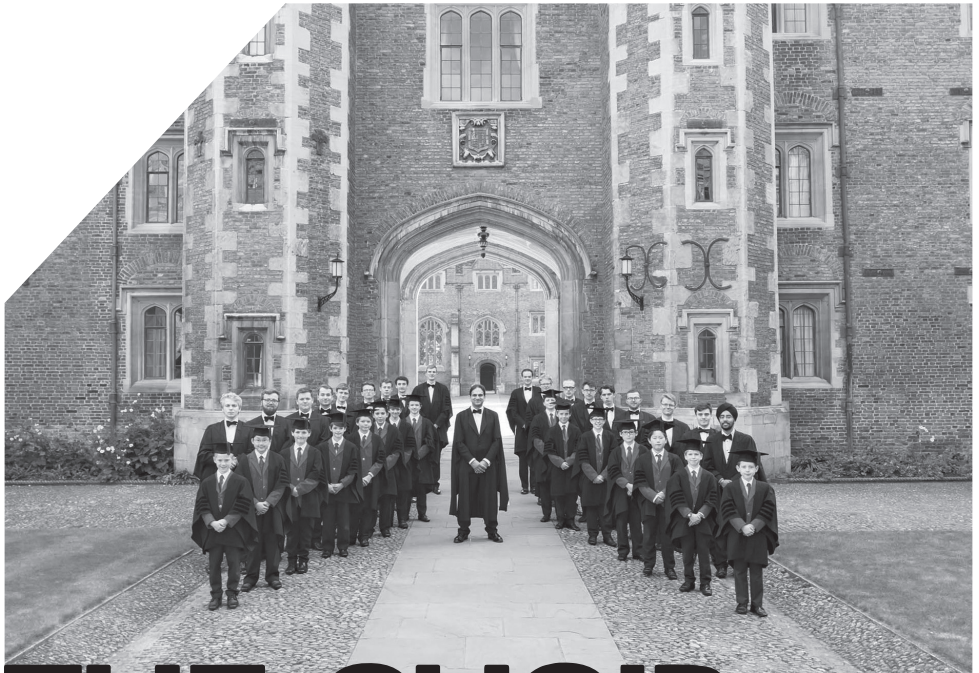


ZO 22 DEC



**THE CHOIR
OF ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE**

ANDREW NETHSINGHA DIRIGENT
JAMES ANDERSON-BESANT & GEORGE HERBERT ORGEL

SPOT/DE OOSTERPOORT

20.15 UUR

PROGRAMMA

John Tavener
The Lamb

Anthony Milner
Out of your sleep

Herbert Howells
A spotless rose

William Whitehead
The seven joys of Mary

Orgel solo door James Anderson-Besant

J. S. Bach
Prelude en Fuga in C (BWV 545)

Francis Poulenc
Quatre petites prières de Saint François d'Assise
Salut, Dame Sainte
Tout puissant
Seigneur, je vous en prie
Ô mes très chers frères

Francis Poulenc
Quatre motets pour le temps de Noël
O magnum mysterium
Quem vidistis pastores dicite
Videntes stellam
Hodie Christus natus est

pauze

Francis Pott
There is no rose

William Mathias
Sir Christèmas

Jonathan Dove
I am the day

John Gardner
A Gallery Carol

Orgel solo door George Herbert
Dietrich Buxtehude
Prelude, Fuga en Chaconne in C (BuxWV 137)

Judith Weir
Drop down, ye heavens, from above

Otto Goldschmidt
A tender shoot

John Gardner
Tomorrow shall be my dancing day

arr. Philip Ledger
Silent night

arr. Mack Wilberg
Ding dong, merrily on high!

The Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge

Sinds 1670 zingt The Choir of St. John's College dagelijks in hun kapel te Cambridge. Daarnaast verzorgt het jongenskoor een wekelijkse webcast én toert het over de wereld. Het koor, bestaand uit jongenssopranen en iets volwassener tenoren en bassen, heeft een lange kerstraditie.

TEKSTEN

The Lamb

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Words William Blake (1757–1827)

Music John Tavener (1944–2013)

Out of your sleep

Out of your sleep arise and wake!
For God mankind now hath ytake
All of a maid without any make.
Of all women she beareth the bell.
Glory to God in the highest.

