



Britten at 110

The Hythe Singers Spring Concert



Saturday 25th March - 7:30pm - St. Mary's Church, Thorpe

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The Hythe Singers

(Patrons – Cecilia McDowall, Richard Mothersill and Ben Spencer)

<u>Soprano</u>	<u>Alto</u>	<u>Tenor</u>	<u>Bass</u>
Joan Hellyer	Alison Hatherall	Jason Crampton	Daniel Brown
Jo Ive	Bridín Mills	Tony Dowson	Kiran Chatterjee
Mary Morris	Sarah Morris	David Moncur	Rüdiger Schack
Myra Owen	Elaine Sturman	David Scott	
Rebecca Scott-Sanders	Chris Thomas		
Cathy Villiers	Susi Thornton		
Carolyn Walters	Clare Vardon		
	Jenni Whiteside		

Organ and Piano: Simon Gregory

Musical Director: Richard Harker

The Committee wish to thank David Wilkinson of Classical Organ Hire for the hire of the organ.

Music by Benjamin Britten

Jubilate Deo in C (1961)

Festival Te Deum Op.32

Crown Imperial (by William Walton)

Five Flower Songs Op.47

Missa Brevis in D Op.63

Rejoice in the Lamb Op.30

Prelude and Fugue on a theme of Vittoria (1946)

Hymn to St Cecilia Op.27

The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (1943)

Richard Harker (Musical Director)

www.richardbharker.com

Richard is musical director of The Hythe Singers, Hampton Choral Society, Henley Choral Society, Henley Youth Choir and Parenthesis. He is Chorus Master at Opera Holland Park, singing lead at Beechview Academy, High Wycombe and a music teacher at Sir William Borlase Grammar School in Marlow. Richard also works extensively as an organist and accompanist, performing regularly with soprano Christine Cunlold. At Opera Holland Park Richard has worked on La Traviata, Eugene Onegin (Assistant Conductor & Chorus Master), Carmen, La Bohème, Don Giovanni, Così Fan Tutte, Le Nozze di Figaro; Manon Lescaut and Un Ballo in Maschera (Chorus Master), Pirates of Penzance (Chorus Master and Assistant Repetiteur). Other operatic engagements have included L'Elisir d'amore for West Green House Opera (Chorus Master), HMS Pinafore for Windsor and Eton Opera (Conductor), Terterian's Fire Ring at the Grimeborn Festival with London Armenian Opera (Conductor), Schumann-devised opera Unknowing and Menotti's The Telephone with Teatime Opera (Musical Director), and Jonathan Hervey's Passion and Resurrection at the Voices of London Festival (Conductor). Richard graduated with an MA in Choral Conducting from the Royal Academy of Music, receiving the Thomas Armstrong Prize. He read music at, and was organ scholar of Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge, where he received the Swinburne Prize. When not making music, he is usually found down his allotment or walking his cocker spaniel Louis.

Simon Gregory (Accompanist)

Simon Gregory was born in Enfield and attended the Latymer School in Edmonton. He studied music at Christ Church, Oxford under Simon Preston and Francis Grier and organ with Richard Popplewell, Nicholas Danby and Anne Marsden-Thomas. He retired from Emanuel School, Wandsworth in 2020 after 36 years having completed stints as Head of Lower School and Director of Music, including one memorable year doing both at once! He has accompanied various choirs in concerts and at services in many English Cathedrals and Abbeys. He has given many organ recitals including a large number at St Mary's, Ewell. Of late he has taken the advantage of the large screens there to use the Father Willis for accompanying silent movies by improvising as part of his recitals. He has been the accompanist for the Association of British Choral Directors Advanced and intermediate Choral Conducting courses. He is also a trustee of ABCD and has held posts as Musical Director with several choral societies.

Edward Benjamin Britten was born in the fishing port of Lowestoft in Suffolk on November 22nd, 1913 (the feast day of Saint Cecilia). He was the youngest of four children of Robert Victor Britten (1877–1934) and his wife Edith Rhoda (1874–1937). When Britten was three months old he contracted pneumonia and nearly died. The illness left him with a damaged heart, and doctors warned his parents that he would probably never be able to lead a normal life. However, he recovered more fully than expected and as a boy was a keen tennis player and cricketer.

To his mother's great delight he was an outstandingly musical child, unlike his sisters (Edith Barbara 1903–1982 and Charlotte Elizabeth 1910–1989) who inherited their father's indifference to music, while his brother (Robert Harry Marsh, 1907–1987), though musically talented was interested only in ragtime. His mother gave the young Benjamin his first lessons in piano and notation, and he made his first attempts at composition when he was five years old. He started piano lessons when he was seven, and three years later began to play the viola. He must have been one of the last composers brought up on exclusively live music - his father refused to have a gramophone or a radio in the house.

