

Inversion Ensemble

July 22, 2018 – Northridge Presbyterian Church

Trevor F. Shaw, Artistic Director / Clinton Bray, Guest Conductor

The Tree of Life (2015).....Trevor F. Shaw

Text: Charles Darwin, “The Origin of Species”

As buds give rise by growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so by generation I believe it has been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever branching and beautiful ramifications.

Perplexed Music (2006).....John Muchleisen

Text: Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Experience, like a pale musician, holds a dulcimer of patience in his hand, whence harmonies we cannot understand, of God’s will in His worlds, the strain unfolds in sad, perplexed minors. Deathly colds fall on us while we hear and countermand our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land with nightingales in visionary worlds. We murmur, where is any certain tune or measured music, in such notes as these? But angels, leaning from the golden seat, are not so minded; their fine ear hath won the issue of completed cadences, and, smiling down the stars, they whisper – sweet.

Amata (2015).....Alexander Johnson

Text: Alexander Johnson

Though we are apart, love spans our divided hearts. It will surround us until our two souls may be whole once more.

Aquamarine (2017)..... Trevor F. Shaw

Text: Leslie Ullman

A drop of sea, rounded as beachglass or a tablet of eucalyptus on the tongue, its color soothes the eye with the cool undersides of leaves. This is the color of sky just before sunrise, the air in the valley still freshened from stars. It's the color of water gulped from the dark green hose after a ride on the mesa and the color to ease forgetfulness, another thirst, giving words back to a watchful, timid child who murmured stories late at night. It's the color of joy only deeper, perhaps forgiveness, when the self's right hand reaches for the left and holds it, resting. This is the color that filled my eyes last night under a three-quarter moon, even though the pale light flooding the corral wasn't really the color of sea. You took my hands, and kept them long enough to warm them into a single shape - it shimmered like a knot of roots lifted from broken soil. Then you let them go slowly, as though retracing that touch for both of us to keep while the chestnut mare nosed for grain at our feet, her lips barely disturbing the rippled sand, precise as a surgeon's hands probing a slowed heart.

Here before the sunrise blue (2017).....Robbie LaBanca

Text: Janine Pommy-Vega

Here before the sunrise blue & in the solitude to you: come home. The moon is full over morning buildings, the shade of solitude is upon my hand: come home. In this empty loft of high windows the shades are lifting, and people are arrived; to you: in the early silence between us that IS, folded deep into night & and the black well of Sources In-here is gone forth to meet in-there & we ARE bound below a sound or gesture; Beneath distance, before time, at the foot of the silent forest, meet me here, I love you. A fire is crackling, I have risen early before the dawn - love and how long I have need of you all I feel;

Don't know where you are or what's happening, yet surely the morning stars will shed their light in desolate places, and this just from me first thing in the morning, love.

Where Go the Boats (2012).....Dale Trumbore

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the river. Golden is the sand. It flows along for ever; with trees on either hand. Green leaves a-floating, castles of the foam, boats of mine a-boating – where will all come home? On goes the river and out past the mill, away down the valley, away down the hill. Away down the river, a hundred miles or more, other little children shall bring my boats ashore.

Set me as a seal.....Bryan Page

Text: Song of Solomon 8:6a, 7a

Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm; for love is as strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Set me as a seal upon your arm; for love is as strong as death.

How Great Thou Art (2017).....arr. Clinton Bray

Text: Stuart K. Hine

O Lord my God, when I in awesome wonder consider all the worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder, thy power throughout the universe displayed. When through the woods and forest glade I wander, and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees; when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze; then sings my soul, my savior God to thee; how great thou art, how great thou art! And when I think that God, his Son not sparing, sent him to die, I scarce can take it in; that on the cross, my burden gladly bearing, he bled and died to take away my sin; then sings my soul, my savior God to thee; how great thou art, how great thou art! When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation and take me home, what joy shall fill my heart. Then I shall bow in humble adoration, and there proclaim, my God, how great thou art!

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty (2015).....arr. Clinton Bray

Text: Joachim Neander

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation! O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation! All ye who hear, now to his temple draw near; join me in glad adoration! Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth shelters thee under His wings yea so gently sustaineth! Hast thou not seen how thy desires e'er have been granted in what He ordaineth? Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him! All that hath life and breath come now with praise before Him! Let the amen sound from his people again; gladly for aye we adore Him!

Cochineal (2018).....Adrienne Inglis and Walter Torres

Text: Traditional recipe

Pick cochineal off of nopal cactus leaves. Plunge them into boiling water. Pour off the water. Dry them in the sun. Grind the cochineal into powder. Grate saqta into water and clean the alpaca wool in its soapy lather. Light a fire under the pot. Wait for the water to steam, simmer. Put alpaca wool in a pot of clear water. Add alum add to fix the dye, alumbre. Add the cochineal. Stir the wool. Add lime juice to turn the wool orange. Add stale urine to turn the wool purple. Remove the wool and hang in a tree to dry. Rinse the dry wool in a flowing stream. Hang the wool in a tree in the sun to dry.

[Ingredients] cochinilla, nopal cactus, saqta, wool, alpaca, alumbre, steam, lime juice, urine, fire, orange, purple, macnu, cochineal

