


londinium
CITY VOICES



**DEADLY
SINS**



SLOTH

the music of indolence

Tuesday, 11 May 2010
St Botolph's without Bishopsgate, London, EC2M 3TL

Programme: £1

londinium

CITY VOICES

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Come, heavy sleep

John Ireland (1879 – 1962)

Immortality

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 – 1924)

The Blue Bird

Never, weather-beaten sail

There is an old belief

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 – 1918)

At the round earth's imagined corners

Lord, let me know mine end

INTERVAL

Edward Elgar (1857 – 1934)

Weary Wind of the West

Evening Scene

The Prince of Sleep

Frederick Delius (1862 – 1934)

To be sung of a summer night on the water

Camille Saint-Saens (1835 – 1921)

Calme des nuits

Eric Whitacre (1970 -)

Sleep

Morten Lauridsen (1943 -)

Soneto de la noche

Contre qui, rose

Please ensure that all watch alarms, pagers and mobile phones are switched off.

Promoted by *londinium* (www.londinium-voices.org.uk)

The promoters reserve the right to alter the programme content and performers advertised without prior notice.

We hope you have enjoyed this evening's concert. To find out more about the choir, please visit our website www.londinium-voices.org.uk. By signing up (for free) as a Friend of Londinium you can receive E-mail notification of future concerts and activities. Singers who wish to audition are welcome and may also contact us through the website

Performers' Biographies

Madeleine Lovell



Madeleine Lovell is Associate Chorus Master of the Philharmonia Chorus, Musical Director of the St George's Chamber Orchestra and Londinium, and a Guest Conductor for London Lyric Opera. She has conducted many choirs and orchestras around the UK, including the BBC Symphony Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir and the National Symphony Orchestra. Madeleine is Director of Music and Director of Studies in Music at Queens' College, Cambridge.

Having studied music at King's College, Cambridge, Madeleine received an M.Phil in Musicology from Cambridge in 2000, and spent a further two years researching comic opera. She has a Masters in singing and Certificate of Advanced Studies in Repetiteur Training, both from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. In 2005 Madeleine attended the Dartington International Summer School Advanced Conducting Course (where her studies were funded by a D'Oyly Carte Bursary), performing excerpts from Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*.

She is much in demand as a choir trainer, working regularly with the BBC Symphony Chorus (for instance, preparing them for BBC2's *Maestro* and several Proms performances, including Verdi's *Requiem* in August 2008). Besides her involvement with other choirs, Madeleine has a long-standing relationship with the Philharmonia Chorus, including work for two recordings and for their participation in London Lyric Opera's performance of *Der fliegende Holländer*. She gives frequent workshops across the UK and abroad, most recently working on the Eton Choral workshop and *Europa Cantat 2009*.

londinium

Londinium is one of London's most versatile chamber choirs which has rapidly established a reputation since its launch in 2005 for high-quality performances of lesser-known choral music from all periods, generally unaccompanied. The choir promotes around 5 concerts each year, mainly in London's City churches, as well as undertaking other projects by invitation, and has been praised for its '*fine line and clear sound*' and '*lovely transparency of texture*' (Robert Hugill, *Music and Vision*).

Soprano

Fiona Clark
Kathy Dallas
Cathryn Fergie
Sietske Fransen
Yvonne Light
Lucy Myers
Helen Statham
Isobel Timms
Jenny Torniainen

Alto

Joanna Arnold
Noel Chow
Eleanor Cranmer
Hilary Lawson
Chau-Yee Lo
Jenny Ryall
Alison Shiers
Frances Watson

Tenor

Geir Andreassen
Will Drake
Andy Jaeger
Andrew Mackie
Peter Morley
Justin Watkins
Thorsten Vetter

Bass

Marcus Daniels
Helgi Johannsson
Chris Lemar
Will Parsons
Jeremy Smith
David Stocks
James Torniainen
Alex Thomas
Maurice Wren

londinium would like to thank:

Lucy Myers for programme notes. Noel Chow and Frances Watson for design and layout.
The Rector & staff of St Botolph's without Bishopsgate

Languid melodies, sonorous harmonies and serene stillness characterize the Music of Indolence in this expressive rendition of the Sin of Sloth, with a concert for meditative reflection, in which Sloth is both heavy sleep - with its intimations of death - and the stillness of inactivity.

Sleep and death intertwine in the first half of the concert. In Dowland's late Renaissance madrigal *Come Heavy Sleep*, sleep is explicitly 'the image of true death'. Similarly, Parry's monumental motet series *Songs of Farewell*, completed shortly before the composer's own death in 1918, meditates introspectively on the eternity of man's final sleep. Londinium performs the last four motets in the series: *Never, Weather-beaten Sail*; *There is an Old Belief*; *At the Round Earth's Imagined Corners*; and *Lord, Let me Know Mine End*.

