

Viva la Musica

at

St Endellion Church Port Isaac, Cornwall



7.30pm on Saturday 8th September 2018

Conducted by Simon Lumby

While youthful sports are lasting

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

While youthful sports are lasting, to feasting turn our fasting;
Fa la la...
With revels and with wassails make grief and care our vassals.
Fa la la...
For youth it well beseemeth that pleasure he esteemeth;
Fa la la...
And sullen age is hated that mirth would have abated.
Fa la la...

Words - Thomas Weelkes

3 Part Songs to poems by Robert Bridges

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Clear and gentle stream | I praise the tender flower | My spirit sang all day

Clear and gentle stream! Known and loved so long,
That hast heard the song and the idle dream
Of my boyish day; while I once again
Down thy margin stray, in the selfsame strain
Still my voice is spent, with my old lament
And my idle dream, clear and gentle stream!

Where my old seat was here again I sit,
Where the long boughs knit over stream and grass
A translucent eaves: where back eddies play
Shipwreck with the leaves, and the proud swans stray,
Sailing one by one out of stream and sun,
And the fish lie cool in their chosen pool.

Many an afternoon of the summer day
Dreaming here I lay; and I know how soon,
Idly at its hour, first the deep bell hums
From the minster tower, and then evening comes,
Creeping up the glade, with her lengthening shade,
And the tardy boon of her brightening moon.

Clear and gentle stream! Ere again I go
Where thou dost not flow, well does it beseem
Thee to hear again once my youthful song,
That familiar strain silent now so long:
Be as I content with my old lament
And my idle dream, clear and gentle stream.

I praise the tender flower, that on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower and made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented my heart tormented.
I praise the gentle maid whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed my doleful heart awhile;
And gave my spirit deploring fresh wings for soaring.
The maid for very fear of love I durst not tell:
The rose could never hear, though I bespake her well:
So in my song I bind them for all to find them.

My spirit sang all day O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say, only my joy!
My heart an echo caught O my joy
And spake, tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My eyes gan peer around, O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?

Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist; O my joy
Music from heaven is't, Sent for our joy?
She also came and heard; O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?
And I replied, O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

2 Madrigals

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Lasciatemi morire | Ecco mormorar l'onde

Lasciatemi morire

Lasciatemi morire;
*E che volete voi che mi conforte
In così dura sorte,
In così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.*

Let me die,
And who do you think could comfort me
In such a harsh fate,
In such great suffering?
Let me die.

Words - Ottavio Rinuccini 1562-1621

Ecco mormorar l'onde

***Ecco mormorar l'onde e tremolar le
fronde
a l'aura mattutina e gl'arborselli.
E sopra i verdi rami i vagh 'augeli
cantar soavemente
e rider l'oriente. Ecco gilý l'alb 'appare
e si specchia nel mare
e rasserena il cielo e 'imperla il dolce gielo
e gl 'alti monti indora.
O bella e vagh 'aurora
l 'aura ý tua messaggiera,
e tu de l'aura ch 'ogn 'arso cor ristaura.***

Hear the gentle breezes murmuring, and the leaves
and young trees trembling in the morning air.
And, above, on leafy branches beautiful birds sing
sweetly, and, slowly, the eastern sky brightens.
Now the dawn begins to appear, and to cast a
reflection in the sea, and to lighten the sky, and to
make pearls of delicate dewdrops, and to clothe in
gold the high mountains. Oh, radiant and shining
dawn, his breeze is your messenger, and you are the
messenger of the breath that restores each ardent
and withered heart.

Words - Torquato Tasso 1544-1595

Spirituals (from Child of our Time)

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

*Steal away to Jesus | Nobody knows the trouble I see | Go down Moses
O by and by | Deep river*

Steal away to Jesus

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, steal away home; I han't got long to stay here.

My Lord, he calls me, he calls me by the thunder,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul; I han't got long to stay here.
Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul; I han't got long to stay here.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord, Nobody knows like Jesus.
O brothers, pray for me, and help me to drive old Satan away.
O mothers, pray for me, and help me to drive old Satan away.

Go down, Moses

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharaoh to let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land, oppressed so hard they could not stand,
"Thus spake the Lord" bold Moses said
"If not, I'll smite your first born dead".

O by and by

O by and by I'm going to lay down my heavy load.

I know my robe's going to fit me well:
I've tried it on at the gates of hell.
Hell is deep and a dark despair:
O stop, poor sinner, and don't go there.

Deep river

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into camp-ground.

Oh chillun! O don't you want to go to that gospel feast,
That promised land, that land where all is peace.
Walk into heaven, and take my seat,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet.

