



In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty!
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Shakespeare, Twelfth Night.

Ariose
singers

St. Stephen's Lutheran Church
2500 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz

Friday, February 1
Sunday, February 3, 2013

www.ArioseSingers.org

Ariose Singers

Michael McGushin, Director

Jaeleen Bennis
Kathleen Caton
Suzanne Duval
Sara Hancock
Steven Guire Knight
Dan Landry
Burr Nissen
John Seales

Hilary Seamans
Andy Shatney
Michael Vojvoda
Don Ware
Susana Wessling
Mary Ann Wieland
Darlene Aimee Wilcox

Thanks!

Thank you to Printsmith, St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Irene Herrmann, and First Congregational Church and staff for your support.

Coming in June

Make sure you're on our mailing list so you hear about our June concert, *In Her Image*, works by female composers, featuring a world premier of Ariose's commissioned work by Hyo-shin Na.

Join Our Mailing List

Please sign the mailing list in the lobby to receive advance notice of our concerts. Visit our website to sign up for our e-mail list or Facebook page.

Support Ariose Singers

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If you would like to volunteer your time to help at our concerts, please contact webmaster@ariosesingers.org. To advertise in our programs, please contact press@ariosesingers.org.

Join Ariose Singers!

Ariose occasionally has openings for skilled choral singers. Contact Michael McGushin at director@ariosesingers.org if you are interested in auditioning.

Upcoming Local Concerts

Ellis Island or Bust

Saturday, April 27, 8pm - Kuumbwa Jazz Center. www.NewMusicWorks.org

Santa Cruz Chamber Players

Mystical Sojourns: Music of Celestial Spheres: Saturday, February 16, 8 pm and Sunday, February 17, 3 pm. scchamber-players.org



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Program

I. English Love Songs from the 15th through the 17th Centuries

Quam pulchra es

John Dunstable (1385-1453)

When younglings first on Cupid fix their sight

William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

Go crystal tears

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Too much I once lamented

Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

The Mavis

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

II. Five English Folk Songs

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

1. The Dark-Eyed Sailor

2. The Spring Time of the Year

3. Just as the Tide Was Flowing

4. The Lover's Ghost (or Well met, my own true love)

5. Wassail Song

III. Les Chansons des Roses

Morten Lauridsen (1943-)

1. En Une Seule Fleur

2. Contre Qui, Rose

3. De Ton Rêve Trop Plein

4. La Rose Complète

5. Dirait-on

Irene Herrmann, piano

Intermission

IV. Three Madrigals

Emma Lou Diemer (1927-)

1. O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

2. Take, oh, take those lips away

3. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

Irene Herrmann, piano

V. Neue Liebeslieder Walzer, op. 65

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

1. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung

2. Finstere Schatten der Nacht

3. An jeder Hand die Finger—*Kathleen Caton, soprano*

4. Ihr schwarzen Augen—*Michael Vojvoda, bass*

5. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn—*Sara Hancock, alto*

6. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter—*Suzanne Duval, soprano*

7. Vom Gebirge Well auf Well

8. Weiche Gräser im Revier

9. Nagen am Herzen—*Suzanne Duval, soprano*

10. Ich kose süß—*Steven Guire Knight, tenor*

11. Alles, alles in den Wind—*Hilary Seamans, soprano*

12. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster

13. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich

14. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar

Zum Schluß: "Nun, ihr Musen, genug!"

Irene Herrmann and Colin Hannon, piano duet

I. English Love Songs from the 15th through the 17th Centuries

Quam pulchra es

*Quam pulchra es et quam decora, carissima, in deliciis.
Statura tua assimilata et palmae, et ubera tua botris.
Caput tuum ut Carmelus, collum tuum sicut turris eburnea.
Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum.
Et videamus, si flores fructus parturierunt.
Si floruerunt mala punica, ibi dabo tibi ubera mea.
Alleluja.*

How beautiful and fair you are, my beloved, most sweet in your delights.
Your stature is like a palm-tree, and your breasts are like fruit.
Your head is like Mount Carmel and your neck is like a tower of ivory.
Come, my beloved, let us go into the fields,
And see if the blossoms have born fruit,
And if the pomegranates have flowered, there will I give my breasts to you.
Alleluja.

John Dunstable (1385-1453)

Song of Songs (7:4-7,11-12)

When younglings first on Cupid fix their sight

When younglings first on Cupid fix their sight,
and see him naked, blindfold and a boy,
though bow and shafts and firebrand be his might,
yet ween they he can work them none annoy.
And therefore with his purple wings they play,
for glorious seemeth love though light as feather,
and when they have done, they ween to scape away,
for blind men say they, shoot they no not whither.

But when by proof they find that he did see,
and that his wound did rather dim their sight,
they wonder more how such a lad as he,
should be of such surpassing power and might:
but Ants have galls, so hath the Bee his sting,
then shield me heavens from such a subtle thing.

