



KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY

and musicians from the
London College of Music & Media

Gabriel Currington

***Palatial Scapes:
Tribute to Veronique***
(World Premiere)



Joseph Horovitz

Samson



Carl Orff

Carmina Burana

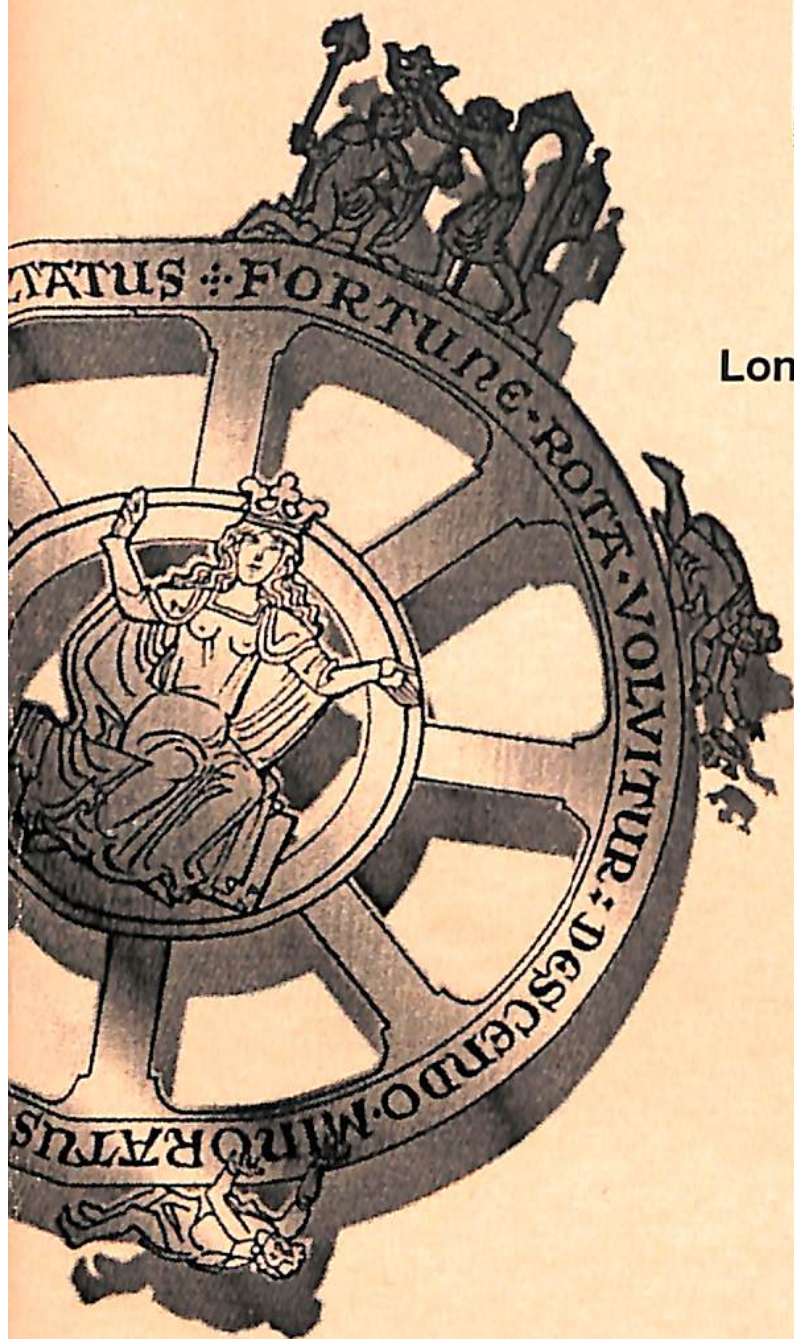
Soprano
Gweneth-Ann Jeffers

Tenor
Philip Ball

Bass
Simon Preece



Saturday 16 May 1998



KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY

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Palatial Scapes

Gabriel Currington

This piece represents two contrasting moods, one, rhythmic and dynamic in texture, the other, slow and heroic. This piece is a eulogy to a courageous person whose spirit and determination will never be forgotten.

Gabriel Currington is a second year student at the London College of Music, and studies Composition with Martin Ellerby. His particular interest is in writing music for film.

Joseph Horovitz

Joseph Horovitz was born in Vienna in 1926 and emigrated to England in 1938. He read music at New College, Oxford, and while an undergraduate served in the Army Education Corps, giving lectures and piano recitals to the Forces. After taking MA and BMus degrees, he studied composition with Gordon Jacob at the Royal College of Music (winning the Gordon Farrar Prize) and for a further year with Nadia Boulanger in Paris.

His career began as Music Director of the Bristol Old Vic and conductor of ballet and concerts in London at the South Bank Amphitheatre during the 1951 Festival of Britain. Appointments followed as conductor of the Ballets Russes, co-director of the Intimate Opera Company, on the music staff of Glyndebourne Opera and as guest composer at Tanglewood, USA. He toured extensively in Great Britain and abroad conducting major London orchestras as well as on the BBC.

In 1959 he won the Commonwealth Medal for Composition and in 1961 a Leverhulme Research Award for his edition of Cherubini's *Pimmallione*. Since then he has been Professor of Composition at the Royal College of Music, of which he is a Fellow.

His works include twelve ballets, notably *Alice in Wonderland* of 1953, which has had several revivals in Europe and USA, two one-act operas: *Gentlemen's Island* and *The Dumb Wife* (libretto by Peter Shaffer), nine concertos, and music for orchestra, brass and wind bands.

