

**Programma Concert St. Jan de Doperkerk te Ottersum**

**20 augustus 2023 – Jasper Dijkstra (Tenor) & Jos Maters (Orgel)**

***A. Hollins (1865-1942)***

*Concert Overture no.2 in c minor*

**I. Gurney (1890-1937)**

Five Elisabethan Songs

1. Orpheus with his Lute
2. Tears
3. Under the Greenwood Tree
4. Sleep
5. Spring

***P. Whitlock (1903-1946)***

*Fantasie Choral no.2 in f-sharp minor*

**G. Finzi (1901-1956)**

Uit 'A Young Man's Exhortation'

1. A Young Man's Exhortation
2. Ditty
3. Budmouth Dears

***F. Bridge (1879-1941)***

*Adagio in E*

**W. Aikin (1857-1939)**

Shall I compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

## Teksten van de liederen

### I. Gurney - Orpheus with his lute

*Auteur: J. Fletcher (1579-1625), vaak verkeerd toegeschreven aan Shakespeare*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art:  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

### I. Gurney - Tears

*Auteur: Anoniem/J. Dowland? (1563-1626)*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

### I. Gurney - Under the Greenwood Tree

*Auteur: W. Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

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 pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

### **I. Gurney - Sleep**

*Auteur: J. Fletcher (1579-1625)*

Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding!

### **I. Gurney - Spring**

*Auteur: T. Nashe (1567-1601)*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

**G. Finzi - A Young Man's Exhortation**

*Auteur: T. Hardy (1840-1928)*

Call off your eyes from care  
By some determined deftness; put forth joys  
Dear as excess without the core that cloys,  
And charm Life's lourings fair.

Exalt and crown the hour  
That girdles us, and fill it with glee,  
Blind glee, excelling aught could ever be,  
Were heedfulness in power.

Send up such touching strains  
That limitless recruits from Fancy's pack  
Shall rush upon your tongue, and tender back  
All that your soul contains.

For what do we know best?  
That a fresh love-leaf crumpled soon will dry,  
And that men moment after moment die,  
Of all scope dispossess.

If I have seen one thing  
It is the passing preciousness of dreams;  
That aspects are within us; and who seems  
Most kingly is the King.

**G. Finzi - Ditty**

*Auteur: T. Hardy (1840-1928)*

Beneath a knap where flown  
Nestlings play,  
Within walls of weathered stone,  
Far away  
From the files of formal houses,  
By the bough the firstling browses,  
Lives a Sweet: no merchants meet,  
No man barter, no man sells  
Where she dwells.

Upon that fabric fair  
"Here is she!"  
Seems written everywhere  
Unto me.  
But to friends and nodding neighbours,  
Fellow wights in lot and labours,  
Who descry the times as I,  
No such lucid legend tells  
Where she dwells.

Should I lapse to what I was  
Ere we met;  
(Such will not be, but because  
Some forget  
Let me feign it) - none would notice  
That where she I know by rote is  
Spread a strange and withering change,  
Like a drying of the wells  
Where she dwells.

To feel I might have kissed -  
Loved as true -  
Otherwhere, nor Mine have missed  
My life through,  
Had I never wandered near her,  
Is a smart severe - severer  
In the thought that she is nought,  
Even as I, beyond the dells  
Where she dwells.

And Devotion droops her glance  
To recall  
What bond-servants of Chance  
We are all.  
I but found her in that, going  
On my errant path unknowing,  
I did not out-skirt the spot  
That no spot on earth excels -  
Where she dwells!

### **G. Finzi - Budmouth Dears**

*Auteur: T. Hardy (1840-1928)*

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,  
O, the girls were fresh as peaches,  
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue and brown!  
And our hearts would ache with longing  
As we paced from our sing-songing,  
With a smart Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down.

They distracted and delayed us  
By the pleasant pranks they played us,  
And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of renown,  
On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,  
Should forget the countersign, O,  
As we tore Clink! Clink! back to camp above the town.

Do they miss us much, I wonder,  
Now that war has swept us sunder,  
And we roam from where the faces smile to where the faces frown?

And no more behold the features  
Of the fair fantastic creatures,  
And no more Clink! Clink! past the parlours of the town?

Shall we once again there meet them?  
Falter fond attempts to greet them?  
Will the gay sling-jacket glow again beside the muslin gown?  
Will they archly quiz and con us  
With a sideway glance upon us,  
While our spurs Clink! Clink! up the Esplanade and down?

**W. Aikin - Sonnet XVIII - Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?**

*Auteur: W. Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

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 shall breathe or eyes can see,  
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.