William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

Go crystal tears

Go crystal tears, like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weep into thy Lady's breast,
And as the dews revive the dropping flowers,
So let your drops of pity be addressed,
 To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
 Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste hapless sighs and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigour like forgetful death,
Feels never any touch of my desert:
 Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Too much I once lamented

Too much I once lamented,
While love my heart tormented,
Fa la la la...
Alas, and Ay me, sat I wringing;
Now chanting go, and singing.
Fa la la la...

Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

The Mavis

When as the mavis sweetly sings,
rapture and love his notes inspire.
As nestward now his way he wings,
his blissful song shall never tire.

His love-born carol he repeats
when to his mate he finds his way.
Who list'ning welcomes him and greets
his coming long'd for all the day.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

II. Five English Folk Songs

1. The Dark-Eyed Sailor

It was a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out for to take the air;
She met a sailor all on her way,
So I paid attention to what they did say.

Said William, "Lady why walk alone?
The night is coming and the day near gone."
She said, while tears from her eyes did fall,
"It's a dark eyed sailor that's proving my downfall.

"It's two long years since he left the land;
He took a gold ring from off my hand;
We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other lies rolling at the bottom of the sea."

2. The Spring Time of the Year

As I walked out one morning,
In the springtime of the year,
I overheard a sailor boy,
Likewise a lady fair.

They sang a song together,
Made the valleys for to ring,
While the birds on spray
And the meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely spring.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Then half the ring did young William show,
She was distracted midst joy and woe.
"O welcome, William, I've lands and gold
For my dark eyed sailor, so manly true and bold."

Then in a village down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree.
So maids be true while your love's away,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a shining day.

3. Just as the Tide Was Flowing

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover.

She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay,
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow without a frown.
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said "Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.

"I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play."
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.

When we were weary we did sit down,
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

4. The Lover's Ghost (or Well met, my own true love)

Well met, well met my own true love;
Long time I have been absent from thee,
I am lately come from the salt sea,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

I have three ships all on the salt sea,
And one of them has brought me to land,
I've four and twenty mariners on board,
You shall have music at your command.

The ship wherein my love shall sail
Is glorious for to behold,
The sails shall be of shining silk,
The mast shall be of the fine beaten gold.

I might have had a King's daughter,
And fain she would have married me,
But I forsook her crown of gold,
And 'tis all for the sake, my love, of thee.

5. Wassail Song

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,
Our bread it is white and our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of the green maple tree;
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his right eye,
Pray God send our master a good christmas pie,
A good christmas pie as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his right horn,
Pray God send our master a good crop of corn,
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his long tail,
Pray God send our master a good cask of ale,
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see.
In the Wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come butler come fill us a bowl of the best;
Then I pray that your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
May the Devil take butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily white smock,
Who tripp'd to the door and slipp'd back the lock;
Who tripp'd to the door and pull'd back the pin,
For to let these jolly Wassailers walk in.

III. Les Chansons des Roses

Morten Lauridsen (1943-)

1. En Une Seule Fleur

*C'est pourtant nous qui t'avons proposé
de remplir ton calice.*

*Enchantée de cet artifice,
ton abondance l'avait osé.*

*Tu étais assez riche, pour devenir cent
fois toi-même en une seule fleur;*

*c'est l'état de celui qui aime...
Mais tu n'as pas pensé ailleurs.*

It is we, perhaps, who proposed
that you replenish your bloom.
Enchanted by this charade,
your abundance dared.

You were rich enough to fulfill yourself a hundred
times over in a single flower;

such is the state of one who loves...
But you never did think otherwise.

2. Contre Qui, Rose

*Contre qui, rose,
avez-vous adopté
ces épines?
Votre joie trop fine
vous a-t-elle forcée
de devenir cette chose
armée?*

*Mais de qui vous protège
cette arme exagérée?
Combien d'ennemis vous ai-je
enlevés
qui ne la craignaient point?
Au contraire, d'été en automne,
vous blessez les soins
qu'on vous donne.*

Against whom, rose,
have you assumed
these thorns?
Is it your too fragile joy
that forced you
to become this
armed thing?

But from whom does it protect you,
this exaggerated defense?
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.

3. De Ton Rêve Trop Plein

*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 joue 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,
unfold these tender forms,
joining cheeks and breasts.

4. La Rose Complète

*J'ai une telle conscience de ton
être, rose complète,
que mon consentement te confond
avec mon coeur 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.

5. 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.*

Irene Herrmann, piano

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.

all poem texts by Rainer Maria Rilke

Intermission

IV. Three Madrigals

Emma Lou Diemer (1927-)

1. O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear! Your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not here after;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty!
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

–Twelfth Night

2. Take, oh, take those lips away

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

–Measure for Measure

3. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny nonny!

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy!
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.