In 1930 he was awarded a composition scholarship at the Royal College of Music in London and studied with John Ireland and also (privately) with Frank Bridge whose music had a particular influence on him. He won the Sullivan Prize for composition, the Cobbett Prize for chamber music and was twice winner of the Ernest Farrar Prize for composition. The first of his compositions to attract wide attention were composed during his three years at the college, including the choral variations *A Boy was Born*.

In 1935 Britten became a member of the BBC film unit's small group of regular contributors, another of whom was W.H.Auden (1907–1973). Together they worked on the documentary films *Coal Face* and *Night Mail*. They also collaborated later on other works including *Hymn to St Cecilia*. Auden was a considerable influence on Britten, encouraging him to widen his aesthetic, intellectual and political horizons.

In 1937 there were two events of huge importance in Britten's life: his mother died, and he met the tenor Peter Pears. Pears quickly became Britten's musical inspiration and close friend. Britten's first work for him was composed within weeks of their meeting - a setting of Emily Brontë's poem *A thousand gleaming fires* for tenor and strings.

In April 1939 Britten and Pears sailed to North America, going first to Canada and then to New York. They had several reasons for leaving England, including the difficult position of pacifists in an increasingly bellicose Europe, and the departure of Auden to the US from England three months previously. Britten and Pears consummated their relationship and from then until Britten's death they were partners in both their professional and personal lives. When the Second World War began, Britten and Pears turned for advice to the British embassy in Washington and were told that they should remain in the US as artistic ambassadors. They did so until April 1942 when they returned to England, where they were registered as conscientious objectors.

In 1944 Britten worked on his opera *Peter Grimes* which was first performed by the Sadler's Wells Opera Company in June 1945. It was an immediate success with the public - though less so with some of the performers who described the work as a "cacophony". Between then and 1973 he composed more than a dozen further operatic pieces and a large body of orchestral, instrumental, choral and vocal music.

It is surprising that Britten was not offered a knighthood. It may well be that his well-known relationship with Peter Pears prevented the authorities from doing so, since male homosexual activity remained a criminal offence punishable by a prison sentence until 1967. However, in June 1976 (the last year of his life) Britten accepted a life peerage – the first composer so honoured – becoming Baron Britten, of Aldeburgh in the County of Suffolk.

Jubilate Deo in C (1961)

In 1958, Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, requested that Britten compose a setting of *Jubilate Deo* for St George's Chapel, Windsor.

Britten completed the music in Aldeburgh in February 1961, using the version of Psalm 100 found in the *Book of Common Prayer*. He set it in C major for four-part choir and organ. It was written as a companion piece to his earlier 1934 *Te Deum in C*.

**O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands; serve the Lord with gladness,
and come before his presence with a song.
Be ye sure that the Lord he is God;
it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his courts with praise;
be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.
For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting;
and his truth endureth from generation to generation.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.**

Festival Te Deum Op.32

The *Festival Te Deum*, Op. 32, is a setting of the *Te Deum* from the *Book of Common Prayer*. It was composed in 1944 to celebrate the centenary of St Mark's Church, Swindon, and was first performed there in 1945.

**We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee the Father everlasting.
To thee all Angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.
To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;
The Father of an infinite Majesty; Thine honourable, true and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man
thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.**

**We therefore pray thee, help thy servants
whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with thy Saints in glory everlasting.**

Soprano Solo: Joan Hellyer

**O Lord, save thy people and bless thine heritage.
Govern them and lift them up for ever. Day by day we magnify thee;
And we worship thy Name, ever world without end.
Vouchsafe, O Lord to keep us this day without sin.
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.
O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.**

Walton: Crown Imperial

Crown Imperial is a march (originally for orchestra) by William Walton, intended for the coronation of King Edward VIII in Westminster Abbey in 1937. By the time the BBC formally commissioned Walton, in March 1937, King Edward had abdicated and the forthcoming coronation was that of his brother and successor, George VI. The march is in the *Pomp and Circumstance* tradition, with a brisk opening contrasting with a broad middle section, leading to a resounding conclusion. The work has been heard at subsequent state occasions in the Abbey including the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in 1953 and the wedding of Prince William in 2011. Walton, usually a slow and painstaking worker, managed to write *Crown Imperial* in less than a fortnight.

Five Flower Songs Op.47

Benjamin Britten's *Five Flower Songs, Op. 47*, is a set of five part songs to poems in English by four authors which mention flowers, composed for four voices in 1950 as a gift for the 25th wedding anniversary of botanists Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst. It was first performed in the open air at the couple's estate (Dartington Hall), with Imogen Holst conducting a student choir.

