

STILE ANTICO



**THREE CHOIRS
FESTIVAL 2025**
HEREFORD 26 JUL – 2 AUG

A Garden of Delights

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
Surge, propera, amica mea 2'

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Jacobus Clemens non Papa
Ego flos campi 6'

attrib. Leonora d'Este
Sicut lilium inter spinas 2'

Orlando Gibbons
Fair is the Rose 3'

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

William Byrd
This sweet and merry month of May 3'

John Wilbye
The Lady Oriana 3'

Thomas Weelkes
As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending 5'

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

Sebastián de Vivanco
Veni, dilecte mi 4'

Orlande de Lassus
Veni in hortum meum 3'

Hieronymus Praetorius
Tota pulchra es 5'

INTERVAL

Surge, propera, amica mea

Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni. Iam enim hiems transit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra, tempus putationis advenit. Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra; ficus protulit grossos suos; vineae florentes dederunt odorem suum.

Ego flos campi

Ego flos campi et lilium convallium; sicut lilium inter spinas, sic amica mea inter filias: fons hortorum et puteus aquarum viventium; quae fluunt impetu de Libano.

Sicut lilium inter spinas

Sicut lilium inter spinas, sic amica mea inter filias.

MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN

John Wilbye
Draw on, sweet night 5'

Claudio Monteverdi
Ecco mormorar l'onde 3'

SONGS OF HEAVENLY LOVE

Rodrigo de Ceballos
Hortus conclusus 5'

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
Osculetur me 3'

Francisco Guerrero
Surge, propera, amica mea 6'

THE CREATURES OF PARADISE

Orlando Gibbons
The Silver Swan 2'

John Bennet
All creatures now are merry minded 2'

Maddalena Casulana
Vagh' amorosi augelli 2'

Josquin Des Prez
El Grillo 2'

Huw Watkins
The Phoenix and the Turtle 6'

Stile Antico

Arise, my love, my dove, my fair one, and come. For now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear in our land, and the time of pruning is nigh. The voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; the fig tree brings forth its figs, the flowers of the vine give forth their smell.

Song of Songs 2:10–13

I am a flower of the field and a lily of the valley; as a lily among the thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters: a garden fountain and a well of living water, flowing streams from Lebanon.

Song of Songs 2:1–2, 4:15

As a lily among the thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters.

Song of Songs 2:2

Fair is the Rose

Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold.
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old.
The lily is white, yet in one day 'tis done.
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.
So white, so sweet was my fair mistress' face,
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space.
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight today, but none tomorrow.

Anon.

This sweet and merry month of May

This sweet and merry month of May,
while nature wantons in her prime,
And birds do sing, and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the joyful time,
I choose the first for holy day,
And greet Eliza with a rhyme.
O beauteous Queen of second Troy:
Take well in worth a simple toy.

attrib. Thomas Watson

The Lady Oriana

The Lady Oriana
Was dight all in the treasures of Guiana;
And on her Grace a thousand graces tended:
And thus sang they, fair Queen of peace and plenty;
The fairest queen of twenty:
Then with an olive wreath, for peace renowned,
Her virgin head they crowned:
Which ceremony ended,
Unto her Grace the thousand graces bended.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana.

Anon.

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!

Anon

Veni, dilecte mi

Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agro, commoremur in villis.
Mane surgamus ad vineas. Videamus si floruit vinea, si flores
fructus parturiunt, si floruerunt mala punica: ibi dabo tibi ubera
mea. Mandragorae dederunt odorem suum, in portis nostris
omnia poma, nova et vetera, dilecte mi, servavi tibi.

*Come, my beloved, let us go out into the field, let us lodge in the villages.
Let us arise early and go into the vineyards. Let us see if the vines have
flourished, if the flowers have put forth their fruit, if the pomegranate is
in bloom; There I will give you my breasts. The mandrakes give forth their
fragrance, and at our gates are all manner of fruits, new and old, which I
have laid up for you, O my beloved.*

Song of Songs 7:11–13

Veni in hortum meum

Veni in hortum meum, soror mea, sponsa, messui myrram
meam cum aromatibus meis. Comedi favum meum cum melle
meo; bibi vinum meum cum lacte meo. Comedite, amici, et
bibite, et inebriamini, carissimi.

*I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride; I have gathered my
myrrh with my spice. I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey; I have
drunk my wine and my milk. Eat, O friends, and drink; drink your fill, O
lovers.*

Song of Songs 5:1

Tota pulchra es

Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te. Favus
distillans labia tua, mel et lac sub lingua tua. Odor unguentorum
tuorum super omnia aromata. Surge, propera, amica mea: veni
de Libano, veni, coronaberis.

