



LONDON CONCORD SINGERS

Thursday 6th July 2023 7:30pm

**St Botolph without Bishopsgate
London EC2M 3TL**

Songs for a Summer Evening

Conductor: Jessica Norton

Tippett: Spirituals (1, 2, 3) from *A Child of our Time*

Finzi: Thou didst delight mine eyes

Delius: Two unaccompanied part songs
Midsummer Song

Rutter: Five Traditional Songs

Elgar: As Torrents in Summer

Bantock: She walks in Beauty

Britten: Five Flower Songs

Poulenc: Sept Chansons

Refreshments will be served
at the back of the church after the concert.
Donations are invited.

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)
Five Negro Spirituals (nos. 1, 2, 3)
From *A Child of Our Time*

Steal away

Steal away, steal away, steal away to
Jesus
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here.

My lord he calls me, he calls me by the
thunder,
The trumpet sounds within-a-my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to
Jesus
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here.

Green trees a-bending, poor sinner stands
a-trembling,
The trumpet sounds within-a-my soul,
I ain't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away, steal away to
Jesus
Steal away, steal away home
I ain't got long to stay here.

Nobody knows

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus

O brothers pray for me,
O brothers pray for me,

O brothers pray for me,
Help me to drive old Satan away, Lord.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus

O mothers pray for me,
O mothers pray for me,
O mothers pray for me,
Help me to drive old Satan away, Lord.

Go Down Moses

Go down, Moses
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharoah
To let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand
Let my people go.

“Thus spake the Lord” bold Moses said
“If not, I'll smite your firstborn dead”
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell old Pharoah
To let my people go.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Thou didst delight my eyes

Thou didst delight my eyes:
Yet who am I? nor first
Nor last nor best, that durst
Once dream of thee for prize;
Nor this the only time
Thou shalt set love to rhyme.

Thou didst delight my ear:
Ah! little praise; thy voice
Makes other hearts rejoice,
Makes all ears glad that hear;
And short my joy: but yet,
O song, do not forget.

For what wert thou to me?
How shall I say? The moon,
That poured her midnight noon
Upon this wrecking sea;
A sail, that for a day
Has cheered the castaway.

Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

Frederick Delius
(1862-1934)

*Two unaccompanied part songs:
To be sung of a summer night on
the water*

Midsummer Song

John Rutter (1945 -)
Five Traditional Songs
(nos. 1-4)

1. *The girl I left behind me*

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill
And o'er the moor and valley
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
Since parting from my Sally;
I seek no more the fine and gay,
Since each doth but remind me
How swiftly passed the hours away
With the girl I left behind me.

O ne'er shall I forget that night –
The stars were bright above me
And gently lent their silvr'y light
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp;
Kind heaven then pray guide me,
And bring me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste
May leave the swain repining.
Ye Gods above! O hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

2. *O Waly, Waly*

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly;
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flow'rs both fine and gay
A-gath'ring flow'rs both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I lean'd my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me,

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

3. The British Grenadiers

Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow row row row row row row
To the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades
Our leaders march with fuses
And we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears
Sing tow row row row row row row
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches

And wear the louped clothes.
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years
With a tow row row row row row row
To the British Grenadiers.

4. Golden slumbers

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes
Smiles awake you when you rise,
Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Care you know not, therefore sleep
While I o'er you watch do keep.
Sleep pretty darlings, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby.

Edward Elgar
(1857-1934)

As Torrents in Summer

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise
Tho' the sky is still cloudless.
For rain has been falling.
Far off at their fountains.

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
(1807-1882)

Granville Bantock **(1868-1946)**

She walks in beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent.
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Lord Byron (1788-1824)

Benjamin Britten **(1913-1976)**

Five Flower Songs

1. To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day

Has run
But to evensong,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

2. The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers,
Then after her comes smiling May
In a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before,
Then (lastly,) July comes and she
More wealth brings in than all those
three;
April! May! June! July!

Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

3. Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy
root,
Here the dull night-shade hangs her
deadly fruit;

On hills of dust the henbane's faded
green,

And pencil'd flower of sickly scent is
seen;

Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks
perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle
springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with
poison'd stings;

In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom
below:

The few dull flowers that o'er the place
are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.

These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up
and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

George Crabbe (1754-1832)

4. *The Evening Primrose*

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dew-drops pearl the evening's
breast;

Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And hermit-like, shunning the light,
Wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by;
When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints, and withers, and is gone.

John Clare (1793-1864)

5. *The Ballad of Green Broom*

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green
broom,

He had but one son without thought without
good

Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright
noon.

The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green
broom.

So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green
broom,

He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he
contrives

To cut a great bundle of broom, green
broom.

When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine
house,

Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she
said,

"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom,
green broom!"

When Johnny came into the Lady's fine
house,

And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine
room,

"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up
your trade

And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they
both went,

And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full
bloom;

At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold broom,
green broom.

