

The background of the entire poster is a photograph of a landscape. In the center, a single, large, leafy tree stands on a grassy hill. The hill is flanked by two steeper, rocky slopes. The sky is a vibrant mix of pink, purple, and blue, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is serene and majestic.

THE WORLD TREE

MATTHEW WHITTALL

ROBERT MACFARLANE

HELSINKI CHAMBER CHOIR

NILS SCHWECKENDIEK

WHITTALL, Matthew (b. 1975)

The World Tree (2025) (*Fennica Gehrman*)

Text: Robert Macfarlane (b. 1976)

World Première Recording

1	I. Glacial Maximum	7'49
2	II. Wildwood	13'30
3	III. Pollen Polyphony	4'55
4	IV. Song of the Axe	5'07
5	V. Lament of the Legionary's Wife <i>Emma Suszko alto solo</i>	5'57
6	VI. Night of the Big Wind	5'44
7	VII. Axis Mundi	8'38
8	VIII. Heartwood	5'28
9	IX. Requiem	6'56
10	X. The Word for World is Forest	6'57

TT: 71'36

Helsinki Chamber Choir

Nils Schweckendiek *conductor*

Helsinki Chamber Choir

Soprano:

Tove Djupsjöbacka
Heta Kokkomäki
Meri Metsomäki
Olivia Moss
Kirsi Tunkkari

Alto:

Viena Kangas
Eira Karlson
Sabrina Ljungberg
Susanna Sippola
Emma Suszko

Tenor:

Martti Anttila
David Hackston
Mats Lillhannus
Antero Törhönen
Joel Ward

Bass:

Juhana Kotilainen
Jussi Linnanmäki
Bram Trouwborst
Antti Vahtola
Juhani Vesikkala

Canadian-Finnish composer **Matthew Whittall** (b. 1975) began his studies as a hornist in Montreal. He earned degrees in performance and composition from Vanier College, the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and Stony Brook University, before settling in Finland in 2001. There he studied at the Sibelius Academy, receiving his Doctor of Music degree with honours in 2013. Whittall's prolific output covers a wide variety of genres, particularly orchestral, vocal, choral, chamber and solo instrumental works, with occasional forays into electronics. His works have been commissioned by the Helsinki Philharmonic, the Finnish Radio Symphony, the Helsinki and Vancouver Chamber Choirs, and Canada's National Arts Centre Orchestra, among others. His music has featured in festivals and radio broadcasts worldwide. In 2013, his work *Dulcissima, clara, sonans*, a setting of poetry by Hildegard of Bingen for soprano and orchestra, won Finland's highest composition award, the Teosto Prize.

Whittall's music is marked by an attempt to fuse its various disparate influences – Old and New World, Western and non-Western, sacred and secular, classical, folk and popular – into a single, variegated expressive language, and by a use of extramusical imagery ranging from natural phenomena to poetry and landscape art. Recent works on these themes include the half-hour cycle *Songs of Travel*, written as composer-in-association with the UK-based Carice Singers, and *The Geography of Hope* for the Audite Chamber Choir, with whom Whittall performs as a regular member.

Recent premières include *JOY*, for orchestra and organ, commissioned by the Finnish Radio Symphony to celebrate the Helsinki Music Centre's new Rieger concert organ, and a concerto for oboe and strings for Finnish oboist Anni Haapaniemi. 2025 saw the creation of *The World Tree*, a concert-length a cappella work for the Helsinki Chamber Choir, to an original libretto by the award-winning British writer Robert Macfarlane.

