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# Programme

Ave María

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548-1611)

Vox in Rama

Giaches de Wert (c. 1535-1596)

Le reniement de St Pierre

Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)

*Tim Grantham, Jesus*

*Chris Bradley, Peter*

*Robin Maurer, narrator*

*Bronwyn Mitchell, doorkeeper*

*Sara Grims, maidservant*

*Tim Smetham, relative of Malchus*

Ave Maris Stella

Trond Kverno (b. 1945)

Hymn to Saint Cecilia

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

*Sara Grims, soprano*

*Bronwyn Mitchell, soprano*

*Nicki Jenkins, alto*

*Michael Bradshaw, bass*

Carol to Saint Stephen

Jack Body (b. 1944)

*Sara Grims, soprano*

*Cathy Green, alto*

*Paul Bonetti, tenor*

*Thank you for attending this afternoon's performance.*

*You are invited to join us on the lawn for afternoon tea following the concert.*

# Texts & Translations

## *Ave maria*

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Queen of heaven.

Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death,  
that with the elect we may gaze (upon thee).

## *Vox in Rama*

A voice is heard in Ramah of weeping and great lamentation,

Rachel is weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are no more.

## *Le reniement de St Pierre (The Denial of Saint Peter)*

### *Chorus*

At supper Jesus gave his disciples his body to eat and his blood to drink. Then they went out together into the mount of olives. then saith Jesus unto them:

### *Jesus*

All ye shall be offended because of me this night: For it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.

### *Chorus*

Peter answered and said to him:

### *Peter*

Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended.

### *Jesus*

Amen, I say unto thee, Peter, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me.

### *Peter*

Ah Lord, though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.

### *Chorus*

Likewise also said all the disciples: We shall not deny thee, though we should die with thee, yet will we not deny thee.

### *Narrator*

Lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves. Then they laid hands on Jesus and took him. Then all the disciples forsook him

and fled. And Peter stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear. And Jesus said unto him:

*Jesus*

Put up again thy sword, Peter, into its place. Wouldst thou not that I drink this cup, which my Father hath given me?

*Narrator*

Then the band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus, and bound him, and led him away to the high priest. But Peter followed him afar off unto the high priest's palace. She who kept the door saw him and said unto him:

*Doorkeeper*

Art thou not also one of this man's disciples?

*Peter*

O woman, I am not, I do not know the man.

*Chorus*

They took Peter into the house, and he sat with the servants and the soldiers by the fire and warmed himself. Another maid said unto him:

*Maid servant*

Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth.

*Peter*

O woman, I was not, I do not know this man.

*Narrator*

Then a kinsman of him whose ear Peter cut off, saith:

*Doorkeeper, Maid servant, & relative of Malchus*

Art thou not a Galilean? Did not I see thee in the garden with him? Wert thou not he who smote Malchus? Yes, thou art, and it was thee. Thy speech betrayeth thee. Thou art one of this man's disciples.

*Peter*

No, I am not, and I was not. I know not what thou sayest. I do not know the man.

*Chorus*

And immediately the cock crowed. Then Jesus looked at Peter and Peter remembered the words of Jesus. And he went out and wept bitterly.

## Ave maris stella

Hail, Star of the Sea, Loving Mother of God,  
Heaven's blissful portal!

Receiving that "Ave" from the mouth of Gabriel,  
Reversing the name of "Eva," establish us in peace.

Break the chains of sinners, bring light to the blind,  
Drive away our evils, and ask for all good things.

Show thyself to be a mother, that, through thee,  
He may accept our prayers, he who, born for us, chose to be your Son.

O incomparable Virgin, meek above all others,  
Make us, freed from our faults, meek and chaste.

Keep our life pure, make our journey safe,  
so that, seeing Jesus, we may rejoice together forever.

Let there be praise to God the Father, and glory to Christ the most High,  
and to the Holy Spirit, and to the Three be one honour. Amen.

## Hymn to Saint Cecilia

Text: W.H. Auden (1907-73)

I. In a garden shady this holy lady  
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,  
Like a black swan as death came on  
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:  
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin  
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,  
And notes tremendous from her great engine  
Thundered out on the Roman air.  
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,  
Moved to delight by the melody,  
White as an orchid she rode quite naked  
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;  
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing  
Came out of their trance into time again,  
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses  
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

II. I cannot grow;  
I have no shadow  
To run away from,  
I only play.

I cannot err;  
There is no creature  
Whom I belong to,  
Whom I could wrong.

I am defeat  
When it knows it  
Can now do nothing  
By suffering.

All you lived through,  
Dancing because you  
No longer need it  
For any deed.

I shall never be Different. Love me.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

III. O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,  
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,  
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
Where Hope within the altogether strange  
From every outworn image is released,  
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast  
Into a world of truths that never change:  
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,  
Playing among the ruined languages,  
So small beside their large confusing words,  
So gay against the greater silences  
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,  
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,  
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,  
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin  
Is drawn across our trembling violin.  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.

O law drummed out by hearts against the still  
Long winter of our intellectual will.  
That what has been may never be again.

O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath  
Of convalescents on the shores of death.  
O bless the freedom that you never chose.

O trumpets that unguarded children blow  
About the fortress of their inner foe.  
O wear your tribulation like a rose.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

## Carol to Saint Stephen

*Eya, Martyr Stephane,*  
Pray for us we pray to thee.

*(Lo, Stephen the martyr)*

Of this martyr make we mend,  
*quí triumphavit hodie.*  
And to heaven bliss gan wend,  
*dono coelestis gratiae.*

*(who triumphed today)*

*(with the gift of heavenly grace)*

Stonéd he was with stonés great,  
*fervore gentis impíae,*

*(by the rage of a wicked race)*

Then he saw Christ sit in seat,  
*inníxum Patrís dextere.*

*(set on the right hand of the Father)*

Thou praydest Christ for thine en'mies,  
*o martyr invictíssime,*

*(o martyr most unconquered)*

Thou pray for us that high justice,  
*ut nos purget a crimíne.*

*(that he may cleans us from sín)*

Lord Jesus, accept my spirit.  
Lay not this sin to their charge.