His chamber music includes five string quartets (the fifth premiered by the Amadeus Quartet), an often performed clarinet sonatina and the *Music Hall Suite* for brass quintet. Apart from *Samson*, the oratorio which is being performed this evening, his best-known choral compositions are *Horroratorio* (for the concerts devised by musical cartoonist Gerard Hoffnung), *Summer Sunday*, an ecological 'green' cantata, and the award-winning *Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo* (text by Michael Flanders), now sung in six different language editions. He has also composed scores for Son et Lumiere productions, for theatre and radio, and over seventy television plays, such as *Lillie*, *Dorothy L. Sayers Mysteries*, *Agatha Christie Dramas*, *Rumpole of the Bailey* and *Twelfth Night* and *The Tempest* for the BBC TV Shakespeare Series.

Joseph Horovitz holds two Ivor Novello Awards, and in 1996 received the Gold Order of Merit of Vienna.

The setting of *Samson* is the period of captivity in Gaza. The chorus recalls the prophecy of Samson's great strength, his dedication to the Lord and vow never to cut his hair, the sign of his Holiness; the events which brought about his humiliation; the enmity of the Hebrew elders, who fear that his exploits against the Philistines will lead to reprisals. Samson recalls his love for Delilah, and her betrayal of him to the Philistines. Then, he is ordered to be paraded before the mob at the feast of the Philistine god, Dagon. He prays for the return of his former strength, and to the horror of the crowd, pulls down the temple in a final demonstration of divine power. Chorus and soloist sing an epilogue:

*So passed Samson into final night
The setting Sun-man, who would dawn anew
And rise - fiery gold
In story-tellers' skies.*

SAMSON

words by Chris Judge Smith

Chorus

In the prison yard a giant man
turns the mill-stones in the morning heat,
chained to the yoke like an ox,
tracing slow and patient circles in the dust.
Lifting his massive head
to call the water boy,
he does not shield his face against the sun,
he has no eyes.
Forty years before
among the tribal tents of Dan
a barren wife had born a son,
his upbringing laid down by an angel
with a secret name.

Angel

Let no razor come upon his head,
his hair is sacred to the Lord
conferring boundless strength,
conferring boundless power,
for he will be an instrument of God
to free the people from the Philistines.

Chorus

For in those days
the people were oppressed
their land invaded, their cities occupied,
their elders and their judge afraid!
We cannot afford a confrontation,
we cannot afford reprisals,
we cannot afford
doing anything untoward.

Narrator

And so the child grew, a fresh-faced,
out-door, 'rough-house' sort of boy,
no great thinker, but a strong lad,
very strong!

Chorus

Too strong for his own good!
You mark my words!
He's got a temper with him too!
He'd be one for the army, if we had one!

Narrator

And so he grew a man, proud and fierce,
with a golden mane of hair -
A sunburnt giant with fiery eyes,
feared by men,
adored by the women of the plain.

Chorus

In ev'ry market place
tales were told of Samson!
The meaning of his name is
Man of the Sun.
They called his Samson - The Sun Man.

Did you hear? They say
he can lift a dozen men in each arm!
They say he tore a hungry lion into pieces!
They say he's going to marry a Philistine!
He's going to marry a Philistine!
Did you hear?

That means trouble!
 The Philistines won't like it,
 the Philistines won't like it at all!
 Did you hear?
 The guests at the wedding
 tried to cheat him!
 They say, they got the hussy to betray him!
 They say
 he strangled thirty of them in revenge!
 Did you hear?

That means trouble!
 The Philistines will blame us,
 the Philistines will blame us for it all!

Philistine Official
 We have reports,
 concerning a subject person
 of the tribe of Dan,
 and the killing of thirty men in Ashkelon!
 The person will be found
 and his tribe will pay appropriate reparation!
 So it is ruled by the Lords of the Philistines!

Chorus
 Did you hear? They say
 he burn't the cornfields of the Philistines!
 They say a hundred soldiers
 tried to stop him!
 They say he killed them single handed!
 Did you hear?

Philistine Official
 We have reports,
 concerning the subject person Samson!
 Destruction of Philistine crops!
 Subsequent loss of entire detachment!
 This rebel must be caught at one!
 So it is ruled by the Lords of the Philistines!

Chorus
 This means trouble!
 The Philistines are coming,
 the Philistines are coming with an army!

My Lords! We want no trouble!
 Yes, my Lords, we all know Samson...
 Oh yes my Lords, we'll take you to him!
 We'll apprehend him for you,
 we'll detain him for you,
 we shall bind him for you,
 we'll bind him for you, we'll bind him...
 Here my Lords, here he comes
 Samson your prisoner.

He's free! He's free! He's free!
 Samson's free!

He breaks his bonds like rotten threads!
 One man against an army!
 They're running, they're running,
 the Philistines are running!
 They're falling, they're falling,
 the Philistines are beaten!
 Hail Samson, the slayer of a thousand!
 Hail Samson, defender of the people!
 Hail Samson! Hail Samson!
 Hail Samson! The Sun Man!
 Make him our judge! Samson for judge!
 Now they will have to leave us alone!
 Samson shall be our judge!

Samson
 Judge Samson they call'd me,
 the fighting was done,
 I was expected to rule, settle disputes,
 interpret the law, when all I wanted
 was to be with my woman of the Philistines,
 Delilah, woman of the night, they say,
 you love the thing that will destroy you.
 Delilah, Delilah, I know now they were right!
 But when you are in love the truth annoys.
 Could I not see?
 For now without my eyes I see it clearly!
 First it was my wife in Timnath City,
 a haughty foreign beauty,
 who betray'd me to her countrymen!
 And then Delilah exotic as a desert night!
 Could I not see? Could I not hear
 the voices of the enemy?
 Delilah, woman of the night, I had to love
 the thing that would destroy me.

