

The Chantry Singers

Liebeslieder Waltzes Brahms

Negro Spirituals Tippett

Piano Duet Margaret Ozanne
 Jacqueline Leveridge

Conductor Peter Coulson

Tormead School, Guildford
Saturday 1st July 1995, at 8.00 p.m.

Programme

I love my love
Green Grass
My sweetheart's like Venus
Swansea Town

Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

Gustav Holst was deeply interested in the rediscovery of English folksong, which was taking place in the early 1900s by such collectors as Cecil Sharp, Ralph Vaughan Williams and Percy Grainger. In 1916 Holst wrote *Six Choral Folksongs*, which include two you will hear tonight: *Swansea Town* (a Hampshire folksong) and *I love my love* (a Cornish folksong). These two were dedicated to Charles Kennedy Scott and the Oriana Madrigal Society. The melodies are from the collections of George B. Gardiner. *My sweetheart's like Venus* (Mae 'nghariad i'n Fenws) and *Green Grass* (Gwelltyn Glas) are two of twelve Welsh folksongs he wrote in 1930/1 for a musical weekend in Aberystwyth.

Psalm 23, D706

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Schubert was keen to rescue the partsong from its connection with the secular world of glee clubs and drinking parties and turn it into great art. He succeeded in this aim with his setting of the twenty-third psalm for female voices, which he wrote in 1820 for Anna Fröhlich. She was the head of a singing school who wanted a test piece for use in examinations. The music reflects the contemplative devotion of the text, and it is the most popular of Schubert's partsongs.

Flute Sonata

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

I Allegro malinconico

II Cantilena

III Presto giocoso

Flute David Smith

Poulenc's Flute Sonata was written in 1956, and commemorates the American music patron Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, who died in 1953.

Five Negro Spirituals
(from *A Child of our Time*)

Michael Tippett
(b. 1905)

Soprano Claire Rennison
Alto Jane George
Tenor Timothy Woodford
Bass Simon Brennan

Michael Tippett's *A Child of our Time* (1939-41) is one of the most important of his early compositions. It was first performed in 1944 and established his reputation as one of the most profound and original composers of his generation. He was influenced by Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *Passions*, but instead of using chorales or hymns as Bach had done he decided to use negro spirituals. There are five of these in *A Child of our Time*, and they come at important emotional points in the work. Tippett's German publishers asked him to arrange the spirituals from the oratorio for unaccompanied choir, which he did in 1958.

Greensleeves

Shenandoah

(Solo: Rosie Holroyd)

Bushes and Briars

The Turtle Dove

(Solo: Simon Brennan)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872-1958)

Ralph Vaughan Williams started collecting folksongs in the early 1900s. He found *Bushes and Briars* at Ingrave, near Brentwood, where he had been invited to an old people's tea-party. He recounted the incident in a lecture in 1912: 'After tea we asked if any of them knew any of the old songs, whereupon an old man, a shepherd, began to sing a song.' This provided Vaughan Williams with firsthand evidence of an oral tradition of folksong, and he went on to collect over eight hundred songs. We close this group with one of his most beautiful arrangements *The Turtle Dove*, which is scored for baritone soloist and male chorus.

Cantabile e Presto

George Enesco

Flute

David Smith

George Enesco, the Romanian composer, wrote a number of pieces during the years 1903-6 for two instruments, including this delightful *Cantabile e Presto* for flute and piano.

Liebesliederwalzer, Op. 52

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes
2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
3. O die Frauen
4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
5. Die grüne Hopfenranke
6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
7. Wohl schön bewandt war es
(Solo: Emma Gibbs)
8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
9. Am Donaustrande
10. O wie sanft die Quelle
11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen

12. Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
13. Vögelein, durchrauscht die Luft
14. Sieh', wie ist die Welte klar
15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht
(Solo: Timothy Crosley)
18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

Piano duet: Margaret Ozanne and Jacqueline Leveridge

The Liebesliederwalzer were written in 1868-9, and they are the most popular of Brahms' partsongs. They are settings of simple love songs written by Georg Daumer, a Nuremberg schoolmaster. Many of them are translations from Russian, Hungarian, and Polish texts, and they were discovered by Brahms in a collection called *Polydora*. The settings reflect an earlier tradition of German music-making, when families gathered round the piano to sing ballads and sacred songs.

