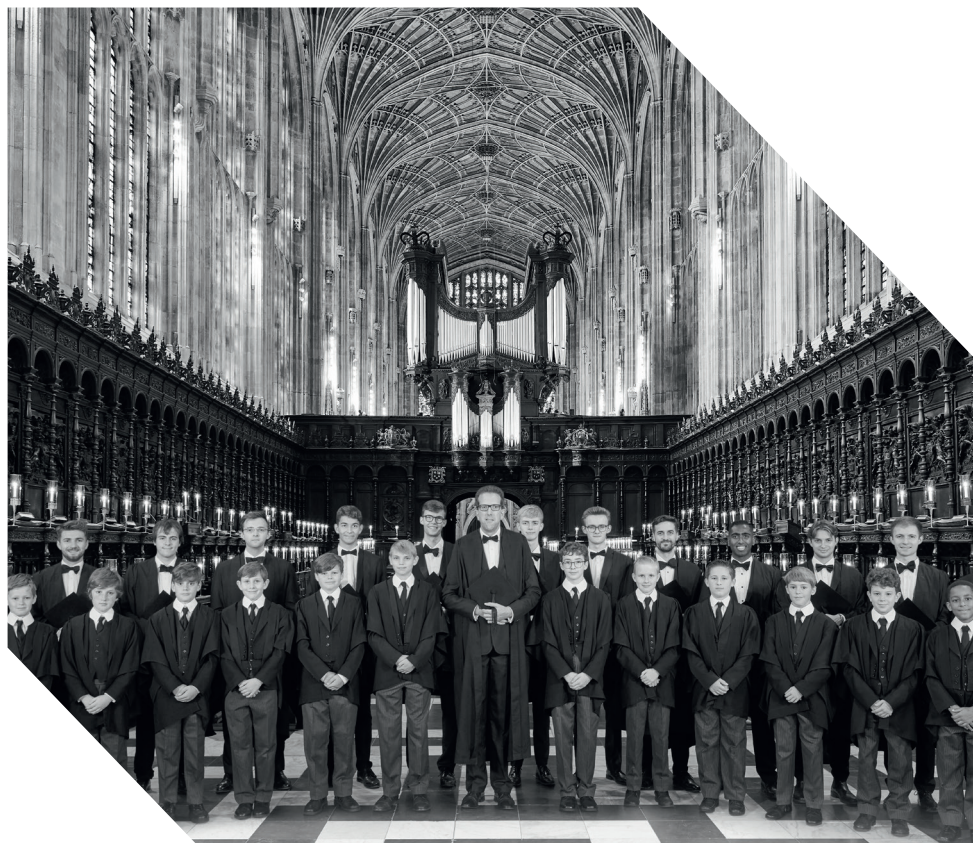


ZA 17 SEPT



**THE CHOIR OF
KING'S COLLEGE**

OPENING KLASSIEKE MUZIEKSEIZOEN

SPOT/ DE OOSTERPOORT

20.15 UUR

CHOIR OF KING'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

dirigent

Daniel Hyde

alten

Alexander Austin, Felix Blake, Maxim Meshkvichev en Jacob Partington

tenoren

Owen Elsley, Matthew Supramaniam, Benedict Turner-Berry en David Bick

bassen

Sam Aldersey-Williams, Henry Brearley, Gabriel Brown, Jack Harris, Binath Philomin, Tom Pickard en Christopher Winkless-Clark

koor

Auberon Adams, William Adams, Isaac Adesope, Rufus Balch, Theo Carter, Ethan Cumberbatch, Philipp Cutting, Robin DalGLISH, Samuel Hodson, Bertie MacDonald, Jack McCallum, Theodore Mews, Asker Moeller-Jensen, Gustav Moeller-Jensen, Oliver Moyns en Lewis Wilkie

orgel

Paul Grealley

begeleiders

Ed Sykes, Karen Williams en Meredith Trueman

We gaan even terug naar de late middeleeuwen. Johannes Gutenberg heeft net de boekdrukkunst geïntroduceerd, het Maya-rijk begint langzaam uit elkaar te vallen, de Martinatoren zoals we die kennen is nog niet gebouwd, de ommelanden van Groningen behoren tot het Friese rijk en de beroemde schilder Jeroen Bosch moet nog geboren worden. Het is 1441: de Engelse koning Henry VI, twintig jaar oud, richt The Choir of King's College Cambridge op, om de dagelijkse diensten in zijn nieuwe kapel te begeleiden.

