

A CELEBRATION OF BRITISH CHORAL MUSIC

*Viva
la
Musica*
Chamber Choir

Conducted by Simon Lumby

Saturday 19th March 2022 at 7.30pm
at Leicester Guildhall, Guildhall Lane, LE1 5FQ.

PROGRAMME



Viva la Musica

Chamber Choir

Registered Charity no. 1180705

Viva la Musica was formed in 2002 by its first Music Director, David Necklen, and 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 concert weekends in Haworth in 2013, Tideswell in 2015, Worcester in 2016 and Wadebridge in 2018.

As for all amateur choirs, the Covid months were a period of great disappointment during which all our concerts had to be cancelled. It was wonderful to be able to perform our Christmas concert last December and a great joy to return to The Guildhall for today's concert.

Some of this year's exciting projects are detailed at the back of this programme.

soprano: Jo Boddison, Sue Elliot, Gail Stiven
Jeni Beasley, Patti Garlick, Jenny Kemp, Valerie Pinfield, Jeanne Simpson

alto: Eleri Bristow, Clare Ward-Campbell, Philippa England, Lis Muller

tenor: Richard Thomas, Al Wardle, Neil Waddell, Simon Nicholls

bass: Simon Collins, John Thawley, Kevin Norman, James Ward-Campbell

If you would like to be notified of our concerts, please email info@vivalamusica.org.uk to be added to our mailing list.

Programme

Take him earth for cherishing - **Herbert Howells** 1892 - 1983

Words by Prudentius (348-413) tr. Helen Waddell (1889-1965)

Take him, earth, for cherishing,
To thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
Noble even in its ruin.

Once was this a spirit's dwelling,
By the breath of God created.
High the heart that here was beating,
Christ the prince of all its living.

Guard him well, the dead I give thee,
Not unmindful of His creature
Shall He ask it, He who made it
Symbol of His mystery.

Comes the hour God hath appointed
To fulfil the hope of men:
Then must thou, in very fashion,
What I give return again.

Not though ancient time decaying
Wear away these bones to sand,
Ashes that a man might measure
In the hollow of his hand;

Not though wandering winds and idle
Drifting through the empty sky,
Scatter dust was nerve and sinew,
Is it given to man to die.

Once again the shining road
Leads to ample Paradise;
Open are the woods again
That the Serpent lost for men.

Take, O take him, mighty Leader,
Take again thy servant's soul.
Grave his name, and pour the fragrant
Balm upon the icy stone.

Take him, earth, for cherishing,
To thy tender breast receive him.
Body of a man I bring thee,
Noble even in its ruin.

By the breath of God created.
Christ the prince of all its living.
Take him, earth, for cherishing.

My choice is made – **David Fisher** b 1950

Words – Medieval French

Long as I live, my heart will never vary, for no-one else, however fair or good,
brave, resolute or rich, of gentle blood. My choice is made and I will have no other,
long as I live my heart will never vary, for no-one else, however fair or good.
My choice is made and I will have no other.

Omnia Vincit amor – **David Fisher**

Words – from 'Ecologues' by Vigil

Omnia vincit amor! [*Love conquers all*]

Et nos cedamus Amori. [*And we must yield to love.*]

All things, love conquers all things: Let us too give in to love.

Three Part Songs - **Robert Pearsall** 1795 - 1856

Who shall win my lady fair,

When the leaves are green?

Who but I should win my lady fair

When the leaves are green?

Who shall win my lady,

When the leaves are green?

Not you, no, no,

The bravest man that best love can

Shall win my lady fair.

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,

He shall marry her, he's the man;

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,

When the leaves are green,

He shall marry my lady

When the leaves are green.

Will you bury my lady fair

When the leaves are green?

No, not I; I won't bury my lady fair

When the leaves are green.

Will you bury my lady

When the leaves are green?

Will you? Why so?

I'd rather marry my lady fair,

E'en though the trees were bare.

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,

She shall marry a proper man;

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,

When the leaves are green,

He shall marry my lady

When the leaves are green.

Words anon

Waters of Elle, your limpid streams are flowing,

Smooth and untroubled, o'er the flow'ry vale;

On your green banks once more the wild rose blowing,

Greets the young Spring, and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,

One still too dear first breath'd his vows to me:

Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,

Near to thy heart in memory of me.

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded,

Love's blighted flow'r can never bloom again.

Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded,

Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Words – Caroline Lamb 1725 - 1828

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 by - Francis Beaumont 1585 – 1616 and John Fletcher 1579 – 1625

Four Latin Motets - **Martin Ellerby** b 1957

Ave verum Corpus Natum

de Maria Virgine,

Vere passum immolatum

in Cruce pro homine,

Cujus latus perforatum

Fluxit aqua et sanguine,

Esto nobis praegustatum

in mortis examine.

