

BLOOM

Phoenix Chorale and MIM Musical Instrument Museum

Thursday, April 30, 7:30 pm | MIM Music Theater

Program Note from Associate Conductor Tom Peterson

To longtime faithful concertgoers of Phoenix Chorale, to folks who are not quite sure what to expect, and to everyone in between: we are delighted to welcome you to this evening's performance. We are thrilled to share this music with you in the beautiful MIM Music Theater, and we hope that the chamber music size of the ensemble — a bouquet of ten singers — will allow you a close-up understanding and appreciation of these artists' individual voices.

Tonight's program, BLOOM, is music of flowers and springtime, and moves around the world in a journey that begins with carefree songs of exuberance and rebirth, progresses to love and its complications, and muses on flowers that herald Spring's season of renewal drawing to a close. The journey brings us to a particularly enigmatic piece, "The Summer Is Coming", by a seminal voice of 20th century choral music, Herbert Howells. At times rich and emotional, at times spare and haunting, we hope it is just one of many special blossoms in tonight's concert to delight and surprise, to evoke the joy of discovering a particularly lovely flower that is, if only for a short time, in full resplendent bloom.

PROGRAM

Springtime...

Io son la primavera (I am spring)	William Hawley (b.1950)
Gia torna (Spring returns) <i>Sung by</i> Madalyn Kiewiet, Holly Sheppard, Elijah Frank, Gabriel Frongillo, Jordan Murillo	Luca Marenzio (1533-1599)
O primavera (O Spring) <i>Sung by</i> Cara Loveless-Faulkner, Christina Hall, Anjelica Simone, Gavin Ely, Jason Raetz	Giaches de Wert (1535–1596)
Now is the month of maying	Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

...is for lovers

Mo-Li-Hua (Jasmine Flower) Madalyn Kiewiet	Chinese folksong, 18th c., arr. Hyo-Won Woo (b. 1974)
When Spring comes round	Henry Thomas Smart (1813-1879)
Ballad of Green Broom <i>from Flower Songs</i>	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
It Was a Lover and His Lass Christina Hall, Gabriel Frongillo	Ward Swingle (1927-2015)

We'll all go together

Wild Mountain Thyme

Christina Hall, Madalyn Kiewiet, Gavin Ely

Celtic Traditional, arr. Francis Shaughnessy

10-minute Intermission

Time grows short

Evening Scene

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

The Evening Primrose *from Flower Songs*

Benjamin Britten

this is the garden

Alice Parker (1925-2023)

The summer is coming

The Summer Is Coming

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Nils Lindberg (1933-2022)

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Io son la primavera (I am Spring) 1996 - William Hawley

Io son la Primavera,
Che lieta, o vaghe donne, a voi ritorno
Col mio bel manto adorno
Per vestir le campagne d'erbe e fiori
E svegliarvi nel cor novelli amori.
A me Zeffiro spira,
A me ride la terra e 'l ciel sereno;
Volan di seno in seno
Gli Amoretti vezzosi a mille mille,
Chi armato di stral, di chi faville.
E voi ancor gioite,
Godete al mio venir tra risi e canti;
Amate i vostri amanti
Or che 'l bel viso amato april v'infiora:
Primavera per voi non torna ognora.

Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)
English translation by William Hawley

I am Spring,
Who gladly, lovely women, returns to you
With my beautiful, embellished mantle
To dress the countryside in greenery and
flowers
And to arouse in your hearts new loves.
For me Zephir sighs,
For me the earth laughs, as do the serene
heavens;
From breast to breast fly
The charming Amoretti by the thousands,
Armed with arrows and with torches.
And you, again delighted,
Take pleasure in my coming amidst
laughing and song;
Love your lovers
Now, while April adorns lovely faces with
flowers:
Spring for you will not return forever.

Già torna (Spring returns) 1581- Luca Marenzio

Già torna a rallegrar l'aria e la terra,
Il giovenetto April, carico di fiori,
Il mar s'acqueta, il giel fugge sotterra,
Scherzan le vaghe ninfe e i lor pastori,
Tornan gli augelli a l'amorosa guerra,
Lieti a cantar nei mattutini albori.
Et io piango la notte e son dolente,
Tosto che'l sol si scopre in oriente.

Spring returns, with balmy zephyrs softly
breathed, April the young and gay, with
flowers wreathed,
The waves are stilled, the clouds in showers
descending,
While nymphs and jocund shepherds' songs
are blending:
Now feather'd songsters among the groves
are flying,
From bough to bough with tuneful voice
replying;
With evening's shades silence around is
falling,
Morning returns, the song of joy recalling

O primavera (O Spring) 1595 - Giaches de Wert

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno,
bella madre de' fiori,
d'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
tu ben lasso ritorni,
ma senza i cari giorni
de le speranze mie;
ché del perduto mio caro tesoro
la rimembranza misera e dolente
tu ben sei quella
ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella.
Ma non son io quel che già un tempo fui,
sì caro a gli occhi altrui.

