

London Concord Singers

Conductor Jessica Norton

**Thursday, 12th July 2018
7.30pm**

**St Bartholomew the Less Church
Giltspur Street, EC1A 7BE**

**Saturday 14th July 2018
2.30pm**

**Ely Cathedral
CB7 4DL**

PROGRAMME

Hildegard of Bingen ~ Kyrie Eleison
Cecilia McDowall ~ Regina Caeli
Grace Williams ~ Ave Maris Stella
Thea Musgrave ~ Four Madrigals
Elizabeth Maconchy ~ Creatures
Fanny Hensel ~ Gartenlieder
Clara Schumann ~ Drei Gemischte Chöre
Lucy Pankhurst ~ The Pankhurst Anthem

Texts and Translations

Hildegard of Bingen (c1098-1179) – Kyrie Eleison

Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy.
Christe eleison.	Christ have mercy.
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy.

Cecilia McDowall (b.1951) – Regina Caeli

Alleluia,	Alleluia,
Regina caeli, laetare,	Joy to thee O Queen of Heaven,
Alleluia.	Alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare,	He whom Thou was meet to
Alleluia.	bear. Alleluia.
Resurrexit, sicut dixit,	As he promised hath arisen,
Alleluia.	Alleluia.
Ora pro nobis.	Pour for us to God thy prayer.
Alleluia.	Alleluia.

Grace Williams (1906-1977) – Ave Maris Stella

Ave maris stella,	Hail star of the sea,
Dei mater alma	Nurturing Mother of God,
Atque semper virgo,	And ever Virgin,
Felix caeli porta.	Happy gate of Heaven.
Sumens illud Ave	Receiving that "Ave"
Gabrielis ore,	From the mouth of Gabriel,
Funda nos in pace,	Establish us in peace,
Mutans Evae nomen.	Transforming the name of Eve.
Solve vincla reis,	Loosen the chains of the guilty,
Profer lumen caecis,	Send forth light to the blind,
Mala nostra pelle,	Dispel our evil,
Bona cuncta posce.	Let us receive goodness.

Monstra esse matrem,
Sumat per te precem
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam praesta puram,
Ita para tutum,
Ut videntes jesum
Semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
Summum Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto
Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

Reveal thyself as Mother,
Intercede with him,
Who, being born for us,
Undertook to be thine own.

Peerless virgin,
Meek above all others,
When we are freed from sin,
Make us meek and chaste.

Bring purity to our life,
Let its journey be safe,
That seeing Jesus,
We may ever rejoice.

Praise to God the Father,
Glory in the highest to Christ,
To the Holy Spirit,
All honour to the Trinity.
Amen.

Thea Musgrave (b.1928) – Four Madrigals

Text: Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1552)

1. With Serving Still

With serving still this have I won
For my goodwill to be undone.
And for redresse of all my pain
Disdaynefulness I have again.
And for reward of all my smart
Lo! Thus unheard I must depart.
Wherefore all ye that after shall
By fortune be, as I am, thrall.
Example take what I have won
Thus for her sake to be undone.

2. Tanglid I Was

Tanglid I was in love's snare,
Opprest with pain
Torment with care.
Of Grefe right sure,
Of joy full bare.
Clene in despair by crueltie
But Ha! Ha! Ha! Full well is me
For I am now at Libertye.

The woful days so full of pain
The verye night all spent in
vain.
The labour lost for so small gain
To wryt them all it will not be.
But Ha! Ha! Ha! Full well is me
For am I now at Libertye.

3. At Most Mischief

At most mischief I suffer grief
For of relief since I have none,
My lute and I continually
Shall us apply to sigh and
mone.
Naught may prevail to weep or
wail.
Pitie doth fail in you alas!
Complaint or none,
It is all one as in this case.
For crueltie hath soverynte
Within your heart
Which maketh bare
All my welfare
Nor do you care how sore I
smart.
Thus in mischief I suffer grief
For of relief since I have none
My lute and I continually
Shall us apply to sigh and
mone.

4. Hate Whom Ye List

Hate whom ye list, for I kare
not;
Love whom ye list and spare
not;
Do what ye list and drede not:
Think what ye liste, I fere not.
For as for me, I am not
But even as one that reckes not
Whyther ye hate or hate not
For in your love I dote not.
Love whom ye list for I kare
not.
(repeated)
Hate whom ye list for I kare
not;
Love whom ye list and spare
not;
Do what ye list and drede not
Think what ye list I fere not.
Love whom ye list and spare not
Hate whom ye list and spare not
For I'm indifferent.
Do what ye list and drede not
After your own fantasy
Think what ye list and fere not
For all is one to me.
For as for me I am not wavering
as the wind,
But even as one that reckes not
Which way you turn your mind
For in your love I doubt not
But as one that reckes not
Whether you hate or hate not
Is least charge of my thought
Wherefore I pray you forget not
to love whom ye list and spare
not
For I'm indifferent,
Hate whom ye list and spare
not.

