

Coos

**HEDENDAAGSE ENGELSTALIGE  
KOORMUZIEK**

**BENJAMIN BRITTEN**

**NICHOLAS MAW**

**JOHN RUTTER**

**WARD SWINGLE**

**DIRIGENT FRANK HAMELEERS**

VOCOZA

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Lyrics
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FIVE CHILDHOOD LYRICS

John Rutter

1. Monday's child

Monday's child, Tuesday's child,  
Wednesday's child, Thursday's child,  
Friday's child, Saturday's child,  
Sunday's child.

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for his living,  
And the child that is born on the Sabbath day,  
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

2. The owl and the pussy-cat

The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea,  
In a beautiful peagreen boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five pound note.  
The owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely pussy ! O pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful pussy you are !"

Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl !  
How charmingly sweet you sing !  
O let us be married ! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring ?"  
They sailed away for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bongtree grows,  
And there in a wood a piggywig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?" Said the piggy "I will".  
So they took it away and were married next day,  
By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

### 3. Windy nights

Whenever the moon and the stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about.

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop he goes, and  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

### 4. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on.  
Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels round my head;  
One to watch, and one to pray.  
And two to bear my soul away.

5. Sing a song of sixpence  
Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds,  
Baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To set before the king ?

The king was in his counting house,  
Counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey.  
The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes,  
There came a little blackbird  
And snapp'd off her nose.

FIVE FLOWER SONGS

Benjamin Britten

1. To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run  
But to evensong  
And, having prayed together,  
We will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you  
We have as short a spring  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything  
We die, as your hours do  
And dry away  
Like to the summer's rain  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
Ne'er to be found again !

2. The succession of the four sweet months

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers  
Then after her comes smiling May  
In a more rich and sweet array  
Next enters June and brings us more Gems  
than those two that went before  
Then (lastly), July comes and she more wealth  
brings in than all those three.  
April, May, June, July !

3. Marsh flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root  
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit  
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green  
And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is seen  
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom  
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs  
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings  
In ev'ry chink delights the fern to grow  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below  
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread  
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our seaweeds rolling up and down  
Form the contracted flora of our town.

## 4. The evening primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west  
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are  
or its companionable star  
The evening primrose opes anew  
Its delicate blossoms to the dew.

And, hermitlike, shunning the light  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night  
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by  
When day looks out with open eye  
Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun  
It faints and withers and is gone.

## 5. Ballad of green broom

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood  
And his trade was a cutting of broom  
He had but one son without thought without good  
Who lay in his bed till t'was noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke  
He swore he would fire the room  
If his John would not rise and open his eyes  
And away to the wood to cut broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes  
And away to the wood to cut broom  
He sharpen'd his knives and for once he contrives  
To cut a great bundle of broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a lady's fine house  
Pass'd under a lady's fine room  
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me", she said  
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom".

When Johnny came into the lady's fine house  
 And stood in the lady's fine room  
 "Young Johnny" she said,  
 "Will you give up your trade  
 And marry a lady in bloom".

Johnny gave his consent  
 And to the church they both went  
 And he wedded the lady in broom  
 At market and fair, all folks to declare  
 There's none like the boy that sold broom.

FIVE EPRIGRAMS

Nicholas Maw

1. On a noisy polemic

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes  
 O death, it's my opinion.  
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran bitch !  
 Into thy dark dominion !

2. On the death of Robert Ruisseaux

Now Robin lies in his last lair  
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair.  
 Cauld poverty wi' hungry stare  
 Nae mair shall fear him  
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care  
 E'er mair come near him.

3. On a henpecked country squire

As father Adam first was fool'd  
 A case that's still too common.  
 Here lies a man a woman rul'd  
 The devil rul'd the woman.

4. On a lady famed for her caprice

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect  
 What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam  
 Want only of wisdom denied her respect  
 Want only of goodness denied her esteem.



5. Andrew Turner

In seventeen hunder' and forty nine  
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine  
And cuist it in a corner  
But wilily he changed his plan  
And shaped it someting like a man  
And ca'd it Andrew Turner !

INTERMEZZO

Anke Bottema - harp

Petit Suite

- prelude
- nocturne
- fire dance

David Watkins

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA

Benjamin Britten

I

In a garden shady this holy lade  
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 on 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 Hill'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 spaced unafraid of weight,  
 Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
 The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
 Where Hope within the altogether trance  
 From every outworn image is released,  
 And Dread born whole and formal 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.

P A U Z E

Bouree

arr. Ward Swingle

Pastime with good company

arr. Ward Swingle

Pastime with good company,  
I love and shall until I die.  
Gruch who lust, but none deny,  
So God be pleased, thus live will I.  
For my past stance, hunt sing and dance,  
My heart is set;  
All goodly sport for my comfort,  
Who shall me let.

