

Programme

Musical Director: David Knight
Organist: John Bodiley
Pianist: Rachel Robinson

PART ONE

Sir Christèmas (William Mathias)

Carol for audience: *Once in Royal David's City*
(v.1, solo, v.2, choir, v.3-v6, everybody)

Soloist:

Nativity Carol (John Rutter)

Shepherds Pipe Carol (John Rutter)

A Ceremony of Carols (Benjamin Britten)
Soprano soloist: Pat Moore

Carol for audience: *While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night*

Sans Day Carol (John Rutter)

INTERVAL

Programme 6td

PART TWO

Unto us is Born a Son (G.R. Woodward arr. David Willcocks)

Carol for audience: *Good King Wenceslas* (J.M. Neale arr. Reginald Jacques)

Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing?
(Tr. A. B. Ramsay, arr. David Willcocks)
Baritone solo: John Gillard

Noël Nouvelet (Nowell, sing nowell) (John Rutter)

O men from the fields (A cradle song) (Arnold Cooke, words Padraic Colum)

Masters in this hall (arr. David Willcocks, words William Morris)

Carol for audience: *Hark! the herald angels sing*
(Mendelssohn, arr. David Willcocks)

Three secular carols:

Here we come a-wassailing (arr. John Rutter)

The twelve days of Christmas (arr. John Rutter)

Deck the hall (arr. David Willcocks)

Carol for audience: *O little town of Bethlehem* (arr. R Vaughan Williams, words Bishop Phillips Brooks)

We wish you a merry Christmas (arr. Arthur Warrell)

Programme Notes

A Ceremony of Carols, Op. 28 — Benjamin Britten

Benjamin Britten, full name Edward Benjamin Britten, Baron Britten Of Aldeburgh was born in Lowestoft on November 22nd 1913 and died on December 4, 1976 in Aldeburgh, Suffolk. He was a leading British composer of the mid-20th century, whose operas were considered the finest English operas since those of Henry Purcell in the 17th century. Britten was also an outstanding pianist and conductor.

Britten began composing as a child and studied from the age of 12 under the composer and teacher, Frank Bridge. He later studied under John Ireland and Arthur Benjamin at the Royal College of Music in London

Britten was created Companion of Honour in 1953 and was awarded the Order of Merit in 1965. In June 1976 he was created a life peer, the first musician or composer to be elevated to the peerage.

A Ceremony of Carols for treble voices in three parts and harp was written in 1942, the same period as the *Hymn to St. Cecilia* and *Rejoice in the Lamb*. The texts are taken from a range of medieval and Renaissance poetry, and Britten's music also reflects the influence of earlier times.

(Note edited from Wikipedia and Encyclopædia Britannica)

The following text has been translated by Thomas Ajack and is taken from British Choirs on the Net (www.choirs.org.uk) with the exception of No 8. In Freezing Winter Night which has been translated by Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville.

1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est;
Hodie Salvator apparuit;
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;
Laetantur archangeli;
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes;
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

Today Christ is born;
Today the Saviour has
appeared;
Today the angels sing,
The archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous rejoice,
saying, Glory to God in the
highest, Alleluia!

2. Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum, Wolcum,
Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum, born in one
morning,
Wolcum, for whom we sall sing!

Welcome, Welcome,
Welcome to You, our
heavenly King.
Welcome, you who was born
one morning,
Welcome, for You, shall we
sing!

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum seintes lefe and dere.

Welcome, to you, Steven
and John,
Welcome all innocent
children,
Welcome, Thomas, the mar-
tyred one, Welcome, good
new year, Welcome Twelfth
Day, both in fear. Welcome
Saints left and dear.

Candelmesse, Queene of Bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere.

Candle Mass, Queen of
bliss, Welcome both to more
and less.
Welcome you that are here,
Welcome all and make good
cheer. Welcome all another
year.

3. There is no rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, Alleluia.

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space
Res Miranda, Res Miranda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons
three,
Pares forma, Pares forma.

The aungels sungen the
shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this werdly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, Transeamus.

There is no rose of such virtue
As is the rose that bore Jesus.
Alleluia.

For inside the Rose (called
Mary) were heaven and earth in
a single, little space.
Miraculous thing.

By that rose, we now may see,
There be one God in persons
three.
Created in the Parents' image.

The angels sang to the
shepherds,
Glory to God in the highest!
We rejoice.