1: To daffodils – Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

**Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay until the hasting day
Has run but to the evensong,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.**

**We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die, as your hours do, and dry away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.**

2: The succession of the four sweet months – Robert Herrick

**First, April, she with mellow showers opens the way for early flowers,
Then after her comes smiling May in a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June and brings us more gems than those two that went before,
Then lastly, July comes and she more wealth brings in than all those three;
April! May! June! July!**

3: Marsh Flowers – George Crabbe (1754-1832)

**Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull night-shade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencill'd flower of sickly scent is seen;
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below:
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
These, with our sea-weeds, rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.**

4: Evening Primrose - John Clare (1793 - 1864)

**When once the sun sinks in the west, and dew-drops pearl the Evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are, or its companionable star,
The Evening Primrose opes anew its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And hermit-like, shunning the light, wastes its fair bloom upon the Night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses, knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while Night is by; when Day looks out with open eye,
'bashed at the gaze it cannot shun, it faints, and withers, and is gone.**

5: Ballad of Green Broom - Anon

**There was an old man lived out in the wood,
And his trade was a-cutting of broom, green broom,
He had but one son without thought without good
Who lay in his bed till 't was noon, bright noon.
The old man awoke one morning and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom.**

**So Johnny arose and slipp'd on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut broom, green broom,
He sharpen'd his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of broom, green broom.**

**When Johnny pass'd under a Lady's fine house,
Pass'd under a Lady's fine room, fine room,
She call'd to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells broom, green broom!"**

**When Johnny came into the Lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room, fine room,
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?"**

**Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went,
And he wedded the Lady in bloom, full bloom;
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the Boy that sold broom, green broom.**

Missa Brevis in D Op.63

George Malcolm (1917-1998) was appointed Master of the Music at Westminster Cathedral in 1947. He developed the choir's forthright, full-throated tone - often described as 'continental' - which contrasted with that of Anglican choirs at the time. Britten praised the choir's 'staggering brilliance and authority', and proposed to write a piece for them. This resulted in the *Missa Brevis* written for the boys of the choir. Its first performance was at one of Malcolm's last services at Westminster Cathedral before he retired on September 1st, 1959.

Kyrie Eleison

Gloria in Excelsis – Soprano solos: Joan Hellyer, Clare Vardon. Alto solo: Alison Hatherall

Sanctus

Benedictus – Soprano solo: Cathy Villiers. Alto solo: Alison Hatherall

Agnus Dei

INTERVAL

Rejoice in the Lamb Op.30

Rejoice in the Lamb is a cantata composed by Britten in 1943 which uses a text from the poem *Jubilate Agno* by Christopher Smart (1722–1771). The poem, written while Smart was detained in a lunatic asylum, depicts idiosyncratic praise and worship of God by different things including animals, letters of the alphabet and musical instruments. Britten was introduced to the poem by W. H. Auden whilst in the United States and selected 48 lines of the poem to set to music. The cantata was commissioned by the Reverend Walter Hussey for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the consecration of St Matthew's Church, Northampton. Hussey also commissioned a number of works from other composers including Edmond Rubbra, Gerald Finzi, Lennox Berkeley and Leonard Bernstein (Chichester Psalms).

Rejoice in God, O ye Tongues; give the glory to the Lord, and the Lamb.
Nations, and languages, and every Creature in which is the breath of Life.
Let man and beast appear before him, and magnify his name together.
Let Nimrod, the mighty hunter, bind a leopard to the altar
And consecrate his spear to the Lord.
Let Ishmail dedicate a tyger, and give praise for the liberty
In which the Lord has let him at large.
Let Balaam appear with an ass, and bless the Lord his people
And his creatures for a reward eternal.
Let Daniel come forth with a lion, and praise God with all his might
Through faith in Christ Jesus.
Let Ithamar minister with a chamois, and bless the name of Him
That cloatheth the naked.
Let Jakim with the satyr bless God in the dance, dance, dance, dance.
Let David bless with the bear the beginning of victory to the Lord,
To the Lord the perfection of excellence.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for the heart of God,
And from the hand of the artist inimitable,
And from the echo of the heavenly harp in sweetness magnificent and mighty.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.

Soprano solo: Myra Owen

For I will consider my cat Jeoffry. For he is the servant of the living God.
Duly and daily serving him. For at the first glance
Of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.
For he knows that God is his saviour.
For God has bless'd him in the variety of his movements.
For there is nothing sweeter than his peace when at rest.
For I am possessed of a cat, surpassing in beauty,
From whom I take occasion to bless Almighty God.