The poems tell of the pangs of the unrequited love of the naive lover. Daumer compares the jilted maiden to a drooping vine; a young man transfixed by a pretty face to a bird ensnared on limed twigs; and concludes the cycle by describing the trembling and grieving heart of the passionate, abandoned lover.

Although modelled on the *ländler*, the music expresses the full emotional range of the poetry - from despair to passionate embrace. The piano duet role serves more than just mere accompaniment, and displays Brahms' true mastery of the nineteenth century solo instrument.

I love my love

(A Cornish folksong, collected by G.B. Gardiner)

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam* so sweetly for to sing,
Her chains she rattled with her hand, and thus replied she:
'I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me.
Yet I love his parents although they've ruined me.
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

With straw I'll weave a garland. I'll weave it very fine
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea,
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.'

Just as she sat there weeping, her love he came on land;
Then hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

She said, 'My love, don't frighten me; are you my love or no?'
'Oh yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love also.
I am returned to make amends for all your injury.
I love my love because I know my love loves me.'

So now these two are married, and happy may they be
Like turtledoves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

*Bedlam was a famous asylum for the insane in Lambeth, South London. Today the building houses the Imperial War Museum.

Green Grass

(A Welsh folksong)

Stretching where lush grasses quiver, Tra la la ...
Cows have tumbled in the river. Tra la la ...
As for me love's foot leaves no track. Tra la la ...
Nor does water on a duck's back. Tra la la ...

Don't believe my heart is breaking. Tra la la ...
I'm too old for such a take in. Tra la la ...
Sweethearts I count three a penny. Tra la la ...
What are you amongst so many? Tra la la ...

My sweetheart's like Venus

(A Welsh folksong)

My sweetheart's like Venus, she's lovely and light;
She's fairer than blackthorn, she's slim and she's white;
There's no one is like her, from far or from near;
It's truth I am telling for all men to hear.

Her form has the splendour of straight-growing trees;
Her hair like ripe corn that is stirr'd in the breeze;
Her eyebrows like gossamer that hangs by the door;
If only she'd love me I'd ask nothing more.

My sweetheart she loves like a shower of rain,
Now clouded, now weeping, now smiling again;
But she who loves many is left without one;
A faithful true lover has one love alone.

Oh, farewell to you my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu;
I'm bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part with you;
Once more to part with you, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.
Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh! It's now that I am out at sea, and you are far behind,
Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind;
The secrets of my mind, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.
Old Swansea Town once more, fine girl, you're the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh now the storm it's rising, I can see it coming on,
The night so dark as anything, we cannot see the moon;
Our good old ship she is tossed aft, our rigging is all tore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh, now the storm is over and we are safe on shore;
We'll drink strong drinks and brandies too to the girls that we adore.
To the girls that we adore, fine girls, we'll make this tavern roar,
And when our money is all gone we'll go to sea for more.

Pslam 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to rest in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside still waters,
He giveth peace unto my soul,
He leadeth me in paths of goodness for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through Death's dark vale of shadows,
No evil will I fear, for Thou art still with me.
Thy rod and staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies;
My head with oil Thou anointest, my cup runneth over.

Yea, surely peace and mercy all my life shall follow me:
And I will dwell with God for ever more.

Five Negro Spirituals (from A Child of our Time)

1. Steal away

Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus,
Steal away, 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.

Steal away, steal away ...

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul,
I han't got long to stay here.

2. Nobody knows

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

O brothers, pray for me,
O brothers, pray for me
And help me to drive
Old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble ...

O mothers, pray for me,
O mothers, pray for me
And help me to drive
Old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble ...

3. 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,
Let my people go,

Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go,
Thus spake the Lord,' bold Moses said,
'Let my people go,
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,'
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses ...

4. By and by

O, by and by, 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 the gates of Hell.

