

ÆOLIAN HALL

NEW BOND STREET, W.1

THE NEW ENGLISH SINGERS

DOROTHY SILK

NELLIE CARSON

JOYCE SUTTON

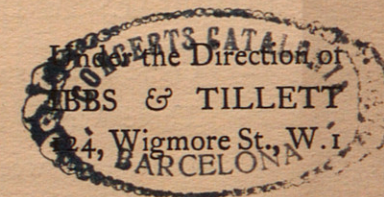
~~STEUART WILSON~~

NORMAN NOTLEY

CUTHBERT KELLY

May 16th, 1933, at 8.30 p.m.

PROGRAMME
ONE SHILLING



Programme

MOTETS

Gaudete omnes	-	-	-	J. P. Sweelinck
Why do I use my paper, ink and pen?	-	-	-	William Byrd
Hark, Alleluia	-	-	-	Thomas Morley
When David heard	-	-	-	Thomas Tomkins

MADRIGALS, BALLET AND CANZONET

About the Maypole	-	-	-	Thomas Morley
Dainty fine bird	-	-	-	Orlando Gibbons
Arise, get up	-	-	-	Thomas Morley
Say, dear, when will your frowning leave	-	-	-	Thomas Weelkes

APPALACHIAN FOLK SONGS - Arr. by Howard Brockway

An Inconstant Lover
Charming Beauty Bright
No, Sir, No

Interval

ITALIAN MADRIGALS

Il bianco e dolce cigno	-	-	-	{ Jacob Arcadelt Orazio Vecchi
Quand mon mari	-	-	-	Orlando di Lasso
Scaldava il Sol	-	-	-	Luca Marenzio
Al mormorar	-	-	-	G. G. Gastoldi

MADRIGALS AND BALLET

Come away, sweet love	-	-	-	Thomas Greaves
Three Virgin Nymphs	-	-	-	Thomas Weelkes
Draw on, sweet night	-	-	-	John Wilbye

MADRIGALS AND BALLET

MADRIGAL

"COME AWAY, SWEET LOVE."

Thomas Greaves

Come away, sweet love, and play thee,
Lest grief and care betray thee.
Leave off this sad lamenting
And take thy heart's contenting.
The nymphs to sport invite thee,
And running in and out delight thee.

BALLET

"THREE VIRGIN NYMPHS."

Thomas Weelkes

Three Virgin Nymphs were walking all alone,
Till rude Silvanus chanced to meet them;
Ravished with joy he leapt and snatched at one,
But missing her, thus rudely greets them:
Nymphs of the wood come back again and kiss me,
Silvanus calls, come back and bliss me.

MADRIGAL

"DRAW ON, SWEET NIGHT."

John Wilbye

Draw on, sweet night; best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill through want of comfort fares
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet night, draw on; my griefs when they be told
To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining,
And while thou all in silence dost enfold
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

ITALIAN MADRIGALS

"IL BIANCO E DOLCE CIGNO."

Jacob Arcadelt

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more,
Ed io piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio,
Stran' e diversa sorte,
Ch'ei more sconsolato
Ed io moro beato.
Morte che nel morire,
M'empie di gioia tutt' e di desire.
Se nel morir' altro dolor non sento,
Di mille mort' il di' sarei contento.

The swan dies as he sings and I, too,
come with grief to the end of my life. How
different is our fate, for he dies unhappy, but
if at the moment of death I feel no other pain
than this, then let me die a thousand times
each day.

VARIATION FOR FIVE VOICES ON THE THEME OF ARCADELT'S MADRIGAL Orazio Vecchi

"QUAND MON MARI."

Orlando di Lasso

Quand mon mari vient de dehors,
Ma rente est d'estre battue,
Il prend la cuillier du pot,
A la teste me la rue;
J'ay grand peur qu'il ne me tue,
C'est un faux vilain jaloux,
C'est un vilain rioteux, grommeleux,
Je suis jeune et il est vieux.

When my man comes home I get a
beating. He takes the spoon and throws it
at my head, and I'm afraid he'll kill me. He
is a rogue, jealous, drunken and grumbling;
—he is old and I am young.

"SCALDAVA IL SOL."

Luca Marenzio

Scaldava il Sol, di mezzo giorno l'arco,
Nel dorso del Leon suo albergo caro,
Sotto'l boschetto più di frondi carco
Dormia'l pastor con le sue gregi a paro.
Giaceva il villanel dell' opra scarco,
Viè più di posa che di spighe avaro,
Gl'augei, le fere, ogn' huom s' asconde e tace
Sol la cicala non si sente in pace.

A hot day; the shepherd is asleep by the
side of his flocks, the farmer has ceased his
work; the birds, the beasts, every man hides
away and keeps silent. Only the cicala is
never still.

"AL MORMORAR."

G. G. Gastoldi

Al mormorar de liquidi cristalli
Che lenti si movean tra verde valli,
Vaghe ninfe e pastori
Dicean con cant' allegri alti e sonori
Che facean ribombar l'aere d'intorno.
Felice e lieto giorno
Che pose Febo al mondo,
A si bell' alm' il pondo.
Scesa qua giù da li celesti chori
Viva la bella Dori!

