

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

CHARLES A. SINK, PRESIDENT

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Third Concert

1929-1930

Complete Series 1784

*Fifty-First Annual*

Choral Union Concert Series

HILL AUDITORIUM  
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

THE ENGLISH SINGERS

Flora Mann

Nellie Carson

Lillian Berger

Norman Stone

Norman Notley

Cuthbert Kelly

Tuesday Evening, November 19, 1929, at 8:15

PROGRAM

MOTETS

Turn our captivity ..... *William Byrd*  
Agnus Dei ..... *William Byrd*  
This glad day ..... *William Byrd*

BALLET AND MADRIGALS

Sing we and chant it ..... *Thomas Morley*  
The Silver Swan ..... *Orlando Gibbons*  
Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees ..... *John Wilbye*

FOLK SONGS

A Farmer's Son ..... *Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams*  
Brigg Fair ..... *Arranged by Percy Grainger*  
Wassail Song ..... *Arranged by R. Vaughan Williams*

INTERMISSION

ROTA, DUET, THE CRYES OF LONDON

Sumer is icumen in ..... *John of Fornsete*  
Duet: John, Come Kiss Me Now (16th Century) .....  
..... *Arranged by E. W. Naylor*

The Cryes of London (From the "Fancies" of Orlando Gibbons, Thomas  
Weelkes, and Richard Dering) ..... *Arranged by Gordon Jacob*

MADRIGAL, SONG, AND BALLET

Weep, O Mine Eyes ..... *John Bennet (circa 1600)*  
Hawking for the Heron and Duck ..... *John Bennet*  
Welcome, Sweet Pleasure ..... *Thomas Weelkes*

*The edition of the madrigal music is by Dr. E. H. Fellowes. Publishers:  
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*Tour under the Direction of the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, New York  
City.*

*The Steinway Piano and the Skinner Organ are the official concert instru-  
ments of the University Musical Society.*

*The furniture used is supplied through the courtesy of Mack and Company.*

A R S      L O N G A      V I T A      B R E V I S

MOTET WILLIAM BYRD

Turn our captivity, O Lord,  
As a brook in the south.  
They that sow in tears,  
Shall reap in joyfulness.  
Going they went and wept  
Casting their seeds,  
But coming, they shall come with jollity,  
Carrying their sheaves with them.

MOTET WILLIAM BYRD

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
miserere nobis.  
Dona nobis pacem.

MOTET WILLIAM BYRD

This glad day the Lord himself hath  
made. Sing his praises with rejoicing  
and gladness. Alleluia.

BALLET THOMAS MORLEY

Sing we and chant it,  
While love doth grant it,  
Fa la la!

Not long youth lasteth  
And old age hasteth,  
Now is best leisure,  
To take our pleasure,  
Fa la la!

All things invite us  
Now to delight us,  
Fa la la!

Hence care be packing,  
No mirth be lacking,  
Let spare no treasure  
To live in pleasure,  
Fa la la!

MADRIGAL ORLANDO GIBBONS

The Silver Swan, who, living had no  
note,  
When death approached, unlocked her  
silent throat,  
Leaning her breast against the reedy  
shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, and sung  
no more.  
"Farewell all joys, O Death, come close  
mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more  
fools than wise."

MADRIGAL JOHN WILBYE

Sweet honey-sucking Bees, why do you  
still  
Surfeit on Roses, Pinks, and Violets,  
As if the choicest nectar lay in them  
Wherewith you store your curious cab-  
inets?

Ah, make your flight to Melisuvaviae's  
lips;

There may you revel in Ambrosian  
cheer,  
Where smiling Roses and sweet Lilies sit,  
Keeping their spring-tide graces all the  
year.

Yet sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard  
to get;  
Sting not her soft lips, oh beware of  
that:

For if one flaming dart come from her  
eye,  
Was never dart so sharp, ah, then you  
die!

FOLK SONG

Arr. by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

"A FARMER'S SON"

A farmer's son so sweet  
Was keeping of his sheep,  
And careless fell asleep,  
While his lambs were playing.

A fair young lady gay,  
By chance she came that way,  
And sound asleep he lay,  
Whom she loved so dear.

She kissed his lips so sweet  
As he lay fast asleep.  
"I fear my heart will break  
For you, my dear."

She said: "Awake I pray,  
The sun is on the hay;  
Your flock will go astray  
From you, my dear.

"For your sweet sake alone,  
I wandered from my home;  
My friends are dead and gone;  
I am left alone."

His flock he laid aside:  
Made her his gentle bride.  
In wed-lock she was tied  
To the farmer's son.

FOLK SONG

Arr. by PERCY A. GRAINGER

"BRIGG FAIR"

It was on the fifth of August, the weather  
fine and fair  
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair, for to love  
I was inclined.

I rose up with the lark in the morning,  
with my heart so full of glee,  
Of thinking there to meet my dear, long  
time I'd wished to see.

I took hold of her lily white hand-o, and  
merrily was her heart.  
And now we're met together I hope we  
ne'er shall part.

For it's meeting is a pleasure and part-  
ing is a grief,  
But an unconstant lover is worse than  
any thief.

The green leaves they shall wither and  
the branches they shall die  
If ever I prove false to her, to the girl  
that loves me.