Alto solo: Bridín Mills

For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
For this is a true case-- Cat takes female mouse,
Male mouse will not depart, but stands threat'ning and daring.
If you will let her go, I will engage you, as prodigious a creature as you are.
For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
For the Mouse is of an hospitable disposition.

Tenor solo: Tony Dowson

For the flowers are great blessings. For the flowers are great blessings.
For the flowers have their angels, even the words of God's creation.
For the flower glorifies God and the root parries the adversary.
For there is a language of flowers.
For the flowers are peculiarly the poetry of Christ.
For I am under the same accusation with my Saviour,
For they said, he is besides himself.

For the officers of the peace are at variance with me,
And the watchman smites me with his staff.
For the silly fellow, silly fellow, is against me,
And belongeth neither to me nor to my family.
For I am in twelve hardships, but he that was born of a virgin
Shall deliver me out of all, shall deliver me out of all.

Bass solo: Rüdiger Schack

For H is a spirit and therefore he is God.

For K is king and therefore he is God.

For L is love and therefore he is God.

For M is musick and therefore he is God.

And therefore he is God. For the instruments are by their rhimes,

For the shawm rhimes are lawn fawn and the like.

For the shawm rhimes are moon boon and the like.

For the harp rhimes are sing ring and the like.

For the harp rhimes are ring string and the like.

For the cymbal rhimes are bell well and the like.

For the cymbal rhimes are toll soul and the like.

For the flute rhimes are tooth youth and the like.

For the flute rhimes are suit mute and the like.

For the bassoon rhimes are pass class and the like.

For the dulcimer rhimes are grace place and the like.

For the clarinet rhimes are clean seen and the like.

For the trumpet rhimes are sound bound and the like.

For the trumpet of God is a blessed intelligence

And so are all the instruments in Heav'n.

For God the Father Almighty plays upon the harp

Of stupendous magnitude and melody.

For at that time malignity ceases and the devils themselves are at peace.

For this time is perceptible to man by a remarkable stillness and serenity of soul.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for the heart of God,

And from the hand of the artist inimitable,

And from the echo of the heavenly harp in sweetness magnificent and mighty.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.

Prelude and Fugue on a theme of Vittoria (1946)

Like *Rejoice in the Lamb*, Britten's only composition for organ was commissioned by the Reverend Walter Hussey for St Matthew's Church, Northampton. It was first performed there on St Matthew's Day (September 21st, 1946), three days after it was composed. The theme is taken from the motet *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* by the Spanish composer Tomás Luis de Victoria (the more usual spelling) who lived from 1548 to 1611, and appears both in the prelude (where it is played repeatedly on the pedals) and as the basis for the fugue.

Hymn to St Cecilia Op.27

While they were both in America, Britten asked W.H.Auden to provide him with a text for his *Hymn to St Cecilia*, and Auden complied, sending the poem in sections throughout 1940. This was to be one of the last works they collaborated on. Britten began setting the *Hymn* in June 1941. In 1942, in the midst of World War II, Britten and Pears decided to return home to England. The customs inspectors confiscated all of Britten's manuscripts, fearing that they could be some type of code. Britten re-wrote the manuscript of the *Hymn* while aboard the *MS Axel Johnson*, and finished it on 2 April 1942

**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.*

**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

**O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,
Where Sorrow is herself forgetting all
The gauchness 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.**

Soprano solo (with chorus): Rebecca Scott-Sanders

**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 had.
O dear white children casual as birds, playing so small, so gay**

**O cry created as the bow of sin
Is drawn across our trembling violin.**

Mezzo-Soprano Solo: Chris Thomas

O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.

**O law drummed out by hearts against the will
Long winter of our intellectual will.**

Bass Solo: Daniel Brown

That what has been may never be again.

**O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath
Of convalescents on the shores of death.**

Soprano Solo: Rebecca Scott-Sanders

O bless the freedom that you never chose.

**O trumpets that unguarded children blow
About the fortress of their inner fire.**

Tenor Solo: David Scott

O wear your tribulation like a rose.

Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions ...

The Ballad of Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (1943)

This work had a curious genesis. Britten's stance as a conscientious objector in World War II is well known but his sympathies for those caught up in its ramifications were as deeply felt as anyone's. Written for male chorus in the middle of the war years, this ballad was composed 'For Richard Wood and the musicians of Oflag VIIb – Germany'. Wood had organised a music festival at this concentration camp at Eichstätt, Bavaria between February and March 1943 and Britten's work was performed at seven of the concerts.

