

THE CHURCH OF ST ANSELM & ST CÆCILIA, HOLBORN WC2

# Summer Concert

THE GILTSPUR SINGERS

Conductor: Christopher Maxim

Friday, 6<sup>th</sup> July 2012, 7.00pm



**Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)**

*My spirit sang all day  
Wherefore to-night so full of care*

WORDS: ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-1930)



**Gustav Holst (1874-1934)**

*Dream Tryst*

*The Evening-Watch*

Soloists: Nicky Johns, Alan Jolly

WORDS: FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907)  
HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695)

*Body:*

Farewell! I go to sleep; but when  
The day-star springs, I'll wake again.

*Body:*

Amen! but hark, ere we two stray  
How many hours dost think 'till day?

*Soul:*

Go, sleep in peace; and when thou liest  
Unnumber'd in thy dust, when all this frame  
Is but one dram, and what thou now descriest  
In sev'ral parts shall want a name,  
Then may his peace be with thee, and each dust  
Writ in his book, who ne'er betray'd man's trust!

*Soul:*

Ah go; th'art weak, and sleepy. Heav'n  
Is a plain watch, and without figures winds  
All ages up; who drew this circle, even  
He fills it; days and hours are blinds.  
Yet this take with thee. The last gasp of time  
Is thy first breath, and man's eternal prime.

*Blame not my lute*

**Music: 'La gamba', an Italian ground**

WORDS: SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542)

*Performed by Helen and Nicole Wyatt, lineal descendants of the poet;  
accompanied by Chris Goodwin on lute*

Blame not my lute for he must sound  
Of this and that as liketh me,  
For lack of wit the lute is bound  
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;  
Though my songs be somewhat strange  
And speak such words as touch thy change,  
Blame not my lute.

My lute and strings may not deny  
But as I strike they must obey;  
Break not them then so wrongfully  
But wreak thyself some wiser way,  
And though the songs which I endite  
Do quit they change with rightful spite,  
Blame not my lute.



Sir Thomas Wyatt sketched by Hans Holbein

Farewell unknown, for though thou break  
 My strings in spite with great disdain;  
 Yet have I found out for thy sake  
 Strings for to string my lute again;  
 And if perchance this foolish rhyme  
 Do make thee blush at any time,  
 Blame not my lute.



**Four Partsongs, Op. 53**

**Edward Elgar (1857-1934)**

*There is sweet music  
 Deep in my soul  
 O wild West Wind!  
 Owls (An Epitaph)*

WORDS: TENNYSON (1809-1892)  
 BYRON (1788-1824)  
 SHELLEY (1792-1822)  
 ELGAR

∞ INTERVAL ∞

**Trois Chansons**

**Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)**

WORDS BY THE COMPOSER

**1 Nicolette**

Nicolette, at vespers, went walking through the fields  
 Picking daisies, jonquils, and lilies of the valley.  
 Skipping merrily, glancing here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf, all bristly, with a twinkle in his eye,  
 “Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like to come to Grandma’s house?”  
 Quite breathless, Nicolette fled, leaving behind her cap and white socks.

She met a handsome page with blue hose and grey doublet,  
 “Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like a boyfriend?”  
 Wisely, she turned away, poor Nicolette, very slowly, her heart quite sore.

She met a grey-haired lord, twisted, ugly, arrogant, and potbellied.  
 “Hey there, my Nicolette, would you like all of these gold coins?”  
 Quickly she ran into his arms, good Nicolette, never to return to the fields again.



**2 Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis** Soloists: Nicole Wyatt, Nicky Johns, Alan Jolly, Nick Whitehead

Three beautiful birds from Paradise,  
 (My beloved is away at war)  
 Three beautiful birds from Paradise  
 Have passed by here.

The first was bluer than the sky,  
 (My beloved is away at war)  
 The second was the colour of snow,  
 The third a red vermillion.

“Lovely little birds of Paradise,  
 (My beloved is away at war)  
 “Lovely little birds of Paradise,  
 What brings you here?”

“I bring a look from blue eyes.  
 (Your beloved is away at war)”  
 “And I, on your snow-white brow,  
 Am to lay a kiss, even purer.”

“Red bird of Paradise,  
 (My beloved is away at war)  
 Red bird of Paradise,  
 What do you bring?”

“A dear heart all crimson,  
 (Your beloved is away at war)”  
 “Ah! I feel my heart growing cold...  
 Take it with you as well.”

### 3 Ronde

#### Old Women:

Do not go to the woods of Ormond,  
Young girls, do not go to the woods.  
It is full of satyrs and centaurs, of cunning wizards,  
Of hobgoblins and incubi, ogres and imps,  
Fauns, will o' the wisps, roguish lamies,  
Flying devils, devilkins, goat-footed creatures, gnomes and  
demons,  
Full of werewolves, elves, tiny myrmidons, of  
enchanters, magicians, stryges, and sylphs,  
Full of outcast monks, of cyclops and djinns,  
Goblins, korrigans, necromancers, and kobolds... Ah!  
Do not go to the woods of Ormond!