Chorus
 Delilah, Delilah, we must destroy
 the terrorist, your lover!
 We need your help Delilah,
 will you do it for your people?
 Will you do it? Will you do it?
 For a hundred bags of silver?
 Delilah! We must learn the secret
 of all his pow'r! Delilah!
 We must know the secret of his strength!
 And only you can make him tell!

Samson
 Three times she ask'd my secret, pleading,
 three times I gave her jesting answers,
 three times she was not satisfied!
 But had to have the truth from me,
 with all her dark bewitching skill,
 or scold me 'til I was half demented!
 Soon I told her all!
 It made her happy so I was happy too.
 Beware, Samson! Beware, Samson!

Chorus
 Samson! Beware,
 Samson, beware!

Samson
 As I slept that very night,
 she cut from me the sacred locks!
 My talisman of strength!

Chorus
 Beware Samson!
 Beware! The Philistines upon you!

In the prison yard a giant man
 turns the mill-stones in the morning heat,
 he does not shield his face against the sun,
 he has no eyes.

Official
 Bring out the prisoner! Bring out
 the prisoner from the Tribe of Dan!
 He is to be taken to the Temple of Dagon
 where he is to make sport for the people
 at the great Feast of Dagon!
 So it is ruled by the Lords of the Philistines!

Chorus
 Dagon! Dagon!
 Glory to the Fish God!
 Glory to the Sea King!
 Glory to the great Lord Dagon!
 Here comes Samson!
 Look at him stumbling!
 Why not kill him!
 Come on Samson show us your muscles!
 Show us your muscles strong-man!
 Why not kill him for the glory of Dagon!
 Never trust a woman, Samson!
 Where's your nice long hair?
 You can't see us, you can't see us,
 but we can see you there!
 Make him bow down to Dagon!
 Look at him stumble!
 and fall against the pillars!

Samson
 Oh Lord my God!
 Your foolish servant Samson calls you!
 You, who give and you, who take away,
 restore my strength and in return
 I give my life
 so that the prophecy may be fulfill'd,
 hear me God, and make me strong again!

Chorus
 Look at Samson! What's he doing?
 Standing by the pillars.
 What's he doing?

He is pushing against the pillars!
 Samson's pushing at the pillars!

Samson
 With my enemies let me die!

Chorus
 The temple fell upon the multitude within,
 and in death he slew more
 than he slew in life.
 The setting sun-man
 who would dawn anew and rise,
 a fiery gold in story tellers' skies.
 And rise a fiery gold in story tellers' skies.

I N T E R V A L

KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY



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Carl Orff

The German composer and educationist is best-known for his musical spectacles, of which *Carmina Burana* was the first, and remains the most famous. Graduating from the Munich Academy in 1914, Orff held various posts as Kappelmeister before founding the Guntherschule in 1924. This institution was formed to explore the relationships between music and movement, and specialised in teaching gymnastics, music and dance.

Orff began his series of Schulerwerk pieces, but only gained national prominence after the hiatus of Nazism. In the post-war period, he pioneered the teaching of music by radio, using folksong, rhyme, dance tunes, natural sounds and melodic phrases based on the pentatonic scales of the xylophone - a favoured instrument. His *Music for Kinde* gained him international recognition as a major influence on music teaching, and led to the foundation of the Orff Institute in 1961, for the dissemination of his method.

His composition often reflects the same intention as his teaching: to create a total theatre of music, words and movement, which presents an immediate and overwhelming effect. Despite the elements of exposition of human tragedy or metaphysics within his works, Orff's main point is to create a spectacle. His musico-dramatic style owes much to Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, and *The Wedding*.

In *Carmina Burana*, based on a series of medieval poems, a large place is given to the chorus, while the orchestra, rich in percussion, underlines the choral effect. Simple devices - pedal point and ostinato - are used to create his effects, with in this case are of wild abandon, physical excitement and pagan sensuality. His simple harmonic thinking and driving rhythms avoid the impenetrabilities found in much music of the 20th century, and has ensured that *Carmina Burana* remains one of the most popular of all choral cantatas.

CARMINA BURANA 1937

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

1 O Fortuna

O fortuna, velut luna
statu variabilis, semper crescis
aut decrescis; vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem, potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus, vana salus
semper dissolubilis, obumbrata
et velata michi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum fero tui sceleris.

Fortune, Empress of the World

chorus

O fortune! Like the moon
everchanging, rising first
then declining; hateful life
treats us badly then with kindness,
making sport with our desires,
causing power and poverty alike
to melt like ice.

Dread destiny and empty fate,
an ever turning wheel,
who make adversity and fickle health
alike turn to nothing in the dark
and secretly you work against me;
how through your trickery
my naked back is turned to you unarmed.

Sors salutis et virtutis
 michi nunc contraria,
 est affectus et defectus
 semper in angaria.
 Hac in hora sine mora
 corde pulsum tangite; quod per sortem
 sternit fortem,
 mecum omnes plangite!

2 Fortune plango vulnera

Fortune plango vulnera
 stillantibus ocellis,
 quod sua michi munera
 subtrahit rebellis.
 Verum est, quod legitur
 fronte capillata,
 sed plerumque sequitur
 occasio calvata.

In fortune solio
 sederam elatus,
 prosperitatis vario
 flore coronatus;
 quicquid enim florui
 felix et beatus,
 nunc a summo corruui
 gloria privatus.

