

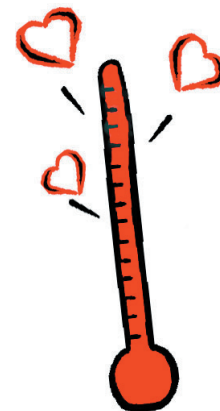
Broadmoor Chamber Singers

Spring Fever

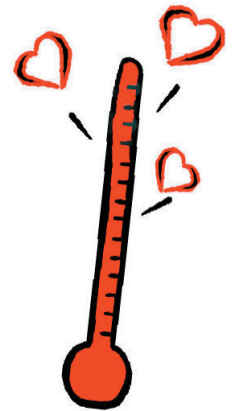
Rebecca Kennally
director

Jodi Goble
piano

Songs about being hopelessly in love
with spring, with others, or with love itself.



Friday, May 20, 2005
8:00 p.m.
Christ Lutheran Church
113 Union Street, Natick, MA



Program Order

To Spring

J.S. Bach

April is in my Mistress' face

Thomas Morley

Mon coeur se recommande a vous

Orlando di Lasso

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Robert Schumann

Soloist: Donald J. Johnston

Sound the Trumpet

Henry Purcell

Melt the Winter to Spring

Joseph M. Martin

Blow the Candles Out

Gregg Smith

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose

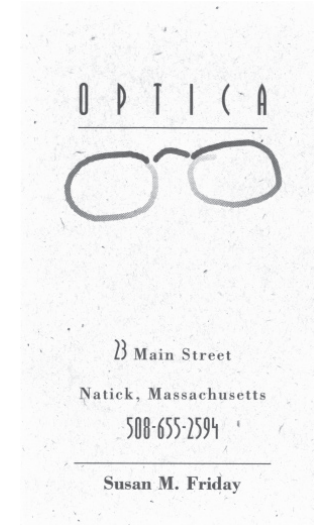
Donald Cashmore

Begone Dull Care

Gordon Jacob

Intermission

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Do you like to sing?

Broadmoor Chamber Singers is looking for new members in all voice parts for rehearsals starting in the fall. You must be able to sing on pitch and experience singing with a group is helpful.

E-mail us at broadmoorsingers@yahoo.com or phone us at 508-651-9398 for more information about open rehearsals.

If you don't sing, please make sure you are on our mailing list so you'll hear of our next concerts. Sign up in the lobby, or contact us at the email address above.

Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter

Soloist: Donald J. Johnston

Spring Revels

Elizabeth Alexander

I. April Rain Song (Langston Hughes)

III. Spring Grass (Carl Sandburg)

Soloists in order of appearance: Shana Elkind, Lisa Pepi,
J. Russell Reynolds, Amy Weiner, Donald J. Johnston

My Bonnie Lass She Smileth

Thomas Morely

My Bonnie Lass She Smelleth

P.D.Q. Bach/Peter Schickele

Soloist: Roger Proulx

Night and Day

Cole Porter

Moonglow

Will Hudson, Eddie De Lange and Irving Mills

Fever

John Davenport and Eddie Cook

Soloists: Lisa Pepi and Roger Proulx

After the concert, please join us for refreshments in the Parish Hall.

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Selected Texts and Translations

To Spring

Now spring is here, let's all be gay,
And the merry, merry pipe shall play.

And we will raise our voices clear,
And let re-echo cheer on cheer:
Hail, joyous spring!
In happy chorus we will sing

December's frost has fled away,
And the merry, merry pipe shall play.

The buds are bursting on ev'ry tree,
And soon the blossoms we shall see:
Hail beautiful spring!
In happy chorus we will sing.

April is in my Mistress' face

April is in my Mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart, a cold December.

Mon coeur se recommande a vous

Mon coeur se recommande a vous,
Tout plein d'ennui et de martyre.
Au moins en dépit des jaloux.
Faites qu'dieu vous puisse dire!
Ma bouche qui savait rourire
Et conter propos gracieux
Ne fait maintenant que maudire
Ceux qui m'ont banni de vos yeux.

English Translation

My heart doth beg you'll not forget
My heavy heart, with sorrow aching.
And spite of jealous eyes, e'en yet

One last farewell we might be taking!
Once, smiles my lips were ever curving,
And gracious words were all they knew.
Now, alone for cursing, they're serving
Those who banish me, love, from you.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the Wonderful Month of May

Melt the Winter to Spring

Sing me a song to warm the night,
Carry away snow's bitter sting.
Read me a rhyme by candlelight
And melt the winter to spring.