And through a maiden fair and wise
Now man is made of full great price;
Now angels kneelen to man's servyse,
And at this time all this befell.
Glory to God in the highest.

Now man is brighter than the sun;
Now man in heaven on high shall won;
Blessed be God this game is begun
And his mother that beareth the bell.
Glory to God in the highest.

That ever was thrall, now is he free;
That ever was small, now great is she;
Now shall God deem both thee and
me
Unto his bliss if we do well.
Glory to God in the highest.

Now, blessed Brother, grant us grace
At doomes day to see thy face,
And in thy court to have a place
That we may there sing thee 'Nowell'.
Glory to God in the highest.

Words Anonymous, 14th century
Music Anthony Milner (1925–2002)

A Spotless Rose

A spotless Rose is blowing,
Sprung from a tender root,
Of ancient seers' foreshowing,
Of Jesse promised fruit;
Its fairest bud unfolds to light
Amid the cold, cold winter,
and in the dark mid-night.

The Rose which I am singing,
Where-of Isaiah said,
Is from its sweet root springing
In Mary, purest Maid;
For through our God's great love and
might
The Blessed Babe she bare us
In a cold, cold winter's night.

Words 14th Century
Music Herbert Howells (1892 – 1983)

The seven joys of Mary

1. The first good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of one;
To see the blessed Jesus Christ
When he was first her son, good man:

***And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.***

2. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To make the lame to go, good man:

Refrain

3. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To make the blind to see, good man:

Refrain

4. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To read the Bible o'er, good man:

Refrain

5. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To raise the dead alive, good man:

Refrain

6. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To bear the Crucifix, good man:

Refrain

7. The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own son Jesus Christ
To wear the Crown of heaven, good man:

Refrain

*Words Anonymous, 14th Century
Music Traditional melody
arr. William Whitehead (b. 1970)*

Quatre Petites Prières de Saint François d'Assise

Salut, Dame Sainte

Salut, Dame Sainte, reine très sainte,
Mère de Dieu,
ô Marie qui êtes vierge
perpétuellement,
élué par le très saint Père du Ciel,
consacré par Lui avec son très saint
Fils bien aimé
et l'Esprit Paraclet, vous en qui fut et
demeure
toute plénitude de grâce et tout bien!
Salut, palais; salut, tabernacle; salut
maison;
salut vêtement; salut servante; salut
mère de Dieu!
Et salut à vous toutes, saintes vertus
qui par la grace et l'illumination
du Saint Esprit, êtes versé es dans les
coeurs des fidèles et,
d'infidèles que nous sommes, nous
rendez fidèles à Dieu.

*Hail holy Lady, most holy Queen,
Mothers of God,
O Mary, you who are forever virgin,
chosen by the most holy heavenly
Father,
sanctified by Him and His most holy
and beloved Son
and the Holy Spirit, which is the
Comforter,
you who were and shall remain in the
complete fullness of grace and perfect
goodness!
Hail to the palace; hail to the
tabernacle; hail to the house;
Hail to the vestments; hail,
handmaiden; hail, Mother of God!
And hail to all you holy virtues which
through grace and light
of the Holy Spirit are poured into the
hearts of the faithful,
and make us, who are unfaithful,
faithful unto God.*

Tout puissant, très Saint

Tout puissant, très Saint, très haut et
souverain Dieu;
Souverain bien, bien universel, bien
total;
toi qui seul es bon; puissions-nous te
rendre toute louange,
toute gloire, toute reconnaissance, tout
honneur, toute bénédiction;
puissions-nous rapporter toujours à toi
tous les biens.
Amen.

*All powerful, most holy, most high and
sovereign God;
Sovereign goodness, universal
goodness, complete goodness;
you who alone are good; let us render
to you all praise,
all glory, all thankfulness, all honor, all
blessing;
Let us yield to you always all that is
good.
Amen.*

Seigneur, je vous en prie

Seigneur, je vous en prie, que la force
brûlante et douce
de votre amour absorbe mon âme et
la retire
de tout ce qui est sous le ciel.
Afin que je meure par amour de votre
amour,
puisque vous avez daigné mourir par
amour de mon amour.

