

DI 3 MEI



foto: Frances Marshall

**THE KING'S SINGERS
LIVE IN CONCERT**

SPOT/ DE OOSTERPOORT

20.15 UUR

THE KING'S SINGERS

countertenor Patrick Dunachie

countertenor Edward Button

tenor Julian Gregory

bariton Christopher Bruerton

bariton Nick Ashby

bas Jonathan Howard

“Their distinctive sound has remained as impeccable excellent as ever. (...) What hits you first and leaves you last is the astonishing, exhilarating musicianship of these singers.”

Gramophone Magazine

In 1968 besloten zes jonge leden van het beroemde Choir of King's College Cambridge om, *just for fun*, in kleiner verband samen te gaan zingen. De rest is geschiedenis. The King's Singers zijn al ruim een halve eeuw een monument als het gaat om a capella-zangkunst. De mannen bewegen zich als vogels zo vrij door vocaal repertoire uit alle tijden en windstreken en zingen net zo gemakkelijk middeleeuwse chansons, madrigalen uit de renaissance, traditionals of verrassende bewerkingen van bekende jazz- en popsongs: loepzuiver, vol passie en allemaal uit het hoofd (en het hart).

Een optreden van dit ensemble, met de allerbeste zangers uit de Engelse koortraditie, is een ongekend genoeg, concludeerde ook de Seattle Times: “Luisteren naar The King's Singers is ongeveer het leukste wat je kan doen met je kleren aan.” En de heren kunnen niet alleen ongelooflijk goed zingen, ze doen dat ook onberispelijk verstaanbaar en serveren een en ander met heerlijk onderkoelde Britse humor.

Vanavond zingt het zestal een gloednieuw samengesteld programma, dat bijna vijf eeuwen aan liederen beslaat. Dus geniet vanavond van het kenmerkende geluid van de mannen, hun onweerstaanbare charme en een prachtig samengesteld palet van vocale muziek.

PROGRAMMA

John Tavener

Mother of God, here I stand

Robert Parsons

Ave Maria

Igor Stravinsky

Ave Maria

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

Ave Maria

Ernest Rance

To the hills

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

I. Lerchengesang

II. Morgengebet

III. Herbstlied

Traditional

Brigg Fair

Traditional

Early one morning

Traditional

She moved through the fair

Traditional

Migildi magilid

Veljo Tormis

Piispa ja pakana (The bishop and the pagan)

Pauze

Maurice Duruflé

Quatre motets sur les thèmes grégoriens

JOHN TAVENER (1944-2013)

Mother of God, here I stand

Mother of God, here I stand now praying,
Before this icon of your radiant brightness,
Not praying to be saved from a battlefield,
Not giving thanks, nor seeking forgiveness
For the sins of my soul, nor for all the souls.
Numb, joyless and desolate on earth,
But for her alone, whom I wholly give you.

Mikhail Lermontov (1814-1841)

ROBERT PARSONS (± 1535-1571/72)

Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum;
benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui.
Amen.

*Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.
Amen.*

IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882-1971)

Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum;
benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.
Amen.

*Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.*

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA (± 1525-1594)

Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum;
benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Sancta Maria, Regina coeli,
dulcis et pia, o Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
ut cum electis te videamus.

*Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee;
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,
Jesus.
Holy Mary, Queen of heaven
sweet and merciful, O Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
that with the elect we may gaze upon
thee.*

ERNEST RANCE (1896-1988)

To the hills

To the hills I lift my eyes,
The distant hills before me;
Hills that rise to reach the skies,
And spread their glory o'er me.
Planted by omnipotent hand,
By divine appointment they stand,
To the hills I lift my eyes,
The beckoning hills before me.

To the hills I'll turn again,
Away from earthly slumber,
There to gain the topmost plain;
May naught my way encumber.
On the highest summit I'll stand,
There to view the long-promised land;
Though my eyes look to the skies,
I lift my heart to Heaven.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY (1809-1847)

I. Lerchengesang

Wie lieblicher Klang,
O Lerche, dein Sang!
Er hebt sich, er schwingt sich in Wonne.
Du nimmst mich von hier,
Ich singe mit dir,
Wir steigen durch Wolken zur Sonne.

II. Morgengebet

O wunderbares tiefes Schweigen,
Wie einsam ist's noch auf der Welt!
Die Wälder nur sich leise neigen,
Als ging' der Herr durch's stille Feld.

Ich fühle mich wie neu geschaffen,
Wo ist die Sorge nun und Not?
Was gestern noch mich wollt' erschlaffen,
Des schäm' ich mich im Morgenrot.

Die Welt mit ihrem Gram und Glücke
Will ich, ein Pilger, froh bereit
Betreten nur als eine Brücke
Zu dir, Herr, überm Strom der Zeit.

III. Herbstlied

Holder Lenz, du bist dahin! Nirgends, nirgends darfst du bleiben!
Wo ich sah dein frohes Blüh'n braust des Herbstes banges Treiben.

Wie der Wind so traurig fuhr durch den Strauch, als ob er weine;
Sterbeseufzer der Natur schauern durch die welken Haine.

Wieder ist, wie bald, wie bald, mir dahin ein Jahr geschwunden.
Fragend rauscht es durch den Wald: hat dein Herz sein Glück gefunden?

Waldesrauschen, wunderbar hast du mir das Herz getroffen!
Treulich bringt ein jedes Jahr neues Laub wie neues Hoffen.

TRADITIONAL

Brigg Fair (arr. Percy Grainger)

It was on the fifth of August
Er' the weather fine and fair,
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair,
For love I was inclined.