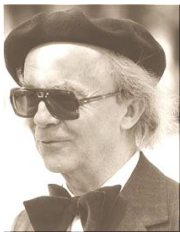
#### Old Men:

Do not go to the woods of Ormond,  
Young boys, do not go to the woods.  
They are full of fauns, bacchantes, fairy folks,  
Satyresses, ogresses, babaiagas,  
Centaresses and she-devils, goules out from their Sabbath,  
Of she-hobgoblins, female demons, larves and nymphs,  
tiny myrmidons,  
Of hamadryads, dryads, naiads, menades, thyades,

Will o' the wisps, lemurs, female gnomes, succubi, gorgons,  
and she-goblins... Ah!  
Do not go to the woods of Ormond!

#### Young Folk:

We no longer go to the woods of Ormond  
Alas! We never go to the woods.  
There are no more satyrs, no more nymphs, or fairy folks,  
No more hobgoblins and incubi, nor ogres or imps,  
Fauns or will o' the wisps or furies,  
Devils, flying devils, or little imps,  
Goat-footed creatures, gnomes, demons, werewolves,  
elves, imps, myrmidons,  
No more enchanters, or magicians, stryges, sylphs,  
Or outcast monks nor cyclops,  
Djinns, little devils, efrits, aegyptans, sylvans, goblins,  
korrigans, necromancers, kobolds,  
Fauns, centaurs, naiads, thyads, menads, hamadryads,  
dryads, will o' the wisps, lemurs,  
She-gnomes, succubi, no more gorgons, female goblins.  
Do not go to the woods of Ormond.  
The ill-advised old women, the ill-advised old men have  
frightened them all away... Ah!



Organ solo:

**Cantilène** from *Suite Brève*

**Jean Langlais (1907-1991)**

### Trois chansons

**Claude Debussy (1862-1918)** WORDS: CHARLES D'ORLÉANS (1394-1465)

#### 1 Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Lord! Oh how fair she is to see  
This graceful, good and peerless creature;  
Such is the virtue that is in her,  
Full of her praise the world will be.  
She is a source of constancy,  
Each day her beauty seems yet purer.  
Over sea, far away, or near,  
Every other maiden excelling,  
There's none can match a beauty so telling.  
Happy I as I dream of her.

#### 2 Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Whene'er I hear the little drum so clear,  
Which calls us to the May,  
Snug I'll lie at the break of day,  
Scarcely is my head to be seen;  
It is far too soon,  
Let's sleep a little more, I say.  
Boys and girls, let them have their fun;  
But Nonchalance will be my way,  
With him I'd rather play today,  
I'll lie here – let the others run.

#### 3 Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Winter, you cold and cruel fiend!  
Yet Summer is so pleasant and gay,  
As witnessed by April and May  
When morning's fair and evening fine.  
Summer gilds the field, wood and flowers  
With fine and verdant apparel  
And myriad delicate colours,  
Such is the theme of nature's carol.  
But you, Winter, you always bring the snow, wind, rain, ice and hail.  
We will banish you, never fail.  
Hear me, I want to speak my mind:  
Winter, you cold and cruel fiend!

#### Semichorus:

Antonia Mott, Nicky Johns,  
Christopher Goodwin, Ed Willis



# 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. 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 accountancy, law, finance, education, journalism, the entertainment industry, medicine, P.R. and I.T. Some are music graduates and some perform professionally on their instruments; 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 concerts.

## Sopranos

Anair Beverly, Julie Gonzalez-Torres, Sally M<sup>c</sup>Laren, Antonia Mott, Helen Wyatt, Nicole Wyatt

## Altos

Nicky Johns, Richard Northcott, Kirsty Payne, Ellie Searley, Elizabeth Shanahan

## Tenors

Christopher Goodwin, Nick Grounds, Alan Jolly

## Basses

Dan de Belder (also singing tenor tonight), Alex Milne, Timothy Murray, Nick Whitehead, Ed Willis

## Dr Christopher Maxim (Conductor & Organ Soloist)

...is founder-conductor of the Giltspur Singers. Former conducting posts include the Cardiff University Chamber Choir, the Cardiff Bay Singers and the Elizabethan Singers of London. His compositions have been performed as far afield as the Channel Islands, Holland, Germany, South Africa and the USA. His music is published in the UK by Allegro Music, Recital Music, the Royal School of Church Music, and Stainer & Bell; in the USA by St James Music Press; and online at [www.scoreexchange.com](http://www.scoreexchange.com). He has given organ recitals and concert performances in such notable venues as Bristol Cathedral, St Marylebone Parish Church and the National Museum of Wales. He is Organist of St Matthew's Bethnal Green.

To find out more about Giltspur Singers please visit [www.christophermaxim.co.uk](http://www.christophermaxim.co.uk).  
You can find us on Facebook and follow us on Twitter @GiltspurSingers.

*Thank you for attending tonight's concert. We hope you have enjoyed the music.  
There will be a retiring collection that will be shared  
between the church and the choir.  
Suggested donation: £10*

## Christmas with the Giltspur Singers

Tuesday, 18<sup>th</sup> December 2012, 7.00pm

St Clement Danes, The Strand

Admission £10