*Lord, I beg you, let the burning and
tender power
of your love consume my soul and
remove it
from all that is beneath the heavens.
And so I may die thorough love for your
love,
as you submitted yourself to die
through love for my love.*

O mes très chers frères

O mes très chers frères et mes enfants
bénis pour toute l'éternité,
écoutez-moi, écoutez la voix de votre
Père.
Nous avons promis de grandes
choses,
on nous en a promis de plus grandes;
gardons les unes et soupignons après
les autres;
Le plaisir est court, la peine éternelle.
la souffrance est légère,
la gloire infinie. Beaucoup sont
appelés;
peu sont élus tous recevront ce qu'ils
auront mérité. Ainsi soit-il.

*O my most precious and my children
blessed for all eternity,
hear me; hear the voice of your father.
We have promised great things,
yet greater things have been promised
to us;
let us hold the one and aspire after the
other.
Pleasure is brief; pain is eternal.
Suffering is light.
Glory is infinite. Many are called;
few are chosen. All will receive that
which they have deserved.*

*Words Prayers of St Francis of Assisi (1182–1226)
Music Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)*

Quatre motets pour le temps du noel

O magnum mysterium

O magnum mysterium et admirabile
sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum
jacentem in praesepio.
Beata virgo,
cujus viscera meruerunt portare
Dominum Christum.

*O great mystery and wonderful
sacrament,
that beasts should see the new-born
Lord lying in a manger.
Blessed virgin,
whose body was worthy to bear the
Lord Christ.*

*Words from the office of Matins
on Christmas Day*

Quem vidistis pastores

Quem vidistis pastores dicite:
annuntiate nobis in terris quis apparuit.
Natum vidimus et chorus Angelorum
collaudantes Dominum. Dicite
quidnam vidistis,
et annuntiate Christi Nativitatem.

*Who did you see, shepherds? Speak,
and tell us who has appeared on earth.
'We saw a new-born child and a choir
of Angels
praising the Lord.' Speak of what you
have seen,
and proclaim the birth of Christ.*

*Words 3rd Responory at Matins
for Christmas Day*

Videntes stellam

Videntes stellam
Magi gavisii sunt gaudio magno:
et intrantes domum obtulerunt Domino
aurum, thus et myrrham.

*When they saw the star,
the Magi rejoiced with great gladness:
and they entered the house and offered
the Lord
gold, incense and myrrh.*

*Words Magnificat antiphon
for the octave of the Epiphany*

Hodie Christus natus est

Hodie Christus natus est; hodie
Salvator apparuit;
Hodie in terra, canunt Angeli, laetantur
archangeli;
Hodie exsultant iusti dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.

*Today Christ is born; today the Saviour
has appeared;
Today on earth the angels sing and the
archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous exult, saying
'Gloria in excelsis Deo, Alleluia'.*

*Words from the office of Vespers on Christmas Day
Music Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)*

There is no rose

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bare Jesu. Alleluia.

For in this rose contained was
Heaven and earth in little space. Res
miranda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three.
Pares forma.

The angels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia.
Gaudeamus.

Then leave we all this wordly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus. Alleluia.

Words Anonymous, 15th century
Music Francis Pott (b. 1957)

Sir Christèmas

Nowell, nowell.
Who is there that singeth so, Nowell,
nowell?
I am here, Sir Christèmas.
Welcome, my lord Sir Christèmas!
Welcome to all, both more and less,
Come near, come near, Nowell, nowell.
Dieu vous garde, beaux sieurs, tidings
I you bring:
A maid hath borne a child full young,
Which causeth you to sing: Nowell,
nowell.
Christ is now born of a pure maid;
In an ox-stall he is laid,
Where-fore sing we at a brayde:
Nowell, nowell.
Buvez bien, buvez bien par toute la
compagnie.
Make good cheer and be right merry,
And sing with us now joyfully: Nowell,
nowell.
Nowell!

Words anonymous, 16th century
Music William Mathias (1934–1992)

I am the day

Soon to be born, I am the day soon to be born.