Anon.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Sept chansons (nos. 1,2,3,5,6,7)

1. *La blanche neige*

Les anges les anges dans le ciel
L'un est vêtu en officier
L'un est vêtu en cuisinier
Et les autres chantent

Bel officier couleur du ciel
Le doux printemps longtemps après Noël
Te médaillera
D'un beau soleil.

Le cuisinier plume les oies
Ah! tombe neige
Tombe et que n'ai je
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras

Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

2. *A peine défigurée*

À peine défigurée
Adieu tristesse.
Bonjour tristesse.
Tu es inscrite dans les lignes du plafond.
Tu es inscrite dans les yeux que j'aime.
Tu n'es pas tout à fait la misère,
Car les lèvres les plus pauvres te
dénoucent
Par un sourire.
Bonjour, tristesse.
Amour des corps aimables.
Puissance de l'amour
Dont l'amabilité surgit
Comme un monstre sans corps.
Tête désappointée.
Tristesse, beau visage.

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

1. *The White Snow*

Angels, angels in the sky
One is dressed as an officer
One is dressed as a cook
And the others sing.

Beautiful officer, colour of sky
A long time after Christmas the sweet spring
Will decorate you with a beautiful sun,
With a beautiful sun.

The cook plucks geese
Ah, the snow is falling,
Falling, if only I had
my beloved in my arms.

2. *Barely disfigured*

Barely disfigured
Farewell Sadness
Hello Sadness
You are inscribed in the lines on the ceiling
You are inscribed in the eyes that I love
You are not poverty absolutely
Since the poorest of lips denounce you

Ah with a smile
Bonjour Tristesse
Love of kind bodies
Power of love
From which kindness rises
Like a bodiless monster
Unattached head
Sadness beautiful face

3. *Par une nuit nouvelle*

Femme avec laquelle j'ai vécu
Femme avec laquelle je vis
Femme avec laquelle je vivrai
Toujours la même
Il te faut un manteau rouge
Des gants rouges un masque rouge
Et des bas noirs
Des raisons des preuves
De te voir toute nue
Nudité pure ô parure parée
Seins ô mon cœur

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

5. *Belle et ressemblante*

Un visage à la fin du jour,
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes
du jour.
Un bouquet de pluie nue,
Tout soleil caché,
Toute source des sources au fond de
l'eau.
Tout miroir des miroirs brisés.
Un visage dans les balances du
silence.
Un caillou parmi d'autres cailloux
Pour les frondes
Des dernières lueurs du jour.
Un visage semblable
à tous les visages oubliés.
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes,
Un bouquet de pluie nue.
Tout soleil caché.

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

3. *In a new night*

Woman I've lived with
Woman I live with
Woman I'll live with
Always the same
You need a red cloak
Red gloves, a red mask
And black stockings
Motives, proof
To see you quite naked
Pure nakedness, O ready finery
Breasts, Oh my heart

5. *Lovely and Lifelike*

A face at the end of the day
A cradle in day's dead leaves

A bouquet of naked rain
Every ray of sun hidden
Every fount of founts in the depths
of the water
Every mirror of mirrors broken
A face in the scales of silence

A pebble among other pebbles
For the leaves
Last glimmers of day
A face
Like all the forgotten faces.
A cradle in the dead leaves,
A bouquet of naked rain.
All sun hidden.

6. *Marie*

Vous y dansiez petite fille
Y danserez-vous mère-grand
C'est la maclotte qui sautille
Toutes les cloches sonneront
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie

Les masques sont silencieux
Et la musique est si lointaine
Qu'elle semble venir des cieux
Oui je veux vous aimer mais vous
aimer à peine
Et mon mal est délicieux

Les brebis s'en vont dans la neige
Flocons de laine et ceux d'argent
Des soldats passent et que n'ai-je
Un coeur à moi ce coeur changeant
Changeant et puis encor que sais-je

Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux
Crépus comme mer qui moutonne
Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux
Et tes mains feuilles de l'automne
Que jonchent aussi nos aveux

Je passais au bord de la Seine
Un livre ancien sous le bras
Le fleuve est pareil à ma peine
Il s'écoule et ne tarit pas
Quand donc finira la semaine

Quand donc reviendrez vous Marie

6. *Marie*

When you were a little girl you danced
Will you be still dancing as a grandmother
Fish are jumping
All the bells will ring
When will you return, Marie?

The masques are silent
And the music so far off
That it seems to come from the sky
Yes, I want to love you but only a little

The heartache will be a pleasure

Sheep go by in the snow
Specks of wool and silver
Soldiers pass by, if only I had
A heart, this fickle hear
But then, how do I know

Do I know where your hair will go?
Frizzy as the foam-flecked sea
Do I know where your hair will go?
And your hands, like autumn leaves
Also scattered by our promises

I was walking by the Seine
An old book under my arm
The river is like my heartache
It flows and never runs dry
Oh when will the week end?

Oh when will you return Marie?

