



dona nobis pacem

music of war, peace and reconciliation

conductor

Simon Lee

baritone

Robin Crinson

piano

Alison Gill

George Butterworth

A Shropshire Lad

Lili Boulanger

For a Soldier Burial

Clément Jannequin

La Guerre

Zachary Wadsworth

War -Dreams

Saturday 18 November

2023

7.30 pm

Saint James's

**United Reformed
Church**

Northumberland Road

NE1 8JF

(near City Hall)



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Welcome

Welcome to the first concert of our 23/24 season! As ever, Cappella is aiming to present a programme of concerts which is varied and exciting, mixing old favourites with repertoire with which you might not be familiar. Tonight, we take a theme which is potentially challenging, especially with the ongoing conflicts in Ukraine, Israel-Palestine and other places in our world. In a world which is increasingly torn apart by differences, we need to reach out to other nations, other cultures, to anyone who is unlike ourselves so that we can celebrate that which we hold in common, that is, our humanity.

It is this humanity which provides the backbone for our concert tonight. In the depths of the horrors of war, we find moments of comradeship, of love, of dreams of home and visions of heaven. At its crux though, this concert calls for peace, an idea we hope that you will engage with and take out into the wider world.

It is a great pleasure to welcome our second conducting scholar Eimear Hurley who makes her debut with the choir this evening. We are also joined by pianist Alison Gill and bass Robin Crinson.

We hope that you enjoy the concert.

Simon Lee

Musical Director

PROGRAMME

Clément Jannequin - *La Guerre*

John Rutter - from *Five Traditional Songs*

- *The girl I left behind me*
- *The British Grenadiers*

Orlando Gibbons - *Te Deum (short service)*

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry - from *Songs of Farewell*

- *My soul, there is a country*
- *Never weather beaten sail*

George Butterworth - *A Shropshire Lad* (cycle for baritone solo and piano)

- *Loveliest of trees*
- *When I was one and twenty*
- *Look not into my eyes*
- *Think no more, lad*
- *The lads in their hundreds*
- *Is my team ploughing?*

Moses Hogan - *The Battle of Jericho*

INTERVAL

William Byrd - *Ne irascaris*

Zachary Wadsworth - *War Dreams*

Lili Boulanger - *For a Soldier Burial*

Amy Beach - *My Peace, I Leave You*

Maurice Duruflé - *Ubi caritas*

Ivor Novello, arr. Lee - *Keep the Home-Fires Burning*

Johann Sebastian Bach - *B minor Mass - Dona nobis pacem*

Please join us for light refreshments in the Church Hall after the concert

Clément Jannequin - *La Guerre*

Born in Châtellerauld, in modern-day Nouvelle-Aquitaine, Clément Jannequin's compositions were, and still are, famed for their programmatic nature. Unlike many of his peers, he never held a major church or court position; indeed he was ordained a priest in his late thirties!

La Guerre recalls the French King Francis I's victory over Swiss mercenary forces employed by the Duke of Milan in 1515. Within the music, listen out for the various trumpet calls, the fizz of arrows flying past, the knock of swords clashing before a final cry of "victoire" – albeit with period French pronunciation; though we're not sure we'd pass muster in our GCSE speaking test!

Escoutez tous, gentilz Galloys,
La victoire du noble roy François.
Et orez, (si bien escoutez)
Des coups ruez de tous costez.

Listen, all good Frenchmen,
To the victory of the noble King François.
And you'll hear, if you listen well,
Blows rained down from all sides.

Phifres soufflez, frappez tambours,
Soufflez, jouez, sonnez toujours,
Tournez, virez, faictes vos tours,
Soufflez, jouez, sonnez toujours.

Blow the fifes, strike the drums,
Blow, play, keep sounding them,
Turn and spin, make your turns,
Blow, play, keep sounding them.

Avanturiers, bons compagnons,
Ensemble croisez vos bastons.
Bendez soudain, gentilz Gascons,
Hacquebutiers faictes vos sons.

Soldiers, good comrades,
Cross your sticks together.
Muster quickly, noble Gascons.
Gunnners, sound your blasts.

Nobles, sautez dans les arçons,
Armes bouclez, frisques mignons,
La lance au poing, Hardiz et promptz
comme lyons.

Noblemen, jump in your saddles,
Buckle your weapons, you fine fellows,
Lance in fist, brave and swift
as lions.

Donnez dedans, frappez dedans,
Soyez hardiz en joye mis.