Leave we all this wordly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
We cross over to Christ's world

4a. That Yongë Child

That yongë child when it gan
weep
With song she lulled him
asleep
That was so sweet a melody
It passéd alle minstrelsy.

The nightingallë sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought
therto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth
he wrong

When that young child began
to weep
With song, she lulled him to
sleep
It was such a sweet melody,
It was so very merry.

The nightingale sang also,
But her song was hoarse, it
was not the same:
Whoever listens to the
nightingale's song
Instead of Mary's, does wrong.

4b. Balulalow

O my deare hert, young Jesu
sweit
Prepare thy creddil in my
spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee
depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy
gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow
And sing that richt Balulalow!

O love of my heart, young
Jesus sweet,
Prepare your place in my heart,
And I shall rock thee with great
love,
And I shall never leave your
side.

I shall praise you forever,
With sweet songs of your glory
The knees of my heart shall I
bow
And sing the right Lullaby.

5. As dew in Aprille

I sing of a maiden that is
makèles:
King of all kings to her son she
ches.

I sing of a maiden that is mate-
less,
Her son was the King of all
Kings.

He came al so stille there his
moder was,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on
the grass.

From his mother he came to us
quietly
As dew in April that falls on the
grass.

He came also stille to his
moders bour,
As dew in Aprille that falleth on
the flour.

His mother's labour was pain-
less and quiet,
As dew in April that falls on the
grass.

He came also stille there his
moder lay
As dew in Aprille that falleth on
the spray.

As His mother lay there, he
came quietly,
As dew in April that falls on the
flower branches.

Moder and mayden was never
none but she:
Well such a lady Goddes
moder be.

Never has there been such a
mother and maiden;
How fitting it is that this be
God's mother.

6. This little Babe

This little Babe so few days old
Is come to rifle Satan's fold.
All hell doth at his presence
quake,
Though he himself for cold do
shake;
For in this weak unarmèd wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the
field,
His naked breast stands for a
shield;
His battering shot are babish
cries,
His arrows looks of weeping
eyes;
His martial ensigns Cold and
Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's
steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his
stakes,
Of shepherds he his muster
makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to
wound,
The angels trumps alarum
sound.

This little Babe so few days old
Has come to rifle Satan's fold.
All hell quakes at his presence,
Though he himself shivers.
For in this weak, unarmed
guise
He will surprise the very gates
of Hell!

With tears he fights and wins
the field,
His naked breast stands for a
shield;
His shots are his cries,
His arrows, the looks of his
weeping eyes.
His martial ensigns are cold
and need,
And his feeble flesh,
his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall,
His bulwark is a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks
are his stakes,
Of shepherds, he enlists the
troops.
And sure of wounding the foe,
The angels sound the trumpet's
alarm.

My soul, with Christ join thou in
fight,
Stick to the tents that he hath
pitched;
Within his crib is surest ward,
This little Babe will be thy guard;
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly
boy.

My soul joins Christ in the fight,
Stay by the tents that he has
pitched;
Within his crib is sure protection
The little babe will be your
guard;
If Christ can foil your foes with
joy, Stay near the heavenly boy.

8. In freezing winter night

Behold, a silly tender babe, in
freezing winter night, In homely
manger trembling lies. Alas, a
piteous sight!

Behold, a helpless tender babe,
In freezing winter night, In
homely manger trembling lies –
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will
yield This little pilgrim bed. But
forced he is with silly beasts in
crib to shroud his head.

The inns are full; no man will
yield This little pilgrim bed. But
forced is he with silly beasts In
crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
this crib his chair of State; The
beasts are parcel of his pomp,
the wooden dish his plate.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State; The
beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear; The
Prince himself is come from
heaven; This pomp is prized
there.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear; The
Prince himself is come from
heaven; This pomp is prized
there.

With joy approach, O Christian
wight, Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble
pomp, wich he from Heav'n doth
bring.

With joy approach, O Christian
being, Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble
pomp, which he from heaven
doth bring.

9. Spring carol

Pleasure it is to hear iwis, the
Birdès sing.
The deer in the dale, the sheep
in the vale,
The corn springing.

Gods purvayance for
sustenance,
It is for man, it is for man.

Then we always to give him
praise,
And thank him than.

It is always a pleasure to hear
the birds sing,
To see the deer in the dale, the
sheep in the vale, the corn
springing
from the earth.

God supplies sustenance
For us all.

Then we should always give
him praise
And give him thanks.

