

sound woven layers . upon layers of harp waves . spun in spiral sound. - Sharlene Wallace



SHÆLENE WALLACE

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Lilac Embers

music for harp and electronics by Sharlene Wallace



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A deep sonic journey of spaciousness, rhythm, emotion, movement. a place to escape to ... to feel ... to rest ... and dance to.

The halo of the setting sun framing the lilac blooms creates a glow of embers igniting.

I'm thrilled to share with you my newest and 9th CD **Lilac Embers** for listening, review and radio play. This album is a recording of all-Shar-compositions for acoustic & electric lever harps recorded through a filter of improvisation and electronics.

The Lilacs await! Warmest Regards and Gratitude, Sharlene

All music composed by **Sharlene Wallace** (SOCAN) for acoustic & electric Celtic harps with electronics by **Jean Martin** and reimagined through improvisation.

Sharlene Wallace - acoustic & electric lever harps

Jean Martin - electronics, engineer (THE FARM, Toronto, Canada)

- Suggested listening-play
- 1. The Stars are Winking at Me (5:42)
 - 2. Deeper than the Quartz (6:00)
 - 3. Foothills Fancy (2:17)
 - 4. A Rose Arose from a Rose (5:56)
 - 5. Perth Manor Muse (4:06)
- 6. Soul of the Forest (5:06)
 - 7. **Three Score** (5:30)
 - 8. **Sea Change** (4:35)
 - 9. **Waiting** (4:05)
- 10. Along the Way (5:06)
 - 11. With Love in Your Heart (4:06)
 - 12 **Stillness** (3:41)

Produced by **Jean Martin** & **Sharlene Wallace**

Engineered, Mixed, Mastered at THE FARM by **Jean Martin**

Photography Art by Sharlene Wallace

Packaging by **Paul Hodgson** & **Jeannette Hanna**

Total CD time 56 minutes Release Date November 2024 Catalogue SWCD007 UPC 061297965694

the stars are winking at me, glowing with unknown mysteries of life, the universe and beyond. they sparkle and wink wink back at me reassuringly. the grand expansiveness - questions glimmer endless thoughts - your starry gaze winks. Fafter the rain. from under the fern. beneath the moss. deeper than the quartz upon which it clings. I listen the Cariboo foothills fancy nudging the Rockies with their fanciful whisperings of grandeur. Far a rose arose from a rose, layers and depths of memories that come and go and twist like a breezethrough the rosarium. inhale. exhale. hold on to this moment. The rose is a rose, layers and laughing. The lily of grace musing, amusing, the minstrel played the Perth Manor Muse while the guests dined in the manner of a manor, it was my muse, and I certainly was, amused! In once upon a time, I lived in a forest of birch and hemlock, aspen, oak and pine, these canopies my ancestors walked beneath, rising towards the constancy of the endless night, ninety sun spirals, shine with gratitude in the soul of the forest. Three score say no more, one step in front of the next, time to feel sublime. The sea change transforms, washes anew what was to what will be, the wave and current of time beautifully. Wait, breathe, does waiting wait? Or is it simply me, is waiting so impatient, while patience waits so gently, breathe, wait. Along the way the trees blur past me, fields roll gently, and the mountains stand strong. With love in your heart, all, everything, love. Quiet my soul in the stillness of now.