



Colchester Chamber Choir

Director Roderick Earle

## SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

3 A cappella korsange                      Wilhelm Stenhammar

September

I seraillets have

Havde jeg, o havde jeg

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Camille Saint-Saëns

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Frank Bridge

### 3 A cappella korsange Wilhelm Stenhammar (words by JP Jacobsen)

#### September

Alle de voksende skygger  
har vævet sig sammen til en,  
ensom paa himmelen lyser  
en stjerne saa straalande ren,  
skyerne have saa tunge drømme,  
blomsternes øjne i duggraad svømme,  
underligt aftenvinden suser,  
suser i linden.

All the growing shadows have  
Woven themselves into one,  
Alone in the sky shines  
A star so bright and pure.  
The skies have such heavy dreams,  
Dew flows from flowers' eyes,  
And sadly sighs the evening breeze  
Sighs, sighs in the lime-tree.

#### I Seraillets Have

Rosen sænker sit hoved  
tungt af dug og duft,  
og pinjerne svaje så tyst  
og mat i lumre luft.  
Kilderne vælte det tunge  
sølv i døsigt ro,  
minareterne pege mod himlen  
op i tyrketro,  
og halvmånen driver så jævnt  
afsted over det jævne blå  
og den kysser rosers og liljers flok,  
alle de blomster små  
i seraillets have, i seraillets have.

The rose lowers its head,  
heavy with dew and scent,  
And the pines sway mutely  
and dully in the sultry air.  
The fountains tumble  
the heavy silver in sleepy calm,  
The minarets point to the heavens  
in their blind faith,  
And the half-moon drifts  
smoothly across the smooth blue  
And it kisses the flocks of roses and lilies,  
All the tiny flowers  
In the Harem garden.

#### Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!  
og en Kiste med mange, mange Penge,  
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Datter, o ja,  
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge.  
Tra la la la la la

If I had, oh if I had a grandson, oh!  
And a chest with lots of money,  
I would surely have a daughter, oh,  
And a house and home and meadows.  
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Datterlil, o ja!  
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge,  
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Kærrest, o ja!  
med Kister med mange, mange Penge.  
Tra la la la la la

If I'd had, oh if I'd had a daughter, oh!  
And a house and home and meadows,  
I'd surely have had a lover, too, oh!  
And chests with lots of money.  
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

O havde jeg en Dattersøn

Oh, if I had a grandson!

### **Calme des nuits** Camille Saint-Saëns (words anon.)

Calme des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,	Stillness of the night, cool of the evening,
Vaste scintillement des mondes,	Vast shimmering of the spheres,
Grand silence des antres noirs	Great silence of black vaults
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.	Deep thinkers delight in you.
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,	The bright sun, merriment,
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;	And noise amuse the more frivolous;
Le poète seul est hanté	Only the poet is possessed
Par l'amour des choses tranquilles.	By the love of quiet things.

### **Les fleurs et les arbres** Camille Saint-Saëns (words anon.)

Les fleurs et les arbres,	The flowers and the trees,
Les bronzes, les marbres,	The bronzes, the marbles,
Les ors, les émaux,	The golds, the enamels,
La mer, les fontaines,	The sea, the fountains (waterfalls),
Les monts et les plaines	The mountains and the plains
Consolent nos maux.	Console our pain.
Nature éternelle	Eternal nature,
Tu sembles plus belle	You seem more beautiful
Au sein des douleurs,	To a heart in sorrow,
Et l'art nous domine,	And art reigns over us,
Sa flamme illumine	Its flame illuminates
Le rire et les pleurs.	The laughter and tears.

