



*Songs of Remembrance
and Farewell*

**St Ann's Church,
Breamish Street, Newcastle**



Conductor: **Simon Lee**

Saturday 10th November 2018

Programme

Ne irascaris Domine William Byrd (1543-1623)

For a survivor of the Mesopotamian campaign

Eliazabeth Daryush (1887-1977)

Songs of Farewell Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

1. My soul, there is a country
2. I know my soul hath power to know all things
3. Never weather-beaten sail

To a missing Friend Goldfeld (dates unknown, he died in the war)

The Bathe A.P.Herbert (1890-1971)

Songs of Farewell Hubert Parry

4. There is an old belief
5. At the round earth's imagined corners

Futility Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

Here dead we lie A.E.Housman (1859-1936)

Songs of Farewell Hubert Parry

6. Lord, let me know mine end

A very brief interval

My boy Jack Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)

When David heard Eric Whitacre (b.1970)

Perhaps Vera Brittain (1893-1970)

Extract from Requiem Henry Walford Davies (1869-1941)

Keep the home fires burning Ivor Novello (1893-1951)
arr. J Simon Lee

Vlamertinghe: Passing the chateau

Edmund Blunden (1896-1974)

Flanders Fields Paul Aitken (b.1970)

Farewell to Arms George Peele (1556-96)

Lux aeterna Edward Elgar (1857-1934)
arr. John Cameron

A century ago, Europe and the wider world had been embroiled in a bitter, bloody 4-year-long conflict that had claimed millions of lives. An entire generation of young men had been wiped out; on the western front alone, over 3 million men died and another 8 million were injured. However, amidst all this horror, beauty was found. Poets such as Binyon and Owen depicted images in their words, composers like Ivor Gurney used their music as a means of alleviating the long hours of boredom which were punctuated with moments of total and utter terror. This programme draws together these different strands in an act of remembrance, not only of those who served and died in the First World War, but those who have served and died in subsequent wars, even to the present day.

Ne irascaris

William Byrd

As long as there have been humans on the face of the earth, there has been warfare between nations, factions, religions and other disparate groups. William Byrd was alive in the midst of the turmoil of the Tudor period. As a practising Catholic, he was safe during the reign of pious Queen Mary I, but upon her death, when her Protestant younger sister Elizabeth took the throne, his safety was no longer as assured. However, his skill as a composer earned him a place as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1572, succeeding Robert Parsons, and indeed his music was so respected by the monarch, that she granted Byrd and Tallis a 21-year monopoly on the printing of music. In 1589, he published the first of two collections entitled *Cantiones Sacrae*. Whilst the text of the works contained within these volumes are from the High Anglican tradition, various scholars have pointed to his word-painting of sections of text depicting the suffering of the chosen people. This is evident in ***Ne irascaris*** where the polyphony of the second section is disrupted at the words, 'Sion deserta facta est' (Sion – the chosen land – has become a wilderness). Here the choir sings together in four-part homophony, first with higher voices, and then lower before returning to increasingly animated iterations of 'Jerusalem desolata est.' Unlike the majority of other works in this

collection, Byrd does not base this motet around a cantus firmus, but instead demonstrates his mastery of a much freer style, illustrating the move towards music which was inspired by the madrigals of Italy which were growing in popularity at this time.

Ne irascaris Domine satis,
et ne ultra memineris
iniquitatis nostræ.

*Let not thy rage be satisfied,
Lord, and remember not over
much our iniquities.*

Ecce, respice, populus
tuus omnes nos.

*Behold, have regard: we are
all thy people.*

Civitas sancti tui facta est
deserta, Sion deserta facta
est, Jerusalem desolata est.

*The city of thy saints has
become a wilderness. Sion
has become a wilderness, and
Jerusalem is desolate.*

For a survivor of the Mesopotamian campaign

Elizabeth Daryush

Songs of Farewell

Hubert Parry

Charles Hubert Hastings Parry was a forward-thinking man. Along with his wife, he was a strong supporter of the suffragette movement, and his setting of the William Blake poem *Jerusalem* was adopted by the Women's Institute early in its life, and has remained one of the nation's favourite songs. In 1918, at the age of 60, with his health deteriorating, Parry began to compose a private farewell to the world. Having grown up in awe of the music of Bach and Mendelssohn, he had, in his student years at Oxford, discovered the music of Schumann which he regarded along with other German composers' works to be the pinnacle of the musical art-form. The ***Songs of Farewell*** reflect the scope and scale of works such as Brahms, but like Bruckner's motets they are distilled into an a cappella choral format. They begin simply, in just four parts but grow in complexity (and number of parts) as they progress, until the last movement, which is written for double-choir.