Matthew Whittall lives in Helsinki, Finland. In addition to a busy schedule as a freelance composer, he teaches composition and orchestration at the Sibelius Academy. His work has been supported by the Arts Promotion Centre Finland and the Jenny and Antti Wihuri Fund, among others. In 2024, he was awarded a two-year grant from the Finnish Cultural Foundation. Whittall's works are published exclusively by Fennica Gehrman.

www.mwhittall.com/about/

Robert Macfarlane is internationally renowned for his writing on nature, people and place. His bestselling books include *Is a River Alive?*, *Underland*, *Landmarks*, *The Old Ways*, *The Wild Places* and *Mountains of the Mind*, as well as a book-length prose-poem, *Ness*. His work has been translated into more than thirty languages, won prizes around the world, and been widely adapted for film, music, theatre, radio and dance. He has also written operas, plays, and films including *River* and *Mountain*, both narrated by Willem Dafoe. He has collaborated closely with artists including Olafur Eliasson and Stanley Donwood, and with the artist Jackie Morris he co-created the internationally bestselling books of nature-poetry and art, *The Lost Words* and *The Lost Spells*. As a lyricist and performer, he has written albums and songs with musicians including Cosmo Sheldrake, Karine Polwart and Johnny Flynn. He is a Fellow of Emmanuel College, and Professor of Literature and the Environmental Humanities at the University of Cambridge.



Matthew Whittall

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Robert Macfarlane

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The World Tree (2025)

for mixed choir

The World Tree began as an unformed desire to write a large-scale a cappella choral work to an original English text, one with an element of the sacred – if not specifically the religious – underlying it. As nature has always been at the heart of my work, I wanted the words to come from someone whose way of seeing the natural world was similar to my own. I had long followed the work of the British writer Robert Macfarlane, in whose poetic, often elegiac, but ultimately unsentimental view of nature I perceived clear parallels with my own thoughts. The human experience of nature – how we imagine with and are challenged by the natural world – is central to both our work. In 2019 I plucked up my courage and contacted him out of the blue, asking if he would be interested in collaborating. To my great surprise, he agreed almost immediately.

However, the global events of the following year intervened, and the project lay dormant for several years. In 2023, the stars aligned once again for the piece to be realized, not long after the felling of the Sycamore Gap Tree in England, an act of such mindless vandalism that it created shockwaves around the world. It occurred to me that this iconic tree – this being – deserved a requiem, to commemorate both its intrinsic significance and its emotional resonance to those who had known and loved it. I reapproached Robert with the idea, and from his fertile imagination sprang the idea the idea for this work.

At the centre of many cosmogonies grows a ‘World Tree’: a living axis around which the planet turns – a tree so colossal that it reaches between dominions, joining the celestial heavens (where its canopy flourishes), the terrestrial realm (its trunk and lower branches) and the underworld (its deep-delving roots). Yoruba, Finnish, Haitian, Mesoamerican, Japanese, Siberian, Norse, Welsh, Indian, Babylonian and

Chinese mythologies all have versions of a world tree or *axis mundi*. It goes by many names and many species, from Yggdrasil the ash (Norse) to Ashvatta the fig (Hindu) and the sacred Cedar of Lebanon (Babylonian-Assyrian). For a few weeks after its felling, the Hadrian's Wall Sycamore became a kind of 'World Tree', drawing, condensing and connecting millions of human responses to and imaginings of what might be called 'arboreality'.

Although we began with the idea of a requiem, the work that subsequently grew and branched from that root is more of an extended song cycle than a symphonic or dramatic stage work. In Robert's hands, the narrative grew from a simple commemoration of the loss of the Sycamore Gap Tree to a deep-time meditation on the eons and events that led to the tree growing in that spot. It pulls the temporal frame far, far back, to offer a vision of trees and forests in Northern Europe since the retreat of the great icesheets at the end of the last glaciation, around 12,000 years ago – right at the dawn of the Holocene epoch. Viewed in deep time, things come alive that have seemed inert: ice breathes, rock has tides – and forests migrate; restlessly ebbing and flowing across landscapes, forming wildwood kingdoms, then thinning almost to absence in the face of climatic changes or human intervention. In this way, the Sycamore Gap Tree is contextualized as representative of all trees and forests lost to time and human action over ages.

Choral music, by nature of its form, asks complex questions of the individual's relationship to the collective, as solo utterance emerges from and is subsumed into shared voicings. Over the past quarter-century, forest ecologists have come to understand that apparently 'single' trees and plants are in fact invisibly connected to one another by vastly intricate fungal networks known as 'mycelia'. *The World Tree* may be thought of as a mycelial work: at once enacting and incanting some of the countless relationships – imaginative, cultural, ecological, historical – by means of which the long life of the Sycamore Gap Tree, and the acute event of its felling, are

conjoined across time and space with other beings, other voices and other forces. Always, here, the fate of humans and the fate of trees are shown to grow together.

