in this topographical region. Notable representations of languages that did not meet the final version include Jersey ("*Mes moûques à myi m'êmoûquent un mio*" – "My bees wake me up a bit"), Manx (where they are known as "*Cass-ockle*", literally, teeth-breakers), Aragonese ("*Baxa t'abaxo lo faxo xuto de buxo y traye lo*

trallo tallau y trestallau" – "Bring down the dry bunch of box and fetch the tree trunk cut and split") and Welsh ("*Mae Llewellyn y llyfrgellydd o Lanelli wedi llyfu llawer o lyfaint*." – "Llewellyn, the librarian from Llanelli, licked many toads"). Apart from the title, neither Theophilus Thistle or Miss Muffett make an appearance in the score. Reluctantly, I also left out a host of their sibilant siblings who spent much time sitting and shining, or on sea-shores, selling sea-shells. I restricted myself to only one rather Poe-esque English twister which seemed atypical of the genre, but I couldn't resist its gothic feel. More typical were alliterative names with equally alliterative, if obscure, occupations, like Peter Piper who picked pecks of pickled peppers, Bitty Batter who bought bits of better butter to make bitter batter better, and Oliver Oglethorpe, who, for no apparent reason, ogled owls and oysters. Theophilus Thistle himself was a successful thistle sifter:

*Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter,
While sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles,
Thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.
Now if Theophilus Thistle, while sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles,
Thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb,
See that thou, while sifting a sieve-full of unsifted thistles,
Thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.
Success to the successful thistle-sifter!*

The short tongue twister "The Myth of Miss Muffett" is derived from the nursery rhyme Little Miss Muffet. It is speculated that the young arachnophobe was the daughter of Thomas Muffet (1553-1604), an entomologist who wrote the first scientific catalogue of British native insects. The work ends appropriately enough with a blessing from a nomadic tribe, the Irish travelling community: "*Stafa tapa hu*" – "Long life to you."

Theophilus Thistle & The Myth of Miss Muffet was commissioned by the Cork International Choral Festival for the Seminar on New Choral Music with funds made available by The Arts Council / An Chomhairle Ealaíon ♦

Tongue Twisters and Translations

Sicilian

Sasà si susi ai sei. Sù i sei e sei, cusà si Sasà si susiu ai sei?

Sasà wakes up at 6:00. It's 6 past 6, who knows if Sasà woke up at 6:00?

Italian

Scopo la casa, la scopa si sciupa; ma, se non scopo sciupando la scopa, la mia casetta con cosa la scopo?

I sweep the house, the broom breaks; but, if I don't sweep breaking the broom, what do I sweep my little house with?

Un pezzo di pizza che puzza nel pozzo del pazzo di pezza.

A piece of pizza is stinking in the well of the madman of rags.

Sardinian

Ti brinco a coddos o ti coddò a brincos?

Shall I jump on your back or shall I mount by jumping.

Lombard

Hich hach de hoch hech hecacc al hul höl höl è car aca a ca.

Five sacks of dry woods dried by sunlight in the attic are valued at home too.

Rhaeto-Romance

Tschuntschientschuncontatschun tschancs tschufs.

555 dirty sheep.

German

Der dicke dumme Doffel, trug den dünnen dummen Doffel, durch den tiefen dicken Dorfdreck. Da dankte der dünne dumme Doffel dem dicken dummen Doffel, daß der dicke dumme Doffel, den dünnen dummen Doffel, durch den tiefen dicken Dorfdreck trug.

The fat stupid Doffel carried the thin stupid Doffel through the deep thick village dirt. Whereupon the thin stupid Doffel thanked the fat stupid Doffel that the fat stupid Doffel carried the thin stupid Doffel through the deep thick village dirt.

Luxembourgish

Hengen hiren Haari heet Houltz hannert hierem hei'gen Haus. Hien hei'ert honnert hongrech Holzemer Houe'sen houschten.

Henry from the Hengen-House is chopping wood behind this high (big) house. He hears a hundred hungry rabbits from Holzern (village near-by) coughing.

Dutch

Vissers die vissen naar vissen en vissers die vissen die vangen vaak bot. De vissen waar de vissende vissers naar vissen, vinden vissers die vissen vervelend en rot!

Fishermen that go fishing for fish and fishermen who fish often catch flounders. The fish that the fishing fishermen fish for, find fishermen that go fishing annoying and beastly.

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Frisian

Bûter, brea en griene tsiis Hwa dat net sizze kin is gjin oprjochte Fries.

