



‘Sing we and
chant it...’

Three hundred years of Madrigals and Part Songs

sung by

Viva la Musica

Conducted by Simon Lumby



on Saturday 14th April at 7.30pm
at Leicester Guildhall
Guildhall Lane, Leicester LE1 5FQ

Programme - £2.00



Viva la Musica

is a chamber choir based in Loughborough.

It was formed in 2002 by a group of singers who enjoy singing together and welcome the challenges and experiences that being part of a small ensemble brings. It sings a wide range of music from early to modern, sacred to secular, largely in the a capella style. As well as performing locally, the choir has begun to travel further afield, with a concert weekend in Haworth in 2013, Tideswell in 2015 and Worcester in 2016.

Viva la Musica has been busy this past year - especially featuring a popularly and critically acclaimed Choral Evensong at Southwell Minster. Next year sees many exciting projects many of which are detailed at the back of this programme.

soprano:

Louise Houslip, Gail Stiven, Sue Elliot, Meg Burton, Jeni Beasley, Jenny Kemp

alto:

Eleri Bristow, Clare Ward-Campbell, Joanna Milner, Lis Muller

tenor:

Richard Thomas, Peter Finch, Simon Nicholls†

bass:

Simon Collins, John Thawley, Kevin Norman, James Ward-Campbell

† We are indebted to Simon Nicholls, who is deputising this evening on the tenor line while vacancies exist in this part of the choir.

If you would like to be notified of these and other concerts, please email info@vivalamusica.org.uk to be added to our mailing list.

Ever thought of becoming a Friend of Viva?

Free tickets to concerts | invitation to annual Friends Dinner | complimentary programmes & refreshments at all our concerts
Help us to continue to bring our concerts and other activities to an ever increasing audience.

If you're interested in becoming a Friend,
please have a word with one of our members or see the information on our
website: www.vivalamusica.org.uk

Programme

Sing we and chant it

Thomas Morley 1558 - 1602

Sing we and chant it while love doth grant it,
Fa la la...

Not long youth lasteth, and old age hasteth;
now is best leisure to take our pleasure,
Fa la la...

All things invite us now to delight us,
Fa la la...

Hence, care, be packing! No mirth be lacking!
Let spare no treasure to live in pleasure,
Fa la la...

Words Anonymous

Two Madrigals about unrequited love

Too much I once lamented

Thomas Tomkins 1572 - 1656

Too much I once lamented, while love my heart tormented,
Fa la la...

Alas, and ay me, sat I wringing; now chanting go, and singing.
Fa la la...

Words Anonymous

April is in my mistress face

Thomas Morley 1558 - 1602

April is in my mistress' face, and July in her eyes hath place;
Within her bosom is September, but in her heart a cold December.

Words – based on an Italian text by Livio Celiano 1557–1629

Two Lute Songs

John Dowland 1556 - 1626

If my complaints could passions move or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove that my despairs had govern'd me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me my heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair and when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

continued overleaf...

Can Love be rich, and yet I want? Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant: thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy power: that I desire it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour let me not love, nor live henceforth!
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith, that you that of my fall may hearers be,
May here despair, which truly saith I was more true to Love than Love to me.

Words - John Dowland

Come again! sweet love doth now invite.

Thy graces that refrain to do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
with thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain; for now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
in deadly pain and endless misery.

Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart; for I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
did tempt while she for scanty triumph laughs.

Words – John Dowland

Poetry Amoretti III: The Sovereign Beauty - **Edmund Spenser** 1552-1599
Extract from The Passionate Pilgrim - **William Shakespeare** 1564-1616

Two Madrigals from 'The Golden Age' **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

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

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 ever eye did yet 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 dews wherewith she moistens 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.

continued overleaf...

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.
A knowledge pure it is her worth to know;
With Circes let them dwell that think not so

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 came better too,
Better deed could ever 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 wak'd, and all was done. Fa la la...

Words - Nicholas Breton 1545-1626

Poetry The Passionate Shepherd to His Love - **Christopher Marlowe** c.1564-1593

Lay a garland

Robert Pearsall 1795 - 1856

Lay a garland on her hearse of dismal yew.
Maidens, willow branches wear, say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly, thou gentle earth.

