

The Singers

20th Anniversary Concert

The Singers

conductor Donald Halliday

North Wind Quintet

Hazel Graham *flute*

Dave Tomson *oboe*

Jonathan Caudle *clarinet*

Ben Woolley *horn*

Harriet Gilfillan *bassoon*

25 April 2009

All Saints Church, Quayside
Newcastle upon Tyne

Programme

Part 1

O sing joyfully

Adrian Batten (1591 – 1637)

O sing joyfully unto God our strength

Make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob

Take the song, bring hither the tabret,

The merry harp with the lute.

Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,

Ev'n in the time appointed, and upon our solemn feast day.

For this was made a statute for Israel

And a law of the God of Jacob.

Remember not, Lord, our offences

Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695)

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our

forefathers. Neither take thou vengeance of our sins, but

spare us, good Lord, spare thy people whom thou has

redeemed with thy most precious blood. And be not angry

with us for ever.

Ave Maria

Tomas Luis da Victoria (1548 – 1611)

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.

Three pieces by Felix Mendelssohn (1809 – 1847)

Denn er hat seinen Engeln befohlen (from Elijah)

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in

all thy ways. They shall bear thee in their hands that thou

hurt not thy foot against a stone.



Lift thine eyes (from Elijah)

Lift thine eyes to the mountains whence cometh help

Thy help cometh from the Lord the maker of heaven and

earth. He hath said thy foot shall not be moved. Thy keeper

will never slumber

Richte mich, Gott

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against unholy people.

O Lord, save me from false and wicked people. For Thou art

my God, in whom I take my strength. Why do you reject me?

Lord, why let me go sadly in the way of mine enemies?

Send out thy light and truth, let them lead me to your holy

mountain and dwelling place. Then I will go to the altar of

God who is my joy and grace. I will praise Thee with harp and

lyre, O my God. Why are you cast down, O my soul, why are

you restless within me. Take hope in God. I shall praise my

Lord and God again. Again I shall give him thanks now and

for evermore.

Trois Pièces Brèves for wind quintet

- Allegro
- Andante
- Allegro scherzando

Jacques Ibert (1890 – 1962)

Two madrigals

Music by Thea Musgrave (born 1928)

Words by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 – 1542)

- **Tanglid I was in Love's snare**

Tanglid I was in loves snare, Oprest with payne, torment

with care; Of grefe right sure, of joye full bare, Clene in

dispaire bye crueltye; But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,

For I am now at libertye.

The wofull daye so full of paine, The werye nyght all

spent in vayne, The labor lost for so small gayne ; To

wryte them all yt wyll not be,

But ha! ha! ha! full well is me, For I am now at libertye.

- **Hate whom ye list**

*Hate whom ye list for I care not.
Love whom ye list and spare not.
Wherefore I say, do what ye list and dread not,
Love whom ye list for I care not,
Think what you will I care not.
Whether ye love or ye love not,
For in your love I dote not.
Wherefore I pray ye forget not,
Love whom ye list for I care not.*

My bonny lad

trad. Tyneside, arranged Kieran Fitzsimmons

Part 2

Ave Maris Stella [1983]

Johan-Magnus Sjoberg (born 1953)

*Hail, bright star of ocean, God's own Mother blest,
Ever sinless Virgin, Gate of heavenly rest*

Ca' the yowes

Words by Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

Arr. Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

*Ca' the yowes tae the knows,
Ca' them whar the heather grows,
Ca' them whar the burnie rows, My bonnie dearie.*

*Hark, the mavis' e'enin' sang,
Soundin' Cluden's woods amang;
Then a fauldin' let us gang, My bonnie dearie.*

*Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stol'n my very heart
I can die, but canna part, My bonnie Dearie.*

The Gallant Weaver

Words by Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

Music by James Macmillan (born 1959)

*Where Cart rins rowin to the sea
By monie a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me -
He is a gallant weaver!
O, I had woers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine,
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.*

*My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers*

*While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant weaver.*

Crux fidelis

Stuart Murray (born 1985)

*Faithful cross above all other
One and only noble tree
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be.
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee. Amen.*

Three Shanties for wind quintet

- Allegro con brio
- Allegretto semplice
- Allegro vivace

Malcolm Arnold (1921 – 2006)

When Johnny comes marching home

'Free Choral Paraphrase' by Roy Harris (1898 – 1979)

*When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.*

*The old church bell will peal with joy Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home.*

*Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home.*

Ezekiel saw de wheel

Trad. arr. Moses Hogan (born 1957)

*Ezekiel saw de wheel 'way up in de air.
An' de lil' wheel run by faith, oh yes, an' de big wheel run by
de grace of God. 'Tis a wheel in a wheel in de middle of de
wheel way up in de middle of de air.
Oh, some go to church fo' to sing and shout, and befo' six
months dey's all turned out.
Let me tell you what a hypocrit' do. He'll talk about me and
he'll talk about you.
I'm goin' jine the heav'nly choir when dis worl' is set on fyer,
One o' dese days, 'bout twelve
o'clock, dis ole worl' gonna reel and rock.*

The keel row

Trad. Tyneside, arr. John Byrt (born 1939)
