

**Third Year Ensemble Winter Exam******

**Rebecca Smith**, *soprano* **Gavin Wong**, *baritone*  
Alban Rees Jones, *keyboard*

Tuesday 15th January 2013  
1:15pm  
St Michael’s Church, Bugle Street

**Programme**

*Ave, Verum Corpus* Josquin des Près   
 (1450-1521)

*Dulcis Christe* Michaelangelo Grancini  
 (1605-1669)

*Lost is my Quiet* Henry Purcell  
 Z. 502 (1659-1695)

*My Dearest, My Fairest* Henry Purcell  
 Z. 585, Pausanias, the Betrayer (1695)

*See Nature, Rejoicing* Henry Purcell   
 Z. 323, Come Ye Sons of Art (1694)

*Tell Me Why* Henry Purcell   
 Z. 627, Dioclesian (1690)

*What Shall Lost Aeneas Do?* Henry Purcell  
 Z. 626, Dido and Aeneas (by 1688)

**Texts and Translations**

***Ave, Verum Corpus***

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| Ave, verum corpus Christi,  Natum ex Maria Virgine, Vere passum, immolátum In cruce pro hómine. | *Hail, true Body,*  *Born of the Virgin Mary,*  *Who having truly suffered,*  *Was sacrificed on the cross for mankind.* |

***Dulcis Christe***

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| Dulcis Christe, o bone Deus,  O amor meus, o vita mea,  O salus mea, o gloria mea.  Tu es Creator,  Tu es Salvator mundi.  Te volo, Te quaero,  Te adoro, o dulcis Amor  Te adoro, o care Jesu. | *Dear Christ, O My Dear God*  *Ye, My Love, Ye, My Life*  *You, My Health and Salvation, You, My Glory.*  *You are the Creator,*  *You the Saviour of our world.*  *I seek You, I desire You,*  *I adore You, O Sweet Love*  *I adore You, O dear Jesus.* |

***Lost is my Quiet***

Lost is my quiet forever,   
Lost is life's happiest part;   
Lost all my tender endeavours   
To touch an insensible heart.  
But tho' my Despair is past curing,  
And much undeserv'd is my fate,  
I'll show by a patient enduring,  
My love is unmov'd as her hate.

***My Dearest, My Fairest***

My dearest, my fairest,  
My dearest, my fairest,  
I languish for you.  
Thy sweetness has won me,  
Thy charm have undone me,  
I ne'er, no, ne'er shall be free;  
And if from thee parted, I burn till we meet,  
Ah, why are love's hours so short and so sweet!  
Thus loving and kissing, fresh joys we'll pursue,  
And ever be happy, and ever be true.  
But alas! Should you change,  
Ah, tell me not so!  
No, never, my dearest,  
No, never, my fairest,  
Ah, no, my dearest, ah, no.

***See Nature, Rejoicing***

See Nature, rejoicing, has shown us the way,

With innocent revels to welcome the day.

The tuneful grove, and talking rill,

The laughing vale, the replying hill,

With charming harmony unite,

The happy season to invite.

What the Graces require,

And the Muses inspire,

Is at once our delight and our duty to pay.

Thus Nature, rejoicing, has shown us the way,

With innocent revels to welcome the day.

***Tell Me Why***

Tell me why, my charming fair,

Tell me why you thus deny me,

Can despair of these sighs and looks of care

Make Corinna ever fly me?

O Mirtillo! You're above me,

I respect but dare not love ye.

She who hears, inclines to sin,

Who parleys half gives up the town,

And ravenous love soon enters in,

When once the out-work's beaten down:

Then my sighs and tears won't move ye,

No Mirtillo, you're above me;

I respect, but dare not love ye.

Could this lovely, charming maid

Think Mirtillo would deceive her?

Could Corinna be afraid

She by him should be betray'd?

No, too well, I love her,

Therefore cannot be above her.

O, let love with love be paid.

My heart, my life, my all I give her.

Let me now receive her.

Oh! How gladly we believe,

When the heart is too, too willing;

Can that look, that face deceive?

Can he take delight in killing?

Ah! I die if you deceive me!

Yet I will believe ye.

***What Shall Lost Aeneas Do?***

What shall lost Aeneas do?

How, royal fair, shall I impart

The gods' decree, and tell you we must part?

Thus on the fatal banks of Nile

Weeps the deceitful crocodile;

Thus hypocrites that murder act

Make heav'n and gods the authors of the fact!

By all that's good...

By all that's good, no more!

All that's good you have forswore.

To your promis'd empire fly,

And let forsaken Dido die.

In spite of Jove's command I'll stay,

Offend the gods, and Love obey.

No, faithless man, thy course pursue;

I'm now resolv'd as well as you.

No repentance shall reclaim

The injur'd Dido's slighted flame;

For 'tis enough, whate'er you now decree,

That you had once a thought of leaving me.

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| Let Jove say what he please, I’ll stay!  Away, away!  No, no, I’ll stay, and love obey!  To Death I’ll fly if longer you delay.  Away, away! |