Go to, strike them,
Be bold, be joyful.

Chacun s'assaisonne,
La fleur de lys, Fleur de hault pris
Y est en personne.
Suivez François, le roy François.

Let each man ready himself,
The Fleur de Lis, most highly prized flower.
Is here in person.
Follow François, follow King François.

Alarme, alarme, alarme.
Sonnez trompettes et clarons
Pour resjouyr les compagnons.

Sound the alarm!
Sound the trumpets and bugles
To cheer our comrades.

Clément Jannequin - *La Guerre cont'd*

Boutez selle, boutez selle
Gens d'armes a cheval,
Tost a l'estandart avant avant

Saddle up,
to your horses, cavalrymen,
Quick, rally to the standard! Forward,
forward!

Bruyez bombardes et canons,
Tonnez gros courtaux at faulcons
Pour secourir les compaignons

Roar, bombards and cannons
Thunder, cannons great and small
To support our comrades

Von pa ti pa toc, von pa ti pa toc
Von von pa ti pa toc pa ti pa toc

(horses' hooves begin cavalry charge)

Ta ri ra ri ra ri ra reyne
Ta ri ra ri ra ri ra la la la, la ri la ron
Poin poin poin poin
Pon pon pon pon
Masse, ducque! France couraige!
Donnez des horions.

(bugle call to sound the charge)

(sound of blows in close combat)

Regroup, Duke, take courage, France!
Deal them mighty blows.

Pa ti pa tac pa ti pa tac
Trique trac pa ti pa tac
chipe chope torche lorgne
Trique trique licque licque
Tue tue serre serre
A mort, a mort, couraige prenez.
Frappez, tuez,
Gentilz gallans soyez vaillans.

(sound of cavalry charge gathering pace)

Corner them, catch them, swipe, stare
them down, kill them, crush them
Kill, kill, close ranks,
Death to them, take courage.
Smite them, kill them,
Noble gentlemen, have courage.

Herre herre herre herre
Zin zin trique trac
A l'arme choc
Frappez dessus, ruez dessus
Fers emoluz chiques dessus.
Ils sont en fuite, ils monstrent les
talons
Couraige compaignons, donnez des
horions.

*(sound of battle cries, flying artillery and
horses' hooves)*

Go to, strike them, fall upon them
Finely honed blades slice through.
They're running away, they're showing
their heels,
Take courage, men, deal them mighty
blows.

Clément Jannequin - *La Guerre cont'd*

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|--|---|
| Tous gentilz compaignons, Ils sont confuz, ils sont perduz. Prenez courage. <i>Escampe! Toute frelore, tintelore.</i> Après prenez, suyvez, frappez, tuez, Donnez dessus frappez dessus. Ils sont deffaictz choc choc choc <i>Escampe! Toute frelore, bigot, escampe</i> Victoire au noble roy François! <i>Toute frelore, bigot.</i> | Noble comrades, They're done for, they're lost. Take courage. <i>Run away! All is lost, all is lost.</i> Pursue, follow through, smite, kill, Go to, strike them. They're undone (<i>sound of blows</i>) <i>Run away! All is lost, By God, run away!</i> Victory to the noble King François! <i>All is lost, By God.</i> |
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John Rutter - from *Five Traditional Songs*

John Rutter is undoubtedly one of the foremost British composers working today. He has published a huge catalogue of both original compositions and arrangements. Whilst he does work with instrumental forces, he is mainly known for his choral compositions. This evening, we are singing two of his *Five Traditional Songs*.

The text of *The Girl I Left Behind Me* originally dates back to the reign of Elizabeth I, although, as with many songs of this age, it has evolved in the centuries since its first publication in Dublin in 1794. The text which Rutter sets hails from the US regular army who started singing it around 1812 and tells the story of a young soldier remembering his love who he left at home. Rutter sets this for five voices with an energetic um-pah accompaniment.

The British Grenadiers dates back to the 17th Century, and is still in use as a quick march for the Royal Artillery amongst various other regimental units. In this arrangement the singers approach through the mist before breaking into their song. The "loupéd clothes" refers to the bands of lace which distinguished early grenadiers. The glacis is the bank below a fort's defensive walls which exposes the attackers to projectile bombardment.

