



## MUSIC DIVINE

Kyrie 'Le Roy'	John Taverner (c.1490-1545)
Salvator mundi	Thomas Tallis (c.1490-1545)
God grant with grace	Thomas Tallis
Ave Maria	Robert Parsons (c.1535-1572)
O Lord, make thy servant Elizabeth	William Byrd
Sing joyfully to God our strength	William Byrd
Vox in Rama	George Kirbye (c.1565-1634)
I will sing unto the Lord	John Amner (1579-1641)
<i>interval</i>	
Music divine	Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)
Weep, weep mine eyes	John Wilbye (1574 - 1638)
Flora gave me fairest flowers	John Wilbye
The silver swan	Orlando Gibbons (c.1583-1625)
Lay a garland	Robert Pearsall (1795 - 1856)
Music, when soft voices die	Hubert Parry (1848-1918)
My love dwelt in a Northern land	Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
My spirit sang all day	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

## **Kyrie 'Le Roy'** *John Taverner*

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy.

Christ, have mercy.

Lord, have mercy.

## **Salvator mundi** *Thomas Tallis*

Salvator mundi, salva nos,

qui per crucem et sanguinem

redemisti nos,

auxiliare nobis, te deprecamur,

Deus noster.

O Saviour of the world, save us,

who by thy cross and blood

hast redeemed us,

help us, we pray thee,

O Lord our God.

## **God grant with grace** *Thomas Tallis*

God grant with grace,

he us embrace,

in gentle part bless he our heart.

With loving face thine be his place,

his mercies all on us to fall.

That we thy way may know all day,

while we do sail this world so frail.

Thy health's reward is nigh declared,

as plain as eye all gentiles spy.

Let Thee always the people praise

O god of bliss as due it is:

The people whole ought Thee extol,

From whom all thing

they see to spring.

All folk rejoice, lift up your voice,

For Thou in sight shalt judge them right:

Thou shalt direct the Gentiles sect,

In earth that be to turn to Thee.

## **Ave Maria** *Robert Parsons*

Ave Maria, gratia plena,

Dominus tecum;

benedicta tu in mulieribus,

et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace,

the Lord is with thee;

blessed art thou among women,

and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.

Amen.

**O Lord, make thy servant Elizabeth** *William Byrd*

O Lord, make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen to rejoice in thy strength:  
give her her heart's desire, and deny not the request of her lips;  
but prevent her with thine everlasting blessing,  
and give her a long life, even for ever and ever. Amen.

**Sing joyfully to God our strength** *William Byrd*

Sing joyfully to God our strength; sing loud unto the God of Jacob!  
Take the song, bring forth the timbrel, the pleasant harp, and the viol.  
Blow the trumpet in the new moon, even in the time appointed,  
and at our feast day.  
For this is a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

**Vox in Rama** *George Kirbye*

Vox in Rama audita est  
ploratus et ululatus,  
Rachel plorans filios suos,  
noluit consolari,  
quia non sunt.

A voice is heard in Ramah  
of weeping and lamentation.  
Rachel is weeping for her children,  
and will not be comforted  
because they are no more.

**I will sing unto the Lord** *John Amner*

I will sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously.  
The horse and him that rode upon him hath he overthrown in the sea.  
Alleluia.

**Music divine** *Thomas Tomkins*

Music divine, proceeding from above,  
whose sacred subject oftentimes is Love,  
in this appears her heav'nly harmony,  
where tuneful concords, sweetly do agree.  
And yet in this her slander is unjust,  
to call that Love which is indeed but lust.

**Weep, weep mine eyes** *John Wilbye*

Weep, weep, mine eyes,  
my heart can take no rest;  
Weep, weep, my heart,  
mine eyes shall ne'er be blest;  
Weep eyes, weep heart,  
and both this accent cry,  
A thousand thousand deaths I die, I die.  
Ay me, ah cruel Fortune!  
Now, Leander, to die I fear not.  
Death, do thy worst, I care not!  
I hope when I am dead in Elysian plain  
To meet, and there with joy we'll love again.

**Flora gave me fairest flowers** *John Wilbye*

Flora gave me fairest flowers,  
none so fair in Flora's treasure.  
These I placed on Phyllis' bowers,  
She was pleased, and she my pleasure.  
Smiling meadows seem to say:  
"Come ye wantons, here to play."

**The silver swan** *Orlando Gibbons*

The silver swan, who living had no note,  
when death approached  
unlocked her silent throat;  
leaning her breast  
against the reedy shore,  
thus sung her first and last,  
and sung no more,  
no more.

Farewell, all joys;  
O death, come close mine eyes.  
More geese than swans now live,  
more fools than wise,

**Lay a garland** *Robert Pearsall: words from Beaumont and Fletcher*

Lay a garland on her hearse  
Of dismal yew,  
Maidens, willow branches wear;  
Say, she died true.  
Her love was false,  
But she was firm  
Upon her buried body lie  
Lightly, thou gentle earth.

**Music, when soft voices die** *Hubert Parry: words by Percy Bysshe Shelley*

Music, when soft voices die,                      Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Vibrates in the memory;                      Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,              And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Live within the sense they quicken.              Love itself shall slumber on.

**My love dwelt in a Northern land** *Edward Elgar: words by Andrew Lang*

My love dwelt in a Northern land.  
A dim tower in a forest green  
Was his and far away the sand  
And gray wash of the waves were seen  
The woven forest boughs between:  
And through the Northern summer night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, silverwhite,  
Came gleaming through the forest gray,  
And fled like ghosts before the day.  
And oft that month we watched the moon  
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn  
And wane, with waning of the June,  
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,  
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.  
I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle gray.  
I know not if, the boughs between,  
The white deer vanish ere the day:  
The grass above my love is green,  
His heart is colder than the clay.

**My spirit sang all day** *Gerald Finzi: words by Robert Bridges*

My spirit sang all day

O my joy.

Nothing my tongue could say,

Only My joy!

My heart an echo caught

O my joy

And spake,

Tell me thy thought,

Hide not thy joy.

My eyes gan peer around,

O my joy

What beauty hast thou found?

Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;

O my joy

Music from heaven is't,

Sent for our joy?

She also came and heard;

O my joy,

What, said she, is this word?

What is thy joy?

And I replied,

O see, O my joy

Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:

Thou art my joy.

# OUR PATRONS

Joanna Bisdee

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Jonathan Pearsall

Madeleine Wilson

The choir is largely self-funding with the help of some very generous donations.

We would welcome further financial support to enable us to flourish and develop future projects.

If you have enjoyed tonight's performance and are interested in becoming a supporter, please email our chairman [chair@colchesterchamberchoir.org](mailto:chair@colchesterchamberchoir.org) or phone 01206 820813

We are always on the look out for new young singers. Please get in touch if you know anyone who might like to sing as a Choral Apprentice with Colchester Chamber Choir.

Information about the choir's activities and future concerts can be found on our website [www.colchesterchamberchoir.org](http://www.colchesterchamberchoir.org)

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