Youth must have some dalliance,  
Of good or ill, some past stance,  
Company, me thinks then best,  
All thoughts and fancies to digest.  
For idleness is chief mistress,  
of vices all;  
Then who can say, but mirth and play,  
is best of all.

Company with honesty,  
Is virtue, vices to flee.  
Company is good and ill,  
But every man hath his free will.  
The best ensue, the wordt eschew,  
My mind shall be,  
Virtue to use, vice to refuse,  
Thus shall I use me.

All the things you are

arr. Ward Swingle

You are the promised kiss of springtime,  
that makes the lonely winter seem long.  
You are the breathless hush of evening,  
that trembles on the brink of a lovely song.  
You are the angel glow that lights a star,  
the dearest things I know are what you are.  
Some day my happy arms will hold you,  
and some day I'll know that moment divine,  
when all the things you are, are mine.

INTERMEZZO

Anke Bottema - harp

La desirade

Carlos Salzedo

Chanson de la nuit

Carlos Salzedo

My love forgive meGino Mescoli  
arr. Laura ErbAlley Cat and Frankie  
and JohnnieFrank Bjorn  
arr. Laura Erb

Saints fugue

arr. Ward Swingle

Oh when the Saints go marching in,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the Saints go marching in.

Oh when they gather 'round the throne,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When they gather 'round the throne.

Oh when the sun refuse' to shine,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the sun refuse' to shine.

Oh when the stars have disappeared,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the stars have disappeared.

Oh when they crown him Lord of all,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When they crown him Lord of all.

Oh when the Day of Judgement comes,  
Lord, I want to be in that number,  
When the Day of Judgement comes.

Romance

Ward Swingle

I will make you brooches  
and toys for your delight  
Of birdsong at morning  
and starshine at night.  
I will build a palace  
fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests  
and blue days at sea.  
I will make my kitchen,  
and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river  
and bright blows the broom.  
And you shall wash your linen  
and keep your body white,  
In rainfall at morning  
and dewfall at night.  
And this shall be for music  
when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing,  
the rare song to hear !  
That only I remember,  
that only you admire,  
of the broad road that stretches  
and the roadside fire.



Country dances

arr. Ward Swingle

Once upon a time in Arkansas,  
An ol' man sat in his little cabin door,  
And fiddled at the tunes that he liked to hear,  
Jolly little ditties that he only knew by ear.

It was raining cats and doggies,  
but the fiddler didn't care,  
As he sawed away contentedly  
at each and ev'ry air  
tho' the roof was leakin' bad,  
it sounded like a waterfall,  
It didn't really seem to bother  
the ol' fiddler man at all.

Did ya ever go to meetin' Uncl' Joe,  
Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow.  
Hop up, my ladies three in a row,  
Don't mind the weather when the wind don't blow.

Oh a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,  
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,  
pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack,  
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.  
Fare thee well, my fairy fey.  
For I'm gonna Louisiana  
for t' see my Susianna  
singin' Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

Oh I gotta gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane,  
I gotta gal that calls me Hon', Li'l Liza Jane.

A traveler was ridin' by that day,  
And stopped to hear him apracticing away,  
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,  
But the little fiddler didn't really seem to fret.  
So the stranger told the fiddlerman,  
"It really seems to me  
that you better mend y'r roof a bit  
before y' wash t' sea".

Then the fiddlerman replied  
as he was fiddling away,  
"Y' know I couldn't mend it now  
because it's such a rainy day".

Ol' Dan Tucker's a fine ol' man,  
washed his face in a fryin' pan,  
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
An' died with a toothache in his heel.  
Get out the way, Ol' Dan Tucker,  
You're too late t' come for supper,  
Supper's over an' dinner's acookin'  
an' Ol' Dan Tucker just standin' there alookin'.

Oh I love t' go afishin' on a sunny summer day,  
Jus' t' watch the perches and the catfish play,  
With their pennies in their pockets  
and their pockets in their pants,  
W'd y' like t' see the ladies do the kootchie-  
kootchie dance ?  
Turkey in a straw,  
Turkey in the hay,  
Roll'em up an' twist' em up an' high atuck ahaw,  
An' y' hit 'em up a tune an' call it  
"Turkey in the Straw".

Yankee Doodle came to town aridin' on a pony,  
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it Macaroni.  
Yankee Doodle, do or die, Yankee Doodle Dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
and with the girls be handy.

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'  
an' her heel kept arockin'  
an' her toe kept arockin'.  
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'  
an' we danced by the light of the moon.  
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,  
An' dance by the light of the moon.

The traveler replied, "That's all quite true,  
but this, I think, is the thing for you to do:  
Get busy on a day that's fair and bright,  
an' go 'n patch y'r roofing  
til it's really good and tight".  
But the fiddlerman was busy,  
he was practicing a reel,  
He was tappin' out the rhythm  
with a heavy leather heel.  
"You can get along", he said,  
"because you really are a pain,  
Y' know my cabin never leaks a drop  
the day it doesn't rain !"  
Thanks for list'ning, that's all.

VOCOLAZA