De geschiedenis van het koor is al met al duizelingwekkend en het ensemble is al bijna 600 jaar een van de voornaamste vertegenwoordigers van de indrukwekkende Engelse koortraditie. Anno 2022 is de voornaamste taak van de koorknappen nog steeds het begeleiden van diensten, maar zodra ze op tournee gaan, grijpen onze programmeurs hun kans. Vanavond trapt het koor onder leiding van maestro Daniel Hyde het nieuwe klassieke muziekseizoen van De Oosterpoort af.

Voor de pauze richt The Choir of King's College zich op repertoire uit de zestiende en zeventiende eeuw, met werk van onder meer William Byrd, John Taverner en Henry Purcell. Byrd, alom gezien als de grootste Engelse renaissance-componist, schreef zijn hele loopbaan heilige muziek in het Latijn, ondanks het feit dat dergelijke stukken niet in de kerk mochten worden gebruikt. Byrd, die

ongeveer 80 jaar oud werd en leefde in een tijd van grote religieuze onrust, bleef tot het eind van zijn leven een dissidente katholieke componist in een protestantse omgeving. Naast stukken van de drie genoemde componisten komt in het eerste deel ook werk van Robert White en Orlando Gibbons aan bod.

Na de pauze wordt meer eigentijds repertoire gezongen en komen ook vrouwelijke componisten aan bod, zoals Judith Weir (1954), afkomstig uit Cambridge. *Virtue* is een stuk uit 2005 en gezet op teksten van de beroemde gedichten van George Herbert (1593-1633). Van Cecilia McDowall (1951), in 2014 winnaar van de British Composer Award, wordt *There is no rose of such virtue* gezongen, dat ze in 2021 in opdracht van The Choir of King's College schreef. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 - 1924) was een Brits-Ierse componist, muziekleraar en dirigent, die een

belangrijke rol speelde in het muzikale leven van Cambridge. Hij verleedde internationale sterren tot optredens aan de Cambridge University Musical Society en was vanaf 1887 was hij ook Professor of Music in Cambridge. Onder zijn leerlingen bevonden zich Gustav Holst en Ralph Vaughan Williams. Stanfords drie Latijnse motetten, waarmee het deel na de pauze wordt afgetrapt, staan sinds de publicatie in 1905 regelmatig op de lessenaars van koren wereldwijd.

Dit, en meer, klinkt vanavond op uit de kelen van zonder enige twijfel een van de beste koren ter wereld, geworteld in een eeuwenoude traditie. We wensen u een hele mooie avond.

*I would happily sit in King's
College Chapel listening to
this choir sing for the rest
of my days.*

The Times



foto: Leon Hergreaves

PROGRAMMA

William Byrd

Prevent us, O Lord

Robert White

Christe, qui lux es et dies

William Byrd

O Lord, make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen

John Taverner

Christe Jesu, pastor bone

William Byrd

Fantasia in C, BK 25 (organ)

Orlando Gibbons

If ye be risen again with Christ

Henry Purcell

- Remember not, Lord

- Thy word is a lantern

Orlando Gibbons

See, see the word is incarnate

PAUZE

Charles V. Stanford

'Beati quorum via' uit Three motets op. 38

'Justorum animae' uit Three motets op. 38

'Coelos ascendit hodie' uit Three motets op. 38

Judith Weir

Vertue

Lennox Berkeley

The Lord is my shepherd

Judith Bingham

Annunciation (organ)

Cecilia McDowall

There is no rose of such virtue

Charles H. H. Parry

There is an old belief

Gerald Finzi

Lo, the Full, Final Sacrifice op. 26

WILLIAM BYRD (±1543-1623)

Prevent us, O Lord

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help, that in all our works begun, continued and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and *finally* by thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(tekst uit 'Book of Common Prayer')



ROBERT WHITE (± 1538-1574)

Christe, qui lux es et dies

Christe, qui lux es et dies,
Noctis tenebras detegis,
Lucisque lumen crederis,
Lumen beatum praedicans.

Precamur, sancte Domine,
Defende nos in hac nocte;
Sit nobis in te requies,
Quietam noctem tribue.

Ne gravis somnus inruat,
Nec hostis nos subripiat,
Nec caro illi consentiens
Nos tibi reos statuat.

Oculi somnum capiant,
Cor ad te semper vigilet,
Dextera tua protegat
Famulos qui te diligunt,

Defensor noster, aspice,
Insidiantem reprime
Guberna tuos famulos,
Quos sanguine mercatus es.

