

Cypresses Nos. 8, 9 & 11

Dvořák

String Quartet No. 6

Bartók

Mesto - Vivace
Mesto - Marcia
Mesto - Burletta
Mesto - Molto tranquillo - Mesto

INTERVAL

String Quartet in C Op.59 No.3

Beethoven

Introduzione (Andante con moto) -
Allegro vivace
Andante con moto quasi Allegretto
Menuetto (Grazioso): Trio -
Allegro molto

Forthcoming concerts

McEwan Hall

Saturday 21st November 7.30 p.m.

Edinburgh University Musical Society Chorus and Orchestra
conducted by John Grundy

An Evening of Elgar - Overture 'Froissart', 'Sea Pictures'
(Op.37) and 'The Music Makers' (Op.69)

Reid Concert Hall

Tuesday 24th November (lunch-hour recital - admission free)

Elizabeth Harley and Leon Coates (piano)

Schumann's 'Frauenliebe und -leben' and English songs by
Vaughan-Williams, Rubbra etc.

Thursday 26th November

The Legrand Ensemble

Vocal and instrumental chamber music by Purcell, Handel,
Telemann, Kenneth Leighton and David Dorward.

Printed by the University of Edinburgh

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CONCERTS

1981-82

THE LEGRAND ENSEMBLE

Honor Sheppard *soprano*
John Turner *recorder*
Keith Elcombe *harpsichord*
Basil Howitt *cello*

Reid Concert Hall, Thursday 26 November 1981

Admission by Programme price £1.00
(Students and OAPs 50p)

the Indian Queen. Zempoalla,
the usurping Indian Queen, is in love with Montezuma. Troubled by a dream she
consults the sorcerer Ismeron who points out the truth through spirit voices.
The song speaks, as it were, for Zempoalla's own heart. It is set as a rondeau,
the first two lines forming the refrain:

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now fond heart, with pride no more swell;
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
For Love has more pow'r and less mercy than Fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.

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few months of Purcell's life:
in fact completed by David
are by Henry.

Shakespeare's. But Purcell never
setting this poem might suggest
eveningham whose sonnet it is.

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tragedy by Beaumont and
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Songs for voice and continuo Purcell

If Music be the Food of Love
Bonvica's Song
I attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly
Sweeter than Roses

Sonata in C for recorder and continuo Handel

Larghetto
Allegro
A tempo di Gavotti
Allegro

Animal Heaven Op.83: A Diptych for soprano
recorder, cello and harpsichord (1980) Leighton

INTERVAL
(during the interval the Collection of Historic Musical Instruments
will be open to members of the audience)

Concert Duo for recorder and harpsichord David Dorward

Suite in E for Harpsichord 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' Handel

Prelude
Allemande
Courante
Air and Variations

Cantata 'Auf Ehernen Mauern' for soprano
recorder and continuo Telemann

Forthcoming concerts

St. Cecilia's Hall

Saturday 28th November 7.30 p.m.

Edinburgh University Madrigal Group
directed by Michael Turnbull

The Music of Thomas Tomkins

Reid Concert Hall

Thursday 3rd December 7.30 p.m.

The Edinburgh Quartet

Quartets by Haydn (Op.20 No.5), Beethoven (Op.135) and the
first performance of a new quartet by Lyell Cresswell.

Printed by the University of Edinburgh

THE LEGRAND ENSEMBLE

Four Songs by Henry Purcell

These four songs were written in 1695 during the last few months of Purcell's life: the scores of both The Indian Queen and Pausanias were in fact completed by David Purcell after Henry's death though all tonight's songs are by Henry.

If Music be the food of love

The title might lead one to suppose the text to be Shakespeare's. But Purcell never set a line of his verse though the three attempts at setting this poem might suggest a veneration for a greater figure than Colonel Henry Heveningham whose sonnet it is.

(arioso) If music be the food of love
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.
(air) Pleasures invade both eye and ear
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet the treat is only sound.
(arioso) Sure I must perish by your charms
Unless you save me in your arms

Bonvica's Song

Bonduca (or Boadicea) is the 'British Heroine' of the tragedy by Beaumont and Fletcher which was adapted as a semi-opera. The queen and her two daughters have taken refuge after their defeat by the Romans. Bonvica, the younger daughter, sings to dispel her 'dire consuming melancholy':

Oh! lead me to some peaceful gloom
Where none but sighing lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never sound
But one eternal hush goes round.