Fortune rota volvitur;
 descendo minoratus;
 alter in altum tollitur;
 nimis exultatus
 rex sedet in vertice -
 caveat ruinam!
 Nam sub axe legimus
 Hecubam reginam.

Primo vere

3 Veris leta facies

Veris leta facies
 mundo propinatur, hiemalis acies
 victa iam fugatur,
 in vestitu vario Flora principatur,
 nemorum dulcisono
 que cantu celebratur.

Flore fusus gremio
 Phobus novo more risum dat,
 hoc vario iam stipatur flore.
 Zephyrus nectareo
 spirans in odore;
 certatim pro bravio
 curramus in amore.

Good fortune and strength
 now are turned from me.
 Affection and defeat
 are always on duty.
 Come now, pluck the strings
 without delay; and since by fate
 the strong are overthrown,
 weep ye all with me!

chorus

I lament the wounds that fortune deals
 with tear-filled eyes,
 for returning to the attack
 she takes her gifts from me.
 It is true
 as they say,
 the well-thatched pate
 may soonest lose its hair.

Once on fortune's throne
 I sat exalted,
 crowned with a wreath
 of prosperity's flowers.
 But from my happy,
 flower-decked paradise
 I was struck down
 and stripped of all my glory.

The wheel of fortune turns;
 dishonoured I fall from grace
 and another is raised on high.
 Raised to ever dizzy heights of power
 the king sits in majesty -
 but let him beware his downfall!
 For beneath the axle of fortune's wheel
 behold Queen Hecuba.

Springtime

chorus

The joyful face of spring
 is presented to the world; winter's army
 in conquered and put to flight.
 In colourful dress Flora is arrayed,
 and the woods are sweet
 with birdsong in her praise.

Reclining in Flora's lap
 Phoebus again laughs merrily,
 covered with many coloured flowers.
 Zephyr breathes around
 the scented fragrance;
 eagerly striving for the prize,
 let us compete in love.

Cytharizat cantico
 dulcis Philomena,
 flore rident vario
 prata iam serena;
 salit cetus avium
 silve per amena,
 chorus promit virginum
 iam gaudia millena.

4 Omnia sol temperat

Omnia sol temperat
 purus et subtilis,
 novo mundo reserat
 faciem Aprilis;
 ad amorem properat
 animus herilis,
 et iocundis imperat
 deus puerilis.

Rerum tanta novitas
 in solemnem vere
 et veris auctoritas
 iubet nos gaudere;
 vias prebet solitas,
 et in tuo vere
 fides est et probitas
 tuum retinere.

Ama me fideliter!
 fidem meam nota:
 de corde totaliter
 et ex mente tota
 sum presentialiter
 absens in remota.
 Quisquis amat taliter,
 volvitur in rota.

5 Ecce gratum

Ecce gratum et optatum
 ver reducit gaudia,
 purpuratum floret pratum,
 sol serenat omnia.
 Iam iam cedant tristitia!
 Estas redit, nun recedit
 Hyemis sevitia.

Iam liquescit et decrescit
 grando, nix et cetera;
 bruma fugit, et iam sugit
 ver estatis ubera;
 illi mens est misera,
 qui nec vivit, nec lascivit,
 sub estatis dextera.

Trilling her song
 sweet Philomel is heard,
 and smiling with flowers
 the peaceful meadows lie;
 the flock of wild birds
 rises from the woods;
 the chorus of maidens
 brings a thousand joys.

baritone

All things are tempered by the sun
 so pure and fine.
 In a new world are revealed
 the beauties of April;
 to thoughts of love
 the mind of man is turned,
 and in pleasure's haunts
 the youthful God holds sway.

Nature's great renewal
 in solemn spring
 and spring's example
 bid us rejoice;
 they charge us keep to well-worn paths,
 and in your springtime
 there is virtue and honesty
 in being constant to your lover.

Love me truly!
 Remember my constancy.
 With all my heart
 and all my mind
 I am with you
 even when far away.
 Whoever knows such love
 knows the torture of the wheel.

chorus

Behold the welcome, long-awaited spring,
 which brings back pleasure
 and with crimson flowers adorns the fields.
 The sun brings peace to all around.
 Away with sadness!
 Summer returns, and now departs
 cruel winter.

Melt away and disappear
 hail, ice and snow;
 the mists flee, and spring is fed
 at summer's breast.
 Wretched is the man
 who neither lives nor lusts
 under the summer's spell.

Gloriantur et letantur
in melle dulcedinis, qui conantur,
ut untantur
premi Cupidinis; simus jussu Cypridis
gloriosi et letantes
pare esse Paris.

Uf dem Anger

6 Tanz

7 Floret silva

Floret silva nobilis
floribus et foliis.
Ubi est antiquus
meus amicus?
Hinc equitavit,
eia, quis me amabit?

Floret silva undique,
nach mime gesellen ist mir we.
Gruonet der walt allenthalben,
was ist min geselle also lange?
Der ist geriten hinnen,
owi, wer sol mich minnen?

8 Chramer, gip die varwe mir

Chramer, gip die varwe mir,
die min wengel roete,
damit ich die jungen man
an ir dank der minnenliebe neote.
Seht mich an,
jungen man!
Lat mich iu gefallen!

Minnet, tugentliche man,
minnecliche vrouwen!
Minne tuot iu hoch gemout
unde lat iuch in hohlen eren schouwen.
Seht mich an, etc.

Wol dir, werlt, das du bist
also freudenriche!
Ich wil dir sin undertan
durch din liebe immer sicherliche.
Seht mich an, etc.

9 Reie

Swaz hie gat umbe

Swaz hie gat umbe,
daz sint allez megede,
die wellent an man
alle disen sumer gan.

