

COLCHESTER CHAMBER CHOIR

Director Roderick Earle

DRAW ON SWEET NIGHT



SATURDAY 25 SEPTEMBER 2010 AT 7.30PM

ST LEONARD'S CHURCH, LEXDEN ROAD

COLCHESTER CO3 4BL

English part-songs and madrigals by

Campion, Morley, Gibbons, Weelkes, Stanford, Elgar, Delius,
and Colchester's madrigalist Wilbye

PROGRAMME

50p

Colchester
ChamberChoir

Colchester Chamber Choir was established in autumn 2009 and performed its inaugural concert at St Leonard's Church, Colchester in January 2010.



To complement the repertoire of other choirs in the area, the choir seeks to promote and perform challenging works suitable for the smaller choir, particularly from the pre-baroque era and 19th and 20th centuries. Lesser known works and works in their original language are given special attention.

Musical Director Michael **Roderick Earle** studied as a Choral Scholar in the renowned St. John's College Choir, Cambridge. He was a principal baritone with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden for twenty-one years singing over sixty solo roles and has sung in opera and concerts all over the world. In October he creates the role of King Lear in the world premiere of Alexander Goehr's Promised End, opening at the Royal Opera House. Next Spring he sings Nekrotzar in Ligeti's Le Grand Macabre at the Teatro La Colon, Buenos Aires. He is also a part-time singing professor at The Royal College of Music.

The choir is delighted to have the services of **Peter Humphrey** as rehearsal pianist.

Colchester Chamber Choir

sopranos

Joy Burnford

Liz Curry

Jill Newton

Lesley Orrock

Linda Pearsall

Hillary Sellers

Laura Valentine

Charlotte Walters

altos

Lehla Abbott

Mary Bullard

Meg Calas

Eleanor Campbell

Patsy Cosgrove

Lynne McKay

Mary Stamp

tenors

John Clibbens

Stephen Jenkins

Andrew Marsden

Richard Mason

Amrit Nasta

Thomas Welsh

basses

Dennis Bowen

Andrew Burnford

Ian Cook

Sean Moriarty

Peter Newton

Stephen Smith

Colchester's Madrigalist John Wilbye

Colchester Chamber Choir is pleased to celebrate one of the town's most eminent historical figures, the madrigalist John Wilbye, through regular performances of his work.

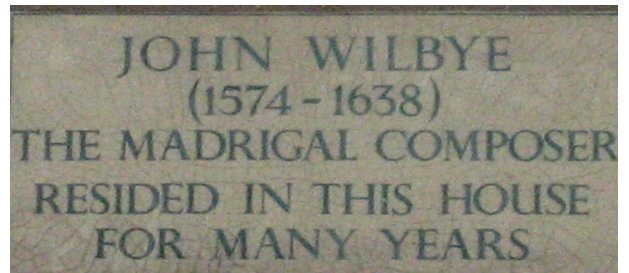
Wilbye is one of the most celebrated English madrigalists and lived in Trinity Square as musician to the aristocratic Mary Darcy, Countess Rivers, from 1628 till his death in 1638. Prior to this he was employed in the household of her father, Sir Thomas Kytson, at Hengrave Hall in Suffolk. Wilbye was probably buried, like his patroness, in the churchyard of Holy Trinity Church, opposite the house.



Wilbye's House (now called Trinity Town House) is a recently restored Grade II listed building that now offers luxurious bed and breakfast accommodation including one room thought to have been the composer's bedroom. For more information visit www.trinitytownhouse.co.uk



Musical Director Roderick Earle outside the house in Trinity Street, Colchester where John Wilbye lived.



English madrigals are secular part songs written in the 16th and 17th centuries, usually for unaccompanied voices. Wilbye's most popular works include Weep, weep o mine eyes and Draw on, sweet night.

