



John W. Ehrlich  
*Music Director*

# Spring Rites & Romance



Saturday, May 17, 2003 at 8:00 p.m.  
First Church Congregational  
11 Garden Street, Cambridge

*Please join The Spectrum Singers  
at a post-concert reception  
in Margaret Jewett Hall.*

This concert is being recorded for future broadcast  
by WGBH Radio, 89.7 FM.

*Kindly turn off all cell phones, pagers,  
and wristwatch prompters.*

*Please see an usher if you would  
like a large-print program.*



massculturalcouncil.org

*The Spectrum Singers, Inc.  
Board of Directors*

Christopher M. Keppelman, *Chair*  
Barbara B. Penfield, *Secretary*  
Ronald R. Cavicchio, *Treasurer*  
John W. Ehrlich, *Music Director*  
Thomas A. Best  
Carl W. Bewig  
Erin K. Brenner

Eleanor Jewett  
Leslie A. Lanagan  
Ryck Lent  
Steven Lewis  
Abbey Thompson  
Kevin R. Woller

The Spectrum Singers  
John W. Ehrlich, *Music Director*

## *Spring Rites & Romance*

**Three Excerpts from Five Bagatelles** (1971) William Walton  
(1902–1983)

1. Allegro
2. Lento, Tempo di Valse
3. Alla Cubana

John Muratore, *guitar*

**My Spirit Sang All Day** (Op. 17, No. 3) Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

**I Praise the Tender Flower** (Op. 17, No. 1) Finzi

**The Blue Bird** (Op. 119, No. 3) Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

**Come to Me** (Op. 12, No. 5) Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

**Four Songs set to the Poems of Thomas Campion** (1951/1953)

Virgil Thomson (1896–1989)

Follow Your Saint

There Is A Garden In Her Face

Rose Cheek'd Laura, Come

Follow Thy Fair Sun

Judy Saiki, *harp*; Mary Ruth Ray, *viola*; Ian Greitzer, *clarinet*

≈ *Intermission* ≈

**Trois Morceaux Espagnol** (1926) Emilio Pujol (1886–1980)

1. Tonadilla
2. Tango
3. Guajira

John Muratore, *guitar*

**Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orleans** (1898, rev. 1908)

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
2. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Gloria Raymond, *alto*

3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Abbey Thompson, *soprano*; Karin Denison, *alto*  
Thomas A. Best, *tenor*; Grant E. Hicks, *bass*

**Le Chant des Oyseaulx**

Clément Janequin (ca.1495–1558)

**Waldesnacht** (Op. 62, No. 3)

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

**Der Abend** (Op. 64, No. 2)

Brahms

James Barkovic, *piano*

**Romancero Gitano (Gypsy Ballads)** (1951)

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895–1968)

- I. Baladilla de los tres ríos

Lori Seitz Rider, *soprano*; Gloria Raymond and Sara D. Kunz, *altos*  
Thomas A. Best, *tenor*; Kevin R. Woller, *bass*

- II. La Guitarra

- III. Puñal

- IV. Procesión

solo: John Schumacher

- V. Memento

- VI. Baile

solo: John Schumacher

Thomas A. Best, *tenor*; Kevin R. Woller, *bass*

- VII. Crótalo

John Muratore, *guitar*

**John W. Ehrlich**, *Founder and Music Director of The Spectrum Singers*, has been active as a singer and conductor in the Boston and Cambridge areas for more than thirty years. Son of a concert pianist and a microbiologist, Mr. Ehrlich was born in Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan, and prepared for higher education at Grosse Pointe University School and the New Hampton School. He studied music and conducting while attending the Hartt School of Music, Trinity College, and both Harvard and Boston Universities. His teachers were Robert Shaw, Gregg Smith, G. Wallace Woodworth, Vytautas Marijousius, Iva Dee Hiatt, and Margaret Hillis. Also a singer, Mr. Ehrlich has sung with the Hartford Chamber Choir, Tanglewood Festival Chorus, Cambridge Society for Early Music, John Oliver Chorale, The Chicago Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Boston Baroque, and the Emmanuel Church Choir. For eight seasons he was Music Director of The Master Singers of Worcester. This is Mr. Ehrlich's 23rd season as Music Director of The Spectrum Singers.

**John Muratore**, *guitarist*, performs regularly as a soloist, chamber musician, and concert soloist throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, and the former Soviet Union. He has appeared with numerous ensembles including the Master Singers, Boston Musica Viva, Alea III, and the Vermont Symphony Chorus, and has premiered works by Daniel Pinkham, Scott Wheeler, and John Appleton. Recent concerto appearances have been with the Boston Chamber Orchestra, Symphony by the Sea, and the Longwood Symphony. Mr. Muratore has been a featured soloist at the Academie Festival des Arcs and the Aspen Music Festival, and has appeared numerous times on the Atelier International Concert Series in Paris.

