

St Mary Magdalene, Longbenton
Saturday 12 May 2018, 2 pm

The Singers

Conductor Donald Halliday

COMMUNITY CONCERT PROGRAMME

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.

Jesu, joy of man's desiring

J S Bach (1685 – 1750)

Jesu, joy of man's desiring,
Holy wisdom, Love most bright,
Drawn by thee, our souls aspiring
Soar to uncreated light.
Word of God, our flesh that fashioned
With the fire of life impassioned,
Striving still to truth unknown,
Soaring, dying round thy throne.

The Lamb

Kim André Arnesen (b. 1980)

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life and bid thee feed.
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,

He became a little child:
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

Christus est stella matutina

(preview performance)

Music by Edmund Hunt

Words by the Venerable Bede

Christ is the morning star
who when the night of this world is past brings to
his saints the promise of the light of life and opens
everlasting day.

My love is like a red red rose

arr. Donald Cashmore (1926 – 2013)

Words: Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

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.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

SONG FOR ALL

Drink to me only

Words by Ben Jonson (1572 – 1637)

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

This Wedding

Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Words: Jalal ad-Din Muhammad Rumi (1207 – 1273)

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.
May it be sweet milk, this marriage, like wine and halvah.
May this marriage offer fruit and shade like the date palm.
May this marriage be full of laughter, our every day a day in paradise.
May this marriage be a sign of compassion, a seal of happiness here and hereafter.
May this marriage have a fair face and a good name, an omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.
I am out of words to describe how spirit mingles in this marriage.

Meine Seele erhebt den Herrn

Heinrich von Herzogenberg (1843 – 1900)

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations.
He hath shewed strength with his arm.
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things.
And the rich he hath sent empty away.
He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel as He promised to our forefathers Abraham and His seed forever.

Two traditional Northumbrian songs

arranged by Percy Snowden (1930 – 1983)

Bonny at morn

The sheep's in the meadow and the kye is in the corn,
Thou lies ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn.

Canny at e'en, bonny at morn

Thou lies ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn

...

Dance to your daddy

Now come here me little Jackie now I've smoked me baccy;
let's have some cracky 'til the boat comes in.

And dance to your daddy, sing to your mummy,

Dance to your daddy, to your mummy sing ...

SONG FOR ALL

Home sweet home

Henry Bishop (1786 – 1855)

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met elsewhere
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again
The birds singing gaily that came at my call
And gave me the peace of mind dearer than all
Home, home, sweet, sweet home
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

More about The Singers at singers.org.uk

Thank you for supporting us, St Mary Magdalene and this concert.