Weave me a tale
and light the fire,
Help me to kindle forgotten dreams.
Whispering low,
say words that inspire,
And melt the winter to spring.

When days are long,
when skies are grey,
When love is so hard to find.
Bring out a memory,
things you hold dear,
They will bring joy through the years.

So, let the snow fall
and let the wind start,
One day the robin will dance and sing.
For deep in the heart
a dream lights a spark
And melts the winter to spring.

About the Director

Rebecca Kenneally is the director Women's choir at New England Conservatory of Music where she is Musical Assistant for Choral Activities. In her sixth year as the conductor of the Old North Church Youth Choirs in Marblehead, Massachusetts, she is responsible for the sixty children ages 6 - 18 involved in four choral programs. This February Ms. Kenneally conducted the children's chorus at the Boston Lyric Opera's production of The Little Prince. She is the director of choral activities and musical theater at Austin Preparatory School in Reading and the Director of the PALS (performing arts at Lincoln School) GirlChoir.

Ms. Kenneally holds a bachelor's degree in voice performance from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois and a master's degree in conducting from the New England Conservatory of Music. She is a frequent soloist on the North Shore, and has a voice studio in Marblehead.

Broadmoor Donors Circle

Broadmoor Chamber Singers acknowledges and extends the greatest appreciation to these donors who help support our music-making.

Karen Oakley
Robert Provencher
Jim and Kathie Trierweiler
The Vosburgs

Additional thanks to:

the First Baptist Church in Natick for our rehearsal space
and
the Christ Lutheran Church for their hospitality

The Singers

Soprano

Lani Blanchard, Chrissie Brown, Lisa Pepi, Elaine Seaberg,
Ruth Gitchell Shepard, Esther Wheeler, Mary White

Alto

Aditi Chang, Ann Cook, Shana Elkind, Margaret Poole, Amy Weiner

Tenor

Donald J. Johnston, Dick King, Matthew Luz, Hans Synnestvedt

Bass

John Blanchard, Jean Bordeaux, Roger Proulx, J. Russell Reynolds

Broadmoor Chamber Singers History

The Broadmoor Chamber Singers was founded by Floice Lund in 1979, when a group of music teachers and singers gave a series of concerts dedicated to raising funds for the addition of a solar barn to the Broadmoor Bird Sanctuary in South Natick.

In the following twenty-five years, this Natick community-based choir has provided concerts in many venues throughout the MetroWest area, including special town gatherings and celebrations, Natick's New England Folk Festival, for social and educational groups, churches, businesses and retirement communities. Further afield, audiences have included Faneuil Hall and The Museum of Fine Arts (Boston), Hammond Castle (Gloucester), and Higgins' Armory (Worcester).

The group is noted for its diverse performances, with special emphasis on unaccompanied choral works from every musical period. The group has also performed extended accompanied works such as Mozart's "Coronation Mass."

Blow the Candles Out

When I was 'prenticed in Plymouth,
I went to see my dear.
The candles, they were burning,
The moon shone bright and clear.
I knocked upon her window
to ease her of her pain.
She rose to let me in,
then she barred the door again.

I like your good behavior, darling,
thus I often say,
And I cannot rest contented
while you are far away.
The winds, they are so cold
that we cannot stay thereout!
So roll me in your arms, love,
and blow the candles out.

Now father and mother
in yonder room do lie,
A-huggin' one another,
so why not you and I.
A-huggin' one another,
without a fear or doubt.
So roll me in your arms, love,
and blow the candles out.

Begone Dull Care

Begone dull Care,
I prithee begone from me.
Begone dull Care,
you and I will never agree.
Long time hast thou been tarrying here,
And faith thou wouldst me kill.
But i' faith, dull Care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.
Too much care
will make a young man turn grey.
Begone, for too much care
will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing,

So merrily pass the day.
For I hold it one of the wisest things
to drive dull care away.
Begone dull Care.

Spring Revels

April Rain Song (words by Langston Hughes)

Let the rain kiss you.
Let the rain beat upon your head with
silver liquid drops.
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the
sidewalk.
The rain makes running pools in the
gutter.
The rain plays a little sleep-song on our
roof at night –

And I love the rain.