They taste delight and honeyed sweetness
who strive for and gain
Cupid's reward.
Let us submit to Venus's rule,
and joyful and proud
be equal to Paris.

On the Green

orchestra

chorus

The noble forest
is decked with flowers and leaves.
Where is my old,
my long-lost lover!
He rode away on a horse.
Alas, who will love me now?

The forest all around is in flower,
I long for my lover.
The forest around is in flower,
whence is my lover gone?
He rode away on his horse.
Alas, who will love me now?

soprano solo and chorus

Salesman, give me coloured paint
to paint my cheeks so crimson red,
that I may make these bold young men,
whether they will or no, love me.
Look at me,
young men all!
Am I not well pleasing?

Love, all you right-thinking men,
women worthy to be loved!
Love shall raise your spirits high
and put a spring into your step.
Look at me, etc.

Hail to thee, O world that art
in joy so rich and plenteous!
I will ever be in thy debt
surely for thy goodness' sake!
Look at me, etc.

Round Dance

chorus

They who here go dancing round
are young maidens all
who will go without a man
this whole summer long.

Chume, chum, geselle min

Chume, chum, geselle min,
ih enbite harte din.

Suzer rosenvarwer munt,
chum un mach mich gesunt.

Swaz hie gat umbe

Swaz hie gat umbe, etc.

10 Were diu werlt alle min

Were die werlt alle min
von deme mere unze an dem Rin,
des wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chunegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.

II In Taberna

11 Estuans interius

Estuans interius ira vehementi
in amaritudine loquor mee menti:
factus de materia, cinis elementi,
similis sum folio,
de quo ludunt venti.

Cum sit enim proprium viro sapienti
supra petram ponere sedem fundamenti,
stultus ego comparor fluvio labenti,
sub eodem tramite
nunquam permanenti.

Feror ego veluti sine nauta navis,
ut per vias aeris,
vaga fertur avis;
non me tenent vincula,
non me tenet clavis,
quero mihi similes,
et adiungor pravis.

Mihi cordis gravitas res videtur gravis;
iocus est amabilis
dulciorque favis;
quicquid Venus imperat, labor est suavis,
que nunquam in cordibus habitat ignavis.

Via lata gradior
more iuventutis, inplicor et vitiis,
immemor virtutis,
voluptatis avidus
magis quam salutis, mortuus in anima
curam gero cutis.

chorus

Come, come, dear heart of mine,
I so long have waited for thee.

Sweetest rosy coloured mouth,
come and make me well again.

chorus

They who here go dancing round, etc.

chorus

If the whole world were but mine
from the sea right to the Rhine,
gladly I'd pass it by
if the Queen of England fair
in my arms did lie.

In the Tavern

baritone

Seething inside with boiling rage,
in bitterness I talk to myself.
Made of matter, risen from dust,
I am like a leaf
tossed in play by the winds.

But whereas it befits a wise man
to build his house on a rock,
I, poor fool, am like a meandering river,
never keeping
to the same path.

I drift along like a pilotless ship,
or like an aimless bird,
carried at random through the air.
No chains hold me captive,
no lock holds me fast;
I am looking for those like me,
and I join the depraved.

The burdens of the heart weigh me down;
jesting is pleasant
and sweeter than the honeycomb.
Whatever Venus commands is pleasant toil;
she never dwells in craven hearts.

On the broad highway I wend my way
as is youth's wont, I am caught up in vice
and forgetful of virtue,
caring more for voluptuous pleasure
than for my health; dead in spirit,
I think only of my skin.

12 Olim lacus colueram

Olim lacus colueram,
olim pulcher extiteram -
dum cignus ego fueram.
Miser, miser!
Modo niger
et ustus fortiter!

Girat, regirat garcifer;
me rogus urit fortiter:
propinat me nunc dapifer.
Miser, miser! etc.

Nunc in scutella iaceo,
et volitare nequeo,
dentes fredentes video.
Miser, miser! etc.

13 Ego sum abbas

Ego sum abbas Cucaniensis,
et consilium meum est cum bibulis,
et in secta Decii voluntas mea est,
et qui mane me quesierit
in taberna,
post vesperam nudus egredietur,
et sic denudatus veste clamabit:
Wafna, wafna!
Quid fecisti sors turpissima?
Nostre vite gaudia
abstulisti omnia!
Wafna, wafna!
Ha, ha!

14 In taberna quando sumus

In taberna quando sumus,
non curamus quid sit humus,
sed ad ludum properamus,
cui semper insudamus.
Quid agatur in taberna,
ubi nummus est pincerna,
hoc est opus ut queratur,
si quid loquar, audiat.

Quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,
quidam indiscrete vivunt.
Sed in ludo qui morantur,
ex his quidam denudantur,
quidam ibi vestiuntur,
quidam saccis induuntur.
Ibi nullus timet mortem,
sed pro Bacho mittunt sortem.

Primo pro nummata vini;
ex hac bibunt libertini,
semel bibunt pro captivis,

tenor and bass

Once in the lakes I made my home,
once I dwelt in beauty -
that was when I was a swan.
Alas, poor me!
Now I am black
and roasted to a turn!

On the spit I turn and turn,
the fire roasts me through;
now I am presented at a feast.
Alas, poor me! etc.

