

London Concord Singers

Conductor Malcolm Cottle

Thursday, March 29th, 2012
7.30 pm

PROGRAMME

Christobal de Morales – Paulus apostolus
Cipriano de Rore – Descendi in hortum meum
Paul Hindemith– Six Chansons
Paul Reade – Seascapes

⌘ interval ⌘

Ildebrando Pizzetti –Messa de Requiem

Programme Price £1.50

(1500-1553)

CHRISTOBAL DE MORALES (BORN 1955) ~ Paulus apostolus

Paulus apostolus spirans in
discipulos Domini cum iter
faceret et appropinquaret
Damasco, subito circumfulsit
eum lux de caelo,
et cadens in terra
audivit vocem dicentem sibi:
'Saule, quid me persequeris?'
Qui audita voce dixit:
'Quis es, Domine?'
'Ego sum Iesus Nazarenus,
quem tu persequeris.
Durum est tibi contra
stimulum calcitrare.'
'Domine, quid vis me facere?'
'Surge, quia vas electionis
factus es mihi,
plenus spiritu sancto, ut
portes nomen meum in
universo mundo.'

*Paul was breathing [threats]
against the disciples of the Lord
while journeying toward
Damascus, when suddenly a light
from heaven shone around him.
And, falling to the ground, he heard
a voice saying to him,
"Saul, why do you persecute me?"
After he heard the voice, he said,
"Who are you, Lord?"
"I am Jesus of Nazareth,
whom you persecute.
It is hard for you to kick
against the goad."
"Lord, what do you wish me to do?"
"Get up, for you are a chosen
vessel for me,
full of the Holy Spirit,
to take my name
into all the world."*

CIPRIANO DE RORE (1516 – 1565) ~ Descendi in hortum meum

Descendi in hortum meum,
ut viderem poma convallium,
et inspicerem si floruisset vinea,
et germinassent mala punica.
Revertere, revertere,
Sulamitis, ut intueamur te.

*I went down into my garden
to see the fruits of the valley,
and to see whether the vine
flourished and the pomegranates
budded. Return, return, O
Shulamite, that we might look
upon thee.*

From Song of Songs

PAUL HINDEMITH (1895 - 1963) ~ Six Chansons

1. La Biche

O la biche: quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux
abonde; combien de confiance
ronde mêlée à combien de peur.
Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive à cette
impossessive ignorance
de ton front.

The Doe

*O thou doe, what vistas of secular
forest appear in thine eyes
reflected; What confidence serene
affected by transient shades of
fear. And it all is borne on thy
bounding course, for so gracile art
thou. Nor comes aught to astound
the impassive profound
unawareness of thy brow.*

2. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau tout
entouré de lui-même, comme un
glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants un être
que l'on aime est tout un
espace mouvant.
Il se rapproche, doublé, comme
ce cygne qui nage, sur notre
âme troublée... qui à cet être
ajoute la tremblante image de
bonheur et de doute.

A Swan

*A swan advances over the water
all wrapped up in itself like a
gliding tableau.
Thus at certain moments a being
that one loves seems just like a
moving space.
He draws near, doubled like that
swan who swims across our
troubled soul... who adds to this
being the trembling image
of happiness and of doubt.*

3. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons
la mélodie passagère;
celle qui nous désaltère,
aura de nous raison.
Chantons ce qui nous quitte
avec amour et art;
soyons plus vite
que le rapide départ.

Since all is passing

*Since all is passing,
Let us make a passing melody.
The one that quenches our thirst
Will be right for us.
Let us sing what leaves us
With love and art;
Let us be quicker
Than the quick departure.*

4. Printemps

O mélodie de la sève qui dans
les instruments de tous ces
arbres s'élève, accompagne le
chant de notre voix trop brève.
C'est pendant quelques mesures

Spring

*O melody of the sap that rises in
the instruments of all these
trees, accompany the
song of our too-short voices.
It is only for a few measures*

seulement que nous suivons les multiples figures de ton long abandon, ô abondante nature. Quand il faudra nous taire, d'autres continueront ... Mais à présent comment faire pour te rendre mon grand coeur complémentaire?

5. En hiver

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre dans les maisons; elle cherche la soeur, le père, et leur joue du violon. Mais quand la terre remue, sous la bêche du printemps, la mort court dans les rues et salue les passants.