In 1996, Mr. Muratore was awarded first prize in the Alpha Beta Kappa Foundation's National Competition for String Players. His playing, which has been characterized by Rafael Druian as "very beautiful," has been recorded by Arabesque Records and is often heard on WGBH Radio's *Classical Performances*. His recent performance at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was described by *The Boston Globe* as "unleashing so many different varieties of tone color in quick succession...a kind of aural iridescence...."

Mr. Muratore is senior lecturer in classical guitar at Dartmouth College and Boston University and is on the faculty of the All Newton Music School.

**The Spectrum Singers** gave their first concert under Music Director John W. Ehrlich in December of 1980. Mr. Ehrlich chose the group's name to highlight what he hoped would be the chorus's primary mission: to perform works from all periods of music history – pre-Renaissance through the present day – at a level of historically-informed professionalism equal to the world's finest choral ensembles.

From its beginnings, the chorus has embraced “amateur singers” – gifted vocalists who willingly perform without pay. Today, people from all walks of life sing with The Spectrum Singers, many bringing to the chorus significant experience and skills as choral and solo vocal artists. As a result, the chorus has prospered artistically, and today is widely regarded as one of the finest choral ensembles in the region. In addition to its own annual subscription concert series, the 40-voice chorus has been called upon by composers and other musical ensembles to collaborate in premiere performances of significant choral works and in the concerts of other ensembles. Recent joint ventures have included appearances with the Cantata Singers and Emmanuel Music's widely acclaimed presentation of Schubert's opera *Alfonso und Estrella* in February, 2003.

The Spectrum Singers are admired for their nimble flexibility in performance of the entire choral spectrum. While renowned for the special skills they bring to very demanding *a cappella* repertoire, the chorus is also praised for the rich and robust tone and fleet virtuosity it brings to works accompanied by orchestra. Equally of interest is the chorus's breadth of repertoire. Music Director John W. Ehrlich is widely admired for his intriguing and adventuresome programming.

Now in its 23rd season, The Spectrum Singers and Music Director John W. Ehrlich continue their mission of performing familiar and less-well-known works in programs of compelling depth and professional execution to a broad audience of appreciative listeners.

## PROGRAM NOTES

**W**illiam Walton, born in 1902, roared into the general public's musical consciousness with his dramatic and spectacular 1930/1 oratorio *Belshazzar's Feast*. The composer's *Five Bagatelles for Guitar*, from 1971, reveal a more intimate and light-hearted side of their composer. The *Bagatelles* were written especially for the British virtuoso and scholar Julian Bream, and dedicated to fellow composer Malcolm Arnold in celebration of his fiftieth birthday.

The sung portion of *Spring Rites and Romance* begins with four British and four American "part-songs." Part-songs are choral settings of secular texts, often verse, whose subjects are often romantic or pastoral, perhaps borrowing these conceits from the Italian and English madrigalists. In the most finely crafted part-songs, the composer has taken extra care to link the musical rhythm and syntax to the cadences of the language of the poetry. Paul Spicer, noted British conductor of this musical genre, suggests that a greater appreciation of the best part-songs can be achieved by reading each song's text aloud before the music is sung.

Gerald Finzi studied privately with Edward Bairstow from 1918-1922. Finzi greatly admired and promoted the music of his contemporaries, among them Vaughan Williams and Holst. While there are some stylistic similarities to that of his teacher and colleagues, Finzi's musical language evolved into something uniquely his own. A fragile, quietly ecstatic and extremely personal element is never far from view in his work. This is apparent in the two part-songs we offer from his op. 17, each set to the ardent yet tender verse of Robert Bridges.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford was born in 1852, and showed talent at an early age as both a singer and a 'cellist. His studies included stints in Berlin and Leipzig where the influence of Brahms and the other famous Germanic composers was inescapable. He joined Sir Hubert Parry as Professor of Composition at the founding of the Royal College of Music in 1883, and for the next forty years taught virtually all the subsequent important British composers. So highly regarded was he by his peers, that at his death in 1924 he was buried in Westminster Abbey next to Purcell.

*The Blue Bird* - a great favorite of British audiences - is an impressionistic yet intriguingly austere portrait in color and sound. A shimmering stasis is achieved with the vivid yet calm text almost magically reflected in the music.

Gustav Holst is best known to concertgoers for his very popular 1919 orchestral suite *The Planets*. But church musicians know that Holst wrote a large body of very effective music for choirs. He grew up idolizing Wagner, and in 1895 while a student at the Royal College of Music met Ralph Vaughan Williams where the two became good friends. Holst later became infatuated with Hindu literature and philosophy and left his musical studies to learn Sanskrit. He returned to the College, studied trombone, played in wind ensembles, began teaching, was among the first to revive and be an advocate for the music of Purcell, and began conducting choirs in schools. His big success with *The Planets*, sadly, served only to bewilder him. He became introverted and withdrew from public life. A series of illnesses was broken by a visit to Harvard as Guest Lecturer in Music in 1932, but he fell ill again that spring and died in London – far too soon – in 1934.