Now in a serving dish I lie
and can no longer fly;
gnashing teeth confront me.
Alas, poor me! etc.

baritone solo and male chorus

I am the abbot of Cucany,
and I like to drink with friends.
I belong from choice to the sect of Decius,
and whoever meets me in the morning
at the tavern,
by evening has lost his clothes,
and thus stripped of his clothes cries out:
Wafna, Wafna!
What has thou done, oh, wicked fate?
All the pleasures of this life
thus to take away!
Wafna, Wafna!
Ha, ha!

male chorus

When we are in the tavern
we spare no thought for the grave,
but rush to the gaming tables
where we always sweat and strain.
What goes on in the tavern,
where a coin gets you a drink -
if this is what you would know,
then listen to what I say.

Some men gamble, some men drink,
some indulge in indiscretions.
But of those who stay to gamble,
some lose their clothes,
some win new clothes,
while others put on sack cloth.
There is no one afraid of death,
but for Bacchus plays at games of chance.

First the dice are thrown for wine;
this the libertines drink.
Once they drink to prisoners,

post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,
quater pro Christianis cunctis,
quinquies pro fidelibus defunctis,
sexies pro sororibus vanis,
septies pro militibus silvanis.

Octies pro fratribus perversis,
nonies pro monachis dispersis,
decies pro navigantibus,
undecies pro discordantibus,
duodecies pro penitentibus,
tredecies pro iter agentibus.
Tam pro papa quam pro rege
bibunt omnes sine lege.

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
bibit miles, bibit clerus,
bibit ille, bibit illa,
bibit servus cum ancilla,
bibit velox, bibit piger,
bibit albus, bibit niger,
bibit constans, bibit vagus,
bibit rudis, bibit magus.

Bibit pauper et egrotus,
bibit exul et ignotus,
bibit puer, bibit canus,
bibit presul et decanus,
bibit soror, bibit frater,
bibit anus, bibit mater,
bibit ista, bibit ille,
bibunt centum, bibunt mille.

Parum sexcente nummate
durant, cum immoderate
bibunt omnes sine meta.
Quamvis bibant mente leta,
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes,
et sic erimus egentes.
Qui nos rodunt confundantur
et cum iustis non scribantur.

III Cour d'Amours

15 Amor volat undique

Amor volat undique,
captus est libidine.
Iuvenes, iuvenule
coniunguntur merito.

Siqua sine socio,
caret omni gaudio;
tenet noctis infima
sub intimo
cordis in custodia:
fit res amarissima.

then three times to the living,
four times to all Christians,
five to the faithful departed,
six times to the dissolute sisters,
seven to the bush-rangers.

Eight times to delinquent brothers,
nine to the dispersed monks,
ten times to the navigators,
eleven to those at war,
twelve to the penitent,
thirteen to travellers.
They drink to the Pope and king alike,
all drink without restraint.

The mistress drinks, the master drinks,
the soldier drinks, the man of God,
the man drinks, the woman drinks,
the manservant drinks; the serving maid,
the quick man drinks, the sluggard drinks,
the white man and the black man drink,
the steady man; the wanderer drinks,
the simpleton drinks, the wiseman drinks.

The poor man drinks, the sick man drinks,
the exile drinks and the unknown,
the boy drinks, the old man drinks,
the bishop drinks and the deacon,
sister drinks and brother drinks,
the old crone drinks, the mother drinks,
this one drinks, that one drinks,
a hundred drink, a thousand drink.

Six hundred coins are not enough
when all these drink too much,
and without restraint.
Although they drink cheerfully,
many people censure us,
and we shall always be short of money.
May our cries be confounded
and never be numbered among the just.

Court of Love

soprano and chorus

Love flies everywhere
and is seized by desire.
Young men and women
are matched together.

If a girl lacks a partner,
she misses all the fun;
in the depths
of her heart
is darkest night:
it is a bitter fate.

16 Dies, nox et omnia

Dies, nox et omnia
mihi sunt contraria,
virginum colloquia
me fay planszer,
oy suvenz suspirer,
plu me fay temer.

O sodales, ludite,
vos qui scitis dicite,
michi mesto parcite,
grand ey dolur,
attamen consulite
per voster honur.

Tua pulchra facies,
me fey planszer milies,
pectus habet glacies,
a remender
statim vivus fierem
per un baser.

17 Stetit puella

Stetit puella rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit. Eia, eia.

Stetit puella, tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit,
os eius floruit. Eia, eia.

18 Circa mea pectora

Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me redunt misere.
Manda liet, manda leit,
min geselle chumet niet.

Tui lucent oculi sicut solis radii,
sicut splendor fulguris
lucem donat tenebris.
Manda liet, etc.

Vellet deus, vellent dii
quod mente proposui:
ut eius virginea reserassem vincula.
Manda liet, etc.

19 Veni, veni, venias

Veni, veni, venias
ne me mori facias,
hyrca, hyrca, nazaza,
trillirivos ...

baritone

Day, night and all the world
are against me,
the sound of maidens' voices
makes me weep.
I often hear sighing,
and it makes me more afraid.

O friends, be merry,
say what you will,
but have mercy on me, a sad man,
for great is my sorrow,
yet give me counsel
for the sake of your honour.

Your lovely face
makes me weep a thousand tears
because your heart is of ice,
but I would be restored
at once to life
by one single kiss.

soprano

There stood a young girl in a red tunic;
if anyone touched her,
her tunic rustled. Heigho, heigho.

There stood a girl fair as a rose;
her face was radiant,
her mouth like a flower. Heigho, heigho.

baritone and chorus

My breast
is filled with sighing
for your loveliness,
and I suffer grievously.
Manda liet, manda liet,
my sweetheart comes not.

Your eyes shine like sunlight,
like the splendour of lightning
in the night.
Manda liet, etc.

