

An evening hymn

Concerto - 25 Marzo 2023

Bianca Barsanti, soprano
Michele Salotti, clavicembalo e virginale

"O Mistress mine where are you roaming?"

William Shakespeare - da "Twelfth Night"

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

O willo willo willo

Da "Othello"

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing willow, willow, willow,
With his hand in his bosom and his head upon his knee,
O willow willow willow shall be my garland.

Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow;
Aye me the green willow must be my garland!

He sighed to his singing, and made a great moan,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love she is gone.
O willow willow willow shall be my garland.

Take this for my farewell and latest adieu,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Write this on my tomb, that in love I was true.
O willow willow willow shall be my garland...

It was a lover and his lass

William Shakespeare da "As you like it"

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Where the bee sucks
Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

"Full fathom five thy father lies"

William Shakespeare - da "The Tempest"

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

An evening hymn

Now that the Sun hath veil'd his Light,
And bid the World good Night;
To the soft Bed, my Body I dispose,
But where shall my Soul repose?
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!

Oh solitude

O solitude, my sweetest choice!
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How ye my restless thoughts delight!
O solitude, my sweetest choice!
O heav'ns! what content is mine
To see these trees, which have appear'd
From the nativity of time,
And which all ages have rever'd,
To look today as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen.
O, how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which th' unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure.
O, how I solitude adore!
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it.
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving thee.
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

Sweeter than roses

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Hark! Hark!

Hark! now the echoing air a triumph sings.
And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their wings.

Strike the viol

Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness's praise,
In cheerful and harmonious lays.