



The Lily and the Rose

*choral masterworks
inspired by the beauty
of nature*

sung by

Viva la Musica

'one of the best visiting choirs we've had'
- Worcester Cathedral, September 2016

Conductor - Simon Lumby

Michael Overbury - piano



ATTENBOROUGH
ARTS CENTRE

Fraser Noble Hall

Saturday 6th May
at 7.30pm



Programme - £2.00



Viva la Musica

is a chamber choir based in Loughborough.

It was formed in 2002 by a group of singers who enjoy singing together and welcome the challenges and experiences that being part of a small ensemble brings. It sings a wide range of music from early to modern, sacred to secular, largely in the a capella style. As well as performing locally, the choir has begun to travel further afield, with a concert weekend in Haworth in 2013, Tideswell in 2015 and Worcester in 2016.

Viva la Musica has been busy this past year - especially featuring a critically acclaimed residency at Worcester Cathedral at the beginning of September before a sell out Christmas concert in Leicester. If you would like to be notified of these and other concerts, please email info@vivalamusica.org.uk to be added to our mailing list.

soprano:

Sue Elliot, Louise Houslip, Gail Stiven*, Jeni Beasley, Meg Burton, Jenny Kemp

alto:

Eleri Bristow*, Clare Ward-Campbell, Joanna Milner, Lis Muller

tenor:

Mike Bailey, Richard Thomas*, Peter Finch, Che Gayton

bass:

Simon Collins, John Thawley*, Kevin Norman, James Ward-Campbell*

** tonight's soloists*

If you are interested in joining *Viva*, please speak to one of the choir members, who will direct you to the Chairman.

Programme

The Lily and the Rose

Bob Chilcott *b 1955*

The maidens came when I was in my mother's bower;
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away, the lily, the rose, the rose I lay,
The silver is white, red is the gold, the robes they lay in fold.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love, and I so young?
The bailey beareth the bell away, the lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

Words Anon

Two Madrigals:

Now is the gentle season

Thomas Morley *1558 – 1602*

Now is the gentle season freshly flow'ring,
to sing and play and dance while May endureth,
and woo and wed too, that sweet delight procureth.

Words Anon

Adieu, sweet Amaryllis

John Wilbye *1574 - 1638*

Adieu, Adieu, sweet Amaryllis.
For since to part your will is.
O heavy tiding, here is for me no biding.
Yet once again ere that I part with you.
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, sweet Adieu.

Words Anon

Poetry: **A farm picture**
On a Lane in Spring

Walt Whitman *1819-1892*
John Clare *1793-1864*

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

God, what a vision she is; one imbued with grace, true and beautiful!
 For all the virtues that are hers everyone is quick to praise her. Who
 could tire of her? Her beauty constantly renews itself; on neither side of
 the ocean do I know any girl or woman who is in all virtues so perfect;
 it's a dream even to think of her; God, what a vision she is.

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

When I hear the tambourine sound, calling us to May, in my bed I remain
 calm, not lifting my head from the pillow saying, "It is too early, I'll fall
 asleep again." When I hear the tambourine sound, calling us to May, the
 young jump from partner to partner not even bothering to remember
 you. From him, I'll move on, finding a lover that's conveniently close by.
 When I hear the tambourine sound, calling us to May, in my bed I remain
 calm, not lifting my head from the pillow.

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Winter, you're nothing but a villain! Summer is pleasant and nice, joined
 to May and April, who go hand in hand. Summer dreams of fields, woods
 and flowers, covered with green and many other colours, by nature's
 command. But you, Winter, are too full of snow, wind, rain, and hail. You
 should be banished! Without exaggerating, I speak plainly - Winter,
 you're nothing but a villain!

Words – Charles d'Orleans 1394 - 1465

Poetry **Thaw**

All nature has a feeling

Edward Thomas 1878-1917

John Clare 1793-1864

Four Victorian Madrigals

Robert Pearsall 1795 – 1856

Waters of Elle

Waters of Elle, your limpid streams are flowing, smooth o'er the flowery
 vale; on your green banks once more the wild rose is blowing, greets the
 spring and scents the passing gale. Here t'was at eve reposing, one
 breathed his vows to me; where this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
 near to thy heart in memory of me. Love's cherished gift, the rose he
 gave is faded never to bloom again. Weep for thy fault, in heart and
 mind degraded, weep if thy tears can wash away the stain

Words – trad 16th century poem

When Allen-a-Dale went hunting

When Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting, his bow was stout and strong
And nought that was game escaped him, the bushes green among,
The Abbot of Beverly cried, "Oh, fie!" As he rode out to dine with a
knight hard by; But Allen-a-Dale went a-hunting, on the King's highway.

Who was the father of Allen-a-Dale? His sire was a Saxon and Lord of the
vale, But the Normans came down with their proud chivalry,
And they robbed him, and slew him, and burnt his rooftree! So Allen-a-
Dale went a-hunting, on the King's highway.

What was the calling of Allen-a-Dale? He was a forester good,
A harper well skilled in ditty and tale, and the comrade of bold Robin
Hood! And together they ranged the forest glade, and shot their arrows
free: But because he could sing like a minstrel king,
why, Allen's the boy, for me!

