

London Concord Singers

Conductor Malcolm Cottle

Thursday, December 15th, 2011
7.30 pm

PROGRAMME

Praetorius/Vulpius/Schurmann Es ist ein Ros entsprungen
Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina Dies Sanctificatus
Tomas Luis de Victoria Vidi Speciosam (à 6)
Franz Liszt Ave Maria
Morten Lauridsen Les chansons des roses
Cecilia McDowall Of a Rose

∞ interval ∞

Orlandus Lassus Alma Redemptoris Mater
Tomas Luis de Victoria Vidi Speciosam (à 8)
Robert Hugill Kiss Thou this Rose
Herbert Howells A Spotless Rose
Richard Rodney Bennett Five Carols

Programme Price £1.50

ANONYMOUS, ARR. MICHAEL PRAETORIUS (1571 1621), MELCHIOR VULPIUS (1570 1615), BURKHARDT MATHIAS SCHÜRMAN (BORN 1972)

~ **Es ist ein Ros entsprungen**

Es ist ein Ros entsprungen,
aus einer Wurzel zart,
wie uns die Alten sungen,
von Jesse kam die Art
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht
mitten im kalten Winter,
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,
davon Jesaja sagt:
hat uns gebracht alleine
Marie die reine Magd.
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat
hat sie ein Kind geboren,
welches uns selig macht.

Das Blümelein, so kleine,
das duftet uns so süß,
mit seinem hellen Scheine
vertreibst die Finsternis:
Wahr Mensch und wahrer Gott,
hilft uns aus allem Leide,
rettet von Sünd und Tod.

*A rose has sprung up,
from a tender root.
As the old ones sang to us,
Its lineage was from Jesse.
And it has brought forth a
floweret
In the middle of the cold winter
Well at half the night.*

*The rosebud that I mean,
Of which Isaiah told
Has alone brought us
Mary the pure maid.
At God's immortal word,
She has borne a child
Who makes us blessed.*

*The floweret, so small
That smells so sweet to us
With its clear light
Dispels the darkness.
True man and true God!
He helps us from all trouble,
Saves us from sin and death.*

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA (1525 1594) ~ Dies Sanctificatus

Dies sanctificatus illuxit nobis;
venite gentes et adorete
Dominum,
quia hodie descendit lux magna
in terris;
hæc dies quam fecit Dominus.
Exultemus et lætemur in ea.

*A holy day has dawned for us;
come, nations, and worship the
Lord, for today a great light has
descended to earth. This is the
day the Lord has made;
let us rejoice and be glad in it.*

TOMAS LUIS DE VICTORIA (1548 1611) ~ Vidi Speciosam (à 6)

Vidi speciosam sicut columbam,
ascendentem desuper rivos
aquarum, cuius inestimabilis
odor erat nimis in vestimentis
ejus; Et sicut dies verni
circumdabant eam flores
rosarum et lilia convallium. Quae
est ista, quae ascendit per
desertum sicut virgula fumi ex
aromatibus myrrhae et thuris?

*I saw her when, fair as a dove,
she winged her flight above the
rivers of waters. The priceless
savour of her perfumes hung
heavy in her garments, and
about her it was as the flower of
roses in the spring of the year,
and as lilies of the valley. Who is
this that cometh out of the
wilderness like pillars of smoke,
perfumed with myrrh and
frankincense?*

From Song of Songs

FRANZ LISZT (1811 - 1886) ~ 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 thee; blessed art thou
amongst women, and blessed is
the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray
for us sinners, now and at the
hour of our death.*

MORTEN LAURIDSEN (BORN 1943) ~ Les chansons des roses

1. En une seule fleur
C'est pourtant nous qui t'avons
proposé
de remplir ton calice.
Enchantée de cet artifice,
ton abondance l'avait osé.

