

# Flower Songs

## Two Pastoral Ballads

Arranged by JOHN RUTTER (b. 1945, England)  
Adapted by MATTHEW DENNIS (b. 1991, South Africa)

### Down by the Sally Gardens

Words: William Butler Yeats (1865-1939, Ireland)

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 did 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.

### The Sprig of Thyme

Words: Traditional (Lincolnshire)

Once I had a sprig of thyme.  
It prospered by night and by day  
'Til a false young man came a-courting to me,  
And he stole all this thyme away.

The gardener was standing by:  
I bad him choose for me.  
He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,  
But this I refused all three.

Thyme it is the prettiest thing,  
And time it will grow on,  
And time it will bring all things to an end,  
And so does my time grow on.

It's very well drinking ale,  
And it's very well drinking wine:  
But it's far better sitting by a young man's side  
Who has won this heart of mine.

Clarinet: Matthew Ferrandi

## Five Flower Songs

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976, England)

### To Daffodils

Words: Robert Herrick (1591-1674, England)

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to evensong;  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you.  
We have as short a Spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away  
Like to the Summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again!

### The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

Words: Robert Herrick

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers,  
Then after her comes smiling May  
In a more rich and sweet array,  
Next enters June and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before,  
Then (lastly,) July comes and she  
More wealth brings in than all those three;  
April! May! June! July!

### Marsh Flowers

Words: George Crabbe (1754-1932, England)

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,  
Here the dull night-shade hangs her deadly fruit;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,  
And pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,  
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,  
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;

In every chink delights the fern to grow,  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:

The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread  
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,  
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

### The Evening Primrose

Words: John Clare (1793-1864, England)

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;  
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
Or its companionable star,

The evening primrose opes anew  
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;  
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;  
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by,  
When day looks out with open eye,  
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,  
It faints and withers and is gone.

### The Ballad of Green Broom

Words: John Clare

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood,  
And his trade was a-cutting of Broom, green Broom,  
He had but one son without thought without good  
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,  
He swore he would fire the room, that room,  
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,  
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes  
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green Broom,  
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives  
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green Broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,  
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,  
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,  
"Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom, green Broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,  
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,  
"Young Johnny," she said, "Will you give up your Trade  
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,  
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;  
At market and fair, all folks do declare,  
There's none like the Boy that sold Broom, green Broom.

*Please join us upstairs in the exhibition area for  
the rest of the performance.*

## Molweni

GRANT MCLACHLAN (b. 1956, South Africa)  
Words: David Parry-Davies (South Africa)

Molweni Mother Earth  
I thank you for my Body  
Made from your rocks and roots  
Your Body becomes my Body  
My Body becomes your Body  
We are One

Molweni Mother Earth  
I thank you for your Air  
That flows through my lungs  
Your Air becomes my Air  
My Air becomes your Air  
We are One

Molweni Mother Earth  
I thank you for your Waters  
That flow through my veins  
Your Waters become my Waters  
My Waters becomes your Waters  
We are One

Molweni Mother Earth  
I thank you for your Life-force  
That gives vitality to my body  
Your Life-force becomes my Life-force  
My Life-force becomes your Life-force

Molweni Mother Earth  
I greet you in love and gratitude  
We are One

Soloist: Jenni van Doesburgh

This work was specially commissioned by VOX Cape Town  
and David Parry-Davies for the 2018 Eco-Logic Awards.

## Now is the Month of Maying

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1602, England)

Now is the month of Maying,  
When merry lads are playing.  
Each with his bonny lass,  
Upon the greeny grass.

The Spring, clad all in gladness,  
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness.  
And to the bagpipe's sound,  
The Nymphs tread out the ground.

Fie, then, why sit we musing,  
Youth's sweet delight refusing?  
Say, dainty Nymphs, and speak,  
Shall we play barley break?

## Sicut Cervus

GIOVANNI DA PALESTRINA (c. 1525-1594, Italy)

Words: Psalm 42:1

As a hart longs for the flowing streams,  
So longs my soul for thee, O God.

## Caged Bird

NICKY SCHRIRE (b. 1986, South Africa)

Words: Maya Angelou (1928-2014, USA)

A free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wing  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

*The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.*

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

*The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.*

This piece was written last year for a competition that called on female composers around the world to compose a vocal, choral or instrumental work inspired by the struggle for human rights. This is its first performance.

## Pula, Pula!

FRANCO PRINSLOO (b. 1987, South Africa)

Let it rain,  
Let the river flow,  
Let the river clean our hearts,  
And heal the barren earth.

## Rooi Disa

PETRUS LEMMER (1896-1989, South Africa)

Words: Burger Gericke (1916-1989, South Africa)

Rooi Disa kom en sê vir my:  
Wat het jy van bo gekry,  
Dat jy vir eeue rein kan bly?  
*Geloof, Hoop en Liefde.*

Rooi Disa aan die berg se stroom,  
Jy's soos die land waarin jy woon.  
Drie woorde sê jou taal so skoon:  
*Geloof, Hoop en Liefde.*

Rooi Disa langs die waterkant  
Jy is simbool van hierdie land.  
Want in jou teer blomblare brand  
*Geloof, Hoop en Liefde.*

Rooi Disa ek wil wees soos jy  
Want ook soos jy het ek gekry  
Dit wat my vul om mooi te bly:  
*Geloof, Hoop en Liefde.*

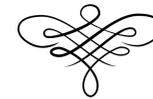


# Flower Songs

11h00  
Saturday 20 July 2019

11h00 and 14h00  
Saturday 27 July 2019

UCT Irma Stern Museum, Rosebank



VOX Cape Town presents a rich bouquet of botanically-inspired choral music to coincide with the UCT Irma Stern Museum's winter botanical exhibition, *Tipping Point: Threatened Plants of Southern Africa.*

Peter Borchers, Suzanne Buchanan, Margot Dower, Casey Driver, Elinor Driver, Matthew Ferrandi, Christina Goodall, Carelize Jacobs, Tessa Gawith, Karen Hahne, Simon Hartley, Lesley Jennings, Aaron Juritz, David Langford, Maryke Louw, Jen Matlock, Robyn McKechnie, Maryanne McLachlan, Thembi Nyathi, Kyle Paulssen, Chloë Reeler, John Rennie, Owen Rogers, Fi Smit, Bernice Taljaard, Stefan van der Westhuizen, Jenni van Doesburgh, Anthea van Wieringen, Jean Westwood

Founder and Director: John Woodland  
Manager: Kyle Paulssen

[www.voxcapetown.com](http://www.voxcapetown.com)  
[hello@voxcapetown.com](mailto:hello@voxcapetown.com)

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