Words - traditional Spirituals

Flower Songs

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

*To Daffodils | The Succession of the Four Sweet Months | Marsh Flowers
The Evening Primrose | Ballad of Green Broom*

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon; As yet the early-rising
sun has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay until the hasting day has run but to evensong,
And, having pray'd together, we will go with you along with you. We have
short time to stay, as you, we have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay, as you, or anything.
We die, as your hours and dry away, like to the summer's rain, Or as the
pearls of morning's dew, ne'er to be found again.

Words - Robert Herrick 1591 - 1674

The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers opens the way for early flowers, Then
after her comes smiling May in a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June and brings us more gems than those two that went
before, Then (lastly,) July comes and she more wealth brings in than all
those three; April! May! June! July!

Words - Robert Herrick 1591 - 1674

Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root, here the dull night-shade
hangs her deadly fruit; On hills of dust the henbane's faded green, and
pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen; Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume. At the wall's base the fiery
nettle springs, with fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings; In every
chink delights the fern to grow, with glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread partake the nature of their fenny bed. These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down, form the contracted Flora of our town.

Words - George Crabbe 1754-1832

The Evening Primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west,
and dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are, or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew its delicate blossoms to the dew
And hermit-like, shunning the light, wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses, knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while night is by. When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun, it faints and withers and is gone.

Words - John Clare 1793-1864

Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
and his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good who lay in
his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.
The old man awoke one morning and spoke, he swore he
would fire the room, that room, If his John would not rise and
open his eyes, and away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.
So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
and away to the wood to cut broom, green broom, He sharpen'd his
knives, and for once he contrives to cut a great bundle of broom, green
broom. When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house, pass'd under a
Lady's fine room, fine room, She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she
said, 'Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!'
When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house, and stood in the Lady's
fine room, fine room, "Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your
trade and marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"
Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went, And he wedded
the Lady in bloom, full bloom; at market and fair, all folks do declare,
there's none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.

Words - Anonymous

INTERVAL

As Vesta Was

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
she spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
to whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
with mirthful tunes her presence entertain.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!

Words - Anonymous

Four Elizabethan Pastorals

Charles Stanford (1852-1924)

On a hill there grows a flower | Corydon arise | Praised be Diana | Shall we go dance?

On a hill there grows a flower, fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower, where the heavenly Muses meet.
In that bower there is a chair, fringed all about with gold;
Where doth sit the fairest fair, that did ever eye behold.
It is Phyllis fair and bright, she that is the shepherds' joy;
She that Venus did despise, and did blind her little boy.
This is she, the wise, the rich, and the world desires to see;
This is ipsa quae the which there is none but only she.
Who would not this face admire? Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire, though he thought to see no more?
O, fair eyes! yet let me see, one good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he, thy poor silly Corydon.
Thou that art the shepherd's queen, look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen dead men brought to life again.

Words - Nicholas Breton 1545-1626

Corydon, arise, my Corydon! Titan shineth clear.
Who is it that calleth Corydon? Who is it that I hear?
Phyllida, thy true love, calleth thee, arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me! Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then, I come and keep my flock with thee.
Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon; eat them for my sake.
Here 's my oaten pipe, my lovely one, sport for thee to make.
Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk, to knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee, a bonnet to withstand the heat.
When my Corydon sits on a hill making melody
When my lovely one goes to her wheel, singing cheerily.
Sure methinks my true love doth excel for sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness, beyond the nymphs that be so bright.
Yonder comes my mother, Corydon! Whither shall I fly?
Under yonder beech, my lovely one, while she passeth by.
Say to her thy true love was not here; remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day. Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then! Heaven keep our loves away!

Words - Anonymous

Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light;
Praised be the dewes wherewith she moistes the ground;
Praised be her beams, the glory of the night;
Praised be her power, by which all powers abound.

Praised be her nymphs, with whom she decks the woods;
Praised be her knights, in whom true honour lives;
Praised be that force, by which she moves the floods;
Let that Diana shine which all these gives.

In heaven queen she is among the spheres;
She mistress-like makes all things to be pure;
Eternity in her oft change she bears;
She beauty is; by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not; she doth his chariot guide;
Mortality below her orb is placed;
By her the virtues of the stars down slide;
In her is virtue's perfect image cast.

Words - attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh 1554-1618

Shall we go dance the hay, the hay? Never pipe could ever play
Better shepherd's roundelay. Fa la la...

Shall we go sing the song, the song? Never Love did ever wrong,
Fair maids, hold hands all along. Fa la la...

Shall we go learn to woo, to woo? Never thought ever came to,
Better deed could better do. Fa la la...

Shall we go learn to kiss, to kiss? Never heart could ever miss
Comfort, where true meaning is. Fa la la...

Thus at base they run, they run. When the sport was scarce begun.
But I waked-and all was done.

Words - Nicholas Breton 1545-1626

Two Lyric Poem Settings

Eric Whitacre (born 1970)

A Boy And A Girl | Sleep

A Boy And A Girl

Stretched out on the grass, a boy and a girl,
Savoring their oranges, giving their kisses like waves exchanging foam.