Butter, rye bread and green cheese: those who unable to say this are not real Frisians.

West Flemish

Toet toet te tit tat tut es.

Yes yes it is time that it is finished.

French

Les chaussettes de l'archi-duchesses sont-elles sèches, arch-sèches?

Are the archduchess' socks dry, very dry?

Occitan

Tap tarat taparà, tap pas tarat taparà pas.

A plug/cork with a good waist will plug/fit, a plug/cork with a bad waist will not plug/fit.

Breton

Pa ri ti to, to pa ri ti.

Cover (that) when you make the house, when you make the house cover (that).

Catalan

Una gallina tica-xica-mica, cama-curta i ballarica, va tenir tres pollets, tics-xics-mics, cama-curts i ballarics.

A tica-xica-mica (nonsense words), short-legged and dancing hen, had three tics-xics-mics, shortlegged and dancing chicks.

Si la gallina no hagués estat tica-xica-mica, cama-curta i ballarica, els tres pollets no serien tics-xics-mics, cama-curts i ballarics.

If the hen hadn't been tica-xica-mica, short-legged and dancing hen, the chicks wouldn't have been tics-xics-mics, short-legged and dancing chicks.

Spanish

Tres tristes tigres tragaban trigo en un trigal: un tigre, dos tigres, tres tigres.

Three sad tigers ate wheat on a wheat-field: one tiger, two tigers, three tigers.

Basque

Olagarroaren erro errea larra errea gora. (To be said ten times in just one breath)

The cooked tentacle of the octopus on top of the burnt meadow.

Galecian

Se vou a Bueu vou nun bou, sen non vou a Bueu non vou nun bou.

If I go to Bueu I will go in a fishing boat, if I don't go to Bueu I won't go in a fishing boat.

Portugese

Compadre compre pouca capa parda porque quem pouca capa parda compra pouca capa parda gasta. Eu pouca capa parda comprei e pouca capa parda gastei.

Buddy, buy few grey capes, because one who buys few grey capes, few grey capes spends. I bought a few grey capes, and few grey cape I spent.

English

Admidst the mists and coldest frosts, With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts, He thrusts his fists against the posts, And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Cornish

yma nown bleyth dhymm.

I've got the hunger of a wolf.

Cockney

Alan Knott Joe Roffie from a proper bottlestopper Joe Roffie pot, Hot coffee from a proper copper coffee pot.

Scots

“Nippit fit an clippit fit Ahint the keeng’s son rides; But bonny fit an pretty fit Ahint the caudron hides.”

Scots Gaelic

Eachann, Lachann, Lachann, Eachann, Eachann, Lachann, Teàrlach. Eachann, Lachann, Lachann, Eachann, Eachann, Lachann, Teàrlach.

The names of the Clan Maclean
Eachann, Lachann etc..
Performance instruction : “Like a dog
eating broth”

Irish

An bhfacha tú an bacach, nó an bhfacha tú a mhac? Ní fhaca mé an bacach is ní fhacha mé a mhac, ach dá bhfeicfinnse an bacach nó dá bhfeicfinnse a mhac, ní bhacfaínn leis an bacach is ní bhacfaínn lena mhac!

Shelta

Stafa tapa hu.

Long life to you. ♦

Tarik O'Regan (1978-)
Acallam na Senórach:
An Irish Colloquy

Notes from the composer

THE TEXT

Acallam na Senórach, a Middle Irish narrative dating to the late 12th or early 13th century, translates to English as 'The Colloquy of the Ancients' or 'Dialogue of the Elders.' It is one of the most important texts to survive from that period and is one of the longest-surviving works of original medieval Irish literature.

The original text tells the story of St. Patrick's interactions with two of the last-surviving members of a *fián* (band of warriors) once led by Finn mac Cumail: *Cáilte* and *Oisín*. They are still alive centuries after the famed battles in which they fought (traditionally assigned to the third century), and no explanation is given as to why they are still roaming around Ireland with their followers at the time of St Patrick's arrival in the fifth century.

The conversation between the saint and *Cáilte* (who takes a significantly larger role in the dialogue than *Oisín*) as they journey through Ireland provides a frame in which approximately 200 shorter narratives are embedded, describing incidents in the era of Finn and his *fián*.

Acallam na Senórach survives in five manuscripts, which date from the 15th and 16th centuries: two in the Franciscan Collection at University College Dublin, two in the University of Oxford and one in Chatsworth House.

THE MUSIC

In writing the musical setting of *Acallam na Senórach*, I was drawn to the evenness of the dialogue. Instead of St. Patrick simply converting the pagan warriors, he is encouraged to listen to *Cáilte's* stories and poems of an earlier time, in which the saint delights.