6. Verger

Jamais la terre n'est plus réelle que dans tes branches, ô verger blond, ni plus flottante que dans la dentelle que font les ombres sur le gazon. Là se rencontre ce qui nous reste, ce qui pèse et ce qui nourrit, avec le passage manifeste de la tendresse infinie. Mais à ton centre la calme fontaine, presque dormant en son ancien rond, de ce contraste parle à peine, tant en elle il se confond.

Rainer Maria Rilke

that we follow the manifold figurations of your long abandon. O abundant nature. When it comes time for us to fall silent others will carry on. But for now what can I do to make my whole heart a complement to you?

In Winter

In Winter, murderous Death comes into the houses, seeks out sister and father and plays to them on the fiddle. But when the earth turns under Springtime's spade Death runs through the streets and greets the passers-by.

Orchard

Never is the earth more solid than in your branches, O fair orchard, Nor more floating than in the lacework the shadows make upon the grass. There we meet what remains to us, what has weight and nourishes us, along with the manifest passing of infinite tenderness. But at your heart the calm fountain, almost asleep in its ancient circle, speaks hardly at all of these contrasts, so much are they mixed up in it.

PAUL READE (1943 - 1997) ~ Seascapes

1. Gaze North-East

Gaze North-East over heaving crest.
With sea press ceaseless
The Seal's road for sleek sport
Tide run to fullness.

Medieval Irish, English version by John Montague

2. On Some Island

On some island I long to be,
a rocky promontory looking
on the coiling surface of the sea.
To see the waves, crest on crest of the great shining ocean
composing a hymn to the creator without rest.
To hear the whisper of small waves against the rocks,
that endless sea sound like keening over graves.
To watch the seabirds sailing in flocks
and most marvellous of monsters the turning Whale.

Colmalle, English version John Montague

3. The Vikings

Bitter the wind tonight combing the sea's hair white.
From the North,
No need to fear the proud sea coursing warrior.

Medieval Irish, English version John Montague

4. St. Brendan and the Fishes

Alleluia, Gloria.
Saint Brendan chanted mass in voyage over
the Sabbath quiet sea and seven frail land longing
brothers listened fearfully.
Master sing lower
Monsters under our keel fiercely fly
If you anger them with chanting, we must surely die!
Saint Brendan laughed loud.
Oh Lord, have pity on Thy wayward sheep,
in answer four creatures zoomed up from the deep.
Agg, the sea cat cunning and wily
Puff the Angel like a Pillow
Old Whacker the Whale
And Moon-splinter Minnow.

On wobble knees
 The brothers watched
 Four perils nibble at the rudder.
 Lord Jesus, hinder these fish or find them other fodder.
 But they for joy of Paul's feast made merry with water sport
 and fun frolic doing the voyagers no hurt.
 Till high song over, St. Brendan said
 Fish, that's all for today.
 In wave scrubble tails wiggle and fluke
 Flick and away
 Agg, the sea cat cunning and wily
 Puff the Angel like a Pillow
 Old Whacker the Whale
 And Moon-splinter Minnow
 Deo Gratias!

Ian Serrailier

⌘ interval ⌘

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI (1880 - 1968) ~ Messa de Requiem

Introit: Requiem Aeternam

Requiem aeternam dona eis,
 Domine, et lux perpetua
 luceat eis.

*Eternal rest grant to them,
 O Lord, and let perpetual
 light shine upon them.*

Te decet hymnus Deus,
 in Sion, et tibi reddetur
 votum in Jerusalem.
 Exaudi orationem meam;
 ad te omnis caro veniet.

*To thee is due a song of praise,
 O God, in Sion, and to thee a
 vow shall be paid in Jerusalem;
 grant my prayer;
 to thee all Flesh shall come.*

Requiem aeternam dona eis,
 Domine, et lux perpetua
 luceat eis.

*Eternal rest grant to them,
 O Lord, and let perpetual
 light shine upon them.*

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison
 Christe eleison
 Kyrie eleison

*Lord have mercy
 Christ have mercy
 Lord have mercy*

Sequence: Dies Irae

Dies iræ! dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favilla:
 Teste David cum Sibylla!

The day of wrath, that day
 Will dissolve the world in ashes
 As foretold by David and the
 sibyl!

Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando iudex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus!

