

*Celebrating our 39th Season*

# The Cherry Creek Chorale

presents

## *April Showers Bring May Flowers*

🌸🌸🌸 **May 10 & 11, 2019** 🌸🌸🌸

*We welcome Ryan Smith on percussion and Tom Virtue on bass*

**April Showers..... Louis Silvers / B.G. Desylva**

**arr. by Paul Langford**

**soloist: Christi Reynolds**

Life is not a highway strewn with flowers; still it holds a goodly share of bliss.  
When the sun gives way to April showers, here's the point that you should never miss.

Though April showers may come your way, they bring the flowers that bloom in May.  
So if it's raining have no regrets, because it isn't raining rain you know, it's raining violets.  
And where you see clouds upon the hills you soon will see crowds of daffodils.  
So keep on looking for a blue bird and list'ning for his song  
Whenever April showers come along.

**Don't Let the Rain Come Down..... Ed E. Miller & Ersel Hicky**

**arr. by Jill Gallina**

Oh no, don't let the rain come down. My roof's got a hole in it and I might drown.  
Oh yes, my roof's got a hole in it and I might drown.

There was a crooked man and he had a crooked smile.  
Had a crooked sixpence and he walked a crooked mile.  
Had a crooked cat and he had a crooked mouse.  
They all lived together in a crooked little house.

Well, this crooked little man and his crooked little smile,  
Took his crooked sixpence and he walked a crooked mile.  
Bought some crooked nails and a crooked little bat,  
Tried to fix his roof with a rat-tat-tat-tat-tat.

Now this crooked little man and his crooked cat and mouse,  
They all live together in a crooked little house.  
Has a crooked door with a crooked little latch.  
Has a crooked roof with a crooked little patch.

**Rain Music.....Music by Laura Farnell**  
**Sung by the Tenors & Basses of the Chorale**      **Words by Joseph S. Cotter, Jr.**

On the earth drum beats the rain,  
Now a whispered murmur, now a louder strain.  
Silver drumsticks, on an ancient drum  
Beat the music bidding life to come again and sing!  
Chords of earth awakened, notes of greening spring,  
Rise and fall triumphant over ev'ry thing.  
Hear the slender drumsticks beat the long tattoo,  
God, the Great Musician, calling life anew.

**The Blue Bird..... Music by Charles Villiers Stanford**  
**Words by Mary E. Coleridge**

The lake lay blue below the hill, o'er it, as I looked, there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still, a bird whose wings were palest blue.  
The sky above was blue at last, the sky beneath me blue in blue,  
A moment, ere the bird had passed, it caught his image as he flew.

**Orinoco Flow.....Music by Enya**  
**Words by Roma Ryan**

Let me sail, let me sail, let the Orinoco flow.  
Let me reach, let me beach on the shores of Tripoli.  
Let me sail, let me sail, let me crash upon your shore.  
Let me reach, let me beach far beyond the Yellow Sea.

Sail away, ...

From Bissau to Palau in the shade of Avalon, from Fiji to Tiree in the Isles of Ebony,  
From Peru to Cebu, feel the power of Babylon, from Bali to Cali, far beneath the Coral Sea.

Turn it up...Adieu.

From the North to the South, Ebudae unto Khartoum,  
From the deep Sea of Clouds to the Island of the Moon.  
Carry me on the waves to the land I've never been.  
Carry me on the waves to the lands I've never seen.  
We can sail, with the Orinoco flow; let me reach, let me beach on the shores of Tripoli.



**Bring Me Little Water Sylvie.....Attr. to Huddie Ledbetter**  
**Sung by the Sopranos & Altos of the Chorale**  
**arr. by Robert Jones**  
**soloists: Ruth Most and Julie Tobin**

Bring me little water, Sylvie. Bring me little water now.  
Bring me little water, Sylvie, Ev'ry little once in a while.

Sylvie come arunnin', bucket in my hand.  
"I need a little water, fast as I can."

