



# COME, MONTHS, COME AWAY

El grillo

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Ruhethal

Jagdlied

Music, When Soft Voices Die

My love dwelt in a Northern land

Autumn

My spirit sang all day

Josquin des Prez c1450-1521

Lorenz Lemin 1495-1549

Jaques Arcadelt c1505-1568

Claude Le Jeune 1528-1600

Felix Mendelssohn 1809-1847

Paul Hindemith 1895-1963

Mendelssohn

Camille Saint-Saëns

Mendelssohn

Hubert Parry 1848-1918

Edward Elgar 1857-1934

Frank Bridge 1879-1941

Gerald Finzi 1901-1956

## El grillo *des Prez*

The cricket is a good singer  
He sings for a long time  
Give him a drink, he'll sing.  
But he isn't like the other birds.  
If they've sung a little bit  
They go somewhere else  
The cricket remains where he is  
When the heat is very fierce  
Then he sings for love alone.

## Der gutzgauh *Lemin*

The Cuckoo sat on a fence  
Guck, guck, guck  
sang the cuckoo on the roof  
The rain did fall and he got wet.  
And then came the sunlight  
Guck, guck, guck  
as the sunlight came  
and the cuckoo got dry and fine.  
And then he did swing his feathers  
guck, guck, guck  
He swang his feathers  
to fly away across the sea.

## *Il bianco e dolce cigno* Arcadelt

The white and sweet swan dies singing,  
and I, weeping, reach the end of my life.  
Strange and different fate, that he dies disconsolate  
and I die a blessed death,  
which in dying fills me full of joy and desire.  
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,  
I would be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

## *Une puce* LeJeune

I've a flea in my ear, alas!  
which night and day wriggles and bites me  
and drives me mad.  
No one can help me,  
I run here and there.  
Take it out, I beg you,  
O fairest one, help me.  
When I think to give my eyes over to sleep,  
it comes to sting, itch and bite me,  
and prevent me from sleeping.  
I am helped by an old enchantress  
who cures everyone and everything,  
but does not know how to cure me.  
I know well that this evil can be cured.  
I beg you to see me favourably  
and soften your cruelty.  
I've often rummaged around in my ear  
But neither by love or skill  
Can I discover how to remove it.

## Im Grünen *Mendelssohn: words by Helmina von Chézy*

In nature a fresh courage awakens,  
When the blue of the sky is revealed.  
In nature, everything turns to the good  
That has oppressed one's heart.  
Why do you seek the walls of an enclosed room,  
You foolish child of Mankind?  
Come feel, here under the blooming tree,  
How sweet the breezes are.  
Like a sweet young child, around you  
Play their wondrous exhalations of love,  
And take away all of your suffering,  
You know not what has become of it.

## Frühzeitiger Frühling *words by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Rapturous days, how early you come,  
bringing the hillside, woodland and sun.  
Streamlets abundant, flowing so fast,  
there blooms the valley, here springs the grass.

Heavenly freshness! Blue is the sky!  
Fish in the lake teem rapidly by.  
Radiant plumage darts through the wood,  
heavenly birdsong captures the mood.

Under the verdant leaves of the trees,  
stealing the nectar, loud hum the bees,  
Softly the zephyrs waft through the air,  
rapturous movements, fragrances rare,  
Powerful breezes suddenly rush,  
losing themselves at once in the bush.

Yet in my heart they blow to me here.  
Help me, O muses, fortune to bear!  
Tell me what changes with the new year.  
Yes, dearest sisters, my love is here.

## *La biche* Hindemith: words by Rainer Maria Rilke

Oh, a doe: what beautiful interiors  
of ancient forests abound in your eyes;  
drunk with so much confidence  
mixed with so much fear.

All this, supported by the strong  
slenderness of your leaps.  
But nothing ever happens  
to that docile  
innocence of your brow.

## *Un cygne*

A swan advances over the water  
completely surrounded by reflections of itself,  
like a sliding tableau;  
thus at certain instants  
a being which one loves  
is in motion through all space.

He approaches, reflected twofold,  
like a swan who is swimming,  
approaching our troubled soul...  
which to this being is added  
the wavering image  
of happiness and doubt.

## *Puisque tout passe*

Since all is passing,

Let us make a passing melody.

The one that quenches our thirst

Will be right for us.

Let us sing what leaves us

With love and art;

Let us the sooner depart.

## *Printemps*

O melody of the life-blood

which from the instruments

of all these trees rises -,

accompany the singing

of our too loud voices.

It's during some measures

only that we follow

the multiple forms

of your long abandon,

O abounding nature.

When we will have to be silent,

others will continue...

But now, what to do

to make you my

great heart complementary?

## *En hiver*

In winter murderous death  
enters the houses;  
he seeks out the sister, the father  
and pretends to like them.

But when the earth moves  
under the spade of springtime  
death runs through the streets  
and greets the passers by.