*Come to Me*, written in 1903, was intended to be the fifth of Holst's *Five Part Songs*, op. 12, but for reasons unclear, it and the third song were left behind when three of their brethren were published by Novello many years ago. Perhaps Holst felt that the frankly romantic text and the rich, heartfelt music to match it did not project a *persona* appropriate to his later life, or the song harbored a poignant or wistful memory he later chose to forget – we will never know. In any case, *Come to Me* is extraordinarily beautiful, very much worthy of being heard. The Spectrum Singers were privileged to give the first United States performance of this work in 1992 through the gracious assistance of the Holst estate and Faber Music in London. The work has now – finally and thankfully – been published by Faber and is available at last for all to read and admire.

Virgil Thomson's *Four Songs Set to the Poems of Thomas Campion* are as elegant, fastidious and deceptively tricky as the personality of the composer himself. Thomson celebrated what he called "vertical, undifferentiated counterpoint," and the *Four Songs* all exhibit this to a greater or lesser degree. The charm and the skill of the writing manage to artfully camouflage this attempt at simplicity of expression. When combined with the relentless diatonic harmony Thomson favors, one might be tempted to dismiss this music as simplistic and naive, but it is precisely these qualities of simplicity and innocence which befit Campion's beautiful texts so perfectly. And, more is at work in this music than may be first apparent!

These songs were originally written for solo mezzo-soprano with clarinet, harp, and viola accompaniment. When Thomson and Ruggero Vené (a possible pseudonym of a friend?) recast the songs for chorus, a piano accompaniment was supplied. Because the original scoring with three instruments is so colorful, charming and well wrought, and because it more accurately reflects the sound of the original Elizabethan lute-song inspiration for these works, we will perform the choral settings with the original solo accompaniment.

Emilio Vilarrubí Pujol was renowned as a superb guitar soloist, teacher, and scholar. As soloist, he began his career in Barcelona, moved on to Paris, Madrid, London, and then South America. As a scholar, he spent a number of years at the Lisbon Conservatory and the Chigiana Academy in Siena, Italy, and became a world authority on guitar and vihuela repertoire, history, and technique. His *Three Spanish Pieces* were first published in 1926, concurrent with his highly acclaimed concerts in Paris, at the height of his solo career.

The *Trois Chansons* of Claude Debussy exhibit clear homage to the past: they incorporate texts by the celebrated Middle Age lyric poet Duke Charles D'Orleans (1391–1465), and they are modeled on the “old” chanson musical form. Despite this, they are overlaid with newer and richly drawn Debussian harmony. The results create three of the most treasurable of Debussy's too few choral works, and his only *a cappella* creations. The first chanson is simply a love song, in which a man ponders the beauty of his beloved with meltingly beautiful harmonies which slide languidly over and under one another. The second chanson is set for contralto solo over three wordless voices. These accompanying parts onomatopoeically create the sound of a “*tabourin*” – a tambourine or a little drum. The soloist hears the sound of a festival calling her to celebrate the month of May, but as it is early in the morning, she decides instead to drowse in bed a little longer. The text of the third chanson colorfully tells of the villainy of Winter, its destruction of the beauty created by Spring, and thus by all rights ought to be exiled. Solo quartet parts are deftly interwoven through the chorus parts, everything precisely edited and marked by the composer. An accurate yet musical performance of these three little works requires careful concentration and attention to detail.

Clément Janequin was a French renaissance composer best known for his mastery of the chanson form, and for his subsequent and unusual lengthening of it. In so doing, he allowed himself more creative space to develop his musical ideas and to incorporate certain effects which were to become his most famous stylistic traits. One such work, *La Guerre*, depicts two feuding armies. As they face each other,

flashes of the countries' national music are heard, and as they enter into battle one hears the sounds of cannon, overhead artillery shells, trumpets and drums, all depicted vocally. In *Le Chant des Oyseaulx*, the chorus imitates birdsongs instead of battlesongs.

At the outset of *Le Chant des Oyseaulx*, the god of love summons all sleeping hearts to awake from their winter slumbers, and birds begin to join the call, awakening hearts to springtime. As the birds are described – thrush, starling, robin, nightingale - we hear their individual songs. Then, suddenly, with an abrupt shift of gears, Janequin thrusts us into a bustling street scene in France. People walk down the streets, jostling one another (“*q’est là-bas, passe villain*”); perhaps en route to Mass (“*à la messe*”), or, a bar (“*à boire*”). Just which two venues is unclear, and the wonderful confusion created by the text is echoed in the music. The delightful contrast of sacred vs. secular “destinations” is typical of Janequin, who often precariously perched his chanson texts between the two. The effect of the city street is soon replaced by the sounds of birds, as the text tells what each bird signifies, such as the cuckoo, long a universal symbol of infidelity. The culminating scene depicts all the birds singing together, wakening the sleeping hearts, and thereby reawakening love in the world. A great part of the fun is the confusion – the profane combination of the busy streets, the church, the lovers, and the birds. The challenge for the chorus is to breeze (or, fly) cleanly through the confusion as Janequin intends.

