

LONDON CONCORD SINGERS
Conductor Malcolm Cottle
PROGRAMME

Benjamin Britten Concord from 'Choral Dances from Gloriana'

Palestrina **Alma redemptoris Mater**
Alma redemptoris Mater, quae pervia caeli porta manes, Et stella maris, succurre
cadenti, surgere qui curat populo: Tu quae genuisti, naturmirante, tuum sanctum
Genitorem: Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore Sumens illud Ave,
peccatorum miserere

Mother of Christ, hear thou thy people's cry, Star of the deep and Portal of the Sky,
Mother of him who thee from nothing made, Sinking we strive and call to thee for
aid. Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to thee, Thou Virgin first and last, let us
thy mercy see

J.S. Bach **Lobet den Herren, alle Heiden. BWV230**

This motet consists of words from Psalm 117 and an attached Alleluia. It is the only one of Bach's motets composed throughout in four parts, and lacking Bach's much-loved chorale - both possible indications of an earlier (pre-Leipzig) date. It has a single movement, which falls naturally into three sections: two powerful fugal pillars, framing a gentler central episode.

O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever. Praise ye the LORD.
Alleluia *Psalm 117*

Anton Bruckner **Locus Iste a Deo factus est.**
Locus iste a Deo factus est This place was made by God,
Inaestimabile sacramentum, an inestimable sacrament;
Irreprehensibilis est. There is no fault in it.

Franz Liszt **Ave Maria**
Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus et
benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis
peccatoribus, Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you. You are blessed among women and
blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us
sinners, Now and in the hour of our death.

Francis Poulenc **Salve Regina**
Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve. Ad te
clamamus, exules filii Evae, Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac
lacrymarum valle. Eja ergo Advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos
converte. Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium nobis
post hoc ostende, O clemens, O pie, O dulcis Maria.

Hail, Holy Queen, mother of mercy, our life our sweetness and hope, hail. To thee
we cry, exiled children of Eve. To thee we send up our cries and mourning in this
vale of tears. Turn then, O gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us, and
after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O merciful, o
holy, o sweet Virgin Mary.

Robert Hugill **Ave Maria, from Three Prayers**
Three Prayers were written for London Concord Singers and they gave the première in December 1993 at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester
Road, London.

Shostakovich **Ten Poems for Mixed Chorus to Lyrics of Revolutionary Poets, Opus 88 (Numbers 1, 4, 7)**
These choruses, of which 3 will be sung this evening, were completed in 1951 and first performed on 10th October in that year. Although
there have been many subsequent performances in Russia, they have seldom been heard in the West. The theme is the abortive first
Russian revolution, and its bloody suppression in 1905 by the troops of Tsar Nicholas II.

1. Let us go forth bravely, my friends (words: L. Radin)

Let us go forth bravely, my friends,
Awakening the living flame in our hearts,
And our cause will not perish.
Our banner will not be broken in the storms!
We will not wait long for victory,
For thought has awakened among the workers,
And the young army is ripening
In the silence of frightening night.
It will ripen, and then, having shaken off
Our chains, as a dream, when asleep,
Under the red banner of socialism
Russia will awaken to a new life.

4. Encounter during Deportation (words: A. Gmyrev)

In silence we looked at each other through the angry mesh of the rail car.
A tear glistened on her lashes, and I kept my sobs silent, and impassioned my
suffering.
I wanted to shout "My dear, hold on.
I am glad of the chains and the shame
For the sake of the happiness of my country.
Let the stupid enemies make fun of our sacred love.
The hour of revenge will come and they will pay for everything with their black
blood.
Be strong, my dear, be strong and wait."

7. The last volleys have died away (E. Tarasov)

The last volleys have died away, The thunder of the cannons has become silent, The red pools of the fires are slightly steaming
And round them tired fighters Are sleeping the sleep of the other world. The wind blows over the skeletons of the barricades; Over the unblessed bodies.
The mournful hymns sound through the darkness. Sleep brothers, fallen with honour; the hour of judgement is near. Sleep, you who have never known doubt.
The night is in our hands. All that was destroyed in the day, We will rebuild at night. The will to fight has not been extinguished in the wounded eagle. All night we will cover
the city in barricades again and in the morning we will return to battle with a new army.

Camille Saint-Saens **Calme des nuits,
Les Fleurs et les Arbres**

Herbert Howells **Requiem (Nos. 2, 3 & 4)**

In 1935 Herbert Howells' son Michael died of spinal meningitis. The event greatly troubled Howells, and the music he wrote during those
several years following revealed intense emotions. Howells did not release for publication or performance some of his compositions of
that period. Amongst these was the 'Hymnus Paradise' and the 'Requiem'. It is not a requiem at all, but a profoundly moving setting of a series
of texts taken from the Psalms, the Requiem Mass and Revelation. The lush harmonies reflect the terrible sadness experienced by a father
at the loss of a child.