O, Hell is deep and a dark despair,
O, stop, poor sinner, and don't go there!

O, by and by ...

5. Deep river

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

Deep river ...

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong to cast me off,
Discourteously, and I have loved you so long, delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand to grant whatever you would crave.
I have both waged life and land, your love and goodwill for to have.

Greensleeves ...

I bought thee petticoats of the best, the cloth so fine as it might be,
I gave thee jewels for the chest, and all this cost I spent on thee.

Greensleeves ...

Well I will pray to God on high, that thou my constancy may'st see,
For I am still thy lover true; come once again and love me.

Greensleeves ...

Shenandoah

O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
And to see your rolling river;
O Shenandoah I long to hear you,
'Way, we're bound away,
Across the wide Missouri.

I long to see your smiling valley,
and to hear your rolling river;
I long to see your smiling valley,
'Way ..

'Tis seven long years since last I see thee,
And hear your rolling river;
'Tis seven long years since last I see thee.
'Way ...

When first I took a rambling notion,
To leave your rolling river,
To sail across the briny ocean,
'Way ...

Bushes and Briars

(An Essex folksong)

Through bushes and through briars,
Of late I took my way,
All for to hear the small birds sing,
And the lambs to skip and play.

I overheard my own true love,
Her voice it was so clear,
Long time I have been waiting for
The coming of my dear.

Sometimes I am uneasy,
And troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love,
And tell to him my mind;

And if I should go to my love,
My love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness,
He'll ne'er love me again.'

The Turtle Dove

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my
dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

As fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the pretty
girl I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the pretty
girl I love,
Till all those things be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his
love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

Liebeslieder

1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
Das mir in die Brust, die kühle
Hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
Diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
Willst du, eine Überfromme,
Rasten ohne traute Wonne,
Oder willst du, dass ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne
Nicht so bitter will ich büßen.
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüssen.

(Tell me, maiden, all too dear,
whose glance my heart's composure
has banished and replaced
with the heart of passion!

Will your heart not soften?
Will you, like a cloistered nun,
deny yourself the joy of love,
or would you have me court you?

To deny oneself the joy of love
is too bitter a sacrifice for me.
Come to me, my black-eyed beauty,
come when the stars are shining.)

2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
Heftig angetrieben;
Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiss,
Lernt es unter'm Lieben

(Upon the rocks the billow roar,
driven by ocean's might;
he who knows not how to sigh
will learn when he falls in love.)

3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen,
Wie sie Wonne, Wonne tauen!
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen!

(O womankind! O womankind!
How seductive are your snares!
I should have been a monk long since,
were it not for women!

4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte
Möcht' ich arme Dirne glüh'n,
Einem, einem zu gefallen,
Sonder Ende Wonne sprüh'n.

(Radiant as the glow of sunset
would I like, poor girl, to be,
to find favour in the eyes of one
and shower unending love upon him.)

5. Die grüne Hopfenranke,
Sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.
Die junge schöne Dirne,
So traurig ist ihr Sinn.

Du höre, grüne Ranke!
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?
Du höre, schöne Dirne!
was ist so schwer das Herz?

Wie höbe sich die Ranke,
Der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
Wenn ihr der Liebste weit?

(The tender green hop-vine
dangles to the ground.
The pretty young girl
is sunk in despair.

Listen, green vine!
Why do you not grow upwards?
Listen, pretty girl!
Why is your heart so heavy?

How can the vine raise itself
when it has no support?
How can the girl be cheerful
when her love is far away?)

6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel nahm
den Flug
Zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär',
Ich säunte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist lauert an dem Ort,
Der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär',
Ich säunte doch, ich täte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
Da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen, nicht an.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel wär',
Ich säunte nicht, ich täte doch wie der!

(A pretty little bird took flight
to the garden where there was fruit in
abundance.
If I were a pretty little bird
I would, without hesitation, have done the
same.

Limed twigs lay wickedly in wait;
the poor little bird could not escape.
If I were a pretty little bird
I would have hesitated, not done as he did.