Our two Brahms *Lieder* were written as works for chamber performance – music at home, perhaps – works presumably intended for solo vocal quartet, either *a cappella* or with piano accompaniment. One might ask: why delve into this repertoire when so much Brahms exists clearly intended for ensemble performance?

Some answers:

- precedent exists for the concept of “choral *Lieder*”
- certain of these quartets are unusually well-suited to larger ensemble performance. Those performed tonight are greatly enriched by the larger number of singers, and the impact of the conjunction of music and poetry is significantly enhanced
- these works deserve to be heard by as many listeners as practicable

*Waldesnacht*, redolent of the atmosphere of the dark green woods, dates from 1874 and is notable for its rich harmonic progressions, suspensions, and sense of repose.

*Der Abend*, written but one year later is a concise masterwork, painting in almost operatic colors the symbolic descent of the sun in the form of Phoebus, the archer, and his chariot being welcomed into the sea by his lover Thetis, as Cupid leads the exhausted horses to a cooling stream.

Annotator David Wright has written: "... By 1940, the crosscurrents of war had washed a remarkable collection of musicians ashore in Beverly Hills, California, among them Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Korngold, and from Florence, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895–1968). Like Korngold, Castelnuovo-Tedesco wrote concert works and vivid scores for Hollywood films."

*Romancero Gitano* (Gypsy Ballads), set to verse by the complicated and haunted Spanish poet Federico García Lorca, probably owes its origins to the friendship between the composer and the famous Spanish guitar virtuoso Andrés Segovia, for whom the former had written a Guitar Concerto in 1939.

Imbued with rich Spanish/Gypsy harmonies and color, *Romancero Gitano* offers many opportunities for chorus and guitar – together and separately – to display languid sensuousness and fiery virtuosity.

Wright continues: "During the first three songs, the music grows in violence, as (does) Lorca's imagery. First it is just a twinge of regret at a lost love, carried away by the rippling accompaniment of *The Ballad of the Three Rivers*. In *The Guitar* that instrument weeps, like 'a heart stabbed by five fingers.' *The Dagger* itself appears, horribly in the third song. Finally, the *Procession* comes into view, its mystical images transforming the grief of Earthly life. The composer has written:

I recall those strange religious processions, simultaneously macabre and gaudy, in which are carried into the courtyard the images of Christ (for the most part emaciated and marked with horrible wounds) and of the Madonna (covered with brocade and precious jewels), accompanied by wooden statues of the Paladin of Charlemagne (or of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic); the grotesque figures of Carnival.

After this central song, three more songs bring the music back to life: the mournful tango *Memento*, the *seguidilla Dance* (in which the sinister, ghostly Carmen is glimpsed dancing in the street at night), and finally the wild, rhapsodic *jota, Castanets*."

~Program Notes © 2003 by John W. Ehrlich,  
with some text by David Wright on *Romancero Gitano*.

## THE SPECTRUM SINGERS

### Soprano

Harriet Bridges  
Roberta Chase-Borgatti  
Jill Fekete\*  
Ann Ferentz  
Valerie Gibson  
Elizabeth S. Harmell  
Leslie Horst  
Catherine Josman  
Kate Scott Lawrence  
Carol McKeen  
Lori Seitz Rider  
Abbey Thompson  
Kathi Tighe

### Alto

Christine E. Bishop  
Jocelyn Burke  
Karin Denison  
Jane Farber  
Sara S. Glidden\*  
Linda Ingram  
Sara D. Kunz  
Marilyn Marlette  
Gloria Raymond\*\*  
Amy Wlodarski  
\*\*guest artist

### Tenor

Thomas A. Best\*  
Richard W. Drost  
Ian Fox  
Robert Humphreville  
John Schumacher  
Gil Strickler  
Maurice Wong

### Bass

Carl Bewig  
James E. Frens\*  
Grant E. Hicks  
Edward A. Jacobson  
Laurence J. Krenis  
Steven L. Solomon  
Carter West  
Kevin R. Woller  
\*section leader

Kathi Tighe

*work in clay. . . ceramic scarinas*

(617)661-9589

ktighe@world.std.com

## My Spirit Sang All Day

Gerald Finzi

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.

~ Robert Bridges (1844-1930)

## I Praise the Tender Flower

Gerald Finzi

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.