Elizabeth Maconchy(1907-1994) – Creatures (Nos 1, 2, 3, & 6)

1. The Hen and the Carp

Once in a roostery there lived a speckled hen, and whenever she laid
an egg this hen ecstatically cried:
'O progeny miraculous, particular spectacular, what a wonderful hen
am I!'

Down in a pond nearby perchance a fat and broody carp was basking,
But her ears were sharp – she heard Dame Cackle cry:
'O progeny miraculous, particular spectacular, what a wonderful hen
am I!'

'Cackle,' bubbled she, 'for your single egg, O silly one, I lay at least a
million; suppose for each I cried: "O progeny miraculous, particular
spectacular!" what a hullabaloo there'd be!'

Ian Seraillier (1912-1994)

2. The Snail

At sunset when the night dewes fall,
Out of the ivy on the wall
With horns outstretched and pointed tail
Comes the grey and noiseless snail.
On ivy stems she clammers down,
Carrying her house of brown.

Safe in the dark, no greedy eye
Can her tender body spy.
While she herself, a hungry thief,
Searches out the freshest leaf.
She travels on as best she can
Like a toppling caravan.

James Reeves (1909-1978)

3. Rendez-vous with a Beetle

Meet me in Usk And drone to me
Of what a beetle's eye can see
When lamps are lit
And the bats flit
In Usk
At Dusk.

And tell me if a beetles nose
Detects the perfume of the rose
As gardens fade
And stars invade
The dusk
In Usk.

E. V. Rieu (1887-1972)

6. The Dove and the Wren

The dove says coo, coo,
What shall I do?
I shall never be able to bring up two.
Pooh says the wren, I've got ten,
And rear them all like gentlemen.

Words traditional

Fanny Hensel (1788-1857) – Gartenlieder (1846)

1. Lockung

Hörst du nicht die Bäume
rauschen,
Draußen durch die stille Rund?
Lockt's dich nicht,
hinabzulauschen von dem Söller
in den Grund,
Wo die vielen Bäche gehen,
Wunderbar in Mondenschein,
Und die stillen Burgen sehen in
den Fluß vom hohen Stein?

Enticement

Can't you hear the forest rustle
Outside through the quiet
round?
Aren't you tempted to listen
down from the balcony to the
ground,
Where the many brooks flow,
Wondrously in moonlight,
Where the silent castles look
into the river from the high
rock.

Kennst du noch die irren Lieder
Aus der alten, schönen Zeit?
Sie erwachen alle wieder
Nachts in Waldeseinsamkeit,
Wenn die Bäume träumend
lauschen
Und der Flieder duftet schwül
Und im Fluß die Nixen rauschen
Komm herab, hier ist's so kühl.

2. In Herbste

Seid begrüßt mit
Frühlingswonne,
blauer Himmel, goldne Sonne!
drüben auch aus Gartenhallen
hör' ich frohe Saiten schallen.

Ahnest du, o Seele wieder
sanfte, süße Frühliedlied?
sieh umher die falben Bäume,
ach, es waren holde Träume.

3. Abendlich Schon Rauscht der Wald

Abendlich schon rauscht der
Wald
Aus den tiefen Gründen,
Droben wird der Herr nun bald
An die Sterne zünden.
Wie so stille in den Schlünden,
Abendlich nur rauscht der Wald.

Do you remember the mad
songs from former beautiful
times?
They all awake again at night in
the loneliness of the forest,
when the dreaming trees are
listening
and the lilac has a sultry scent
and in the river the mermaids
murmur:
come down, here it is so cool.

In Spring

Greetings to you with
springtime joy,
Blue heavens, golden sunlight!
Yonder too, from the garden
bowers
I hear happy strings
resounding.

O soul, do you discern once
again soft, sweet sounds of
spring?
Look about you at the dun-
coloured trees
Ah, it was a lovely dream.

Evening Breezes

Evening breezes rustle yet in
the wood
From the deepest grounds.
Above the Lord will soon light
the stars.
How silent in the chasms,
Just evening breezes in the
wood.

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh.
wie die Welt verbrause,
Schauernd hört der Wanderer zu,
Sehnt sich tief nach Hause.
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause,
Herz, geh endlich auch zur Ruh.

Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Clara Schumann (1819-1896) – Drei Gemischte Chöre

1. Abendfeier in Venedig

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel
ruhn,
Von allen Türmen hallt der
Glocken Ton.
Ave Maria! Laßt vom irdschen
Tun,
Zur Jungfrau betet,
Zur der Jungfrau Sohn!
Des Himmels Scharen selber
knien nun mit Lilienstäben vor
des Vaters Thron,
Und durch die Rosenwolken
wehn die Lieder der selgen
Geister feierlich hernieder.

O heilige Andacht,
Welche jedes Herz mit leisen
Schauern wunderbar
durchdringt!
O selger Glaube,
Der sich himmelwärts auf des
Gebetes weißem Fittich
schwingt!
In milde Tränen lost sich da der
Schmerz,

Everything goes to its rest.
Wood and world vanish,
Shuddering, the wanderer
listens, yearning for home.
Here in the quiet hermitage of
the forest,
Heart, at last go to rest.

