

Cantorium
Choir

St Edmund Campion Church Maidenhead
Sunday June 20th 1993
Guest Conductor : Benedict Gunner

CANTORUM CHOIR

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The Cantorum Choir was founded in 1981 and since then has made well over 50 appearances in the Thames Valley area and further afield. From a modest 14 singers it has grown to its present size of 30, but will not, according to its conductor Jonathan Miall, get any larger.

In the past 10 years the choir has accumulated a broad repertoire ranging from Palestrina, Monteverdi and the Baroque composers through the 18th and 19th centuries to contemporary works, some of which have been written especially for it. Apart from the ever popular carol concert the choir usually makes three or four appearances during the year, both in the concert hall and also in cathedrals, singing services. In addition to concert commitments the choir has appeared on film and television, and recently cut a promotional record for the new musical "Wuthering Heights".

The choir is now entering its second decade and it hopes to continue to produce interesting and lively programmes and also to invite guest conductors to share its musical experiences. Tonight's conductor, Benedict Gunner, is Musical Director of The Royal Free Singers and conducts Schola Tamesis of London. He began his career as Musical Director at The Princess Margaret Royal Free School, Windsor. He has sung with the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, with whom he travelled and recorded extensively, and now runs an agency which specialises in promoting international concerts and concert tours.

From the proceeds of this evening's concert the choir will be making a donation to the Berkshire Youth Choir, for their forthcoming summer tour of Switzerland and France.

Cantorum Choir is grateful to the Father Eamon Walsh for the use of St Edmund Campion Church for this occasion, and to Gordon Collins for rehearsal accompaniment.

FOUR SLOVAK SONGS - Bela Bartok

Wedding Song from Poniky

Thus sent the mother her little daughter, into a distant land
Sternly she bid her "Follow thy husband, never return to me".

Lo I shall change me into a blackbird, shall fly to mother's home
There I'll be waiting perched in her garden on a white lily's stem.

Out came the mother "Who is this blackbird, strange is her song and sad,
Forth and begone now thou little birdling, from my white lily's stem.

To a bad husband mother has sent me forth to a distant land,
Hard 'tis to suffer such bitter pining in an ill-mated bond.

Song of the Hayharvesters from Hiadel

Where the Alps soar so free, Flow'ry vale, bright with glee
There to rest, Oh there's no bed in the world softer.

Done the work of the day, filled the barn with our hay,
Comes the night, let us turn peacefully home, brethren!

Dancing Song from Medzibrod

Food and drink's thy only pleasure and to dance recklessly,
But to work with pin and needle never appeals to thee.

To the bagpipe player I have paid four dimes foolishly,
So that you may dance with others, and I am quite lonely.

Dancing Song from Poniky

Bagpipe shall be playing, pairs in dance be swaying,
Piper play till all is spent, to our hearts' and heels' content.

Play on bright and bonny while yet lasts the money,
Tavern keeper, here's for thee, here is for the piper's fee.

Once a goat was straying, now his skin is playing,
While the goat no more can prance, bagpipe now makes young folk dance!

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SLEEP - Ivor Gurney

(Soloist : Eleanor Griffiths)

WIDMUNG from MYRTEN Op 25 - Robert Schumann

(Soloist : Malcolm Stark)

ORAL HYMNS FROM THE RIG VEDA - Gustav Holst

To the Unknown God

He the Primal one, begetter of the universe,
Begotten in mystery, Lord of created things, Lord of heaven and earth.
Who is he, how shall we name him when we offer sacrifice?

He, through whom are the primeval waters which were before aught else,
From their depths arose fire the source of life.

Who is he, how shall we name him when we offer sacrifice?

He, upholder of earth and sea, of snow-clad heights,
Encompassing the wide regions of air, ruling the sky and realms of light.

He whose word is eternal, giver of breath and life and power.

Sole ruler of the universe, dwelling alone in his grandeur, to whom the gods bow.

Lord of Death, whose path is life immortal,

Who is he, how shall we name him when we offer sacrifice?

Thou alone canst fathom thy mystery, there is none beside thee.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS - Gerald Finzi

(Soloist : Mary Jefferies)

CANTIQUE DE JEAN RACINE - Faure

Chorus

I N T E R V A L

THREE SHAKESPEARE SONGS - Ralph Vaughan Williams

Full Fathom Five

Ding dong bell
Full fathom five thy father lies, of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes, nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell: Hark! now I hear them
Ding dong bell.

The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself, shall dissolve.
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind;
We are such stuff as dreams are made on,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Over hill over dale

Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere, swifter than the moone's sphere
And I serve the fairy queen to dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be, in their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours, in those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

RUSALKA'S SONG TO THE MOON - Dvorak

(Soloist : Jill Goode)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE - Henry Purcell

(Soloist : Giles Garnett)

AVE MARIA - Michael Head

(Soloist : Valerie Perrett)

CHORAL DANCES FROM "GLORIANA" - Benjamin Britten

Time

Yes, he is Time, lusty and blithe! Time is at his apogee!
Although you thought to see a bearded ancient with a scythe
No reaper he that cries "Take heed!"
Young and strong and in his prime, behold the sower of the seed!

Concord

Concord is here, our days to bless
And this is our land to endue with plenty, peace and happiness.
Concord and Time, each needeth each,
The ripest fruit hangs where not one, but only two can reach.

Time and Concord

From springs of bounty, through this county
Streams abundant of thanks shall flow,
Where life was scanty, fruits of plenty swell resplendent from earth below.
No Greek nor Roman, queenly woman
Knew such favour from heav'n above
As she whose presence is our pleasure, Gloriana hath all our love!

Country Girls

Sweet flag and cuckoo flower, cowslip and columbine
King cups and sops-in-wine,
Flower deluce and calaminth, harebell and hyacinth,
Myrtle and bay, with rosemary between, Norfolk's own garlands for her Queen.

Rustics and Fishermen

From fen and meadow, in rushy baskets they bring ensamples of all they grow:
In earthen dishes, their deep-sea fishes; yearly fleeces, woven blankets
New cream and junks and rustic trinkets,
On wicker baskets their country largess, the best they know.

Final dance of homage

These tokens of our love receiving, O take them Princess great and dear.
From Norwich city you are leaving, that you afar may feel us near.