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Vancouver Cantata Singers
1254 West 7th Avenue
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VANCOUVER
CANTATA
SINGERS

Across



the

Pond

A celebration of five centuries
of choral music from the British Isles

Saturday, October 17, 2009

8:00 pm

Ryerson United Church

A Celebration of Five Centuries of Music from the British Isles

The UK has only one-fourth the land mass of British Columbia, and England itself would cover but 13% of our province. Yet, over the centuries, these small islands tucked in the Atlantic Ocean have given the world some of its most beautiful classical, sacred, secular and pop music. Our concert features 70 minutes of this Kingdom's enormous repertoire of choral music, most of which was written for performance in England's courts, cathedrals, universities and monasteries and for its various media outlets. John Sheppard was a 'Gentleman of the Chapel Royal' after being recognized as one of England's leading composers at Madgalen College, Oxford. Ireland's Charles Villiers Stanford composed *Beati quorum* via during his student days at Trinity College, Cambridge before going on to teach composition to Gustav Holst, Ralph Vaughan Williams and others. Scotland's James MacMillan, a devout Roman Catholic and lay Dominican, has composed for the BBC Symphony Orchestra as well as for the celebration for the reconvening of the Scottish Parliament after it had been suspended for 292 years. John Byrt, a free-lance composer/scholar/conductor, has provided some of the carols heard at our yearly Christmas Reprise concerts. The orchestral music of Yorkshire's Frederick Delius was championed by Sir Thomas Beecham, who also spoke at his funeral in 1934. Other composers, such as Britten, Purcell, Gibbons, composed prolifically for England's choral communities throughout their lives. Since you are hearing quite an array of works this evening, why not think of this concert as a musical tasting menu which introduces you to the sounds of just a few of the Kingdom's thousands of choral treasures.

J. Evan Kreider

The Vancouver Cantata Singers

Eric Hannan, Conductor

Rosemary Bell
Rachel Brown
Emily Cheung
Missy Clarkson
Emma Hannan
Charlotte Herst

Suzanne Abbott
Maureen Bennington
Elsbeth Finlay
Paula Kremer
Maria Legayada

Mark de Silva
Kristopher Fulton
Cameron Killick
Shane Raman
Eric Schwarzhoff
Clinton Stoffberg
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The Vancouver Cantata Singers gratefully acknowledge support from:



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SUITE HOTEL
VANCOUVER, CANADA



Daryl Runswick, arr. (b.1946) England

She moved through the fair (Irish folksong)

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

She stepped away from me, and she went through the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.
And then she went 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 'till our wedding day."

John Byrt, arr. (b.1939) England

The keel row (Tyneside traditional song)

As I came thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate I heard a lassie sing:

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my laddie's in.

Oh wha's like ma Johnny, sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny,
He's foremost 'mong the mony Keel lads o' coaly Tyne.

Weel may the keel row...

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.

Weel may the keel row...

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) England

Hosanna to the Son of David

Hosanna to the Son of David.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the King of Israel.

Peace in heav'n, and glory in the highest places.

Hosanna in the highest heav'ns.



On Saturday evening, November 14, don your cocktail attire and join ICORD and the Vancouver Cantata Singers for a unique interdisciplinary gala featuring live Classical & Jazz music in the architecturally inspired atrium of the new Blusson Spinal Cord Centre, cocktails & hors d'oeuvres, and a silent auction. Discover more and get your tickets on our website at www.vancouvercantatasingers.com.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) England

Hymn to Saint Peter

Thou shalt make them Princes over all the earth:
They shall remember thy name, O Lord.
Instead of thy fathers, Sons are born to thee:
Therefore shall the people praise thee,
Alleluia.

Gradual of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul

Tu es Petrus...

Thou art Peter.

Et super hanc petram...

And upon this rock
ædificamus Ecclesiam...

I will build my church.

Alleluia...

Alleluia.

James MacMillan (b. 1959) Scotland

The Gallant Weaver (Robert Burns (1759-1796))

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By monie a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,

He is a gallant Weaver!

O, I had woovers aught or nine,

They gied me rings and ribbons fine;

And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,

And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,

To gie the lad that has the land,

But to my heart I'll add my hand,

And give it to the Weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,

While bees delight in opening flowers,

While corn grows green in summer showers,

I love my gallant Weaver.

