



*THE BARD
IN AMERICA*

SHAKESPEARE BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS

CINCINNATI CAMERATA

BRETT SCOTT, DIRECTOR

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SU 03 MAY 2015 4.00 PM

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

2944 ERIE AVENUE, CINCINNATI, OH 45208

PROGRAM

MATTHEW HARRIS SHAKESPEARE SONGS, BOOK IV

Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind
And Will A' Not Come Again?
When Daffodils Begin to Peer †

JEFFREY VAN FOUR SHAKESPEARE SONGS

Full Fathom Five
Lawn as White as Driven Snow
Sigh No More, Ladies
O Mistress Mine

MATTHEW HARRIS SHAKESPEARE SONGS, BOOK II

Take, O, Take Those Lips Away
Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred
Under the Greenwood Tree
Come Away, Come Away, Death

GEORGE SHEARING SONGS AND SONNETS

Live With Me and Be My Love
When Daffodils Begin to Peer
It Was a Lover and His Lass
Spring
Who is Silvia?
Fie on Sinful Fantasy
Hey, Ho, the Wind and the Rain

MATTHEW HARRIS SHAKESPEARE SONGS, BOOK I

Hark, Hark! the Lark
Full Fathom Five
Who is Silvia? ‡

THE CHORUS

Brett Scott Erin Brewer

DIRECTOR **David Burch**

Janette Butler

Sujin Kim Angela Carota

ACCOMPANIST **Laura Cutshall**

John Dell

Victor De La Cruz Ellen Harrison

ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR **Brenda Huffines**

Darrin Hunter

Doug Johnson

LeeAnn Kordenbrock

Laura Lander

Betsy MacConnell

Karen Mail

Korin Mattei

Nan Merrow †

Nina Naberhaus

Penny Schenk

Adam Sherwood

Anna Sherwood

Bill Seale

Ralph Shipley ‡

Cheryl Staats

Brandon Tan †

Elizabeth Venia

Mac Wood

† *soloist in Harris "Daffodils"*

‡ *soloist in Harris "Silvia"*

THE TEXTS

Shakespeare Songs Book IV

1. *Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind*
(from *As You Like It*)

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-ho! sing, heigh-ho!
 unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most
 loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho!
 unto the green holly...

2. *And Will A' Not Come Again?*
(from *Hamlet*)

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God ha' mercy on his soul.

3. *When Daffodils Begin to Peer*
(from *The Winter's Tale*)

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! The doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
 pale.

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

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

Four Shakespeare Songs

1. *Full Fathom Five*
(from *The Tempest*)

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:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—
 Ding-dong, bell.

2. *Lawn as White as Driven Snow*
(from *A Winter's Tale*)

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quois and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy
 come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

3. *Sigh No More, Ladies*
(from *Much Ado About Nothing*)

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh nor more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never;
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into. Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into. Hey, nonny, nonny.

4. *O Mistress Mine*
(from *Twelfth Night*)

O Mistress mine where are
 you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Shakespeare Songs Book II

1. Take, O, Take Those Lips Away (from *Measure for Measure*)

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

2. Tell Me Where is Fancy Bred (from *The Merchant of Venice*)

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle, where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it – Ding, dong, bell.

Ding, dong, bell.

3. Under the Greenwood Tree (from *As You Like It*)

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.

4. Come Away, Come Away, Death (from *Twelfth Night*)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones
 shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Songs and Sonnets

1. Live with me and be my love (from *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*)

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys,
 dale and field,
And all the craggy
 mountains yield.

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

There will I make thee beds
 of roses
And 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,
Come live with me and be my Love.

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

2. When daffodils begin to peer (from *The Winter's Tale*)

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! The doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the
 winter's pale.

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

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

3. *It was a lover and his lass*
(from *As You Like It*)

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a
 hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field
 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, 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 life was but a flower
In the spring time, 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 crown'd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty
 ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a
 ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

4. *Spring*
(from *Love's Labour's Lost*)

When daisies pied and violets blue
And ladysmocks all silverwhite
And cuckoobuds 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 Ploughmen'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!

5. *Who is Silvia?*
(from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The [heavens] such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd 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 helped, 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.

6. *Fie on sinful fantasy*
(from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*)

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 villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and
 turn him about,
Till candles and star-light and
 moonshine be out.

7. *Hey, ho, the wind and the rain*
(from *Twelfth Night*)

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 gate,
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.

Shakespeare Songs Book I

1. Hark, Hark! The Lark (from *Cymbeline*)

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!

2. Full Fathom Five (from *The Tempest*)

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:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell.

3. Who is Silvia? (from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd 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 helped, 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.

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THANKS

- > Mt. Auburn Presbyterian Church for giving us a place to learn, discern and find beauty.
- > Church of the Redeemer who provided us a lovely place to sing and to ply in drink & commerce!
- > The many donors who shared their gifts with us for this auction event.
- > Our director Brett Scott and accompanist Sujin Kim for another wonderful year of music.
- > Penny Schenk for her determination through broken bones (literally!) to make our concert / auction a success.
- > Mary Sweet for donating SBM Management Services cleaning help.
- > Darrin Hunter and Cheryl Staats for ongoing graphics and concert program production.
- > The Bard himself for inspiring generations of artists, musicians, actors, and writers.
- > Our husbands, wives, partners, friends and families for continued love and support.
- > You, for being here, sharing this music with us, and supporting our cause.

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Stay tuned to the Cincinnati Camerata website. We'll be announcing our entire 2015-16 season on the web this summer!

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Did you like what you heard enough to join us? Then, set up an audition with Brett Scott, our director. Auditions are held on a rotating basis at a time of your convenience. More information is available on the Camerata website.

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