May God grant, may the Gods permit
the plan I have in mind:
to undo the bonds of her virginity.
Manda liet, etc.

double chorus

Come, come, pray come,
do not let me die,
hyrca, hyrca, nazaza,
trillirivos ...

Pulchra tibi facies,
oculorum acies,
capillorum series,
oh, quam clara species!

Rosa rubicundior,
lilio candidior,
ominibus formosior,
semper in te glorior!

20 In trutina

In trutina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
Sed eligo quod video,
collum iugo prebeo;
ad iugum tamen suave transeo.

21 Tempus est iocundum

Tempus est iocundum,
O virgines; modo congaudete,
vos iuvenes.
Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo,
iam amore virginali totus ardeo,
novus, novus amor est, quo pereor.

Mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat negatio.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Tempore brumali
vir patiens,
animo vernali lasciviens.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Mea mecum ludit virginitas,
mea me detrudit
simplicitas.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Veni, domicella, cum gaudio,
veni, veni, pulchra,
iam pereor.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

23 Dulcissime

Dulcissime, ah, totam tibi subdo me!

Lovely is your face,
the glance of your eyes,
the braids of your hair,
oh, how beautiful you are!

Redder than the rose,
whiter than the lily,
comelier than the rest;
always I shall glory in you.

soprano

In the scales
of my wavering indecision
physical love and chastity are weighed.
But I choose what I see,
I bow my head in submission
and take on the yoke which is after all sweet.

soprano, baritone and chorus

Pleasant is the season,
O maidens; now rejoice together,
young men.
Oh, oh, oh, I blossom,
now with pure love I am on fire!
This love is new, new of which I perish.

My love brings me comfort
when she makes promises,
but makes me distraught with her refusal.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

In the winter time
the man is lazy,
in the spring he will turn amorous.
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

My chastity teases me,
but my innocence
holds me back!
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

Come, my darling, come with joy,
come, my beauty,
for already I die!
Oh, oh, oh, etc.

soprano

Sweetest boy, ah, I give my all to you!

Blanziflor et Helena

24 Ave formosissima

Ave formosissima
gemma pretiosa,
ave decus virginum,
virgo gloriosa,
ave mundi luminar,
ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflor et Helena,
Venus generosa.

chorus

Hail to thee, most lovely,
most precious jewel,
hail, pride of virgins,
most glorious virgin!
Hail, light of the world,
hail, rose of the world!
Blanziflor and Helena,
noble Venus, hail!

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

25 O Fortuna

O fortuna,
velut luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem,
egestatem,
potestatem
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Fortune, Empress of the World

choir

O fortune!
Like the moon
everchanging,
rising first
then declining;
hateful life
treats us badly
then with kindness,
making sport with our desires,
causing power
and poverty alike
to melt like ice.

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BIOGRAPHIES

(Please note: **Simon Preece** is indisposed)

Geoff Davidson - Baritone - is one of Scotland's most distinguished baritones. He studied at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music, where he took part in master classes by Peter Pears and Adrian Boult. His versatile career thereafter has included the premieres of many contemporary works on Radio 3 and he is a regular Star Singer on Radio 2's *Friday Night is Music Night*. He was a member of the BBC Singers for seven years and his solo concert work, embracing an astonishing variety of styles from Monteverdi to Berio, has taken him to all the major music capitals in Europe and to the Ukraine, Canada and the USA.

He made his solo Proms debut with Tamas Vasary and Peter Frankl in Brahms' *Liebeslieder*, a work he later recorded on CD with Jane Glover. Other CDs include works by Stainer and Schubert. His next release will be *The Art of Robert Burns* with the Musicians of Edinburgh.

Future engagements include concerts in Scandinavia, Finland, Estonia and Germany, and in 1999 he will be singing works by Bach in Paris, Vienna and Los Angeles.

Philip Ball - Tenor - originates from Bath. A former Electronics Engineer, he studied at the Royal Academy of Music with Constance Shacklock and Joy Mammen before beginning his singing career in France, first at Nancy, then Paris Opera houses.

Following his performance in the role of Luigi in Puccini's *Il Tabarro* with Opera Scenario, in 1988, he returned to London, and was soon in demand as a concert soloist. He is now a regular soloist with many of the country's choral societies, recent performances including Bach's *B Minor Mass* in Middlesex, and a gala evening with in Staffordshire.

He joined the English National Opera in 1992, and has sung roles in numerous productions including *La Bohème*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and, as understudy, sang the role of Pong in a performance of *Turandot*.

His performance tonight is by kind permission of the English National Opera.

Gweneth-Ann Jeffers - Soprano - is a graduate of the University of Exeter. She made her professional debut in the role of Cindy Lou in the acclaimed production of *Carmen Jones*, at the Old Vic. Other operatic roles include Dido, in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Despina, and Madame Popova.

Gweneth performs a wide variety of works on the recital and concert circuit, covering a repertoire from Baroque to Contemporary music.

Robin Page - Conductor - is based in London where he is the Principal Conductor and Musical Director of Thames Sinfonia, the Thames Symphony Orchestra, the Purcell Orchestra and the Kingston Choral Society. He has also worked with the London Symphony Orchestra Chorus and has made many appearances at the Royal Academy of Music, London, as a conductor and lecturer specialising in the contemporary repertoire and Scandinavian music.

Robin specialises in the Nordic repertoire, giving acclaimed performances of Sibelius and Nielsen symphonies, and conducting the inaugural concert of the UK Sibelius Society in London. He has also given first UK performances of many Swedish works, including such names as Stenhammar, Rosenberg, Lidholm and Bortz. Recently, Robin travelled to Sweden as guest conductor with the Sundsvalls Kammarorkester. Robin has strong links with the Baltic States.