Words - Anon

Lay a Garland

Lay a garland on her hearse of dismal yew. Maidens, willow branches
wear, say she died true. Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly, thou gentle earth.

Words - based on a poem from the play
'The Maid's Tragedy' written in 1608-11

Summer is y-coming in

Summer is y-coming in, loud sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
and springeth the wood new. Loud sing cuckoo! Ewe is bleating after
lamb and calf crieth after cow.
Deer are belling, buds are swelling, Merrie Sing cuckoo
Summer is y-coming in, well sings the cuckoo, be silent never now.
Summer is y-coming in, loud sing cuckoo!

Words – 13th century Medieval English round

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon; As yet the early-rising sun has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay until the hasting day has run but to evensong,

And, having pray'd together, we will go with you along with you. We have short time to stay, as you, we have as short a spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay, as you, or anything.

We die, as your hours and dry away, like to the summer's rain, Or as the pearls of morning's dew, ne'er to be found again.

Words by Robert Herrick 1591 - 1674

The Succession of the Four Sweet Months

First, April, she with mellow showers opens the way for early flowers, Then after her comes smiling May in a more rich and sweet array,

Next enters June and brings us more gems than those two that went before, Then (lastly,) July comes and she more wealth brings in than all those three; April! May! June! July!

Words by Robert Herrick 1591 - 1674

Marsh Flowers

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root, here the dull night-shade hangs her deadly fruit; On hills of dust the henbane's faded green, and pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen; Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom, grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume. At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs, with fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings; In every chink delights the fern to grow, with glossy leaf and tawny bloom below: The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread partake the nature of their fenny bed. These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down, form the contracted Flora of our town.

Words by George Crabbe 1754 - 1832

The Evening Primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west,

and dew-drops pearl the evening's breast;

Almost as pale as moonbeams are, or its companionable star,

The evening primrose opes anew its delicate blossoms to the dew

And hermit-like, shunning the light, wastes its fair bloom upon the night;

Who, blindfold to its fond caresses, knows not the beauty he possesses.

Thus it blooms on while night is by. When day looks out with open eye,

'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun, it faints and withers and is gone.

Words by John Clare 1793 - 1864

Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
and his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good who lay in
his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.
The old man awoke one morning and spoke, he swore he
would fire the room, that room, If his John would not rise and
open his eyes, and away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.
So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
and away to the wood to cut broom, green broom, He sharpen'd his
knives, and for once he contrives to cut a great bundle of broom, green
broom. When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house, pass'd under a
Lady's fine room, fine room, She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she
said, 'Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!'
When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house, and stood in the Lady's
fine room, fine room, "Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your
trade and marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"
Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went, And he wedded
the Lady in bloom, full bloom; at market and fair, all folks do declare,
there's none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.

Words Anon

Poem **Home-Thoughts, from Abroad** Robert Browning 1812-1889

Two Part Songs

Edward Elgar 1857 – 1934

As Torrents in Summer

As torrents in summer, half dried in their channels, suddenly rise,
tho' the sky is still cloudless. For rain has been falling. Far off at their
fountains; So hearts that are fainting grow full to o'erflowing, and they
that behold it, Marvel, and know not that God at their fountains far off
has been raining!

Words by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 1807 - 1882

O wild west wind

O wild West Wind, make me thy lyre, even as the forest is: what if my
leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies will
take from both a deep, autumnal tone, sweet though in sadness. Be
thou, Spirit fierce, my spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one! Drive my dead
thoughts over the universe like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse, scatter, as from an unextinguished
hearth ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips
to unawakened earth the trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind, if Winter
comes, can Spring be far behind?

Words by Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792 - 1822

Poetry **Leisure**
Loveliest of trees

William H. Davies 1871-1940
A. E. Housman 1859-1936

Les Chansons des Roses

Morten Lauridsen b 1943

En une seule fleur

Yet it was we who offered to fill your calyx. Enchanted by such a scheme, your abundance had dared to agree. You were rich enough to become a hundred times yourself in a single flower; this is how a man in love feels ... But you thought only of yourself.

Contre qui, rose

Against whom, rose, have you adopted these thorns? Has your too-fragile joy forced you to become this armed creature? But from whom does this too-cruel weapon protect you? How many enemies have I seen off for you who fear it not at all? And meanwhile, from summer to autumn, you fight against the cares lavished upon you.

De ton rêve trop plein

From your crowded dreams, many-petalled flower, moist as a mourner's face, you lean into the morning. Your gentle strength that sleeps, in uncertain de sire, develops these soft shapes between cheeks and breasts.

La rose complète

I am so aware of your being, perfect rose, that my consent mistakes you for my elated heart. I breathe you in as if you were, rose, all life itself, and I feel myself the perfect lover of such a beloved.

Dirait-on

Abandon enveloped by abandon, tenderness brushing against tenderness ... within you, one would say, all is sweet and endless caressing; all caressing it self, in its own limpid reflection. Thus you invent the myth of Narcissus fulfilled.

