

The Esterházy Chamber Choir



with Clive Osgood (piano)
Directed by David Thomas

*Shakespeare's
Musick*

All Saints Centre, Lewes
Sunday 15 June 2008, 7.30 pm

The Choir

Sopranos: Cesca Eaton, Fran du Corbier, Dilys Goggins, Leanne Holmes, Jancis Ham, Alison Jeffery, Judy Mackerras, Lucy Morgan-Jones*, Andrea Thomas*

Altos: Maria Birch, Claire Champness, Sarah Jarvis, Denise Jones, Janet Ormerod*, Joyce Phillips, Grainne Sinclair, Liz Webb*

Tenors: Michael Bulman, Robert Carpenter*, John Carroll*, Charles King, Thomas Whalley

Basses: John Astbury, John Burns, Chris Dixon*, Derek Froud, Clive Osgood, James Pitman, Matthew Spencer, David Thomas*

* Octet

About The Esterházy Chamber Choir

The Esterházy Chamber Choir was founded in 1993 and is based in Lewes, East Sussex. Comprising up to 30 singers from a wide variety of backgrounds, the choir aims to perform to a professional standard whilst remaining firmly rooted in the fine English tradition of amateur music making. The choir's repertoire spans four centuries of sacred and secular music with an emphasis on *a cappella* singing.

New singers are welcomed, depending on vacancies. Entry is by audition, usually held following one of our regular rehearsals on a Wednesday evening.

The Conductor

David Thomas began his musical training as a chorister at Magdalen College, Oxford, under Dr Bernard Rose. At the age of 13 he began organ lessons with Malcolm Archer and in 1983 became Organ Scholar of The Queen's College, Oxford, studying organ with James Dalton and Kimberly Marshall and singing with Margaret Philpot as well as reading for a degree in Music. After appointments at The Leys School, Cambridge, and The King's School, Canterbury, he moved to Edinburgh to become Director of Music at Fettes College. Since 2001 he has been Headmaster of Reigate Grammar School, an independent day school in Surrey. This is his last concert with the choir.

To contact the Choir

To support the choir, to audition or to enquire about hiring the choir for weddings and other special events, please email choir@esterhazy.org.uk. To prevent your email from being identified as spam, please include the word **choir** in the subject box.

**To join our mailing list, please complete the form on your seat
and hand it in to any member of the choir.**

Programme

It was a lover and his lass
Farewell, dear love
Now is the month of Maying

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)
Robert Jones (c.1577-c.1615)
Thomas Morley

Full fathom five
Ah, Robin, gentle Robin
Come again! Sweet love doth now invite

Robert Johnson (c.1580-c.1634)
William Cornysh (1465-1523)
John Dowland (1563-1626)

Three Songs from *As You Like It*

Clive Osgood (b.1977)

FIRST PERFORMANCE

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind
2. Under the greenwood tree
3. It was a lover and his lass

Soloist: Leanne Holmes

INTERVAL

Drinks will be served during the interval

Hark! hark, the lark
Who is Silvia?
Over hill, over dale

Benjamin Cooke (1734-1793)
Samuel Webbe Junior (1770-1843)
John Hatton (1809-1886)

The isle is full of noises

Bob Chilcott (b.1955)

Songs and Sonnets of William Shakespeare

George Shearing (b.1919)

1. Live with me and be my love
2. When daffodils begin to peer
3. It was a lover and his lass
4. When daisies pied
5. Who is Silvia?
6. Fie on sinful fantasy
7. Hey, ho, the wind and the rain

Texts

It was a lover and his lass

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 (the) spring time, 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,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In (the) spring time, etc.

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 (the) spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In (the) spring time, etc.

As You Like It, Act V, Scene 3

Farewell, dear love

Farewell, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gone;
Mine eyes do show my life is almost gone.
Nay! I will never die so long as I can spy.
There be many more Though that she do go,
There be many more I fear not,
Why, then, let her go: I care not!

Farewell, farewell! since this I find is true;
I will not spend more time in wooing you,
But I will seek elsewhere If I may find her there.
Shall I bid her go? What and if I do?
Shall I bid her go, and spare not?
O, no, no, no, no, no, I dare not.

Anon.

Now is the month of Maying

Now is the month of Maying, when merry lads are playing! Fa la la la la!
Each with his bonny lass, upon the greeny grass. Fa la la la la!

The Spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at Winter's sadness! Fa la la la la!
And to the bagpipes' sound, the nymphs tread out the ground! Fa la la la la!

Fie! Then why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la la la la!
Say, dainty nymphs and speak! Shall we play barley break? Fa la la la la!

Anon., possibly by Morley

Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them – ding-dong bell.

The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2

Ah Robin, gentle Robin

Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,
Tell me how thy leman¹ doth
and thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind I wis,
Alack why is she so?
She lov'th another better than me,
and yet she will say no.

I cannot think such doubleness
for I find women true,
In faith my lady lov'th me well
she will change for no new.

Anon., quoted in Twelfth Night, Act IV, Scene 2

Come again! sweet love doth now invite

Come again! sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain;
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

??

¹ lady

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
*Heigh-bo! sing heigh-bo! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-bo! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
*Heigh-bo! sing heigh-bo! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-bo! the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

As You Like It, Act III, Scene 1

Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It, Act II, Scene 5

It was a lover and his lass

See above

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!

Cymbeline, Act II, Scene 3

Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 2

Over hill, over dale,

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through blood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moone's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene 1

The isle is full of noises

Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices.
Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises.

The Tempest, Act III, Scene 2

Live with me and be my love

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

(Love's Answer)
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

*Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh (last verse),
quoted in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III, Scene 1.*

When daffodils begin to peer²

When daffodils begin to peer³,
With heigh! the doxy⁴, over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale⁵.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging⁶ tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

The Winter's Tale, Act IV, Scene 2

² Sung by Autolycus, a small-time thief and pickpocket

³ appear

⁴ mistress or prostitute

⁵ Literally a fence or enclosure, but there is also a pun on winter's pale complexion.

⁶ may be a misprint for 'prigging', or stealing: linen thieves, or 'prygmens', often stole household linen that had been left to dry and bleach on the hedge.

It was a lover and his lass

See above

When daisies pied

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O, word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Scene 2

Who is Silvia?

See above

Fie on sinful fantasy

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire.
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher,
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V, Scene 2

Hey, ho, the wind and the rain

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
With toss pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Twelfth Night, Act V, Scene 2

Clive Osgood

After completing his undergraduate studies at Bangor University, Clive Osgood undertook an MA in Musicology at the University of Cardiff. He was then awarded an organ scholarship at Salisbury Cathedral before training to be a teacher in London. He is currently completing a Masters in composition at the University of Surrey, Guildford.

His compositions include instrumental, chamber and choral music as well as musicals. He has had music performed in several cathedrals including St Paul's and Westminster Abbey. In 2006 his anthem *Do not Fear* was performed on the Sunday Worship programme on BBC Radio 4. His most recent compositions include a cello sonata, piano quintet and these three Shakespeare songs for the Esterházy Chamber Choir.

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