

VOX present  
**Hatched, Matched and Dispatched**

Saturday 27 November 2010 at 8pm

St Columba's Church, Lydiard Street North, Ballarat

**Program**

Jaakko Mäntyjärvi (b 1963)	Fear no more – 1998
Joseph Barnby (1838 - 1896)	Sweet and Low - 1863
Michael Tippett (1905 – 1998)	Gwenllian (No. 4 from <b>Four Songs from the British Isles</b> ) - 1957
Alberto Grau (b 1937)	Canción de Cuna (Cradle Song) - 1993
C.M. Shearer (b 1940)	Children's Letters to God - 1982
Peter Maxwell Davies (b 1934)	Lullabye for Lucy - 1981
William Walton (1902 - 1903)	Set Me As A Seal – 1938
John Dunstable (c 1390 – 1453)	Quam pulchra es
Michael Tippett	Early One Morning (No 1 from <b>Four Songs from the British Isles</b> )
Thomas Ravenscroft (c 1582 - 1635)	'Of Enamouring' - Country Masque from <b>A Brief Discourse of the True Use of Charact'ring the Degrees in Measurable Musicke</b> , 1614 Hodge Trillindle to his Zweethort Malkyn Malkynz Answer to Hodge Trillindle Their Gonclusion Their Wedlocke
John Bennet (c 1575 – after 1614)	
Rosalie Bonighton (b 1946)	The Declaration - 2010
John Rutter (b 1945)	Come live with me – from <b>Birthday Madrigals</b> – 1995
Rosalie Bonighton	Incidents in the Life of my Uncle Arly - 2008
Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643 - 1704)	Messe des morts (Requiem Mass) - 1688 Kyrie Gloria Sanctus Pie Jesu Benedictus Agnus Dei De Profundis
Matthew Harris (b 1956)	And Will A' Not Come Again? – 1995

## Song texts

**Fear no more** - William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616) – Cymbeline, Act IV, scene 2

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

**Gwenllian** - Traditional Welsh

Gwenllian, O my heart's delight.  
You sleep unmov'd by wars command  
and hold your small red-yellow apple in your hand.  
Your baby cheeks, so rosy red and bright,  
your heart so happy day and night.

Forget our world of woe,  
O bless'd princess within your cradle,  
Where you hold an apple  
that is all your earthly care.  
Your brothers battle bravely,

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renownéd be thy grave!

for your father's sword is at his thigh,  
but you are sound asleep  
and dreaming where you lie.

The land shakes now with noise of Norman war.  
O angels guard thy father's door!  
To sleep so healthily content;  
The Queens of highest line  
would all forgo their thrones  
for bed of such a babe so small.

## **Cancion de Cuna (Cradle Song) - Gabriela Mistral (1889 - 1957)**

Duérmete, mi niño,  
duérmete sonriendo,  
que es la ronda de astros  
quien te va meciendo.

Gozaste la luz  
y fuiste feliz.  
Todo bien tuviste  
al tenerme a mí.

Duérmete, mi niño,  
duérmete sonriendo,  
que es la Tierra amante  
quien te va meciendo.

Miraste la ardiente  
rosa carmesí.  
Estrechaste al mundo:  
me estrechaste a mí.

Duérmete, mi niño,  
duérmete sonriendo,  
que es Dios en la sombra  
el que va meciendo

Sleep, my child,  
Sleep smiling  
While the round of stars  
Is rocking you

You enjoyed the light  
And were happy.  
All right you had  
to have me.

Sleep, my child,  
Sleep smiling  
While the loving Earth  
Is rocking you.

Look at the burning  
crimson rose.  
Cling to the world:  
Cling to me.

Sleep, my child,  
Sleep smiling  
While God in the darkness  
Is rocking you.

## **Children's Letters to God**

Compiled by Eric Marshall and Stuart Hample (1926 – 2010)

1. Dear Mister God, How do you feel about people who don't believe in you? Somebody else wants to know.

2. Dear God, I have got to know something. What is it like in heaven? I know it's nice but what kind of nice? What happens when it rains?

3. Dear God, My name is Robert, I want a baby brother. My mother said to ask my father, my father said to ask you. Do you think you can do it? Well, good luck!

4. Dear God, What is it like when you die? Nobody will tell me. I just want to know. I don't want to do it.

5. Last week it rained for three days. We thought it would be like Noah's ark but it wasn't. I'm glad because you could only take two of things, remember, and we have three cats.

## **Lullabye for Lucy - George Mackay Brown (1921 - 1996)**

Let all plants and creatures of the valley now  
**Unite.**  
Calling a new  
Young one to join the celebration.

Rowan and lamb and waters salt and sweet  
**Entreat the**  
**New child to the brimming**  
**Dance of the valley,**  
**A pledge and a promise.**  
Lonely they were long, the creatures of Rackwick, till  
Lucy came among them, all brightness and light.

## **Set Me As A Seal - Adapted from the Song of Solomon 8: 6-7**

Set me as a seal upon thine heart,  
As a seal upon thine arm:  
For love is strong as death,

Many waters cannot quench love,  
Neither can the floods drown it.

## **Quam pulchra es** - Song of Solomon,

Quam pulchra es, et quam decora, carissima, in deliciis tuis!

Statura tua assimilata est palmae, et ubera tua botris.

Caput tuum ut Carmelus, collum tuum sicut turis eburnea.

Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum.

Et videamus si fructus parturiunt, si floruerunt mala punica.

Dilectus meus mihi, et ego illi. Alleluia.

