

# Hail Smiling Morn!

*Four centuries of a capella vocal music*

*performed by*

*Viva la Musica*

**Saturday 14th May 2016** *at 7.30pm*



**Programme £1**



# *Viva la Musica*

Viva was founded in 2002 by a group of choristers who sought the opportunity of singing in a small a capella chamber choir and facing the challenge of forging a balanced ensemble from a small number of voices. The choir made good progress and in 2005, entered the Leicester Music Festival, winning the Leicester Mercury Rose Bowl for best choir in the competition. Viva remains a small chamber choir, although it has now increased numbers a little in order to be strong enough to sing works written for double choir.

In the early years, Viva gave few concerts while its repertoire was built. More recently, the choir's annual programme has comprised an average of three concerts. In 2010, the choir responded to an invitation to visit Suffolk for a singing week-end, giving a concert in Halesworth and singing Evensong in Middleton. More recently, the singers have decided to organise singing weekends away from the choir's Loughborough base on an approximately biennial cycle. The first such trip to Haworth in April 2013 was a great success both musically and socially. Haworth was followed in 2015 by a wonderful weekend in Tideswell where the choir gave a concert and sang at Eucharist in the 'Cathedral of the Peak'. Worcester Cathedral beckons in September 2016!

Viva's repertoire ranges across the centuries and embraces both sacred and secular music in various styles. As the choir has grown in ambition, it has begun to perform with success a variety of more difficult works for which many plaudits have been received. Though foundation members conceived Viva la Musica as an a capella ensemble, the choir's natural development has led it towards repertoire that includes works accompanied by piano or organ.

Singing for services in significant churches and cathedrals offers choirs exciting possibilities not normally explored in concert programmes. As an addition to its range of activities, Viva is looking forward to singing one or two cathedral Evensongs each year while at the same time maintaining its traditional concert diary.

Under its current Music Director Simon Lumby, Viva la Musica is developing as an ensemble and building a strong and varied repertoire. Notice of forthcoming concerts and other engagements can be found on the Projects page of the new website ([www.vivalamusica.org.uk](http://www.vivalamusica.org.uk)) and on our Facebook page.

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*at  
St Peter's Church,  
Ashby Parva*

# PROGRAMME

Hail Smiling Morn

**Reginald Spofforth** 1770 - 1826

Hail, smiling morn, smiling morn,  
That tips the hills with gold, that tips the hills with gold,  
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day,  
Ope the gates, the gates of day,  
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!  
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,  
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,  
At whose bright presence, darkness flies away, flies away,  
Darkness flies away, darkness flies away,  
At whose bright presence darkness flies away, flies away,  
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!  
Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Words – *Traditional 17th Century Yorkshire Glee*

The Silver Swan

**Orlando Gibbons** 1583 – 1625

The silver swan, who, living, had no note,  
when death approached, unlocked her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast upon the reedy shore,  
thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:  
“Farewell, all joys! O Death, come close mine eyes!  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.”

Words - **Sir Christopher Hatton** 1579 - 1619

April is in my Mistress Face

**Thomas Morley** 1557 – 1602

April is in my mistress' face,  
And July in her eyes hath place;  
Within her bosom is September,  
But in her heart a cold December.

Words – *based on an Italian text by Livio Celiano* c 1587

Lay a Garland

**Robert Pearsall** 1795 – 1856

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 a The Maid's Tragedy* written in 1608-11

Then did priests make offering of incense and loaves  
of finest wheat to God:  
and therefore shall they be holy to their Lord  
and shall not defile his most holy name. Alleluia.

Words – *Offertory Prayer for Corpus Christi*

Here, O my Lord

**Andrew Fletcher** b 1950

Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;  
here faith would touch and handle things unseen;  
here grasp with firmer hand th'eternal grace,  
and all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God,  
here drink with thee the royal Wine of heaven;  
here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
and taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but thine; nor do I need  
another arm save thine to lean upon;  
it is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;  
my strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness:  
mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;  
here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;  
thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God!

Words - **Horatius Bonar** 1808 - 1889

Three Part Songs

**Charles Stanford** 1852 - 1924

Farewell my Joy

Farewell, my joy! For other hearts the Spring,  
for other eyes the roses; but for me  
the iron gate, the shadowy cypress-tree,  
the solemn dirge that cloistered voices sing.