PROGRAMME

Now is the month of maying	Thomas Morley (1557/58 – 1602)
Can she excuse my wrongs	John Dowland (1563 - 1626)
Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone	John Farmer (c1560 - 1601)
The silver swan	Orlando Gibbons (c1583 – 1625)
Never weather beaten sail	Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)
Come live with me and be my love 1875)	William Sterndale Bennett (1816-
Love is a sickness	
(No. 4 from Songs of springtime)	Ernest Moeran (1894 - 1950)
Lay a garland	Robert Pearsall (1795 - 1856)
Strike it up Tabor	Thomas Weelkes (1576 - 1623)
Since Robin Hood	
Thule, the period of cosmography: first part	
The Andalusian merchant: second part	
As torrents in summer (from King Olaf)	Edward Elgar (1857 - 1934)
My love dwelt in a northern land (Op. 18 no.3)	

INTERVAL

wine and soft drinks available

The blue bird	Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 - 1924)
Heraclitus	
The nightingale	Thomas Weelkes (1576 - 1623)
Sweet Suffolk owl	Thomas Vautor (c1580 - 1620)
To be sung of a summer night on the water: Part I	Frederick Delius (1862 - 1934)
Flora gave me fairest flowers	John Wilbye (1574 - 1638)
Weep, weep mine eyes	
Adieu sweet Amarylis	
Draw on sweet night	

Now is the month of maying

Thomas Morley (1557/58 – 1602)

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing!
Fa la la la la!

Each with his bonny lass,
Upon the greeny grass,
fa la la la la!

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness!
Fa la la la la!

And to the bagpipe's sound,
The nymphs tread out the ground!
Fa la la la la!

Fie then! Why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing?
Fa la la la la!

Say, dainty nymphs and speak!
Shall we play barley break?
Fa la la la la!

Anon



Can she excuse my wrongs

John Dowland (1563 - 1626)

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield to that which reason is,
It is reason's will that Love should be just.
Dear make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that die I must.

Better a thousand times to die,
Than for to love thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented

Anon

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone

John Farmer (c1560 - 1601)

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone
Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.
The shepherds knew not,
they knew not whither she was gone,
But after her lover Amyntas hied,
Up and down he wandered
whilst she was missing;
When he found her,
O then they fell a-kissing.

Anon

The silver swan

Orlando Gibbons (c1583 – 1625)

The silver swan, who living had no note,
when death approached
unlocked her silent throat;
leaning her breast
against the reedy shore,
thus sung her first and last,
and sung no more,
no more.
Farewell, all joys;
O death, come close mine eyes.
More geese than swans now live,
more fools than wise,
than wise.

Anon

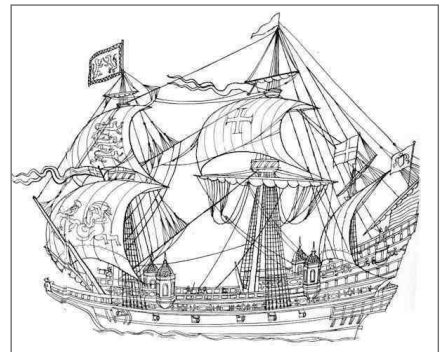
Never weather-beaten sail

Thomas Campion (1557 - 1620)

Never weather-beaten sail
more willing bent to shore
Never tired pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more
Than my weary sprite now longs
to fly out of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Sweetest Lord and take my soul to rest

Ever blooming are the joys
of Heav'n's high paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears,
nor vapour dims our eyes
Glory there the sun outshines
whose beam the blessed only see.
O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quickly,
Glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee.

Thomas Campion (1557 – 1620) England



Come live with me and be my love

William Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875)

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valley, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May morning.

If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe (1564 – 1593) England

Lay a garland

Robert Pearsall (1795 - 1856)

Lay a garland on her hearse
Of dismal yew,
Maidens, willow branches wear;
Say, she died true.

Francis Beaumont (1584 – 1616) and John Fletcher (1579 – 1625) England

Love is a sickness

Ernest Moeran (1894 - 1950)

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using,
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho! Heigh ho!

Samuel Daniel (1562 – 1619) England



Her love was false,
But she was firm
Upon her buried body lie
Lightly, thou gentle earth.

Strike it up Tabor

Thomas Weelkes (1576 - 1623)

Strike it up Tabor and pipe us a favour,
thou shalt be well paid, for thy labour:

I mean to spend my shoe sole
to dance about the Maypole,
I will be blithe and brisk,
leap and skip, hop and trip,
turne about in the rout,
untill very weary weary
joyntes can scarce friske.

Lusty Dicke Hopkin, lay on with thy napkin,
the stiching cost me but a dodkin,
the Morris were halfe undone,
Wert not for Martin of Compton,
O well said Jiging Alce,
Pritty Gill, stand you still,
Dapper Jacke, means to smacke,
how now, fie, fie fie, you dance, false.

Anon

Thule, the period of cosmography

First Part

Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Etna's flames ascend not higher:
These things seem wondrous,
yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.

