



Festival Singers

Musical Director – Ingrid Schoenfeld

Accompanist – Jonathan Berkahn

Under the Greenwood Tree

Old music for a new season

2:30pm Saturday 10 October 2020

St Andrew's on The Terrace

Programme

Sicut Cervus

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
(c.1525-1594)

If Ye Love Me

Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585)

Quatre Motets: Op.10

Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)

1. Ubi caritas
2. Tota pulchra es
3. Tu es Petrus
4. Tantum ergo

***Three Preludes on
Gregorian Melodies***

Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

It Was A Lover and His Lass

April is in My Mistress' Face
Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

Since First I Saw Your Face

Thomas Ford (1580-1648)

A Shakespeare Garland:

David Hamilton (1999)

1. It Was a Lover and His Lass
2. Come, Buy
3. Hark, Hark the Lark
4. Shall I Compare Thee to a
Summers Day
5. I Know a Bank Whereon the
Wild Thyme Blows
6. When Daisies Pied
7. Under the Greenwood Tree

INTERVAL

About the concert

Welcome to ‘Under the Greenwood Tree’, where we welcome the season of Spring with old music and words reimagined from modern viewpoints.

Two brilliant 16th-century composers, **Palestrina** and **Tallis**, open the concert, illuminating the sacred Renaissance motet from different perspectives. Palestrina’s style is the epitome of Roman Catholic polyphony, while Tallis’ motet was shaped by the tumultuous religious politics of Reformation England. When Henry VIII instigated the church of England, he demanded a simplification of the florid polyphony of the Roman Catholic tradition, insisting that the text be in English, with one syllable per note.

Despite the contrast in style, both are luminous, direct, and communicative.

Next come the **Durufié** motets — very early music (medieval chant) reflected through a very late lens (1960’s France). However, Durufié’s exemplary melodic craftsmanship both seamlessly integrates and showcases the beauty of the plainchant. A notorious perfectionist, he only published 14 works in his lifetime. These motets, alternately reflective and exultant, showcase the incandescent quality of his writing that has made his work so widely performed and well loved. (We sing in Latin. The English translation is on the next page.)

Respighi was also captivated by the beauty of plainsong and its compositional possibilities, and became enchanted by it through his wife Elsa, a scholar of Gregorian chant. As her wedding gift to him, she sang him melodies from the *Graduale Romanum* during their honeymoon. Inspired, he composed the three preludes, contrasting the ancient melodies with the unmistakably modern musical forces of the grand piano. Many moments in the preludes suggest orchestral colours and effects, and Respighi later orchestrated these three preludes and added a fourth, forming the *Vetrate di Chiesa* (Church Windows).

Secular madrigals replace sacred motets in the second half of the concert, welcoming love and springtime. Reminiscent of a May day dance, the first three madrigals evoke lush fields, sunlight, and blustery skies. What better modern counterpart than **David Hamilton’s** evocative *Shakespeare Garland*? Banks of thyme, a summer’s day, daisies, and of course the greenwood tree paint spring and love in all its glory.

David Hamilton’s notes on the piece:

“I fashioned a sequence of seven texts which all refer in some way to things botanical and/or seasonal.

The first text is from *As You Like It* and sets the well-known *It was a lover and his lass* in a jazzy idiom. A complete contrast of mood is presented in *Come, buy* from *The Winter’s Tale*, where the words detail a variety of items which might be purchased to charm a lady. The third piece is a short setting of *Hark, hark the lark* from *Cymbeline*. Unlike Schubert’s well-known setting, this lark is rather boisterous and rowdy! The music owes more than a little to mid-20th century film music, perhaps a film involving a frenetic chase sequence! The centerpiece of the cycle is a setting of Shakespeare’s best-known sonnet *Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?* (Sonnet 18). Here the women’s voices are heard on their own, with the 2nd altos given a rare chance to take the limelight.

The fifth piece is a reflective setting of *I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows* from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. Initially unison voices present the melody, breaking into harmony only for the second half of the song. Throwing caution to the wind, the sixth piece is a madcap, cartoonish setting of *When daisies pied* from *Love’s Labour’s Lost*. Where better to end the cycle than with the ‘flower-power’ era of the 1960’s and a swinging version of *Under the Greenwood Tree* from *As You Like It*, using just about every harmonic cliché of the music of that time.”

Ingrid Schoenfeld

Texts

Ubi Caritas

Where charity and love are, there God is.
The love of Christ has gathered us into one.
Let us exult, and in Him be joyful.
Let us fear and let us love the living God,
And from a sincere heart let us love each other.
Amen.

Tota pulchra es

You are all beautiful, Mary,
and the original stain is not in you.
You are the glory of Jerusalem,
you are the joy of Israel,
you give honour to our people.
You are an advocate of sinners.
O Mary,
Virgin most intelligent,
Mother most merciful.
Pray for us,
Plead for us,
To the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tu es Petrus

You are Peter, and on this rock
I will build My church.

Tantum ergo

Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail,
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.
To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son Who reigns on high
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from Each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.
Amen. _____

A Shakespeare Garland

It was a lover and his lass

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 spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a 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, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Come, buy

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Hark, hark the lark

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.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

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.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

When daisies pied and violets blue

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he –
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, – O word of fear,
Unpleasing to the married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he –
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo, – O word of fear,
Unpleasing to the married ear!

Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his 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 i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Festival Singers

Sopranos: Ngairé Bartlett, Robyn Bridge,
Heather Garside, Diana Helen, Christine
Hudson, Carol Inge, Anna Prasannan, Mary
Margaret Schuck, Pam Southey, Helen
Willberg, Cynthia Wratt

Altos: Rosemary Biss, Cathy Edge, Karen
Espersen, Margaret Pearson, Chalene Scott,
Margaret Seconi, Rita Urry, Megan Ward

Tenors: Joe Fecteau,* Paul Kilford

Basses: Philip Garside, Alex Jeune, Ian
Livingstone, Brian Patchett **Soloist*

Our next event...

Launch Concert Party for the

A Hopkins' Gloria

– **Digital Recording** –

by **Jonathan Berkahn**

7.00pm Friday 4 December 2020

at St James Anglican Church

71 Woburn Road, Lower Hutt

More details at

www.festivalsingersnz.org

www.facebook.com/FestivalSingers