

# SALONMUSIK

## NIGHTINGALE VOCAL ENSEMBLE

***A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*** - lyrics by Eric Maschwitz (1901 - 1969), music by Manning Sherwin (1902 - 1974)

*Mezzo soloist - Jamie Chelel*

***The Nightingale*** - Thomas Weekles (1576 - 1623)

*Trio - Rose Hegele, Mara Riley, Connor Vigeant*

***The Nightingale*** - Thomas Bateson (c.1572 - 1630)

*Trio - Jamie Chelel, Darby Clinard, Josh Glassman*

***Come, Blessed Bird*** - Edward Johnson (c. 1549 - 1602)

***Rossignolet qui chante*** - Rinalde del Melle (c.1554-c.1598)

***Le Rossignol Vocalise*** - Camille Saint-Saëns (1835 - 1921)

*Soloist - Mara Riley*

***Nightingales*** - Gerald Finzi (1901 - 1956)

***I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*** - Stefan Thompson (b. 1994???)

*Tenor soloist - Connor Vigeant*

***Nightingale Lullaby*** - Mary Rodgers (1931 - 2014) arr. Mairi Dorman-Phaneuf

*Whistle solo - Elijah Botkin*

***Of All The Birds*** - John Bartlet (1565 - 1620)

***Die Nachtigall*** - Felix Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847)

***Die Nachtigall*** - Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828)

***Il Bianco e Dolce Cigno*** - Jacques Arcadelt (1507 - 1568)

***The Silver Swan*** - Orlando Gibbons (1583 - 1625)

***Birds of a Feather*** - Kelvyn Koning (b.1994)

## Featuring Members of Nightingale Vocal Ensemble

Mara Riley  
Rose Hegele  
Jamie Chelel  
Darby Clinard  
Connor Vigeant  
Josh Glassman  
Elijah Botkin  
Michael Galvin

Benjamin Perry, Artistic Director

## Texts and Translations

### A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square - Eric Maschwitz

That certain night, the night we met  
There was magic abroad in the air  
There were angels dining at the Ritz  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I may be right, I may be wrong  
But I'm perfectly willing to swear  
That when we kissed and said goodbye  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

The moon that lingered over London town  
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown  
Oh, how could he know we two were so in love  
The whole darn world seemed upside down

The streets of town were paved with stars  
It was such a romantic affair  
And as we kissed and said goodbye  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

A nightingale sang  
A nightingale sang

The streets of town were paved with stars  
It was such a romantic affair  
And as we kissed and said goodbye

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

### The Nightingale - Thomas Weekles

The Nightingale, the Organ of delight,  
the nimble Lark, the Blackbird, and the Thrush,  
and all the pretty quiristers of flight,  
that chant their Music notes in ev'ry bush:  
Let them no more contend who shall excel,  
the Cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

## **The Nightingale - Thomas Bateson**

The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth  
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,  
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,  
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making;  
And mournfully bewailing,  
Her throat in tunes expresseth:  
What grief her breast oppresseth.

## **Come, Blessed Bird - Edward Johnson**

Come, come, blessed bird,  
and with thy sugared relish  
help our declining choir now to embellish,

For Bonnyboots, for Bonnyboots,  
that so aloft would fetch it,  
Ohe is dead and none of us can reach it.

Then tune to us,  
sweet bird, thy shrill recorder,  
and Elpin, and I, and Dorus,  
for fault of better,  
will serve in the chorus:

Begin and we will follow thee in order,  
Then sang the woodborn minstrel of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

## **Rossignolet qui chante - Rinalde del Melle**

Rossignollet qui chante  
Vat'en a mon amy dire,  
qu'il se contente  
& que c'est mon attente,  
De mourir avec luy.

Nightingale singing,  
go to my lover  
to tell him to be content,  
and that it is my expectation  
to die with him.

