

Singing of Spring

Samantha Hornback, soprano

Chia-Yu Tsai, piano

My Master Hath a Garden
Isaac Greentree (An Epitaph)
I Do

Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

Chansons de Ronsard

- I. A Une Fontaine
- II. A Cupidon
- III. Tais-toi, babillarde
- IV. Dieu vos gard'

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

The Year's at the Spring
Meadow-Larks

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
Come now a roundel
Be kind and courteous

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Songs About Spring

- I. who knows if the moon's a balloon
- II. spring is like a perhaps hand
- III. when spring comes
- IV. In-just spring
- V. when faces called flowers float out of the ground

Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30 pm
Emmanuel Episcopal Church

My Master Hath a Garden

My Master hath a garden
Full-filled with diverse flowers,
Where thou may'st gather posies gay
All times and hours.
Where nought is heard but paradise bird,
Harp, dulcimer and lute,
With cymbal and timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

O Jesus, Lord, my heal and weal,
My bliss complete,
Make thou my heart thy garden plot,
True, fair and neat,
That I may hear this music clear,
Harp, dulcimer and lute,
With cymbal and timbrel,
And the gentle sounding flute.

Isaac Greentree

In springtime comes the gentle rain,
Soothing honey sweet breeze and sheltering sun.

Beneath these trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree lies.
The time shall come when the trees shall fall
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

I Do

I'll mail lilacs & lilies
& roses to you,
& great big hats
with ribbons of blue

will express brass & tympani
and the honey sax
if you vow to espouse
the king of the cats

you'll sit on a throne
of diamonds and moss
& your crown'll be gold,
sprinkled with dross.

this offer comes once
in a lifetime or two
pin on your wings
& say I do.

A Une Fontaine

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent;

Quand l'Été ménager moissonne
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,
Et l'aire par compas resonance
Gémissant sous le blé battu,

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être
En religion à tous ceux
Qui te boiront ou fairont paitre
Tes verts rivage à leurs boeufs

Ainsi toujours la lune claire
Voie à minuit, au fond d'un val,
Les nymphes, près de ton repaire,
A mille bonds, mener le bal.

A Cupidon

Le jour pousse la nuit
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,
Et l'âpre rage
Des vents n'a point été
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours
Qui me tourmente,
Demeurs en moi toujours,
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,
Qu'il fallait poindre,
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux
Et les amuse,
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux
Qu'aime la Muse.

But listen, lively little fountain,
Who dost my thirst so oft appease,
Reclining here beneath the mountain,
Idle in the refreshing breeze.

When frugal summer is reclaiming
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,
With every threshing floor exclaiming
Beneath the weight of her bequest.

O thus may thou remain forever,
A sacred place for all those,
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,
Share thy discourse, thy repose.

And may the moon at midnight, glancing
Upon the valley always see
The nymphs that rally here for dancing
To leap and bound in revelry.

The day pursues the night,
And evening's shades
In turn put day to flight
As sunlight fades,

So summer yields to fall,
No sound of thunder,
No rain, nor windy squall
Bursts calm asunder.

But the fever of love
Torments me still
A thing I can't remove,
Do what I will.

It was not at me, Boy,
You should have aimed
Some other might enjoy
Being thus maimed.

Pursue some idle beaux
Whom it assumes,
But neither me nor those
Loved of the muses.

Tais-Toi, Babillarde

Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle,
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile
Si je t'empongne, ou d'couteau
Je te couperai la languette,
Qui matin sans repos caquette,
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée
Pour chanter toute la journée,
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.
Mais au matin ne me reveille
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Dieu Vous Gard'

Dieu vous gard', messenger fidèles
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,
Huppés, coucous, rossignoles,
Tourtres et vous oiseaux sauvages
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous, boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse;
Et vous, thym, anis et méflisse,
Vous soyez les vien revenus.

Dieu vous gard' troupe diaprée
Des papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes sucotez;
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue
Votre belle et douce venue.
O que j'aime cette saison
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermaient à la maison.

Be still you noisy little thing,
Or I shall pluck your pretty wing
First chance I get, or with one stroke
I'll close for good that busy bill
That prattle from the window sill
And makes my morning sleep a joke.

These in my chimney make your nest,
And sing all day without a rest,
All evening too, I shall not chide,
But in the morning please be fair
And let there be no music there
To steal Cassandra from my side.

God keep you, you who never fail
To herald spring, lyric nightingale.
Swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees,
You doves, wild birds now northward winging,
Who with a hundred kinds of singing
Animate the air and the trees.

God keep you in your lovely bowers,
Pretty roses, all fragrant flowers,
And you, new bud, in whose soft win
Flows blood of Ajax and Narcissus,
And you, thyme, anis and melissa,
May you always come back again.

God keep you, pretty company
Of butterflies who in the lea
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food,
And bees invading pretty bowers
To steal the fruit of laden flowers
And store it safe within the wood.

A thousand times I greet anew,
Your lovely, gentle spring debut,
What lively thoughts does spring arouse
With the sweet discourse of the stream
'Tis worth the winter's sombre dream
Which kept me shuttered in the house.

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Meadow-Larks

Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O happy that I am!
(Listen to the meadow-larks,
across the fields that sing!)
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow,
O buds that grow,
O rapture of the spring!
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O skies serene and blue,
That shut the radiant pastures in,
that fold the mountain's crest!
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
What of the clouds ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide
Upon a sea at rest.
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful?
O life, so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who leads the noblest life
Finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain
To make its waters sweet.
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O happy world that is!
Dear heart! I hear across the fields
my mateling pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O world so full of bliss,
O world so full of bliss!
For life is love, the world is love,
And love is over all,
For life is love, the world is love,
And love is over all!

Come now a roundel

Come now a roundel and a fairy song,
Then, for the third part of a minute: Hence!
Some to kill cankers in the musk rosebuds
Some war with rerebrace for their leathern wings to
make my small elves coats,
And some keep back the clam'rous owl that
nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits.
Sing me now asleep, then to your offices and let
me rest!

Be kind and courteous

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honeybags steel from the humble bees
And for night tapers crop, their waxen thighs,
And light them at the firey glow-worms eyes.
To have my love to bed and to arise
Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

Who knows

who knows if the moon's
a balloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky—filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they
should take me and take you into their balloon,
why then
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's ever visited,
where

always
it's
Spring) and everyone's
in love and flowers pick themselves

Spring is like a perhaps hand

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps
Hand in a window
(carefully to
and from moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and

without breaking anything.

In Just-Spring

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee —

and eddie and bill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful
the queer
old balloonman whistles
far and wee
and betty and isbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's
spring
and
the

goat-footed

balloonman whistles
far
and
wee

In Spring comes

in

Spring comes(no-one

asks his name)

a mender
of things

with eager
fingers(with
patient
eyes)re

-new-

ing remaking what
other

-wise we should
have
thrown a-

way(and whose

brook
-bright flower-
soft bird
-quick voice loves

children
and sunlight and

mountains)in april(but
if he should
Smile)comes

nobody'll know

In Just-Spring

in Just-

spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee —

When faces called flowers

when faces called flowers float out of the ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having-
but keeping is downward and doubting and never
-it's april(yes,april;my darling)it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound
and wishing is having and having is giving-
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense
-alive;we're alive,dear:it's(kiss me now)spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
(now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has
been found
and having is giving and giving is living-
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
-it's spring(all our night becomes day)o,it's spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea
(all the mountains are dancing;are dancing)

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful
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