*Thou art wholly fair, my love, nor is there any stain in thee. Thy lips drip
sweetness like the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; the
scent of thy perfumes is beyond all spices. Arise, my love, my fair one: come
from Lebanon, come, thou shalt be crowned.*

Song of Songs 4:7, 11, 2:13

Draw on, sweet night

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet Night, draw on! My griefs when they be told
To shades and darkness find some ease from paining,
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

Anon

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli,
e sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
cantar soavemente
e rider l'oriente.
Ecco già l'alba appare
e si specchia nel mare
e rasserena il cielo
e [le campagne] imperla il dolce gelo,
e gli alti monti indora.
O bella e vaga Aurora,
L'aura è tua messaggera,
e tu de l'aura
ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

Torquato Tasso

Hortus conclusus

Hortus conclusus soror mea, sponsa mea, hortus conclusus et
fons signatus. Aperi mihi, O soror mea, amica mea, columba
mea, immaculata mea. Surge, propera, amica mea, et veni.
Veni, speciosa mea, ostende mihi faciem tuam. Favus distillans
labia tua; mel et lac sub lingua tua. Veni sponsa mea, veni
coronaberis.

*Here are the waves murmuring
and the foliage quivering
at the morning breeze; and the shrubs,
and on the tree branches the pretty birds
sing softly;
and the Orient smiles.
Here dawn looms up
and is reflected in the sea
and brightens up the sky
and beads the sweet ice
and gilds the tall mountains.
O beautiful and vague dawn,
the gentle breeze is your herald
and you [are the herald] of the breeze
which refreshes every burnt heart.*

*A closed garden is my sister, my bride – a closed garden and a sealed
fountain. Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one. Arise,
my love, and come.
Come, my beloved, let me see your face. Your lips drip nectar; honey and
milk are under your tongue. Come, my bride, come and be crowned.*

Song of Songs 4:12, 5:2, 2:14, 4:11, 4:8

Osculetur me

Osculetur me osculo oris sui, quia meliora sunt ubera tua vino,
fragrantia unguentis optimis. Oleum effusum nomen tuum, ideo
adolescentulæ dilexerunt te.

*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth. For your breasts are better
than wine, fragrant with the best ointments. Your name is as oil poured
out; therefore the young girls have delighted in you.*

Song of Songs 1:1–3

Surge, propera, amica mea

Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et
veni. Iam enim hiems transit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores
apparuerunt in terra nostra, tempus putationis advenit. Vox
turturis audita est in terra nostra; ficus protulit grossos suos;
vineæ florentes dederunt odorem suum.
Cantus firmus: Veni, sponsa Christi.

*Arise, my love, my dove, my fair one, and come. For now the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear in our land, and the time of
pruning is nigh. The voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land; the fig
tree brings forth its figs, the flowers of the vine give forth their smell.
Cantus firmus: Come, bride of Christ.*

Song of Songs 2:10–13

The Silver Swan

The silver swan who, living, had no note, when death approached
unlocked her silent throat. Leaning her breast against the reedy
shore, thus sang her first and last, and sang no more. 'Farewell all
joys, O Death come, close mine eyes. More geese than swans now
live, more fools than wise.'

Anon.

All creatures now are merry minded

All creatures now are merry minded,
The shepherd's daughters playing,
the nymphs are falalaing.
Yon bugle was well winded.
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.
The flow'rs themselves discover,
Birds over her do hover,
Music the time beguileth,
See where she comes,
with flow'ry garlands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
'Long live fair Oriana!'

Anon

Vagh' amorosi augelli

Vagh' amorosi augelli
 che, sovra gli arbuscelli,
 rinovate gl'antichi vostri amori,
 cantate tra bei fiori,
 gl'occhi e le bionde chiome
 che fur si dolce nod' a le mie some,
 e di mia Clori a l'onde,
 in quest' amate sponde,
 udite l'armonia
 che puo sol' a dolcir la pena mia.

Anon.

*Lovely, amorous birds
 which, above the saplings
 renew your former loves,
 sing, among the pretty flowers,
 of the eyes and blonde locks
 which bound me so sweetly,
 and by these beloved shores
 hear the harmony
 of my Chloris in the waves,
 which alone can sweeten my torment.*

El Grillo

El grillo è buon cantore
 Che tiene longo verso.
 Dalle beve grillo canta.
 Ma non fa come gli altri uccelli
 Come li han cantato un poco,
 Van de fatto in altro loco
 Sempre el grillo sta pur saldo,
 Quando la maggior el caldo
 Alhor canta sol per amore.

Anon.

*The cricket is a good singer
 He can sing very long
 He sings all the time.
 But he isn't like the other birds.
 If they've sung a little bit
 They go somewhere else
 The cricket remains where he is
 When the heat is very fierce
 Then he sings only for love.*

The Phoenix and the Turtle

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.
 But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul precurrer of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near?
 From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd King:
 Keep the obsequy so strict.
 Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right.
 And thou, treble-dated crow
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
 Here the anthem doth commence:
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.
 So they loved, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distincts, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.
 Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.
 So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
 Either was the other's mine.
 Property was thus appalled,
 That the self was not the same;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was called.
 Reason, in itself confounded,

Saw division grow together,
 To themselves yet either neither,
 Simple were so well compounded,
 That it cried, How true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one!
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.
 Whereupon it made this threne
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene.
 Threnos
 Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here enclosed in cinders lie.
 Death is now the phoenix' nest;
 And the Turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,
 Leaving no posterity:
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.
 Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
 Truth and beauty buried be.
 To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

William Shakespeare