Stretched out on the beach, a boy and a girl,
Savoring their limes, giving their kisses like clouds exchanging foam.

Stretched out underground, a boy and a girl,
Saying nothing, never kissing, giving silence for silence.

Words - Octavio Paz 1914-1998

Sleep

The evening hangs beneath the moon,
A silver thread on darkened dune.
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon.

Upon my pillow, safe in bed,
A thousand pictures fill my head,
I cannot sleep, my minds a-flight;
And yet my limbs seem made of lead.

If there are noises in the night,
A frightening shadow, flickering light,
Then I surrender unto sleep,
Where clouds of dreams give second sight.

What dreams may come, both dark and deep,
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep,
As I surrender unto sleep.

Words - Charles Antony Silvestri born 1965

Four Fire Madrigals

Morten Lauridsen (born 1943)

*Ov'è, lass', il bel viso? | Quando son più lontan
Amore, io sento l'alma | Se per havervi, oime*

***Ov'è, lass', il bel viso? ecco, ei s'asconde.
Oimè, dov'il mio sol? Lasso, che velo
S'è post'inanti Te rend'oscur'il cielo?
Oimè ch'io il chiamo et veggio; ei non***

Where, alas, is that lovely face? Behold, it is hidden. Alack, where is my sun? Alas, what veil now falls before it, darkening the sky? Alack, I call to it, I see it; it answers not.

*risponde. Deh, se mai sieno a tue vele
Seconde Aure, dolce mio ben, se cangi pelo
Et loco tardi, et se'l signor di Delo
Gratia et valor nel tuo bel sen'asconde,
Ascolta i miei sospiri et dà lor loco
Di volger in amor l'ingiusto sdegno,
Et vinca tua pietade il duro sempio.
Vedi qual m'arde et mi consuma fuoco;
Qual fie scusa miglior, qual maggior segno
Ch'io son di viva fede et d'amor tempio!*

Ah, should propitious breezes ever fill
your sails, my sweet love, should you grow
older, and move elsewhere, and should
Apollo of Delos conceal grace and valour in
your fair breast, hear my sighs and permit
that they turn unjust disdain into love,
and let your mercy overcome this harsh
torment. See how flames burn and consume
me; what better reason, what greater sign
be there that I am a temple of love and true
fidelity!

Words - Anonymous

Quando son più lontan de' bei vostri occhi
*Che m'han fatto cangiar voglia et costumi,
Cresce la fiamma et mi conduce a morte;
Et voi, che per mia sorte
Potreste raffrenar la dolce fiamma,
Mi negate la fiamma che m'infiamma.*

When I am far away from your beautiful
eyes, which have made me alter my will and
my ways, the flame grows and leads me
towards death; and you eyes, who for my
future destiny could save me from that
sweet flame, deny me the very flame that
inflames me.

Words - Anonymous

Amore, io sento l'alma
*Tornar nel foco ov'io
Fui prima et più che mai d'arder desio.
S' tu mi raccend'il core,
Et io ne son contenta,
Et ritorno humilmente al giogo antico,
Opra ch'el mio signore
Parte del fuoco senta
Ov'io dolc'ardo et miei pensier nutrisco;
Fa che ponga in oblio,
Mia fuga e digl'il mio novo desio.
Et quanto più s'infiamma,
Tanto più cresce amore,
Perch'ogni mio dolore
Nasce dal fuoco ov'io
Fui lieto et più che mai d'arder desio.*

My love, I feel my soul
Back in the fire, where I
Was first, and more than ever would I burn.
If you stoke my heart's old fire
Which would give me delight
I would humbly take back my former yoke,
But let my sire
Feel partly that fire
Where I sweetly burn and feed my thoughts;
Let him not recall
My flight, but tell him of my new desire
The more my loving grows,
For all my sorrows
Are born of the fire where I
Rejoiced and more than ever desire to burn.

Words - Niccolò Machiavelli 1469-1527

Se per havervi, oime, donato il core
*Nasce in me quell'ardore,
Donna crudel, che m'arde in ogni loco,
tal che son tutto foco,
E se per amar voi, l'aspro martire
Mi fa di duol morire,
Miser! Che far debb'io
Privo di voi che siete ogni ben mio?*

If, alas, because I have given you my heart,
such flames are lit within me,
cruel lady, as to consume every part of me
so that I am naught but fire,
and if, because I love you, bitter pain
makes me die of sorrow,
poor wretch! what should I do
without you, who are all that I love?

Words - Anonymous

Viva la Musica is an amateur chamber choir based in Loughborough. Of a performance earlier
this year in Leicester's Guildhall, a reviewer wrote:

"It was a truly wonderful evening, the standard of music-making quite simply excellent."

For details of past concerts and future engagements, see our website

www.vivalamusica.org.uk