



Photo: Sean Pines

ST MATTHEW'S PARISH CHURCH, BETHNAL GREEN

# Summer Concert

*in aid of the restoration of the church tower*

THE GILTSPUR SINGERS

*Conductor: Christopher Maxim*

Saturday, 10<sup>th</sup> July 2010, 7.30pm



**Hail! smiling morn**

**Reginald Spofforth (1769-1827)**

Hail! smiling morn! that tips the hills with gold,  
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day.  
Who the gay face of nature doth enfold  
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

*Anon.*

**Discord! Dire sister**

**Samuel Webbe the elder (1740-1816)**



**Webbe**

Discord! Dire sister of the slaughtering power,  
Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around.

But lovely Peace in angel form  
Descending quells the rising storm.  
Soft ease and sweet content shall reign  
And Discord never rise again.

*The first stanza is based on a passage in the Iliad; the second is possibly by Webbe himself*

**Come, gentle zephyr**

**William Horsley (1774-1858)**



**Horsley**

Come, gentle zephyr, lend thine aid,  
Forsake yon gliding spring,  
To seek my lovely weeping maid,  
Oh! Wave thy swiftest wing.

And when you find the blooming fair  
Oh! Tell her what I feel,  
In plaintive murmurs to her ear  
My sighs, my vows reveal.

*Raunie*

**Purple glow the forest mountains**

**Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856)**

Purple glow the forest mountains  
In the sun's departing beam,  
Lovely shines the star of even  
Mirrored in the crystal stream.

Dark as in sepulchral chambers  
Lowers the gloomy poplar grove,  
Nought but gently whispering branches  
There is heard or seen to move:

Save where Philomela singing  
Softly from a greenwood tree  
To the dew bespangled roses  
Pours her lovelorn melody.

Soon, perhaps, on such an evening  
I shall hear thy voice resound,  
Sadly singing to the roses  
Which my early grave surround.

Then my soul shall listen to thy numbers,  
Listen as it listens now,  
While the breezes waft thy music  
O'er thy flowery mountain's brow.

*From the German of Mathison*

**O who will o'er the downs so free?**

**Robert Lucas Pearsall**

O who will o'er the downs so free  
O who will with me ride,  
Oh who will up and follow me  
To win a blooming bride?  
Her father he has locked the door,  
Her mother keeps the key,  
Neither door nor bolt shall part  
My own true love from me.

I saw her bower at twilight grey,  
'Twas guarded safe and sure,  
I saw her bower at break of day,  
'Twas guarded then no more!  
The varlets they were all asleep  
And none was near to see  
The greeting fair that passed there  
Between my love and me.

I promis'd her to come at night  
With comrades brave and true,  
A gallant band with sword in hand  
To break her prison through.  
I promis'd her to come at night  
She's waiting now for me,  
And ere the dawn of morning light  
I'll set my true love free!

*Anon.*

**When evening's twilight**

**John Liptrot Hatton (1809-1886)**

When evening's twilight gathers round,  
When every flower is hushed to rest;  
When autumn leaves breathe not a sound,  
And every bird flies to its nest;

When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,  
When stars are glittering from above!  
When nature's self seeks sweet repose;  
Then I think of thee, my love.

*Anon.*



**Stainer**

**Cupid, look about thee**

**John Stainer (1840-1901)**

Now, Cupid, look about thee!  
Thy kingdom is decaying.

*Fa la la*

Young men begin to flout thee  
And turn their deeds to saying.

*Fa la la*

In men there is no passion,  
Love is so out of fashion.

*Fa la la*

*From New Cithoon Lessons (1609)  
by [Thomas] Robinson (fl.1589-1609)*

**Sumer is icumen in  
Long time ago  
The wonder of wonders**

**Paul Johnson (comp. 1996)  
Aaron Copland (1900-1990)  
Geoffrey Bush (1920-1998)**

} *sung by Adey Grummet*

**Five Flower Songs, Op. 47**

**Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)**

***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 the even-song;  
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 any thing.  
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)*

***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.

*Robert Herrick*



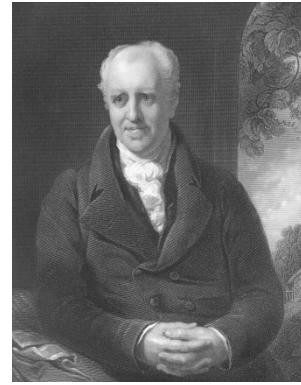
**Britten**



**Herrick**

### *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 pencill'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.



