

QUO
RUM



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First Unitarian Society of Denver

QUORUM

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Summer Love

Summer is ycoming in	<i>Traditional, Robert Pearsall</i>
Summer is nigh	<i>Julius Benedict</i>
Midsummer song	<i>Frederick Delius</i>
Who put the roses in your garden?	<i>Michael J. Henderson</i>
Sweet honey-sucking bees	<i>John Wilbye</i>
Soft, soft wind	<i>Charles V. Stanford</i>
Hirtenlied	<i>Felix Mendelssohn</i>
A border ballad	<i>Oliveria Prescott</i>
The little brown bee	<i>Amy Beach</i>
Oh, be swift to love	<i>Nancy Grundahl</i>
Non sono in queste rive	<i>Claudio Monteverdi</i>
Whispers of summer	<i>Samuel Coleridge-Taylor</i>
A boy and a girl	<i>Eric Whitacre</i>
When daffodils begin to peer	<i>Matthew Harris</i>

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Texts & Translations



ummer is ycoming in *Traditional, Robert Pearsall (1795 – 1856)*

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweþ sed
and bloweþ med
and springþ þe wde nu
Sing cuccu

Loud sing cuckoo;
Ewe is bleating after lamb,
and calf crieth after cow,
Deer are belling,
buds are swelling,
Merrie sing cuckoo,

Summer is ycoming in
Loud sing cuckoo,
Groweth seed
and bloweth mead,
and springeth the weed new,

well sings the cuckoo,
be silent never now.
Summer is ycoming in,
loud sing cuckoo.



ummer is nigh *Julius Benedict (1804 – 1885)*

Through the bow'rs sweet winds are stealing,
And the noisy rooks are wheeling;
All their grace are flow'rs revealing,
Hidden long in wintry snows.
Awake, awake! ye Naiads fair,
For by your haunts the streamlet flows,
And soft the zephyr blows!
Ah, the summer's nigh!

On the hill the roe is belling,
And the fountains are upwelling,
And the heart first love is telling,
Hidden long like wintry flower.
Awake, awake! oh maiden fair,
Upon thy life no shadows low'r,
And love rules brake and bower.
Ah, the summer's nigh!

– *Henry Brougham Farnie*



idsummer song *Frederick Delius (1862 – 1934)*

La la la la la...
On midsummer day
we'll dance and we'll play
and we'll wander and stray thro' the woods.

La la la la la...
We'll dance and we'll kiss
whilst it's youth, love, and bliss,
and the night is not far away, heigh-ho!



Who put the roses in your garden? *Michael J. Henderson (2024)*

Who put the roses in your garden
I dare not say
since all my gifts have wilted away
ceased by your veil.

What will you take
what will you wear
what will you break
how will you fare?

See how the streams flow to the rivers
and to the sea
as all my hopes have parted me
leaving just a tale.

Who put the roses in your garden
I dare not say
oh who put the North Wind in your heart
bidding us to part?



Sweet honey-sucking bees *John Wilbye (1574 – 1638)*

Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do you still
surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
as if the choicest nectar lay in them
wherewith you store your curious cabinets?
Ah, make your flight to Melisuavia's lips.
There may you revel in ambrosian cheer,
where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
Keeping their springtide graces all the year.

Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get:
Sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that,
for if one flaming dart come from her eye,
was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die.

– *Anonymous*



Soft, soft wind *Charles V. Stanford (1852 – 1924)*

Soft, soft wind, from out the sweet south sliding,
Waft thy silver cloud-webs athwart the summer sea;
Their thin threads of mist on dewy fingers twining
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe
and me.

Deep, deep Love, within thy own abyss abiding,
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air, and sea;
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my helpless babe
and me.

– *Charles Kingsley*



irtenlied *Felix Mendelssohn (1809 – 1847)*

*O Winter, schlimmer Winter,
wie ist die Welt so klein!
Du drängst uns all' in die Täler,
in die engen Hütten hinein.*

*Und geh' ich auch vorüber
An meiner Liebsten Haus,
Kaum sieht sie mit dem Köpfchen
Zum kleinen Fenster heraus.*

*O Sommer, schöner Sommer,
Wie wird die Welt so weit!
Je höher man steigt auf die Berge,
Je weiter sie sich verbreit.*

*Und halt' ich dich in den Armen
Auf freien Bergeshöh'n,
wir seh'n in die weiten Lande
Und werden nicht geseh'n.*

– Johann Ludwig Uhland

Oh winter, awful winter,
How small is the world!
You force us all into the valleys,
Into the narrow huts.

