

But from whom does it protect you, this exaggerated defence? How many enemies have I lifted from you who did not fear it at all?
On the contrary, from summer to autumn you wound the affection that is given you.

De ton rêve trop plein,

Fleur en dedans nombreuse,
Mouillée comme une pleureuse,
Tu te penches sur le matin.
Tes douces forces qui dorment,
Dans un désir incertain,
Développent ces tendres formes
Entre joues et seins.

Overflowing with your dream,
flower filled with flowers,
wet as one who weeps,
you bow to the morning.
Your sweet powers which still are sleeping
in misty desire,
unford these tender forms
joining cheeks and breasts.

La rose complète

J'ai une telle conscience de ton être,
rose complète,
que mon consentement te confond
Avec mon cœur en fête.
Je te respire comme si tu étais, rose, toute la
vie,
Et je me sens l'ami parfait
D'une telle amie.

I have such awareness of your being,
perfect rose, that my will unites you with my
heart in celebration.
I breathe you in, rose, as if you were all of
life,
and I feel the perfect friend of a perfect
friend.

Dirait-on

Abandon entouré d'abandon,
Tendresse touchant aux tendresses...
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse
Se caresse, dirait-on ;
Se caresse en soi-même,
Par son propre reflet éclairé.
Ainsi tu inventes le thème
Du Narcisse exaucé.

Abandon surrounding abandon,
tenderness touching tenderness . . .
Your oneness endlessly caresses itself,
so they say;
self-caressing
through its own clear reflection.
Thus you invent the theme of Narcissus
fulfilled.

The **Chantry Singers** is a Guildford based chamber choir which performs up to four concerts a year. The choir was formed in 1983 by the then assistant director of music at the Royal Grammar School, Tim Vennell, who went on to conduct it for the next ten years.

His successors, Peter Coulson, Andrew Wilson, Sarah Baldock and Joanna Marsh carried forward his policy of alternating unaccompanied repertoire with performances of major works. Away from home, the choir has sung services in several cathedrals, notably Rochester, Salisbury and St George's Chapel, Windsor.

Next Concert:

Haydn - St Nicolas Mass
Monteverdi - Beatus Vir
Purcell - Bell Anthem

Saturday 5th December - 7.30 p.m.
Venue TBC

The Chantry Singers

"Fruit of the Wild Rose"

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)
Five Flower Songs, Op. 47

To Daffodils (Robert Herrick)

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 the evensong,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

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 do, and dry
Away, like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

2 The Succession of Four Sweet Months (Robert Herrick)

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!

3 Marsh Flowers (George Crabbe)

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.

4 The Evening Primrose (John Clare)

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.

5 Ballad of Green Broom (anon.)

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.