Spring Grass (words by Carl Sandburg)

Spring grass, there is a dance to be
danced for you.
Come up, spring grass, if only for young
feet.
Come up, spring grass, young feet ask
you.

Smell of the young spring grass,
You're a mascot riding on the wind
horses.
You came to my nose and spiffed me.
This is your lucky year.

Young spring grass just after the winter,
Shoots of the big green whisper of the
year,
Come up, if only for young feet.
Come up, young feet ask you.

My bonny lass she smileth

My bonny lass she smileth,
 When she my heart beguileth.
 When she her sweet eye turneth,
 O how my heart it burneth!
 Smile less, dear love, therefore,
 And you shall love me more.
 Dear love, call in their light,
 Or else you burn me quite!

My Bonnie Lass She Smelleth

My bonnie lass she smelleth,
 Making the flowers jealouth.
 My bonnie lass dismayeth
 Me, all that she doth sayith.
 My bonnie lass she looketh like a jewel,
 And soundeth like a mule.
 My bonnie lass she walketh like a doe,
 And talketh like a crow.
 My bonnie lass liketh to dance a lot,
 She's Guinevere and I'm Sir Lancelot.
 My bonnie lass I need not flatter,
 What she doth not have doth not
 matter.
 My bonnie lass is so fine,
 Oh, if she only were mine.

Night and Day

Like the beat, beat, beat
 of the tom-tom.
 When the jungle shadows fall.
 Like the tick, tick, tock
 of the stately clock,
 As it stands against the wall.
 Like the drip, drip, drip
 of the raindrops,
 When the summer show'r is through.
 So a voice within me
 keeps repeating, you, you, you.

Night and day, you are the one,
 Only you beneath the moon
 and under the sun.
 Whether near to me or far,
 It's no matter where you are,
 I think of you night and day.

Day and night, why is it so,
 That this longing for you follows
 wherever I go?

In the roaring traffic's boom,
 In the silence of my lonely room,
 I think of you night and day.

Night and day under the hide of me
 There's an oh, such a hungry yearning
 burning inside of me.
 And its torment won't be through
 'Till you let me spend my life making
 love to you,
 Day and night, night and day.

Moonglow

It must have been moonglow,
 Way up in the blue,
 It must have been moonglow,
 that led me straight to you.
 I still hear you saying,
 Dear one, hold me fast.
 And I start in praying,
 Oh Lord, please let this last.

We seem to float right thru the air,
 O Heavenly songs, seemed to come
 from everywhere.

And now when there's moonglow
 way up in the blue,
 I always remember that moonglow
 gave me you

Fever

Never know how much I love you,
 never know how much I care.
 When you put your arms around me, I
 get a fever that's so hard to bear.

You give me fever when you kiss me,
 fever when you hold me tight,
 Fever in the mornin' and fever all
 through the night.

Sun lights up the daytime,
 moon lights up the night,
 I light up when you call my name, and
 you know I'm gonna treat you right.

Ev'rybody's got the fever,
 that is something you all know,
 Fever isn't such a new thing,
 fever started long ago.

Romeo loved Juliet,
 Juliet she felt the same.
 When he put his arms around her, he
 said, "Julie, baby, you're my flame".
 Thou giveth fever,
 when we kisseth,
 fever with thy flaming youth,
 Fever, I'm a fire,
 fever, yea, I burn forsooth.

Captain Smith and Pocahontas
 had a very mad affair.
 When here daddy tried to kill him,
 she said, "Daddy O don't you dare!"
 He gives me fever, with his kisses,
 fever when he holds me tight.
 Fever, I'm his missus.
 Oh, Daddy won't you treat him right.

Now you've listened to my story,
 here's the point that I have made,
 Love was meant to give you fever
 be it fahrenheit or centigrade.
 It gives you fever when you're kissin',
 fever when you live and learn.
 Fever 'til you sizzle,
 what a lovely way to burn.

Broadmoor Chamber Singers, founded in 1979, is a community chorus based in Natick, Massachusetts. This ensemble provides opportunities for rehearsing, performing, and experiencing choral music. The Broadmoor Chamber Singers endeavor to enrich the MetroWest area culturally through exposure to varied musical works. Members of the group work to foster a sense of community across towns, while sharing an unique musical experience. The chorus sustains itself through public and private fundraising as well as recruitment, publicity, and ticketed events.