The Girl I left behind me

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|--|--|
| I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill, And over the moorland sedgy, Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, Since parting from my Sally. I seek no more the fine and gay, For each just does remind me How sweet the hours I passed away, With the girl I left behind me. | O ne'er shall I forget that night, The stars were bright above me, And gently lent their silvery light When first she vowed to love me. But now I'm bound to Brighton camp - Kind heaven then pray guide me, And send me safely back again, To the girl I left behind me. |
|--|--|

The Girl I left behind me cont'd

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, her heavenly face,
That leaves my heart still pining.
Ye gods above oh hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to find me,
And send me safely back again,
to the girl I left behind me.

The British Grenadiers

Some talk of Alexander,
and some of Hercules
Of Hector and Lysander,
and such great names as these
But of all the world's great heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow, row row 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 , row row row
For 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 row row
For the British Grenadiers.

Orlando Gibbons - *Te Deum* (short service)

The *Te Deum* is sung regularly today as part of the Matins service within the Anglican tradition. Historically, it is a hymn of thanksgiving, drawing the text at its bookends from the Psalms of David. These surround a profession of faith and thanksgiving, which was the reason this hymn was sung at royal births and baptisms and also in advance of battle in hope of victory, hence its inclusion this evening. This particular setting was composed by Gibbons as part of his *Short Service* which also included a *Venite*, *Benedictus*, *Kyrie*, *Creed*, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*. Gibbons was organist of King's College Chapel, Cambridge and then organist of the

Chapels Royal under James 1 and it is likely that the *Short Service* was written to be performed there. It is a particularly tuneful setting and was one of the most popular of its day.

Orlando Gibbons - *Te Deum* (short service)

Praise to the Trinity

We praise thee, O God: we knowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens and all the powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth knowledge Thee;

The Father of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true, and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Praise of Christ

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou took'st upon Thee to deliver man: Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting.

Prayers

O Lord, save Thy people: and bless Thine heritage.

Govern them and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify Thee; and we worship Thy Name, ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry - from *Songs of Farewell*

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry had lived through many wars by the time his own life was drawing to a close in 1918. The six Songs of Farewell were written in the last years of his life, during a time when he was suffering from regular attacks of angina and were a personal reflection on the composer's faith and his vision of heaven. They were premiered in the spring of 1919 and have since been associated with the return to normality after the First World War.

The opening song of the set, *My soul, there is a country*, sets a positive vision of heaven, one beyond the toils of and tribulations of the mortal world. The choir, divided into four parts, ebbs and flows through Henry Vaughan's text until a final declaration of faith: "none can thee secure but one who never changes, Thy God, Thy life, Thy cure."

Never weather-beaten sail takes words of Thomas Campion and speaks of the longing of the earthly soul for heaven; Parry weaves the five voices into long legato lines to highlight this idea. In two verses, the tiredness of the weary pilgrim is contrasted with the 'ever blooming joys! of heaven. Each verse finishes with a prayer to bring the performer's soul to rest.

My soul, there is a country

words by **Henry Vaughan**

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Never weather-beaten sail

words by **Thomas Campion**

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

George Butterworth - *A Shropshire Lad* (cycle for baritone solo and piano)

Six poems from **Alfred Edward Houseman's** collection *A Shropshire Lad*

Butterworth, like his close university-friend Ralph Vaughan Williams, was a proponent of the movement to record and collect folksongs at the start of the 20th Century. As well as being an excellent pianist and organist, he was a professional Morris dancer. Over a period of several years, he set eleven of Houseman's poems, firstly in *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad* and subsequently in *Bredon Hill* and *Other Songs*. Whilst not set to original folk melodies, the influence of the folksongs which Butterworth had collected is clear in the themes of the songs.

At the outbreak of the First World War, Butterworth signed up as a private, but then accepted a commission as a subaltern in the Durham Light Infantry. His letters home talk of the admiration he had for the miners who served in his platoon. He was awarded the Military Cross for his service as part of an action in August 1916 but was shot by a sniper at the peak of the Battle of the Somme before he could be presented with it. His body, buried hastily at the time of his death, was never recovered.

Loveliest of trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I Perish?
Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Think no more, lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

The lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Is my team ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Moses Hogan - *The Battle of Jericho*

In this fast and intense arrangement, Moses Hogan captures the adrenaline rush of a battle. In the biblical story the city of Jericho was under siege; for six days Joshua and his army walked around the city blowing their trumpets until the walls fell down. Driving the arrangement is an ostinato in the lower voices, over which the triadic harmony of the sopranos and altos sails out. The intensity increases until the last chorus when a solo soprano becomes the loud clarion blast which brings the walls a-tumbling down and the first half of the concert to a close.