The bird was rescued by a pretty hand,
which did not harm the lucky creature at
all.
If I were a pretty little bird
I would, without hesitation, have done the
same!)

7. Wohl schön bewandt war es vorehe
Mit meinem Leben, mit meiner Liebe.
Durch eine Wand, ja durch zehn Wände,
Erkannte mich des Freundes Sehe,
Doch jetzo, wehe, wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht vor'm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Auge, sein Herze nicht.

(How happy I used to be
with my life and with my love.
Through a wall, through ten walls even,
my lover could descry me;
but now, alas, though I should stand
foursquare before him, he is cold
and sees me with his eyes but not his heart.)

8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
Und so lieblich schauet,
Jede letzte Trübe flieht,
Welche mich umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
Lass sie nicht verstieben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu,
Dich ein And'rer Lieben.

(When you look at me so gently
and with such a loving glance,
all those troubles disappear
that had weighed upon me.

May the blest warmth of our love
Never be allowed to cool!
No one else will ever love you
with a love as true as mine.)

9. Am Donaustrande, da steht ein
Haus,
Da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
Das Mädchen ist wohl gut gehegt,
Zehn eiserne Riegel sind vor die Türe
gelegt.
Zehn eiserne Riegel, das ist ein Spass;
Die spreng' ich, als wären sie von Glas.

(Beside the Danube stands a house
from which a rosy-cheeked girl peers
out.

The girl is guarded most securely;
ten iron bars protect the doors.
Ten iron bars - that's a joke!
I shall shatter them like glass.)

10. O wie sauft die Quelle sich
Durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sich
Zu der Liebe findet!

(How gently the brooklet
winds through the meadows!
How sweet it is when love
encounters love!)

11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit
den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.
Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe;
Bin ich still, so heisst's, ich wäre irr aus
Liebe.

(No, there is no putting up with some people:
they choose to poison everything.
If I'm merry, they think I have loose urges;
if silent, I must be going mad with love.)

12. Schlosser auf, und mach Schlösser,
Schlösser ohne Zahl!
Denn die bösen, bösen Mäuler
will ich schliessen allzumal.

(Come on, Locksmith, make me locks,
locks without number!
then the wicked, wicked mouths
shall I shut for ever!)

13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft,
Sucht nach einem Aste;
Und das Herz ein Herz begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

(A little bird skims through the air,
looking for a twig;
and one heart yearns for another heart,
where it can rest in peace.)

14. Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar,
Blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
Liebe du mich wieder!

(See, how clear the water is
when the moon peeps down!
You who are the one I love,
may you love me too!)

15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
Wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
Küsse mich im Dunkeln!

(The nightingale sings so sweetly
when the stars are bright.
Love me, dear heart,
kiss me in the darkness!)

16. Ein dunkeler schacht ist Liebe,
Ein gar zu gefährlicher Bronnen;
Da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
Kann weder hören noch seh'n.
Nur denken an meine Wonnen,
Nur stöhnen in meinen Weh'n.

(Love is a pit of darkness,
a well too full of danger;
into this, poor fellow, I fell,
and now can neither hear nor see;
I can think of nothing but my joys,
can only groan and grieve.)

17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht,
Dort aussen im Flurbereich!
Die Füße wurden dir,
Die zarten, zu nass, zu weich.

All überströmt sind dort
Die Wege, die Stege dir;
So überreichlich tränke
Dorten das Auge mir.

(Do not go wandering, light of my eyes,
through yonder pastureland!
Your feet, your tender feet
would soon be wet and sore.

All the lanes and footpaths
are flooded, you will find;
so abundant were the tears
that I shed upon them.)

18. Es hebet das Gesträuche,
Gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein.
In seiner Art erhebet
Die Seele mir, erschüttert
Von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
Gedenkt sie dein.

(The bushes are trembling, for a little bird
brushed them as it flew past.
In the same way, my spirit
trembles, shaken
by love, by grief and longing,
when thinking of you.)

The Chantry Singers' next concert will take place on 2nd December 1995 in Holy Trinity Church, Guildford at 8:00 p.m. for an evening of sixteenth century English music.