**Crabbe**

*George Crabbe (1754-1832)*



**Clare**

### *The Evening Primrose*

When once the sun sinks in the west,  
And dew-drops pearl the evenings 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)*

### *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.*

∞ Interval ∞

## Three Hungarian Folk-Songs

Matyas Seiber (1905-1960)

### *The handsome butcher*

Seven locks upon the red gate,  
Seven gates about the red town.  
In the town there lives a butcher  
And his name is Handsome John Brown.

John Brown's boots are polished so fine,  
John Brown's spurs, they jingle and shine.  
On his coat a crimson flower,  
In his hand a glass of red wine.

In the night, the golden spurs ring,  
In the dark, the leather boots shine.  
Don't come tapping at the window,  
Now your heart no longer is mine.

### *Apple, apple*

By a river, there's a little orchard,  
In the orchard stood the miller's daughter.  
Apple, apple, fallen in the water,  
By the stream I kissed the miller's daughter.

### *Reprise of The handsome butcher*

### *The old woman*

In the window, out the front door  
Throw old nanny from the top floor.  
Pack her head into a basket,  
Let her sell it in the market.

Come on, children, welcome each one,  
At our party we'll have good fun,  
Drink and eat and roister all day,  
Farmer Johnny's bullock will pay.

For a coachman, we've black dog,  
For a footman, we've a roast hog.  
On his back a loaf of white bread,  
And a bottle on his big head.

*English words by A. L. Lloyd (1908-1982)*

## Yugoslav Folk-Songs

Matyas Seiber

### *The unfaithful lover*

Burning, sun, why do you shine so fiercely,  
Burning, sun, Ah! Woe is me!  
Why do you shine so fiercely?

My sweetheart she loves me no longer,  
My own sweetheart, Oh woe is me,  
My sweetheart loves me no more.

### *Handsome Mirko/Eighteen shining buttons*

From the alehouse Mirko come home in the dark,  
And his sweet-heart throws her shutters wide apart.

With some milk we're rubbing,  
With some bread we're scrubbing,  
Eighteen shining buttons.

As we sing so sprightly,  
See them shine so brightly,  
Eighteen shining buttons.

From the window out she stretched her hand so white.  
No one sees them kissing wildly in the night.

Just to please the lasses,  
Burnish all your brasses,  
Eighteen shining buttons.

Come, lads no dreaming,  
Set them all a-gleaming,  
Eighteen shining buttons.



Seiber

**Heaven above**

Heaven above,  
Oh, my dearest love!  
With your hands so tender,  
With your singers slender,  
You have torn away my heart!

**Hussars/Fairy Tale**

See the bold hussars,  
Ah, see the fine hussars  
Come riding so sprightly,  
And how their swords shine brightly.

Here we come lasses,  
Look out for our horses,  
We'll set your hearts breaking,  
When we begin love-making.

Do not weep, mother,  
Oh do not weep, father,  
For no sweetheart's bolder,  
Than is my fine young soldier.

Down the mountain flows the icy stream.  
There the wild rose flowers sweetly in the valley green.  
There a maiden plucked a flower growing by the stream,  
And at once she fell a-sleeping and began to dream.  
Let me take you, lovely maiden, to a distant shore.  
You and I will be so happy there for evermore.

