

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.

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