This secular/sacred osmosis is maintained unwaveringly throughout the entire text. By the end of the narrative, one has witnessed not only the arrival of a new religion in Ireland, but also a richly-recounted secular narrative map of the entire island: the peaceful and enriching shaking of two great hands.

In preparing the libretto (the sung text), I have focused on only a few of the shorter constituent tales. This decision was born of the practical constraints of duration. I have, however, kept the skeleton, albeit smaller, of the overall frame in place. Finally, for the sake of simplicity, *Oisín* is removed from the primary narrative.

The characters are not assigned specific voices. The narrative as a whole is carried by a persistently changing combination of voices and guitar. The one exception is *Cas Corach*, the musician of the *síd* (underworld), who is most closely embodied throughout this setting in the solo interludes for guitar.

The music itself is not ethnographically inclined; that is, I have not attempted to reconstruct theories on Irish music of the period from which *Acallam* stems. However, the score, and especially the guitar writing (the editing of which was done by Stewart French, who performed the guitar solo for the premiere) is imbued with an air of Arab and Persian influence.

The dulcimer, which *Cas Corach* plays, is thought to have been similar to the Iranian *Santur*. A potential antecedent of the *bodhráin* (Irish frame drum), for which I have written two parts in this work, is the North African *bendir*. Considering that the surviving manuscripts of the *Acallam* stem from a period in which Ireland maintained some contact with North Africa and the Near East, both of a friendly (trade) and hostile (piracy) nature, perhaps some variety of cultural exchange (not dissimilar to that between St Patrick and *Cáilte*) influenced the extant transcriptions.

Acallam, after all, tells us that, following his baptism by the saint, *Cáilte* repays Patrick with a block of gold from the 'Land of Arabia.' This is, no doubt, a reference to the Holy Land (from a different era altogether). For me, however, that precise moment, where continents, cultures, material goods and spiritual blessing intersect evenly, is the kernel of the entire work, and, from my first reading of the text, served as the catalyst for this musical rendering.

SYNOPSIS

PART ONE begins with a prologue (I), after which we witness Patrick, newly-arrived in Ireland, meeting the ancient warrior *Cáilte* and his retinue for the first time (II). *Cáilte* is baptized by Patrick and repays the saint first by reciting a poem and then with a large block of gold. We are told that it is from this gold that the subsequent decoration of the psalters and missals of Ireland was crafted.

Cáilte then introduces Cas Corach (III), a fine musician of the *síd* (underworld), who plays for Patrick (IV), lulling the saint to sleep. He awakes to a fierce storm in the morning (V). After the storm has subsided, Patrick asks Cáilte about a nearby spring, which prompts the warrior to tell the tale of Níam and Óisín (VI).

At the start of PART TWO (VII), we learn that a great number of stories and verses have been recited by Cáilte to Patrick (VIII), including the sorrowful tale of Cael and Créde (IX). This prompts Cáilte to ask Patrick of his own mortality (X) and Patrick answers, giving the warrior the number of years he has left to live.

After some time (XI), Patrick worries that he has been neglecting his duties (XII). However, he is reassured by his two guardian angels that the stories of Cáilte are important and should be preserved. At this signal (XIII), Cáilte decides to leave for Tara, which Patrick has already foretold to be the warrior's final resting place.

The setting closes with the parting of Patrick and Cáilte (XIV).

Tarik O'Regan, January 2011

THE LIBRETTO

This English text, unless otherwise noted, is based mostly on 'Tales of the Elders of Ireland' (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999), translated with an introduction and notes by Ann Dooley and Harry Roe, which I adapted especially for this musical setting. This reworking was made with the invaluable assistance of Geraldine Parsons, who, in addition to reciting the Middle Irish poetry in order that I be able to set it musically, provided me with a general understanding of the narrative and its context.

The Middle Irish poetry is taken from 'Acallamh na Senórach,' edited and partially translated by Whitley Stokes

in *Irische Texte mit Übersetzungen und Wörterbuch* (Leipzig: S. Hirzel, 1880-1909), edited by Whitley Stokes and Ernst Windisch.

Other sources consulted in the preparation of the libretto include 'A golden treasury of Irish poetry: A.D. 600 to 1200' (London and Melbourne: Macmillan, 1967), edited and with translations by David Herbert Greene and Frank O'Connor and 'Silva Gadelica (1-31): a collection of tales in Irish with extracts illustrating persons and places' (London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate, 1892), edited and translated by Standish Hayes O'Grady. Both of these texts were brought to my attention by Kay Muhr, who provided some additional assistance with this project.

