

# Ariose SINGERS



## *Music About Music*

May 13 and 14, 2005, 8 p.m.

*St. Andrew Presbyterian Church, Aptos*

### *The Ariose Singers*

Leta Miller, *director*

Michael McGushin, *assistant director*

Kathryn Adkins  
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Michael McGushin  
Alan Miller  
Madeline Miller

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Maria Stolz  
Michael Vojvoda  
Susana Wessling  
Mary Wieland

## *I. Introduction*

### Tu Solus

Josquin Des Prez (c. 1440-1521)

You alone can perform such wonders;  
You alone are the Creator who made us,  
You alone the Redeemer who redeemed us  
With Your most precious blood.

To You alone we fly;  
In You alone we trust  
We adore no other, Jesus Christ.

To You we pour out our prayers;  
Listen to our begging  
And grant our petition, O kind King.

*To love another* would be error  
*To love another* would be great folly  
As well as sin.

Hear our sighs;  
Fill us with Your grace  
O King of Kings,

That in Thy service  
We may remain with joy  
Forever.

## *II. Psalms about Music*

### Jubilate Deo (Ps. 100, verses 1-4)

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525-94)

Shout unto God, all the earth  
Serve God with gladness;  
Come before His presence with singing.  
Know ye that the Lord is God;

It is He that hath made us, and we are His  
His people, and the flock of His pasture.  
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving  
And into His courts with praise.

### Laudate Dominum (Ps. 150)

Antoine Brumel (c. 1460-c. 1512)

### Halleluia (Ps. 150)

Louis Lewandowski (1821-94)

Halleluia (Praise God)  
Praise God in his sanctuary  
Praise Him in the firmament of His power

Praise Him for His mighty acts  
Praise Him according to His abundant greatness.

Praise Him with the blast of the shofar  
Praise Him with psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with the timbrel (drum) and dance  
Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe.

Praise Him with loud-sounding cymbals  
Praise Him with clanging cymbals

Let everything that hath breath praise God.  
Hallelujah

### *III. Songs about Music*

My Spirit Sang All Day (Robert Bridges)

Gerald Finzi (1901-56)

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."

Music, When Soft Voices Die (P.B. Shelley)

Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

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 heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

The Splendour Falls on Castle Walls (Tennyson)

Frederick Delius (1862-1934)

The splendour fall on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story.  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory;  
Blow, bugle, blow, send the wild echoes flying!  
Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying.

O hark, o hear, how thin and clear  
and thinner, clearer, farther going,  
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,  
Blow bugle, answer echoes dying.

### *Thanks*

Thanks to Temple Beth El for providing rehearsal space; St. Andrew Presbyterian Church and Sally Griffin, office manager; Kathy Adkins; and Printsmith for printing the programs.

I.

In a garden shady this holy lady  
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,  
Like a black swan as death came on  
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:  
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin  
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,  
And notes tremendous from her great engine  
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,  
Moved to delight by the melody,  
White as an orchid she rode quite naked  
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;  
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing  
Came out of their trance into time again,  
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses  
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

II.

I cannot grow;  
I have no shadow  
To run away from,  
I only play.  
I cannot err;  
There is no creature  
Whom I belong to,  
Whom I could wrong.  
I am defeat  
When it knows it  
Can now do nothing  
By suffering.  
All you lived through,  
Dancing because you  
No longer need it  
For any deed.  
I shall never be Different. Love me.  
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

III.

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,  
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,  
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
Where Hope within the altogether strange  
From every outworn image is released,  
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast  
Into a world of truths that never change:  
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.  
O dear white children casual as birds,  
Playing among the ruined languages,  
So small beside their large confusing words,  
So gay against the greater silences  
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,  
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,  
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,  
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.  
O cry created as the bow of sin  
Is drawn across our trembling violin.  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.  
O law drummed out by hearts against the still  
Long winter of our intellectual will.  
That what has been may never be again.  
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath  
Of convalescents on the shores of death.  
O bless the freedom that you never chose.  
O trumpets that unguarded children blow  
About the fortress of their inner foe.  
O wear your tribulation like a rose.  
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

*Intermission*

## *V. Two Motets*

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

### Warum (Job 3: 20-23)

Why?  
Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery  
And life unto the bitter in soul –  
Who long for death, but it comes not;  
And dig for it more than for hidden treasures;  
Who rejoice unto exultation,  
And are glad, when they can find the grave? –  
To a man whose way is hid,  
And whom God has hedged in?