**Reprise of Hussars**

*English words by A. L. Lloyd and Fred Harry*

**Alpine Suite for recorder trio**

1. *Arrival at Zermatt*
2. *Swiss Clock (Romance)*
3. *Nursery Slopes; Alpine Scene*
4. *Moto perpetuo*
5. *Down the Piste*
6. *Farewell to Zermatt*

**Benjamin Britten**

<b>Descant 1</b>	<b>Nicky Johns</b>
<b>Descant 2</b>	<b>Alex Milne</b>
<b>Treble</b>	<b>Antonia Mott</b>

**Blake's Cradle-Song**

Sweet dreams, form a shade  
O'er my lovely infant's head!  
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams  
By happy, silent, moony beams!

Sweet sleep, with soft down  
Weave thy brows an infant crown  
Sweet sleep, angel mild,  
Hover o'er my happy child!

Sweet smiles, in the night  
Hover over my delight!  
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,  
All the live-long night beguile.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,  
Chase not slumber from thine eyes!  
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,  
All the dove-like moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child!  
All creation slept and smiled.  
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,  
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

**Christopher Maxim (comp. 2008)**

Sweet babe, in thy face  
Holy image I can trace;  
Sweet babe, once like thee  
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me:

Wept for me, for thee, for all,  
When He was an infant small.  
Thou His image ever see,  
Heavenly face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,  
Who became an infant small;  
Infant smiles are His own smiles;  
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

*William Blake (1757-1827)*

**Blake**



### Three Pastoral Partsongs

Christopher Maxim (*comp.* 2004)

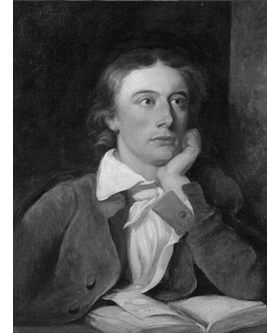
#### *Over the hill*

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And over the bourn to Dawlish  
Where gingerbread wives have a scanty sale  
And gingerbread nuts are smallish.

O who wouldn't hie to a Dawlish fair?  
O who wouldn't stop in a meadow?  
O who would not rumple the daisies there  
And make the wild fern for a bed do?

Rantipole Betty she ran down a hill  
And kicked up her petticoats fairly;  
Says I, I'll be Jack, if you will be Gill  
So she sat on the grass debonairly.

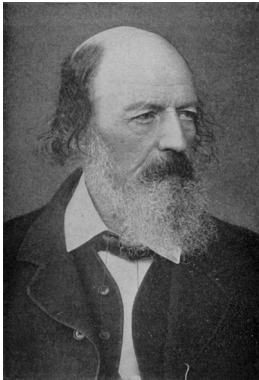
*John Keats (1795-1821)*



**Keats**

Here's somebody coming, here's somebody coming!  
Says I, 'tis the wind at a parley.  
So without any fuss, any hawing and humming,  
She lay on the grass debonairly.

Here's somebody here and here's somebody there!  
Says I, hold your tongue, you young gipsy;  
So she held her tongue and lay plump and fair  
And dead as a Venus tipsy.



**Tennyson**

#### *Requiescat*

Fair is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides.  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but, ah, how soon to die!  
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.  
Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect peace.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)*

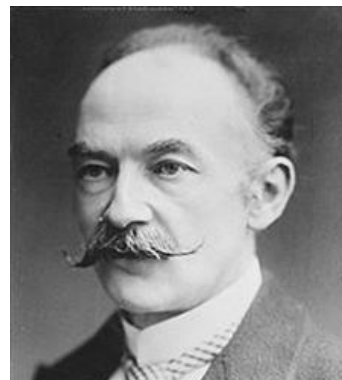
#### *Great things*

Sweet cyder is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
Spinning down to Weymouth town  
By Ridgeway thirstily,  
And maid and mistress summoning  
Who tend the hostelry:  
O cyder is a great thing  
A great thing to me!

Will these be always great things,  
Great things to me?  
Let it befall that one will call,  
"Soul, I have need of thee":  
What then? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,  
Love and its ecstasy,  
Will always have been great things,  
Great things to me.

The dance it is a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
With candles lit and partners fit  
For night-long revelry;  
A going home when day-dawning  
Peeps pale upon the lea:  
O dancing is a great thing,  
A great thing to me!

*Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)*



**Hardy**

Love is, yea, a great thing,  
A great thing to me,  
When, having drawn across the lawn  
In darkness silently,  
A figure flits like one a-wing  
Out from the nearest tree:  
O love is, yes, a great thing,  
A great thing to me!

# The Giltspur Singers

...were formed in the autumn of 2003. They take their name from Giltspur Street, which leads up to the entrance of the church where they rehearse: St Bartholomew-the-Less, inside the grounds of St Bartholomew's Hospital in the City of London.

The choir performs mainly in and around London. Venues include St Mary-le-Bow; St Mary's, Blackheath; Godalming Parish Church; St Giles-in-the-Fields; St Dunstan's, Stepney; the Chapel of Gray's Inn; St Mary's, Wimbledon; The Temple Church; St George's, Bloomsbury; St Mary's, Clapham; St Margaret's, Lee; St Anselm & St Cecilia, Holborn; and St Vedast-alias-Foster. Repertoire ranges from medieval music to contemporary pieces; and the choir sings in several languages, among them Latin, French, German and early forms of English.

The members of the choir are professionals in a wide range of careers, including the law, finance, education, medicine, the entertainment industry, P.R. and I.T. Some are music graduates; but, for the majority, music has always been a hobby: a source of recreation and enjoyment that the Giltspur Singers hope to share in their performances.

**Sopranos**      Catriona Boyle, Julie Gonzalez Torres, Antonia Mott, Elisabeth Somerville, Katy Turner  
**Altos**            Nicky Johns, Harriet Pask, Claire Roff (guest)  
**Tenors**          Simon Daniels, Christopher Goodwin, Nick Grounds  
**Basses**         Alex Milne, Timothy Murray, Nick Whitehead

## **Dr Christopher Maxim (Conductor)**

... is founder-conductor of the Giltspur Singers and also conducts the St Teilo Singers, a peripatetic liturgical choir. Former conducting posts include the University of Bristol Church Choir, the Cardiff University Chamber Choir, the Cardiff University Church Choir, the Cardiff Bay Singers and the Elizabethan Singers of London. Chris's compositions are performed as far afield as Germany, the USA and South Africa. They are published in the UK by Allegro Music, the Royal School of Church Music and Stainer & Bell; in the USA by St James Music Press; and online at [www.sibeliusmusic.com](http://www.sibeliusmusic.com). Chris is also published in the fields of musicology and music criticism. He has been Organist of St Matthew's, Bethnal Green since January 2003 and has composed choral music and hymn-tunes for use in services at the church. To find out more about Chris and the Giltspur Singers please visit [www.christophermaxim.co.uk](http://www.christophermaxim.co.uk).

## **Adey Grummet (Soprano)**

... works hard to defy classification. Although she has a dim, dark past in shows, dance and straight theatre, she is mostly involved in contemporary classical music these days. She has created more than a dozen roles in new operas for contemporary composers including John Woolrich, Julian Grant, Stephen McNeff, and Richard Thomas. She sings in the fusion vocal group The Shout with Orlando Gough and is regularly involved in the devising processes of new work for companies such as The National Theatre and the Royal Opera House. She is also a writer and lyricist, launching her own community singing/filming project – [www.unity-project.com](http://www.unity-project.com) – last November and she has been recently commissioned for her first full-length opera libretto; and she is a conductor, directing her own vocal ensemble The Curate's Egg. See [www.adeygrummet.co.uk](http://www.adeygrummet.co.uk) for details.

The Giltspur Singers are currently seeking to recruit some additional members. Anyone interested in joining the choir is warmly invited to email the Administrator: [tspmurray@googlemail.com](mailto:tspmurray@googlemail.com)

**Tuesday, 14<sup>th</sup> December, 7.00pm: St Clement Danes, The Strand**  
**Christmas with The Giltspur Singers**  
*In aid of Cancer Research UK*

Come and hear familiar (and some unfamiliar) music and readings,  
join in the singing of classic carols and share in the wine and mince pies.  
Nearly 200 people came to the 2009 Christmas Concert: please join us in 2010!