PART ONE

I. PROLOGUE TO PART ONE

II. THE FÍAN

After the battles of Commar, Gabair, and Ollarba, the *Fían*¹ was destroyed. The survivors scattered across Ireland and, by the time our story begins, only one of the nobles of this ancient *Fían* was still alive: Cáilte. Sixteen of the *Fían* warriors traveled with him across the wooded and flower-covered slopes of the Fews.

Patrick was reciting his office, but upon seeing Cáilte and his men approaching, he was first seized with fear and horror at the sight of these warriors of an earlier age. Then, Patrick, apostle to the Irish, arose and sprinkled holy water on these great men, for a thousand legions of demons had been above their heads. The great men then sat down.

"Well, my friend, there is something I would ask you," said Patrick to Cáilte. "Find us a well of pure water close by, so that we might baptize the peoples." Cáilte took Patrick by the hand and together they went over the ramparts

of the fortress. Just nine steps from the portal they saw a lovely crystal-clear spring.

"Do you know why you have been brought to speak with me?" asked Patrick. "Indeed I do not," replied Cáilte. "So that you might submit to the Gospel of the King of Heaven and Earth." Patrick then poured on him the waters of baptism, and Cáilte recited these lines:

'A thoibur Trágha dhá bhan
álaind do bhílar barrhglan.
ó ro tréigedh do chnuas ort
nír' léiced fás dot fochloch,
Is uait dochuadar in Fiann
dar' marbad Coinchend coimfiail,
dar' cuireadh ár Feinde Find
isin mhadain ós Maolghlind.
A(r) marbadh chon ocus fer
ar n-athchuma laoch láingheal
co cuala glaodh Gharaidh ghlain
adhaigh re taobh in topair.'

'O spring of Tráig Dá Ban,
lovely your bright cress sprigs;
Since your pruning was neglected,
your brooklime has multiplied.
From you the *Fían* set out,
when generous Coinchenn was slain,
When Finn's *Fían* was slaughtered,
in the morning above Maelglenn.
After the slaughter of dogs and men,
after the wounding of shining warriors,
Garad's cry was heard at night
beside the spring.'

Cáilte put his hand to the rim of his shield and gave Patrick a block of red, flame-like gold from the land of Arabia, in payment for his baptism, and that of his companions. "This was my last gift from Finn mac Cumail, Chieftan of the *Fían*," said Cáilte, "and I give it to you, Patrick, for the good of my soul, and the soul of the chief of the *Fían*." This block of gold reached from the end of Patrick's hand to the top of his shoulder. This is the gold that was later used on the psalters and missals of Ireland.

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III. CAS CORACH

“What shall I and my warriors do?” asked Cailte. “You are welcome to spend a month, a season, or a year with me,” said Patrick, “for I am beholden forever to you and to your poetry and stories.”

Then Patrick asked of Cailte, “Were there musicians with the *Fían*?” “Cas Corach,” said Cailte, “the finest in Ireland. He came to me to learn knowledge and true lore, and he remains with me still.” “Play for us, then, Cas Carach,” said Patrick.

“I will,” said Cas Corach, “but give me a reward, holy cleric, for my music.”

“You shall have Heaven,” said Patrick, “though a man of your art may encounter great inhospitality, through music the inhospitality will disappear.”

“Never has it pleased me more to perform before anyone else, holy cleric,” Cas Corach said. And so Cas Corach played.

IV. INTERLUDE

V. THE SÍD

At that time, drowsiness and sleep fell upon the cleric from the beguiling music of the *síd*.² Cas Corach finished his music and put his dulcimer away.

“Good is the art that you have performed for us, even though the magic of the *síd* is in it. For if there is music in heaven,” said Patrick, “there should also be music on earth.”

When Patrick rose early the next morning, a great and heavy snow had fallen and a grievous cold had descended. It twisted the branches of the russet-leaved trees like withes, so that strong men were unable to journey.

As the cold storm arose, Cailte found Patrick and recited the following verse:

‘Is fuar geimred, atracht gaeth
eirgid dam discir dergbaeth,
ní te anocht in sliab slán
gé beth dam dian ic dordan.
As maith chodlus in dam donn
fuil is a chnes re coronn,
mar do beth fá thuind tuaidhi
derekh oidche induaire.
Atlochar do rígh nime
do Mac Muire inghine,
dobeirinn mór sochd ar sluag
ge ber anocht co hadfuar.’