Evening Celebration in Venice

Ave Maria! Sea and sky are at
rest,
Bells ring out from all the
towers.
Ave Maria! Leave all earthly
activity,
Pray to the Virgin, to the
Virgin's Son!
The angelic throng is now
kneeling with lilies wrapped
around the Father's throne,
And through the rosy clouds the
songs of blessed spirits waft
solemnly down.

O holy devotion,
Which marvelously penetrates
every heart with a quiet shiver!

O holy faith
which soars toward heaven on
the white wings of prayer!

There pain dissolves into mild
tears,

Indes der Freude Jubel sanfter
klingt.
Ave Maria!
Erd und Himmel scheinen bei
diesem Laut sich liebend zu
vereinen.

2. "Vorwärts"

Laß das Träumen, laß das
Zagen,
unermüdet wandre fort!
Will die Kraft die schier
versagen,
"Vorwärts" ist das rechte Wort.

Darfst nicht weilen, wenn die
Stunde
Rosen dir entgegenbringt,
Wenn dir aus des Meeres
Grunde
Die Sirene lокkend singt.
Then through the foe'
Vorwärts, vorwärts! In Gesange
Ringe mit dem Schmerz der
Welt,
Bis auf deine heiße Wange
Goldner Strahl von oben fällt.

Bis der Kranz, der dicht
belaubte,
Schattig deine Stirn umwebt,
Bis verklärend überm Haupte
Dir des Geistes Flamme
schwebt.

Vorwärts drum durch Feindes
Zinnen,
Vorwärts durch des Todes Pein!
Wer den Himmel will gewinnen,
Muß ein rechter Kämpfer sein.

While the rejoicing of happiness
rings out more gently.
Ave Maria!
When the bell sounds,
Earth and heaven smile,
reconciled.

"Onward"

Leave off dreaming, leave off
hesitating,
Wander on tirelessly!
When your strength is nearly
failing,
"Onward" is the right word.

You must not tarry when the
hour
Brings you roses,
When from the depths of the
sea
The siren tempts you.

Onward, onward! In song
Wrestle with the pain of the
world,
Until upon your burning cheek
Falls a golden beam from above

Until the wreath, thick with
leaves,
Weaves about and shadows
your brow, until your head is
transfigured by the flame of the
spirit hovering above it.

Onward then through the foe's
battlements,
Onward through the pain of
death!
Those who wish to gain heaven
must be true warriors.

3. Gondoliera

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die
Nacht wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in
Mondespracht
die Gondel übers Meer.
Die Luft ist weich wie
Liebesscherz,
sanft spielt der gold Schein,
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein
Herz mit in die Lust hinein.

O komm zu mir.....

Das ist für Liebende die Stund,
Liebchen, wie ich und du;
So friedlich blaut des Himmels
Rund,
So schläft das Meer in Ruh.
Und wie es schläft, da sagt der
Blick,
Was nie die Zunge spricht,
Die Lippe zieht sich nicht zurück
und wehrt dem Kusse nicht.

O komm zu mir.....

Gondoliera

O come to me, when the legion
of stars wanders through the
night,
Then in the glory of moonlight,
the gondola will gently float
with us over the sea.
The air is as soft as love's
teasing, the golden glow is
playing gently.
The zither sounds and draws
your heart along with it into joy.

O come to me.....

This is the blessed hour of love,
My darling, oh come and see;
The heavenly vault is glowing so
peacefully,
The sea sleeps in peace.
And as it sleeps our looks say
what our lips never dare to say.
And we not resist a kiss.

O come to me.....

Lucy Pankhurst – The Pankhurst Anthem

1981-

Government does not rest on force, it rests upon consent.
If women consent they can be unjustly governed.
But no power on earth can lead a human, however feeble, who
withholds his or her consent.
Power demands much attention! Those with no power are ignored.
Can you hear me?
Can you hear the sound?
Power!

I hear the sound of feet, perpetually beating.
The pounding of our hearts as we march on through the streets.
A sisterhood of sacrifices made along the way, but now we stand.
Today.
If we win, this hardest of fights, to be sure, the future will be made
easier for women all over the world, to win the fight when their time
comes.

A voice, a choice, the right to live, to tell our story with what we have
to give.
So listen tho' you may feel alone, this is the sound of those that follow
you.

I hear the sound of feet, the sound of voices through the air.
A sisterhood of strength, we made along the way,
But now we stand!
We sing!
We rise!
Today.

Helen Pankhurst.

Dates for Your Diary

**We are repeating this concert on
Saturday 14th July 2018 at 2.30pm
in the Lady Chapel of Ely Cathedral
CB7 4DL**

**Our December concert will be on
Thursday 6th December 2018
at 7.30pm
in
St Georges Church Bloomsbury
Bloomsbury Way
WC1A 2SA**

**Join our mailing list or see our website for more
details**

www.londonconcondsingers.org.uk