

The background of the poster is a detailed Impressionist painting, likely by J.M.W. Turner, depicting a lush garden scene. In the foreground, there are dense fields of red and orange roses. In the middle ground, several people in 19th-century clothing are engaged in various activities: a woman in a purple dress and hat is on the left, a man in a blue suit is in the center, and a woman in a light blue dress is on the right. The background is filled with dense foliage and flowers, creating a sense of depth and light. The overall style is characteristic of Impressionism, with visible brushstrokes and a rich, varied color palette.

The Chandos Singers

Rupert Bevan *conductor*

Music for a summer afternoon

Sunday 26 June 2022, 3.30pm
Magdalen Chapel, Holloway, Bath

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER AFTERNOON

PROGRAMME

John Dowland (1563-1626) *Awake, sweet love*

John Dunstaple (1390-1453)/John Bedyngham (d.1460) *O rosa bella*

Thomas Morley (1558-1602) *My bonny lass she smileth*

Edward Elgar (1857-1934) *As torrents in summer*

Gustav Holst (1874-1934) *I love my love*

Holst *Light leaves whisper*

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) *Linden Lea*

Elgar *The shower*

Elgar *Love's tempest*

Elgar *Serenade*

Robert Parsons (c.1535-1572) *Ave Maria*

Thomas Weelkes *Come sirrah Jack ho*

Peter Warlock *Yarmouth Fair*

John Dowland (1563-1626) *Awake, sweet love*

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd: My heart, which long in absence mourn'd, Lives now in perfect joy. Let love, which never absent dies, Now live for ever in her eyes, Whence came my first annoy. Only herself hath seemed fair: She only I could love, She only drave me to despair, When she unkind did prove. Despair did she make me wish to die; That I my joys might end: She only, which did make me fly, My state may now amend.	If she esteem thee now aught worth, She will not grieve thy love henceforth, Which so despair hath prov'd. Despair hath proved now in me, That love will not unconstant be, Though long in vain I lov'd. If she at last reward thy love, And all thy harms repair, Thy happiness will sweeter prove, Rais'd up from deep despair. And if that now thou welcome be, When thou with her dost meet, She all this while but play'd with thee, To make thy joys more sweet.
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John Dunstaple (1390-1453)/John Bedyngham (d.1460) *O rosa bella*

O rosa bella, o dolce anima mia, non mi lassar morire in cortesia. Ai lasso mi dolente, dezo finire per ben servire e lealmente amare.	<i>O lovely rose, my sweet soul, let me not die in courtly love. O release me from my lamenting, must I meet my end in serving you well and loving so loyally?</i>
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Thomas Morley (1558-1602) *My bonny lass she smileth*

My bonny lass she smileth, when she heart beguileth. Smile less, dear love, therefore, and you shall love me more. When she her sweet eye turneth, O, how my heart it burneth! Dear love, call in their light, or else you burn me quite!
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Edward Elgar (1857-1934) *As torrents in summer*

As torrents in summer, half dried in their channels, suddenly rise, tho' the sky is still cloudless, for rain has been falling far off at their fountains; So hearts that are fainting grow full to o'erflowing, and they that behold it marvel, and know not that God at their fountains far off has been raining!
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Gustav Holst (1874-1934) *I love my love*

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing.
Her chain she rattled with her hands and thus replied she:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me!

Oh cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've ruined me:
I love my love because I know my love loves me!

With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love because I know my love loves me."

Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land,
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

She said: "My love, don't frighten me, are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am return'd to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love because I know my love loves me."

So now these two are married, and happy may they be,
Like turtle doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
"I love my love because I know my love loves me."

Holst *Light leaves whisper*

Light leaves whisper touched by the evening breeze,
Pale moonbeams glimmer a-falling thro' the trees.
Sweet are these sights to weary hearts, sweet are these sights to me,
Tho' I can understand them ne'er unless I am with thee.

The nightingale may melt his soul in song,
Shed all the thoughts which his small bosom throng,
But Oh my love, my gentle love, I ne'er can understand
The hidden meaning of these things unless thou art at hand.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) *Linden Lea*

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leav'd fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road,
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Elgar *The shower*

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;
Perhaps at last,
Some such showers past,
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

Elgar *Love's tempest*

Silent lay the sapphire ocean,
Till a tempest came to wake
All its roaring, seething billows
That upon earth's ramparts break.
Quiet was my heart within me,
Till your image, suddenly
Rising there, awoke a tumult
Wilder than the storm at sea.

