

The University of Auckland  
School of Music

# The University of Auckland Chamber Choir: Strike

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Saturday 10 August 2019, 4:30 PM  
FREE ADMISSION



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
**AUCKLAND**  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THEATRE  
NEW ZEALAND

**CREATIVE ARTS  
AND INDUSTRIES**

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# Introduction

The University of Auckland Chamber Choir (ACC) is proud to present the New Zealand premiere of David Lang's *the little match girl passion* (2007), conducted by Dr Karen Grylls ONZM. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 2008, the work is based on Hans Christian Andersen's story *The Little Match Girl*, which Lang sets in the format of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*.

ACC is committed to providing students with learning opportunities. *the little match girl passion* will be preceded by several shorter works by Renaissance and contemporary composers, directed by conducting students of the School of Music.

Our thanks to St Matthew-in-the-City for their continued support of School of Music events.

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The University of Auckland Chamber Choir

Dr Karen Grylls ONZM, Conductor

Robert Wiremu, Assistant Conductor and Language Coach

Catrin Johnsson, Director and Language Coach

Ebony Andrew, Actor - *the little match girl*

Ron Samsom, Coordinator of Jazz Studies

Student conductors: Arthur Adams-Close, Sid Chand, Takerei Komene, Jared Corbett, Costa Simpson

# Programme

*Jesus gjør meg stille*

arr. PEDERSEN (1960–)

Dr Karen Grylls, conductor

*Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen*

ISAAC (1450–1517)

Costa Simpson, conductor

*Il bianco e dolce cigno*

ARCADELT (1507–1568)

Arthur Adams-Close, conductor

*Come sweet death*

BACH (1685–1750), dev. LONDON

Jared Corbett, conductor

*Ecce quomodo moritur justus*

GALLUS (1550–1591)/et al, arr. WIREMU

Sid Chand, conductor

*Kondalilla*

LEEK (1959–)

Takerei Komene, conductor

# Programme

*the little match girl passion* (2007)

words and music by DAVID LANG (1957-), after H.C. Andersen, H.P. Paull, Picander and Saint Matthew

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Dr Karen Grylls, conductor  
Ebony Andrew, soprano

## 1. Come Daughter

Come, daughter  
Help me, daughter  
Help me cry  
Look, daughter  
Where, daughter  
What, daughter  
Who, daughter  
Why, daughter  
Guiltless daughter  
Patient daughter  
Gone

## 2. It was terribly cold

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. So the little girl went on.

## 3. Dearest heart

Dearest heart  
Dearest heart  
What did you do that was so wrong? What was so wrong?  
Dearest heart  
Dearest heart  
Why is your sentence so hard?

#### 4. In an old apron

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, dark hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders but she regarded them not.

#### 5. Penance and remorse

Penance and remorse  
Tear my sinful heart in two  
My teardrops  
May they fall like rain down upon your poor face  
May they fall down like rain  
My teardrops  
Here, daughter, here I am  
I should be bound as you were bound  
All that I deserve is  
What you have endured  
Penance and remorse  
Tear my sinful heart in two  
My penance  
My remorse  
My penance

#### 6. Lights were shining

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savoury smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

#### 7. Patience, patience!

Patience,  
patience!

#### 8. Ah! perhaps

Ah! Perhaps burning a match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out - "scratch!" How it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the first burned! And seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! The flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples, and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

### 9. Have mercy, my God

Have mercy, my God.  
Look here, my God.  
See my tears fall. See my tears fall.  
Have mercy, my God. Have mercy.  
My eyes are crying.  
My heart is crying, my God.  
See my tears fall.  
See my tears fall, my God.

### 10. She lighted another match

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and coloured pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. "Someone is dying," thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

### 11. From the sixth hour

From the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour she cried out:

Eli, Eli.

### 12. She again rubbed a match

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree." And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

### 13. When it is time for me to go

When it is time for me to go  
Don't go from me  
When it is time for me to leave  
Don't leave me  
When it is time for me to die  
Stay with me  
When I am most scared  
Stay with me

### 14. In the dawn of morning

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New Year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New Year's Day.

### 15. We sit and cry

We sit and cry  
And call to you  
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft  
Where is your grave, daughter?  
Where is your tomb?  
Where is your resting place?  
Rest soft, daughter, rest soft

You closed your eyes.  
I closed my eyes.

Rest soft

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THE UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND CHAMBER CHOIR

SOPRANO

Celia Aspey-Gordon  
Laurelle Clarke  
Bianca Davidson  
Ella Ewen  
Alexandra Francis  
Wendy Wei Huang  
Sarah McNabb  
Libby Montgomery  
Luana Pricor  
Bria Renai  
Te Ohorere Williams  
Maria Winder

ALTO

Hannah Ashford-Beck  
Irena Angelovska  
Jennie Argyle  
Laura Caygill  
Amy Chang  
Alison Dunlop  
Larissa Kent  
Rhianna Maker  
Savannah Post  
Keani Taruia-Pora  
Sophia Yang  
Cecilia Zhang  
Gabrielle Mutu-Grigg

TENOR

Matthew Bennett  
Sid Chand  
Jared Corbett  
Nick Curry  
Nathan Hauraki  
Chris McRae  
Denzel Panama  
Hamish Regan  
Benett Tan

BASS

Gregory Camp  
Arthur Close  
James Butler  
Takerei Komene  
Alex Matangi  
Jacob Moore  
Blake Nicholson  
Blake Scanlen  
Costa Simpson  
Peter Simpson  
Benedict Tan  
Max Wilson  
Desmond Young

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