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard also known as *Matty Groves* is a ballad probably originating in Northern England that describes an adulterous tryst between a young man and a noblewoman that is ended when the woman's husband discovers and kills them. This ballad exists in many textual variants and has several variant names. It dates back to at least 1613.

As it fell on one holyday, as many be in the year,
When young men and maids together did go their matins and Mass to hear,
Little Musgrave came to the church door – the priest was at private Mass –
But he had more mind of the fair women than he had of Our Lady's grace.

The one of them was clad in green another was clad in pall,
And then came in my Lord Barnard's wife, the fairest amongst them all,
Quoth she, "I've loved thee, Little Musgrave, full long and many a day".
"So have I lov'd you, my fair ladye, yet never a word durst I say".

"But I have a bower at Bucklesfordberry, full daintily it is dight,
If thou'lt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave, thou's lig in my arms all night."

With that beheard a little tiny page, by his lady's coach as he ran.
Says, "Although I am my lady's foot-page, yet I am Lord Barnard's man!"
Then he's cast off his hose and cast off his shoon, set down his feet and ran,
And where the bridges were broken down he bent he bow and swam.
"Awake! awake! thou Lord Barnard, as thou art a man of life!
Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry along with thine own wedded wife".
He called up his merry men all: "Come saddle me my steed;
This night must I to Bucklesfordberry, f'r I never had greater need."
But some they whistled, and some they sang, and some they thus could say,
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew: "Away, Musgrave away!"

"Methinks I hear the threstlecock, methinks I hear the jay;
Methinks I hear Lord Barnard's horn, away Musgrave! Away!"
"Lie still, lie still, thou little Musgrave, and huggle me from the cold;
'tis nothing but a shepherd's boy a-driving his sheep to the fold."
By this, Lord Barnard came to his door and lighted a stone upon;
And he's pull'd out three silver keys, and open'd the doors each one.
He lifted up the coverlet, he lifted up the sheet:
"Arise, arise, thou Little Musgrave, and put thy clothes on;
It shall ne'er be said in my country I've killed a naked man.
I have two swords in one scabbard, they are both sharp and clear;
Take you the best, and I the worst, we'll end the matter here."

The first stroke Little Musgrave struck he hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard struck, he struck.
Little Musgrave ne'er struck more.

"Woe worth you, my merry men all, you were ne'er born for my good!
Why did you not offer to stay my hand when you saw me wax so wood?
For I've slain also the fairest ladye that ever did woman's deed.
A grave," Lord Barnard cried, "To put these lovers in!
But lay my lady on the upper hand, for she comes of the nobler kin".

BACH

ST. MATTHEW PASSION

APRIL
2024

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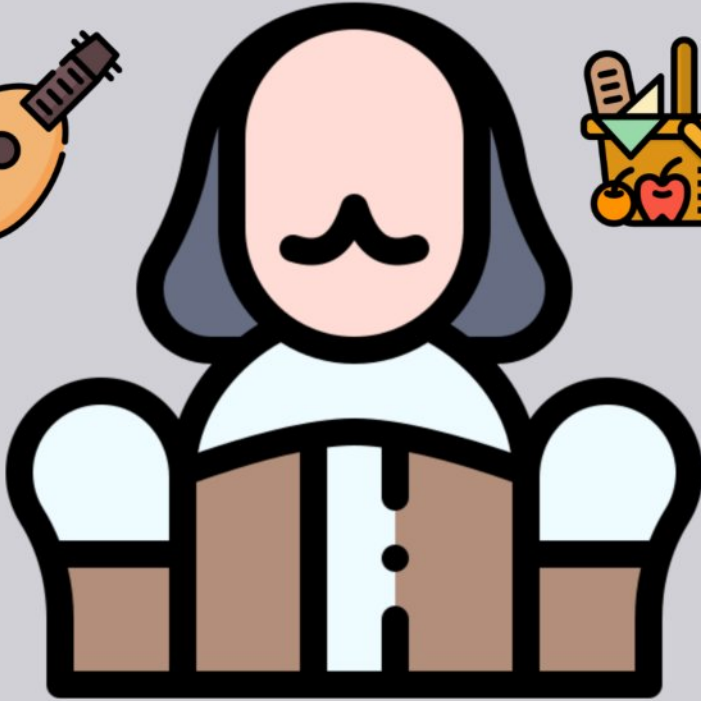
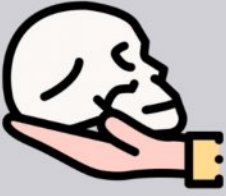


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The Hythe Singers Summer Concert

"Shakespeare"

Strode's College, Egham | Saturday 8th July

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