Farewell, my joy! Alas, I loved thee well!  
For no light matter had I let thee go.  
I cherished thee in rain, and wind, and snow.  
I bound thee to my breast with many a spell.

Hail and farewell, my joy! If I might give  
to one sweet friend the rapture that I miss,  
read in her eyes that ecstasy of bliss,  
tho' death were in my own, I yet should live.

Words - **Mary E Coleridge** 1861-1907

## The Bluebird

The lake lay blue below the hill.  
O'er it, as I looked, there flew  
across the waters, cold and still,  
a bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
the sky beneath me blue in blue.  
A moment, ere the bird had passed,  
it caught his image as he flew.

Words - **Mary E Coleridge** 1861-1907

## Quick we have but a second

Quick! We have but a second,  
fill round the cup while you may  
for time, the churl, hath beckoned  
and we must away, away!  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying  
for oh, not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying  
or charm them to life again.  
Then, quick! We have but a second,  
fill round the cup while you may  
for time, the churl, hath beckoned  
and we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes  
like some young Hebe's lip  
and half meets thine, and blushes  
that thou shouldst delay to sip.  
Shame, oh, shame unto thee  
if e'er thou seest that day  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee  
and turn untouched away.  
Then quick! We have but a second,  
fill round the cup while you may  
for time, the churl, hath beckoned  
and we must away, away!

Words – **Thomas Moore** 1779 - 1852

## **INTERVAL**

*during which refreshments are available*

View me, Lord, a work of Thine:  
shall I then lie drown'd in night?  
Might Thy grace in me but shine,  
I should seem made all of light.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel  
at Thine altar pure and white:  
they that once Thy mercies feel,  
gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade  
when the heav'nly light appears,  
but the cov'nants Thou hast made,  
endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,  
to Thy mercies fast I fly;  
though I am but clay and dust,  
yet Thy grace can lift me high.

Words – **Thomas Campion** 1567 - 1620

When to the temple Mary went, and brought the Holy Child,  
Him did the aged Simeon see, as it had been revealed.  
He took up Jesus in his arms and blessing God he said:  
In peace I now depart, my Saviour having seen,  
the Hope of Israel, the Light of men.

Help now thy servants, gracious Lord, that we may ever be  
as once the faithful Simeon was, rejoicing but in Thee;  
and when we must from earth departure take, departure take,  
may gently fall asleep, may gently fall asleep,  
may gently fall asleep and with Thee wake.

Words – *translated from original German by* **John Troutbeck** 1832 - 1899

I saw the fair one rising like a dove above the streams of water:  
whose priceless fragrance clung to her garments.  
And as on a spring day, she was surrounded by roses and  
lily-of-the-valley. Who is this who rises from the desert like  
a pillar of smoke from incense of myrrh and frankincense?  
And as on a spring day, she was surrounded  
by roses and lily-of-the-valley.

Words - *Responsory at Matins for the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed*  
Virgin Mary.

O Sing Joyfully

**Adrian Batten** 1591 – 1637

O sing joyfully unto God our strength:  
make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob.  
Take the song, bring hither the tabret:  
the merry harp with the lute.  
Blow up the trumpet in the new-moon  
even in the time appointed, and upon our solemn feast-day.  
For this was made a statute for Israel :  
and a law of the God of Jacob.

Words – *from Psalm 81*

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orleans    **Claude Debussy** 1862 - 1918

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

God, what a vision she is; 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 tambourin

(**John Thawley**, *baritone*)

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

(**Sue Cooke**, *soprano*, **Eleri Bristow**, *alto*,  
**Richard Thomas**, *tenor*, **James Ward-Campbell**, *bass*)

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



## **Acknowledgements**

*Could John and Lis advise on what should go here -  
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# Joy to the World!

*A Christmas Musical Celebration*

*sung by*

*Viva la Musica*

Conducted by Simon Lumby

**on Sunday 11th December**

*at 7.00pm*

**at Saint Aidan's Church**

New Parks, LE3 6RJ

**Tickets - £10.00** in advance

*or* **£12.00** on the door

*(price includes the concert and  
a three course dinner served  
during the interval)*

Tickets can be ordered at

**[www.vivalamusica.org.uk](http://www.vivalamusica.org.uk)**

or by ringing

**01530 231502**





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