Anon

Since Robin Hood

Since Robin Hood, Maid Marian,
And Little John are gone-a,
The hobby horse was quite forgot,
When Kemp did dance alone-a.

He did labour, after the tabor,
For to dance, then into France,
for to dance then into France.
He took pains, to skip, to skip,
to skip it in hope of gains, of gains.
He will trip it, trip it, trip it on the toe,
Diddle diddle diddle doe,
diddle diddle diddle doe

Anon



The Andalusian merchant

Second Part

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and china dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seem wondrous,
yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.

Anon

As torrents in summer

Edward Elgar (1857 - 1934)

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

Henry Longfellow (1807 – 82) America



My love dwelt in a northern land

My love dwelt in a northern land
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand,
And gray wash of the waves were seen,
The woven forest boughs between.

And through the northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silver white,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watch'd the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray,
I know not if the boughs between,
The white deer vanish ere the day.
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

Andrew Lang (1844 – 1912) Scotland

The blue bird

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 - 1924)

The lake lay blue below the hill
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters cold and still
A bird whose wings were palest blue.
The sky above was blue at last
The sky beneath me blue in blue
A moment ere the bird had passed
It caught his image as he flew.

Mary Coleridge (1861 – 1907) England



Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Heraclitus Callimachus (c.320-c.240 BC) trans. William Cory (1823-1889)

The nightingale

Thomas Weelkes (1576 - 1623)

The nightingale, the organ of delight,
the nimble, nimble, nimble, nimble lark,
the blackbird, the blackbird and the thrush, the thrush,
and all the pretty quiristers of flight,
that chant their music notes in ev'ry bush,
that chant their music notes in ev'ry bush,

Let them no more contend who shall excel,
the cuckoo, cuckoo, the cuckoo, cuckoo,
cuckoo, the cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
is the bird that bears the bell

Anon

Sweet Suffolk owl

Thomas Vautor (c1580 - 1620)

Sweet Suffolk Owl
So trimly dight with feathers like a lady bright
Thou singst alone sitting by night
Te whit te whoo te whit te whoo
Thy note which forth so freely rolls
With shrill command the mouse controls
And sings a dirge for dying souls
Te whit te whoo te whit te whoo

Anon



To be sung of a summer night on the water: Part 1

Frederick Delius (1862 - 1934)

Flora gave me fairest flowers

John Wilbye (1574 - 1638)

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
none so fair in Flora's treasure.
These I placed on Phyllis' bowers,
She was pleased, and she my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say:
"Come ye wantons, here to play."

Anon

Weep, weep mine eyes

Weep, weep, mine eyes,
my heart can take no rest;
Weep, weep, my heart,
mine eyes shall ne'er be blest;
Weep eyes, weep heart,
and both this accent cry,
A thousand thousand deaths I die, I die.
Ay me, ah cruel Fortune!
Now, Leander, to die I fear not.
Death, do thy worst, I care not!
I hope when I am dead in Elysian plain
To meet, and there with joy we'll love again.

Anon

Draw on, sweet night

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet night, draw on! My griefs when they be told
To shades and darkness find some ease from paining.
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

Anon

Adieu sweet Amarylis

Adieu, adieu, adieu sweet Amarylis,
Adieu sweet Amarylis, adieu, adieu,
Adieu sweet Amarylis
For since to part, to part your will is.

O heavy tiding,
Here is for me no bidding:
Yet once again, yet once again,
Ere that I part with you,
Yet once again, yet once again, again,
Ere that I part with you,

Amarylis, Amarylis, sweet adieu,
Adieu, Adieu,
Adieu sweet Amarylis
Amarylis, sweet adieu.

Anon



COLCHESTER CHAMBER CHOIR

Director Roderick Earle



VESPERS

CHORAL WORKS BY

RACHMANINOFF, TCHAIKOVSKY, GRIEG AND STRAVINSKY

PERFORMED BY CANDLELIGHT

SATURDAY 15TH JANUARY 2011 AT 7.30PM
ST TERESA'S CHURCH, 16 CLAIRMONT ROAD,
COLCHESTER CO3 9BE

£12 (students £8)

tickets available from Mann's Music, 123 High Street Colchester
01206 572783 or from 01206 544447

www.colchesterchamberchoir.org



**To join our mailing list or for further information please visit our website
colchesterchamberchoir.org
or email colchesterchamberchoir@googlemail.com**