"Can't you see me comin'? Can't you see me now?"  
"I need a little water ev'ry little once in a while."

Bring it in a bucket, Sylvie. Bring it in a bucket now.  
Bring it in a bucket Sylvie, ev'ry little once in a while.

"Can't you hear me callin'? Can't you hurry now?"  
"I need a little water ev'ry little once in a while."

**Wade in de Water.....Traditional Spiritual**  
**arr. by Allen Koepke**

Wade in de water, children. God is gonna trouble de water, my Lord.  
Well de River Jordan is so chilly an' cold, chills de body, but not de soul.  
If you get there before I do, just tell my friends I'm a-comin' too.

**Intermission**

**The CherryTones**

**April Is In My Mistress' Face ..... Thomas Morley**  
**edited by John Leavitt**

**Build Me Up Buttercup ..... Tony McCauley and Michael D'Abo**  
**arr. by Jeff Funk**

**Put on a Happy Face.....Charles Strouse and Lee Adams**  
**arr. by Paul Langford**

**The Chorale**

**Now Is the Month of Maying..... Thomas Morley**

Now is the month of Maying, when merry lads are playing, Fa la la....  
Each with his bonnie lass, a-dancing on the grass, Fa la la....

The Spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at Winter's sadness, Fa la la....  
And to the bagpipe's sound, The nymphs tread out the ground, Fa la la....

Fie, then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la la....  
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, shall we play barley break? Fa la la....

**A Red, Red Rose** ..... **Music by James Mulholland**

**Words by Robert Burns**

**Edited by Walter Rodby**

O my luve's like a red, red rose, that's newly sprung in June:  
O my luve's like the melodie, that's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in luve am I.  
I will luve thee still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry.

I will luve thee still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run.  
Till the seas gang dry, my dear, and rocks melt with the sun!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, so deep in luve am I.  
I will come again, my luve, tho' it were ten thousand mile!

**Les Fleurs et Les Arbres**..... **Camille Saint-Saëns**  
**sung in French**

Les fleurs et les arbres,  
Les bronzes, les marbres,  
Les ors, les émaux,  
La mer, les fontaines,  
Les monts et les plaines  
Consolent nos maux.

The flowers and the trees,  
The bronzes, the marbles,  
The golds, the enamels,  
The sea, the fountains (waterfalls),  
The mountains and the plains  
Console our pain.

Nature éternelle  
Tu sembles plus belle  
Au sein des douleurs,  
Et l'art nous domine,  
Sa flame illumine  
Le rire et les pleurs.

Eternal nature,  
You seem more beautiful  
To a heart in sorrow,  
And art reigns over us,  
Its flame illuminates  
The laughter and tears.

**La Rose Complète**..... **Music by Morten Johannes Lauridsen**  
**sung in French** **Words by Rainer Maria Rilke**

J'ai une telle conscience de ton  
être, rose complète,  
que mon consentement te confond  
avec mon coeur en fête.

I have such awareness of your  
being, perfect rose,  
that my will unites you  
with my heart in celebration.

Je te respire comme si tu étais,  
rose, toute la vie,  
et je me sens l'ami parfait  
d'une telle amie.

I breathe you in, rose,  
as if you were all of life,  
and I feel the perfect friend  
of a perfect friend.

**Dirait-on..... Music by Morten Johannes Lauridsen**  
**sung in French Words by Rainer Maria Rilke**

Abandon entouré d'abandon,  
tendresse touchant aux tendresses...  
C'est ton intérieur qui sans cesse  
se caresse, dirait-on;

Abandon surrounding abandon,  
tenderness touching tenderness ...  
Your oneness endlessly  
caresses itself, so they say.

Se caresse en soi-même,  
par son propre reflet éclairé.  
Ainsi tu inventes le thème  
du Narcisse exaucé.

Self-caressing,  
through its own clear reflection.  
Thus you invent the theme  
of Narcissus fulfilled.

