

Ralph Vaughn-Williams'
Serenade to Music

Performed By
The Chorus Within

Led from the Piano by Joseph Bloom

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1993 -- 8:15 p.m. -- GREENWALL MUSIC WORKSHOP



Sopranos:	Shawnette Sulker	(Sweet harmony)
	Celia Twomey	(Come ho and wake Diana)
	Raven Meyers	(It is your music of the house)
Altos:	Jessica Peck	(Music! Hark!)
	Andrea Reynolds	(Silence bestows that virtue)
	Evita Cobo	(Peace ho)
Tenors:	John Wilson	(Look how the floor of heaven)
	John Bailly	(There's not the smallest orb)
	Michael Buhl	(It is your music of the house)
Basses:	Michael Downs	(The reason is your spirits)
	Keith Kibler	(The motions of his spirit)
	Art Turton	Mike Cole Ian Jelinek

William Shakespeare: *The Merchant of Venice* (Act V, Scene I)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears:
Soft stillness, and the night, become the touches of sweet harmony
Look how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholds't,
But in his motion like angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.
Come, ho! And wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.
Music! Hark! It is your music of the house.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Silence bestows that virtue on it.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Enymion
And would not be awak'd!
Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.