

VOX present

Shakespeare in the Gallery

An evening of songs, readings and mulled wine



Ballarat Fine Art Gallery

Saturday 8 September 2007 at 8pm

Shakespeare in the Gallery

This concert came about when we realised how many Shakespeare songs we had performed in our concerts over the last two years. We were then approached by the Words in Winter Festival in Daylesford to be part of an afternoon concert of Shakespeare in words and music. We sang about half our current program at that concert in August.

We have decided to focus on 20th and 21st settings of Shakespeare, partly as a way of reducing the selection. This means that we will not be singing some of the versions of these songs which may be familiar to people – instead we are singing settings which we like and which work thematically in this program.

The concert is in sections, by theme or by play. We have interspersed the readings which, while

not necessarily from the same play, fit the mood and the theme.

This concert program contains one premiere – of a sonnet setting written for us by Rosalie Bonighton, and an Australian premiere of another sonnet by Kevin Olson, performed by permission of the composer.

Just as we have broken with tradition by singing only more contemporary versions of the songs, we have also broken with tradition by choosing the Williamson rather than the Oddie Gallery as the venue for a concert tonight. We hope you approve of the choice.

VOX

VOX

Soprano

Helen Duggan
Alison Ho

Contralto

Lyndell Allen
Amber van Dreven

Tenor

Andrew Bray
Kyle Hackwill

Bass

Peter Freund
Nick Stansbie

1. VOX: It was a lover and his lass
From *As You Like It*
Composer: Matthew Harris (b 1956)

2. READING: If music be the food of love...
From *Twelfth Night*
DUKE ORSINO: Michael Fiddian

3. VOX: Take, o take those lips away
From *Measure for Measure*
Composer: Håkon Parkman (1955 - 1988)

4. READING: Malvollio's letter
From *Twelfth Night*
FABIAN: Michael Fiddian
MALVOLIO: Nick Stansbie
SIR TOBY BELCH: Kyle Hackwill

5. VOX: O mistress mine
From *Twelfth Night*
Composer: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 - 1958)

ASSOCIATE ARTISTS

Michael Fiddian
Emma Wood

6. READING: Olivia and Malvolio
From *Twelfth Night*
OLIVIA: Emma Wood
MARIA: Lyndell Allen
MALVOLIO: Nick Stansbie

7. VOX: Take, O take those lips away
From *The Merchant of Venice*
Composer: Matthew Harris

8. READING: Beatrice and Benedick's Spat
From *Much Ado About Nothing*
DON PEDRO: Andrew Bray
BEATRICE: Emma Wood
BENEDICK: Michael Fiddian

9. VOX: Who is Sylvia?
From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
Composer: Matthew Harris

10. READERS: Beatrice and Benedick declare their love

From *Much Ado About Nothing*

BENEDICK: Michael Fiddian

BEATRICE: Emma Wood

11. VOX: Tell me where is fancy bred

From *The Merchant of Venice*

Composer: Matthew Harris

12. VOX: Lullaby

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Composer: Jaakko Mäntyärvi (b 1963)

13. VOX: To be or not to be

From *Hamlet*

Composer: Juhani Komulainen (b 1953)

14. READING: Hamlet's soliloquy

HAMLET: Michael Fiddian

OPHELIA: Emma Wood

15. VOX: And will a not come again

From *Hamlet*

Composer: Matthew Harris

16. READING: Drown'd, drown'd

From *Hamlet*

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Emma Wood

LAERTES: Michael Fiddian

17. VOX: Come away, Death

From *Twelfth Night*

Composer: Jaakko Mäntyärvi

18. VOX: Full fathom five

From *The Tempest*

Composer: Jaakko Mäntyärvi

19. READING: Hamlet's Death

From *Hamlet*

HAMLET: Michael Fiddian

HORATIO: Andrew Bray

20. VOX: Fear no more

From *Cymbeline*

Composer: Jaakko Mäntyärvi

INTERVAL (20 minutes)

Mulled wine and fruit punch with a light supper will be served at the end of the Gallery

21. READING: When shall we three meet again?

From *Macbeth*

WITCH 1: Helen Diggan

WITCH 2: Amber van Dreven

WITCH 3: Alison Ho

22. VOX: Double, double, toil and trouble

From *Macbeth*

Composer: Jaakko Mäntyärvi

23. READING: Let me not to the marriage of two minds (Sonnet)

Emma Wood

24. VOX: That time of year

Sonnet

Composer: Rosalie Bonighton (b 1946)

25. READING: Emilia and Desdemona

From *Othello*

DESDEMONA: Emma Wood

EMILIA: Amber van Dreven

26. VOX: Willow Song

From *Othello*

Composer: Martin Wesley Smith (b 1945)

27. READING (Continued)

From *Othello*

28. VOX: Willow Song

From *Othello*

Composer: Ralph Vaughan Williams

29. VOX: Under the Greenwood tree

From *As You Like It*

Composer: Matthew Harris

30. READING: Rosalind and Orlando

From *As You Like It*

ROSALIND: Emma Wood

ORLANDO: Michael Fiddian

31. VOX: Hark, hark, the lark!

From *Cymbeline*

Composer: Matthew Harris

32. VOX: Come unto these yellow sands (Ariel's Song)

From *The Tempest*

Composer: Martin Wesley Smith

33. READING: Who will believe my verse

Sonnet

Michael Fiddian

34. VOX: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Sonnet

Composer: Kevin Olson (b 1970)

Song texts

It was a lover and his lass

From *As You Like It*, Act V Sc 3

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a dling, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, & c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, & c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, & c.

Take, O take those lips away

From *Measure for Measure*, Act IV, Scene 1

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

O mistress mine

From *Twelfth Night*, Act II Scene 3

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Who is Sylvia?

From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV scene 2

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Tell me where is fancy bred?

From *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III Scene 2

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
Ding, dong, bell.

To be or not to be

From *Hamlet*, Act III scene 1

To be, or not to be: that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them.

And will a not come again?

From *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 death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God have mercy on his soul!

Come away death

From *Twelfth Night*, Act II scene 4

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Full fathom five

From *The Tempest*, Act 1 scene 2

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, - ding-dong bell.

Fear no more

From *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.

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 renown'd be thy grave!

Double, double toil and trouble

From *Macbeth*, Act IV scene 1

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Harper cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.
Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

That time of year

Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Willow Song (Desdemona's Song)

From *Othello*, Act IV scene 3

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow, willow, willow;

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve.
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Under the greenwood tree
From *As You Like It*, Act II scene 5

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn [his]¹ merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live 't the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Hark Hark! the lark
From *Cymbeline*, Act II scene 3

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

Come unto these yellow sands (Ariel's song)
From *The Tempest*, Act I scene 2

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark
Bow wow
The watch-dogs bark!
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Sonnet XIX

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

VOX would like to thank...

Emma Wood, Michael Fiddian, Rosalie Bonighton, Kevin Olson, Chicago a capella,
Wendy Rechenberg, Gabrielle Leeds, Words in Winter Festival, Ballarat Fine Art Gallery,
the Gallery staff, Ballarat Mechanics Institute Library staff, Jill Blee, St Andrew's Uniting Church,
Ballarat and Clarendon College Music Department, Hugh McKelvey
and our front of house assistants.

Next performance

Percy Grainger – his Life and Songs

An illustrated talk about the famous Australian born composer,
including a selection of his unaccompanied choral songs

Ballaarat Mechanics Institute, Sturt Street

Friday 2 November at 5pm