–*Much Ado About Nothing*
all lyrics by William Shakespeare

Irene Herrmann, piano

V. Neue Liebeslieder Walzer, op. 65

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

1. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung

*Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,
dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
zertrümmert am Gestad umher!*

from the Turkish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

2. Finstere Schatten der Nacht

*Finstere Schatten der Nacht,
Wogen- und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
rasten auf sicherem Lande,
euch zu begreifen im Stande?
Das ist der nur allein,
welcher auf wilder See
stürmischer Öde treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.*

from the Persian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

3. An jeder Hand die Finger

Kathleen Caton, soprano
*An jeder Hand die Finger
hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
in seinem Liebessinn.
Und einen nach dem andern
gab ich dem schönen,
aber unwürdigen Jüngling hin.*

from the Latvian/Lithuanian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

4. Ihr schwarzen Augen

Michael Vojvoda, bass
*Ihr schwarzen Augen, ihr dürft nur winken;
Paläste fallen und Städte sinken.
Wie sollte steh'n in solchem Strauß
mein Herz, von Karten das schwache Haus?*

from the Italian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

5. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn

Sara Hancock, alto
*Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
zu bezaubern gehe.*

*O wie brennt das Auge mir,
das zu Zünden fordert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht—
deine Hütte lodert.*

from the Russian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

6. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter

*Suzanne Duval, soprano
Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
weil ich gar so trübe bin.
Sie hat recht, die Rose sinket,
so wie ich, entblättert hin.*

from the Spanish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

7. Vom Gebirge Well auf Well

*Vom Gebirge Well auf Well
kommen Regengüsse,
und ich gäbe dir so gern
hunderttausend Küsse.*

from the Russian/Polish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

8. Weiche Gräser im Revier

*Weiche Gräser im Revier,
schöne, stille Plätzchen!
O, wie linde ruht es hier
sich mit einem Schätzchen!*

from the Russian/Polish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

9. Nagen am Herzen

*Suzanne Duval, soprano
Nagen am Herzen fühl ich ein Gift mir.
Kann sich ein Mädchen,
ohne zu fröhnen zärtlichem Hang,
fassen ein ganzes wonneberaubtes Leben entlang?*

from the Polish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

10. Ich kose süß

*Steven Guire Knight, tenor
Ich kose süß mit der und der
und werde still und kranke,
denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
o Nonna, mein Gedanke!*

from the Malaysian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

11. Alles, alles in den Wind

*Hilary Seamans, soprano
Alles, alles in den Wind
sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Alle samt verloren sind
deine Müh'n, du Heuchler!

Einem andern Fang' zu lieb
stelle deine Falle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
denn du buhlst um alle!*

from the Polish, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

12. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster

*Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!
Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen;
ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.*

from the Serbian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

13. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich

*Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brünstiglich
mir ins Angesicht!*

*Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
dämpfe deinen Trieb,
daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,
wie wir uns so lieb.*

from the Russian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

14. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar

*Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen,
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
in mein armes Herz gezogen!*

*Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,
sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heisse Menschenbrust
atmen ohne Glutbegehren?*

*Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?*

from the Russian, translated by Georg Friedrich Daumer

Zum Schluß: "Nun, ihr Musen, genug!"

*Nun, ihr Musen, genug!
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
wie sich Jammer und Glück
wechseln in liebender Brust.
Heilen könnet die Wunden
ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen,
aber Linderung kommt einzig,
ihr Guten, von euch.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Irene Herrmann and Colin Hannon, piano duet



Support our Kickstarter Campaign!

Recently Ariose Singers launched our first major fundraising campaign on Kickstarter.com to raise money for a commission by noted San Francisco composer Hyo-shin Na. Audience members will remember that we performed two short pieces by Na last spring, both for a concert of her works hosted by New Music Works and at our June concert. We enjoyed her work greatly, and hoped that she might consider writing a piece tailored to our small ensemble. She agreed, and we are thrilled to announce that her piece will be performed in our June concert along with works by other fine female composers.

Ariose Singers is an all-volunteer organization, and our operating budget is small. We keep our ticket prices low and so far have not had a need to ask our supporters for donations. However, this project is one that we feel is well worth asking for your support. Kickstarter is an online organization that helps small entrepreneurs, performers, and community groups raise funds for projects. Supporters pledge any amount of money and receive thank-you gifts such as CDs and concert tickets for each level of donation. Your donation is only charged to your credit card if we meet our goal.

Please visit our website, www.ArioseSingers.org, and follow the link to Kickstarter. We appreciate your support of this exciting new venture.



The San Jose State Choraliers and The Santa Cruz Chorale: A Choral Tapestry

The SJSU Choraliers will present an enthralling afternoon of music from around the world. A little something for everyone, this concert is sure to excite audiences with music that is both glorious and profound.

Sunday, March 17, 2013 - 4:00pm
Holy Cross Church
More information: SantaCruzChorale.org