The libretto fuses elements of speculative fiction, lyric poetry, archival collage, found voices, dream-visions and evocations of more-than-human presence and agency. This is a work in which pollen is a form of memory, glaciers shape fate and make weather, and trees and forests become dynamic historical actors. If the violence and destruction humanity inflict on nature are present as a main theme in both text and music, this feeling of loss is counterbalanced by a more optimistic outlook. Indeed, from the beginning we both wanted the work, while cautioning about the human relationship with nature, to embody a hope for a better, greener future, one in which humanity evolves from a role of exploitation to one of enlightened, responsible reciprocity with the natural world and its countless more-than-human lives and forces. This undercurrent of quiet hope runs throughout the work and shines through in the end.

Another central theme is that of awe in the face of the immensity and immanence of the natural world. A core question and problem for both of us during the creative process was how to express this sense of awe without reducing its object in the telling. What words can I use, what notes can I sound that won't strip meaning, power and significance from this thing, this huge suchness, and leave it lesser for the description? However, it is that very human capacity for wonder when confronted with the inexpressible complexity of nature, and the impulse to tell of it, that creates a bond between us and the natural world, that gives us a stake in its flourishing. If there is an overarching theme to *The World Tree*, it is this awe that nature engenders in us, if we are alert and open to it. It shapes us, changes us, and in its turn changes how we shape the world around us.

By means of lyric and music, a vast, dynamic drama here springs to life in the mind's ear of the listener: moving from deep human and sylvan pasts, up to

and through our troubled present and on into a precarious Anthropocene future, in which shoots of hope nevertheless emerge, just as the stump of the Sycamore Gap Tree re-coppices itself. This is a salutary project for an age increasingly shattered by its failure to take the long view. Ambitious, experimental and unsentimental, *The World Tree* rings and sings with both wonder and strangeness.

We are deeply grateful to the Helsinki Chamber Choir for this opportunity, and to the foundations that made possible the writing, composition, performance and recording of *The World Tree*: the Jane and Aatos Erkkö Foundation, the Finnish Cultural Foundation, Arts Promotion Centre Finland and the Madetoja Foundation.

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The **Helsinki Chamber Choir** was founded in 1962 as the Finnish Radio Chamber Choir and assumed its current name in 2005. Its wide-ranging repertoire includes music from the Renaissance to the present day, and it is particularly highly regarded for its work with new music. The choir appears frequently at festivals in Finland and abroad and collaborates with symphony orchestras, period-instrument ensembles and contemporary music groups. It has made numerous award-winning recordings, receiving a Grammy (USA) and an Emma (Finland), and its concerts are regularly broadcast on radio and television, including productions for the ARTE channel and the European Broadcasting Union. Recent touring has taken the Helsinki Chamber Choir to the United States, the United Kingdom, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, Poland, Estonia and around Scandinavia.

www.helsinkichamberchoir.fi

Nils Schweckendiek studied music at Clare College, Cambridge, and orchestral and choral conducting in Freiburg and Helsinki. He has performed with orchestras, ensembles and choirs in many European countries, the United States and China, and appeared at numerous opera houses and festivals. Among the awards he has received for his critically acclaimed recordings are a Grammy, an International Classical Music Award, three German Record Critics' Awards and an Emma. Nils Schweckendiek is committed to performing the music of our time and has conducted around a hundred first performances, including music theatre, orchestral, choral and ensemble works. Since 2007 Nils Schweckendiek has been artistic director of the Helsinki Chamber Choir. In 2014 he was appointed professor of choral conducting at the Sibelius Academy of the University of the Arts Helsinki, and since 2017 he has been artistic director of the Helsinki Music Centre Chorus. In 2020 the Society of Swedish Literature in Finland awarded him the Fredrik Pacius Prize for his services to Finnish music and in 2025 the Society of Finnish Composers presented him with its Madetoja Prize.

www.schweckendiek.org

PART I

I

Glacial Maximum

*The great ice-sheet is in retreat –
Glacial maximum is reached.*

Blue-white prows creak,
Shriek of silver cliffs:
Axe-knocks in the north,
Heat hauls the white wall back
To its final stand
In the high lands.