How much tremor there will be,
 when the judge will come,
 investigating everything strictly!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
 Per sepulchra regionum,
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

The trumpet, scattering a
 wondrous sound through the
 sepulchres of the regions, will
 summon all before the throne.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.

Death and nature will marvel,
 when the creature arises, to
 respond to the Judge.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
 In quo totum continetur,
 Unde mundus iudicetur.

The written book will be brought
 forth in which all is contained,
 from which the world shall be
 judged.

Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet, apparebit:
 Nil inultum remanebit.

When therefore the judge will
 sit, whatever hides will appear:
 nothing will remain unpunished.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
 Quem patronum rogaturus?
 Cum vix justus sit securus?

What am I, miserable, then to
 say? Which patron to ask, when
 the just may hardly be sure?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
 Salva me, fons pietatis.

King of tremendous majesty,
 who freely saves those that have
 to be saved, save me, source of
 mercy.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
 Ne me perdas illa die.
 Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
 Redemisti crucem passus:

Remember, merciful Jesus, that I
 am the cause of thy way: lest
 thou lose me in that day.
 Seeking me, thou sat tired: thou
 redeemed [me] having suffered

Tantus labor non sit cassus.	the Cross: let not so much hardship be lost.
Juste iudex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.	Just judge of revenge, give the gift of remission before the day of reckoning.
Ingemisco, tamquam reus: Culpa rubet vultus meus: Supplicanti parce, Deus	I sigh, like the guilty one: my face reddens in guilt: Spare the supplicating one, God.
Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.	Thou who absolved Mary, and heard the robber, gave hope to me, too.
Preces meæ non sunt dignæ: Sed tu bonus fac benigne, Ne perenni cremer igne.	My prayers are not worthy: however, thou, Good [Lord], do good, lest I am burned up by eternal fire.
Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.	Grant me a place among the sheep, and take me out from among the goats, setting me on the right side.
Confutatis, maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis: Voca me cum benedictis.	Once the cursed have been rebuked, sentenced to acrid flames: Call thou me with the blessed.
Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis: Gere curam mei finis.	I meekly and humbly pray, [my] heart is as crushed as the ashes: perform the healing of mine end.
Lacrimosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favilla Judicandus homo reus. Huic ergo parce, Deus:	Tearful will be that day, on which from the ashes arises the guilty man who is to be judged. Spare him therefore, God.
Pie Jesu Domine, Dona eis requiem. Amen.	Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth;
*Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of Sabaoth!*

Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.	<i>Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.</i>
Hosanna in excelsis. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.	<i>Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.</i>
Agnus Dei Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem,	<i>Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant them rest.</i>
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.	<i>Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant them everlasting rest.</i>
Responsory: Libera me Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda: Quando cœli movendi sunt et terra. Dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo,	<i>Free me, Lord, from eternal death, on that terrifying day, When the heaven shall be moved and the earth, When you will come to judge the age in fire. I am made to tremble and am afraid.</i>
Dies illa, dies iræ, calamitatis et miseræ, dies magna et amara valde. Dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.	<i>That day, a day of anger, of disaster and of misery, a great day, and one truly bitter. When you will come to judge the age in the fire.</i>
Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis.	<i>Grant them eternal rest, Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.</i>

Malcolm Cottle

Malcolm Cottle was a chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral and sang at the Coronation in 1953. For over 35 years he was Musical Director of the North London Progressive Synagogue. He was also Assistant Musical Director to the Alyth Choral Society for 19 years. 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!* He is also Musical Director of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street, Chelsea, and Musical Director of Southgate Progressive Synagogue.

Come Sing With Us

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@londonconcordingers.org.uk

London Concord Singers

Soprano: Bozenna Borzyskowska, Merrie Cave, Alison Cross, Pam Feild, Hilary Glover, Pia Huber, Maggie Jennings, Diana Maynard, 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, David Firshman, 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 in 2011 they travelled to Avignon.

Our Next Concerts

12 July 2012, 7.30pm

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church
Cadogan Street, Chelsea
London SW3 2QR

Polish Adventure

To celebrate the 130th anniversary of the birth of Szymanowski we will be presenting a programme with an emphasis on music from Poland, including pieces by Szymanowski, Lutoslawski and Chopin.

13 December 2012, 7.30pm

Grosvenor Chapel
South Audley Street, Mayfair
London W1K 2PA

Concord Christmas Cracker

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