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

7. *Luire*

Terre irréprochablement cultivée,
Miel d'aube, soleil en fleurs,
Coureur tenant par un fil au dormeur.

(Noeud par intelligences)

Et le jetant sur son épaule:

'Il n'a jamais été plus neuf,

Il n'a jamais été si lourd.'

Il sera plus léger,

Usure,

Utile.

Clair soleil d'été avec,

Sa chaleur, sa douceur, sa tranquillité.

Et, vite,

Les porteurs de fleurs en l'air touchent
de la terre.

Terre irréprochablement cultivée,

Miel d'aube, soleil en fleurs,

Coureur tenant par un fil au dormeur.

Clair soleil d'été.

Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

7. *To Dawn*

Faultlessly cultivated Earth
Honey of dawn, sun in bloom
Runner still holding by a thread onto the
sleeper

(Bond of understanding)

And throwing him over his shoulder says

"He has never been so new

He has never been so heavy"

It will become lighter,

Erosion

Useful.

Brighter summer sun with

Its warmth, its softness, its stillness

And quickly

The flower-carriers of the air touch the
ground

Impeccably cultivated land,

Dawn honey, blooming sun,

Runner holding by a thread to the sleeper.

Bright summer sun.



Jessica Norton is a choral conductor, vocal coach, teacher and professional soprano based in North West London. She is currently Musical Director of the East London Chorus, London Concord Singers and Henley Youth Choirs, and has recently finished working with the London Orpheus Choir. Previously she has worked with the London Symphony Chorus, Milton Keynes Chorale, SAVoce and Hertford Voices, among many others. Alongside her work with a myriad of choirs across the UK she has appeared at CBSO and London Symphony Orchestra *Come and Sing* days and was a conductor in David Lang's UK premiere of *Public Domain* in the Barbican Centre.

As a vocal coach Jessica leads workshops in schools across Henley, St Mary's School in Cambridge and Hallfield Primary School in Birmingham. She also runs *Come and Sing* days and sessions at corporate events, alongside organising and running her own online workshops; *Summer Singing* and *Vocal Freedom*. Jessica teaches for *Music in Offices* alongside teaching private students. For more information on booking a lesson please see *Teaching* on her website.

Jessica sings solo soprano for choirs across London and beyond, including the London Symphony Chorus, Ealing Common Choir and Harwich and Dovercourt Choral Society, has sung on ITV's *The Halcyon* and is the featured soprano at Wanstead's opera gala *Glamour on the Green*. During the pandemic Jessica has been organising and performing solo virtual concerts. For more information on these and other events you can contact Jessica at <http://jessicanorton.co.uk>



Singers

Soprano

Alison Cross*, Gretchen Cummings, Pia Huber, Sylvia Kalisch,
Diana Maynard, Rhian Walther*, Rowena Wells*.

Alto

Tricia Cottle, Claudia Efstathiou, Valerie MacLeod, Sally Prime,
Ruth Sanderson, Jill Tipping, Dorothy Wilkinson

Tenor

Katie Boot**, Robert Hugill, John Penty *(tenor/bass)

Bass

David Firshman, Tony Firshman, John McLeod*, Colin Symes,
Malcolm Turner.

* soloists in Tippett

** soloist in Delius

LONDON CONCORD SINGERS

Christmas Concert

Thursday 7th December, 2023

We will sing a setting of the wonderful Byrd Five Part Mass, some Palestrina, Vilette, Estevez, Brumel and others.

Venue to be confirmed but put the date in your diary now!

Come sing with us!

London Concord Singers has vacancies in all voices. We are a friendly chamber choir with an eclectic repertoire from Josquin to contemporary music, and rehearse on Monday evenings in the Clerkenwell/Smithfield. Just email info@londonconcordingers.org.uk for more details and we look forward to welcoming you. You can get a taster of our rehearsals with a lovely video which film-maker Laura Ruiz created. It is available here: <https://vimeo.com/234697704>

London Concord Singers have given a number of world, UK and London premieres of works by composers such as John Rutter, Andrzej Panufnik, Richard Rodney Bennett, John McCabe, Kenneth Leighton and Michael Ball, as well as pieces specially written for the choir. The choir has also given performances of major contemporary pieces such as Alfred Schnittke's *Choral Concerto* and Malcolm Williamson's *Requiem for a Tribe Brother*.

London Concord Singers was established in 1966 by the conductor Malcolm Cottle, and he remained the Musical Director for over 40 years until his death in December 2014. The choir became a registered charity in 1996.

Normally every other summer the choir undertakes a short foreign concert tour; places visited include Rouen, Caen, Ghent, Bruges, Strasbourg, Barcelona, Tallinn, Basel, Verona, Bardolino, Antwerp, Boppard on the Rhine, and Avignon. On their 2003 French tour, the choir sang to an audience of 1300 in Rheims Cathedral in a concert which was part of the Flâneries Musicales d'Été. More recent tours have included Ljubljana in Slovenia and Maastricht and Groningen in the Netherlands.

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