

**The Singers**  
**St Mary's Haddington**  
**24 August 2025**

More information at [singers.org.uk](http://singers.org.uk)

**Programme**

**Come let's rejoice - John Amner (1579 - 1641)**

Come, let's rejoice unto the Lord our God,  
Let us make joy to God our Saviour.  
Let us approach to his presence in confession,  
And in psalms let us make joy to him.  
Alleluia.  
*Words from Psalm 95 v 1-2*

**O Lord in thy wrath - Orlando Gibbons (1583 - 1625)**

O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not:  
neither chasten me in thy displeasure.  
Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak:  
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.  
My soul is also sore troubled:  
but, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me?  
O save me, for thy mercy's sake.  
*Words from from Psalm 6*

**The Silver Swan - Orlando Gibbons (1583 - 1625)**

When death approached unlocked her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sang her first and last and sung no more:  
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

**Ne timeas Maria – Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548 – c. 20–27 August 1611)**

Fear not, Mary, for you have found favour with the Lord: behold, you shall conceive and bring forth a son, and he shall be called the Son of the Most High.

**Ah, Robin, gentle robin - William Cornish (1465 – 1523)**

Ah, Robin, gentle Robin, Tell me how thy leman doth,  
And thou shalt know of mine.  
My lady is unkind, iwis, lac why is she so?  
She lov'th another better than me,  
And yet she will say no.  
Ah, Robin ...

**Shenandoah arr. James Erb (1926 – 2014)**

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, you rolling river  
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you,  
Away, I'm bound away, across the wide Missouri.

**Kirkconnel Moor - arr. Charles Lee Williams (1853 – 1935, words Robert Burns)**

O that I were where Helen lies,  
Night and day on me she cries;  
O that I were where Helen lies In fair Kirkconnel lee.  
O Helen fair beyond compare, a ringlet of thy flowing hair, I'll wear it still for ever mair until the day I die.

**My love is like a red, red rose - arr. Simon Carrington (b. 1942), words Robert Burns**

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

**Londonderry Air (trad. first printed 1855, arrangement unknown)**

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

**A spotless rose - Ola Gjeilo (b. 1978)**

A Spotless Rose is blowing, Sprung from a tender root  
Of ancient seers' foreshowing, Of Jesse promised fruit;  
Its fairest bud unfolds to light, Amid the cold winter  
And in the dark midnight

**He Made the Moon to mark the Seasons - Kurt Sander (b. 1969)**

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 prowl.  
Young lions roaring to plunder and to seek their food from God.  
The sun rose and they were gathered together. They will lie down in their dens.  
Man will go out to his labour and to his labouring until evening.  
How magnified are Your works, O Lord, in wisdom have you 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.  
Glory to you O God. Alleluia.  
*Words from psalm 104*

**Beautiful Saviour - arr. P Melius Christiansen (1871 – 1955)**

Fair are the meadows, fairer the woodlands  
Robed in flowers of blooming Spring  
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer  
He made our sorrowing spirit sing.