



# LONDON CONCORD SINGERS

**Thursday 6th July 2023      7:30pm**

**St Botolph without Bishopsgate  
London EC2M 3TL**

## **Songs for a Summer Evening**

**Conductor: Jessica Norton**

**Tippett:** Spirituals (1, 2, 3) from *A Child of our Time*

**Finzi:** Thou didst delight mine eyes

**Delius:** Two unaccompanied part songs  
Midsummer Song

**Rutter:** Five Traditional Songs

**Elgar:** As Torrents in Summer

**Bantock:** She walks in Beauty

**Britten:** Five Flower Songs

**Poulenc:** Sept Chansons

Refreshments will be served  
at the back of the church after the concert.

Donations are invited.

**Michael Tippett (1905-1998)**  
**Five Negro Spirituals (nos. 1, 2, 3)**  
*From A Child of Our Time*

***Steal away***

Steal away, steal away, steal away to  
Jesus  
Steal away, steal away home  
I ain't got long to stay here.

My lord he calls me, he calls me by the  
thunder,  
The trumpet sounds within-a-my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to  
Jesus  
Steal away, steal away home  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands  
a-trembling,  
The trumpet sounds within-a-my soul,  
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to  
Jesus  
Steal away, steal away home  
I ain't got long to stay here.

***Nobody knows***

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows the trouble I see  
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows like Jesus

O brothers pray for me,  
O brothers pray for me,

O brothers pray for me,  
Help me to drive old Satan away, Lord.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows the trouble I see  
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,  
Nobody knows like Jesus

O mothers pray for me,  
O mothers pray for me,  
O mothers pray for me,  
Help me to drive old Satan away, Lord.

***Go Down Moses***

Go down, Moses  
Way down in Egypt land,  
Tell old Pharaoh  
To let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand  
Let my people go.

"Thus spake the Lord" bold Moses said  
"If not, I'll smite your firstborn dead"  
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses  
Way down in Egypt land,  
Tell old Pharaoh  
To let my people go.

**Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)**

***Thou didst delight my eyes***

Thou didst delight my eyes:  
Yet who am I? nor first  
Nor last nor best, that durst  
Once dream of thee for prize;  
Nor this the only time  
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:  
Ah! little praise; thy voice  
Makes other hearts rejoice,  
Makes all ears glad that hear;  
And short my joy: but yet,  
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me?  
How shall I say? The moon,  
That poured her midnight noon  
Upon this wrecking sea;  
A sail, that for a day  
Has cheered the castaway.

*Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)*

**Frederick Delius**  
(1862-1934)

***Two unaccompanied part songs:  
To be sung of a summer night on  
the water***

***Midsummer Song***

**John Rutter (1945 - )**  
**Five Traditional Songs**  
(nos. 1-4)

**1. *The girl I left behind me***

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill  
And o'er the moor and valley  
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill  
Since parting from my Sally;  
I seek no more the fine and gay,  
Since each doth but remind me  
How swiftly passed the hours away  
With the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget that night –  
The stars were bright above me  
And gently lent their silvr'y light  
When first she vow'd to love me.  
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp;  
Kind heaven then pray guide me,  
And bring me safely back again  
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
Her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste  
May leave the swain repining.  
Ye Gods above! O hear my prayer,  
To my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I left behind me.

**2. *O Waly, Waly***

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly;  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadows the other day,  
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay  
A-gath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I lean'd my back up against some oak  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended and then he broke;  
And so did my false love to me,

A ship there is and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.

### 3. *The British Grenadiers*

Some talk of Alexander  
And some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander  
And such great names as these;  
But of all the world's brave heroes  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow row row row row row row  
To the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded  
To storm the palisades  
Our leaders march with fuses  
And we with hand grenades;  
We throw them from the glacis  
About the enemies' ears  
Sing tow row row row row row row  
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches

And wear the louped clothes.  
May they and their commanders  
Live happy all their years  
With a tow row row row row row row  
To the British Grenadiers.

### 4. *Golden slumbers*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes  
Smiles awake you when you rise,  
Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby.

Care you know not, therefore sleep  
While I o'er you watch do keep.  
Sleep pretty darlings, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby.

**Edward Elgar**  
(1857-1934)

### *As Torrents in Summer*

As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise  
Tho' the sky is still cloudless.  
For rain has been falling.  
Far off at their fountains.

So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that behold it  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
(1807-1882)

**Granville Bantock**  
(1868-1946)

### *She walks in beauty*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent.  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

*Lord Byron (1788-1824)*

**Benjamin Britten**  
(1913-1976)

### *Five Flower Songs*

#### 1. *To Daffodils*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay  
Until the hasting day  
Has run

But to evensong,  
And, having pray'd together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you, or anything.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

*Robert Herrick (1591-1674)*

### 2. *The Succession of the Four Sweet Months*

First, April, she with mellow showers  
Opens the way for early flowers,  
Then after her comes smiling May  
In a more rich and sweet array,  
Next enters June and brings us more  
Gems than those two that went before,  
Then (lastly,) July comes and she  
More wealth brings in than all those  
three;  
April! May! June! July!

