

Saturday 24th October 2020 3pm Concert St Marys Penzance

Performers:

Colin Wilson : Counter Tenor

Nigel Wicken: Piano /Harpsichord/Organ

Martin White: Violin

Patrick Gale: Cello

Programme Words and Translations

1. Music for a While Henry Purcell

Music, Music for a while. Shall all your cares beguile wondering how your pains were eased and disdaining to be pleased till Alecto free the dead from their eternal bands, till the snakes drop from her head and the whip from out their hands. Music for a while. Shall all your cares beguile.

2. Come Away Death Gerald Finzi

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 seek, 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!

3. **Fear no more the heat O the sun** Gerald Finzi

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly task has done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great; Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must all follow this and come to dust.
Fear no more the lightning flash, nor the all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander censure rash; Thou has finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee! Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Ghost unlaid forbear
thee! Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have; And renowned be thy grave!

4. **King David** Herbert Howells

King David was a sorrowful man: No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps to ease his melancholy
They played till they all fell silent: Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David they could not charm away; .
He rose; and in his garden walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree jargoned on and on.
King David lifted his sad eyes into the dark boughed tree 'Tell me, thou little bird
that singest, Who taught my grief to thee?' But the bird in no wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

5. **Qual Nave** George Frederic Handel

Qual Nave smarrita trasirtie tempesta
The vessel storm driven o'er quick sands lee shoreward.
Ne luce ne porto glitoglieil timor,
No lighthouse, no shelter can rescue from care,
Tal io senz'aita, fra doglie funest,
So I who have striven, drift hopelessly forward
Non trovo conforo al miserocor
mid lifes angry welter, my heart in despair.

6. **Solo for Violin & continuo No.4** John Stanley

7. **Scherza Infida** George Frederic Handel

Scherza infidain grembo al drudo, io tradito a morte in braccio per tua coloa ora men vo
Enjoy yourself, o faithless one, in the arms of your lover betrayed by you, I will now give myself up to death's embrace.
Ma a spezzar l'indegno laccio, ombra mesta e spirito ignudo, per tua pena io tornero.
But, in order to break this shameful tie, a sad and bereaved spirit, I will return to punish you.

8. **Agnus Dei** Johan Sebastian Bach

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world have mercy on us.

9. **Sovente il Sole** Antonio Vivaldi

Sovente, il sole risplende in cielo, piu bello e vago (caro) se oscura nube gia l'offusco.
Often the sun shines in the sky, more beautiful and vague (beloved) if a dark cloud has managed to obscure it.
E il mar, tranquillo, quasi senza onda talor si scorge, si ria procella pria lo turbo.
And the sea, all calm, almost without any waves can be seen at times, as if a nasty storm had unsettled it beforehand.

10. **Alto Giove**

Nicola Porpora

Alto Giove è tua grazia, è tuo vanto, il gran dono di vita immortale,
che il tuo cenno sovrano mi fà. Ma il rendermi poi quella già sospirata tanto
Diva amorose e bella, è un senza uguale come la tua beltà.

*Mighty Jove, the great gift of immortal life that your sovereign command
granted me is your blessing and your glory. But to give me that beautiful, loving
goddess I so sighed for is a gift beyond compare, as is your magnificence.*

11. **Evening Hymn**

Henry Purcell

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?

Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

*Grateful Thanks to St Marys church for hosting this concert and live streaming.
The recording will be available afterwards on the Penlee cluster website.*