Words by Rainer Maria Rilke 1875–1926





Simon Lumby was born in Birmingham in 1970 and studied organ principally with Andrew Fletcher before taking up a place on the Opera Course at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, to study with Robert Alderson.

As a singer, Simon has performed with many of the leading orchestras in this country including Handel's *Messiah* for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* with the Royal Northern Sinfonia and Finzi's *Dies Natalis* with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

As an organist, Simon has given recitals at the Cathedrals of Hereford, Coventry, and Liverpool.

Other organ concerts of note have included a recital of British organ music at the De Montfort Hall in Leicester and several *Battles of the Organs* with the flamboyant American virtuoso, the late Carlo Curley. In more recent times, Simon has been very involved with the organisation of music for some of the larger church events – such as 'Stand up for Jesus' that featured Simon playing the mighty Father Willis organ at the Royal Albert Hall. Other festivals that have seen Simon playing the organ have included York Minster, Lincoln Cathedral and Norwich Cathedral and he is currently organising festivals for the Northern Province at the Cathedrals of Wakefield and Ripon.

Simon is now more or less retired from professional music making and in June 2003 was ordained to the Sacred Priesthood of the Church of England. He is currently serving as Parish Priest at the Church of Saint Aidan in New Parks. The last 10 years have been an exciting time for Saint Aidan's and in 2009 they were celebrating their 50th birthday, the highpoint of which was the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Rowan Williams, who officially opened six months of celebrations on 22nd March of that year.

Simon has released two solo recordings, which have both been met with popular and critical acclaim. 'Loud Organs His Glory Forttell in Deep Tone' was the first recording to be made on the new organ that was installed in Saint Aidan's, New Parks, in 2007 and features a programme of popular organ masterworks. 'A Grateful Heart' is a collection of English Song that Simon recorded with pianist Helen Davies and features works by Ivor Gurney, Michael Head and a complete recording of Vaughan Williams Songs of Travel. Both are being sold in aid of the Saint Aidan's Hall Renovation Appeal.

Simon's next releases include a recording of British organ music, including the First Organ Sonata of Basil Harwood, played on the organ at Saint Aidan's being released in July this year and an album of lyrical song by composers including Haydn, Brahms, Richard Strauss and the great love of his musical life, Gabriel Fauré.

Simon has been conducting *Viva* for a little over a year and has been very excited to be with such a talented ensemble of such capable singers. He is very much looking forward to more musical adventures with *Viva* in the coming months and years.

Organist and harpsichordist Michael Overbury's early musical influences centred on Farnham and London. At his local Parish Church, St Andrew's, he was introduced as chorister and Assistant Organist, to the glories of the English liturgical tradition, and it was here also that his organ teacher Stephen Thomson inspired in him a love of the harpsichord. Also during these years at Farnham Grammar School, the nationally acclaimed Farnham Festivals provided opportunity for Michael to give a number of first performances on solo piano, including works by Richard Rodney Bennett and Leonard Bernstein. These exciting and formative experiences were complemented by Saturday mornings at Trinity College of Music, London, where he held a Junior Exhibition, being awarded a diploma in piano-playing whilst still at school.



Horizons broadened with an Organ Scholarship to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he read music and studied the organ with Gillian Weir. Harpsichord tuition continued with Kenneth Gilbert. After graduating he was successively, an assisting organ scholar at King's College, Cambridge, Assistant Organist at New College, Oxford, a deputy organist and choir master at the Cathedral and Abbey Church at St Alban's, Director of Music at Eagle House Preparatory School for Boys, and Master of the Song School at Newark, Nottinghamshire. He was for 25 years Director of Music of Nottingham Boys Choir.

After winning First Prize in the 1982 Manchester International Organ Competition, he appeared twice as soloist at the Royal Festival Hall, and has continued to play with numerous choirs and orchestras, including Sinfonia Viva (formerly the East of England Orchestra), the Wren Orchestra, the Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, the Milton Keynes Chamber orchestra, and English Sinfonia, and has featured on several recordings, including five solo discs.

Michael was for 15 years Director of Music of the Priory Church of Our Lady and St Cuthbert, Worksop, currently remains a founder member of Musica Donvm Dei, playing on period instruments mainly in the East Midlands, with whom he recently appeared on Radio Three's Eighteenth-Century season on In Tune live from Kedleston Hall. Michael is also harpsichordist for the chamber trio Continuum, with whom he has performed twice at the Handel House Museum in London. He has been accompanist to Nottingham Harmonic Society, and for many years has written reviews for the Organists' Review and he has mainly liturgical compositions published.

LOVE

Came Down

with

Viva la Musica

Sunday 10th December 2017 at 7.00pm

Saint Aidan's Church
Leicester

*followed by dinner in
the Church Hall*



Tickets - **£15** (*concert with dinner*), **£7.50** (*concert only*)

Music includes works by Jonathan Rathbone, Amy Bebbington
Simon Preston, Phillip Stopford and (*of course*) John Rutter

please ring **01530 231502** *for more details*
or **www.vivalamusica.co.uk** *to buy tickets*