

Brancepeth Castle, County Durham

Saturday 17 September, 7.30 pm

The Singers

Conducted by Donald Halliday

Programme

Part 1 – The Chapel

Two renaissance motets

Sung in Latin

Victoria and Byrd were contemporaries. The Spanish composer Victoria worked within the security of the Catholic Church in Italy and Spain. His music glows with passion, ecstasy and fervour but within a serene and spiritual framework. Byrd, also a Catholic, survived and flourished, but not without risks, in England during a time of considerable religious turmoil. Tonight's motet by Byrd, with its divided alto part, is restrained and sonorous.

- **Sancta Maria, succure miseris**
Tomás Luis de Victoria (c.1548 – 1611)
Holy Mary, help the suffering, strengthen the fainthearted, comfort the sorrowing, pray for the people, entreat for the clergy, intercede for all womankind vowed unto God: may all acknowledge the help of thy prayer who celebrate thy holy festival.
- **Audivi vocem de caelo**
William Byrd (1543 – 1623)
I heard a voice from heaven saying: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Two romantic motets by Anton Bruckner (1824 – 1896)

Sung in Latin

Bruckner was born in Austria, the son of a village schoolmaster and organist. Following the death of his father he spent his early teenage years in the monastery at St Florian as a chorister. He was later to return to St Florian becoming organist in 1851. In 1855 he became organist at Linz Cathedral. Bruckner was a deeply devout man, and his music is sublime, aspiring sonically to the visual grandeur of a great cathedral.

- **Locus Iste**
This place was made by God – it cannot be defiled
- **Ave Maria**
Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of

God, pray for us sinners. Holy Mary, pray for us, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Ave Maria

Franz Biebl (1906 – 2001)

The angel of the Lord made his annunciation to Mary and she conceived by the Holy Spirit.

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Mary said: Behold the handmaiden of the Lord. Let it be unto me according to Thy word.

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners.

Holy Mary, pray for us, now and at the hour of our death, Amen.

Michael Tippett (1905 – 1998)

Spirituals from A Child of our Time

- Steal away
- Nobody knows
- Go down, Moses
- By and by
- Deep river

INTERVAL

Refreshments will be served in the atrium.

Part 2 – The Great Hall

Three Shakespeare Songs

Matthew Harris (b. 1956)

- 1 Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle, where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it – Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

- 2 O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies not plenty;
Then, come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

- 3 It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey noni no,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; Sweet
lovers love the spring.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, When
birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; Sweet lovers
love the spring.
This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower In the spring time,
the only pretty ring time, When birds do sing, hey
ding a ding, ding; Sweet lovers love the spring.
And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, When
birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; Sweet lovers
love the spring.

It was a lover and his lass

Thomas Morley (1557 - 1603)

April is in my Mistress' face

Thomas Morley (1557/1558 – 1602)

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place,
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

Gershwin, arr. Steve Zegree

Love walked in

Love walked in and drove the shadows away.
Love walked right in and brought my sunniest day.
One magic moment and my heart seemed to know,
though not a word was spoken.
One look and I forgot the gloom of the past,
One look and I had found my future at last,
One look and I had found a world completely new,
When love walked in ... with you.

Billy Joel, arr. Chilcott

And so it goes

In ev'ry heart there is a room, a sanctuary safe and
strong. To heal the wounds from lovers past, until a
new one comes along

I spoke to you in cautious tones: you answered me
with no pretence. And still I feel I said too much. My
silence is my self defence.

And ev'ry time I held a rose it seems I only felt the
thorns. And so it goes, and so it goes, and so will you
soon I suppose. But if my silence made you leave, then
that would be my worst mistake.

So I will share this room with you, and you can have
this heart to break ...

In these delightful pleasant groves

Henry Purcell (c. 1658-1695)

In these delightful pleasant groves let us celebrate our
happy loves. Let's pipe and dance and laugh and sing.
Thus every happy living thing revel in the cheerful
Spring.

THE SINGERS

Thank you for supporting this concert. You can learn
more about the work of The Singers at our web site at
www.singers.org.uk.

The Singers is a choir based in Newcastle upon Tyne.
Singers come mainly from Newcastle and
Northumberland but some singers travel considerable
distances to participate in choir events. Currently we
have singers who travel from Sheffield, Chester,
Bradford, Leeds and Durham. Rehearsing one weekend
each month., the choir aims to maintain a sweetness
and clarity of tone which is particularly appropriate for
the earlier choral repertoire which is one of its
specialities. The choir has sung at numerous venues,
has recorded and broadcast, and has been a finalist in
the BBC/Sainsbury's Choir of the Year Competition.
Over the next year the choir will be performing in
Beverley Minster, Durham Cathedral, Hexham Abbey
and Ripon Cathedral, as well as in concerts in
Middlesbrough, Carlisle and Newcastle.