Memento nostri, Domine,
In gravi isto corpore;
Qui es defensor animae,
Adesto nobis, Domine,

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Eiusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

*O Christ, who art the light and day,
Thou drivest night and gloom away;
O Light of light, whose word doth show
The light of heaven to us below.*

*All-holy Lord, in humble prayer,
We ask tonight thy watchful care;
O grant us calm repose in thee,
A quiet night from perils free.*

*Our sleep be pure from sinful stain;
Let not the tempter vantage gain,
Or our unguarded flesh surprise,
And make us guilty in thine eyes.*

*Asleep though wearied eyes may be,
Still keep the heart awake to thee;
Let thy right hand outstretched above
Guard those who serve the Lord they
love.*

*Behold, O God our shield, and quell
The crafts and subtleties of hell;
Direct thy servants in all good,
Whom thou hast purchased with thy
blood.*

*O Lord, remember us, who bear
The burden of the flesh we wear;
Thou, who dost e'er our souls defend,
Be with us even to the end.*

*All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
For ever and for evermore.*

*(Latijn, 6e eeuw. Vertaling naar het
Engels door William Copeland
(1804-1885) en anderen).*

WILLIAM BYRD (±1543-1623)

Prevent us, O Lord

O Lord, make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen, to rejoice in thy strength; Give her her heart's desire, and deny not the request of her lips; But prevent her with thine everlasting blessing, and give her a long life, ev'n for ever and ever. Amen.

(tekst uit 'Book of Common Prayer')

JOHN TAVERNER (±1490-1545)

Christe Jesu, pastor bone

O Christe Jesu, pastor bone, mediator et patrone, semper nobis in agone. Confer opem et depone vitae sordes, et coronae celestis da gloriam; et Elizabetham nostram angliae reginam serva. Et ecclesiam piorum tueare custos horum, et utrumque fac vitalem aeternae vitae premium.

O Christ Jesus, good shepherd, sustainer and protector of clergy, ever bring help to us in our struggle, take away the baseness of our life, and grant us the glory of a heavenly life. Preserve Elizabeth, Queen of England, your servant, and as a protector guard the church of these thy righteous people and make each one live in hope of the reward of eternal life.

(tekst overgezet en geredigeerd door Jon Dixon)

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625)

If ye be risen again with Christ

If ye be risen again with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on heavenly things, and not on earthly things; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When so ever Christ, which is our life, shall shew himself, then shall we also appear with him in glory; so be it.

(tekst uit 'Colossians 3:1-4')

HENRY PURCELL (1659-1695)

Remember not, Lord

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: but spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.
Spare us, good Lord.

(tekst uit 'The Litany')

HENRY PURCELL (1659-1695)

Thy word is a lantern

Thy word is a lantern unto my feet: and a light unto my paths.

I have sworn, and am steadfastly purposed: to keep thy righteous judgements.

I am troubled above measure: quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word.

Let the free-will offerings of my mouth please thee, O Lord: and teach me thy judgements.

The ungodly have laid a snare for me: but yet I swerved not from thy commandments.

Thy testimonies have I claimed as mine heritage for ever: and why? they are the very joy of my heart. Hallelujah.

(tekst uit Psalm 119: 105-8 en 110-11)

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625)

See, see the word is incarnate

See, see, the word is incarnate; God is made man in the womb of a Virgin. Shepherds rejoice, wise men adore and angels sing, Glory be to God on high: peace on earth, good will towards men. The law is cancelled, Jews and Gentiles all converted by the preaching of glad tidings of salvation, the blind have sight and cripples have their motion: diseases cured, the dead are raised, and miracles are wrought. Let us welcome such a guest with Hosanna.

The Paschal Lamb is offered, Christ Jesus made a sacrifice for sin. The earth quakes, the sun is darkened, the powers of hell are shaken; and lo, he is risen up in victory. Sing Alleluia.

See, O see the fresh wounds, the gored blood, the pricks of thorns, the print of nails and in the sight of multitudes a glorious ascension; where now he sits on God's right hand where all the choir of heaven all jointly sing: Glory be to the Lamb that sitteth on the throne.

Let us continue our wonted note with Hosanna: Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord; with Alleluia, we triumph in victory, the serpent's head bruised, Christ's kingdom exalted, and heaven laid open to sinners. Amen.