I rose up with the lark in the morning,
With my heart so full of glee,
Of thinking there to meet my dear,
Long time I'd wished to see.

I took hold of her lily-white hand,
O and merrily was her heart:
"And now we're met together
I hope we ne'er shall part".

For it's meeting is a pleasure,
And parting is a grief,
But an unconstant lover
Is worse than any thief.

The green leaves they shall wither
And the branches they shall die
If ever I prove false to her,
To the girl that loves me.

TRADITIONAL

Early one morning (arr. Jeremy Jackman)

Early one morning,
Just as the sun was rising,
I heard a young maiden,
In the valley below.

Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Remember the vows,
That you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r,
Where you vowed to be true,

Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Oh Gay is the garland,
And fresh are the roses,
I've culled from the garden,
To place upon thy brow.

Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

Thus sang the poor maiden,
Her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid,
In the valley below.

Oh, don't deceive me,
Oh, never leave me,
How could you use
A poor maiden so?

TRADITIONAL

She moved through the fair (arr. Daryl Runswick)

My young love said to me, my mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine,
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,
It will not be long love 'til our wedding day.

She stepped away from me and she moved through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
Then she went her way homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.
So softly she came that her feet made no din.
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say:
It will not be long love 'til our wedding day.

TRADITIONAL

Migildi magilid (arr. Bill Ives)

On a bright and sunny morning
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
When the smithy's door is open,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
We can see the blacksmith working,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Busy blowing in the smithy. (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)

Listen to the happy sound, (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)
Bellows blowing hour by hour (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)
Hammer blows upon the anvil, (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)
Ting-ting-ting-ting, ting-ting-ting-ting.
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)

Watch the smithy, see the sparks fly,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Flashing blades of red-hot steel,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)

Dancing sparks among the firelight,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Hot goes burning, steel a-turning.
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)

When the winter nights are long,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Frost and snow upon the ground,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Going to the smithy's door, (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)
We can gather round the fireside.
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)

Gather round and hear the stories,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Sing the songs and tell the tales,
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)
Keeping merry company, (Migildi,
magildi, hie now now!)
Laughter ringing, voices singing!
(Migildi, magildi, hie now now!)

VELJO TORMIS (1930-2017)

Piispa ja pakana (The bishop and the pagan)

I. The Sequence of Saint Henry

Our happy brotherhood
on the holy feast of Henry
is gathered to rejoice
in the fame of this saint.

Who was chosen, who was loved,
who was adorned, who was elevated,
who was lifted up on high
by divine generosity.

Born in Britain,
strong by the grace of God,
by supernatural providence
made a priest,

Bishop in Uppsala,
then fighting
for justice in Finland,
he died a gladiator for Christ.

By wondrous and manifold signs
and portents
he proclaimed praiseworthy
the true God who had fostered him,
loved and taught him,
caring and kind.

God's martyr, now in recompense
for your labors and torments
enjoying without fear the blessings
and the company of the saints
in eternal glory,

To our brotherhood, praising you
and rejoicing in your praise,
grant that we, in the company
of the ever-blessed angels,
may partake of joy.
Amen.

II. Calling Dead Forefathers for Help

A hundred swordless men,
a thousand sworded men,
all the men from under a hill,
from the black earth.

It is I who casts a spell over the men
from Turku,
thrashes the Pope's bad priest,
spits him with the ice pick,
tickles him with the axe.

My brother, dearest Henry,
do not depart for Finland!
many a man has gone and vanished,
many a man had gone and perished,
few have safely come again.

It is I, I, I
who is cursing him, cursing him!
That is what Turku gets from me,
and the Pope's garrulous priest,
and the hymning Cross-bringer.
That is what Turku gets!

I'll kill him, kill him, kill him!

PAUZE

MAURICE DURUFLÉ

Quatre motets sur les thèmes grégoriens

I. Ubi caritas

Ubi caritas et amor Deus ibi est.
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.
Exultemus et in ipso jucundemur
Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincere

*Where there are charity and love, God
is there.*

*The love of Christ has bound us
together.*

Let us exult and rejoice in this.

Let us fear and love the living God

And esteem him with a sincere heart

II. Tota pulchra es

Tota pulchra es, Maria,
Et macula originalis non est in te.
Vestimentum tuum candidum quasi nix
Et facies tua sicut sol.
Tota pulchra es, Maria,
Et macula originalis non est in te.
Tu Gloria Jerusalem
Tu laetitia Israel
Tu honorificentia populi nostri.

*Maria, you are wholly beautiful,
Original sin is not in you.*

Your raiment is white as snow

And your face is like the sun.

Maria, you are wholly beautiful,

Original sin is not in you.

You are the glory of Jerusalem

You are the happiness of Israel

You give honour to our people.



III. Tu es Petrus

Tu es Petrus
Et super hanc petram
Aedificabo ecclesiam meam

*You are Peter
And on this rock
I will build my church*

IV. Tantum ergo

Tantum ergo sacramentum veneremur
cernui
Et antiquum documentum novo cedat
ritui;
Praestet fides supplementum sensuum
defectui
Genitori, genitoque
Laus et jubilatio salus
Honor virtus quoque sit
et beneficium
Procedenti ab utroque
Comparsit laudatio.
Amen.

*Let us therefore revere so great a
sacrament
with heads bowed
It turns an old proof into a new
ceremony;
Faith provides a sensuous remedy for
failure
(faith in the Creator, and his begotten
Son)
Praise, jubilation and health
honour and strength too
And a blessing
Proceeding from elsewhere
Make up this testimony.
Amen.*





foto: Frances Marshall