I am alpha and o, and omega, I am the day soon to be born.

Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel, O come, O come, Emmanuel.

I am the sprig from the root of David and the bright star of the morning.

Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel shall come to thee.

I am alpha and o, and omega, I am the day soon to be born.

I am the first and the last, the beginning and the end.

I am the day soon to be born, I am the sprig from the root of David.

I am the alpha and the omega, I am the sprig from the root of David.

I am the first and the last, I am the sprig from the root of David

and the bright star of the morning.

Soon to be born, soon.

Words The legend of St Christopher and

Revelation, 22 vv. 13, 16

Music Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

A Gallery Carol

Rejoice and be merry
In songs and in mirth!
O praise our Redeemer;
All mortals on earth!
For this is the birthday
Of Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!

A heavenly vision
Appeared in the sky;
Vast numbers of angels
The shepherds did spy,
Proclaiming the birthday
Of Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!

Likewise a bright star
In the sky did appear,
Which led the wise men
From the East to draw near;
They found the Messiah,
Sweet Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!

And when they were come,
they their treasures unfold,
And unto him offered
Myrrh, incense and gold.
So blessed for ever
Be Jesus our King,
Who brought us salvation,
His praises we'll sing!

Words anonymous, 18th century

Music John Gardner (1917–2011)

Drop down, ye heavens, from above

Drop down, ye heavens, from above
and let the skies pour down
righteousness.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
my salvation shall not tarry:
I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy
transgressions:

Fear not, for I will save thee:
For I am the Lord thy God,
the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer.
Drop down, ye heavens, from above
and let the skies pour down
righteousness.

Words from the Advent Antiphons

Music Judith Weir (b. 1954)

A Tender Shoot

A tender shoot hath started
Up from a root of grace,
As ancient seers imparted,
From Jesse's holy race,
It blooms without blight,
Blooms in the cold bleak winter
Turning darkness into light.

This shoot Isaiah taught us
From Jesse's root should spring,
The Virgin Mary brought us
The branch of which we sing,
Our God of endless might,
Gave her this child to save us
Thus turning darkness into light.

Words anonymous 16th century Tr. William

Bartholomew (1793–1867)

Music Otto Goldschmidt (1829–1907)

Tomorrow Shall be my Dancing day

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day:
I would my true love did so chance
to see the legend of my play,
to call my true love to my dance:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love,
my love;
this have I done for my true love.

Then was I born of a virgin pure,
of her I took fleshly substance;
thus was I knit to man's nature,
to call my true love to my dance:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love,
my love;
this have I done for my true love.

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,
so very poor this was my chance,
betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
to call my true love to my dance:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love,
my love;
this have I done for my true love.

Then afterwards baptized I was;
the Holy Ghost on me did glance,
my Father's voice heard from above,
to call my true love to my dance:

Sing, O my love, O my love, my love,
my love;
this have I done for my true love, for
my true love.

Words Traditional English Carol
Music John Gardner (1917–2011)

Silent Night

Silent night, holy night,
All is dark, save the light
Shining where the mother mild
Watches over the holy child.
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds first saw the sight,
Heard the angel-song alleluia,
Loud proclaiming near and far:
'Christ our Saviour is here.'

Silent night, holy night,
God's own son, oh how bright
Shines the love in thy holy face,
Shines the light of redemption and
grace,
Christ the incarnate God.

Words Josef Mohr (1792–1848)
Music Franz Xaver Gruber (1787–1863)
Tr. David Willcocks (1919–2015)
Arr. Philip Ledger (b. 1937)

Ding, Dong! Merrily on High

Ding! dong! merrily on high
In heav'n the bells are ringing!
Ding! dong! verily the sky
Is riv'n with angels singing!
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

E'en so here below, below,
Let steeple bells be swungen,
And 'lo, io, io!
By priest and people sungen!
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

Pray you, dutifully prime
Your matin chime, ye ringers!
May you beautifully rime
Your evetime song, ye singers!
Gloria! Hosanna in excelsis!

*Words George Radcliffe Woodward
(1848–1934)*

*Music 16th century French Melody
Arr. Mack Wilberg (b. 1955)*

