

Sewanee Music Department
Sewanee: The University of the South
March 4th, 2018, 3:00 p.m.

Chamber Music Selections

Four Songs for Voice and Violin

Gustav Holst (1874–1934)

- I. Jesu Sweet
- II. My Soul has Naught but Fire and Ice
- III. I Sing of a Maiden
- IV. My Lehman is so True

Caitlin Berends, Annie Bowers

Along the Field

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

- VI. Goodbye

Caitlin Berends, Annie Bowers

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)

Arr. Annie Bowers

Caitlin Berends, Annie Bowers, Erin Elliot

Huit Morceaux

Reinhold Glière (1875–1956)

- I. Prelude
- II. Gavotte

Annie Bowers, Erin Elliot

Ave Maria

Anonymous

Attrib. Giulio Caccini (1551–1618)

Arr. Annie Bowers

*Caitlin Berends, Annie Bowers, Maddy Hitel, Daisy Zhang,
Kelly Caviness, Harriet Brennan, Erin Elliot, Dr. Peter Povey*

Three Pieces for Two Violins and Piano

Dmitri Shostakovich (1906–1975)

- I. Prelude
- II. Gavotte
- IV. Waltz

Annie Bowers, Maddy Hitel, Dr. Peter Povey

Texts and Translations

Along the Field

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
"You may, young man, you may."

Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers to-day may flower to-morrow,
But never as good as new.
Suppose I wound my arm right round
"'Tis true, young man, 'tis true."

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accouraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'amour.

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Oh, look in my eyes, then, can you doubt?
Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty,
"Good-bye, young man, good-bye."

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, soft and frail,
To your garden so beautiful
If my verses had (some) wings
Like the bird.

They would fly, sparkles
Toward your hearth which laughs
If my verses had wings
Like the mind.

Close to you, pure and faithful,
They would run, night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love.

Translated by: Berton Coffin, Werner Singer,
Pierre Delattre

Four Songs for Voice and Violin

I.

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing
To Thee a song of love longing;
Do in my heart a quick well spring
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam
Brighter than the sunnèbeam!
As thou wert born in Bethlehem
Make in me thy lovèdream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light
Thou art day withouten night;
Give me strength and eke might
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:
With love cords then draw Thou me
That I may come and dwell with Thee.

II.

My soul has nought but fire and ice
And my body earth and wood:
Pray we all the Most High King
Who is the Lord of our last doom,
That He should give us just one thing
That we may do His will.

III.

I sing of a maiden
That matchless is.
King of all Kings
Was her Son iwis.

He came all so still,
Where His mother was
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass:

He came all so still,
To His mother's bower

As dew in April
That falleth on flower.

He came all so still,
Where His mother lay
As dew in April
That formeth on spray.

Mother and maiden
Was ne'er none but she:
Well may such a lady
God's mother be.

IV.

My Leman is so true
Of love and full steadfast
Yet seemeth ever new
His love is on us cast.

I would that all Him knew
And loved Him firm and fast,
They never would it rue
But happy be at last.

He lovingly abides
Although I stay full long
He will me never chide
Although I choose the wrong.

He says "Behold, my side
And why on Rood I hung;"
For my love leave thy pride
And I thee underfong.

I'll dwell with Thee believe,
Leman, under Thy tree.
May no pain e'er me grieve
Nor make me from Thee flee.

I will in at Thy sleeve
All in Thine heart to be;
Mine heart shall burst and cleave
Ere untrue Thou me see.