### FOLK SONG

*Arr. by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS*

#### "WASSAIL SONG"

Wassail, Wassail, all over the town,  
Our bread it is white and our ale it is  
brown,  
Our bowl it is made of the green maple  
tree,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his right  
eye,  
Pray God send our master a good Christ-  
mas pie,  
A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his  
right horn,  
Pray God send our master a good crop  
of corn,  
A good crop of corn as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Here's a health to the ox and to his  
long tail,  
Pray God send our master a good cask  
of ale,  
A good cask of ale as e'er I did see,  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Come, butler, come fill us a bowl of the  
best,  
Then I pray that your soul in heaven  
may rest;  
But if you do bring us a bowl of the  
small,  
May the devil take butler, bowl and all!

Then here's to the maid in the lily-white  
smock,  
Who tripped to the door and slipped back  
the lock,  
Who tripped to the door and pulled back  
the pin  
For to let these jolly wassailers walk in.

ROTA JOHN OF FORNSETE

#### "SUMER IS ICUMEN IN"

Summer is a-coming in,  
Loudly sing, cuckoo!  
Grows the seed, and blows the mead,  
And grows the wood anew.  
Sing cuckoo!

The ewe is bleating for her lamb;  
Lows for her calf the cow;  
The bullock leaps, the buck grows bold,  
Merry sing cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo, well singest thou,  
cuckoo;  
Never shalt thou cease now  
Sing cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo,  
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now!

DUET (16th Century)

*Arr. by E. W. NAYLOR*

#### "JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW"

*Wife:*

John, come kiss me now,  
John, come kiss me by and by,  
And make no more ado.

*Husband:*

Peace, I'm angry now,  
Peace, I'm angry at the heart  
And know not what to do.  
Wives can faine and wives can flatter,  
(Have I not hit them now?)  
When once they begin they still do  
chatter.  
And so does my wife too.

*Wife:*

And wives have many fair words and  
looks,  
(Have I not hit them now?)  
And draw silly men on folly's hooks.

*Husband:*

Now of my song I'll make an end.  
Lo, here, I quit thee now.  
All evil wives to the devil I send,  
Among them my wife too.

THE CRYES OF LONDON

*Arr. by GORDON JACOB*

¶ (*The Watchman*) God give you good  
morrow my masters, past three  
o'clocke and a faire morning.

¶ New mussels, new lily-white mussels.  
Hot coddings, hot. New coccles,  
new greate coccles.

¶ New great sprats, New greate lamprils,  
New fresh herrings, New haddocks  
new. New thornbacks new. (Ha'

ye any corns on your feet or toes?)  
Hot apple pies hot. Hot pippin pies  
hot. Fine pomegranates fine.

¶Buy any ink, will you buy any ink?  
Very fine writing ink.

¶Oysters, oysters, oysters. Threepence a  
pecke at Bridewell docke. New Wall-  
fleet oysters.

¶(*The Town Cryer*) O-Yes! If any  
man or woman can tell any tydings  
of a grey mare, with a long mane  
and a short tayle. She halts downe  
right before and is starke lame be-  
hind, and was lost this thirtieth day  
of February. He that can tell any  
tydings of her, let him come to the  
Cryer, and he shall have well for  
his hier.

¶Have you any boots, mayds, or have  
you any shoone, or an old payre of  
buskins. Will you buy any brooms?  
An old payre of boots, mayds, or a  
new payre of shoone, or an old payre  
of buskins for all my green broome.

¶What kitchen stuff have ye mayds? My  
mother was an honest wife, and  
twenty years she led this life.

¶Will you buy any Rock-salt sampiere,  
or a cake of good ginger bread?  
Have ye any wood to cleave?

¶(*The Cooper*) A cooper I am and  
have been long, and hooping is my  
trade and married I am to as pretty  
a wench as ever God hath made.  
Have ye work for a cooper?

¶Ripe walnuts ripe. Ripe chestnuts ripe.  
Ripe raspberries ripe. Ripe harty-  
chokes ripe. Cherries ripe, ripe, ripe.  
Pips fine. Fine pears ripe. Medlars  
fine.

¶Will ye buy any Aqua vitae or Rosa  
solis fine-a.

¶Hard St. Thomas onions hard.

¶My sprats, my sprats, twopence-a-peck,  
twopence-a-peck; twopence-a-peck, at  
Milford stairs.

¶(Twinkle downe tavye).

¶Pity the poor women for the Lord's  
sake, good men of God pity the poor  
women. Poor and cold and com-  
fortless in the deep dungeon.

SONG JOHN BENNET

"HAWKING FOR THE HERON AND DUCK"  
Lure, falconers! give warning to the  
field.

Let fly! let fly! make mounting herons  
to yield.

Die, fearful ducks, and climb no more  
so high,

The nyas-hawk will kiss the azure sky.  
But when our soarhawks fly and stiff  
winds blow,

Then long too late we falconers cry  
"Hey lo!"

BALLET THOMAS WEEBKES

Welcome, sweet pleasure, my wealth and  
treasure

To haste our playing, there's no delaying.  
No, no, no, No, no, no.

This mirth delights me, when sorrow  
frights me,

Then sing we all Fa la la.

Sorrow content thee, mirth must prevent  
thee,

Though much thou grievest, thou none  
relievest,

No, no, no, No, no, no.

Joy come delight me, though sorrows  
spite me.

Then sing we all Fa la la.