

Musical Times at the Mechanics

**Songs selected from volumes
of "The Musical Times"
on the shelves of the
Mechanics Institute Library**

**Humffray Room,
Ballarat Mechanics Institute,
Sturt Street, Ballarat**

**Friday 21 April 2006
5.30pm**

1. Once upon my cheek

John Wall Callcott (1766 – 1821)

Once upon my cheek he said the roses grew,
But now they're washed away with the cold ev'ning
dew.

For I wander through the night, when all but me have
rest,
And the moon's soft beams fall piteously upon my
troubled breast.

2, For the New Year (Neujahrslied) Op. 88, No. 1

Felix Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847)

Original German words by Johann Peter Hebel (1760
– 1826)

In the bosom, joy and grief
Ever cling together;
Calm and tempest, pain and pleasure,
Days of trouble, hours of leisure,
Come, like April weather.

Where a shower falls today,
Flowers may bloom tomorrow;
In the cottage, in the palace,
Sweet and bitter fill the chalice,
Mirth is twin'd with sorrow.

Like the year just flown away,
So this new year will be;
Sunbeams darting, clouds departing,
Hopes ideal, dangers real,
What has been will still be.

Trust in Him who hangs the bow
On the shower glancing;
If we firmly bear our sadness,
He will turn our grief to gladness,
In the days advancing.

3. Lines on the Pleasure of Music

Charles Stokes (1784? - 1839)

Dedicated to his friends the Novellos

Delightful thus the fleeting hours to spend,
In social pleasure for a social end;
To feel that inward rapture of the soul,
Which undistinguish'd animates the whole.

4. To the Redbreast, Op 74

John Baptiste Calkin (1827 - 1905)

Words from *The Christian Year* by Rev. John Keble
(1792 - 1866)

Unheard in summer's flaring ray
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,
 wooing the still sweet autumn day;
 Bid it a moment linger,
 Nor fly
 Too soon from Winter's scowling eye.
 The blackbird's song at eventide,

And hers who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet, but none so blends
As thine,
With calm decay and peace divine.

5. Now, O now, I needs must part

John Dowland (1563 - 1626)

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart;
Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when hope is gone.
Now at last despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

6. O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose

George Mursell Garrett (1834 – 1897)

Words by Robert Burns (1759 - 1796)

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June!
O my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luv'e,
And fare thee well awhile!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

7. This world is all a fleeting show

Simon Waley Waley (1827 – 1875)

Words by Thomas Moore (1779 – 1852) from
Moore's Sacred Melodies.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow.
There's nothing true, but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,

There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way.
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

8. By the Waters of Babylon

George Benjamin Allen (1822 – 1898)

Words from Psalm 137

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
When we remembered thee, O Zion.
As for our harps we hang'd them up upon the trees
that are therein,
For they that led us away captive required of us then
a song and melody in our heaviness.
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning;
If I do not remember thee,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.
Yes, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth.
Remember the children of Edom, O lord, in the day
of Jerusalem.
How they said, Down with it, even to the ground.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery,
Yea, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou
hast served us:
Blessed shall he be that dasheth thy children against
the stones.

9. The Lord is my Shepherd

George Alexander Macfarren (1813 – 1887)

Words from Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul,
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His
name's sake.
Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death.
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me,
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

10. Sweet and Low

Joseph Barnby (1838 – 1896)

Words by Alfred Tennyson (1809 - 1892)

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea.
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails out of the west,
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

11. Sigh no more, Ladies

George Alexander Macfarren (1813 – 1887)

Words by William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616) from
"Much Ado About Nothing" Act II, Sc 3

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 all your sounds of woe,
Into "Hey nonny nonny".

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into "Hey nonny nonny".

12. "Take Care"

Ann Sheppard Bartholomew (1811 – 1891)

Words by William Bartholomew, answer to
"Beware" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 –
1882)

Maiden, would'st thou happy be?
Take care! Take care!
Shun that youth who follows thee,
Beware! Beware!
Trusting maiden, be advised,
Lightly gained is lightly prized.
Take care! Take care!

When he leads thee forth to dance,
Take care! Take care!
Doubt his winning smile and glance,
Beware! Beware!
Trusting maiden, be advised,
Lightly gained is lightly prized.

Take care! Take care!

Should he speak to thee of love,
Take care! Take care!
Heed not, lest he faithless prove,
Beware! Beware!
Trusting maiden, be advised,
Lightly gained is lightly prized.
Take care! Take care!

13. Old May-Day

Julius Benedict (1804 – 1885)

Words by Francis Beaumont (1584 – 1616) from
"The Knight of the Burning Pestle" Act IV, sc. 5

Rejoice, oh, English hearts rejoice!
Rejoice, oh lovers dear!
Rejoice, oh city, town and country!
Rejoice, eke ev'ry shire!
For now the fragrant flowers do spring
And sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing,
The lambs do make fine sport.
Up then, I say, both young and old,
Both man and maid a-maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud,
And merry tabor playing!

14. Love me little, love me long

Henry Lahee (1826 – 1912)

Words anonymous, 1570

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold;
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
It never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain.
So, to thee farewell!

VOX

VOX is an eight-voice vocal ensemble, based in Ballarat, usually comprising Alison Ho and Helen Duggan, sopranos, Lyndell Allen and Amber van Dreven, contraltos, Kyle Hackwill and Andrew Bray, tenors, and Nick Stansbie and Peter Freund, basses. For this concert, we are a seven voice group, Andrew Bray having taken paternity leave.

We formed in 2005 in order to provide its members with the opportunity to sing challenging choral works with either one or two voices per part. We presented our first concert, Sacred Harmony at the Anglican Cathedral on Sunday 27 November 2005.

All members of the ensemble have taken responsibility for the musical decisions made in rehearsals for the interpretation of the works.

If you wish to be kept informed about future performances, please email your contact details to lking@giant.net.au, or write them on the forms provided at the concert.

The ensemble will present a series of 3 concerts in 2006:

Sigh No More

British part songs for St George's Day

Cathedral Church of Christ the King

Sunday 23 April at 2.30pm

Gala Concert

Anglican Diocesan Centre

Friday 21 July, time TBC

Contemporary Choral Concert

Sunday 29 October

Date, time and venue TBC