*The great ice-sheet is in retreat –
Glacial maximum is reached.*

It grinds as it goes,
Leaves scarred ground,
Esker, till, gorge, moraine,
Fell and corrie all new-forged,
Rock bright of its scouring –
Mica, quartz and granite.

*And the forest to come is
A dream of another planet.*

Air still at frost-point
Snow-spear, hail-blur,
Needle-whirr of sleet.
What eyes watched the glaciers melt?
What ears listened?
What skin felt?

*Know this:
The ice left like grief
A vast weight lifted,
And the land itself
Rises in relief,
Rises in relief.*

II

Wildwood

After the ice, the polar desert.

The glacial army has harrowed the north:

Boulder, tundra, for millennia –

The days cold, the nights colder.

At the far edge,

Where life probes,

Where land awakens –

A forest flows north.

Why press north?

Who can fathom the spirit's weather?

Ghosts like family, thronging:

For trees as for people,

Northwards movement is a form of longing.

Flow and ebb, ebb and flow,

Tree tides – rising, falling, wreathing –

The newborn land itself is breathing.

A cold coming they have of it;
The ways deep and the weather sharp.
Feet numbed by river-crossings.
Watchful, wary –
Rightly so
In this realm of omens and broken promises.

Birch first: flowing up valleys like mercury –
Betulans, *birker*, tree of light,
Who stands like candles amid eskers,
Gathers sun's golds, moon's quicksilvers:
Copses of angels on outwash terraces,
Creak of young timbers among ghost rivers.

The rules are clear. Keep low, keep cover.
Move north in summer, return in winter, report;
Score maps in mind, maps in sand.
Each new atlas-page burned by a year's turn,
By pin and wheel in twisting motion.
One mile a year and count it good.

*Flow and ebb, ebb and flow,
Tree tides – rising, falling, wreathing –
The newborn land itself is breathing.*

Birch, then grey sallow filling the hollows.

Birch, then sallow, pine and hazel;

Pine and hazel, oak and alder,

Lime and elm,

A rush of holly, ash and beech.

The wildwood is founded and has its provinces:

Birch is utter in the outer north.

Snake-barked pine rules the highlands.

Oak thrives where Wall will rise, where Gap will fall.

Lime is lord in the south.

And the voices

O the forest voices

O the chorus

Beneath the crown shyness

A glossary of noises

A bestiary of cries

But the cold

Always the cold on the prowl.

On tundra under shining ravens

Bloom the bright-eyed mountain avens –

Fallen starlight, white, eight-petalled;

Gleaming, scattered, meteor-metalled.

In such a place,
 Who would not worship the gods of thaw
 And their glades of sun,
 Gods whose miracles are
Green buds
Birds' nests
Ferns unfurling.

In such a time,
 Who would not smudge a fingertip of pollen
 Beneath a lover's unknown eyes,
 As if out of each socket
 Might rise a wildwood of rowan.

Always ahead, over the next hill –
 The monstrous ice
 Lost in weather of its own making.
 Hunters vanish into its mists;
 Fail to return.

