

**Britten's Britain:
Realizations of opera and folksong from the
British Isles by Benjamin Britten**

**March 22, 2024, 5:00 p.m.
Art & Music Building
251 E. Tenth Street, Claremont, CA 91711**

**Sarah-Nicole Ruddy Carter
mezzo-soprano**

**Jieun Kim
piano**

PROGRAM

Arias and Songs
(1659-1695)

Henry Purcell

Realized by Benjamin Britten

(1913-1976)
Ah! Belinda
Thy hand Belinda
Evening Hymn
Mad Bess

From The Beggar's Opera
(1685-1732)

John Gay

Realized by Benjamin

Britten
If love the virgin's heart invade
Virgins are like the fair flower
I, like a ship in storms, was tossed

Folksongs of the British Isles
Britten

Realized by Benjamin

The Salley Gardens
Little Sir William
The Bonney Earl o' Moray
O can ye sew cushions?
The trees they grow so high
The Ash Grove
Oliver Cromwell

Folksong Favorites
Britten

Realized by Benjamin

Waly, Waly
Greensleeves
The Last Rose of Summer

Sarah Nicole Ruddy Carter, mezzo-soprano
Jieun Kim, piano

This concert is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Doctor of Musical Arts degree for Ms. Carter.

Next CGU Concert:

Shanshan Ying, flute

WORKS BY: Aitken, Dutilleux, Fauré, & Mozart

March 27, 2024, 4:00 PM

Art & Music Building

251 E. Tenth Street, Claremont, CA 91711

Please silence cell phones.

Photography/videography is strictly forbidden without the express consent of the performer(s).

Ah! Belinda

Ah! Belinda,

I am pressed with torment not to be confessed.

Peace and I are strangers grown.

I languish till my grief is known

Yet would not have it guessed.

Dido' Lament

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,

On thy bosom let me rest,

More I would, but Death invades me;

Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid, am laid in earth,

May my wrongs create

No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;

Remember me, remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Evening Hymn

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,

And bid the world goodnight;

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!

From Silent Shades "Bess of Bedlam"
From silent shades, and the Elysian groves,
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves;
From crystal streams, and from that country where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
Poor senseless Bess, cloth'd in her rags and folly,
Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.
Bright Cynthia kept her revels late,
While Mab, the Fairy Queen, did dance,
And Oberon did sit in state
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.
In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
Each day I'll water it with a tear,
Its fading blossom to renew.
For since my love is dead and all my joys are gone,
Poor Bess for his sake,
A garland will make,
My music shall be a groan.
I'll lay me down and die
Within some hollow tree,
The rav'n and cat,
The owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy.
Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?
His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts?
Ladies, beware ye,
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye.
Hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
His boat he will no longer stay;
The Furies lash their whips and call,
'Come, come away.'
Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure;
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,

Which fools do admire and wise men endure.
Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink nectar still and sing.
Who is content
Does all sorrow prevent,
And Bess in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great as a King.

If love the virgin's heart invade
If love the virgin's heart invade
How like a moth the simple maid, still
Plays about the flame
If soon she be not made a wife
Her honor singed and then for life
She is- what I dare not say.
Virgins are like the fair flower
Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre
Which in the garden enamels the ground
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster
And gaudy butterflies frolic around
But when once plucked tis no longer alluring
To Covent Garden is sent (as yet sweet)
There fades and shrinks and grows past all enduring
Rots, stinks, and dies and is trod underfeet.

I, like a ship in storms, was tossed
I like a ship in storms was tossed yet afraid to put into land
For seized in the port the vessel's lost whose treasure is contraband
The way is laid my future's paid
Oh joy beyond expression
Though safe ashore I ask no more
My all is in my possession.
Folk Songs General Info

Folksongs of the British Isles
The Salley Gardens
Down by the salley gardens
My love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens
With little snow-white feet
She bid me take love easy

As the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish
With her would not agree

In a field by the river
My love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder
She laid her snow-white hand
She bid me take life easy
As the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish
And now am full of tears

Little Sir William
Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows
Went out to play
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the School Wife House
And knocked at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William
if you are there,
Pray let your mother in."

The School Wife open'd the door
And said "He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows
Out on the green
Playing some pretty play."

Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep, saying,
Little Sir William if you are there,
Oh pity your mother's weep."

"How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife
Sticks close to my heart
And the School Wife hath me slain.

Go home, go home my mother dear,

And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before eight o'clock,
You with my body shall meet.

And lay my prayer book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows
as they pass by
May read them for my sake."
The Bonney Earl o' Moray
Ye Hielands, aye, ye Lowlands
Whaur hae ye been
They hae slain the Earl o Moray
And laid him on the green
He was a braw gallant
And He played at the ringl
And The bonnie Earl o Moray
He might hae been a King
Oh Lang will his lady
Look fae the Castle Doune
Ere she sees the Earl o Moray
Gang soondin throu the toun

O wae tae ye, Huntly
And Whaurfore did ye say
I bad ye bring him tae me
Forbad ye him tae slay
He was a braw gallant
And He played at the glove
And The bonnie Earl o Moray
He was the Queen's love

Oh Lang will his lady
Look fae the Castle Doune
Ere she sees the Earl o Moray
Gang soondin throu the toun

O can ye sew cushions?
O can ye sew cushions? And can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing balloolo when the bairn greets?
And hee and haw birdie, and hee and haw lamb;
And hee and haw, birdie, my bonnie wee lamb!

Heeo, weeo, what wou'd I do wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' ye, little for to gie you.
Heeo, weeo, what wou'd I do wi' you?

I placed my cradle on yon hilly top
And aye as the wind blew, my cradle did rock.
O hush a baw baby, o ba lil li loo,
And hee and baw, birdie, my bonnie wee doo.

Heeo, weeo, what wou'd I do wi' you?
Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' ye, little for to gie you.
Heeo, weeo, what wou'd I do wi' you?

The trees they grow so high
The trees they grow so high
And the leaves they grow so green.
And many a cold winter's night
My love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night,
My love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.
Growing, growing.
Whilst my bonny boy is young
He's a-growing.

O father, dearest father.
You've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy
When you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter,
If you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be
While he's growing.

I'll send your love to college
All for a year or two,
And then in the mean-time
He will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons,

Tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know
That he's married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know
That he's married.

I went up to the college
And I looked over the wall,
Saw four-and-twenty gentlemen
Playing at bat and ball.
I called for my true love,
But they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.
Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy
And growing.

At the age of sixteen
He was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen
He was a father to a son;
And at the age of eighteen
The grass grew over him.
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end
To his growing.

And now my love is dead
And in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him
So very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn
His fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch all o'er his child
While he's growing.

The Ash Grove

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash-grove.
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love.
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash-grove.

Oliver Cromwell
Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,
Hee-haw, buried and dead,
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,
Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Hee-haw, ready to fall,
There came an old woman to gather them all,
Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,
Hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.

O Waly, Waly
The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Greensleeves

Alas, my love you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Rejoicing in your company.
I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you did crave,
And i have waged both life and land,
Your love and goodwill for to gain.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart and gold.
And who but my lady
Greensleeves?

The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou alone,
To pine on the stem;

Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.
So soon i may follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?