



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, 10th 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.



Webbe

Discord! Dire sister

Samuel Webbe *the elder* (1740-1816)

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



Horsley

Come, gentle zephyr

William Horsley (1774-1858)

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 Cithæon 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



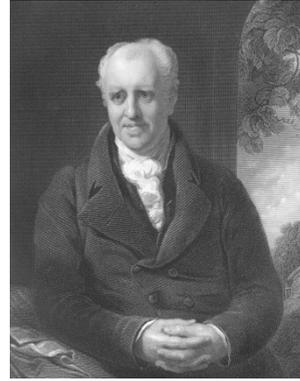
Britten



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

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Descant 1 | Nicky Johns |
| Descant 2 | Alex Milne |
| Treble | Antonia Mott |

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.

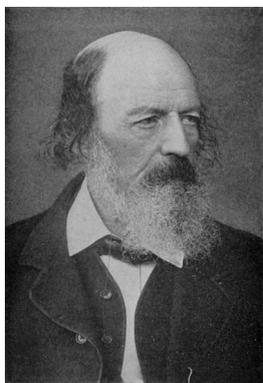
John Keats (1795-1821)



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)

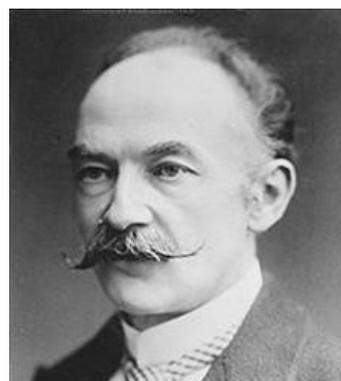
Great things

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.

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|-----------------|--|
| 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. 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.

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 – 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 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

Tuesday, 14th 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!