*Robert Herrick (1591-1674)*

### 3. *Marsh Flowers*

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy  
root,  
Here the dull night-shade hangs her  
deadly fruit;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded  
green,

And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is

seen;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,  
Grows the salt lavender that lacks  
perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle  
springs,  
With fruit globose and fierce with  
poison'd stings;

In every chink delights the fern to grow,  
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom  
below:

The few dull flowers that o'er the place  
are spread  
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up  
and down,  
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

*George Crabbe (1754-1832)*

#### 4. *The Evening Primrose*

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dew-drops pearl the evening's  
breast;

Almost as pale as moonbeams are,  
Or its companionable star,

The evening primrose opes anew  
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;  
And hermit-like, shunning the light,  
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;  
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,  
Knows not the beauty he possesses.  
Thus it blooms on while night is by;  
When day looks out with open eye,  
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,  
It faints, and withers, and is gone.

*John Clare (1793-1864)*

#### 5. *The Ballad of Green Broom*

There was an old man lived out in the wood,  
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green  
broom,

He had but one son without thought without  
good  
Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright  
noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,  
He swore he would fire the room, that room,  
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,  
And away to the wood to cut broom, green  
broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes  
And away to the wood to cut broom, green  
broom,  
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he  
contrives  
To cut a great bundle of broom, green  
broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine  
house,  
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,  
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she  
said,  
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom,  
green broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine  
house,  
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine  
room,  
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up  
your trade  
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they  
both went,  
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full  
bloom;

At market and fair, all folks do declare,  
There's none like the Boy that sold broom,  
green broom.

*Anon.*

### Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

#### *Sept chansons* (nos. 1,2,3,5,6,7)

##### 1. *La blanche neige*

Les anges les anges dans le ciel  
L'un est vêtu en officier  
L'un est vêtu en cuisinier  
Et les autres chantent

Bel officier couleur du ciel  
Le doux printemps longtemps après Noël  
Te médaillera  
D'un beau soleil.

Le cuisinier plume les oies  
Ah! tombe neige  
Tombe et que n'ai je  
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras

Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

##### 2. *A peine défigurée*

À peine défigurée  
Adieu tristesse.  
Bonjour tristesse.  
Tu es inscrite dans les lignes du plafond.  
Tu es inscrite dans les yeux que j'aime.  
Tu n'es pas tout à fait la misère,  
Car les lèvres les plus pauvres te  
dénoncent  
Par un sourire.  
Bonjour, tristesse.  
Amour des corps aimables.  
Puissance de l'amour  
Dont l'amabilité surgit  
Comme un monstre sans corps.  
Tête désappointée.  
Tristesse, beau visage.

*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

##### 1. *The White Snow*

Angels, angels in the sky  
One is dressed as an officer  
One is dressed as a cook  
And the others sing.

Beautiful officer, colour of sky  
A long time after Christmas the sweet spring  
Will decorate you with a beautiful sun,  
With a beautiful sun.

The cook plucks geese  
Ah, the snow is falling,  
Falling, if only I had  
my beloved in my arms.

##### 2. *Barely disfigured*

Barely disfigured  
Farewell Sadness  
Hello Sadness  
You are inscribed in the lines on the ceiling  
You are inscribed in the eyes that I love  
You are not poverty absolutely  
Since the poorest of lips denounce you

Ah with a smile  
Bonjour Tristesse  
Love of kind bodies  
Power of love  
From which kindness rises  
Like a bodiless monster  
Unattached head  
Sadness beautiful face

### 3. *Par une nuit nouvelle*

Femme avec laquelle j'ai vécu  
Femme avec laquelle je vis  
Femme avec laquelle je vivrai  
Toujours la même  
Il te faut un manteau rouge  
Des gants rouges un masque rouge  
Et des bas noirs  
Des raisons des preuves  
De te voir toute nue  
Nudité pure ô parure parée  
Seins ô mon cœur

*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

### 5. *Belle et ressemblante*

Un visage à la fin du jour,  
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes  
du jour.  
Un bouquet de pluie nue,  
Tout soleil caché,  
Toute source des sources au fond de  
l'eau.  
Tout miroir des miroirs brisés.  
Un visage dans les balances du  
silence.  
Un caillou parmi d'autres cailloux  
Pour les frondes  
Des dernières lueurs du jour.  
Un visage semblable  
à tous les visages oubliés.  
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes,  
Un bouquet de pluie nue.  
Tout soleil caché.

