

# Singing of Spring

Samantha Hornback, soprano

Chia-Yu Tsai, piano

My Master Hath a Garden  
Isaac Greentree (An Epitaph)  
I Do

Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

## *Chansons de Ronsard*

- I. A Une Fontaine
- II. A Cupidon
- III. Tais-toi, babillarde
- IV. Dieu vos gard'

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

The Year's at the Spring  
Meadow-Larks

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*  
Come now a roundel  
Be kind and courteous

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

## *Songs About Spring*

- I. who knows if the moon's a balloon
- II. spring is like a perhaps hand
- III. when spring comes
- IV. In-just spring
- V. when faces called flowers float out of the ground

Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

Wednesday, May 1, at 7:30 pm  
Emmanuel Episcopal Church

**My Master Hath a Garden**

My Master hath a garden  
Full-filled with diverse flowers,  
Where thou may'st gather posies gay  
All times and hours.  
Where nought is heard but paradise bird,  
Harp, dulcimer and lute,  
With cymbal and timbrel,  
And the gentle sounding flute.

O Jesus, Lord, my heal and weal,  
My bliss complete,  
Make thou my heart thy garden plot,  
True, fair and neat,  
That I may hear this music clear,  
Harp, dulcimer and lute,  
With cymbal and timbrel,  
And the gentle sounding flute.

**Isaac Greentree**

In springtime comes the gentle rain,  
Soothing honey sweet breeze and sheltering sun.

Beneath these trees rising to the skies,  
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree lies.  
The time shall come when the trees shall fall  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

**I Do**

I'll mail lilacs & lilies  
& roses to you,  
& great big hats  
with ribbons of blue

will express brass & tympani  
and the honey sax  
if you vow to espouse  
the king of the cats

you'll sit on a throne  
of diamonds and moss  
& your crown'll be gold,  
sprinkled with dross.

this offer comes once  
in a lifetime or two  
pin on your wings  
& say I do.

### **A Une Fontaine**

Ecoute moi, fontaine vive,  
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent  
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive  
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent;

Quand l'Été ménager moissonne  
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,  
Et l'aire par compas resonance  
Gémissant sous le blé battu,

Ainsi toujours puisses tu être  
En religion à tous ceux  
Qui te boiront ou fairont paitre  
Tes verts rivage à leurs boeufs

Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit, au fond d'un val,  
Les nymphes, près de ton repaire,  
A mille bonds, mener le bal.

### **A Cupidon**

Le jour pousse la nuit  
Et la nuit sombre  
Pousse le jour qui luit  
D'une obscure ombre.

L'automne suit l'été,  
Et l'âpre rage  
Des vents n'a point été  
Après l'orage.

Mais la fièvre d'amours  
Qui me tourmente,  
Demeurs en moi toujours,  
Et ne s'alente.

Ce n'était pas moi, Dieu,  
Qu'il fallait poindre,  
Ta flèche en d'autre lieu  
Se devait joindre.

Poursuis les paresseux  
Et les amuse,  
Mais non pas moi, ni ceux  
Qu'aime la Muse.

But listen, lively little fountain,  
Who dost my thirst so oft appease,  
Reclining here beneath the mountain,  
Idle in the refreshing breeze.

When frugal summer is reclaiming  
The fruit of Ceres' bared breast,  
With every threshing floor exclaiming  
Beneath the weight of her bequest.

O thus may thou remain forever,  
A sacred place for all those,  
Who, sick with life's eternal fever,  
Share thy discourse, thy repose.

And may the moon at midnight, glancing  
Upon the valley always see  
The nymphs that rally here for dancing  
To leap and bound in revelry.

The day pursues the night,  
And evening's shades  
In turn put day to flight  
As sunlight fades,

So summer yields to fall,  
No sound of thunder,  
No rain, nor windy squall  
Bursts calm asunder.

But the fever of love  
Torments me still  
A thing I can't remove,  
Do what I will.

It was not at me, Boy,  
You should have aimed  
Some other might enjoy  
Being thus maimed.

Pursue some idle beaux  
Whom it assumes,  
But neither me nor those  
Loved of the muses.

### **Tais-Toi, Babillarde**

Tais-toi, babillarde arondelle,  
Ou bien je plumerai ton aile  
Si je t'empongne, ou d'couteau  
Je te couperai la languette,  
Qui matin sans repos caquette,  
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.

Je te preste ma cheminée  
Pour chanter toute la journée,  
De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.  
Mais au matin ne me reveille  
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille  
Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

### **Dieu Vous Gard'**

Dieu vous gard', messenger fidèles  
Du printemps, gentes hirondelles,  
Huppés, coucous, rossignoles,  
Tourterelles et vous oiseaux sauvages  
Qui de cent sortes de ramages  
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,  
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,  
Et vous, boutons jadis connus  
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse;  
Et vous, thym, anis et méflisse,  
Vous soyez les vien revenus.

Dieu vous gard' troupe diaprée  
Des papillons, qui par la prée  
Les douces herbes sucotez;  
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,  
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles  
De votre bouche baisotez.

