

The Singers
Spring Concert 2025
10 May 2025

Programme

Now is the month of Maying - Thomas Morley (1557 – 1602)

Now is the month of maying When merry lads are
playing, fa la la
Each with his bonny lass Upon the greeny grass. Fa la....

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.
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.

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.
Psalm 95 v 1-2

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, 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 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.

COMMUNITY SONGS

Bless This House

Words: Helen Taylor

Music: May Brahe

1. Bless this house O Lord we pray;
Make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out:
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.

2. Bless these windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heav'nly light;
Bless the hearth a'blazing there,
With smoke ascending like a prayer;
Bless the folk who dwell within,
Keep them pure and free from sin;
Bless us all that we may be
Fit O Lord to dwell with thee;
Bless us all that one day we
May dwell O Lord with thee.

Keep the home fires burning

Words: Lena Guilbert Ford

Music: Ivor Novello

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men
Let no tears add to their hardships
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song:

Refrain

Keep the Home Fires Burning,
While your hearts are yearning.
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
"Help a nation in distress."
And we gave our glorious laddies—
Honour made us do no less,
For no gallant Son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of "Friend".