O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie,

O Jesu fili Mariae.

Miserere mei. Amen

Hail, true body born

of the Virgin Mary,

Who truly suffered,

sacrificed on the Cross for mankind,

From whose pierced side

water and blood flowed:

be for us a foretaste of the banquet

in the trial of death.

O sweet Jesus, O holy Jesus,

O Jesus son of Mary,

Have mercy on me. Amen

Words - 13th century prayer

Ave, Regina caelorum,

Ave, Domina Angelorum:

Salve, radix, salve, porta

Ex qua mundo lux est orta:

Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,

Super omnes speciosa,

Vale, o valde decora,

Et pro nobis Christum exora.

Hail, O Queen of Heaven.

Hail, O Lady of Angels

Hail! thou root, hail! thou gate

From whom unto the world a light has arisen:

Rejoice, O glorious Virgin,

Lovely beyond all others,

Farewell, most beautiful maiden,

And pray for us to Christ.

Words - from a Marian Antiphon for Compline

Ave, maris stella, Dei mater alma,
Atque semper virgo, Felix cœli porta.
Sumens illud Ave Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace, Mutans Evæ nomen.
Solve vincla reis, Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle, Bona cuncta posce.
Monstra te esse matrem,
Sumat per te precem
Qui pro nobis natus Tulit esse tuus.
Virgo singularis, Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos Mites fac et castos.
Vitam præsta puram, Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum Semper collætetur.
Sit laus Deo Patri, Summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto Tribus honor unus.
Amen.

*Hail, star of the sea, nurturing Mother of God,
and ever Virgin happy gate of Heaven
Receiving that hail from the mouth of Gabriel,
establish us in peace, transforming the name of
Eve. Loosen the chains of the guilty, send forth
light to the blind, our evil do thou dispel, entreat
for us all good things. Show thyself to be a
Mother: through thee may he receive prayer who,
being born for us, undertook to be thine own.
O unique Virgin, meek above all others,
make us, set free from our sins, meek and chaste.
Bestow a pure life, prepare a safe way:
that seeing Jesus, we may ever rejoice.
Praise be to God the Father, to the Most High
Christ be glory, to the Holy Spirit be honour, to
the Three equally. Amen.*

Words - Medieval Marian Hymn for Vespers

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 amongst 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.*

Words from the Gospel according to Saint Luke

Three Latin Motets - **Charles Stanford** 1852 - 1924

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 hands of
God, and the torment of malice shall not touch
them: They seem in the eyes of the foolish to be
dead, but they are at peace.

Words from Wisdom 3, vv.1-3

Coelos ascendit hodie

Jesus Christus Rex gloriae.
Sedet ad Patris dexteram,
Gubernat coelum et terram.

Jam finem habent omnia
Patris Davidis carmina.
Jam Dominus cum Domino
Sedet in Dei solio.

In hoc triumpho maximo
Benedicamus Domino.
Laudatur Sancta Trinitas.
Deo dicamus gratias.

*Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
has ascended today into the heavens.
He sits at the right hand of the Father
and rules heaven and earth.*

*Now all the psalms of David,
our father, are fulfilled.
Now the Lord sits with the
Lord on the seat of God.*

*In this greatest of triumphs
let us bless the Lord.
The Holy Trinity be glorified.
Let us give thanks to God.*

Words Anon 12th Century

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

*Blessed are they whose road is straight,
who walk in the law of the Lord.*

Words Anon 12th Century

Upon your heart – **Eleanor Daley** b 1955

Words Song of Solomon 8: 6-7 and John 15: 9-12

Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death,
Many waters cannot quench love,
neither can floods drown it.
If you keep my commandments,
you shall abide in my love.
Love one another as I have loved you,
then shall your joy be complete.
Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm,
for love is strong as death.

And so it goes – **Billy Joel** b 1949 arr **Bob Chilcott** b1955

Words - Billy Joel

soloist

baritone - **John Thawley**

In every heart there is a room,
A sanctuary safe and strong.
To heal the wounds from lovers past,
Until a new one comes along.
I spoke to you in cautious tones;
You answered me with no pretence.
And still I feel I said too much.
My silence is my self defence.
And every time I've held a rose
It seems I only felt the thorns.
And so it goes and so it goes,
And so will you, soon, I suppose.

But if my silence made you leave,
Then that would be my worst mistake.
So I will share this room with you
And you can have this heart to break.
And this is why my eyes are closed,
It's just as well for all I've seen.
And so it goes and so it goes
And you're the only one who knows.
So I would choose to be with you.
That's if the choice were mine to make.
But you can make decisions too.
And you can have this heart to break.
And so it goes and so it goes,
And you're the only one who knows.