III

Pollen Polyphony

Pollen

Pollen

Pollen

Pollen

Fallen

Pollen fallen

Fallen

Fallen pollen

Pollen fallen

Golden

Golden pollen

Golden pollen fallen

Pollen golden fallen

Fallen golden pollen

Fallen golden pollen

Pollen constellation

Fallen pollen constellations

Fallen pollen golden constellations

Pollen holding time, time folding

Fallen pollen holding time, folding time

Golden fallen pollen holding, folding time

Pollen fallen golden

From the Birch

From the Birch

And the Oak

O the Oak

March to May

Year on year

Spring is calling

O the Oak

And the Juniper

Elder

Alder

Year on year, March to May,

Spring is calling,

Pollen falling

From the Birch

And the Hazel

O the Oak

March to May

Year on year

Golden pollen

Spring is calling

To the Ivy

And the Rye

And the Lime,

O the Lime

And the Barley

Calling to the Holly

And the Wood-Fern

And the Heather

Calling

Time folding golden pollen,
fallen constellations,
holding time

March to May, year on year, Spring is calling

Fallen golden pollen folding time, holding time

Spring is calling

Pollen

Pollen fallen

Pollen goldenfallen

Golden

Fallen

Pollen

Pollen

Pollen

Pollen

IV

Song of the Axe

Who first saw inside the flint, the axe?
Who first saw inside the axe, the after?
Haft, heft, ringing arcs;
Strike and fall, fast then faster –
Forest to pasture, tree to rafter,
Topple the oak and coppice the hazel,

*Under the glittering arch of Orion
Stone to bronze, bronze to iron –
For Time, the grey fox, is running
Quick-footed into the great thinning.*

Rough it out, rough it out!
Flint ripples like slow water:
Shock-waves beyond stone's limit.
Whose is now the telling tongue?
Is human held in flint's cold palm –
The user used, the singer sung?

*Under the glittering arch of Orion
Stone to bronze, bronze to iron –
For Time, the grey fox, is running
Quick-footed into the great thinning.*

Gleaming snow-white cortex
Is stone's hard wrap and soft brain's caul,
Winter's wane and summer's wax.
In wolfsbane dreams the query remains:
When will the debt be called in,
For slowing the green vortex?

*Under the glittering arch of Orion
Stone to bronze, bronze to iron –
For Time, the grey fox, is running...*

V

Lament of the Legionary's Wife

Sister, my dearest soul,
Have we been forgotten –
Here at Empire's edge?
Watchtowers crumble, buckles rust,
I trade last coins for meat.
They speak of the first years

When the Wall, white and shining
Stood like a glacier's front –
As if the old ice had
Crept up from the south,
To lick its tongues again.

Sleepless, I climb the milecastle,
Look north over this scalped land,
This frontier zone that I cannot call home.
Heather and wheat and no tree in sight,
All cleared for fields of fire.

So we hurry up and wait,
We murmur to each other,
Warm our hands round memory's watchfire,
Burning dreams we scarce remember,
How the poppies bloom,
How the land blazes with blossom
All spring, all summer,
The desert's hot chafe;
The blood-red wines,
The forested mountains.
I dream I am liquid as water
Fleet as light, utter as night.

Sister, no one is coming,
These words will go unheard,
Here at Empire's end.
We have left a desolation
And called it peace.

PART II

VI

Night of the Big Wind

Gap gathers gale as the great wind rises, rages –

Whirling, Skirling
Wreaking Plucking Hurling
Breaking Shaking
Swirling

This dragon-storm wears Wall down atom by atom –

Crashing Thrashing
Scouring Threshing Flinging
Churning Scathing
Shrieking Smashing

This maelstrom flattens forests, steals voices --

Snatching
Catching Seizing
Thieving Snagging
Grabbing Tossing Scattering

Batten hatches, whisper vespers, mutter mantras –

*O dear Lord our God,
All are now gone under the hill
One by one – then helter-skelter,
To wear the land itself for shelter.*

Mother murmurs, keeps her vigil –

*Hickamore, hackamore on the front door
Why do brown owls cry no more?
As I went over Steel Rigg-tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine...*

Gap hears them all speak, hears them all utter –

<i>Farmer</i>		<i>Keeper</i>
<i>Quarrier</i>		<i>Quaker</i>
	<i>New-born</i>	<i>Sister</i>
<i>Miner</i>		<i>Vicar</i>
<i>Fisher</i>	<i>Blessor</i>	
		<i>Digger</i>

Winter's fingers pry at gables, clutch at lovers –

*The Devil himself is in this weather,
So gather together
Let us warm each other,
Gather together
Let us warm each other.*

VII

Axis Mundi

*O arbor magnae telluris,
Axis mundi, nulla talis
silva produxit,
florem, folium, florem tibi.*

