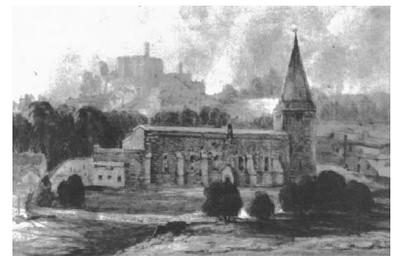

St Lawrence's Church, Warkworth

17 April 2010, 7 pm

The Singers

conductor Donald Halliday



PROGRAMME

Latin Church Music

Richard Dering (c.1580–1630)

Ave Virgo gloriosa

Sung in Latin

Hail, Glorious Virgin, Sweeter than the honeycomb,
Glorious Mother of God, Brighter than the sun,
You are the fair one, None more beautiful,
Redder than the Rose, Whiter than the lily.

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548 – 1611)

Alma Redemptor Mater

Sung in Latin

Loving Mother of the Redeemer, who remains the
gate by which we mortals enter heaven, and star of
the sea, help your fallen people who strive to rise:
You who gave birth, amazing nature, to your sacred
Creator: Virgin before and after, taking from the
mouth of Gabriel that Hail! have mercy on our sins.

Russian Church Music

Language advisors: Dr Andrey Yukhanaev and Tatiana Alekseeva

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873 – 1943)

Bogoroditse Devo

Sung in Church Slavonic

Virgin Birthgiver of God, rejoice! Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst
women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, for
thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls!

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840 – 1893)

Sviati Bkozhe

Sung in Church Slavonic

Holy God, Holy Strong, Holy Immortal, have mercy
upon us.

Crown of Roses

When Jesus Christ was yet a child
He had a garden small and wild,
Wherein He cherished roses fair,
And wove them into garlands there.
Now once, as summer time drew nigh,
There came a troop of children by,
And seeing roses on the tree,
With shouts they plucked them merrily.
Do you bind roses in your hair?
They cried, in scorn, to Jesus there,
The Boy said humbly: "Take, I pray,
All but the naked thorns away."
Then of the thorns they made a crown,
And with rough fingers pressed it down,
Till on His forehead fair and young,
Red drops of blood like roses sprung.

Dostoino est

Sung in Church Slavonic

It is truly meet and right to bless you, O Theotokos,
Ever-blessed and most-pure mother of our God.
More honourable than the Cherubim, And beyond
compare more glorious than the Seraphim, Who
without corruption gave birth to God the Word,
True Theotokos: we magnify you.

Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

Bogoroditse Devo

Sung in Church Slavonic

For words see above (Rachmaninov)

Austro-German Church Music

Anton Bruckner (1824 – 1896)

Locus iste

Sung in Latin

This place was made by God – it cannot be defiled.

Christus factus est pro nobis
Sung in Latin

Christ became obedient for us unto death,
even to death on the cross.
Therefore God exalted Him and gave Him a name
which is above all names.

Josef Rheinberger (1839 – 1901)
Abendlied Op 69 No 3
Sung in German

Abide with us, for evening shadows darken, and the
day will soon be over.

French Secular Music

Pierre Attaingnant (1494 – 1551/1552)
Tourdion
Sung in French

Soprano:
When I drink light red wine, friend,
Everything goes round and round
So from now on I'll drink Anjou or Arbois
Let's sing and drink and wage war on this bottle
Let's sing and drink, my friends, let's drink!

Alto:
Good wine renders us merry, let's sing,
Forget our sorrows, let's sing!
While eating of a fat ham,
On this bottle let us wage war!

Tenor & Bass:
Let us drink well, drink my friends, clink glasses,
Drink, merrily sing!
While eating of a fat ham,
On this bottle let us wage war!

Pierre Certon (c.1520 – 1572)
La la la, je ne l'ose dire
Sung in French

La, la, la, I shouldn't tell,
Shouldn't tell, shouldn't tell you
La la la, I'll tell you anyway
Oh la, la, la, I'll tell you anyway

In our town there is a man, who

burns with jealousy of his wife
He's not jealous without cause,
for she cuckolds him incessantly

He takes her over to the market
When she's there she makes most free

Seasonal Music

Thomas Morley (c. 1557 – 1602)
April is in my mistress face

April is in my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place;
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart a cold December.

Hugh Robertson (1874-1952)
All in the April evening

All in the April ev'ning, April airs were abroad: the
sheep with their little lambs pass'd me by on the
road.

All in the April ev'ning, I thought on the Lamb of
God.

The lambs were weary and crying with a weak
human cry, I thought on the Lamb of God going
meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains, Dewy pastures are
sweet, Rest for the little bodies, rest for the little
feet.

But for the Lamb of God, up on the hilltop green,
only a cross, a cross of shame, two stark crosses
between.

This joyful Eastertide
Words: George R. Woodward (1848-1934)
Dutch melody from David's Psalmen, Amsterdam,
1685, arranged Charles Wood, (1866-1926)

This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!
My Love, the Crucified, hath sprung to life this
morrow.

[The Singers](#)

Newcastle upon Tyne

More information on our website:

www.singers.org.uk

Contact details:

www.singers.tel