Then let me soothe my pleasing pain,
Never think of war again.
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be still a slave?

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain

From the operatic adaptation of Dryden and Howard's The Indian Queen. Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen, is in love with Montezuma. Troubled by a dream she consults the sorcerer Ismeron who points out the truth through spirit voices. The song speaks, as it were, for Zempoalla's own heart. It is set as a rondeau, the first two lines forming the refrain:

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Sweeter than Roses

Pausanias, the Betrayer of his Country, was written by 'A Person of Quality' - one Norton, apparently, and clearly no poet. Purcell's song (as well as a duet probably by Daniel) were sung in Act III from behind the stage to create the atmosphere for the scene in which Pandora, the Persian mistress of Pausanias, attempts to seduce the young soldier Argilius:

(recit.) Sweeter than roses or cool ev'ning breeze
On a warm flow'ry shore
Was the dear kiss, first trembling, made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.

(aria) What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see,
Since that dear kiss I hourly prove
All is love to me.

Cantata 'Auf ehernen Mauern' (from 'Der Harmonische Gottesdienst') for soprano, recorder and continuo

Telemann

Telemann's cycle of 72 church cantatas ('The Harmonious Church Service') commenced publication in 1725/6. The intending performers subscribed to the entire cycle and received each work a month before the Sunday on which it was due to be performed. Each cantata has an obligato instrumental part, variously for recorder, flute, oboe and violin. The present cantata was written for Low Sunday. Translation:

(aria) On brass walls, on marble foundations, rest our trust and hope.
When the candles of faith light up our eyes and our souls,
then their blessed light will not suffer for darkness or doubt
in our hearts.

(recit.) As long as instability affects the spirit, then trust, sweet
consolation and joy of faith are unknown. The feeble step
which with uncertain tread stumbles against stones, seeks in
vain the open door which leads to mercy. Oh no! I know him
who loves my soul, my Saviour. His word is my redemption, He
who has done and suffered what I do and what I suffer. That
is the rock on which my faith rests; that is the shield which
covers my heart, when your anger, the enemy of my peace
frightens me. So my heart is yours. I know in what I believe.

(aria) Yes, yes, repeat your trickery. Try to trick me. My faith
is preserved through your constancy. I defy the poisonous
bites of the serpent although I may be covered in blood.
The sword of the slayer touches my hand.

Animal Heaven Op.83 (1980)

Kenneth Leighton

A diptych for soprano, recorder, cello and harpsichord

I I think I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.
I wonder where they get those tokens,
Did I pass that way huge times ago and negligently drop them?

Myself moving forward then and now and forever,
Gathering and showing more always and with velocity,
Infinite and omnigenous, and the like of these among them,
Not too exclusive toward the reachers of my remembrancers,
Picking out here one that I love, and now go with him on brotherly terms.

Walt Whitman (Song of Myself)

II Here they are. The soft eyes open.
If they have lived in a wood
It is a wood.
If they have lived on plains
It is grass rolling
Under their feet forever.

More deadly than they can believe.
They stalk more silently,
And crouch on the limbs of trees,
And their descent
Upon the backs of their prey

Having no souls, they have come,
Anyway, beyond their knowing.
Their instinct wholly bloom
Any they rise.
The soft eyes open

May take years
In a sovereign floating of joy.
And those that are hunted
Know this as their life,
Their reward: to walk

To match them, the landscape flowers,
Outdoing desperately
Outdoing what is required:
The richest wood,
The deepest field.

Under such trees in full knowledge
Of what is in glory above them,
And to feel no fear,
But acceptance, compliance.
Fulfilling themselves without pain

For some of these,
It could not be the place
It is, without blood
These hunt, as they have done,
But with claws and teeth grown perfect,

At the cycle's center,
They tremble, they walk
Under the tree,
They fall they are torn,
They rise, they walk again.

James Dickey (1923 -)
(The Heaven of Animals)

This work was composed in 1980 to a commission from the Legrand Ensemble and the first performance took place during the Manchester Festival in June of that year.
K.L.