Joshua fit the battle, the battle of Jericho
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho and the walls come tumbalin' down

Talk about your kings of Gideon,
Talk about your men of Saul,
But none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho.

That mornin Joshua fit the battle of Jericho,
Joshua fit the battle of Jericho and the walls come tumbalin' down

Right up to the walls of Jericho
He marched with spear in hand,
"Go blow that ram horn," Joshua cried,
"Cause the battle am in my hand."

God almighty then the lamb ram sheep horns begin to blow,
And the trumpet begins to sound,
Joshua commanded the children to shout!
And the walls come a tumbalin' down.

Oh Lord, you know that Joshua fit the battle, the battle of Jericho
Joshua fit the battle, the battle of Jericho
The walls come tumbalin' down

INTERVAL

William Byrd - *Ne irascaris*

Over the course of the last year, Cappella has celebrated the 400th anniversary of the death of William Byrd by programming a variety of his works both sacred and secular. However, we may have saved the best for the last in this jewel of a motet, one of Byrd's most wistful and longing compositions. In it, his aching for peace in the turbulent times in which he was living is clear – moments of mellifluous polyphony are interspersed by homophonic statements of clarity, most notably at “Sion deserta facta est”. The ending echoes the ending of the Lamentations of Byrd's friend and mentor, Thomas Tallis.

Ne irascaris Domine satis
Et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis nostrae
Ecce respice populus tuus omnes nos

Civitas sancti tui facta est deserta
Sion deserta facta est
Jerusalem desolata est

Do not be angry beyond measure, Lord;
do not remember our sins forever. Look
on us, we pray, for we are all your
people.

Your sacred cities have become a waste-
land; even Zion is a wasteland, Jerusalem
a desolation

Zachary Wadsworth - *War Dreams*

American composer Zachary Wadsworth takes Byrd's motet which you have just heard as the starting point for his motet *War Dreams*. He combines it with the poetry of Walt Whitman, who had served as a stretcher-bearer and attendant during the American Civil War. The horrors of the battlefield are underlined by a bass pedal echoing the drudging footfalls of the soldiers. This vision of death and destruction is interrupted by a repeated phrase, “I dream” which morphs into Byrd's serene motet. The music shifts back and forth with the bodies of no-man's land calling the listener back to the harsh reality, even in distant memory. Wadsworth accentuates this unsettledness at the key point of Byrd's writing, “Sion is wasted”, by adding the same bass discordant pedal under the tranquillity of the G major chord in the upper voices. The original music surfaces once more before fading away, as in a dream.

In midnight sleep, of many a face of anguish,
Of the look at first of the mortally wounded--of that indescribable look;
Of the dead on their backs, with arms extended wide,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

Bow thine ear, O Lord, and hear us:

Of scenes of nature, fields and mountains;
Of skies, so beauteous after a storm--and at night the moon so unearthly bright,
Shining sweetly, shining down, where we dig the trenches and gather the heaps,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

Sion is wasted and brought low,
Jerusalem desolate and void.

Zachary Wadsworth - *War Dreams cont'd*

Long, long have they pass'd - faces and trenches and fields;
Where through the carnage I moved with a callous composure--or away
from the fallen,
Onward I sped at the time - But now of their forms at night,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

Let thine anger cease from us.

Lili Boulanger *For a Soldier Burial*

English version **Frederick H Martens**

The Boulanger sisters, Nadia and Lili were noted performers, educators and composers who pioneered the way for women musicians at the start of the 20th Century. Lili, the younger of the two, displays a beautiful lyricism in her music which she described as part of the Symbolism movement. The influences of the previous generation of impressionist composers is clear in her writing. Composed around 1912, this work recalls the burial of a captain by his troop of soldiers. Throughout the piece the distant thudding of the heavy artillery is heard in the left hand of the piano, and the choir is joined by a baritone soloist who sings the text from poet and dramatist Alfred de Musset's *La Coupe et les Lèvres*. The ending of the piece pre-empt's Gustav Holst's ghostly "Saturn" from *The Planets* composed some five years later with a seraphic entry by the upper voices.

Hush, hush the muffled drums, let the priest take his station,
On your knees, comrades all, silent, for this consecration!
Hark, while for him they're saying the pray'rs for the dead!