Elgar *Serenade*

Dreams all too brief,
Dreams without grief,
Once they are broken, come not again.

Across the sky the dark clouds sweep,
And all is dark and drear above:
The bare trees toss their arms and weep,
Rest on, and do not wake, dear Love.

Since glad dreams haunt your slumbers deep,
Why should you scatter them in vain?

Happy is he, when Autumn falls,
Who feels the dream-kiss of the Spring;
And happy he in prison walls
Who dreams of freedom's rescuing;

But woe to him who vainly calls
Through sleepless nights for ease from pain!
Once they are broken, come not again.

Robert Parsons (c.1535-1572) *Ave Maria*

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum:
benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus
fructus ventris tui. Amen.

*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee:
blessed art thou among women, and blessed
is the fruit of thy womb. Amen.*

Thomas Weelkes *Come sirrah Jack ho*

Come sirrah Jack ho,
fill some Tobacco,
bring a wire and some fire,
haste away, quick I say,
do not stay, shun delay,
for I drank none good today.

I swear that this Tobacco
it's perfect Trinidado
by the very Mass never was
better gear than is here
by the rood, for the blood
it is very good 'tis very good.

Fill the pipe once more,
my brains dance trenchmore,
it is heady I am giddy,
My head and brains, back and reins,
joints and veins, from all pains
it doth well purge and make clean.

Then those that do condemn it,
or such as not commend it,
never were so wise to learn
good Tobacco to discern
Let them go pluck a crow,
and not know, as I do,
the sweet of Trinidado.

Peter Warlock *Yarmouth Fair*

As I rode down to Yarmouth fair
The birds they sang "Good day, good day,"
And the birds they sang "Good day!"

O, I spied a maid with golden hair
A-walking along my way -
A tidy little maid so trim and fair,
And the birds they sang "Good day, good day,"
And the birds they sang "Good day!"
I said: "My dear, will you ride with me?"
And the birds they sang, "Go on, go on!"
And the birds they sang "Go on!"

She didn't say "yes" and she didn't say "no,"
And the birds they sang "Heigh ho, heigh ho!"
And the birds they sang "Heigh ho!"
I lifted her right on to my mare,
O light as a feather was she,
I'd never set eyes on a girl so fair,
So I kiss'd her bravely one, two, three,
O I kiss'd her one, two, three.

Then on we rode to Yarmouth fair
Past field and green hedge-row,
And in our hearts no fret nor care,
And the birds they sang "Hullo, hullo!"
And the birds they sang "Hullo!"
At the fair the fun was fast and free,
And the birds they sang "Hurray, hurray!"
And the birds they sang "Hurray!"

The band struck up a lively air
On fiddle and fife and drum.
The maid and me we made a pair,
And we danced to kingdom come,
Ho-ho! And we danced to kingdom come.
The lads and lasses cheer'd us on,
My bonny maid and me, we danced till stars were in the sky,
And the birds they sang "Goodbye, goodbye!"
And the birds they sang "Goodbye!"

The Chandos Singers

Alison Alexander, Catherine Mitchell,

Katharine Adams, Katherine Lush,

Mandy Shaw, Mo Boys,

Brian Wilson, Charles Johnson,

Chris Warren,

Graham Billing, Roger Latimer

Rupert Bevan conductor

The choir was formed in 1984 by Simon Ible as the *Georgian Festival Chorus* and frequently performed in Bath. It was relaunched as the *Chandos Singers* in 1992 with a policy of performing short Baroque works. An ever-more varied repertoire has been employed since 1997.

Chandos Singers' conductor from 2000 to 2021 was Dr Malcolm Hill.

Very sadly, Malcolm died after a long illness on 19th November 2021.

We will be commemorating Malcolm's life, and what he did for Chandos, at Prior Park at 3.30pm on Sunday 17th July 2022; more information will be found at www.chandossingers.co.uk.

The Chandos Singers is now directed by Rupert Bevan.

Image: Afternoon in the Garden by Henri-Edmond Cross (1856-1910)
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