And even when I walk
by my beloved's house,
She barely peeks her darling head
out of the little window.

Oh summer, beautiful summer,
How vast becomes the world!
The higher one climbs up the mountains,
The wider it expands.

And when I hold you in my arms
On the open mountain peaks:
We gaze out into the wide lands,
And are ourselves not seen.

– Translation: Claudia Dakkouri



border ballad *Oliveria Prescott (1842 – 1919)*

It was over the clover, and over the corn,
And over the meadow that merry May morn,
That he bore me with him on the back of his bay,
To the gay village green, to the Queen of the May.

It was over the valleys and hills far from sight,
By glen and by torrent at deep dead of night,
That his fierce rival carried me helpless away,
And swore he would wed me with breaking of day.

It was over the mountains my love followed me,
From the rage of his rival his true love to free;
And there in the grey dawn his foeman he found,
And when the day broke there was blood on the ground.

It is over the mountains away to the sea,
It is over the ocean my true love must flee;
And he prays me to leave him, a felon outcast;
But if e'er I forsake him, that day be my last.

– Francis William Bourdillon



he little brown bee *Amy Beach*

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:
"Oh! hurry here and see, and see.
The loneliest rose
That in the garden grows."
"Humumum." Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"The rose is not for me,
Though she is lovelier by far
Than many other flowers are."
"Humumum." Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee:
"Much honey must be here,
and we should beg a portion while we may,
For soon more bees will come this way."
"Humumum." Said little brown Bee to big brown Bee.

Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee:
"No honey-cup has she,
But many cups, all brimming over,
Has yonder little purple clover,
and that's the flower for me."
"Humumum." Said big brown Bee to little brown Bee.

– *Margaret Eytinge*



h, be swift to love *Nancy Grundahl (2016)*

Oh, be swift to love,
and make haste to be kind.
– *Henri-Frédéric Amiel*



on sono in queste rive *Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)*

*Non sono in queste rive
fiori così vermigli
come le labbra de la donna mia,
né 'l suon de l'aure estive
tra fonti e rose e gigli
fa del suo canto più dolce armonia.
Canto che m'ardi e piaci,
t'interrompano solo i nostri baci!*
– *Torquato Tasso*

There are upon these shores
no flowers as red
as my mistress' lips,
nor does the sound of summer winds
amidst fountains, roses, and lilies
produce sweeter harmonies than her singing.
Song that inflames and pleases me,
may our kisses alone interrupt you.
– *Translation: Campelli*



hispers of summer *Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875 – 1912)*

When whispers of summer are filling the air,
It's oh! to escape from the tumult of life,
From its ceaseless worry, and its endless care,
To flee from the sound, the sound of its strife,
It's Oh! just to be by the sweet summer sea,
When the dancing waves sing low,
And the heavens are bright
and flushed with the light of a sunset afterglow,
It's oh! for the peace that is waiting there,
When whispers of summer are filling the air.

– Kathleen Mary Easmon Simango



boy and a girl *Eric Whitacre (2004)*

Stretched out on the grass,
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their oranges, giving their kisses
like waves exchanging foam.

Stretched out on the beach,
a boy and a girl.
Savoring their limes, giving their kisses
like clouds exchanging foam.

Stretched out underground,
a boy and a girl.
Saying nothing, never kissing,
giving silence for silence.

– Muriel Rukeyser (translation from Octavio Paz)

Los novios

*Tendidos en la yerba
una muchacha y un muchacho.
Comen naranjas, cambian besos,
como las olas cambian sus espumas.*

*Tendidos en la playa
una muchacha y un muchacho.
Comen limones, cambian besos
como las nubes cambian sus espumas.*

*Tendidos bajo tierra
una muchacha y un muchacho.
No dicen nada, no se besan,
cambian silencio por silencio.*

– Octavio Paz



hen daffodils begin to peer *Matthew Harris (2004)*
Chelsea Kendall and Blake Nawa'a, soloists

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

– *William Shakespeare (from The Winter's Tale, Act IV, scene 3)*