In the autumn of 1918, Parry was unwell. He contracted Spanish Flu in the global pandemic, which affected him greatly. As he grew weaker, he began to ponder his relationship with death, and so the **Songs of Farewell** were born. Composed in just a few short weeks, at times Parry was suffering from multiple attacks of angina each day. The first movement, like the Magnificat opens with the words, 'my soul,' and like the Magnificat represents Parry's personal relationship at the start of his last few weeks. As the movements progress, there are moments of despair, which at times threaten to overwhelm the listener: **I know my soul hath power** is a rational argument about our humanity; **Never weather-beaten sail** is the composer's first welcoming of death. In **There is an old belief** the choir is divided into six voices. At the start of the second section there is a quotation of the plainsong Creed:



Cre - do in u - num De - um

1. My soul, there is a country

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious Friend,
And - O my soul, awake! -
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes -
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Henry Vaughan (1622-95)

2. I know my soul hath power

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet she is blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span;
I know my sense is mocked in everything;
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

John Davies (1569-1626)

3. Never weather-beaten sail

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!

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

To a missing Friend

Goldfeld

The Bathe

A.P.Herbert

4. There is an old belief

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| There is an old belief | Beyond the sphere of Time |
| That on some solemn shore, | And Sin, and Fate's control, |
| Beyond the sphere of grief | Serene in changeless prime |
| Dear friends shall meet once more. | 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.

John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854)

5. At the round earth's imagined corners

The fifth movement of the set is the least often performed. The choir is now divided into seven parts, and sing an opening fanfare climbing ever higher, first towards, "angels," and then towards the word, "arise." Throughout the *Songs of Farewell*, Parry makes use of the compositional device setting two parts of the choir together. In the fifth movement, this most often takes the form of the upper voices being answered by the lower voices. The harmonies move to and fro between to the two choirs, until the poet realises the lateness of his request, but appeals to be taught to learn how to repent before a highly chromatic passage finishes the movement in D major.

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go!
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, overthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, 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. 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.

John Donne (1572-1631)

Futility

Here dead we lie

Wilfred Owen

A.E.Housman

6. Lord, let me know mine end

After the certainty of the preceding movement's final eight-part D major chord, *Lord, let me know mine end* begins highly unusually on a first inversion of the same chord. Having the third so low in the texture unsettles the listener's ear and gives an impression of Parry's feeling of unsettledness

in the last days of his life. The final movement is much more segmented than those which has preceded it; no section lasts longer than a couple of phrases' lengths. The listener can very easily picture a mind passing in and out of consciousness, moving from peace to anxiety to, finally, acceptance at the final climax, "before I go hence."

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, every 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 dost chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away like as it were a moth fretting a garment; every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, 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.

Ps xxxix, vv 5-15

A very brief interval

My boy Jack

Rudyard Kipling

When David heard

Eric Whitacre

Eric Whitacre has enjoyed huge popularity since his compositions first came to the public attention at the start of the 21st Century. Known for his layering of voices into complex cluster chords, his setting of ***When David heard*** is a prime example of his style. After a murmured

opening, the choir is divided into 17 parts which pile up on top of each other in an increasingly anguished howl of misery. Following on from this is a keening lament, begun by the tenors, but then picked up by the other voices of the choir. Triplet and duplet rhythms are freely mixed in long melismatic passages which maintain the sorrowful mood. These sections are interspersed with quiet sobbing chords sung homophonically by the whole choir. Like the Parry, the mood moves from quiet acceptance to outcries of grief, and possibly even anger which build and build to a final climax. The piece is bookended with a second iteration of the murmured opening.

When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up into his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said: My son, my son Absalom, O my son, O Absalom my son, would God I had died for thee!

Samuel II, xviii, v.33

Perhaps

Vera Brittain

Requiem and Psalms

Henry Walford Davies

Whilst Anglican chant is not a medium which is often heard in the concert hall, it represents a unique blending of poetry and singing which is highly effective. Henry Walford Davies' settings of the **Requiem** text are interspersed with Psalms 130 (***Out of the deep have I called unto thee O Lord***) and 121 (***I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills***), both of which have chants also written by Walford Davies. Written in 1915, whilst he was serving with the Royal Air Force the Requiem fragments bear certain similarity to the music of Herbert Howells. He studied under Parry at the Royal College of Music, having been encouraged to apply by Charles Stanford.