### **Romance du soir** Camille Saint-Saëns (words by Jean-Louis Croze)

La romance du soir dans les airs s'évapore	The evening romance disappears into air,
Mille voix a la nuit qui déjà atteint	As a chorus of voices takes up its refrain
doucement vont la dire encore	From the new-fallen dusk
jusqu'au matin	To the first morning light.
Aux lèvres des amants, les baisers ont fleuri	On the lips of lovers, kisses have blossomed;
De ce bruit divin, l'ombre est pleine.	The shadows are full of this heavenly sound;
La rose en s'effeuillant exhale son haleine.	The rose, as its petals fall, sighs out its breath,
Les enfants en dormant à leur mère ont souri.	Happy children, asleep, give their mother a smile.
Au bord de l'étang, la lune se penche	The moon peers over the edge of the pool
par dessus le front des saules d'argent;	With silvery willows adorning its fringe;
le poète rêve et croit voir, Songeant	The poet, in reverie, stares at his mirror
devant son miroir, Quelque dame blanche.	And therein sees a white lady, unknown.

## Drei gemischte Chöre Clara Schumann (words by Gerd Nauhaus)

### Abendfeier in Venedig

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel ruhn,  
Von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton,  
Ave Maria! Laßt vom irdschen Tun,  
Zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn,  
Des Himmels Scharen selber knien nun  
Mit Lilienstäben vor des Vaters Thron,  
Und durch die Rosenwolken wehn die Lieder  
Der selgen Geister feierlich hernieder.  
O heil'ge Andacht, welche jedes Herz  
Mit leisen Schauern wunderbar durchdringt!  
O selger Glaube, der sich himmelwärts  
Auf des Gebetes weissem Fittig schwingt!  
In milde Tränen löst sich da der Schmerz,  
Indes der Freude Jubel sanfter klingt.  
Ave Maria! Erd und Himmel schienen,  
bei diesem Laut sich liebend zu ver einen.

Ave Maria! Sea and sky are at rest,  
Bells ring out from all the towers.  
Ave Maria! Leave all earthly activity,  
Pray to the Virgin, to the Virgin's Son!  
The angelic throng now is kneeling  
With lilies wrapped around their staves,  
And through the roseate clouds, the songs  
Of blessed spirits float ceremoniously down.  
Oh holy devotion, which marvelously enters  
Every heart with a quiet shiver!  
Oh holy faith that soars toward heaven  
On the white wings of prayer!  
There pain dissolves into mild tears,  
While joy resounding rings more sweetly out.  
Ave Maria! Earth and heaven seem  
To be united in love by this harmony.

### Vorwärts

Lass das Träumen, lass das Zagen,  
Unermüdet wandre fort!  
Will die Kraft dir schier versagen,  
'Vorwärts' ist das rechte Wort.  
Darfst nicht weilen, wenn die Stunde  
Rosen dir entgegenbringt,  
Wenn dir aus des Meeres Grunde  
Die Sirene lockend singt.  
Vorwärts, vorwärts! Im Gesange  
Ringe mit dem Schmerz der Welt,  
Bis auf deine heise Wange  
Goldner Strahl von oben fällt.  
Bis der Kranz, der dichtbelaubte,  
Schattig deine Stirn umweht,  
Bis verklärend überm Haupte  
Dir des Geistes Flamme schwebt.

Leave off dreaming, leave off hesitating,  
Wander on tirelessly!  
When your strength is nearly failing,  
'Onward' is the right word.  
You must not tarry when the hour  
Brings you roses;  
When from the depths of the sea  
The siren tempts you.  
Onward, onward! In song  
Wrestle with the pain of the world,  
Until upon your burning cheek  
Falls the golden beam from above.  
Until the wreath, thick with leaves,  
Waves about and shadows your brow.  
Until your head is transfigured  
By the flame of the spirit hovering above it.

Vorwärts drum durch Feindes Zinnen,  
Vorwärts durch des Todes Pein,  
Wer den Himmel will gewinnen,  
Muss ein rechter Kämpfer sein!

### **Gondoliera**

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht  
Wandelt das Sternenheer,  
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht  
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz,  
Sanft spielt der goldne Schein,  
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein Herz  
Mit in die Lust hinein.

