

The Singers at St Mary Magdalene

9 May 2026

Programme

Morley - Now is the month of Maying

Now is the month of maying,
When merry lads are playing, fa la,
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the green grass. Fa la.
The Spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, fa la,
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la.
Fie then! why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la.
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley-break? Fa la.

arr. Vaughan Williams - The Springtime of the year

As I walked out one morning, In the springtime of
the year,
I overheard a sailor boy, likewise a lady fair.
They sang a song together, made the valleys for to
ring,
While the birds on spray and the meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely spring.

Lassus - Musica Dei donum optimi

Sung in Latin

Music, gift of the highest God, draws men and
gods.
Music softens fierce souls and lifts up sad minds;
It moves even the trees themselves and wild
beasts.

Victoria - O Sacrum Convivium

Sung in Latin

O sacred banquet, in which Christ is received,
the memory of his Passion is renewed, the mind
is filled with grace,
and a promise of future glory is given to us.
Alleluia.

Mendelssohn - Denn er hat seinen Engeln befehlen

Sung in German

For he shall give his angels charge over thee
to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands,
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Source: Psalm 91:11–12.

Kurt Sander - He made the moon to mark the seasons

He made the moon to mark the seasons
The sun knew the hour of its setting
You appointed darkness and it was night
in which all the beasts of the forest will prow.
Young lions roaring to plunder
and to seek their food from God.
The sun rose and they will lie down in their dens.
Man will go out to his labour
and to his labouring until evening.
How magnified are your words O Lord
With wisdom you have made them all.
And the earth is filled with your creation.
Glory to you, Godhead in three persons
Father, Son and Spirit. You we worship and glorify.

arr. R V Williams - Just as the tide was flowing

One morning in the month of May,
Down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray,
When I beheld my lover,
She carelessly along did stray,
A-picking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay,
Just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk,
And jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk,
Just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown,
Her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow, without a frown,
Just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said, Fair maid,
How came you here so early?
My heart, by you it is betray'd
For I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea,
If you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play,
Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way
We'd gang'd along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play,
And pleasant was the weather.

When we were weary we did sit down
Beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found,
Just as the tide was flowing.

My bonny lad

Bobby Shaftoe

Community songs

Drink to me only - trad.

Home sweet home - Henry Bishop