In a single flower
*Yet it was we who offered
to fill your calyx.
Enchanted by such a scheme,
your abundance had dared to
agree.*

Tu étais assez riche, pour devenir
cent fois toi-même
en une seule fleur;
c'est l'état de celui qui aime ...
Mais tu n'as pas pensé ailleurs.

*You were rich enough to become
a hundred times yourself
in a single flower;
this is how a man in love feels
But you thought only of yourself.*

2. Contre qui, rose

Contre qui, rose,
avez-vous adopté
ces épines?

Votre joie trop fine
vous a-t-elle forcée
de devenir cette chose
armée?

Mais de qui vous protège
cette arme exagérée?
Combien d'ennemis vous ai-je
enlevés
qui ne la craignaient point?
Au contraire, d'été en automne,
vous blessez les soins
qu'on vous donne.

3. De ton rêve trop plein

De ton rêve trop plein,
fleur en dedans nombreuse,
mouillée comme une pleureuse,
tu te penches sur le matin.

Tes douces forces qui dorment,
dans un désir incertain,
développent ses tendres formes
entre joues et seins.

4. La rose complète

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

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

Against whom, rose

*Against whom, rose,
have you adopted
these thorns?
Your too-fragile joy
has it forced you
to become this armed creature?*

*But from whom does this
too-cruel weapon protect you?
How many enemies have I seen
off for you
who fear it not at all?
And meanwhile, from summer to
autumn,
you fight against the cares
lavished upon you.*

From your crowded dreams

*From your crowded dreams,
many-petalled flower,
moist as a mourner's face,
you lean into the morning.*

*Your gentle strength that sleeps,
in uncertain desire,
develops these soft shapes
between cheeks and breasts*

The perfect rose

*I am so aware of your
being, perfect rose,
that my consent mistakes you
for my elated heart.*

*I breathe you in as if you were,
rose, all life itself,
and I feel myself the perfect lover
of such a beloved.*

5. Dirait-on

Pianist: Jonathan Norris

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

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

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 1926)

One would say

*Abandon enveloped by abandon,
tenderness brushing against
tenderness*

within you, one would say,

*all is sweet and endless
caressing;
all caressing itself,
in its own limpid reflection.
Thus you invent the myth
of Narcissus fulfilled*

CECILIA McDOWALL (born 1951) ~ Of a Rose

Listen, lordynges, old and yonge,
How this rose began to spryng;
Such a rose to mine lykynge
In all this world ne knowe I non. Alleluia.

The aungel came fro hevene tour [tower]
To greet Marye with gret honour,
Seyde she should bere the flour
That should breke the fiendes bond. Alleluia.

The flower sprong in heye [high] Bethlem,
That is both bryht and schen [shining]:
The rose is Marye, hevene qwene,
Out of here bosom the blosme sprong. Alleluia

The ferste braunche is ful of myht,
That sprong on Chrystemesse nyht,
The sterre schon over Bethlem bryht
That is bothe brod and long. Alleluia.
The secunde braunche sprong to helle,
The fiendes power doun to felle:
Therein myht non soule dwelle;

Blyss d be the time the rose sprong! Alleluia.

The thredde braunch is good and swote [sweet],
It sprang to hevене, crop and rote,
There to dwell and ben our bote [salvation];
Ev ry day it schewit [is shown] in prystes hond [priest s hand].
Alleluia.

Anonymous, 14th century

☞ interval ☞

ORLANDUS LASSUS (1532 - 1594) ~ Alma Redemptoris Mater

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia caeli Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti, Surgere qui curat, populo: tu quae genuisti, Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.	<i>Loving Mother of our Saviour, hear thou thy people's cry Star of the deep and Portal of the sky! Mother of Him who thee made from nothing made. Sinking we strive and call to thee for aid: Oh, by what joy which Gabriel brought to thee, Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.</i>
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TOMAS LUIS DE VICTORIA (1548 1611) ~ Vidi Speciosam (à 8)

For translation see above

ROBERT HUGILL (BORN 1955) ~ Kiss Thou this Rose

Take thou this Rose, O Rose
Since love s own flower it is
And by that Rose, thy lover captive is.

