



Colchester Chamber Choir

Director Roderick Earle

MUSIC at MOVERONS

Colchester Chamber Choir



Formed in 2010, we have gained a reputation for high quality performances which explore a breadth of repertoire with musicality, drama and imagination. We aspire to the highest possible standards of music-making through detailed rehearsals and a professional approach. We sing throughout East Anglia performing music from the Renaissance to the 21st century, from much-loved works to UK premieres.

The choir is largely self-funding with the help of some generous donations. Several of our young choral apprentices have gone on to receive choral scholarships at prestigious universities and cathedrals.

Roderick Earle

Roderick was a boy chorister at Winchester Cathedral and following a choral scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music entered the singing profession as a soloist. He was a principal baritone with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden for 21 years, singing more than 60 roles with many of the greatest singers, conductors and directors of the era and has sung in opera and concerts all over the world. He has made several recordings and videos from early to contemporary music.

Roderick is also a singing professor at The Royal College of Music, London and teaches the choral scholars at Trinity College, Cambridge.

PROGRAMME

Ego flos campi

Clemens non Papa (1510-1555)

The shower op.71, no.1

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

The bee H 110

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Heart not so heavy

Elliot Carter (1908-2012)

The morning star

Virgil Thomson (1896-1989)

To be sung on the water

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Aftonen

Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960)

Chorus of the spirits

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Som stjärnorna på himmelen

Wilhelm Peterson-Berger (1867-1942)

Deep river

Traditional (arr. Roy Ringwald)

Ego flos campi Clemens non Papa

Ego flos campi et lilium convallium.

sicut lilium inter spinas, sic amica mea inter filios.

Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum, sic dilectus meus inter filios.

Sub umbra illius quem desideraveram sedi, et fructus eius dulcis gutturi meo.

Introduxit me Rex in cellam vinariam, ordinavit in me charitatem.

Fulcite me floribus, stipate me malis quia amore languedo.

I am a flower of the field, and a lily of the valleys.

As the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters.

As the apple tree among the trees of the woods,

so is my beloved among the young men.

I sat down under the shadow of him whom I desire:

and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

The king brought me into his wine cellar and filled me with love.

Sustain me with flowers, refresh me with apples, for I languish with love.

The shower Edward Elgar

Cloud, if as thou dost melt, and with thy train
Of drops make soft the Earth, my eyes could weep

O'er my hard heart, that's bound up and asleep;

Perhaps at last,

Some such showers past,

My God would give a sunshine after rain.

The bee Frank Bridge

The bee buzzed up in the heat.

“I am faint for your honey, my sweet.”

The flower said, “Take it, my dear;

For now is the spring of the year.

So, come, come!

“Hum!”

And the bee buzzed down from the heat.



And the bee buzzed up in the cold.

When the flower was withered and old.

“Have you still any honey, my dear?”

She said, “It’s the fall of the year,

But come, come!”

“Hum!”

And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

Heart not so heavy as mine Elliot Carter

Heart not so heavy as mine,
 Wending late home,
As it passed my window
 Whistled itself a tune,
A careless snatch, a ballad,
 A ditty of the street;
Yet to my irritated ear
 An Anodyne so sweet,
It was as if a Bobolink,
 Sauntering this way,
Carolled and paused and carolled,
 Then bubbled slow away.
It was as if a chirping brook
 Upon a dusty way
Set bleeding feet to minuets
 Without the knowing why.
Heart not so heavy as mine,
 Weary, perhaps, and sore.
Ah, bugle, by my window,
I pray you pass once more!

(Emily Dickinson)

The morning star Virgil Thomson

How splendid shines the morning star,
God's gracious light from darkness far,
The root of Jesse blessed.

Thou David's son of Jacob's stem,
My bridegroom, king and wond'rous Lamb,
Thou hast my heart possessed.

Sweetly, friendly,
O thou handsome, precious ransom,
Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places.

(Unknown)

To be sung on the water Samuel Barber

Beautiful, my delight,
Pass, as we pass the wave,
Pass, as the mottled night
Leaves what it cannot save,
Scattering dark and bright.
Beautiful, pass and be
Less than the guiltless shade
To which our vows were said;
Less than the sound of the oar
To which our vows were made,
Less than the sound of its blade
Dipping the stream once more.

(Louise Bogan)

Aftonen Hugo Alfvén

Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.

Hör, huru tjugusande vallhornet.lullar.

Kvällsolns bloss sig stilla sänker,

Sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg.

Ibland dälder,gröna kullar

eko kring neiden far.

The forest is still, the sky is clear.

Hear how enchanting shepherd's horns sing lullabies.

The evening sun's blush silently sinks,

sinks down into the calm, clear waves.

Among the valleys and green hills the echo

resounds near and far.

Chorus of the spirits Sergei Rachmaninoff

Na izlozhinakh rosistykh, na popvyorkhnosti ozer,

vdal' rutch'ev i retshektchistykh, i kuda ni kinesh' vzor,

vsyudu zvonkaya tryevoga,

vsyudu v zelen' ubrana, torzhestvuya,

khvalit boga zhizni ponaya vyesna!

Over the dew's veil on the glass of the lake,

along the brooklet and the clear water

and even there where there is no single gaze

- everywhere shivers the reverberation,

everywhere the green adorns,

hails, praises the living wealth

of abundant Springtime.

(Alexei Tolstoy from 'Don Juan')

Som stjärnorna på himmelen William Peterson-Berger

Som stjärnorna på himmelen, när natten faller på,
så tindrade hans ögon, så klara och så blå,
så röder var hans mund,
som rosorna i lund
om våren.

*Like the stars in the sky when night falls
his eyes sparkled so clear and so blue,
so red was his mouth like the roses in springtime.*

Men skyarne församlades och solen vände bort,
ty livet liksom kärleken och våren är så kort.

När löven föllo av,
de föllo på hans grav,
den tida.

*But stormclouds gathered and the sun turned away,
life as well as love and spring are too short.
When the leaves fell they fell on his early grave.*

Om alla träd i skogarna och böljorna de blå,
om alla markens blomster hade fåglalungor små,
de kunde ej ändå
min hjärtesorg förmå
att sjunga.

*If all the trees of the forest and all the waves of the oceans,
if all the flowers on the land had small bird lungs
they still couldn't sing my heart's sorrow.*

(traditional)

Deep river (arr. Roy Ringwald)

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.

Deep river, Lord,

I want to cross over into campgroun'.

Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,

That promised land where all is peace?

Oh, deep river, Lord,

I want to cross over into campgroun'.

(Traditional)





Colchester Chamber Choir

Director Roderick Earle

RACHMANINOFF VESPERS

a concert by candlelight

St Peter ad Vincula, Coggeshall

Saturday 12th January 2019 at 7pm

tickets on sale July 1st ~ www.colchesterchamberchoir.org

We would like to thank our patrons for their
generosity in supporting our choir

Joanna Bisdee
David Jewell
Richard Murphy
Jill and Peter Newton
Linda Salmon
Val Sanderson
Madeleine Wilson

Moverons Garden is open for the
National Gardens Scheme on selected dates.

You can find more information at
<http://www.moverons.co.uk>

Information about the choir's activities and future
concerts can be found on our website

www.colchesterchamberchoir.org



registered charity: 1149515