2 - Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd: therefore can I lack nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul and
bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against them that trouble me: thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full. But thy loving kindness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

3 - Requiem Aeternam (I)

Requiem in aeternam dona eis, Give them eternal rest,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis. and let everlasting light shine on them.
Requiem in aeternam dona eis Domine. Give them eternal rest O Lord.

4 - Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved and he that keepeth thee will not sleep. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord himself is thy keeper: he is thy defence upon thy right hand; So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea it is even he that shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth and for evermore.
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

Darius Milhaud

Quatrains Valaisans

This charming set of five songs are settings of pastoral poems by Rainer Maria Rilke describing the sun-drenched, vine-covered slopes of the Valais region of Switzerland.

1. Countryside, halted halfway between the earth and sky, with its watercourses and paths of bronze; Gentle yet harsh, young and old, like an offering raised towards welcoming hands, beautifully complete land, warm as bread.
2. Warm, rose-tinted light, a crumbling wall, but on the slope of the hill, that fracture which, high up, is wavering with its Proserpinian motion: No doubt a good deal of shade gets into the sap of that vine: And that excessive brightness, dancing above it, misleads the road.
3. The year pivots around the axis of rustic constancy; The Virgin and St. Anne each speak their word. Other words, even more ancient, are added to them; They all grant blessings; And there rises from the earth that yielding greenery which, after long striving, produces the cluster of grapes plucked from between the living and the dead.
4. Roads which lead no-where, between two meadows; Which, one would think, have been skilfully diverted from their destination. Roads which often have nothing in front of them but sheer infinity and the time of year.
5. Pretty Butterfly, near the ground, displaying all the gorgeous colours of its wings like a book of hours; Another rests, wings closed, on the edge of a sweet-smelling flower; It's not the moment for reading... There are still so many more of them, tiny blue ones scatter, floating and fluttering, like blue fragments of a love-letter in the wind. A torn up letter which one was in the process of writing, while the lady for whom it was intended was hesitating in the doorway.

John Rutter Childhood Lyrics

Settings of children's poems and nursery rhymes for unaccompanied mixed voices, these were written especially for London Concord Singers, who gave the premiere in 1973 at the Purcell Room in London.

1 - Monday's Child (words: traditional)

Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace, Wednesday's child is full of woe, Thursday's child has far to go, Friday's child is loving and giving, Saturday's child works hard for his living. And the child that is born on the Sabbath day is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

2 - The Owl and The Pussy Cat (words: Edward Lear)

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea, In a beautiful pea green boat, They took some honey and plenty of money, Wrapped up in a five-pound note. The owl looked up to the stars above and sang to a small guitar. "O lovely pussy! O pussy my love, What a beautiful pussy you are."

Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl! How charmingly sweet you sing! O let us be married, too long we have tarried, But what shall we do for a ring?" They sailed away for a year and a day, to the land where the Bong tree grows, and there in a wood a piggy-wig stood, with a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling, your ring?" said the piggy "I will." So they took it away and were married next day, by the turkey who lived on the hill. They dined on rince and slices of quince, which they ate with a runcible spoon, and hand in hand by the edge of the sand, they danced by the light of the moon.

3 - Windy Nights (words: Robert Louis Stevenson)

Gallop and gallop and gallop about. Whenever the moon and the stars are set, whenever the wind is high, all night long in the dark and wet, a man goes riding by. Late in the night when the fires are out, why does he gallop and gallop about? Whenever the trees are crying aloud, and ships are tossed at sea, by on the highway, low and loud, by at the gallop goes he. By at the gallop he goes, and then, by he comes back at the gallop again.

4 - Matthew, Mark, Luke and John (words: Traditional)

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, Bless the bed that I lie on. Four corners to my bed, Four angels round my head; One to watch and one to pray and two to bear my soul away.

5 - Sing a Song of Sixpence (words: Traditional)

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye; Four and twenty blackbirds, baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing; Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in his counting house, counting out his money; The queen was in the parlour, eating bread and honey. The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes, there came a little blackbird and snapped off her nose.

London Concord Singers are an award-winning chamber choir of up to 30 mixed voices, based in central London, with a broad-ranging repertoire. The choir was established in 1966 by the conductor, Malcolm Cottle and he has remained the Musical Director. The choir became a registered charity in 1996.

London Concord Singers have given a number of world, UK and London premieres of works by composers such as John Rutter, Andrzej Panufnik, Richard Rodney Bennett, John McCabe, Kenneth Leighton and Michael Ball, as well as pieces specially written for the choir.

The choir has also given performances of major contemporary pieces such as Alfred Schnittke's Choral Concerto and Malcolm Williamson's Requiem for a Tribe Brother. In its 30 year history the choir has performed all of the unaccompanied choral music of Francis Poulenc.