~ Robert Bridges

## The Blue Bird

*Charles Villiers Stanford*

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)*

## Come to Me

*Gustav Holst*

Come to me in the silence of the night,  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream:  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream; come back in tears,  
O memory, hope, love of vanished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet  
Whose wak'ning should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet,  
Where thirsting, longing eyes watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may give  
My very life again though cold in death:  
Come back to me in dreams that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath, speak low, lean low  
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

~ *Christina Rossetti (1830–1894)*

## Four Songs set to the Poems of Thomas Campion

*Virgil Thomson*

### Follow Your Saint

Follow your saint, follow with  
accents sweet,  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her  
flying feet:  
There, wrapped in cloud of  
sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul  
I perish for her love.  
But if she scorns my never  
ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her  
sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise  
did tend,  
Still she was first; still she my  
songs did end.  
Yet she my love and music both  
did fly,  
The music that her echo is and  
beauty's sympathy.  
Then let my notes pursue her  
scornful flight:  
It shall suffice that they were  
breathed and died for her delight.

### There Is A Garden In Her Face

There is a garden in her face,  
Where roses and white lilies grow;  
A heav'nly paradise is that place  
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
There cherries grow which none  
may buy  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of Orient pearl a double row;  
Which when her lovely  
laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled  
with snow.  
Yet them no peer nor prince can buy  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
Her brows like bended bows  
do stand,  
Threat'ning with piercing frowns  
to kill  
All that attempt with eye or hand  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh  
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

**Rose Cheek'd Laura, Come**

Rose cheek'd Laura, come!  
Sing thou sweetly with  
thy beauty's  
Silent music, either other  
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow  
From consent divinely framéd;  
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's  
Birth is heav'nly.

These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for help to  
grace them;  
Only beauty purely loving  
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed  
by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them-  
selves eternal.

**Follow Thy Fair Sun**

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,  
Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy  
light depriveth,  
Though here thou liv'st disgraced  
And she in heav'n is placed,  
Yet follow her whose light the  
world reviveth.

Follow those pure beams whose  
beauty burneth,  
That so have scorched thee,  
As thou still black must be,  
Till her kind beams thy black to  
brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her  
glory shineth:  
There comes a luckless night  
That will dim all her light;  
And this the black unhappy  
shade divineth.

Follow her still for 'tis so that thy fate  
has ordainéd,  
For the sun must have its shade  
Till both at once do fade,  
The sun still proud, the shadow  
still disdainéd.

## Trois Chansons

*Claude Debussy*

### 1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder  
La gracieuse bonne et belle;  
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle  
Chascun est prest de la louer.  
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?  
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

*Lord, you made her lovely to look at,  
So gracious, good, and beautiful;  
For her many virtues  
All are ready to praise her.  
Who could bring himself to tire of her?  
Her beauty is ever fresh.*

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,  
La gracieuse bonne et belle!  
Par de ça, ne de là, la mer  
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle  
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.  
C'est ung songe que d'i penser.

*Lord, you made her lovely to regard,  
So gracious, good, and beautiful!  
Whether near or far over the sea,  
There is neither wife nor maiden  
Who is so perfect in every respect,  
It is a dream even to think of it.*

### 2. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may,  
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;  
En disant: il est trop matin  
Ung peu je me rendormiray:

*When I hear, the little drum  
Sounding to call us to maying,  
I do not stir myself in my bed  
Nor lift my head from the pillow;  
Saying: it is too early,  
And I let myself sleep a little longer.*

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
sonner pour s'en aller au may,  
jeunes gens partent leur butin;  
De non chaloir m'accointeray  
A lui je m'abutineray  
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin.

*When I hear the little drum  
Sounding to call us to maying,  
Young folk distribute their favors;  
With nonchalance I listen  
To them as I lie there;  
I find him a closer neighbor.*

### 3. Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain;  
Esté est plaisant et gentil  
En témoing de may et d'avril  
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.

*Winter, you are a scoundrel;  
Summer is pleasing and gentle,  
As witness May and April  
Who always accompany her.*

Esté revet champs, bois  
et fleurs  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs  
Par l'ordonnance de nature.

*Summer clothes field, forest  
and flowers  
In their garb of green  
And many other colors,  
As ordained by nature.*

Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein  
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil.  
On vous deust banir en éxil.  
Sans point flater je parle plein:  
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain.

*But you, Winter, are too full  
Of snow, wind, rain and hail.  
I'd like to banish you into exile.  
I say plainly, without any attempt to flatter:  
Winter, you are a scoundrel.*

~ Charles d'Orleans  
(1391-1465)

### Le Chant des Oyseaulx

Clément Janequin

Réveillez vous, cueurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

*Wake up, sleepy hearts,  
The god of love summons you.*

A ce premier jour de May,  
Oyseaulx feront merveilles,  
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay  
Destoupez vos oreilles.  
Et farirariron, ferely joli.  
Vous serez tous en joiemis,  
Car la saison est bonne.