Psalm 130

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.
O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.
If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord,
who may abide it?
For there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord: my soul doth wait for him; in his word is my trust.
My soul fleeth unto the Lord: before the morning watch, I say, before
the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him
is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.

Requiem

Requiem aeternam dona eis
Domine, et lux perpetua
luceat eis.

*Rest eternal grant unto them,
Lord, and may light perpetual
shine upon them.*

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not
sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right
hand.

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea it is even he that shall keep
thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in: from this time
forth for evermore.

Requiem

Requiem aeternam, etc.

Rest eternal, etc.

Keep the home fires burning

Ivor Novello, arr. J Simon Lee

This text has always struck me as particularly poignant. Although women did serve in the conflict, the Great War was a time of separation. Relationships and engagements could be made, only to be broken by the death of the young men weeks later. This was also the first time that propaganda had been used to manipulate the morale of the people – both those serving on the front, and those at home. The song was Ivor Novello's first success, bringing him notoriety and financial gains. Ivor Novello also served with the Air Force, although with less accomplishment than Walford Davies; he

managed to crash land two planes, after which he was moved to a desk job at the Air Ministry. The lyrics were written by the American poet Lena Guilbert Ford, who had moved to London after having divorced her husband. Throughout the war, she offered hospitality to soldiers at her home. She and her son were the first American casualties of a German air raid, when their house was hit by a bomb dropped on the night of 7th/8th March 1918. I hope that you will join with us in singing the repeat of the chorus:



Keep the home fires burn - ing, While your hearts are yearn - ing, Though your lads are
 far a - way, They dream of Home; There's a sil - ver lin - ing Through the dark clouds
 shin - ing Turn the dark cloud in - side out, 'Till the boys come Home.

They were summoned from the hillside,
 They were called in from the glen,
 And the Country found them ready
 At the stirring call for men.

Let no tears add to their hardship,
 As the soldiers pass along,
 And although your heart is breaking
 Make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the home fires burning,
 While your hearts are yearning,
 Though your lads are far away
 They dream of Home;

There's a silver lining
 Through the dark cloud shining:
 Turn the dark cloud inside out
 'Till the boys come home.

Lena Guilbert Ford

Vlamertinghe: Passing the chateau

Edmund Blunden

Flanders Fields

Paul Aitken

Paul Aitken's composition, *Flanders Fields*, was the first-ever winner of the American Choral Director Association's Brock Student Composition prize. Against a murmuring ostinato of the opening lines of the poem which the tenors sing, the upper voices float over the top like the "larks still bravely singing". After the polyphony of the first section, the entire choir sings together homophonically in the second, allowing the text of John McCrae's poem to be clearly understood. McCrae was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Canadian corps, and wrote the poem after having presided over the funeral of his friend and fellow-soldier Lieutenant Alexis Helmer. Aitken's setting of the text has gained popularity throughout the United States, and is now a staple of the university choir repertoire.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

Farewell to Arms

George Peele

Lux aeterna

Edward Elgar, *arr.* John Cameron

The *Enigma variations* predate the Great War by sixteen years. Despite his position today as the epitome of an English composer, Edward Elgar's influences were much more from the macro-romantic music of Germanic composers such as Mahler. Having said this, he was appalled by the idea of the conflict, and demonstrated his patriotism with the composition of *A Song for Soldiers*. Each of the fourteen variations on an original theme, is dedicated to a person within Elgar's life, and of these variations "Nimrod" is the most well known. It is named for Elgar's editor at Novello, Augustus J. Jaeger (Jäger is hunter in German; Nimrod being a patriarchal hunter of the Old Testament). In this arrangement, the words of the *Requiem* have been superimposed onto the melody making the mood of the piece much more reflective than its original intention, but in line with its use in funerals and other events of remembrance.

Lux aeterna luceat eis
Domine: cum sanctis tuis in
aeternum, quia pius es. Lux
aeterna luceat eis, lux perpetua
Domine, cum sanctis tuis in
aeternum, quia pius es.
Requiem aeternam dona eis,
Domine.

Eternal light shine upon them,
Lord: with thy saints for ever,
for thou art holy. Eternal light
shine upon them, perpetual
light O Lord, with thy saints
for ever, for thou art holy.
Rest eternal grant unto them,
Lord.