‘Winter is cold; the wind has risen;
the fierce stark-wild stag arises;
not warm tonight is the unbroken
mountain,
even though the swift stag be belling
Well sleeps the brown stag
Who rests his side on Corron,³
as though he were beneath the wave of
Tonn Tuaighe⁴
at the end of a cold night.
I thank the King of Heaven,
Son of the Virgin Mary:
often used I to still armies,
though I be tonight very cold.’⁵

VI. NÍAM

“And you shall have Heaven for your poetry and your art,” said Patrick to Cailte. “But tell me, why is that spring at the end of the lake called the Spring of the Company of Women?”

Cailte answered as follows: “Níam, the daughter of the King of Munster, eloped and fled with Oisín, the son of Finn, to that spring. Whilst Oisín was hunting, Níam and her thirty women would wash their hands and faces in that clear blue water.

Meanwhile the King of Munster was greatly offended that his daughter had eloped with Oisín. So, he assembled five battalions, each of three thousand men. They pursued the *Fían* as far as this, where Níam and her women were washing at that spring.

As Níam saw the battalions, she said,

“Sad is that!” Happy was the one who would find death, rather than having to face her father and the nobles of the two provinces of Munster seeing her thus.

Níam then put her face to the ground and died there together with her thirty women. Her heart came out through her lips in a gush of blood. From that time, this hill is called the Hill of the Slaughter, and that spring is called the Spring of the Company of Women.” Then Cailte recited:

Atá ‘sa chnoc in rigan
sochaide rissa digal,
Cnoc ind áir óssin ille
baile chaich ‘na comnaide.’

‘The queen lies on the hill,
a company came to avenge her,
its name is Hill of the Slaughter ever
since;
the place where all remained.’⁶

PART TWO

VII. PROLOGUE TO PART TWO

One cannot count the number of stories and verses that Cailte related of the local lore of each hill and region that Patrick asked about, as well as the great deeds of valor and prowess he had done, or the tales of the nobles of the *Fían*.

VIII. INTERLUDE

IX. CÁEL AND CRÉDE

“I shall speak of Cáel, a warrior of Finn mac Cumhaill’s retinue, and Créde, his wife,” said Cailte.

“She looked after the sick and wounded of the *Fían* when we fought in Ventry. On the last day of the battle a tragedy occurred: Cáel was drowned, chasing his opponent into the sea. After he had drowned, he was washed ashore and his wife, and the nobles of the *Fían* found him. Créde came and lay beside him and said, with great

mourning and lamentation, ‘Why should I not die here, mourning for my husband? Look! The wild creatures die recklessly in sorrow too.’”

She then recited the following poem:

Saeth lim Cáel
do beith a richt mairbh rem thaebh,
Tond do thoct tar a thaebh geal
is ed rommer, mét a aebh.

‘I grieve that Cáel lies,
now as a corpse, beside me:
since the wave swept over his
gleaming side,
the greatness of his beauty has driven
me to madness.’⁷

“Créde then lay down beside Cáel
and died of sorrow. They were buried
together in a single grave,” said Cailte,
“and it was I who raised the stone
above their grave, still called the Grave
of Cáel and Créde.”

X. CAÍLTE

“Discover for me the true state of my
existence, for I am old and at the end
of my life,” asked Cailte. “What are the
number of years that remain to me?”

Patrick then answered with this verse:

Secht mbliadna déc ón ló aniu
duit, a Chailte co cáemchlú,
co taethais ic Lind Temrach
cid doccair leissin teaghlach.

‘From today seventeen years remain
to you,
O Cailte with fair fame,
until you fall at Tara’s Pool,
Sad will the household be.’⁸

Then Cailte said, “May you have
victory and blessing, dear Patrick, for
that is the same prophecy that was
made by my chief, Finn mac Cumáill.”

VIII. INTERLUDE

XII. PATRICK

“You have lightened our spirits and our
mind, even though our religious life
has been disrupted and our prayers
neglected,” said Patrick. Aibelán
and Solusbrethach, his two guardian
angels, then came to Patrick, and he
asked them if it were the wish of the
King of Heaven and Earth that he listen
to these tales of the *Fían*.

The angels answered him with one
voice: “Dear holy cleric, this ancient
warrior recalls only fraction of his tales,
for he is from an earlier age. Have
these stories written down on scribes’
tablets in the language of poets; the
hearing of them will delight the lords
and commons of later times.” The
angels then left them.