Words - from the play *The Maid's Tragedy* (Act II, Scene I) written in 1608-11

Two Madrigals from the Italian High Renaissance

Ecco mormora l'onde

Claudio Monteverdi 1567 - 1643

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 gily 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 y 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

Lieto godea sedento

Giovanni Gabreilli 1554 - 1612

Lieto godea sedendo L'aura che tremolando
Dolce spira l'aprile;
Ogn'hor sospira d'Amor ogn'animale
Con mortal dardo
Amor volando venn' e'l cor mi punse
E lass' oimè fuggè meschino me
Onde n'havrò la morte
S'in lieta non si cangia la mia sorte.

Sat happily enjoying
the breeze that sweetly trembling April breathes;
every hour every animal sighs with love.
With his mortal dart
Love came flying and pierced my heart;
and, alas, he escapes to my sorrow:
and I shall die of it
unless fate grants my happiness.

Words - Anonymous

Three Part Songs (to Poems by Robert Bridges)

Gerald Finzi 1901 - 1956

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.

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.

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.

POEM Amoretti VIII: More then most faire, full of the living fire - **Edmund Spenser**

Four Fire Madrigals

Morten Lauridsen born 1943

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 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!

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.
 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 desti-
 ny 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'infiama,
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, oimè, 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



There is a bar serving drinks after tonight's concert.

Viva la Musica is looking for friends!

Have you thought about becoming a 'friend' of the choir?

Get priority invites and complimentary tickets to all Viva events.

Complimentary refreshments at all concerts.

Come and meet the choir over the annual Repertoire Day dinner.

Invitations to other special events

Help *Viva la Musica* forward its desire to be bringing wonderful choral music to an ever increasing audience.

For more information,
or if you would like to join our mailing list,
please contact

info@vivalamusica.org.uk

Saturday
23rd June
at 7.30pm

Viva la Musica

Chamber Choir



at Saint Aidan's Parish Church, Saint Oswald Rd,
New Parks, Leicester, LE3 6RJ

'Eternal Source of Light Divine'

Music for a Royal Occasion by

George Frederic Handel

including

The Four Coronation Anthems:

Zadok the Priest | The King shall rejoice

My heart is inditing | Let thy hand be strengthened
and

'Let the bright seraphim' from *Samson*

Birthday Ode to Queen Mary - 'Eternal Source of Light Divine'

with

Judit Felszeghy, *soprano* | Tom Williams, *countertenor*

Andrew Ashwin, *baritone*

Musica Donum Dei Chamber Orchestra

Conducted by

Simon Lumby

Tickets - £10 (£8 student, under 16s free)

available in advance from www.vivalamusica.org.uk



Viva la Musica

Forthcoming Concerts and Events

'For unto us a child is born' - Music for the Festive Season

Sunday 9th December 2018 at 7.00pm at **Saint Aidan's Parish Church**
followed by dinner in the Parish hall

Tickets - £15 (concert with dinner), **£7.50** (concert only)

Tickets for concert only will be available on the door. Full tickets available in advance only.

Music includes works by:

Amy Bebbington, Peter Wishart, Andreas Hammerschmidt,
Jan Sweelinck, Morten Lauridsen and, of course, John Rutter



Choral Evensong Lichfield Cathedral, Lichfield, WS13 7LD.

Saturday 2nd February 2019 (the Feast of Candlemas)
at 5.30pm

Music includes:

Magnificat Prima Toni - **Palestrina** | Nunc Dimittis Quinti Toni - **Palestrina**
Adoramus te Christi - **Monteverdi** | Alma Redemptoris Mater - **Palestrina**

Entry to this service is free - but a retiring collection is often encouraged

Rejoice in the Lamb!

A Concert of 20th Century British Choral Music

Saturday 11th May 2019 at 7.30pm at Trinity Methodist Church,
Royland Rd, Loughborough LE11 2EH

Tickets - £10 (£8 student, under 16s free)

Available on the door or in advance from www.vivalamusica.org.uk

Music includes:

Rejoice in the Lamb - **Britten** | Take him earth for cherishing - **Howells**
Hymn to Saint Cecilia - **Britten** | Five Mystical Songs - **Vaughan Williams**



Mozart Requiem

and other choral masterworks from the Classical era

Saturday 5th October 2019 at 7.30pm at Stoneygate Baptist Church,
315 London Rd, Leicester, LE2 3ND

Tickets - £10 (£8 student, under 16s free)

Available on the door or in advance from www.vivalamusica.org.uk

Music includes: Insane et Vanae Curae - **Haydn** | Te Deum in C - **Haydn**
Requiem in D minor - **Mozart** (*transcribed by Czerny for piano duet accompaniment*)