10. Deo Gracias

Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!
Adam lay ibounden, bound in a
bond,
For thousand winter thought he
not too long.

And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden written in their
book.

Ne had the appil takè been,
The appil takè been,
Ne haddè never our lady
A ben hevenè queen.

Blessed be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen,
Deo Gracias! Deo Gracias!

Give thanks to God!
Adam was bound in sin for four
thousand years, although he
thought this
not too long.

It was all for an apple
that he took,
As clerics find written in their
books.

Had the apple never
been taken,
Then our Lady would have
Never been a heavenly queen.

Blessed be the time
The apple was taken.
Therefore we must sing
Thanks be to God!

.11. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est;
Hodie Salvator apparuit;
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;
Laetantur archangeli;
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes;

Today Christ is born;
Today the Saviour has ap-
peared;
Today the angels sing,
The archangels rejoice;
Today the righteous rejoice,
saying,
Glory to God in the highest,
Alleluia!

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Biographies

Organist — John Bodiley

John taught English professionally in comprehensive schools and adult education, but following organ lessons from Michael Nicholas and Stephen Cleobury at St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, he held posts as organist in parish churches in Oxfordshire and Bedfordshire.

A later move to teach in Lancaster brought another organist's job, and he was also the conductor of two choral societies. Following early retirement in Somerset, he has been the organist of St. Mary's Church, Bridgwater, and Holy Trinity Church, Taunton. He was the accompanist at Richard Huish College for ten years, and the accompanist to Bridgwater Choral Society. After a second retirement, he plays occasionally in a number of churches in the area.

Piano — Rachel Robinson

Since graduating with a degree in music from Cardiff University Rachel has been teaching piano in schools, music centres and at home. As well as being the *West Somerset Singers'* regular rehearsal pianist Rachel accompanies *North Curry Village Choir*.

Biographies Etc

Musical Director — David Knight MA, MMus, LRAM, ARCM, ARCO

David was educated at the Royal Academy of Music and the University of London. He has held posts as Director of Music at a comprehensive school and a college of higher education. During this time he also had posts as accompanist and conductor of a selection of choral societies.

He has been a church organist for over forty years, not only for the Church of England, but also for the United Reformed Church and the Church of Norway. He has taught at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama, and was an examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music. He has performed in cathedrals in England, Ireland, Norway and Hong Kong.

In addition to his post as Musical Director of the West Somerset Singers, he is the organist and choirmaster of Holy Trinity Church, Taunton. He also directs the Watchet and District Choral Society and the Apollo Wind band of Yate. He is Past President of the Dorset Association of Organists. In the summer of 2016 David gave organ recitals in Latvia and Lithuania.

2017 sees David celebrate 50 years as a church organist!

The Choir

Sopranos

Marianne Bray
Diana Davies
Alison Edwards
Gillian Greig
Jo Hampshire
Catherine Hartland
Ka Kitching
Christine Knapman
Pat Moore
Pat Phillips
Julie Pope
Hilary Shaw
Betty Stone
Pam Whittaker

Tenors

Mike Hawkins
John Page

Basses

John Every
John Gillard
David Greig
Bob Hart
Nigel Moyle
Keith Taylor
Bob Town

Altos

Judi Boobyer
Gill Brown
Janet Hall
Louise Hayden
Esther Naguib
Sheila Ruff

Acknowledgements

The *West Somerset Singers* would like to thank
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choir
during their Monday evening rehearsals.

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Library** for loan of the music copies.

Future Performances

The *West Somerset Singers* are delighted to have
been asked to sing once again at
Dunster Castle on **Saturday 16th December 2017**
from 2pm-4pm.

We will be invited members of the public to come and listen or
sing along to carols at North Street Congregational Church on
Thursday 21st December 2017 from 6pm-7pm.

Our next performance will be our
Spring concert on **Saturday 28th April 2018**.

Rehearsals begin on Monday 8th January 2018.
New members always welcome.

The
West
Somerset
Singers



**JOIN US IN SINGING
CHRISTMAS CAROLS**

at

NORTH STREET CHURCH TAUNTON TA1 1LW

on

**THURSDAY 21ST DECEMBER 2017
6PM—7PM**

COME WHEN YOU CAN...LEAVE WHEN YOU MUST!

If you prefer just to listen then that's fine too!

**Free tea, coffee and mince pies will be available.
Donations for the charity Open Door would be greatly
appreciated.**

www.westsomersetsingers.org.uk