



PROFESSIONALISM RESPECT PERSEVERANCE

# Ericsson Management Institute at Corpus Christi College



## Concert

## **ABOUT THE SINGERS**

***The Cherwell Singers were founded in 1979 bonded by a common cause to sing for relaxation while aiming at a high standard of performance.***

***The choir consists of over twenty singers and performs a wide range of sacred and secular music in Oxford.***

CHERWELL SINGERS -  
*CONCERT IN CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE*



**PROGRAMME**



*The Chapel Royal was the centre of excellence for English church music for many centuries. Through the encouragement and the conservatism of Queen Elizabeth I (1558-1603), it became the sponsor of latin polyphony, as practised before the Reformation. The Latin tradition of polyphony, is of choral music composed of independent parts which weave around each other. The Royal Chapel and choir of men and boys singers still exist today in almost exactly the form envisioned by the Tudor monarchs who founded it. O Nata Lux and Ave Maria represent the styles of composition in their rich but clear sonority and in the use of the treble voice, the English sound most recognised throughout the world today. Peter Phillips inherited this tradition, exporting to the continent when he emigrated to the Netherlands, where he could freely practice his Roman Catholic faith.*

*Ascendit Deus .....Peter Phillips (c 1565-c 1645)*

Ascendit Deus in jubilation,  
et Dominus on voce tubae.  
Dominus in coeio paravit sedem suam.  
Alleluia, alleluia.

*O Nata Lux .....Thomas Tallis (c 1505-c 1585)*

O nata lux de lumine,  
Jesu redemptor saeculi.  
Dignare clemens supplicum  
Laudes preces que sumere.  
Qui carne quondam contegi  
Dignatus es pro perditis.  
Nos membra confer effici.  
Tui beati corporis.

*Ave Maria .....Robert Parsons (d 1570)*

Ave Maria,  
gratia plena,  
Dominus tecum;  
benedicta tu,  
in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui.  
Amen.

*Imported into England from the continent during the last years of Queen Elizabeth I's reign in collections of "Italian Madrigals Englished" - Italian music with new English words added - the italianate madrigal style music quickly became popular. Thomas Morley was a skilled composer of church music, but also one of the leading composers of Madrigals. The music sung tonight, by Morley and his contemporaries Bennet and Farmer, represent the lighter, less lachrymose vein of madrigal writing.*

*Fyer, Fyer* ..... *Thomas Morley (1558-1603)*

Fyer, Fyer! My heart, my heart!

Fa la la.

O help! Alas! O help!

Ay me! I sit and cry me,

And call for help, alas,

but none comes nigh me!

Fa la la.

O, I burn me! alas, alas!

Fa la la.

I burn! Alas! I burn!

Ay me! Will none come quench me?

O cast, cast water on,

Alas, and drench me.

Fa la la.

*All Creatures Now* ..... *John Bennet (c 1575-c 1615)*

All creatures now are merry minded.

The shepherds daughters playing.

The Nymphs are fa-la-la-ing.

Yond bugle was well winded.

See where she comes

With flow'ry garlands crowned,

Queen of all queens renowned.

At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.

The flowers themselves discover.

Birds over her do hover;

Music the time beguileth.

Then sang the shepherds

And Nymphs of Diana;

Long live fair Oriana.

*Sing we and chant it .....Thomas Morley*

Sing we and chant it  
While love doth grant it.  
Fa la la.  
Not long youth lasteth.  
And old age hasteth.  
Now is best leisure  
To take our pleasure.  
Fa la la

All things invite us  
Now to delight us.  
Fa la la.  
Hence, care, be packing!  
No mirth be lacking!  
Let spare no treasure  
To live in pleasure  
Fa la la.

*Fair Phyllis I Saw .....John Farmer (c 1565-c 1605)*

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,  
Feeding her flock near to the mountainside.  
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone.  
But after her lover Amyntas bied,  
Up and down he wandered whilst she was missing;  
When he found her, O, then they fell a-kissing.



*The last four pieces, like the earlier madrigals, represent the secular tradition of choral singing by wealthy middle-classes at home, in an era before the advent of radio, television and mass-produced recorded music, when entertainment was “home-made”. They all come from a tradition, now almost extinct, of Glee Clubs, or gentleman’s singing clubs. The Long Day Closes was written by a composer more famous for his operettas, and the last three songs are arrangements of traditional English tunes or airs.*

*The Long Day Closes* .....*Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)*

No star is o'er the lake.  
Its pale watch keeping,  
The moon is half awake,  
Through gray mist creeping.  
The last red leaves fall round  
The porch of roses,  
The cloth hath creased to sound  
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth  
In calm endeavour,  
To count the sounds of mirth,  
Now dumb for ever.  
Heed not how hope believes  
And fate disposes:  
Shadow is round the eaves,  
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim  
Are fading slowly.  
The fire that was so trim  
Now quivers lowly.  
Go to the dreamless bed  
Where grief reposes.  
Thy book of toil is read,  
The long day closes.

*Linden Lea .....Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

Within the woodlands, flow'ry glades,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot,  
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,  
Now do quiver under foot:  
And birds do whistle overhead,  
And water's bubbling in its bed;  
And there for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaved, that lately were a-springing.  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing.  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown leav'd fruits a-turning red.  
In cloudless sunshine over head,  
With fruit for me the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,  
In the air of dark-room'd towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,  
Though no man may heed by frowns.  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road.  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea

*Dashing Away ..... Traditional, arranged John Rutter*

'Twas on a Monday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree.  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A-washing of her linen O.  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Tuesday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming  
In ev'ry high degree  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A-hanging out her linen O  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree.  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A'starching of her linen O  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Thursday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree,  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A'ironing of her linen O  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Friday morning  
And there I saw my darling  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree.  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A'folding of her linen O  
Dashing away with her smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Saturday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree.  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A'airing of her linen O  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

'Twas on a Sunday morning  
And there I saw my darling,  
She looked so neat and charming,  
In ev'ry high degree.  
She looked so neat and nimble O  
A-wearing of her linen O  
Dashing away with the smoothing iron  
She stole my heart away.

*The British Grenadiers .....Traditional, arranged John Rutter*

Some talk of Alexander  
And some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander,  
And such great names as these;  
But of all the world's brave heroes  
With a tow row row row row  
To the British Grenadiers.

When e'er we are commanded  
To storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fuses  
And we with hand grenades;  
We throw them from the glacis  
About the enemies' ears;  
Sing tow row row row  
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches  
And wear the loupéd clothes.  
May they and their commanders  
Live happy all their years,  
With a tow row row row row  
For the British Grenadiers.

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