

All Saints Church
Quayside

Autumn Concert

Saturday 20 October 2007, 7.30 pm

The Singers

conductor Donald Halliday

The David String Quartet

Edward Cross *violin*

Jonathan Trevor *violin*

Martin Wilkinson *viola*

Malcolm Toft *cello*



The Singers – earlier today at All Saints

Programme

Renaissance choral music

Peter Philips (c. 1560 – 1628)

Tibi laus, tibi gloria

To thee be praise, glory and thanksgiving for ever, O blessed Trinity. The Father is love, the Son grace, and the Holy Spirit imparts truth, O blessed Trinity. The Father is full of truth, and the Son and Holy Spirit are truth, O blessed Trinity. The Father, the Son, and the Spirit are of one substance, O blessed Trinity. And the holy renown of your glory is blessed, full of praise and exalted for ever.

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548 – 1611)

Ne timeas Maria

Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with the Lord: behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son; and He shall be called the Son of the Most High.

Philippe de Monte (1521 – 1603)

Super flumina Babylonis

By the streams of Babylon we sat and wept when we remembered Sion. There they who had led us into captivity questioned us about the words of our songs. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land? There on the willows we hung up our harps.

Peter Philips (c. 1560–1628)

Gaudeamus omnes

Let us all rejoice in the Lord and keep a festival in honour of St Thomas the Martyr. Let us join with the angels in joyful praise to the Son of God.

Beethoven (1770 – 1827)

String Quartet, Op. 18 No. 2

Allegro

Adagio cantabile — Allegro — Tempo I

Scherzo: Allegro

Allegro molto, quasi presto

Contemporary choral music

Tariq O'Regan (b. 1978)

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.

Locus iste

This place was made by God – it cannot be defiled.

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

When David heard

When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said: My son, my son, O Absalom my son, would God I had died for thee!

Matthew Harris (b. 1956)
Shakespeare Songs

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.

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.

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.

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 David String Quartet rehearsing earlier today in All Saints