As guest conductor to the Estonian State Symphony Orchestra he gave the first Estonian performance and broadcast of the Elgar Enigma Variations. He has also performed and broadcast in Poland and Hungary. For many years Robin was principal conductor of the Birmingham Philharmonic Orchestra, and he has also conducted the Halle Choir, Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra and the West Sussex Philharmonic Choir, where he is musical director. He has given broadcasts on BBC Radio 3 and with the BBC Ulster Orchestra, and has also appeared on BBC Television.

Robin studied at Magdalen College School, Oxford, Cambridge University and the Royal Academy of Music, London, and is a visiting lecturer at Kingston University.

KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY

Kingston Choral Society has been making music in Kingston for fifty years and this season celebrates its Golden Jubilee. The Society has its origins in 1948 when the then Mayor of Surbiton gathered local church choirs together to sing *Messiah*. A nucleus of these singers stayed together and became "Surbiton Oratorio Society", soon earning a reputation for concerts of a high standard. By 1985, the choir had become more closely involved with the Royal Borough of Kingston upon Thames and adopted a new name - Kingston Choral Society.

The choir has about one hundred singers and has retained a reputation for high quality music making. The Society performs a wide range of music, from Bach to Gershwin and, under the guidance of Robin Page, is not afraid of taking on ambitious projects. Over the past few years, Kingston Choral Society has sung works in old Czech, mediaeval Swedish and, most recently, Russian (Borodin, *Prince Igor* and Prokofiev, *Alexander Nevsky*). But, interspersed with these less well known works, the Society also enjoys singing the more familiar favourites of the choral repertoire and in recent years has performed Bach's *B Minor Mass*, Brahms' *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

The choir will conclude its Golden Jubilee season with performances, with organ, of the Fauré *Requiem* and Vivaldi's *Gloria* in St Agatha's Church, King's Road, Kingston at 7.30pm on 27 June. Looking ahead to next year's season, the first concert on 14 November includes three favourites from the baroque repertoire, Charpentier's *Messe de Minuit*, C P E Bach's *Magnificat* and Monteverdi's *Beatus Vir*. Moving ahead, on 12 December the Society will celebrate "A Mediaeval Christmas" with a varied selection of seasonal music with a mediaeval theme. Further details of these concerts will be available nearer the time from the box office on 0181-977-8665. If you become a Friend of Kingston Choral Society we will send you advance notification of all our concerts. If you are interested, please find further details on page one of this programme.

The Society's membership is drawn from a wide area of South West London and North Surrey. New members are always welcome. In addition to the four concerts that it performs in Kingston Parish Church each year and weekly rehearsals on Thursday evenings at Hollyfield School, Surbiton Hill Road, Surbiton, from 7.45-10.00 pm (term time only), the Society holds regular social and fund raising events and occasional workshops of well known works. If you are interested we look forward to hearing from you. Please feel free to talk to members of the choir in the interval or at the end of the concert or, alternatively, contact the Membership Secretary on 0181-398-3545 for further information.

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR

Soprano - Liz Airey, Ann Allen, Felicity Bedford, Carole Boothman, Julie Cooper, Christina Cox, Jacqueline Cox, Elizabeth Cronin, Shirley Davenport, Catherine Edge, Avril Elson, Wendy Faulkner, Alison Green, Marigold Haworth, Valerie Hodgson, Gillian Holdsworth, Blanca Ilionova, Margaret Jephcott, Pat Keep, Nora Lack, Tina Leach, Elaine Mackie, Valerie Moeri, Heather Naylor, Tricia Nicholls, Ruth Rees, Mary Reid, Jackie Rhodes, Amy Robinson, Elizabeth Salzman, Julia Siberry, Sarah Stokes, Ruth Stroud, Roshni Thoppil, Marion Thorpe, Jackie Thurston, Annie Vitalis Brun, Rosemary Yarde Leavett.

Alto - Matilda Akerberg, Maggie Baker, Elizabeth Bawdon, Alex Benoy, Sharon Berry, Gina Broderick, Susan Brodie, Gene Butt, Mary Catlow, Clare Clark, Jane Clift, Louise Connor, Margaret Crocker, Anna Cronin, Astrid Davies, Fiona de Quidt, Antionette de Souza, Pam Deacon, Madeline Dunington, Elisabeth Finch, Daphne Hall, Dee Hipwell, Christine Hogh, Olive Jahn, Ruth Knight, Halcyon Leonard, Sarah Lunt, Barbara Mack, Anneliese Mackenzie, Pat McCarthy, Anne May, Chrissie Melhuish, Anne Miller, Audrey Mills, Sarah Moreton, Christine Norgate, June Pearson, Pam Pocock, Lucinda Randolph, Heather Rooke, Madi Schmidt, Elizabeth Siberry, Heather Smith, Jill Telfer, Lucy Thomas, Remke Verzee, Vanessa Welling.

Tenor - Jim Addington, Richard Clift, Norman Clothier, Martin Corry, John Cracknell, Izzy Hackett, Martin Evans, Wesley Johnson, Paul Mummery, Roderic Pearson, Roger Price, Richard Siberry, Ian Smith, Chris Stotesbury, David Todd, John Whitnall.

Bass - Stephen Ali, John Bassett, Dominique Bastien, David Bilson, Paul Bleasby, Alan Brough, Paul Chambers, Adam Christie, Bill Cox, Tony Cunningham, Denis Down, David Ferguson, Denis Gibb, Michael Hope, Tim Jones, Graham Lavers, Hermann Maier, Tom Rees, Robert Tate, Roger Ward, Benedict Young.

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