XIII. THE FIÁN

At that time Cas Corach said, “Well,
my dear cleric, my dear Cailte, it is
time for me to leave now.” “May you
be blessed,” said Patrick, “Rise up and
take your dulcimer.” As Cas Corach
made ready to go, a paternoster was
sung:

Pater noster, qui es in caelis:
sanctificetur Nomen Tuum;
adveniat Regnum Tuum;
fiat voluntas Tua,
sicut in caelo, et in terra.
Panem nostrum cotidianum da nobis
hodie;
et dimitte nobis debita nostra,
Sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus
nostris...

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass
against us...

Patrick then said to Cailte, “The men
and women of Ireland will meet in Tara
soon. Go there and meet them, so that

you can tell them of the *Fían*. Tell them
of your deeds and those of Finn mac
Cumáill.

Well, Cailte agreed to that and said,
“Everything I have promised, I shall
do.” Then Patrick said, “You are dearly
beloved by me.”

XIV. EPILOGUE

Cailte bade farewell to Patrick, and then
went to Tara and told much knowledge
and true lore until his passing. And
all that he said was preserved by the
ollaves⁹ of Ireland. ◆

1 FÍAN: A BAND OF WARRIORS

2 SÍD: THE UNDERWORLD

3 CORRON: A DISTRICT IN CO. SLIGO
(TRANSLATES AS ‘THE CROWN’)

4 TONN TUAIGHE: THE BANN ESTUARY (ONE
OF THE ‘THREE WAVES OF IRELAND’)

5 ‘A GOLDEN TREASURY OF IRISH
POETRY: A.D. 600 TO 1200’ (LONDON AND
MELBOURNE: MACMILLAN, 1967), EDITED
AND WITH TRANSLATIONS BY DAVID
HERBERT GREENE AND FRANK O’CONNOR

6 ‘SILVA GADELICA (1-31): A COLLECTION
OF TALES IN IRISH WITH EXTRACTS
ILLUSTRATING PERSONS AND PLACES’
(LONDON AND EDINBURGH: WILLIAMS AND
NORGATE, 1892), EDITED AND TRANSLATED
BY STANDISH HAYES O’GRADY

7 ADAPTED FROM A TRANSLATION BY KAY
MUHR

8 IBID.

9 OLLAVES: PEOPLE OF LEARNING

Culture Ireland is the state agency for
the promotion of Irish arts worldwide,
working under the aegis of the Minister for
Tourism, Culture and Sport. Culture Ireland
creates and supports opportunities for Irish
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www.cultureireland.gov.ie

Imagine Ireland is a year-long season
of Irish arts in America in 2011, an initiative
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Department of Tourism, Culture and Sport.
www.imagineireland.ie

Accalam na Senorach: Co-commissioned
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An Comhairle Ealaíon, The DeBartolo
Performing Arts Center at University
of Notre Dame, Indiana, and Peak
Performances at Monclair State University,
Montclair, New Jersey.

Leaving the hubbub behind: UI junior finds peace in musical expression

by Lauren Pardun

I have extended myself far too thin. But I am not an overachiever.

It seems that most collegiate-level juniors extend themselves to their maximum. This appears to be the natural coping mechanism in this ghastly economy where not even four years of grueling studies will guarantee a stable job. It's almost become a mantra of the college student: the more I do now, the less I'll have to starve myself later.

During one week alone I manage:

- 14 semester hours of class time
- 6 hours of tutoring sessions
- A marketing internship
- A coaching position for a high school color guard
- At least 6 hours of homework per day to keep my grade point average
- Serving as Alumnae Chair on our music fraternity executive board
- And still expect to hold a position in the Iowa Honors Program

I admit that I am not the busiest student on campus, and that is frightening. Many of the pre-med students, for example, would look at my schedule and laugh in my face.

In a recent survey conducted by The Associated Press and mtvU, there was some good news: "Students reported an overall positive outlook on life. Sixty-four percent said they are somewhat or very happy with their lives." But there was also some bad news. Testing 2,253 undergraduate students from 40 different universities, "The survey concluded that school-related concerns are key factors in students'

stress levels...other primary sources of stress come from financial problems, relationship and family problems and extracurricular activities" and found that "two in five students said they felt stressed often, and one in five felt stressed all or most of the time."

Given all of this stress, there is one thing that I refuse to let go of in this bedlam: My music.

After a long day of school, work, and any other extraneous happenings that may occur, I'll admit, it is hard to drag myself to a long two-hour choir rehearsal where I am expected to be attentive with my back straight, folder up, and eyes on the conductor—all while making sure I am breathing correctly and singing the correct pitches. But there is something within the simplicity and beauty of music that makes me unaware of the million endeavors that go on outside that room.