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Simon Lee recently completed a Master's degree in Choral Conducting at Yale University and the Yale Institute of Sacred Music under the tutelage of Marguerite L. Brooks, Jeffrey Douma and David Hill. During his time in Connecticut, he was conductor of the Marquand Chapel Choir at Yale Divinity School, the Morse Chorale and temporarily the Director of Music at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church.



Born and raised in the northwest of England, Simon began his musical career as a chorister at Lancaster Priory. He studied clarinet and saxophone performance at Leeds University where he was also a choral scholar at Leeds R.C. Cathedral. Upon graduation from Leeds in 2009, he moved to Durham to take up the post of tenor Lay Clerk at the Cathedral there. Whilst in Durham, he completed a PGCE in Primary Education at Durham University, and having done this taught in schools across the north-east.

Having returned to Durham in June of this year, Simon has rejoined the Cathedral Choir and the Cathedral's Outreach Project, and is concurrently pursuing a career as a choral conductor and tenor soloist. He has just been appointed Director of Curriculum Music at the Chorister School.

In 2017, he was a semifinalist in the American Choral Directors' Association's national Graduate Conducting Competition. Simon is delighted to be conducting Cappella again after his two-year sabbatical.

Cappella Novocastriensis was founded in 1960 by Dr Frederick Hudson to specialise in singing music for worship. It has about 40 members, and often sings unaccompanied.

Cappella sings in churches throughout the North East, as well as giving several major concerts each year, and periodically gives performances of early music with Newcastle Baroque playing on period instruments, or renaissance sackbut and cornett ensembles such as QuintEssential. Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610* has been performed on two occasions in Durham Cathedral.

In 1999, with the aid of the Lottery Fund, the City of Newcastle, the Sir James Knott Trust and individual subscriptions, a chamber organ was commissioned from Neil Richerby of Lammermuir Pipeorgans.

The choir has also appeared on Tyne Tees Television's *With Voices Raised*, and has produced two CDs of Christmas music, which have been featured on BBC Radio 3's *The Choir*, and Classic FM's *The Full Works*.

Choir members

Jessica Anderson, Helen Bartlett, Kim Bartlett,
Kate Bredin, Peter Bredin-Kemp, Emma Cave, Paul Gailiunas,
Kay Griffiths, Jacqui Hamlett, Graham Hamlett, Patrick Hazlehurst,
Peter Howorth, Denise Howel, Frances Hughes, Eleanor Kenyon,
Andrew Keyes, Robert Lawrance, Sarah Lawrance, Alex Longcake,
Liz Magee, Bernhard Malkmus, Alison Menzies, Harriet Mitchison,
Alex Murchie, Mary Newman, Mike Oswald, Ken Pollard,
Judy Pratt, Gemma Roberts, David Saunders, Tessa Sayers,
Mike Snow, Julie Stobbs, Cherry Summers,
Philip Thicknes, John Verney,
Margaret Verney, Helen Young

We welcome new members who would like to join the choir. Any voice is welcome. If you are interested, perhaps just to come along to a trial rehearsal, please contact our Chair by email. His address is patrighaz@googlemail.com

Friends of Cappella Novocastriensis

Sandy Anderson, Mollie Brown, Peter Coulson,
Eric Cross, Lindsay Cross, David Foster, Charlotte Houlton,
Margaret Humphrey, Roy Large, Brenda Orwin, Alan Pratt,
Bruce Reed, Margery Reed, Alan Simpson,
Les Stobbs, Jeanne Tozer

If you would like to support the choir in some way, please consider becoming a Friend. The scheme is currently under review, but help of any sort is welcome. For details contact Helen Bartlett at camphoroil101@gmail.com

Website www.cappellanovocastriensis.com

Facebook www.facebook.com/CappellaNovocastriensis

Twitter @CappellaNov or www.twitter.com/CappellaNov

Cappella Novocastriensis is a Registered Charity, Number 514163



If you would like to be on our electronic mailing list, please fill in a form which you can find on our display board. As yet we do not have an angelic mail service. Cappella's website address is www.cappellanovocastriensis.com



Forthcoming events by Cappella

Saturday 9th March 2109 at 7.30 pm
Jesmond United Reformed Church,
Burdon Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne.
*Schütz **Musicalisches Exequien** and*
*Brahms **Ein deutsches Requiem.***

Saturday 1st June and Sunday 2nd June 2109
Cappella sings the services at
Durham Cathedral.