## **Le Rossignol Vocalise - Camille Saint-Saëns**

## Nightingales - Gerald Finzi

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come  
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom  
Ye learn your song:  
Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there  
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:  
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams  
A throe of the heart  
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound  
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound  
For all our art

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then  
As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
Welcome the dawn

## I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings - Stefan Thompson

*Words from Sympathy by Paul Laurence Dunbar*

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
    When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
    When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
    Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;  
    And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars  
And they pulse again with a keener sting—  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
    When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—

When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings!

### **Nightingale Lullaby - Mary Rodgers** *from Once Upon a Mattress*

#### **Of All The Birds - John Bartlet**

1. Of all the birds that I do know,  
Philip my sparrow hath no peer.  
For sit she high, or sit she low,  
Be she far off, or be she near,  
There is no bird so fair, so fine,  
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

*For when she once hath felt the fit,  
Philip will cry still:  
yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,  
yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.*

2. Come in a morning merrily  
When Philip hath been lately fed;  
Or in an evening soberly,

When Philip list to go to bed.  
It is a heaven to hear my Phipp,  
How she can chirp with merry lip.

*For when she once...*

3. She never wanders far abroad,  
But is at home when I do call;  
If I command she lays on low  
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
She chants, she chirps, she makes such  
cheer,  
That I believe she hath no peer.

*For when she once...*

#### **Die Nachtigall - Felix Mendelssohn**

Die Nachtigall, sie war entfernt  
der Frühling lockt sie wieder;  
was neues hat sie nicht gelernt,  
singt alte liebe Lieder.

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

#### **Die Nachtigall - Franz Schubert**

Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,  
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;  
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,  
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich  
freun.

Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!  
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!

He lies sleeping upon my heart;  
my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.  
And I can be merry and jest,  
delight in every flower and leaf.

Nightingale, ah, nightingale,  
do not awaken my love with your singing

## **Il bianco e dolce cigno - Jacques Arcadelt**

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more,  
ed io piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.  
Stran' e diversa sorte,  
ch'ei more sconcolato  
ed io moro beato.  
Morte che nel morire  
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.  
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,  
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

The white and sweet swan dies singing, and I,  
weeping, reach the end of my life.  
Strange and different fate,  
that he dies disconsolate  
and I die a blessed death,  
which in dying fills me  
full of joy and desire.  
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,  
I would be content to die a thousand  
deaths a day

## **The Silver Swan - Orlando Gibbons**

The Silver Swan who, living, had no note,  
When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, And sung no more:  
"Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes.  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

## **Birds of a Feather - Kelvyn Koning**

Birds of a feather  
Always stick together  
Birds of a feather  
Wingmen forever.  
Birds of a feather  
Always stick together  
Birds of a feather  
Wing friends forever

Murmuration of starlings,  
Ostentation of peacocks,  
Convocation of eagles,  
Exaltation of larks,

A rookery of penguins,  
A rater of turkeys,  
A bevy of quail,  
A bevy of swans,

A gulp of cormorants,  
A gulp of swallows,  
A kettle of hawks mate for life,

A charm of finches,  
A bouquet of pheasants,  
A flamboyance of flamingos,  
A gaggle of geese,

Pandemonium of parrots,  
Pod of pelicans,  
Parliament of owls,  
Pitying of doves,  
Raft of ducks,  
Peep of chickens,

Birds of a feather  
Always stick together  
Birds of a feather  
Wingmen forever.  
Birds of a feather  
Always stick together  
Birds of a feather  
Wing friends forever

A watch of Nightingales,  
A tiding of magpies,  
A scold of jays,  
A clamor of rooks,  
A colony of gulls,  
A mustering of storks,

A ubiquity of sparrows,  
A descent of woodpeckers,  
A wake of buzzards,  
A conspiracy of ravens,  
A mob of emus, emo emus,  
A siege of herons,  
A murder of crows!

Some birds prey: Amen!  
And some birds sing, Do re mi fa sol!  
Some birds can't fly  
even though they have wings, like penguins,  
We still love them because they're birds,

And birds gotta stick with their herds.

Birds of a feather  
Always stick together  
Birds of a feather  
Wingmen forever.  
Birds of a feather  
Wing friends forever  
Birds of a feather  
Always stick together

Avian menagerie!

Tweet!