I guess I am preaching to the choir when I say that music is beneficial to anyone's life (not just the over-extended college junior). *Time Magazine* has reported, "There is some indication that music can affect levels of various hormones, including cortisol (involved in arousal and stress), testosterone (aggression and arousal) and oxytocin (nurturing behavior) as well as trigger release of the natural opiates known as endorphins." Music is slowly becoming a part of the expanding medical field to help rehabilitate patients and persons with disabilities; from my own experiences I can certainly guess why.

It seems cliché to admit that singing is a part of my life that is so crucial I can't go a day without it—but it's very much true. I sing in the car, the shower (much to my roommates' dismay), the

bus, while alone (for that one second), and even while I write this narrative. Letting music flow from my ears, to my brain, and in to the air feels so natural and so calming.

Literally having been born singing (not an exaggeration), I guess it was always going to be a part of me, but it has a different meaning for me now than when I started singing in earnest in the third-grade. During this tense time in my life, music is my release and that one solid note in my life. It is a gift to be able to make music for others to enjoy (not necessarily the shower singing) and it is a wonderful feeling to be able to be calm in the midst of this mayhem.

I look around the Pentacrest, as I calmly hum the Tony Bennett tune "The Lady Is a Tramp," to see Red Bulls and Starbucks cups in the hands of frantic undergraduate students just looking for some time to sit and enjoy the beautiful day. But they are caught up in the need to over-achieve and have no place to feel calm.

So maybe I'm the lucky one to have found my niche so early in life, letting my music be heard by the world (at least my world).

In addition to being a Hancher marketing intern, Lauren Pardun is a junior undergraduate student in the journalism and mass communication program at the University of Iowa. She is pursuing a double minor in music and mass communication. When she is not sleeping off a nervous breakdown, she enjoys singing to strangers and visiting with family and friends who will admit that they, in fact, know her. ♦

Celebrating an ancient tradition in the modern world AnDa Union brings Mongolian music to Iowa City on October 27

by **Bian Elkhatib**

Bian Elkhatib is a UI student in English literature with an emphasis in creative writing and a member of the Hancher intern team.

Imagine you are in a rural province of Inner Mongolia. A chilly breeze sweeps across your face. The sun has just risen, and it is time to milk the yaks and continue your journey along the rocky steppes. As you dismantle the family yurt, your mother begins singing a song, a song that has been in her family for generations.

Mongolian music. Those two words only begin to describe AnDa Union's spirited, tonal, and dynamic sound. The group plays a variety of instruments, from the traditional horse head fiddle—which uses real horse hair - to the more common lute. Influenced by Mongolia's ancient folk music, AnDa Union captures the country's rich history, including its triumphs and downfalls.

Living in Hohhot, China, the group's ten members work actively in their community, fostering cultural awareness and musical education. The ensemble, formed in 2003, call themselves "music gatherers," collecting both ancient and modern sounds. Drawing inspiration from Genghis Khan's unification of Mongol tribes, AnDa seeks to unite historical sounds with listeners from around the world through shared experience and history. The horse hair fiddle expresses joyous musicality, while the lute emotes deep longing and nostalgia.

AnDa members come from diverse backgrounds, and their lives encompass the dual aspects of modern and traditional Mongolian life. One member, Chinggel, makes Mongolian metal flutes, and drives a Yamaha motorcycle. Another member, Urgan, grew up with the traditional

herder lifestyle and is now married to a children's television presenter. Saikhannakha, who plays the Morin Huur in AnDa, recently opened a bar, in hopes of it becoming a youth music venue.

As the new generation of Mongolians leave their nomadic lifestyle and settle in cities, fears that old traditions and music will be lost become real. However, the group is making its mark on the musical world, ensuring that traditional Mongolian folk music is never forgotten. AnDa Union was recently the subject of a documentary called *From the Steppes to the City*, which details the group's struggle to keep ancient music and traditions alive. The ensemble has also released a new CD, entitled *The Wind Horse*, and recently performed at the Kennedy Center Festival in China. When listening to AnDa's music, it is obvious why these traditional songs have lasted over thousands of years, and that AnDa will continue to bring this music into the future.

So log off Facebook, turn off your television, and immerse yourself in the beautiful sounds and handmade instruments of ancient Mongolia. Watch as these performers fight to keep their cultural traditions relevant in our increasingly globalized world.