John Ireland's *Immortality* (1942) continues the meditation on the eternal, and all that binds us to those who came before us. Stanford's beautiful part-song *The Blue Bird* (1911) focuses on an exquisite single moment of stillness, which is temporarily interrupted by the soaring movement of the bird above the water.

Night-time emerges in the second half of the concert as the setting for the music of Sloth: a time for inactivity and reflection. In Elgar's *Weary Wind of the West* (1902), the wind draws encroaching night across the waves to the shore, and with the onset of night comes a final, haunting stillness. Two further part-songs by Elgar (*Evening Scene*, 1905 and *The Prince of Sleep*, 1925) contemplate the mysterious peacefulness of the twilight hour.

The vastness of night is expressed in Saint-Saens's magical *Calme des nuits* (1880s) and Delius's wordless two-part chorus *To be sung of a summer night on the water* (1917), both expansive in their sense of stillness. Also celebrating the poetry of the night Eric Whitacre's sonorous *Sleep* - where 'dreams may come both dark and deep' and Morten Lauridsen's *Soneto de la Noche* (2005), based on a poem by Pablo Neruda, which is serene in its folk-like simplicity, until we are finally soothed by Lauridsen's shimmering setting of Rilke's insightful *Contre qui Rose*.

JOHN DOWLAND

COME, HEAVY SLEEP

Come, heavy sleep, the image of true death;
And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:
Come and possess my tired thoughtworn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
O come sweet sleep, come or I die for ever,
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

JOHN IRELAND

IMMORTALITY

Words by Henry P Compton.

These fields, which now lie smiling in the sun,
Were tamed and schooled to harvest long ago
By men whose lives, whose names, we cannot know,
Who went in silence when their work was done.

Their furrows, slowly traced, their crops, hardwon,
Have vanished like some ancient winter's snow,
Their hearts, dispersed in dust, have ceased to glow,
Mere random bones declare their race is run.

And yet within the fields there lie in wait
Strange virtues which to them, not us, belong,
And as we plod behind the plough, which bares
The gracious earth they wooed, we know the strong
Compulsion laid by them on all their heirs,
And cannot choose but plough out furrows straight

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

THE BLUE BIRD

Poem by Mary E. Coleridge.

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew

CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY

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!

THERE IS AN OLD BELIEF

Words by John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854)

There is an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief
Dear friends shall meet once more.

Beyond the sphere of Time and Sin
And Fate's control,
Serene in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep
That hope I'll ne'er forgo,
Eternal be the sleep,
If not to waken so.

AT THE ROUND EARTH'S IMAGINED CORNERS

Words by John Donne (1572 – 1631)

At the round earth's imagined corners
blow your trumpets, angels
and arise from death
you numberless infinities of souls
and to your scattered bodies go!

And never taste death's woe,
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
When we are there.

All whom the flood did and fire shall overthrow
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
despair, law, chance hath slain;
And you whose eyes shall behold God

Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou'dst sealed my pardon with
Thy blood.

LORD LET ME KNOW MINE END

Source: Psalm 39

Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days,
That I may be certified how long I have to live.
Thou hast made my days as it were a span long;
And mine age is as nothing in respect of Thee,
And verily, ev'ry man living is altogether vanity,
For man walketh in a vain shadow
And disquieteth himself in vain,
He heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them.
And now, Lord, what is my hope?
Truly my hope is even in Thee.
Deliver me from all mine offences
And make me not a rebuke to the foolish.
I became dumb and opened not my mouth
For it was Thy doing.
Take Thy plague away from me,
I am even consumed by means of Thy heavy hand.
When Thou with rebukes does chasten man for sin
Thou makest his beauty to consume away
Like as it were a moth fretting a garment;
Ev'ry man therefore is but vanity.
Hear my pray'r, O Lord
And with Thy ears consider my calling,
Hold not Thy peace at my tears!
For I am a stranger with Thee and a sojourner
As all my fathers were.
O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence
And be no more seen.

INTERVAL

Text and Translation

EDWARD ELGAR

WEARY WIND OF THE WEST

Poem by Thomas Edward Brown (1830-1897)

"Weary wind of the west,
Over the billowy sea -
Come to my heart, and rest!
Ah, rest with me!

So the wind came,
Purpling the middle sea,
Crisping the ripples of flame -
Came unto me;

"Come from the distance dim,
Bearing the sun's last sigh;
I hear thee sobbing for him
Thro' all the sky."

Came with a rush to the shore,
Came with a bound to the hill,
Fell and died at my feet,
Then all was still.