## *Verger*

The earth is nowhere so real a presence  
As mid thy branches  
O orchard blond  
And nowhere so airy as here in the pleasance  
Of lacy shadows on grassy pond.

There we encounter that which we quested,  
That which sustains us and nourishes life  
And with it the passage manifested  
Of tenderness undying.

But at thy center the spring's limpid waters,  
Almost asleep in the fountain's heart,  
Of this strange contrast scarce have taught us  
Since of them it is so truly part.

## *Abschied vom Wald* Mendelssohn: words by Joseph von Eichendorff

O valleys wide, o heights, o beautiful green forest  
thou attentive dwelling place of my joys and sorrows!  
Outside, forever deceived, rages the busy world.  
Embrace me for the last time with thy green ceiling.

In the forest is encarved in silent, solemn words  
about acting and loving justly and what is right for man.  
I have faithfully read these simple and truthful words  
and through my full being it became unspeakably clear.

Soon, I will leave thee and become a stranger abroad,  
standing on colourful alleys of Life's stage play.  
In the midst of life, the force of thy sincerity  
will lift up lonesome me, thus keeping my heart from ageing.

## *Die Nachtigall* words by Goethe

The nightingale had gone afar;  
Spring summons her back.  
She has learned nothing new;  
She sings the old beloved songs.



*Des pas dans l'allée* Saint-Saëns: words by Maurice Boukay

Fall, memories, fall leaf by leaf,  
make a carpet of your dying gold.

The flowers will return to weep their scents.

But shall we see again the one who gathers them?

Into what silence, along what path  
did she pass one fine evening?

Sleep, golden leaves, amidst the avenue,  
keep in your folds the imprint of her steps.

This one, more weary, brought  
her soul down closer to me, though I mistook it.

Into what silence, along what path  
did she pass one fine evening?

Fall, memories! Slide leaf over leaf,  
cover her steps with your dying gold.

Other flowers will come to weep their scents!

But she who gathers them will not come again!

Into what silence, along what path  
did she pass one fine evening?

## *Calmes des nuits* words: anon

Stillness of the night, cool of the evening,  
Vast shimmering of the spheres,  
Great silence of black vaults  
Deep thinkers delight in you.  
The bright sun, merriment,  
And noise amuse the more frivolous;  
Only the poet is possessed

## *Les fleurs et les arbres* words: anon

The flowers and the trees,  
the bronzes, the marbles,  
the golds, the enamels,  
the sea, the springs,  
the mountains and the plains  
bring solace for our ills.

Everlasting nature,  
you seem more beautiful  
in the midst of sorrow!  
And art is our master,  
its fire throws light on laughter and tears.

## *Ruhethal* words by Ludwig Uhland

Valley of Rest

When in the final rays of evening  
golden mountain clouds rise  
like Alpen peaks on high,  
I often ask sorrowfully:  
Is my own final resting-place  
among them?

## *Jagdlied* words by Eichendorff

Through swaying treetops gleams a ray of gold.  
The misty valley lies far beneath the summits.  
The call of the forest horn rings out in the distance from the castle.  
The horses whinny into the air.  
Soon lands and lakes, soon moving clouds  
can be seen gleaming far off in dizzying flight.  
Soon darkness once again envelopes rider and horse.  
O love, O love, Let me go!

The sounds push on further and further, through woods and over moors,  
Where? ah, where are they going?  
Invigorating freshness, sweet shivers of pleasure!  
The high foliage flutters, the heart beats freely.  
And further and further the sounds push on.  
The high foliage flutters, the heart beats freely.

## *Music, When Soft Voices Die* Parry: words by Percy Bysshe Shelley

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.  
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

# *My love dwelt in a Northern land* Elgar: words by Andrew Lang

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, silverwhite,

Came gleaming through the forest gray,

And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft that month we watched 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.

# Autumn *Bridge: words by Shelley*

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
And the Year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,

From November to May,

In your saddest array;

Follow the bier

Of the dead cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,

The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone

To his dwelling;

Come, Months, come away;

Put on white, black, and gray;

Let your light sisters play—

Ye, follow the bier

Of the dead cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

# *My spirit sang all day*

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.

# OUR PATRONS

Joanna Bisdee  
David Jewell  
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Jill and Peter Newton  
Jonathan Pearsall  
Madeleine Wilson

The choir is largely self-funding with the help of some very generous donations.

We are always looking for further financial support to enable us to flourish and develop future projects.

If you have enjoyed tonight's performance and are interested in becoming a supporter, please contact our chairman by emailing [chair@colchesterchamberchoir.org](mailto:chair@colchesterchamberchoir.org) or phone 01206 820813

Please get in touch if you know a young person who might like to sing as a Choral Apprentice with Colchester Chamber Choir.

Information about the choir's activities and future concerts can be found on our website [www.colchesterchamberchoir.org](http://www.colchesterchamberchoir.org)



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English sacred music  
from Henry VIII to James I

7pm Saturday 21st January 2023  
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the turbulent period of the  
English Reformation through  
its choral music.