*On this first day in May,  
The birds will do their miracles  
To rouse you from your stupor.  
Take the wool out of your ears.  
And farirariron, ferely prettily.  
You will all be filled with joy,  
For the season is fair.*

Vous orrez, à mon advis,  
Une douce musique  
Que fera le roi mauvis,  
D'une voix autentique  
(Le merle aussi,  
Lestournel sera parmi):  
Ti, ti, piti, chou, chou,  
Chouty, thouy, thouy.

*At my command you will give forth  
a sweet music  
Pitched in the true voice  
of the royal thrush,  
(the starling also  
will be among you):  
Ti, ti, piti, chou, chou,  
Chouty, thouy, thouy.*

Toi que dy tu.  
Le petit sansonnet de Paris,  
Le petit mignon.  
Qu'est la bas, passe vilain!  
Saige, courtoise, et bien apris.  
Sainte teste Dieu!  
Quio, quio, le petit mignon,  
Tost, tost, tost au sermon.  
It est temps d'aller boire.  
Au sermon, ma maistresse.  
Sus, ma dame, a la messe  
Sainte Caquette qui caquette.  
A Saint Trotin  
Voir saint Robin,  
Monstrer le tetin,  
Le doulx musequin!  
Rire et gaudir c'est  
    mon devis,  
Chacun s'i habandonne.

Rossignol du bois joli,  
A qui la voix resonne,  
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennuy  
Vostre gorge jargonne:  
Frian, frian, frian, tar, tar, tar,  
Veley, veley, ticun, ticun, ticun,  
Teo tu, tu, coqui, coqui, tu,  
Qui lara, fereli fy, fi ti, fi ti,  
Oy ty oy ty, trr, tu huit, teo, te  
Tycun, turry, quiby, quio, quibi, fr.  
Finez (fuez), regrets, pleurs et souci,  
Car la saison l'ordonne.

Arriere, maitre coucou,  
Sortez de no(tre) chapitre.  
Chacun vous est mal tenu,  
Car vous n'etes q'un traître.  
Coucou! Par traison, en chacun nid,  
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.  
Reveillez vous, cueurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

*Toi que dy tu.  
Little starling of Paris,  
The little darling.  
Let her pass, villain! Make way, churl.  
Demure, genteel, and fine.  
Holy body of Christ!  
Quio, the lovely thing,  
Quick, to the sermon.  
It's time for all to drink.  
To the sermon, mistress.  
Quick, my lady, to the mass of  
St. Prattle who prattles.  
To St. Trotin  
To see St. Robin,  
Bare your breast,  
The sweet minstrel!  
To laugh and be merry is  
    my command.  
Let each one join in heartily.*

*Pretty nightingale,  
Whose voice resounds,  
Lift up your heart and  
Throat with utterance:  
Frian, frian, frian, tar, tar, tar,  
Veley, veley, ticun, ticun, ticun,  
Teo tu, tu, coqui, coqui, tu,  
Qui lara, fereli fy, fi ti, fi ti,  
Oy ty oy ty, trr, tu huit, teo, te  
Tycun, turry, quiby, quio, quibi, fr.  
Away, regrets, tears, and cares,  
For the season commands it.*

*Back, Master Cuckoo!  
Leave our guild;  
Everyone holds you in contempt  
For you are a traitor.  
Cuckoo! For treason, lay eggs  
Unwanted in every nest.  
Wake up, sleepy hearts,  
The god of love summons you.*

## Waldesnacht

Johannes Brahms

Waldesnacht, du wunderkühle,  
die ich tausendmale grüß',  
nach dem lauten Weltgewühle,  
o wie ist dein Rauschen süß!  
Träumerisch die müden Glieder,  
berg ich weich ins Moos,  
und mir ist, als würd ich wieder  
all der irren Qualen los.

*Wondrously cool forest night,  
Whom I greet a thousand-fold  
After the world's noisy tumult,  
O, how sweet your rustling is!  
Dreamily, I shelter my tired limbs  
Softly in the moss,  
And it is as though I were once more  
Free from all distracting torments.*

~ Paul Heyse (1830–1914)

~ translation by Nick Jones

## Der Abend

Johannes Brahms

Senke, strahlender Gott,  
die Fluren dürsten nach  
erquickendem Tau,  
der Mensch verschmachtet,  
matter ziehen die Rosse,  
senke den Wagen hinab.

*Descend, radiant god\*;  
The meadows thirst for  
life-giving dew  
Man languishes.  
The horses pull slower,  
Bringing down the chariot.*

Siehe, wer aus des Meers krystallner  
Woge,  
lieblich lächelnd dir winkt!  
Erkennt dein Herz sie?  
Rascher fliegen die Rosse,  
Thetys, die göttliche, winkt.