### O Heiland

O Savior, rend the heavens on high,  
Rise up, go forth, and quit the sky;  
Break down the gates and doors of heaven,  
Break them till all the locks are riven.

God, send Thy dew from heaven above,  
Pour down on us our Savior's love;  
O clouds, rain down your precious rain,  
And Israel's king on earth ordain.

O earth, bring forth, bring forth, o earth,  
In green attire impart thy worth.  
O earth to Him thy flowers now bring;  
O Savior, from the earth now spring.

Here we do live in sorest woe,  
Before our eyes grim death doth go;  
Come, lead us forth with mighty hand,  
From torment to Thy blessed land.

Then let us all our praises bring,  
To our Redeemer and our King;  
for we would love Thee and adore  
Eternally now and evermore.

## *VI. More Songs about Music*

### All Creatures Now

John Bennet (fl. 1599-1614)

All creatures now are merry minded.  
The shepherds' daughters playing,  
The nymphs are fa-la-laying,  
Yon bugle was well winded,  
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.  
The flowers themselves discover,

Birds over her do hover,  
Music the time beguileth,  
See where she comes with flowery garlands crowned,  
Queen of all queens renowned.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,  
Long live fair Oriana.

### Tanzen und springen

Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)

Dancing and leaping, singing and playing;  
Fa la la.  
Lutes and violins should also not be silent,  
Music-making and celebrating fills my mind.

Beautiful maidens, in green meadows,  
Fa la la.  
Strolling, and chatting, joking with friends,  
Warms my heart more than silver and gold.

I.

This is where the song began and where it starts today, too  
 When my lover sings the song, he lets me have a say too.  
 I am singing here today but I am only little.  
 Though I am no mighty bard I spin a song out gladly.  
 In my songs I never speak of anybody badly.  
 What am I to sing? For I have left my notes behind me.  
 I have dropped them in the lane and they will never find me.  
 Here I carol, here I sing and play upon the zither.  
 If there were a few more singers – two or three between us  
 Then the village boys could stop and sell their concertinos.  
 So I sing and so I carol, I am far from sorrow.  
 I'm a cheerful girl and looking forward to tomorrow.

II.

Now a second song begins and after it another.  
 If I had a step of stone, upon it I'd be pacing,  
 If I had a steady lover, him I'd be embracing.  
 Love is like an iron thread: beloved, do not bend it!  
 Do not say unhappy things that make me want to end it!  
 I've been left alone. All right: let God above protect me.  
 There are lots of boys: I'll look for one who won't reject me.  
 Here I carol, here I sing and leave my songs to flow by.  
 Lively boys I like; to others I will give the go-by.  
 Come you kindly villagers and hear my jubilation.  
 Do not go about the place and wreck my reputation!

III.

I am good at singing and my  
 Love is good at drinking.  
 Here's a girl who will not marry  
 One who likes the boozier.  
 Who prefer to kiss the bottle,  
 He will be the loser!

**VII. Mizmorei Tehilim (Psalm Songs)**

Tzvi Avni (1927-)

I. Festivo (Psalm 47: 2-3, 7)

O clap your hands, all ye peoples;  
 Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.  
 For the Lord is most high, full of awe,  
 A great King over all the earth.  
 Sing praises to God, sing praises;  
 Sing praises to our King, sing praises.

II. Molto Calmo (Psalm 48: 3-4)

Fair in location (Jerusalem), joy of the whole earth;  
 Even mount Zion, the uttermost part of the north  
 The city of the great King.  
 God in her palaces  
 Has made Himself known for a stronghold.

III. Allegretto (Psalm 150)

See translation in Section II

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