Oh Spring, youth of the year,
lovely mother of the flowers,
of new grass and new loves:
regrettably, you come back
without the dear days
of my hopes;
because of my lost, beloved treasure
a miserable and painful memory
you are, that not long ago
was so blithe and beautiful.
But I am no longer whom I used to be,
so dear to others' eyes.

Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

Now is the month of maying 1595 - Thomas Morley

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing, *Fa la la...*
Each with his bonny lass

Upon the greeny grass, *Fa la la...*

The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, *Fa la la...*
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground, *Fa la la...*

Fie then! why sit we musing
Youth's sweet delight refusing? *Fa la la...*
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play Barley-break? *Fa la la...*

Mo-Li-Hua (Jasmine Flower) 18th century, arranged 2008 Hyo-Won Woo

<i>Hǎo yī duǒ měilì de mòlihuā</i>	What a beautiful jasmine flower
<i>fēnfāng měilì mǎn zhīyá</i>	Sweet-smelling, beautiful, stems full of buds
<i>yòu xiāng yòu báirén rén kuā</i>	Fragrant and white, everyone praises
<i>ràng wǒ lái jiāng nǐ zhāi xià</i>	Let me pluck you down
<i>sòng gěi bié rénjiā</i>	Give to someone else
<i>mòlihuā ya mòlihuā</i>	Jasmine flower, oh jasmine flower

When Spring comes round 1871 - Henry Thomas Smart

When spring comes round and leaves are green,
And cuckoos haunt the dell,
When beauty everywhere is seen,
And love is heard as well:
I'll hie me to my lady's bower,
There 'neath her casement sing:
Come forth, come forth, there needs one flower,
One flower to perfect spring!

When spring comes round I'll tell my fair:
"My heart but waits one ray
To wake a spring-time shining there,
That will not pass away;"
I'll say to her, "That love's May-hour,"
Her voice alone can bring:—
"Come forth! Come forth!" Be thou the flower,
The flower to perfect spring!

Ballad of Green Broom from Flower Songs 1950 - Benjamin Britten

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.

Anonymous

It was a lover and his lass 1984 - Ward Swingle

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,

*When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

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

William Shakespeare (1564-1616), from As You Like It

Wild Mountain Thyme 2005 - Celtic Traditional, arr. Francis Shaughnessy

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather

Refrain

Will you go, lassie, go?
And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon cool, crystal fountain
And on it, I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain

Refrain

If my true love, she was gone
I would surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme

All around the blooming heather

Refrain

Folksong, adapted from Robert Burns & Francis McPeake

Evening Scene 1905 - Edward Elgar

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir:
The river seems to think:
Athwart the dusk, broad primroses
Look coldly from the brink,
Where, list'ning to the freshet's noise,
The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past, the white moths rise
Like spirits from the ground;
The gray flies hum their weary tune,
A distant-dream-like sound;
And far, far off to the slumb'rous eve,
Bayeth an old guard-hound.

Coventry Patmore (1823-1896)

Evening Primrose *from Flower Songs* 1950 - Benjamin Britten

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the Evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The Evening Primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the Night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while Night is by;

When Day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints, and withers, and is gone.

John Clare (1793-1864)

this is the garden 2015 - Alice Parker

this is the garden:colours come and go,
frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing
strong silent greens serenely lingering,
absolute lights like baths of golden snow.
This is the garden pursed lips do blow
upon cool flutes within wide glooms,and sing
(of harps celestial to the quivering string)
invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap
and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,
in other lands where other songs be sung;
yet stand They here enraptured,as among
The slow deep trees perpetual of sleep
some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

e. e. Cummings (1894-1962)

The Summer is Coming 1965 - Herbert Howells

The summer is coming over the hills.
The milk of the blackthorn is bursting and spills;
All day the cuckoo in County Mayo
Breathes like a flute as he flits high and low.

Dark is the turf and grey is the stone,
And sad is the sky for the wild geese gone,
But the gleaming coat of the grass begins
Under the golden brooch of the whins.

The black boats walk on the silver strand,
Like beetles that go on the edge of the land;
The black boats tilt on the western waves;
Black heifers stand over the old green graves.

The summer is coming over the sea,
And lights with soft kisses on you and on me.

All day the cuckoo in County Mayo
Breathes like a flute as he flits high and low.

The summer is coming over the hills.
The milk of the blackthorn is bursting and spills;
All day the cuckoo in County Mayo
Breathes like a flute as he flits high and low.

Bryan Guinness (1905-1992)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? 1990 - Nils Lindberg

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 ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare