

A painting of a woman in a white dress looking out over a river valley. The woman is in the foreground, standing on a balcony with a decorative railing. She is looking towards the right, where a river flows through a lush, green valley. In the distance, there are hills and a small boat on the river. The overall style is Romantic, with soft lighting and a focus on nature and human emotion.

Colchester
Chamber Choir

Director Roderick Earle

THE
ROMANTIC
SOUL



The Romantic Soul is the second concert of our tenth anniversary year. We have presented over sixty concerts and recitals in just nine years, performances that have included more than two hundred and fifty individual pieces of music. Our repertoire covers the complete spectrum of the classical tradition from the Renaissance to the contemporary. We specialise in singing less well-known music for the smaller choir in the original language and pride ourselves on our imaginative programming and presentation. The choir is auditioned and through detailed rehearsal endeavours to aspire to the highest professional standards of music-making. We perform throughout East Anglia in cathedrals, castles, gardens and country churches.

Several of our choral apprentices have gone on to receive choral scholarships at universities and cathedrals, benefiting from the unique experience of singing in the choir.

We are pleased to have Caroline Finlay as our rehearsal accompanist.

Roderick Earle was a boy chorister at Winchester Cathedral and following a choral scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music entered the singing profession as a soloist.

He was a principal baritone with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden for 21 years, singing more than 60 roles with many of the greatest singers, conductors and directors of the era and has sung in opera and concerts all over the world. He has made several recordings and videos from early to contemporary music. Roderick is also a singing professor at The Royal College of Music, London and teaches the choral scholars at Trinity College, Cambridge.

John Paul Ekins' concert schedule takes him across the UK, Europe, and further afield, having been nationally broadcast on the BBC, and in Romania and Poland.

A graduate of the Royal College of Music and Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where he was a scholar studying with Charles Owen, he has given solo performances in the UK's major concert halls including The Royal Albert Hall, The Wigmore Hall, The Purcell Room, The Queen Elizabeth Hall, Ulster Hall Belfast, and Symphony Hall Birmingham. John Paul has been presented to Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace, and he has been awarded as many as 19 awards and prizes at international competitions.

COLCHESTER CHAMBER CHOIR

sopranos

Rosalind Aczel, Emily Burden*, Diana Childs,
Liz Curry, Anita Filer, Caroline Finlay,
Lesley Gunfield, Linda Pearsall,
Jane Read, Libby Ridley, Hilary Sellers

tenors

Jonathan Abbott, Chris Huggon,
Andrew Marsden, Amrit Nasta,
Lenny Rush‡

altos

Anne-Dore Beaton,
Joanna Byers, Patsy Cosgrove,
Tessa Freebairn, Gemma Hydes,
Meg Prolingheuer, Clare Westley

basses

Mike Frost, Adam Masters,
Sean Moriarty, Steven Moseley,
Sam Newton*, Stephen Smith,
Chris Tanner

*choral apprentice, ‡choral scholar



THE ROMANTIC SOUL

The romantic movement swept through Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century as a profound reaction to the 'age of reason' with its coolly rational and structured analysis of the human condition. It changed the way artists, musicians and writers thought about life and the human experience. Essentially there was a deeper connection with nature, imagination and the fantastic; with extreme emotion and the potentially irrational. It was an age heralded by the Lake poets, Turner, Beethoven, the creation of the fictional Frankenstein and Faust and it continued to develop until the end of the century when the turbulent developments of the new century turned a new page in our cultural history.

Tonight's programme draws together fifteen rather special compositions for choir (with and without piano) by six widely different composers. Drawn from across Europe, from Sweden to Italy, they reflect different aspects of the Romantic soul. Here you will find expressions not only of passionate and flirtatious love, but also of the natural world, the exotic and the macabre.



Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924) wrote several choral works amongst which the *Requiem* holds pride of place. His *Madrigal* was written as a mischievous wedding present for his friend and ex-pupil, André

Messenger. Young men and women tease each other with their infidelities and cruelties in love. Originally written for choir or voices and piano it was later orchestrated and then included in his incidental music for *Masques et Bergamasques*. Fauré wrote 13 Nocturnes for solo piano which display the development of his compositional style from the lyrical early period to the more advanced mature works. None is more poignant than *Nocturne no. 1, in E flat, op. 33*. His *Pavane*, perhaps his best-known composition, was originally conceived for voices and piano, as performed this evening. Like *Madrigal*, the text explores the tussle between the sexes as they flirt within the constraints of a courtly dance. Fauré later orchestrated it and removed the choral parts. *Les Djinns*, a setting of a gothic poem by Victor Hugo, is a veritable tour de force with its gradual crescendo and diminuendo as the djinn swarm down onto a seaside palace and then recede into the distance. Hugo's poem has lines of increasing and then decreasing length which are reflected in Fauré's palindromic musical form.

The Swedish composer **Wilhelm Stenhammar** (1871-1927) was a contemporary of Rachmaninoff and wrote music in a late 19th century style. Studying in Berlin, he was greatly influenced by Wagner and Bruckner but then turned to fellow northern Europeans like



Nielsen and Sibelius intent on discovering a personal Nordic style. His 3 *A cappella korsange* are settings of the Danish poet, Jens Peter Jacobsen. His *Vårnatt* is the better known of a pair of compositions for choir and piano.



Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) was born in modern Slovenia of Austrian parentage. He is best known for his songs. His *Die Stimme des Kindes* is one of a handful of choral works that deserves to be better known.

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) was a leading and seminal composer of the Romantic era who pushed the bounds of music further than any of his contemporaries. *Le Ballet des Ombres* is an early work which Berlioz tried to suppress. It shows his fascination with the macabre as in his *Symphonie Fantastique* and *Damnation de Faust*.



Clara Schumann, neé Clara Wieck (1819-1896) was one of the leading concert pianists of the 19th century. Championing not only her husband's compositions but also those of the couple's close friend Brahms, she also wrote several highly successful compositions of her own. Similar in style to her husband's part-songs, the *Drei gemistche Chöre* have an originality and freshness of their very own.



By the age of 39, **Gioachino Rossini** (1792-1868) had written the last of his 39 operas. After a period in Bologna, he returned to Paris in 1855 where he became renowned for his Saturday salon soirées for which he wrote his entertainment pieces, *Péchés de Vieillesse* (Sins of Old Age). Never intended for public performance these works were eventually published in 14 volumes. They include various works for chamber performance, including piano solos and vocal works. Tonight's concert includes four pieces based on Italian themes, three of which are from this collection. *Saltarello à l'italienne* is an engaging and virtuosic 'leaping' dance for piano. *La Passeggiata* describes the pleasures of 'the promenade' taken by the sea shore in fine weather but which is temporarily threatened by an encroaching storm that soon dissipates into a calm moonlit evening. *I Gondolieri* praises the life of the gondolier who plies his trade to the delight of all on the calm lagoon. Finally, *Il Carnevale di Venezia* was written for the carnival in Rome in 1821, and performed by Rossini himself with Nicolò Paganini (singing and playing guitar), the writer Massimo d'Azeglio and the singer Caterina Lipparini as they wandered through the city disguised as beggars.



Madrigal

Gabriel Fauré

Tre Körvisor

Wilhelm Stenhammar

September

I Seraillets Have

Havde jeg, o havde jeg
en Dattersøn, o ja!

Vårnatt

Nocturne no. 1, in E flat
op. 33

Gabriel Fauré

Die Stimme des Kindes

Hugo Wolf

Le ballet des ombres

Hector Berlioz

Pavane

Gabriel Fauré





Les Djinns

Gabriel Fauré

Drei gemischte Chöre

Clara Schumann

Abendfeier in Venedig

Vorwärts

Gondoliera

Saltarello à l'italienne

Gioachino Rossini

La Passeggiata

I Gondolieri

Il Carnevale di Venezia



Madrigal Gabriel Fauré (text by Armand Sylvestre)

Inhumaines qui, sans merci,
Vous raillez de notre souci,
Aimez ! Aimez quand on vous aime!
Ingrats qui ne vous doutez pas
Des rêves éclos sur vos pas,
Aimez ! Aimez quand on vous aime!
Sachez, ô cruelles Beautés,
Que les jours d'aimer sont comptés.
Aimez ! aimez quand on vous aime!
Sachez, amoureux inconstants,
Que le bien d'aimer n'a qu'un temps.
Aimez ! aimez quand on vous aime!
Un même destin nous poursuit
Et notre folie est la même :
C'est celle d'aimer qui nous fuit,
C'est celle de fuir qui nous aime!

Inhuman women, who mercilessly
Mock our cares,
Love! Love when we love you!
Ungrateful men, who do not suspect
The dreams you provoke as you go,
Love! Love when we love you!
Know, O cruel beauties,
That the days of love are numbered.
Love! Love when we love you!
Know, fickle lovers,
That true love lasts a single season
Love! Love when we love you!
The same destiny pursues us
And our folly is the same:
It is loving those who flee us,
It is fleeing those who love us!

3 A cappella korsange Wilhelm Stenhammar (text by JP Jacobsen)

September

Alle de voksende skygger
har vævet sig sammen til en,
ensom paa himmelen lyser
en stjerne saa straalande ren,
skyerne have saa tunge drømme,
blomsternes øjne i duggraad svømme,
underligt aftenvinden suser,
suser i linden.

All the growing shadows have
Woven themselves into one,
Alone in the sky shines
A star so bright and pure.
The skies have such heavy dreams,
Dew flows from flowers' eyes,
And sadly sighs the evening breeze
Sighs, sighs in the lime-tree.

I Seraillets Have

Rosen sænker sit hoved
tungt af dug og duff,
og pinjerne svaje så tyst
og mat i lumre luft.
Kilderne vælte det tunge
sølv i døsig ro,
minareterne pege mod himlen
op i tyrketro,
og halvmånen driver så jævnt
afsted over det jævne blå
og den kysser rosers og liljers flok,
alle de blomster små
i seraillets have, i seraillets have.

The rose lowers its head,
heavy with dew and scent,
And the pines sway mutely
and dully in the sultry air.
The fountains tumble
the heavy silver in sleepy calm,
The minarets point to the heavens
in their blind faith,
And the half-moon drifts
smoothly across the smooth blue
And it kisses the flocks of roses and lilies,
All the tiny flowers
In the Harem garden.

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!
og en Kiste med mange, mange Penge,
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Datter, o ja,
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge.
Tra la la la la la

If I had, oh if I had a grandson, oh!
And a chest with lots of money,
I would surely have a daughter, oh,
And a house and home and meadows.
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Datterlil, o ja!
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge,
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Kærrest, o ja!
med Kister med mange, mange Penge.
Tra la la la la la

If I'd had, oh if I'd had a daughter, oh!
And a house and home and meadows,
I'd surely have had a lover, too, oh!
And chests with lots of money.
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

o havde jeg en Dattersøn

Oh, if I had a grandson!

Vårnatt Wilhelm Stenhammar (text Oscar Levertin)

Vackra vita vår,
du, som på stjärnlyst strimma
tyst över vägarna går,
lätt genom nattens dimma,
du, som ger växt och grodd,
du, som ger sol och grönska,
skänker, blott du blir trodd,
hjärtana allt vad de önska,
strö nu med fulla fång
dagg och doft på färden,
gnistor, glömska och sång,
allt som förnyar världen.

Men, o milda vår,
minns, att du bär förhoppning
ock för det, som aldrig får
mera tänka på knoppning.
Dröm, som i kamp blött slut,
löften långsamt förbrunna,
trådar, som sakta nöts ut,
hur fast, hur fast de en gång varit spunna,
strängar som oförmärkt brustit,
men länge måst skälva,
tankar, som stridit och värkt,
fills de levt över sig själva.
Alla de vänta på dig,
vänta till vila bli burna,
längta från uttrådd stig
att varda aska i urna.

Vackra, vita vår,
gjut din lycka kring staden,
men där du strålande går,
glöm ej de vissna bladen.

Lovely, white Spring,
you, as a starlit beam
silently over the roads do go,
lightly through the nocturnal mist.
You, who give growth and sprouting of plants,
you, who give sun and greenery,
you grant, it is believed,
to hearts all that they desire.
Scatter with full arms
dew and fragrance in your journey,
sparks, forgetfulness and song,
all that renews the world.

But, O gentle Spring,
remember that you bear hope
also for those who never can
again think of budding:
Dreams, that in the battle bled completely;
promises slowly burnt out;
threads that slowly have worn out,
how tightly they once were spun;
strings which unnoticed have snapped,
but long had to quiver;
thoughts that have fought and ached
until they have outlived themselves.
All wait for you,
wait until to rest they are borne,
longing from the well-worn path
to become ashes in urns.

Lovely, white Spring,
spread your joy throughout the town,
but where you shimmering go,
forget not the withered leaves.

Die Stimme des Kindes Hugo Wolf (text Nicholas Lenau)

Ein schlafend Kind! O still! in diesen Zügen
Könnt ihr das Paradies zurückbeschwören;
Es lächelt süß, als lauscht es Engelchören,
Den Mund umsäuselt himmlisches Vergnügen.

O schweige, Welt, mit deinen lauten Lügen,
Die Wahrheit dieses Traumes nicht zu stören!
Laß mich das Kind im Traume sprechen hören
Und mich, vergessend, in die Unschuld fügen!

Das Kind, nicht ahnend mein bewegtes Lauschen,
Mit dunklen Lauten hat mein Herz gesegnet,
Mehr als im stillen Wald des Baumes Rauschen;

Ein tiefres Heimweh hat mich überfallen,
Als wenn es auf die stille Heide regnet,
Wenn im Gebirg die fernen Glocken hallen.

A child asleep! O still! In these features
You could swear that Paradise has returned;
He smiles sweetly, as if listening to angelic choirs,
A heavenly joy playing about his mouth.

O be silent, world, with your blaring lies,
Do not disturb the truth of this sleep!
Let me hear the child speak in his dream
And retreat, oblivious, into innocence!

The child, unaware of my poignant listening,
Has blessed my heart with sombre sounds,
More than the rustling of a tree in the silent forest;

Some homesickness has come over me,
Deeper than when it rains on the silent heath,
Or when distant bells echo in the mountains.

Le ballet des ombres Hector Berlioz (text Albert Duboys)

Formez vos rangs, entrez en danse

L'ombre descend, le jour s'enfuit.

Ombres, votre règne commence

Dans la sombre horreur de la nuit.

Lorsque le souffle des orages

Agite les vertes forêts,

Il vient aussi dans nos bocages

Faire frémir les noirs cyprès.

Formez vos rangs, entrez en danse,

Ombres, prenez-vous par la main,

Troublez cet auguste silence

Qui règne sur le genre humain! Ah!

Pour les rangs point de jalousie,

Ombres de bergers et de rois!

Oubliez que l'orgueil, l'envie

Vous divisèrent autrefois!

L'un n'éprouva que des traverses;

Dans le bonheur l'autre vécut.

Tous ont pris des routes diverses

Pour venir tous au même but.

Ombres, oubliez de la terre

Et les plaisirs et les travaux!

Formez une danse légère

Qui courbe à peine les pavots! Ah!

Formez vos rangs, entrez en danse!

Mais la lune se lève et luit.

Gagnons l'Élysée en silence,

Et rendons le calme à la nuit!

Get into rows, begin to dance!

The darkness falls, the daylight flees.

Shades, your rule begins

In the dark horror of the night.

When the windy gusts of storms

Shake the green forests,

They also come into our groves

To make the black cypresses shiver.

Get into rows, begin to dance,

Shades, take each other by the hand,

Disturb this haughty silence

That reigns over humankind! Ah!

No jealousy among the rows,

You shades of shepherds and of kings!

Forget that pride and envy

Divided you once in the past!

One experienced only hardships;

In happiness the other lived.

All of them took different paths

To all end up in the same place.

Shades, forget of the earth

Both its pleasures and its pains!

Form up into a dainty dance

That barely bends the flower-stalks. Ah!

Get into rows, begin to dance!

But now the moon rises and shines.

Hence to the Elysian Fields in silence,

And let the night be still once more!

Mortels, lorsque dans les nuits sombres
Notre voix vous réveillera,
Songez bien qu'à la voix des ombres,
Un jour, la vôtre s'unira!

Pourquoi nous craindre, enfants des hommes?
Ce que vous êtes nous l'étions,
Et vous serez ce que nous sommes.
Au revoir! nous nous reverrons! Ah!

Oui vous serez ce que nous sommes.
Au revoir! nous nous reverrons!

Pavane Gabriel Fauré (text by Robert de Montesquiou)

C'est Lindor, c'est Tircis et c'est tous nos vainqueurs!
C'est Myrtille, c'est Lydé! Les reines de nos coeurs!
Comme ils sont provocants!
Comme ils sont fiers toujours!
Comme on ose régner sur nos sorts et nos jours!
Faites attention! Observez la mesure!

O la mortelle injure! La cadence est moins lente!
Et la chute plus sûre!
Nous rabattons bien leur caquets!
Nous serons bientôt leurs laquais!
Qu'ils sont laids! Chers minois!
Qu'ils sont fols! Airs coquets!
Et c'est toujours de même, et c'est ainsi toujours!
On s'adore! On se hait! On maudit ses amours!
Adieu Myrtille, Eglé, Chloé, démons moqueurs!
Adieu donc et bons jours aux tyrans de nos coeurs!
Et bons jours!

Mortals, when in the still of night
Our voices rouse you from your sleep,
Remember that, one day, your voice
Will join the chorus of the shades!

Why fear us, children of mankind?
What you are now, we once were too,
And you will be what we are now.
Goodbye for now! We'll meet again! Ah!

Yes, you will be what we are now,
Goodbye for now! We'll meet again!

It's Lindor! It's Tircis! And all our victors!
It's Myrtille! It's Lyde! The queens of our hearts!
How they provoke us!
How they are always so proud!
How they dare to control our destinies and days!
Pay attention! Observe the beat!

O the mortal insult! The cadence is less slow!
The fall more certain!
We'll make them sing a different tune!
We will soon be their lackeys!
They are so ugly! Such darling little faces!
They are so foolish! Such coquettish airs!
And it's always the same, and so it shall always be!
We love them! We hate them! We speak ill of their loves!
Farewell, Myrtille! Egle! Chloe! mocking demons!
So it is farewell and good day to the tyrants of our hearts!
And good day!

Les Djinns Gabriel Fauré (text by Victor Hugo)

Murs, ville et port,
Asile de mort,
Mer grise où brise
La brise, tout dort.

Dans la plaine
Naît un bruit.
C'est l'haleine
De la nuit.
Elle brâme
Comme une âme
Qu'une flamme
Toujours suit.

La voix plus haute
Semble un grelot,
D'un nain qui saute
C'est le galop,
Il fuit, s'élançe,
Puis, en cadence,
Sur un pied danse
Au bout d'un flot.

La rumeur approche,
L'écho la redit.
C'est comme la cloche
D'un couvent maudit,
Comme un bruit de foule
Qui tonne et qui roule
Et tantôt s'écroule
Et tantôt grandit.
Dieu! La voix sépulcrale

Town, tower shore, deep,
Where lower cliffs steep;
Waves gray where play
Winds gay—all sleep.

Hark! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night:
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on't is sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet:
He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.
O God! the deadly sound

Des Djinns!

Quel bruit ils font!

Fuyons sous la spirale

De l'escalier profond!

Déjà s'éteint ma lampe,

Et l'ombre de la rampe..

Qui le long du mur rampe,

Monte jusqu'au plafond.

Cris de l'enfer! voix qui hurle et qui pleure!

L'horrible essaim, poussé par l'aquilon,

Sans doute, ô ciel! s'abat sur ma demeure.

Le mur fléchit sous le noir bataillon.

La maison crie et chancelle penchée,

Et l'on dirait que, du sol arrachée,

Ainsi qu'il chasse une feuille séchée,

Le vent la roule avec leur tourbillon!

Prophète! Si ta main me sauve

De ces impurs démons des soirs,

J'irai prosterner mon front chauve

Devant tes sacrés encensoirs!

Fais que sur ces portes fidèles

Meure leur souffle d'étincelles,

Et qu'en vain l'ongle de leurs ailes

Grince et crie sur ces vitraux noirs!

De leurs ailes lointaines

Le battement décroît.

Si confus dans les plaines,

Si faible, que l'on croit

Oùir la sauterelle

Of the Djinns' fearful cry!

What noise they make

Quick, 'neath the spiral round

Of the deep staircase fly!

See, see our lamplight fade!

And of the balustrade

Mounts, mounts the circling shade

Up to the ceiling high!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!

The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—

O Heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek:

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.

Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn

From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,

Up from its deep foundations it were torn

To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now

Save from these foul and hellish things,

A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,

Laden with pious offerings.

Bid their hot breath its fiery rain

Stream on my faithful door in vain,

Vainly upon my blackened pane

Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

On! on! the storm of wings

Bears far the fiery fear,

Till scarce the breeze now brings

Dim murmurings to the ear;

Like locusts' humming hail,

Crier d'une voix grêle
Ou pétiller la grêle
Sur le plomb d'un vieux toit.

Les Djinns funèbres,
Fils du trépa
Dans les ténèbres
Pressent leur pas;
Leur essaim gronde;
Ainsi, profonde,
Murmure une onde
Qu'on ne voit pas.

Ce bruit vague
Qui s'endort,
C'est la vague
Sur le bord;
C'est la plainte
Presque éteinte
D'une sainte
Pour un mort.

On doute la nuit...J'écoute: -
Tout fuit, tout passe;
L'espace efface
Le bruit.

Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Each deadly Djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night!

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripple's flow,—
As the plaint
Far and faint
Of a saint
Murmured low.

We doubt the night...List!
All flees, all passes
All trace effaced
Of sound

Drei gemischte Chöre Clara Schumann (text by Gerd Nauhaus)

Abendfeier in Venedig

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel ruhn,
Von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton,
Ave Maria! Laßt vom irdschen Tun,
Zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn,
Des Himmels Scharen selber knien nun
Mit Lilienstäben vor des Vaters Thron,
Und durch die Rosenwolken wehn die Lieder
Der selgen Geister feierlich hernieder.

O heil'ge Andacht, welche jedes Herz
Mit leisen Schauern wunderbar durchdringt!
O selger Glaube, der sich himmelwärts
Auf des Gebetes weissem Fittig schwingt!
In milde Tränen löst sich da der Schmerz,
Indes der Freude Jubel sanfter klingt.
Ave Maria! Wenn die Glocke tönet,

Vorwärts

Lass das Träumen, lass das Zagen,
Unermüdet wandre fort!
Will die Kraft dir schier versagen,
'Vorwärts' ist das rechte Wort.
Darfst nicht weilen, wenn die Stunde
Rosen dir entgegenbringt,
Wenn dir aus des Meeres Grunde
Die Sirene lockend singt.
Vorwärts, vorwärts! Im Gesange
Ringe mit dem Schmerz der Welt,
Bis auf deine heise Wange
Goldner Strahl von oben fällt,
Bis der Kranz, der dichtbelaubte,

Ave Maria! Sea and sky are at rest,
Bells ring out from all the towers.
Ave Maria! Leave all earthly activity,
Pray to the Virgin, to the Virgin's Son!
The angelic throng now is kneeling
With lilies wrapped around their staves,
And through the roseate clouds, the songs
Of blessed spirits float ceremoniously down.

Oh holy devotion, which marvelously penetrates
Every heart with a quiet shiver!
Oh holy faith that soars toward heaven
On the white wings of prayer!
There pain dissolves into mild tears,
Ave Maria! When the bell sounds,
Earth and heaven smile, reconciled.

Leave off dreaming, leave off hesitating.
Wander on tirelessly!
When your strength is nearly failing,
'Onward' is the right word.
You must not tarry when the hour
Brings you roses;
When from the depths of the sea
The siren tempts you.
Onward, onward! In song
Wrestle with the pain of the world,
Until upon your burning cheek
Falls the golden beam from above.
Until the wreath, thick with leaves,

Schattig deine Stirn umwebt,
Bis verklärend überm Haupte
Dir des Geistes Flamme schwebt.

Vorwärts drum durch Feindes Zinnen,
Vorwärts durch des Todes Pein,
Wer den Himmel will gewinnen,
Muss ein rechter Kämpfer sein!