AnDa Union will be performing at the Englert Theatre on Thursday October 27 at 7:30 P.M.

For tickets, call the Hancher Box Office at 319-335-1160 or 1-800-HANCHER, or order online at <http://www.hancher.uiowa.edu>. ♦

Movement Never Lies

By Julia Gouge

Paul Taylor Dance Company to perform on November 1 at West High School

The Paul Taylor Dance Company, one of the world's premier dance ensembles, was developed by Paul Taylor in the 1950s. Taylor is the last living member of a pantheon of dancers, including Martha Graham and Merce Cunningham, credited with pioneering modern dance in America. Although Taylor retired as a performer in 1974, Paul Taylor Dance Company and his three other companies continue to showcase his inexhaustible repertoire of new choreography that engages audiences worldwide. The high talent of his dancers is irrefutable, as several famous dancers have emerged from the company since its establishment, including David Parsons, Twyla Tharp, Christopher Gillis, Senta Driver, and Amy Marshall.

In a number of his early pieces, Taylor desired to bring vernacular movement into the high art of dance. He was inspired by and collaborated with visual artists Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns, who were attempting to break similar barriers in painting by incorporating everyday symbols and techniques into their work. To Taylor, vernacular movement included everyday gestures and stances from the street, such as checking a watch or waiting for a bus. Taylor's work reflects the beauty and pathos of the most common aspects of society. Early audiences found Taylor's style unusual and inaccessible, thus prompting Martha Graham to label him the "naughty boy" of dance. Today, Taylor remains cutting-edge.

The strength and honesty with which Taylor addresses life's most difficult subjects is perhaps what has attracted audiences to his work for decades. Through dance, he wordlessly illuminates experiences with war, spirituality, sexuality, morality, and mortality. Taylor confronts topics both meta-

physical and seemingly insignificant, often drawing from iconic moments in American history. In the 1980s, Taylor took a poignant look at soldiers, their families, and military structures. By telling the story of intimate relationships among military men through dance, he shed a new light on war and prompted the New York Times to hail him "among the great war poets." Taylor shies away from no subject, and in the past ten years alone has produced choreography that condemns American imperialism, pokes fun at feminism, and warns against blind submission to authority.

Aside from provocative subject matter, the Paul Taylor Dance Company promises an exceptional performance experience with dance given Taylor's quirky musical taste. In the 1960s, Taylor began setting his dances to experimental music, both modern and ancient, and continues to do so today. In the past, he has choreographed to an eclectic mix of sounds including rock and roll, Baroque concertos, laughter, Medieval masses, telephone time announcements, and compositions from Debussy and John Cage.

Taylor's work has earned him three Guggenheim Fellowships, a MacArthur Fellowship, an Emmy, a National Medal of Arts, and even knighthood by the French government. Taylor's choreography and the dancers of the Paul Taylor Dance Company undoubtedly tackle stark realities but also celebrate the passion, joy, and humor of life in America.

The Paul Taylor Dance Company will be performing Tuesday, November 1, at 7:30 pm in the West High School Auditorium. For tickets, call the Hancher Box Office at 319-335-1160 or 1-800-HANCHER, or order online at www.hancher.uiowa.edu. ♦



**For Taylor,
a dance is the
first step in
returning the
viewer to the
street more
aware of the
beauty in
the simple
movements he
or she sees
every day.
—PBS**

Julia Gouge is an art history major at the University of Iowa. During the summer of 2011, she was a member of the Hancher intern team.

2011 - 2012

COMING TO HANCHER

AnDa Union
Thursday, October 27

Paul Taylor Dance Company
Tuesday, November 1

American String Quartet
with the Maia String Quartet
Friday, November 18

Boston Pops Esplanade Orchestra
with Rockapella
Sunday, November 27

Club Hancher - Catherine Russell
Thursday, December 8

American Beauty Project
Friday, December 9

John Oliver
Saturday, January 28

Stew & The Negro Problem
Thursday, February 2

Chucho Valdés and the
Afro-Cuban messengers
Friday, February 10

L.A. Theatre Works *The Rivalry*
Thursday, February 23

Tower of Power
Friday, March 2

Los Angeles Guitar Quartet
Tuesday, March 6

Lucky Plush Productions, *Punk Yankees*
Thursday, March 8

Soweto Gospel Choir
Tuesday, March 27

Dave Pietro
Thursday, April 5

Sean Christopher Lewis
and Working Group Theatre, *Mayberry*
Friday-Sunday, April 27-29

Enso String Quartet
Friday, May 4

The Gizmo Guys
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