John Sheppard (c.1520-1560) England

Laudem dicite Deo

Speak praise to our God, all you who are his saints, and all who fear God, both small and great; for our Lord God Almighty is king. Let us rejoice and exult and give him glory. O chosen race, O holy nation, O you people who are his, be mindful of God and praise him. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

Gustav Holst, arr. (1874-1934) England

My sweetheart's like Venus (Welsh folksong)

My sweetheart's like Venus, she's lovely and light,
She's fairer than blackthorn, she's slim and she's white,
There's no one is like her, from far or from near,
It's truth I am telling for all men to hear.

Her form has the splendour of straightgrowing trees;

Her hair like the corn that is stirr'd in the breeze,

Her eyebrows like gossamer that hangs by the door;

If only she'd love me I'd ask nothing more.

My sweetheart she loves like a shower of rain,

Now clouded, now weeping, now smiling again,

But she who loves many is left without one,

A faithful, true lover has one love alone.



Programme

A Child's Prayer	James MacMillan (b.1959)
Soloists: Rachel Brown, Emily Cheung	
I sat down under his shadow	Edward Bairstow (1874-1946)
Three Motets, Op. 38	Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)
3 - Beati quorum via	
2 - Coelos ascendit hodie	
To be sung of a summer night on the water I	Frederick Delius (1862-1934)
To be sung of a summer night on the water II	Frederick Delius (1862-1934)
Soloist: Mark DeSilva	
O my love is like a red, red rose	Traditional Scottish
Soloist: Shane Raman	
I was glad	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Brigg Fair	Linconshire folksong
Soloist: Eric Schwarzhoff	
The Sailor and Young Nancy	Norfolk folksong
arr. E.J. Moeran (1894-1950)	
Hymn to Saint Peter	Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Soloist: Rachel Brown; Organist: Gerald Harder	

Intermission

The Gallant Weaver	James MacMillan (b.1959)
Soloists: Suzanne Abbott, Clinton Stoffberg, Doug Colpitts	
Laudem dicite Deo	John Sheppard (c.1520-1560)
My sweetheart's like Venus	Welsh folksong
arr. Gustav Holst (1874-1934)	
She moved through the fair	Irish folksong
Soloists: Steven Bélanger, Emily Cheung	
The Keel Row	Tyneside traditional song
arr. John Byrt (b.1939)	
Hosanna to the Son of David	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

Texts

James MacMillan (b.1959) Scotland

A child's prayer (dedicated to the dead of the Dunblane tragedy, March 1996),

Welcome Jesu,
Deep in my soul forever stay,
Joy and love my heart are filling
On this glad Communion day.

Edward C. Bairstow (1874-1946) England

I sat down under His shadow

I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.

Song of Solomon 2: 3-4

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) Ireland

Three Motets, Op.38

No. 3, *Beati quorum via*

*Blessed are those who's ways are blameless,
who walk in the law of the Lord. Psalm 119: 1*

No. 2, *Coelos ascendit hodie*

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.*

Frederick Delius (1862-1934) England

To be sung of a summer night on the water, I & II (textless)

Simon Carrington, arr. England

O my Love is like a red, red rose (Traditional Scottish, collected by Robert Burns)

O my Luve's like a red, red rose	Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
That's newly sprung in June:	And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
O my Luve's like the melodie	I will luve thee still, my dear,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.	While the sands o' life shall run.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,	And fare thee weel, my only Luve
So deep in luve am I:	And fare thee weel, a while!
And I will luve thee still, my dear,	And I will come again, my Luve,
Till a' the seas gang dry:	Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) England

I was glad Anthem for the Coronation of James II (1685)

I was glad when they said unto me:

We will go into the house of the Lord.

For thither the tribes go up, ev'n the tribes of the Lord;

to testify unto Israel, and to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgement:

ev'n the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:

they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls:

and plenteousness within thy palaces.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

Psalm 122: 1, 4-7

Percy Grainger (1882-1961) Australia

Brigg Fair (Linconshire folksong)

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.

E. J. Moeran, arr. (1894-1950) England

The Sailor and Young Nancy (Norfolk folksong)

It was happy and delightful one midsummer's morn,
When the fields and the meadows they were covered in corn,
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green tree,
And the larks they sang melodious At the dawn of the day.

Said the sailor to his true love I am bound far away,

I am bound for the East Indies I no longer can stay,

I am bound for the East Indies where the loud canons roar,

I am going to leave my Nancy, she's the girl I adore.

A ring from his finger he then instantly drew,

Saying, Take this, dearest Nancy, and my heart shall go too,

And while he embraced her tears from her eyes fell,

Saying May I go along with you? Oh, no, my love, fare you well.

Said the sailor to his true love, I no longer can stay,

For our topsails are hoisted and our anchor is weighed,

Our ship she lays awaiting for the next flowing tide,

And if ever I return again I will make you my bride.