Gondoliera

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Die Luft ist weich wie Liebesscherz,
Sanft spielt der goldne Schein,
Die Zither klingt und zieht dein Herz
Mit in die Lust hinein.

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Das ist für Liebende die Stund',
Liebchen, wie ich und du;
So friedlich blaut des Himmels Rund,
Es schläft das Meer in Ruh.
Und wie es schläft, da sagt der Blick,
Was nie die Zunge spricht,
Die Lippe zieht sich nicht zurück,
Und wehrt dem Kusse nicht.

O komm zu mir, wenn durch die Nacht
Wandelt das Sternenheer,
Dann schwebt mit uns in Mondespracht
Die Gondel übers Meer.

Waves about and shadows your brow.
Until your head is transfigured
By the flame of the spirit hovering above it.
Onward then through the foe's battlements,
Onward through the pain of death,
Those who wish to win Heaven,
Must be true warriors!

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolas
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolas
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then is the hour for those who love,
Sweet, like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In Heaven and o'er the sea.
When maiden's sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolas
O'er the moonlit sea.

La Passeggiata Gioachino Rossini

Finché sereno è il cielo,
limpida e cheta l'onda,
vogham di sponda in sponda,
amor ne guiderà.

Al flutto, all'aura, ai fiori,
noi parlerem d'amor
e il palpito del core,
per lor risponderà.

Ma ciel! già fischia il vento,
s'increspa la laguna,
fischia il vento, presto!
rapidi il pie' moviam.

Ah! no, la luna appare,
vano timor fu solo,
in sì ridente suolo
cantiamo, sì cantiam.

Ecco sereno il cielo
vano timor fu solo
in sì ridente suolo
cantiamo, sì cantiam.

As long as the heavens are serene,
clear and quiet the waves below us,
sailing from shore to shore,
Love will guide us.

To the wave, to the breeze and to the flowers,
we'll speak of love,
and the palpitation of the heart
will respond for them.

But heavens! Already, the wind blows stronger,
the lagoon ripples,
The wind blows stronger, hurry!
Let's move our feet quickly.

Ah! no, the moon appearing
our fear was in vain,
in this delightful country we sing, yes, we sing,
we sing, yes, we sing,
Here the sky is serene

our fear was in vain,
in this delightful country we sing, yes, we sing,
we sing, yes, we sing,

I Gondolieri

Voghiam sull'agil vela,
bello risplende il cielo,
la luna è senza velo,
senza tempesta il mar.

Vogar, posar sul prato;
al gondoliere è dato
fra i beni, il ben maggior.

Non cal se brilla il sole,
o mesta appar la luna,
ognor sulla laguna
il gondoliere è Re.

Il Carnevale di Venezia

Siamo ciechi, siamo nati,
per campar di cortesia;
in giornata d'allegria
non si nega carità!

Donne belle, donne care!
Per pietà, non siate avare!
Fate a poveri ciechietti
un tantin di carità!

Siamo tutti poverelli
che suonando i campanelli
che scuotendo li batocchi
col do, re, mi, fa, soi, la,
domandiam la carità!

Deh! soccorreteci, donnette amabili!
Siate benefiche col miserabili!
Noi siamo poveri di buona bocca,
siam pronti a prendere quel che ci tocca.

Deh! soccorreteci, per carità,
che carnevale, morendo stà!

We row under a nimble sail,
the sky shines beautifully,
the moon is without a veil,
the sea is without a storm.

To row, to rest on the lawn;
to the gondolier is given
by the good ones, the greatest good.

Even when the sun does not shine brightly,
or the moon appears sad,
ever on the lagoon
the gondolier is King.

We are blind, we are born to live
day by day on charity,
on this happy day
charity should not be denied!

Beautiful ladies, dear ladies,
for pity's sake, don't be stingy!
Give a little charity
to the poor blind!

We are all poor
and as we play bells
and shake clappers on
doh, re, mi, fa, sol, la,
we ask for charity!

For pity's sake, help us pleasant ladies!
Be beneficent with the wretched!
We are poor and easily satisfied.
We are ready to accept whatever you offer

For pity's sake, help us,
Because carnival time is about to end!



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Director Roderick Earle

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