## **Early One Morning** - Traditional English

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,  
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

"Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never leave me,  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

"O gay is the garland and fresh are the roses  
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.  
O don't deceive me, O do not leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

## **Of Enamouring**

### **Hodge Trillindle to his Zweet hort Malkyn**

Coame Malkyn, hurle thine oyz at Hodge Trillindle,  
And zet azide thy Distaue and thy Zpindle,  
A little little tyny let a ma brast my minde,  
To thee which I haue vownd as ghurst as ghinde,

### **Malkynz Anzwer to Hodge Trillindle**

Yo tell ma zo: but Roger I cha vound your words but wynde:  
Thon not for vorty bound, wool I beeleaue yo vurther thon Ich zee  
Your words and deeds loyke Beeans and Bacoan gree:

### **Their Goncluzion**

**H** Ich con but zweare (ond thot I chill) vnbonably to loaue atha ztill, thot wool I lo.

**M** Thon Roger zweare yo wooll be virmer thon yo weare:

**H** By thease ten Boans

**M** zo Roger zweare an oape

**H** by la-

**M** Hold Hodge O hold, oie to wyd yo gape,

**H** by la-

**M** O hold, O hold, thowlt byte I zweare my wozen

### **Their Wedlocke**

**Ch** A Borgens a borgens, che hard long a goe bee merry merry ond a vig vor woe

How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!

Thy stature is like to a palm tree, thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and thy neck is as a tower of ivory.

Come, my beloved, let us go into the field.

And we will see if the fruits flourish, if the pomegranates bud forth.

My beloved is mine, and I am his. Alleluia.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,  
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.

"Oh, don't deceive me, oh, never leave me.  
How could you use a poor maiden so!"

Thus sung the poor maiden, her sorrow bewailing,  
Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below;  
"O don't deceive me! O do not leave me!  
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Yet loaue ma (Zweet, Zweet, Zweet,) a little tyny vit,  
And wee a little little Wedelocke wooll gommit,  
A little little tyny Wedelocke wooll gommit,  
Y vaith wooll wee, that wee woll y vaith lo.

But if yol loave ma long a little little vit,  
Thon wedlocke Ich a little wool gommit,  
A little little tyny wedlocke wool gommit  
Y vayth wooll I, thot ich wooll I vayth lo.

**H** lawhay thou beleaue ma whon Ich zweare, zo do thou.

**M** Ich do good Hodge thon zweare no more,  
Ich wooll bee thoyne and God a bee vore,  
Ich be thoyne, and God a beevore.

**Ch** Thon geat wee Growdes ond Boagbipes, Harbes ond Dabors

To lead vs on to eand ower loaues great labors,

**M** O tis faliant zport, then let this Burden zweetly zung be ztill, A Borgens a Borgen bee't good be it ill

Zing gleare zing zweet and zure, ower Zong zhall bee  
but zhort Muzicke foice, ond daunzing

**The Declaration** - John Shaw Neilson (1872 - 1942) written 1912

Now I shall love you till the birds  
Have lost the way to sing,  
Until there be no tenderness  
Upon the face of Spring...

And I shall love you till a babe  
Shall neither laugh nor cry,  
When men no more are wanderers  
And women's tears are dry...

**Come live with me**

**The Passionate Shepherd to his Love**

Christopher Marlowe (1564 - 1593)

Come live with me and be my Love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dale and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall on an ivory table be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May-morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my Love.

**Ch** A Borgens a Borgen, vor weale or vor woe. So  
euer led dis bleasing Borden goe.

And I shall love you till the trees  
Know neither sun nor rain,  
When morning brings no mystery  
And Love can leave no pain...

And I shall love you till there be  
No grace in hearts of men,  
When a girl's eyes will grow no love,  
I'll love you until then.

**Her Reply**

Walter Raleigh (c 1552 - 1618)

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold;  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward Winter reckoning yields:  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither—soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee and be thy Love.

## Incidents in the Life of My Uncle Arly - Edward Lear (1812 - 1888)

O! My aged Uncle Arly!  
Sitting on a heap of Barley  
Thro' the silent hours of night,  
Close beside a leafy thicket:  
On his nose there was a Cricket,  
In his hat a Railway-Ticket;  
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

Long ago, in youth, he squander'd  
All his goods away, and wander'd  
To the Tiniskoop-hills afar.  
There on golden sunsets blazing,  
Every morning found him gazing,  
Singing "Orb! you're quite amazing!  
How I wonder what you are!"

Like the ancient Medes and Persians,  
Always by his own exertions  
He subsisted on those hills;  
Whiles, by teaching children spelling,  
Or at times by merely yelling,  
Or at intervals by selling  
"Propter's Nicodemus Pills."

Later, in his morning rambles  
He perceived the moving brambles  
Something square and white disclose;  
"Twas a First-class Railway Ticket;

But, on stooping down to pick it  
Off the ground, a pea-green Cricket  
settled on my uncle's Nose.

Never, never more, Oh! never,  
Did that Cricket leave him ever,  
Dawn or evening, day or night;  
Clinging as a constant treasure,  
Chirping with a cheerious measure,  
Wholly to my uncle's pleasure  
(Though his shoes were far too tight.)

So for three-and-forty winters,  
Till his shoes were worn to splinters,  
All those hills he wander'd o'er,  
Sometimes silent; sometimes yelling;  
Till he came to Borley-Melling,  
Near his old ancestral dwelling;  
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

On a little heap of Barley  
Died my aged uncle Arly,  
And they buried him one night;  
Close beside the leafy thicket;  
There, his hat and Railway-Ticket;  
There, his ever-faithful Cricket;  
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

## And Will A Not Come Again - William Shakespeare – Hamlet, Act IV, scene 5

And will a' not come again?  
And will a not come again?  
No, no, he is dead  
Go to thy deathbed  
He will never come again.

His beard was as white as snow  
All flaxen was his poll  
He is gone, he is gone  
And we cast away moan  
God ha' mercy on his soul.

Details of next concert, mailing list etc