EVENING SCENE

Poem by Coventry (Kersey Dighton) Patmore (1823-1896)

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir:
The river seems to think:
Athwart the dusk, broad primroses
Look coldly from the brink,
Where, list'ning to the freshet's noise,
The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past, the white moths rise
Like spirits from the ground;
The gray flies hum their weary tune,
A distant-dream-like sound;
And far, far off to the slumb'rous eve,
Bayeth an old guard-hound

THE PRINCE OF SLEEP

Poem by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956)

I met at eve the Prince of sleep,
His was a still and lovely face;
He wander'd through a valley steep,
Lovely in a lonely place.

His house is in the mountain ways,
A phantom house of misty walls,
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,
And witch the moon with muffled calls.

His garb was grey of lavender,
About his head a poppy wreath
Burned like dim coals, And everywhere
The air was sweeter for his breath.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,
There flit the hoot owl's silent wings,
There hath his web the silk worm wound.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,
And rosy, as with morning buds,
Along his dales of broom and birk
Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

FREDERICK DELIUS

TO BE SUNG OF A SUMMER NIGHT ON THE WATER

Wordless vocalise.

- i. Slow, but not dragging*
- ii. Gaily, but not quick*

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

CALME DES NUITS

Poem: Anon.

Calmes des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,
Vaste scintillement des mondes,
Grand silence des antres noirs
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;
Le poète seul est hanté
Par l'amour des choses tranquiles.

Stillness of the night, cool of the evening,
Vast shimmering of the spheres,
Great silence of black vaults
Deep thinkers delight in you.
The bright sun, merriment,
And noise amuse the more frivolous;
Only the poet is possessed
By the love of quiet things.

ERIC WHITACRE

SLEEP

Poem by Charles Anthony Silvestri

The evening hangs beneath the moon
A silver thread on darkened dune
With closing eyes and resting head
I know that sleep is coming soon

Upon my pillow, safe in bed,
A thousand pictures fill my head,
I cannot sleep, my minds aflight,
And yet my limbs seem made of lead
If there are noises in the night,
A frightening shadow, flickering light...

Then I surrender unto sleep,
Where clouds of dream give second sight
What dreams may come, both dark and deep
Of flying wings and soaring leap
As I surrender unto sleep
As I surrender unto sleep.

MORTEN LAURIDSEN

SONETO DE LA NOCHE

Poem by Pablo Neruda

Cuando yo muero quiero tus manos en mis ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.
Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido, te espero,
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.
Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas,
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,
para que alcances todo lo que mi amor te ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto.

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time
I want to feel the gentleness that changed my destiny.
I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears to still hear the wind,
I want you to smell the scent of the sea we both loved,
and to continue walking on the sand we walked on.
I want all that I love to keep on living,
and you whom I loved and sang above all things
To keep flowering into full bloom.
so that you can touch all that my love provides you,
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,
so that all may know the reason for my song

CONTRE QUI, ROSE

Poem by Rainer Maria Rilke

Contre Qui, Rose,
avez-vous adopté ces épines?
Votre joie trop fine vous a-t-elle forcée de
devenir cette chose armée?
Mais de qui vous protège cette arme
exagérée?
Combien d'ennemis vous ai-je enlevés qui ne
la craignaient point?
Au contraire, d'été en automne,
vous blessez les soins qu'on vous donne.

Against whom, rose,
Have you assumed these thorns?
Is it your too fragile joy that forced you to become this
armed thing?
But from whom does it protect you, this exaggerated
defense.
How many enemies have I lifted from you who did
not fear it at all?
On the contrary, from summer to autumn
you wound the affection that is given you."

londinium

CITY VOICES

CONCERT DIARY

2010

The Seven Deadly Sins

AVARICE and ENVY

Tuesday, 13 July 2010

from Haydn's *Die Harmonie in die Ehre* to Loesser's *Sit down, you're rockin' the boat*

GLUTTONY

November 2010

featuring Chilcott's *Fragments from his dish*, Rutter's *Banquet Fugue*, Holt, McGhee and King's *Chick, chick, chicken!* and Turner's *Tequila Samba*

PERPETUAL LIGHT

REQUIEM FOR AN UNSCORCHED EARTH

September / October 2010

the world première of an evocative and emotionally charged Requiem by Jessica Curry to be performed in decommissioned nuclear sites. While remembering those who lost their lives in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Requiem's ultimate message is positive: it celebrates the lives of all the people who survived due to the *non*-detonation of nuclear weapons.

11/12 September – Greenham Common Control Tower, Newberry

25/26 September – Nothe Fort, Weymouth

2/3 October – Gravesend Nuclear Bunker, Gravesend Kent

Perpetual Light is produced by Arts Agenda. Please note that access is restricted and there are no public services at some sites. See www.perpetual-light.com for more details.

CAROL CONCERT for SPECIAL OLYMPICS OF GREAT BRITAIN

Tuesday 14 December 2010

In aid of the Special Olympics of Great Britain