To his tomb, we, his men, are bearing now our captain.
As a soldier he died, for his lov'd homeland falling.
God taketh now his soul, his body those he led.

Lying on drap'ries purple, and clouds with warm glows merging,
When through the skies they drive, the tempest's breath them urging,
Are resting warriors bold in golden mail array'd.

Lean down, thou noble heart, o'er these hills verdure-shielded
And watch your comrades break the blades that they have wielded,
Casting them on the cold ground, where thy clay has been laid!

Let the priest take his station. Keep silence!
Hark, while for him they're saying the pray'rs for the dead!

Amy Beach *Peace I leave with you*

Amy Beach's music is becoming more widely known at the moment, and for good reason. Her career developed from being a prodigy pianist into an accomplished composer who was influenced by the late-Romanticism of her male peers such as Brahms. This miniature, lasting barely two minutes, takes text from St John's Gospel and leads us into the final part of our programme: reconciliation.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled.

Maurice Duruflé *Ubi Caritas*

Duruflé's oeuvres are limited in number, limited by his perfectionism. This motet is one of four and displays the French organist's penchant for using plainsong as the starting point for his compositions. The lower voices of the choir support the altos in the first iteration of the melody before being joined by the sopranos. The opening text returns to conclude the piece and the meter unwinds into a melismatic, "Amen".

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.
Exultemus et in ipso jucundemur.
Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum.
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.
Amen.

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Love of Christ has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice in Him and be glad.
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.
And from a sincere heart let us love one.
Amen.

Ivor Novello, arr. Simon Lee - *Keep the Home-Fires Burning*

This song became extremely popular in 1914 when the relatively unknown Ivor Novello collaborated with Lena Guilbert Ford. Whilst Novello survived the war and became one of the most celebrated British entertainers of his time, Ford was killed during a German air raid on her home in Maida Vale in 1918, very close to the end of the war. The beautiful melody is characteristic of Novello, capturing the sombre mood of the text in a simple and elegant fashion. You are invited to join us, when directed, in the singing of the last chorus.

Ivor Novello, arr. Lee - *Keep the Home-Fires Burning*

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|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| They were summoned from the hillside | Keep the Home Fires Burning, |
| They were called in from the glen, | While your hearts are yearning, |
| And the country found them ready | Though your lads are far away |
| At the stirring call for men. | They dream of home. |
| Let no tears add to their hardships | There's a silver lining |
| As the soldiers pass along, | Through the dark clouds shining, |
| And although your heart is breaking | Turn the dark cloud inside out |
| Make it sing this cheery song | 'Til the boys come home. |

The musical score is written on three staves in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Keep the home fires burn - ing, While your hearts are yearn - ing, Though your lads are far a - way, They dream of Home; There's a sil-ver lin - ing Through the dark clouds shin - ing Turn the dark cloud in - side out, 'Till the boys come Home." There are some handwritten marks in the score, including a checkmark above the word "shin" and a small 'v' above the word "sing".

Johann Sebastian Bach - *Mass in B minor- Dona nobis pacem*

And so we come to the close of our concert, and to the crux of its theme. War still tears our world apart, people are forced away from their homes, family life is disrupted. This final piece, the finale to Bach's epic Mass in B minor, serves as a call to all to strive for peace, whatever their belief, heritage or history.

Dona nobis pacem

give us peace.

Please join us for light refreshments in the Church Hall after the concert.

Jessica Curry *The Durham Hymns : Kiss the Bairns* words by **Carol Ann Duffy**

<http://www.jessicacurry.co.uk/the-durham-hymns/>

Joseph Furness wrote the following letter in June 1915 when the 10th Battalion DLI first went into action on the Western Front. It was sent home to Joseph's widow in South Church, Bishop Auckland, after his death on 13 October 1915. (A copy is now preserved in Durham County Record Office, ref. D/DLI 7/236/1)

"To my Dear Wife,

I don't want you to receive this letter but, in case you do receive it, you will know that it is the last letter I shall ever write to anyone on this earth, because it will only be posted in the event of my death.

I am awfully sorry to have to leave you like this, Dearie, buried away in a foreign land. I am also sorry to be the means of causing you pain. The only request I have to make under the circumstances is that you don't grieve too much about me. And my last wish is that you marry again if you find anyone you think worthy of taking my place. You are still quite young and it would be a shame to spoil your life simply for a memory. I am not asking you to forget me wholly but just enough to enable you to take a grip on life and to enjoy it as you deserve to do.