*See who beckons to you, lovingly  
smiling,  
From the sea's crystalline wave!  
Does your heart recognize her?  
The steeds fly faster;  
For godlike Thetis beckons.*

Schnell vom Wagen herab  
in ihre Arme springt der Führer,  
den Zaum ergreift Cupido,  
stille halten die Rosse,  
trinken die kühlende Flut.

*Quickly the driver leaps down  
From his chariot into her arms.  
Cupid seizes the bridle:  
The horses stand quietly,  
Drinking from the cooling stream.*

An dem Himmel herauf mit leisen  
Schritten  
kommt die duftende Nacht,  
ihr folgt die süße Liebe.  
Ruhet und liebet!  
Phöbus, der Liebende, ruht.

*Rising to the heavens with soft  
steps,  
The fragrant night comes,  
And sweet love follows.  
Rest and love!  
The lover, Phoebus, rests.*

\* Phoebus (or "Gleaming") Apollo

~ Friedrich Schiller (1759–1805)

~ translation by Nick Jones

## Romancero Gitano (Gypsy Ballads) *Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco*

### I. Baladilla de los tres ríos

El río Guadalquivir  
va entre naranjos y olivos.  
Los dos ríos de Granada  
bajan de la nieve  
al trigo.  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue y no vino!

El río Guadalquivir  
tiene las barbas granates.  
Los dos ríos de Granada  
uno llanto y otro sangre.  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue por el aire!

Para los barcos de vela,  
Sevilla tiene un camino;  
Por el agua de Granada  
sólo reman los suspiros.  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue y no vino!

Guadalquivir, alta torre  
y viento en los naranjales.  
Dauro y Genil, torrecillas  
muertas sobre los estanques.  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue por el aire!

¡Quién dirá que el agua lleva  
un fuego fatuo de gritos!  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue y no vino!

Lleva azahar, lleva olivas,  
Andalucía a tus mares.  
¡Ay Amor,  
que se fue por el aire!

### Song of the Three Rivers

*The Guadalquivir River  
flows between orange and olive trees.  
The two rivers of Granada  
descend from the snows to the  
wheat fields.  
Oh, love,  
you go away, not to return!*

*The Guadalquivir  
has a beard of garnet.  
The two rivers of Granada,  
one of tears and one of blood.  
Oh, love,  
you fly away into the air!*

*For sailboats,  
Seville has a passage.  
For the waters of Granada,  
only sighs remain.  
Oh, love,  
you go away, not to return!*

*Guadalquivir, high tower  
and wind of the orange groves.  
Dauro and Genil, little lifeless towers.  
Little towers above dams of water.  
Oh, love,  
you fly away into the air.*

*Who will say that the waters carry a  
fatuous fire of cries?  
Oh, love,  
you go away, not to return!*

*It carries orange blossoms, it carries olives,  
Andalucia, to your seas.  
O love,  
you fly away into the air!*

## II. La Guitarra

Empieza el llanto  
de la guitarra.  
Se rompen las copas  
de la madrugada.  
Empieza el llanto  
de la guitarra.  
Es inútil  
callarla.  
Es imposible  
callarla.

Llora monótona  
como llora el agua,  
como llora el viento  
sobre la nevada.  
Es imposible  
callarla.  
Llora por cosas  
lejanas.

Arena del Sur caliente  
que pide camelias blancas.  
Llora flecha sin blanco,  
la tarde sin mañana,  
y el primer pájaro muerto  
sobre la rama.  
¡Oh guitarra!  
Corazón malherido  
por cinco espadas.

## III. Puñal

El puñal  
entra en el corazón,  
como la reja del arado  
en el yermo.

No.  
No me lo claves.  
No.

El puñal,  
como un rayo de sol,  
incendia las terribles  
hondonadas.

No.  
No me lo claves.  
No.

## *The Guitar*

*The weeping  
of the guitar begins.  
The cups of dawn  
are broken.  
The weeping  
of the guitar begins.  
It's useless  
to silence it.  
It's impossible  
to silence it.*

*It cries, monotonously,  
as the waters cry,  
as the wind cries  
over the snowfall.  
It's impossible  
to silence it.  
It weeps for things  
far away.*

*The hot southern sand  
asking for white camellias.  
It cries for the arrow without a target,  
for the afternoon without a morning,  
and for the first bird who dies  
on the branch.  
Oh, guitar!  
Heart wounded  
by five swords.*

## *The Dagger*

*The dagger  
pierces the heart  
like the tilling of the plow  
in the dry mud.*

*No,  
do not stab me,  
no.*

*The dagger,  
like a ray of sun,  
burns the terrible  
ravines.*

*No,  
do not stab me,  
no.*

#### IV. Procesión

##### 1. Procesión

Por la calleja vienen  
extraños unicornios.  
¿De qué campo,  
de qué bosque mitológico?  
Más cerca,  
y aparecen astrónomos.  
Fantásticos Merlins  
y el Ecce Homo,  
Durandarte encantado,  
Orlando furioso.