To the murmur of crystal streams in
green valleys, wandering nymphs and
shepherds make the air resound with songs.
Happy the day that brought the Sun into
the world. Hear all the heavenly choirs
sing "Long live the lovely Doris."

In accordance with the requirements of the London County Council:—

(A) The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit doors, and such doors must at that time be open. (n) All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction whether permanent or temporary. (c) Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, sufficient space shall be left for persons to pass easily to and fro and to have free access to exits.

MOTETS

"GAUDETE OMNES."

J. P. Sweelinck

Gaudete omnes et laetamini quia ecce desideratus
advenit. Introite in conspectu eius in exultatione,
scitote quoniam ipse est expectatio nostra, Alleluia!

Rejoice all ye people and be glad, for behold the
longed-for One cometh! Enter into His sight with
exaltation, know ye that He is our hope. Alleluia!

"WHY DO I USE MY PAPER, INK AND PEN?"

William Byrd

Why do I use my paper, ink and pen,
And call my wits to counsel what to say?
Such memories were made for mortal men.
I speak of saints, whose names cannot decay,
An Angel's trump were fitter for to sound
Their glorious death, if such on earth were found.

"HARK, ALLELUIA."

Thomas Morley

("A reverend memoriall of that honourable true gentleman, Henry Noel, Esquier.")

Hark, Alleluia cheerly
With angels now he singeth
That here loved music dearly.
Whose echoes heaven ringeth,
Where thousand cherubs hover
About the Eternal Mover.

"WHEN DAVID HEARD."

Thomas Tomkins

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he
went up to his Chamber over the Gate, and wept.
And thus he said: "O my son, Absalom! my son,
my son, Absalom! Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son, my son!"

MADRIGALS, BALLET AND CANZONET

BALLET

"ABOUT THE MAYPOLE."

Thomas Morley

About the Maypole new with glee and merriment,
While as the bagpipe tooted it,
Thyrsis and Cloris,
Fine together footed it,
Fa la la.

And to the wanton instrument,
Still they went to and fro, both,
And finely flaunted it.
And then both met again,
And thus they chanted it,
Fa la la.

MADRIGAL

"DAINTY FINE BIRD."

Orlando Gibbons

Dainty fine bird that art encagéd there
Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are,
Both prisoners be, and both singing thus
Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us;
Only thus we differ, thou and I,
Thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.

CANZONET

"ARISE, GET UP."

Thomas Morley

Arise, get up, my dear, make haste, begone thee!
Lo where the bride, fair Daphne, tarries on thee!
Hark! yon merry wanton maidens squealing
Spice-cake, sops in wine, are now a-dealing.
Then run apace
Get a bride-lace,
And a gilt rosemary branch while yet there is catching
And then hold fast for fear of old snatching.
Alas, my love, why weep she?
O fear not that the next day keep we.
Hark yon minstrels! list! how fine they firik it!
And see how the maids jerk it!
With Kate and Will,
Tom and Jill,
Now a trip,
Then a skip,
Finely set aloft
There again as oft.
Hey ho, fine brave holiday
All for fair Daphne's wedding day!

MADRIGAL

"SAY, DEAR, WHEN WILL YOUR FROWNING LEAVE"

Thomas Weelkes

Say, dear, when will your frowning leave,
Which doth my heart of joy bereave?
To sing and play becomes you better,
Such pleasures make my heart your debtor.
But when you frown you wound my heart,
And kill my soul with double smart.

APPALACHIAN FOLK SONGS

arr. by Howard Brockway

"AN INCONSTANT LOVER."

To meeting, to meeting, to meeting goes I
To meet loving William, he's a-coming bye and bye,
To meet him in the meadow it's all my delight,
I can walk and talk with him from morning till night.

For meeting is a pleasure and parting is a grief,
An inconstant true love is worse than a thief;
A thief will only rob you and take what you have,
But an inconstant true love will bring you to your grave.

Come young men and maidens take warning by me,
Never put your affections on a green willow tree.
The top it will wither and the roots they will rot
And if I am forsaken I know I'm not forgot.

"CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT."

Once I courted a charming beauty bright,
On her I placed my own heart's delight;
I courted her for love and love I did obtain,
I'm sure she had no reasons to me to complain.

One day to the window she was forced to go,
To see if her true love endured yet or no,
He lifted up his head, his eyes were shining bright,
His only thoughts were of his own heart's delight.

Her parents were against it when they came to know,
They strove to part them by day and by night,
They lock'd her in her chamber and kept her concealed,
He never got a sight of his love any more.

"NO, SIR, NO."

Yonder is a comely flower,
What her name is I don't know.
I'll go court her for her beauty
Till she answer yes or no.
"No, sir, no, no, no, no!"
And all of her answer to him was "No!"

"Madam, I have gold and silver,
Madam, I have house and land,
Madam, I've the world of pleasure
All to be at your command."
"No, sir, no, no, no, no!"
And all of her answer to him was "No!"

"What care I for gold and silver,
What care I for house and land,
What care I for a world of pleasure?
All I want is a nice young man."
"No, sir, no, no, no, no!"
And all of her answer to him was "No!"

Interval