Smell thou this Rose, O Rose
And know thyself as sweet
As dawn is sweet.

Look on this Rose, O Rose
And looking laugh on me,

And in thy laughter s ring
The nightingale shall sing.

O Rose, a painted Rose is not the whole,
Who paints the flower
Paints not its fragrant soul.

Helen Waddell (1889 1965), translated from Medieval Latin

HERBERT HOWELLS (1892 - 1983) ~ A Spotless Rose

Soloist: John McLeod

A Spotless Rose is blowing,
Sprung from a tender root,
Of ancient seers' foreshowing,
Of Jesse promised fruit;
Its fairest bud unfolds to light
Amid the cold, cold winter,
And in the dark midnight.

The Rose which I am singing,
Whereof Isaiah said,
Is from its sweet root springing
In Mary, purest Maid;
For through our God's great love and might,
The Blessed Babe she bare us
In a cold, cold winter's night.

14th century, translated by Catherine Winkworth

RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT (BORN 1936) ~ Five Carols

1. There is no rose

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu. Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in little space.
Res miranda [Wonderful thing].

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in Persons three.
Pares forma [Equal in form].

The angels sungen the shepherds to:

Gloria in excelsis deo [*Glory to God on high*].
Gaudeamus [*Let us rejoice*].

Then leave we all this worldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus [*Let us follow*].

Anonymous, c.1420

2. Out of your sleep

Out of your sleep arise and wake,
For God mankind now hath ytake [*taken*].
All of a maid without any make [*equal*];
Of all women she beareth the bell.

And through a maidè fair and wise,
Now man is made of full great price;
Now angels knelen to man's service,
And at this time all this befell.

Now man is brighter than the sun;
Now man in heav n on high shall won [*dwell*];
Blessèd be God this game is begun
And his mother the Empress of hell.

That ever was thrall now is he free;
That ever was small now great is she;
Now shall God deem both thee and me
Unto his bliss if we do well.

Now man he may to heaven wend;
Now heav n and earth to him they bend.
He that was foe now is our friend.
This is no nay that I you tell.

Now blessèd Brother grant us grace,
At doomès day to see thy face,
And in thy court to have a place,
That we may there sing thee nowell.

Anonymous, 15th century

3. That younge child

That younge child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep.
That was so sweet a melody
It passed alle minstrelsy.

The nightingalè sang also,
His song is hoarse and nought thereto.
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first, then doth he wrong.

Anonymous

4. Sweet was the song

Sweet was the song the Virgin sang,
When she to Bethlem Juda came,
And was delivered of a son
That blessed Jesus hath to name.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Sweet babe, sang she, my son,
And eke a saviour born,
Who hast vouchsafèd from on high
To visit us that were forlorn:
Lalula, lalula, lalulaby.

Sweet babe, sang she,
And rocked him sweetly on her knee.

William Ballett, 17th century

5. Susanni

[According to Elizabeth Poston, the word *susanni* is based on German lulling words]

A little child there is yborn,
Eia, eia, susanni, susanni, susanni.
And he sprang out of Jesse s thorn,
Alleluya, alleluya.
To save all us that were forlorn.

Now Jesus is the childes name,
Eia, eia, susanni, susanni, susanni.
And Mary mild she is his dame,
Alleluya, alleluya.
And so our sorrow s turned to game.

It fell upon the high midnight.
Eia, eia, susanni, susanni, susanni.
The stars they shone both fair and bright.
Alleluya, alleluya.
The angels sang with all their might.

Three Kings there came with their presents,
Eia, eia, susanni, susanni, susanni.
Of gold and myrrh and frankincense,
Alleluya, alleluya.
As clerkès sing in their sequence.