##### 2. Paso

Virgen con miriñaque,  
virgen de la Soledad,  
abierta como un inmenso  
tulipán.  
En tu barco de luces  
vas  
por la alta marea  
de la ciudad,  
entre saetas turbias  
y estrellas de cristal.  
Virgen con miriñaque,  
tú vas  
por el río de la calle,  
¡hasta el mar!

##### 3. Saeta

Cristo moreno  
pasa  
de lirio de Judea  
a clavel de España.

¡Miradlo por dónde viene!

De España.  
Cielo limpio y oscuro,  
tierra tostada,  
y cauces donde corre  
muy lenta el agua.  
Cristo moreno,  
con las guedejas quemadas,  
los pómulos salientes  
y las pupilas blancas.

¡Miradlo por dónde va!

#### *Procession*

##### *1. Procession*

*Down the road come  
strange unicorns.  
From what fields?  
From what mythological woods?  
Closer,  
and astronomers appear.  
Fantastic Merlins  
and the ecce homo,  
Enchanted Durandarte,  
Orlando Furioso.*

##### *2. Passage*

*Virgin with baubles,  
Virgin of solitude,  
Open like an immense  
tulip.  
In your boat of lights  
you head  
towards the high tide  
of the city,  
among dark insults  
and crystal stars.  
Virgin with baubles,  
you travel  
on the river of the street  
to the sea!*

##### *3. Missionaries' Moral Couplet*

*The swarthy Christ  
goes  
from the lily of Judea  
to the carnation of Spain.*

*Look where he's come from!*

*From Spain,  
the sky, clean and dark,  
the earth scorched,  
and ditches where  
water runs very slowly.  
Swarthy Christ,  
his locks of hair burned,  
his cheekbones protruding  
and his pupils white.*

*Look where he's going!*

## V. Memento

Cuando yo me muera,  
enterradme con mi guitarra  
bajo la arena.

Cuando yo me muera,  
entre los naranjos  
y la hierbabuena.

Cuando yo me muera,  
enterradme, si queréis,  
en una veleta.

¡Cuando yo me muera!

## VI. Baile

La Carmen está bailando  
por las calles de Sevilla.  
Tiene blancos los cabellos  
y brillantes las pupilas.

¡Niñas,  
corred las cortinas!

En su cabeza se enrosca  
una serpiente amarilla,  
y va soñando en el baile  
con galanes de otros días.

¡Niñas,  
corred las cortinas!

Las calles están desiertas  
y en los fondos se adivinan,  
corazones andaluces  
buscando viejas espinas.

¡Niñas,  
corred las cortinas!

## *Memento*

*When I die,  
bury me with my guitar  
under the sand.*

*When I die,  
between the orange trees  
and the peppermint.*

*When I die,  
bury me, if you wish,  
under a thin veil.*

*When I die.*

## *Dance*

*La Carmen is dancing  
in the streets of Seville.  
Her hair is white  
and her eyes are sparkling.*

*Girls,  
close the curtains!*

*In her hair is entwined  
a yellow snake.  
And she is dreaming, dancing  
with gentlemen from the past.*

*Girls,  
close the curtains!*

*The streets are deserted  
and from the shadows are foretold  
Andalucian hearts  
looking for thorns.*

*Girls,  
close the curtains!*

**VII. Crótalo**

Crótalo.  
Crótalo.  
Crótalo.  
Escarabajo sonoro.

En la araña  
de la mano  
rizas el aire  
cálido  
y te ahogas en tu trino  
de palo.

Crótalo.  
Crótalo.  
Crótalo.  
Escarabajo sonoro.

***Castanet***

*Castanet.*  
*Castanet.*  
*Castanet.*  
*Sonorous black beetle.*

*In the spider-like  
hand  
you curl  
the hot air,  
and you drown in its trill  
of wood.*

*Castanet.*  
*Castanet.*  
*Castanet.*  
*Sonorous black beetle.*

~ *Federico García Lorca*  
(1898–1936)

***Might you like to sing with us?***

If you enjoyed what you heard tonight, have choral singing experience, and can make the commitment of time, we invite you to audition for membership.

Auditions for next season will be held in late August and early September. Dates and times will be announced in *The Boston Globe* Calendar section and will also be posted on The Spectrum Singers' web site.

To receive information about singing with The Spectrum Singers, please contact us at:

The Spectrum Singers  
P.O. Box 382325  
Cambridge, MA 02238

Telephone (617) 492-8902  
E-mail: [information@spectrumsingers.org](mailto:information@spectrumsingers.org)  
World Wide Web: [www.spectrumsingers.org](http://www.spectrumsingers.org)