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht  
Wandelt das Sternenheer,  
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht  
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Das ist für Liebende die Stund',  
Liebchen, wie ich und du;  
So friedlich blaut des Himmels Rund,  
Es schläft das Meer in Ruh.

Und wie es schläft, da sagt der Blick,  
Was nie die Zunge spricht,  
Die Lippe zieht sich nicht zurück,  
Und wehrt dem Kusse nicht.

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht  
Wandelt das Sternenheer,  
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht  
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Onward then through the foe's battlements,  
Onward through the pain of death,  
Those who wish to win Heaven,  
Must be true warriors!

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;  
Sweet! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolas  
O'er the moonlight sea.  
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,  
Beneath that glancing ray,  
With sound of lutes and mandolins,  
To steal young hearts away.

Then, come to me when daylight sets;  
Sweet! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolas  
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then is the hour for those who love,  
Sweet, like thee and me;  
When all's so calm below, above,  
In Heaven and o'er the sea.

When maiden's sing sweet barcarolles,  
And Echo sings again  
So sweet, that all with ears and souls  
Should love and listen then.

So, come to me when daylight sets;  
Sweet! then come to me,  
When smoothly go our gondolas  
O'er the moonlit sea.

**Esti Dal** Zoltan Kodaly (words from Hungarian folk song)

Erdő mellett estvéledtem,	Nearby the forest night found me,
Subám fejem alá tettem.	I lay my head upon my cloak.
Összetettem két kezemet,	I folded my hands together,
Úgy kértem jó Istenemet:	And so I asked my gracious God:
Én Istenem, adjál szállást	My God, give me a dwelling!
Már meguntam a járkálást;	I am tired of roaming;
A járkálást, a bujdosást,	Of roaming and hiding,
Az idegen földön lakást.	In an unknown land abiding.
Adjon Isten jó éjszakát,	May God grant me a good night,
Küldje hozzám szent angyalát:	May He send me His holy angel:
Bátorítsa szívünk álmát;	May He encourage the dreams in our hearts;
Adjon Isten jó éjszakát!	May God grant us a good night!

**As torrents in summer** Edward Elgar (words by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

As torrents in summer, half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, tho' the sky is still cloudless.  
For rain has been falling, far off at their fountains.  
So hearts that are fainting grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that behold it, marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains far off has been raining!

**Autumn** Frank Bridge (words by Percy Bysshe Shelley)

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing  
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying  
And the Year  
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead  
Is lying  
Come, Months, come away  
From November to May  
In your saddest array;  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead cold Year  
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling  
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
For the Year;  
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
To his dwelling;  
Come, Months, come away;  
Put on white, black, and gray;  
Let your light sisters play—  
Ye, follow the bier  
Of the dead cold Year  
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

**The shower** Edward Elgar (words by Henry Vaughan)

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train  
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep  
O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;  
Perhaps at last,  
Some such showers past,  
My God would give a sunshine after rain.

**The bee** Frank Bridge (words by Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

The bee buzzed up in the heat.  
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."  
The flower said, "Take it, my dear;  
For now is the spring of the year.  
So, come, come!  
"Hum!"  
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.  
And the bee buzzed up in the cold.  
When the flower was withered and old.  
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"  
She said, "It's the fall of the year,  
But come, come!"  
"Hum!"  
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

# FUTURE CONCERTS

## RACHMANINOFF VESPERS

concert by candlelight

Saturday 19 October 2019 at 7.30pm

St John's Catholic Cathedral, Norwich

a repeat performance of our concert in Coggeshall in January this year

## MAGNIFICAT

Bach/Vivaldi by candlelight with period instruments

Saturday 18 January 2020 at 7pm

St Peter ad Vincula, Coggeshall

Bach and Vivaldi Magnificats, Bach cantata Gloria in Excelsis Deo,

Bach Sanctus in D

We would like to thank our patrons for their  
generosity in supporting our choir.

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[www.colchesterchamberchoir.org](http://www.colchesterchamberchoir.org)



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