**Singin' in the Rain ..... Music by Nacio Herb Brown**  
**Words by Arthur Freed**  
**arr. by Mac Huff**

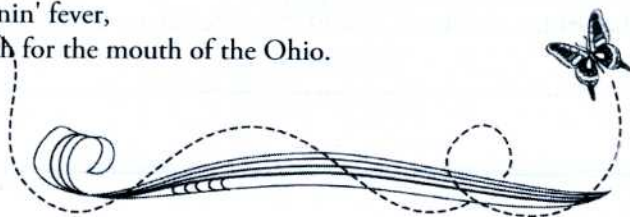
I'm singin' in the rain, just singin' in the rain. What a glorious feelin', I'm happy again.  
I'm laughin' at clouds so dark up above, the sun's in my heart and I'm ready for love.  
Let the stormy clouds chase ev'ryone from the place. Come on with the rain, I've a smile on my face.  
I'll walk down the lane with a happy refrain, just singin', singin' in the rain.

Dancin' in the rain, I'm happy again. I'm singin' and dancin' in the rain.

**Muddy Water from Big River ..... Roger Miller**  
**arr. by John Leavitt**

Look out for me, oh muddy water,  
Your mysteries are deep and wide.  
And I got a need for going some place,  
And I got a need to climb upon your back and ride.

You can look for me when you see me comin',  
I may be runnin', I don't know.  
I may be tired and runnin' fever,  
But I'll be headin' south for the mouth of the Ohio.



## Program Notes

We are thrilled to end this concert season with a program centered around themes of spring. Here in Colorado we wouldn't dare have this concert during April, as we'd run the risk of a performance-canceling blizzard. But we're safe now, right? Maybe.

Anyway, after our all-classical concert in March we're back with a very varied selection of music for this one. See if you can keep track of these genres throughout the evening: madrigal, spiritual, folk song, art song, film score, Broadway show tunes, and pop/rock. That should be a complete list, but I may have missed something. As you can probably tell, these genres cover a wide swathe of time. Our oldest pieces, two madrigals by Thomas Morley, date back to the 1500's. The newest one is from 2004, an arrangement of *April Showers* that was arranged specifically for the Chorale. Even with this remarkable variety, however, there are some common themes. See how many rainstorms, rivers, bluebirds and roses pop up. We'll pivot from April to May at about the midpoint, when our small group The Cherrytone makes the dizzying leap from a 16th century madrigal to a Sixties pop hit. Most of the second half centers on floral imagery, but stay alert! Things may change at any time.

The title of our concert is a common saying, but it embodies a profound truth: difficulties can lead to happiness and there's always room for hope. All of our pieces have at least a hint of optimism. Even those that reflect the African-American slavery experience have that yearning for something better without which we sink into despair. The men are singing *Rain Music*, written by the grandson of a plantation slave and celebrating the coming of rain on the earth and its renewal. The women sing *Bring Me a Little Water, Sylvie*, in which a man working out in the fields calls for water—and gets it. And our challenging arrangement of the spiritual *Wade in de Water* touches on many hopeful themes: the crossing of the Jordan River, the healing waters that God “troubled,” and, probably most important historically, the idea of escaping slaves wading in the water to avoid detection by bloodhounds.

One selection that is especially relevant right now is Camille Saint-Saëns' *Les Fleurs et les Arbres*, which says that eternal Nature and the flame of Art console us in our pain. As the people of Paris now walk by the gutted Notre Dame Cathedral, we hope that they will indeed be consoled by the other beauty that they can see in that great city. Even now plans are being made to rebuild, a testament to the very optimism evident in our program.

I can't touch on the main ideas of all our pieces here, so I would encourage you to visit our home page and click on the image of Alice in Wonderland to find essays on many of them. And we will look forward to seeing you next year for our 40th season!

-- Debi Simons

Go to our website at [www.cherrycreekchorale.org](http://www.cherrycreekchorale.org) and click on the “Behind the Music” tab to read other essays on our selections.