*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

### 3. *In a new night*

Woman I've lived with  
Woman I live with  
Woman I'll live with  
Always the same  
You need a red cloak  
Red gloves, a red mask  
And black stockings  
Motives, proof  
To see you quite naked  
Pure nakedness, O ready finery  
Breasts, Oh my heart

### 5. *Lovely and Lifelike*

A face at the end of the day  
A cradle in day's dead leaves  
  
A bouquet of naked rain  
Every ray of sun hidden  
Every fount of founts in the depths  
of the water  
Every mirror of mirrors broken  
A face in the scales of silence  
  
A pebble among other pebbles  
For the leaves  
Last glimmers of day  
A face  
Like all the forgotten faces.  
A cradle in the dead leaves,  
A bouquet of naked rain.  
All sun hidden.

### 6. *Marie*

Vous y dansiez petite fille  
Y danserez-vous mère-grand  
C'est la maclotte qui sautille  
Toutes les cloches sonneront  
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie

Les masques sont silencieux  
Et la musique est si lointaine  
Qu'elle semble venir des cieux  
Oui je veux vous aimer mais vous  
aimer à peine  
Et mon mal est délicieux

Les brebis s'en vont dans la neige  
Flocons de laine et ceux d'argent  
Des soldats passent et que n'ai-je  
Un cœur à moi ce cœur changeant  
Changeant et puis encor que sais-je

Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux  
Crépus comme mer qui moutonne  
Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux  
Et tes mains feuilles de l'automne  
Que jonchent aussi nos aveux

Je passais au bord de la Seine  
Un livre ancien sous le bras  
Le fleuve est pareil à ma peine  
Il s'écoule et ne tarit pas  
Quand donc finira la semaine

Quand donc reviendrez vous Marie

*Paul Éluard (1895-1952)*

### 6. *Marie*

When you were a little girl you danced  
Will you be still dancing as a grandmother  
Fish are jumping  
All the bells will ring  
When will you return, Marie?

The masques are silent  
And the music so far off  
That it seems to come from the sky  
Yes, I want to love you but only a little

The heartache will be a pleasure

Sheep go by in the snow  
Specks of wool and silver  
Soldiers pass by, if only I had  
A heart, this fickle hear  
But then, how do I know

Do I know where your hair will go?  
Frizzy as the foam-flecked sea  
Do I know where your hair will go?  
And your hands, like autumn leaves  
Also scattered by our promises

I was walking by the Seine  
An old book under my arm  
The river is like my heartache  
It flows and never runs dry  
Oh when will the week end?

Oh when will you return Marie?

## 7. *Luire*

Terre irréprochablement cultivée,  
Miel d'aube, soleil en fleurs,  
Coureur tenant par un fil au dormeur.

(Noeud par intelligences)  
Et le jetant sur son épaule:  
'Il n'a jamais été plus neuf,  
Il n'a jamais été si lourd.'  
Il sera plus léger,  
Usure,  
Utile.  
Clair soleil d'été avec,  
Sa chaleur, sa douceur, sa tranquillité.  
Et, vite,  
Les porteurs de fleurs en l'air touchent  
de la terre.  
Terre irréprochablement cultivée,  
Miel d'aube, soleil en fleurs,  
Coureur tenant par un fil au dormeur.  
Clair soleil d'été.

*Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)*

## 7. *To Dawn*

Faultlessly cultivated Earth  
Honey of dawn, sun in bloom  
Runner still holding by a thread onto the  
sleeper  
(Bond of understanding)  
And throwing him over his shoulder says  
"He has never been so new  
He has never been so heavy"  
It will become lighter,  
Erosion  
Useful.  
Brighter summer sun with  
Its warmth, its softness, its stillness  
And quickly  
The flower-carriers of the air touch the  
ground  
Impeccably cultivated land,  
Dawn honey, blooming sun,  
Runner holding by a thread to the sleeper.  
Bright summer sun.



**Jessica Norton** is a choral conductor, vocal coach, teacher and professional soprano based in North West London. She is currently Musical Director of the East London Chorus, London Concord Singers and Henley Youth Choirs, and has recently finished working with the London Orpheus Choir. Previously she has worked with the London Symphony Chorus, Milton Keynes Chorale, SAVoce and Hertford Voices, among many others. Alongside her work with a myriad of choirs across the UK she has appeared at CBSO and London Symphony Orchestra *Come and Sing* days and was a conductor in David Lang's UK premiere of *Public Domain* in the Barbican Centre.

As a vocal coach Jessica leads workshops in schools across Henley, St Mary's School in Cambridge and Hallfield Primary School in Birmingham. She also runs *Come and Sing* days and sessions at corporate events, alongside organising and running her own online workshops; *Summer Singing* and *Vocal Freedom*. Jessica teaches for *Music in Offices* alongside teaching private students. For more information on booking a lesson please see *Teaching* on her website.

Jessica sings solo soprano for choirs across London and beyond, including the London Symphony Chorus, Ealing Common Choir and Harwich and Dovercourt Choral Society, has sung on ITV's *The Halcyon* and is the featured soprano at Wanstead's opera gala *Glamour on the Green*. During the pandemic Jessica has been organising and performing solo virtual concerts. For more information on these or other events you can contact Jessica at <http://jessicanorton.co.uk>

