

Wakes Week Concert

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

Thursday 30th June 2016 at 8pm

SHEFFIELD LYDIAN SINGERS

George Nicholson – *director*

AND

Rob Horscroft – *trumpet* George Morton – *trumpet*

Chris Noble – *horn* Chris Thorp – *trombone*

Simon Stewart – *tuba*

Admission programme £7.50





Programme

Giovanni Gabrieli:	Jubilate deo (arr. George Nicholson)
Claudio Monteverdi:	Christe, adoramus te (arr. George Nicholson)
Carlo Gesualdo:	O vos omnes
Claudio Monteverdi:	Cantate domino (arr. George Nicholson)
Robert Schumann:	Gute nacht
William Sterndale Bennett:	Sweet stream
Robert Schumann:	Mich zieht es nach dem Dörfchen hin
William Sterndale Bennett:	Come live with me
Giles Farnaby:	Fancies, toys and dreames (arr. Elgar Howarth)
J Robin Hughes:	You promise heavens (first performance) Four dysfunctional limericks (and an unsatisfactory haiku) (first performance)
	Of an Englishman's insouciance in the face of venomous attack by an insect Of a person who, if not French, may be Swiss Of a Japanese poet perplexed by the strictures of his chosen form Of that poet's further lack of success Of a Scotsman who, by his choice of utensil, forestalls a premature conclusion to degustation
	INTERVAL
Samuel Scheidt:	Battle suite (arr. Philip Jones)
E J Moeran:	Songs of springtime
	Under the greenwood tree The river-god's song Sigh no more, ladies
Duke Ellington/Billy Strayhorn:	Satin doll (arr. George Nicholson)
George Gershwin:	Nice work if you can get it (arr. George Nicholson)
Billy Strayhorn:	Chelsea Bridge (arr. George Nicholson)
eden abhez:	Nature boy (arr. George Nicholson)
John Dankworth:	The compleat works (arr. George Nicholson)



Texts

Jubilate deo

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands,
for thus shall the man be blessed
that feareth the Lord.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
May the God of Israel unite you
and himself be with you.

May he send thee help from the sanctuary,
and strengthen thee out of Sion.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
The Lord that made heaven and earth
give thee blessing out of Sion.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness.

Christe, adoramus te

We adore Thee, O Christ,
and we bless Thee,
who by Thy Holy Cross
hast redeemed the world.
He who suffered death for us,
O Lord, O Lord,
have mercy on us.

O vos omnes

O all you who walk by on the road,
behold and see if there be any sorrow
like my sorrow.

Cantate domino

Sing to the Lord a new song,
sing and give praise to his name,
for he has done marvellous deeds.
Sing and exult and praise
with harp and the sound of psalms,
for he has done marvellous deeds.

Gute Nacht

My fond goodnight, now I will sing you,
sweet friend goodnight.

An angel will my greeting bring you,
sweet friend goodnight.

From you again the song comes winging,
returning in its flight.

Friends though apart together singing,
sweet friend goodnight.

(Friedrich Rückert)

Sweet stream

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,

Apt emblem of a virtuous maid,—

Silent and chaste she steals along,

Far from the world's gay, busy throng;

With gentle yet prevailing force,

Intent upon her destined course;

Graceful and useful all she does,

Blessing and blest where'er she goes;

Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,

And Heaven reflected in her face.

(William Cowper)

Mich zieht es nach dem Dörfchen hin

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And by yon garden green, again;

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonie Jean again.

There 's nane sall ken, there 's nane sall guess,

What brings me back the gate again,

But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,

And stownlins we sall meet again.

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonie Jean again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,

When trystin time draws near again;

And when her lovely form I see,

O haith, she 's doubly dear again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,

And see my bonie Jean again.

(Robert Burns)

Come live with me

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hill and valley, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

There I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

[A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.]

The shepherds' swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

(Christopher Marlowe)

You promise heavens (Mimnermus in Church)

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above:
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love:
Show me what angels feel. Till then
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remember'd tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But O, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

(William Johnson Cory)

Of an Englishman's insouciance in the face of venomous attack by an insect

There was a man of Saint Bees
Who was stung in the neck by a wasp.
When they said "Did it hurt?"
He replied "Not a bit,
"It can do it again if it likes!"

(W S Gilbert)

Of a person who, if not French, may be Swiss

There once was a man of the Rhône
Of whom nothing further is known.

(Anonymous)

Of a Japanese poet perplexed by the strictures of his chosen form

There was a poet of Japan
Who could not make his limericks scan
"It's a shame" he said "but
"In the last line I put
"The most number of words that I can."

(Anonymous)

Of that poet's further lack of success

Limerick poet
Tries to write haiku but he
Runs out of syllab...

(J Robin Hughes)

Of a Scotsman who, by his choice of utensil, forestalls a premature conclusion to degustation

Oh, a Scotsman who hailed from Dunoon,
He always ate his soup with a fork.
He said "As I eat
"Neither fish, fowl nor flesh
"I would otherwise finish too quick."

(Anonymous)

Under the greenwood tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

(William Shakespeare)

The river-god's song

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

(John Fletcher)

Sigh no more, ladies

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

(William Shakespeare)



Sheffield Lydian Singers

Sopranos	Ruth Bessan, Jane Ginsborg, Christina Rhys
Altos	Liz Buxton, Barbara Hawley, Philippa Hughes, Kitty Ross
Tenors	Robin Hughes, Richard Nortcliffe
Basses	Robin Saunders, Chris Walker
Director	George Nicholson



Brass performers

Trumpet	Rob Horscroft
Trumpet	George Morton
Horn	Chris Noble
Trombone	Chris Thorp
Tuba	Simon Stewart



More information

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

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

