

## **Der Traum** (*The Dream*)

There walked within a garden two lovers hand in hand;  
Two ashen delicate creatures, they sat in the flowers' land.  
They kissed and their arms enfolded, they kissed so, despite their pain  
Embracing, and in their rapture becoming strong once again.  
Two bells rang out, all dreaming to vanish at their sound;  
She lay in the convent's deepest cell; his grave in the tower's ground.

## **Der Schmidt** (*The Smith*)

I hear my delight, the hammer he swings,  
The roaring, the ringing comes to me from afar  
Like the bell chimes through alley and streets.  
By the black fireplace, there my love sits  
But if I pass by, the bellows then whistle  
And the flames roar and glow around him.

**Robert Ascott** studied choral conducting under James Gaddarn. As a businessman he lived overseas for long periods, and has held organist and choirmaster posts in several cities of the world, including London, Cologne and New York. He is the treasurer of the Herbert Howells Society, and lists Bach and Britten among his other favourite composers. In addition to his work on the chamber choir repertoire he has conducted operas and musicals. He conducted the inaugural concert of Cantemus in 2000 and, on average, one concert in every year since then.

**Sam Chapman** is 15 years old, and began to learn the cornet at the age of 6. He lives in Childrey, near Wantage, and has been playing in the Wantage Silver Band for 9 years along with his sister, parents and grandparents. He has won various music competitions: his most recent successes have been 'Best Instrumentalist' at the Royal Leamington Spa contest, and winner of his School Music Cup (open to 14 - 18 year olds). He passed his Grade 8 cornet exam when he was 14.

**Cantemus** was founded in 1999 with the aim of performing a wide variety of sacred and secular music, both accompanied and unaccompanied, ranging from the Renaissance to the present day. The Choir undertakes four performances a year primarily in the West Berkshire area. All our concerts seek to raise money for good causes.

**Sopranos:** Deborah Cox, Sheenagh Dernie, Claire Hamilton, Sarah Holland, Joyce Refausse

**Altos:** Denny Barker, Valerie Cooper, Alison Jestico, Alison Sidwell, Heather Sims

**Tenors:** Ian Walker, David Wilcox

**Basses:** Mike Ananin, Andrew Blake, Stephen Blinman, Ian Haslam

## **Our next Concerts**

**Saturday 13 June 2009:** St George's Church, Wash Common, Newbury

**Saturday 17 October 2009:** St Lawrence's Church, Hilmarton, Calne

**Saturday 20 March 2010:** Wantage Parish Church (*10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary concert*)

**Parish Church of  
St Michael and All Angels  
Shalbourne**

*presents*

*A Spring Concert  
performed by*

**CANTEMUS**  
NEWBURY

*Director: Robert Ascott*

*with*

*Sam Chapman – Cornet*

*Saturday 14th March 2009 at 8.00pm*

[www.cantemus-newbury.org.uk](http://www.cantemus-newbury.org.uk)

# Programme

*Tonight's programme will be performed in continuous sections, without an interval. Audience applause is welcomed, although it would be appreciated if this were kept until the end of each section.*

## Four Anthems

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

- ~ I was Glad
- ~ O God the King of Glory
- ~ Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry
- ~ Remember not Lord our offences

## Quatre Motets pour un temps de Penitence

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

- ~ Timor et Tremor
- ~ Vinea mea electa
- ~ Tenebrae factae sunt
- ~ Tristis est anima mea (*soloist: Sheenagh Dernie*)

*Solo:* Sam Chapman, cornet (*accompanied by Alan Kingston*)

Fleur de Lis ( <i>valse lente</i> )	J. A. Greenford
The Watermill	Ronald Binge
Ballet Suite	P. I. Tchaikovsky

## Four romantic German Songs

- |               |                               |
|---------------|-------------------------------|
| ~ Im Herbst   | Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)   |
| ~ Herbstlied  | Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) |
| ~ Der Traum   | Peter Cornelius (1824-1874)   |
| ~ Der Schmidt | Robert Schumann (1810-1856)   |

## Four English Madrigals

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ~ Fyer, Fyer                  | Thomas Morley (1557-1603)  |
| ~ Fair Phyllis                | John Farmer (1565-1605)    |
| ~ On the plains, fairy trains | Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623) |
| ~ Draw on sweet night         | John Wilbye (1574-1638)    |

# Translations

## **Timor et Tremor**

Fear and trembling came upon me, and darkness fell upon me.  
Have mercy on me, o Lord, for my soul trusted in thee.  
Hear my prayer, O God, for thou art my refuge and my strong helper.  
Lord, I have called upon thee, let me not be confounded.

## **Vinea mea electa**

O my chosen vineyard, it is I who have planted you.  
How have you become so bitter that you should crucify me, and release Barabbas?  
I have hedged you in, and cleared you of stones, and have built a tower.  
How have you become so bitter that you should crucify me, and release Barabbas?

## **Tenebrae factae sunt**

There was darkness over all the earth when the Jews crucified Jesus; and about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice: My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Then he bowed his head, and yielded up his spirit.  
Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying: Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. And he bowed his head and yielded up his spirit.

## **Tristis est anima mea**

My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death: tarry here, and watch with me.  
In a little while you shall see a great multitude that compasses me round about.  
You shall flee, and I shall go to be sacrificed for you.  
Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.  
You shall flee, and I shall go to be sacrificed for you.

## **Im Herbst** (*In Autumn*)

Autumn is sad, and as the leaves are dying, so sinks the heart in melancholy gloom.  
Silent the field, the birds drift southwards, flying yet hushed, as if towards the tomb.  
So pale the sun, and pallid mists soon vanquish man's heart, just as they cloud the day.  
Swift comes the night, all energies relinquish their powers, and life is locked away.  
How frail is man. He sees the sun declining, he dreads life's outcome as the years pass by.  
Eyes fill with tears, yet through the teardrops shining pour forth most heartfelt words of bliss and joy.

## **Herbstlied** (*Autumn Song*)

Lovely spring, now you are gone; everywhere your trace has vanished.  
Early blossoms see I none, all by the autumn storms now banished.  
How the wind so mournful howls through the trees, as though lamenting;  
Near-exhausted, nature palls, facing autumn unrelenting.  
O how soon it comes, alas! Yet another year is fleeing.  
Through the wood its questions pass: Are you happy, inner being?  
Forest murmurs, ever true, tell my heart so long mistaken:  
Every year comes life anew, springtime blooms fresh hopes awaken.