Hymn to Saint Cecilia – **Benjamin Britten** 1913 - 1976

Words - W H Auden (1907-1973)

soloists

soprano – **Jo Boddison** | alto – **Clare Ward Campbell**
tenor – **Richard Thomas** | bass – **Simon Collins**

In a garden shady this holy lady
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,
Like a black swan as death came on
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,
And notes tremendous from her great engine
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,
Moved to delight by the melody,
White as an orchid she rode quite naked
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing
Came out of their trance into time again,
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

I cannot grow;
I have no shadow
To run away from,
I only play.

I cannot err;
There is no creature
Whom I belong to,
Whom I could wrong.

I am defeat
When it knows it
Can now do nothing
By suffering.

All you lived through,
Dancing because you
No longer need it
For any deed.

I shall never be Different. Love me.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,
Where Hope within the altogether strange
From every outworn image is released,
And Dread born whole and normal like a
beast
Into a world of truths that never change:
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,
Playing among the ruined languages,
So small beside their large confusing words,
So gay against the greater silences
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.
O law drummed out by hearts against the still
Long winter of our intellectual will.
That what has been may never be again.
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving
breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.
O bless the freedom that you never chose.
O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner foe.
O wear your tribulation like a rose.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions
To all musicians, appear and inspire:
Translated Daughter, come down and startle
Composing mortals with immortal fire.

Simon Lumby is a conductor, tenor, organist, and pianist of some noted versatility. In a time of ever-increasing specialisation, Simon enjoys being thought of as something of a polymath, bringing a wide range of experience and influences to his music-making.



Simon was born in Birmingham and studied organ with Andrew Fletcher before moving to study at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. In 1993, Simon was awarded First Prize in the International Young Organist Competition, held in Plymouth, for his performance of Bach's First Trio Sonata and 'Litanies' by Jehan Alain. Organ recitals have included the Cathedrals of St Paul's London, Hereford, Leicester, Coventry, Birmingham Oratory, Salisbury, Lichfield and Liverpool, the Abbeys of Westminster and Ampleforth, St. Giles' Cripplegate, and St. Bride's Fleet Street. Other concerts of note have included the opening recital of the Harrison Organ at the Community of the Resurrection in Mirfield, several Battle of the Organs with the late and great flamboyant American virtuoso, Carlo Curley and most recently in a concert with the Northern Lights Symphony Orchestra at Saint John's Smith Square in London. Simon has been featured on both Classic FM and Radio 3.

Simon was ordained in the Church of England and spent many happy years as Parish Priest of Saint Aidan's in Leicester during which time he recorded his first CD ('Loud Organs his glory...') which met with both popular and critical acclaim and went on to record a series of videos with Shea Lolin featuring, among other instruments, the new organ put into Saint Aidan's Church. One such video, having been seen by more than 50,000 people was considered to have 'gone viral'! Simon enjoys recording and is excited to be now able to publish these on his YouTube Channel.

Since coming back to full time professional music-making, Simon has found himself in consistent demand as a singer and choral conductor. Singing performances have included Bach's St. John Passion for Liverpool Cathedral, Handel's Messiah at the Bridgewater Hall in Manchester, Tippett's A Child of our Time for Manchester Cathedral and Stainer's Crucifixion for Lichfield Cathedral. Other concert appearances of note have included Mozart's Mass in C minor for the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis at Manchester Town Hall with the Northern Symphonia. As well as being Director of Music of 'Viva la Musica' he is also conductor of The Ryton Chorale, a large Choral Society based in Worksop.

Future plans include another series of organ videos with Shea Lolin as well as much concert making in and around his home city of Nottingham where he also maintains a very busy teaching practice.

In his limited spare time Simon pursues a wide range of other interests. He is a keen traveller and has spent much time in continental Europe. His love and study of French 20th century sacred, vocal and organ music has led him to be a keen student of the French language while engaging in more study in this area.

More information can be found about Simon at: www.simonlumby.co.uk

Viva la Musica

is looking for

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*For more information,
or if you would like to join our mailing list,
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info@vivalamusica.org.uk

Vivre la Musique!

A French Musical Feast to celebrate our 20th birthday

sung by

Viva la Musica

Registered Charity no. 1180705

Conducted by **Simon Lumby**

on Saturday 18th June 2022, at 7.30pm

**at Stoneygate Baptist Church,
London Rd, Leicester LE2 3ND**

Music includes:

Requiem in D minor

Gabriel Fauré *(with orchestra)*

Trois Chansons - Claude Debussy

Motets pour un temps de penitence

Francis Poulenc

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£10 students (under 16s free)

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