If Jack or Barney get safely back they will let you know where I am buried and how I died but there is one thing you may rest easy in the knowledge that I died as bravely as any of them with my face to the foe. For I am not at all afraid to die if my turn has come.

Dad will see to affairs for you because I wrote to him before I came away telling him exactly how affairs stood.

You might kiss the bairns good-bye for me and say good-bye to Mother, Dad and other relations of ours.

With a fond good-bye to you, Dearie.

From your ever loving husband, hoping that we shall meet in the world to come.
Joe"

Furness, J., CSM, 1915 – North East War Memorials Project

<http://www.newmp.org.uk/article.php?categoryid=99&articleid=1269&displayorder=160>

Simon Lee



Simon Lee holds a Master of Music degree in Choral Conducting from Yale University and the Yale Institute of Sacred Music where he studied under the tutelage of Marguerite L. Brooks, Jeffrey Douma and David Hill. During his time in Connecticut, he was conductor of the Marquand Chapel Choir at Yale Divinity School, the Morse Chorale and temporarily the Director of Music at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New Haven. In 2017, he was a semi-finalist in the American Choral Directors' Association's national Graduate Conducting Competition.

Born and raised in the northwest of England, Simon began his musical career as a chorister at Lancaster Priory. He studied clarinet and saxophone performance at Leeds University where he was also a choral scholar at Leeds RC Cathedral. Upon graduation from Leeds in 2009, he moved to Durham to take up the post of tenor Lay Clerk at the Cathedral there. He completed a PGCE in Primary Education at Durham University in 2012, and having done this taught in schools across the north-east. He is in demand as both a tenor soloist and a visiting conductor as well as working regularly with a variety of choirs ranging from children's groups to professional ensembles.

Eimear Hurley



Eimear is in the third year of her PhD at the School of Arts and Creative Technologies, University of York. Her research explores youth music policy and practice in England. Eimear is an experienced choral singer, having performed with a wide variety of ensembles over the past twenty years. Eimear has extensive experience in arts administration, most recently as Opera Learning & Participation Officer at the Royal Opera House. Eimear began conducting children's choirs in her hometown of Cork in 2013 and has worked with many different choirs of all ages and abilities since then. She was Musical Director of Cantar Community Choir in York for two years before relocating to Newcastle this year. Outside of choral singing and conducting, Eimear is a member of the Irish Gamelan Orchestra, performing fusions of traditional Javanese repertoire and collaborative contemporary composition. Eimear is really excited to develop her conducting skills and to sing with Cappella Newcastle.

Robin Crinson



Robin is active as a freelance singer and teacher, having studied oboe and singing at the Royal College of Music he is now based in Durham where he is Bass Lay Clerk in Durham Cathedral Choir. Robin studied singing with Henry Herford at the RCM, as well as Stuart MacIntyre of the BBC Singers. Robin has recently undertaken solos in Vaughan Williams' *Five Mystical Songs* and Fauré's *Requiem* with groups including Durham University Choral Society, as well as appearing regularly as a soloist with the Cathedral Choir in concerts and broadcasts. Robin works with singing students at schools and at university, and his students have recently gained entry to the National Youth Choirs of Great Britain, as well as places on gap year choral scholarships.

Alison Gill



Alison Gill is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, specialising as an accompanist and répétiteur. She has returned to the North-East and is highly sought after as an accompanist across the region, working regularly with soloists and ensembles including the Chorus of the Royal Northern Sinfonia and as an accompanist in residence for Leeds Conservatoire, Durham University, the Berkshire Choral International summer courses in Florence, Vienna and Barcelona and the BBC Proms held at the Sage Gateshead this Summer.



Do you know any aspiring bass choral singers?

Cappella Newcastle is looking for a **Bass Choral Scholar** for the **2023-24** Season: £900 per annum plus singing lessons.

This exciting role offers aspiring choral singers hands-on experience under the guidance of Cappella's Musical Director, Simon Lee. They will receive support in the form of regular singing lessons with opportunities to perform solos in performance (subject to repertoire).

The successful candidate would be expected to start in January 2024 and the post would run through to July 2024 (2 terms). There may be the opportunity to extend for the 2024-25 season if both the candidate and the choir are in agreement.

Visit Cappella's website <https://www.cappellanewcastle.org.uk/> for more details and application form. For an informal conversation about the role, email md@cappellanewcastle.org.uk

Closing date for applications: 12 noon on Friday 24 November 2023.