Now sit we down upon our knee,
Eia, eia, susanni, susanni, susanni.
And pray we to the Trinity,
Alleluya, alleluya.
Our help and succour for to be.

Anonymous, 14th century

Our Next Concert

29th March 2012, 7.30pm

Church of St. Bartholomew the Great

West Smithfield, EC1A 7HW

Pizzetti Messa di Requiem

Paul Reade - Seascapes

For our next concert we will be performing in the historic church of St. Bartholomew the Great, whose buildings date from the 12th century. The centrepiece of our programme will be the beautiful unaccompanied **Messa di Requiem** by the 20th century Italian composer Ildebrando Pizzetti, best known for his operatic setting of T.S. Eliot's *Death in the Cathedral*. We will combine this with *Seascapes* by Paul Reade. Reade wrote many television scores (for *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations*, *Jane Eyre*, *Tom's Midnight Garden* and the music for *The Victorian Kitchen Garden*, for which he won the Ivor Novello Award, and the popular signature tune for *The Antiques Roadshow*) plus a number of ballets for choreographer David Bintley, including *Hobsons Choice*.

Join our mailing list or see our website for more details: www.londonconcordingsingers.org.uk

Malcolm Cottle

Malcolm Cottle was a chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral and sang at the Coronation in 1953. He is currently Musical Director of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street, Chelsea. For over 35 years he was Musical Director of the North London Progressive Synagogue and is currently Musical Director of Southgate Progressive Synagogue. Malcolm has been Chorus Master of Hatfield Philharmonic Chorus and has worked with New Opera Company, Beaufort Opera, and Orpheus Opera. He has been conductor of the London Concord Singers since 1966.

Malcolm has worked in theatre as Musical Director at Sheffield Playhouse, Nottingham Playhouse, Wyvern Theatre, Swindon and Swan Theatre, Worcester. He currently works at the London Studio Centre for Dance and Drama, for whom he has directed the music for several shows, ranging from *Show Boat* to *West Side Story* and *Hair!* Until recently he was also Assistant Musical Director to the Alyth Choral Society.

Singers Wanted

We are always keen for new singers to join the choir. We rehearse on Monday evenings, 7.00 - 9.30, in the Blackfriars area.

If you are interested, then please speak to one of the singers tonight or contact the Hon. Secretary, Robert Hugill.

Tel: 020 7374 3600 Email: info@londonconcordingsingers.org.uk

London Concord Singers

- Soprano: Bozena Borzyskowska, Merrie Cave, Alison Cross,
Pam Feild, Hilary Glover, Pia Huber, Maggie Jennings,
Rowena Wells
- Alto: Tricia Cottle, Gretchen Cummings, Caroline Hill, Valerie
MacLeod, Sally Prime, Ruth Sanderson, Jill Tipping,
Dorothy Wilkinson
- Tenor: Katie Boot, Steve Finch, Andrew Horsfield, Robert Hugill,
Margaret Jackson-Roberts, Phillip Schöne
- Bass: Michael Derrick, John McLeod,
John Penty, Christopher Slack, Colin Symes

London Concord Singers was established in 1966 by the conductor, Malcolm Cottle and he has remained the Musical Director ever since. The choir became a registered charity in 1996. The choir rehearses weekly in Central London and gives three main concerts per year with a repertoire ranging widely from Renaissance to Contemporary. Concert programmes tend to concentrate on unaccompanied music and are known for their eclecticism.

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.

Each summer the choir undertake a short foreign concert tour; places visited include Rouen, Caen, Ghent, Bruges, Strasbourg, Barcelona, Tallinn, Basel, Verona and Bardolino. On their 2003 French tour, the choir sang to an audience of 1300 in Rheims Cathedral in a concert which was part of the *Flâneries Musicales d'Été*. In 2009 they travelled to Antwerp where they sang two concerts and Mass in the Cathedral, in 2010 they performed in Boppard on the Rhine and this year they travelled to Avignon.