

personnel

soprano

Taylor Cooper
Karin Kanneberg
Laura McGowan
Taylor Mercier
Susan Page
Catherine Rogers

tenor

Randy Canady
Andrew Davis
Brian Dean
George Fidler
Drew Hillis
Walter Turner, II

alto

Jan Curtis
Rebecca Davis
J. René Johnson
Kenna Kinsey
Susan McCain
Laura McGowan

bass

Daniel Bolta
Richard Cheong
Raymond R. Ellis, jr.
Apollo Appolito
Kyle Siddons
Joseph Timmons

Kyle Siddons, rehearsal accompanist

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Messiah Lutheran Church, Jason Talsness, pastor

Rehearsal Accompanist – Kyle Siddons

Rehearsal Space – St. John's Episcopal Church

Publicity – Kenna Kinsey, Drew Hillis

Poster Design: Katelynn Moore



Robert L. Harris, conductor

presents

Serenade to Spring

Friday, May 31, 2019
Messiah Lutheran Church

www.icantorisavannah.com

program

Ecco la primavera

Francesco Landini
(c1335-1397)

In the merry Spring

Thomas Ravenscroft
(1582-1633)

To former joy

Michael Cavendish
(1565-1628)

A little pretty bonny lass

John Farmer
(1570-1601)

It was a lover and his lasse

Thomas Morley

Now Is the month of Maying

(1557-1602)

Frühlingslied

Felix Mendelssohn

Andenken

(1809-1847)

Die Nachtigal

Frühzeitiger frühling

O süsßer Mai

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Rise Up, My Love

Eliza DeRienzo, flute

James McCray

(1938-2018)

Suite for Flute and Piano

Eliza DeRienzo, flute

Kyle Siddons, piano

Claude Bolling

(1930-)

Spring Song (The Lark)

Joseph Timmons, countertenor

Leonard Bernstein

(1918-1990)

Spring

It was a Lover and His Lass

Brian Dean piano

George Shearing

(1919-2011)

A Little Pretty Bonny Lass

A little pretty bonny lass was walking in midst of May
before the Sun 'gan rise:
I took her by the hand, and fell to talking o this and that,
as best I could devise.
I swore I would, yet still she said I should not
do what I would, and yet for all I could not.

I was a Lover and His Lasse

It was a lover and his lasse,
With a hay, with a ho, and a hay nonie no,
That o'er the green corne ields did passé
In spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hay ding a ding a ding.
Sweete lovers love the spring.

Between the Akers of the rie, With a hay...
These pretty Countrie fooles would lie In spring...
In sprng time ...

This Carrell they began that houre, with a hay...
How that a life was but a chance, In spring ...
In spring time ...

Now Is the Month of Maying

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing, fa, la, la...
Each with his bonny lass, A dancing on the grass.

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

Fie, then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing, fa, la, la...
Say dainty nymphs and speak, Shall we play barley break?

Rise Up, My Love, My Fair One (Song of Solomon)

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For lo! The winter is past, And the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come.
And the voice of the turtle[dove] is heard in the land.
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Spring Song (The Lark)

Awke, Spring has returned.
Praise God! Alleluia

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
And ladysmocks all silver white
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! 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 . . .

It Was a Lover and His Lass (see above)

Frühzeitiger Frühling

Days full of wonder, will you come soon?
Will you bring sunshine, and a bright moon?
Flowing so gently streams as well,
Are these the meadows, is that the dell?

Coolness so azure! Heaven and sky!
Gold colored fishes swimming nearby.
Bright colored feathers sway to the ground;
Heavenly songs meanwhile resound.

Under the green and unfolding power
Bees sipping nectar hum by the hour!
Movement so gentle stirs in the air,
Fragrances drifting, float everywhere.

Now there's a cool, stronger breeze flowing by,
And in the greenwood wafting on high;
Happiness now to my heart returns.
Help me, oh Muses, how my heart yearns!

What has transpired, oh tell if you dare.
Dearest so charming my love is there!

O süsser Mai

O sweet May streaming freely
I stand closed-mouth, my eyes querulous
I see neither your green array
Your colorful blossoming splendor
Nor your blue skies; to the earth I gaze.

O sweet May,
release me like a song along the dark hedge.

Ecco la primavera

Spring has come apace to waken hearts to gladness;
Time for lovers' madness and to wear a happy face.

The elements together are beckoning to mirth;
In this delightful weather, delight pervades the earth.

The grass in fresh rebirth helps meadows come a-flower
And every branch and bower, is decked with kindred grace.

In the merry spring

In the merry Spring, A shepherd thus did sing:
I am young and debonair. Fye away, fye away ...
Will you love me, lady fair?

No, no, not I.
My freedom is a dainty jewel. Out alas, you are too cruel!
Hark, how the birds do sing: Love is a pretty thing, fye,
Ne'er was a youth so true; Wilt thou not let him woo?

No, no, no, not I.

When the Spring was o'er, The lady sighed full sore,
Art thou gone, young shepherd swain?
Will thou not come back again?

No, no, not I.
Too long I've born thy proud disdain, Out, alas, I meant but feigning.
Tho' 'tis no longer Spring, Love is a pretty thing, Fye away ...
I'll not say no again, Try me, dear shepherd swain?

No, no, no, not I.

To former joy

To former joy now turns the grove, the fountain.
The jolly fresh April, now laden with flowers.
To former joy . . .

The seas are calm, hoar-frost falls from the mountain,
Shepherds and nymphs walk to their wanton bowers
But I all night in tears my pillow steeping,
Soon as the sun appears, renew my weeping.

Frühlingslied (Spring Song)

Through mountain and valley will I roam in the spring day's splendor,
Where creation, young again, laughs in the meadows and woods.

In the blissful sea of fragrance pouring from every bloom
Full immersion will I seek, till my soul's thirst is quenched.

Till I drown in the balmy sent of flowers And rise again,
Renewed in you, you darling air of spring.

Andenken (Remembrance)

The trees are greening in the vale, The flowers bloom again,
And now once more the nightingale Will sing his old refrain.
Oh, who yet sings and laughs is blest; His heart by spring is still caressed,

All nature that in slumber lay Again to life will waken,
And in the grove gay blossoms will In sun's embrace be taken.
No birds, no blooms for me are fair, I miss you, miss you everywhere.

Oh dearest heart, in your embrace Shall I no more find pleasure?
Now spring for me has lost its grace; No blooms nor songs I treasure.

Pray what can springtime be for me? Without you springtime cannot be!
What good is springtime, missing you? There is no springtime, but with you!

Die Nachtigal

The nightingale had gone afar
Spring summons her back
She has learned nothing new,
She sings the old beloved songs.