(tekst: toegeschreven aan Godfrey Goodman)

PAUZE

CHARLES V. STANFORD (1852-1924) **Beati quorum via (uit Three motets** **op. 38)**

Beati quorum via integra est: qui
ambulant in lege Domini.

*Blessed are they whose way is
blameless: who walk in the law of the
Lord.*

(tekst: Psalm 119: 1)

CHARLES V. STANFORD (1852-1924) **Justorum animae** **(uit Three motets op. 38)**

Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt, et
non tanget illos tormentum malitiae.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori: illi
autem sunt in pace.

*The souls of the righteous are in
the hand of God, and there shall no
torment touch them.
In the sight of the unwise they seemed
to die: but they are in peace.*

(tekst: Wisdom 3: 1-3)

CHARLES V. STANFORD (1852-1924) **Coelos ascendit hodie** **(uit Three motets op. 38)**

Coelos ascendit hodie,
Jesus Christus Rex gloriae,
Alleluia!
Sedet ad Patris dexteram,
Gubernat coelum et terram,
Alleluia!
Jam finem habent omnia,
Patris Davidis carmina,
Jam Dominus cum Domino,
Alleluia!
Sedet in Dei solio,
In hoc triumpho maximo,
Alleluia!
Benedicamus Domino,
Laudantur Sancta Trinitas,
Deo dicamus gratias,
Alleluia! Amen.

*Today Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
has ascended into the heavens,
Alleluia!
He sits at the Father's right hand ruling
heaven and earth,
Alleluia!
Now are David's songs fulfilled, now is
the Lord with his Lord,
Alleluia!
He sits upon the Royal throne of God,
in this his greatest triumph.
Alleluia!
Let us bless the Lord: let the Holy
Trinity be praised, let us give thanks to
the Lord, Alleluia! Amen.*

JUDITH WEIR (1954)

Vertue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and
brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and
roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to
coal,
Then chiefly lives.

(tekst: George Herbert)

LENNOX BERKELEY (1903-1989)

The Lord is my shepherd

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not
want. He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures: he leadeth me
beside the still waters. He restoreth
my soul: he leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness, for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy
staff they comfort me.

(tekst uit Psalm 23: 1-4)

CECILIA MCDOWALL (1951)
There is no rose of such virtue

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
that he is God in Persons three,
Pari forma.

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

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth;
Transeamus.

(tekst: anoniem, rond 1420)

CHARLES H. H. PARRY (1848-1918)
There is an old belief

There is an old belief,
that one some solemn shore,
beyond the sphere of grief
dear friends shall meet once
more.

Beyond the sphere of Time
and Sin, and Fate's control,
serene and changeless
prime of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep;
that hope I'll ne'er forgo.
Eternal be the sleep,
if not to waken so.

(tekst: John Gibson Lockhart)

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956)
Lo, the Full, Final Sacrifice op. 26

Lo, the full, final, Sacrifice
On which all figures fix't their eyes.
The ransomed Isaac, and his ram;
The Manna, and the Paschal Lamb.

Jesu Master, just and true!
Our Food, and faithful Shepherd too!

O let that love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low Mortality,
Lift our lean Souls, and set us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of Saints. That so all may
Drink the same wine; and the same
Way.
Nor change the Pasture, but the Place
To feed of Thee in thine own Face.

O dear Memorial of that Death
Which lives still, and allows us breath!
Rich, Royal food! Bountiful Bread!
Whose use denies us to the dead!

Live ever Bread of loves, and be
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

Help Lord, my Faith, my Hope
increase;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give love for life; nor let my days
Grow, but in new powers to thy name
and praise.

Rise, Royal Sion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy heart's
King.
Stretch all thy powers; call if you can
Harps of heaven to hands of man.
This sovereign subject sits above
The best ambition of thy love.

Lo the Bread of Life, this day's
Triumphant Text provokes thy praise.
The living and life-giving bread,
To the great twelve distributed
When Life, himself, at point to die
Of love, was his own Legacy.

O soft self-wounding Pelican!
Whose breast weeps Balm for
wounded man.
All this way bend thy benign flood
To'a bleeding Heart that gasps for
blood.
That blood, whose least drops
sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me.
Come love! Come Lord! and that long
day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall
see,
And drink the unseal'd source of thee.
When Glory's sun faith's shades shall
chase,
And for thy veil give me thy Face.
Amen.

*(tekst: Richard Crashaw, naar 'Adoro
te' en 'Lauda Sion Salvatorem' van
Thomas Aquinas)*