

WAKES WEEK CONCERT

St Peter's Church,
Castleton Road, Hope,
Derbyshire, S33 6ZG

Thursday 2nd July 2015 at 8pm

SHEFFIELD LYDIAN
SINGERS

Director George Nicholson

&

CACCIA WIND QUINTET

Admission programme £7.50





PROGRAMME

Joseph Haydn: Te Deum (arr. George Nicholson)

Four English madrigals

John Bennet: All creatures now

Thomas Vautor: Mother, I will have a husband

Orlando Gibbons: The silver swan

Thomas Weelkes: As Vesta was from Latmos Hill descending

Adolphe Deslandres: Three pieces for wind quintet

Gabriel Fauré: Five Songs (arr. George Nicholson)

Aubade

Lydia

Le voyageur

Après un rêve

Mandoline

INTERVAL

Three sacred pieces

Igor Stravinsky: Ave Maria

Francis Poulenc: Salve Regina

Anton Bruckner: Ave Maria

J. Robin Hughes: Forth and Back (first performance)

Malcolm Arnold: Three Shanties for wind quintet

Four standards

Ivor Novello: We'll gather lilacs (arr. John Earwaker)

Henry Mancini: Moon River (arr. John Earwaker)

Charlie Chaplin: Smile (arr. John Earwaker)

George & Ira Gershwin: I got rhythm (arr. George Nicholson)



TEXTS

Te Deum

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee and the Father everlasting.
To Thee all Angels:
to Thee the heavens and all the Powers therein.
To Thee the Cherubim and Seraphim cry with unceasing voice:
Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Hosts.
The heavens and the earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
Thee the glorious choir of the Apostles.
Thee the admirable company of the Prophets.
Thee the white-robed army of Martyrs praise.
Thee the Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge.
The Father of infinite Majesty.
Thine adorable, true and only Son
Also the Holy Ghost the Paraclete.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
Thou having taken upon Thee to deliver man
didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
Thou having overcome the sting of death
didst open to believers the kingdom of heaven.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God
in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We beseech Thee, therefore, help Thy servants:
whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting.
Lord, save Thy people:
and bless Thine inheritance.
Govern them and lift them up forever.
Day by day we bless Thee.
And we praise Thy name forever:
and world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day to keep us without sin.
Have mercy on us, O Lord: have mercy on us.
Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us:
as we have hoped in Thee.
O Lord, in Thee have I hoped:
let me never be confounded.

All creatures now

All creatures now are merry minded.
The shepherds' daughters playing,
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing,
Yond bugle was well winded.

At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.
The flowers themselves discover,
Birds over her do hover;
Music the time beguileth.
See where she comes with flowery garlands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana;
Long live fair Oriana.

Mother, I will have a husband

Mother, I will have a husband,
And I will have him out of hand.
Mother, I will sure have one,
In spite of her that will have none.

John a Dun should have had me long ere this,
He said I had good lips to kiss.
Mother, I will sure have one,
In spite of her that will have none.

For I have heard 'tis trim when folks do love,
By good Sir John I swear now I will prove.
For Mother, I will sure have one,
In spite of her that will have none.

To the town therefore will I gad,
To get me a husband good or bad.

Mother, I will have a husband,
And I will have him out of hand.
Mother, I will sure have one,
In spite of her that will have none.

The silver swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung 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.

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana;
Long live fair Oriana.

Aubade

The bird in the bush
has saluted the dawn,
and a pale ray of light
has reddened the horizon:
behold the fresh morning!
If you wish to see the flowers
opening everywhere toward the light,
open your eyelids
o maiden with the gentle expression!

The voice of your sweetheart
has dispelled your dream;
I see your white veil
that trembles and stirs,
a sign of charming love!
Descend to this carpet of moss
where the breeze is once again warm,
and the light is gentle;
Hurry, o my treasure!

(Louis Pomey)

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

(Leconte de Lisle)

Le voyageur

Traveller, where are you off to,
treading the vibrant golden dust?
"I'm off to the setting sun,
to go to sleep in the light;

for I've lived worshipping only one God,
that light-giving, life-giving orb
and in its shroud of fire
I wish to depart from the world!"

Then, traveller, walk faster:
the sun is sinking to the horizon...
"I don't care, I'll go further down
to await it at the foot of the hill.

And showing it my open heart
which bleeds with its faithful love,
I will say, 'Oh sun, I've suffered too much,
carry me far away from her!"

(Armand Silvestre)

Après un rêve

In a slumber which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness, passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and sonorous,
You shone like a sky lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendours, divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

(Romain Bussine)

Mandoline

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

(Paul Verlaine)

Ave Maria

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and in the hour of our death.

Salve Regina

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy,
Hail our life, our sweetness and our hope.
To thee do we cry,
Poor banished children of Eve;
To thee do we send forth our sighs,
Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears.
Turn then, most gracious advocate,
Thine eyes of mercy toward us;
And after this our exile,
Show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
O clement, O loving,
O sweet Virgin Mary.

Forth and Back

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so travellers tell,
And straight though reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

(A.E. Housman)

...

The morning drum on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.

But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon. (Robert Louis Stevenson)

...

The Boy from his bedroom-window
Look'd over the little town,
And away to the bleak black upland
Under a clouded moon.

The moon came forth from her cavern,
He saw the sudden gleam
Of a tarn in the swarthy moorland;
Or perhaps the whole was a dream.

For I never could find that water
In all of my walks and rides:
Far-off, in the Land of Memory,
That midnight pool abides.

Many fine things had I glimpse of,
And said, 'I shall find them one day.'
Whether within or without me
They were, I cannot say.

(William Allingham)

...

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing;
What a little thing
To remember for years-
To remember with tears!

(William Allingham)

...

Far in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marvelling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

(A.E. Housman)

...

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

(Robert Louis Stevenson)



SHEFFIELD LYDIAN SINGERS

Sopranos Yuko Arthurs, Jane Ginsborg, Eve Saunders
Altos Liz Buxton, Barbara Hawley, Philippa Hughes, Kitty Ross
Tenors Frank Arthurs, Robin Hughes, Richard Nortcliffe
Basses Robin Saunders, Chris Walker, Alan Yarranton
Director George Nicholson



CACCIA WIND QUINTET

Flute Daniela Hawryliuk
Oboe Stuart Green
Clarinet Steve Dumbleton
Horn Tom Fisher
Bassoon Liz Versi



MORE INFORMATION

For more information about Sheffield Lydian Singers please visit our web-site <http://sheffieldlydian.org.uk/>

For more information about Caccia Wind Quintet please visit our website www.cacciaquintet.co.uk

Our thanks to **Carbolite Ltd** www.carbolite.com for their generous sponsorship of this concert