Cappella Newcastle has been part of the chamber music scene in Newcastle for over sixty years. We usually perform three times a year in and around the North East and occasionally further afield. The choir's repertoire is varied and ambitious, from English Renaissance composers such as Thomas Tallis and Thomas Weelkes to more romantic works such as Brahms' *Liebeslieder*, or contemporary pieces by composers such as Gabriel Jackson and Eric Whitacre. Whenever possible we try to create opportunities for young soloists to perform with us.

Join Cappella: The choir has around 30 members drawn from across the region. We rehearse on Wednesday evenings during term time in central Newcastle and each rehearsal includes an element of vocal training, as well as learning the music, so it's a great way to improve your singing. We're always delighted to hear from prospective new singers, so if you're interested in joining please do get in touch with us by emailing chair@cappellanewcastle.org.uk to arrange a chat or to try us out.

Dates for your diary:

Saturday 2 December 2023 11am to 5pm St James's URC

Sing along with Cappella: come and sing seasonal extracts from **Handel's** masterpiece *Messiah* led by Simon Lee

Saturday 23 March 2024 7.30 pm St George's Church Jesmond

Handel's *Messiah*, with full orchestra and young upcoming soloists. You are invited to audition to join Cappella for this concert. Further details on our website.

Saturday 29 June 2024 7.30 pm Jesmond URC

Bach's *Der Geist hilft*, **Theofanidis' Message to myself**, and featuring a commissioned work by young local composer **Lucy Walker**, currently composer in residence at St Martin-in-the-Fields.

Members of Cappella Newcastle

President: David Hill MBE

Musical Director: Simon Lee

Conducting Scholar: Eimear Hurley

Chair: Sarah Lawrance

Secretary: Jessica Anderson

Treasurer: Stephanie Beckman

Librarian: Helen Bartlett

Sopranos

Janet Arkle

Helen Bartlett

Christine Brown

Rachael Douglass

Sarah Lawrance

Alex Longcake

Harriet Mitchison

Helen Young

Basses

Kim Bartlett

Robin Crinson

David Saunders

Mike Snow

John Verney

Mike Wetherall

Altos

Katherine Butler

Stephanie Beckman

Hilary Cullingford

Denise Howel

Eimear Hurley

Alison Menzies

Judy Pratt

Jane Shuttleworth

Cherry Summers

Margaret Verney

Tenors

Jessica Anderson

Peter Howorth

Andrew Keyes

Robert Lawrance

Friends of Cappella Newcastle

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Sandy Anderson | Mike Oswald |
| Alison Brown | Alan Pratt |
| David Brown | Bruce Reed |
| Peter Coulson | Margery Reed |
| Eric Cross | Irish Sirmons |
| Lindsay Cross | Ryan Sirmons |
| Kay Griffiths | Les Stobbs |
| Charlotte Houlton | Julie Stobbs |
| Margaret Humphrey | Anne Thicknes |
| Roy Large | Philip Thicknes |
| Rachael Lee | Nigel Wyrley-Birch |
| Jane Noble | Tot Wyrley-Birch |
| Brenda Orwin | |

If you would like to support the choir in some way, please consider becoming a Friend. For details contact

Helen Bartlett at camphoroil101@gmail.com

Supporters of Cappella Newcastle

Keyes Eyecare is proud to sponsor Cappella Newcastle

Andrew Keyes, optometrist and Cappella tenor, set up Keyes Eyecare in 2002. Frustrated by the restrictions of working in high pressure environments, where he felt that neither patient experience nor professional satisfaction flourished, Andrew believed that it was critical to create a relaxed and unrushed visit for every patient. Over the years the practice has found that the very unusual approach of 50-minute eye examination appointments gives the opportunity to pay truly individual attention to each patient's needs. The practice has grown by personal recommendation, so if you would like to find out more, please have a look at the practice website where there are testimonials and information about the practice.

To find out more, please visit **www.keyeseyecare.co.uk** or phone **0191 284 7361**. The practice is situated at **1-3 Ashburton Rd (corner of Salters Rd), NE3 4XN**.





Come and Sing with Cappella Handel's Messiah

seasonal extracts
led by Simon Lee

Saturday 2 December 2023
11am—5pm

St James's URC
Northumberland Road NE1 8JF
(near City Hall)

More information and sign up:
<https://cappellanewcastle.org.uk>