*Rami tui, o arbor alta,
nostram memoriam revocasti;
Amores nostri et somnia,
Spes, metus ac vota*

*O Arbor Mundi, Axis Mundi,
Dignus es solus
Parare portum
mundo naufrago.*

*[O tree of the great planet
Axis Mundi
No such forest produced
Flower, leaf, blossom as you.*

*Your branches, O tall tree
recalled our memory;
Our loves and dreams
Our hopes, fears and wishes*

*O World Tree, Axis Mundi
You were the only one worthy
to prepare the harbour
for a shipwrecked world]*

Out of absence, presence
Out of nothing, something –

Each seed a world-in-waiting –

wildwood galaxy

Planting an act of making –

genesis cosmogony

Where once the Gap held empty air
Now stands a World Tree –

Axis Mundi

This World Tree rooted in the Sun
Has seen man's inhumanity
To man; seen malady, kindness, tragedy

Shines forth with blazing clarity –
branches canopy

Glow red at dawn and blue in frost
alchemy radiance

O World Tree, Axis Mundi –
Flourishing in the windswept Gap
stubbornly defiantly

Creator, Redeemer, Sustainer,
We rose to meet your mystery.

We spoke of you
You companioned us
We rested in your shade,
You sheltered us
We stopped for you
You remembered us
We knew with you
You steadied us
We took you to heart
You healed us

We grew with you
You rooted us
We loved you
We loved you

We gloried in your thisness,
We shone within your suchness,
We dreamed of your greenness –

At last we felled you,
At last we felled you.

VIII

Heartwood

Would you hew me to the heartwood, cutter?
Would you leave me open-hearted?

Put your ear to my bark, hear my sap's mutter,
Mark my heartwood's beat, my leaves' flutter.

Would you turn me into timber, cutter?
Leave me nothing but a heap of logs, a pile of brash?

I am a world, I am a maker of life –
Drinker of rain, breaker of rocks, caster of shade, eater of sun,

I am time-keeper, breath-giver, deep-thinker;
I am a city of butterflies, a country of creatures.

But my world takes years to grow and seconds to crash;
Your saw can fell me, your axe can bring me low.

Do you hear these words I utter? I ask this –
Have you heartwood, cutter? Have those who sent you?

IX

Requiem

Gone, all gone –

How I grieve for its loss;
A piece of my soul was cut down with it.
Here was beauty, shelter, and peace.

Felled, all felled –

The Gap is empty now
You survived the wind that howls through the notch,
Brought down by the chainsaw's blade.

Lost, friend, lost –

Beyond belief, beyond words
Tree, I see the ghost of you
Your felling is felt like a form of grief

Cut, now, cut –

Beyond the shock lies guilt.
It was the closest we had to a sacred tree;
All butchered and alone

Wrecked, now, wrecked –

Bone-white timber, a fallen giant;
The great dome of its branches
As if a green cloud hovered there.

Dead, now, dead –

An element of permanence is gone;
You transcended our short lives;
You stood through storm and shine.

Why, oh, why? –

The senselessness and sheer spite of it;
For every tree lover, there is a tree hater;
A culture is no better than its woods.

Now, what now? –

There is no hope; there is still hope.
We must be good ancestors.
We must still praise this wounded world –
But when the dreamer's body has gone,
Can the dreaming live on?
A forest must rise for the loss of a tree,
A forest must rise for the loss of a tree.

"It was just a tree..."

X

The Word For World Is Forest

In this treeless, untreed land,
 It will be the work of many hands,
 To grow a different way of being –
 But I can hear a forest singing,
 A high and green and compound voice,
 Singing over time's vast oceans,
 And the blue-winged jay takes flight
 And light falls crystalline as grace
 And the freely given gift gives on
 And the old earth lifts cold mist
 And we are always only in the midst
 Only ever in the midst
 And the forest sings
 the forest sings, the forest sings.

yew		alder		rowan		birch
	oak		ash		hazel	spindle
	poplar			willow		whitebeam
beech		aspen		blackthorn		
	cherry		apple	elder		elm guelder
hawthorn		holly	hornbeam	lime		maple
pine						

Texts by Robert Macfarlane
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