

Attachment to Program

Amateur Chamber Music Society's Chamber Music Concert 5pm Sunday 1 July 2012

QUILTER *Folk Song Arrangements Part One*

(1) Over the Mountains

Over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves.
Under floods that are deepest
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
Or have him confined;
Some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Soon will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the East,
The lioness, you may move her
To get o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
Love shall find out the way.

(2) Drink to me only with thine eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I
swear,
Not of itself but thee!

(3) My lady's Garden

There is a garden that all sweets encloses,
Where my love is won't to stray:
There blow the fairest flow'rs of May
And, lovelier yet, soft damask roses.
There by her side among the flow'rs
Would I might pass the days of June,
Fleeting the careless summer hours'
Whether by night or by noon.

Happy the nightingale that haunts
its closes,
Telling his love as best he may:
Freely he sings both night and day,
And there at last in peace reposes.
Fairer than blossom red of white,
Lily or violet wet with dew,
No flower that blooms the summer
through
Half so fair is to my sight.

I saw her gath'ring matchless posies;
Yet were they not so sweet as she.
Would that my fortune were to be
As dear to her as are the roses.

<(4) Ye Banks and Braes

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
But my fause lover stole my rose -
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Folk Song Arrangements Part Two

(5) The Jolly Miller

There was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the river Dee ;
He danc'd and sang from morn till
night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

Thus like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing;
The days of youth were made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee,
Around this jovial ring
Let heart and voice and all agree
To sing, "Long live the King."

I love my mill, She is to me,
Both parent, child, and wife;
I would not change my station
For another one in life.
Then push, push, push the bowl my
boys,
And pass it round to me.
The longer we sit here and drink,
The merrier we shall be.

(6) Ca' The Yowes Te The Knowes

Ca' the yowes te the knowes,
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie!
Hark, the mavis evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart;
I can de - but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes te the knowes, ...

(7) The Ash Grove

Down yonder green valley where streamlets
meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash
grove.

'Twas there while the blackbird was
joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my
heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells
were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we
should part.

Still grows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,	With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree;	All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,	Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
But what are the beauties of nature to me.	She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash grove

(8) The Salley Gardens

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.	In a field by the river, my love and I did stand
She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.	And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,	She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I being young and foolish, with her did not agree.	But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

DEBUSSY/ANDINO Songs

(1) Beau Soir (by Paul Bourget)

Beau Soir	Beautiful Evening
Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses	When streams turn pink in the setting sun,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,	And a slight shudder rushes through the wheat fields,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses	A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all things
Et monter vers le coeur troublé.	And it climbs up towards the troubled heart.
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde	A plea to relish the charm of life
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,	While there is youth and the evening is fair,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:	For we pass away, as the wave passes:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.	The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

(3) Mandoline (Paul Verlaine)

Mandoline	Mandolin
Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses Echangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses.	The givers of serenades And the beautiful, listening women Exchange insipid words Beneath the singing branches.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.	There is Thyrsis and Amyntas, And there's the eternal Clytander, And there's Damis who, for many Cruel women, wrote many tender verses.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Their short, silk vests,
Their long robes with trains,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft, blue shadows,

Tourbillonent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Whirling in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin rattles
Among the shivers of the breeze.

English translation is inspired by a copyrighted text by Emily Ezust.

(2) Fleur des Blés (André Girod)

Fleur des Blés	Flower of wheat
Le long des blés que la brise Fait onduler puis défrise En un désordre coquet, J'ai trouvé de bonne prise De t'y cueillir un bouquet.	Along the wheatfield that the breeze Waves and then uncurls In stylish disarray I thought it right To gather a bouquet for you
Mets-le vite à ton corsage, - Il est fait à ton image En même temps que pour toi... Ton petit doigt, je le gage, T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:	Fasten it quickly to your bodice. It was made in your likeness As it was made for you... A little bird, I wager, Has already whispered to you why:
Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde De ta chevelure blonde Toute d'or et de soleil; Ce coquelicot qui fronde, C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.	These golden ears are the waves Of your blonde hair All gold and sunlit; This rebellious poppy Is your blood-red mouth.
Et ces bluets, beau mystère! Points d'azur que rien n'altère, Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux, Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre, Deux éclats tombés des cieus.	And these cornflowers, lovely mystery! Azure specks that nothing can change, These flowers are your eyes, So blue that they seem to be, on earth, Two fallen fragments of the sky.