Cent mille fois je resalue  
Votre belle et douce venue.  
O que j'aime cette saison  
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,  
Au prix des vents et des orages  
Qui m'enfermaient à la maison.

Be still you noisy little thing,  
Or I shall pluck your pretty wing  
First chance I get, or with one stroke  
I'll close for good that busy bill  
That prattle from the window sill  
And makes my morning sleep a joke.

These in my chimney make your nest,  
And sing all day without a rest,  
All evening too, I shall not chide,  
But in the morning please be fair  
And let there be no music there  
To steal Cassandra from my side.

God keep you, you who never fail  
To herald spring, lyric nightingale.  
Swallows, cuckoos, happy peewees,  
You doves, wild birds now northward winging,  
Who with a hundred kinds of singing  
Animate the air and the trees.

God keep you in your lovely bowers,  
Pretty roses, all fragrant flowers,  
And you, new bud, in whose soft win  
Flows blood of Ajax and Narcissus,  
And you, thyme, anis and melissa,  
May you always come back again.

God keep you, pretty company  
Of butterflies who in the lea  
Now suck the herbs' sweet fragrant food,  
And bees invading pretty bowers  
To steal the fruit of laden flowers  
And store it safe within the wood.

A thousand times I greet anew,  
Your lovely, gentle spring debut,  
What lively thoughts does spring arouse  
With the sweet discourse of the stream  
'Tis worth the winter's sombre dream  
Which kept me shuttered in the house.

**The Year's at the Spring**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

**Meadow-Larks**

Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
O happy that I am!  
(Listen to the meadow-larks,  
across the fields that sing!)  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
O subtle breath of balm,  
O winds that blow,  
O buds that grow,  
O rapture of the spring!  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
O skies serene and blue,  
That shut the radiant pastures in,  
that fold the mountain's crest!  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
What of the clouds ye knew?  
The vessels ride a golden tide  
Upon a sea at rest.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
Who prates of care and pain?  
Who says that life is sorrowful?  
O life, so glad, so fleet!  
Ah! he who leads the noblest life  
Finds life the noblest gain,  
The tears of pain a tender rain  
To make its waters sweet.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
O happy world that is!  
Dear heart! I hear across the fields  
my mateling pipe and call.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
O world so full of bliss,  
O world so full of bliss!  
For life is love, the world is love,  
And love is over all,  
For life is love, the world is love,  
And love is over all!

**Come now a roundel**

Come now a roundel and a fairy song,  
Then, for the third part of a minute: Hence!  
Some to kill cankers in the musk rosebuds  
Some war with rermice for their leathern wings to  
make my small elves coats,  
And some keep back the clam'rous owl that  
nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits.  
Sing me now asleep, then to your offices and let  
me rest!

**Be kind and courteous**

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.  
The honeybags steel from the humble bees  
And for night tapers crop, their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the firey glow-worms eyes.  
To have my love to bed and to arise  
Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

### **Who knows**

who knows if the moon's  
a balloon, coming out of a keen city  
in the sky—filled with pretty people?  
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they  
should take me and take you into their balloon,  
why then  
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:  
go sailing  
away and away sailing into a keen  
city which nobody's ever visited,  
where

always  
it's  
Spring) and everyone's  
in love and flowers pick themselves

### **Spring is like a perhaps hand**

Spring is like a perhaps hand  
(which comes carefully  
out of Nowhere) arranging  
a window, into which people look (while  
people stare  
arranging and changing placing  
carefully there a strange  
thing and a known thing here) and

changing everything carefully

spring is like a perhaps  
Hand in a window  
(carefully to  
and from moving New and  
Old things, while  
people stare carefully  
moving a perhaps  
fraction of flower here placing  
an inch of air there) and

without breaking anything.

### **In Just-Spring**

in Just-  
spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee —

and eddie and bill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful  
the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far and wee  
and betty and isbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the

goat-footed

balloonman whistles  
far  
and  
wee

### **In Spring comes**

in

Spring comes(no-one

asks his name)

a mender  
of things

with eager  
fingers(with  
patient  
eyes)re

-new-

ing remaking what  
other

-wise we should  
have  
thrown a-

way(and whose

brook  
-bright flower-  
soft bird  
-quick voice loves

children  
and sunlight and

mountains)in april(but  
if he should  
Smile)comes

nobody'll know

### **In Just-Spring**

in Just-

spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee —

### **When faces called flowers**

when faces called flowers float out of the ground  
and breathing is wishing and wishing is having-  
but keeping is downward and doubting and never  
-it's april(yes,april;my darling)it's spring!  
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly  
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be  
(yes the mountains are dancing together)

when every leaf opens without any sound  
and wishing is having and having is giving-  
but keeping is doting and nothing and nonsense  
-alive;we're alive,dear:it's(kiss me now)spring!  
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he  
now the little fish quiver so you and so i  
(now the mountains are dancing, the mountains)

when more than was lost has been found has  
been found  
and having is giving and giving is living-  
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing  
-it's spring(all our night becomes day)o,it's spring!  
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky  
all the little fish climb through the mind of the sea  
(all the mountains are dancing;are dancing)

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful  
the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
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