

BAD BOYS OF MUSIC



Carlo Gesualdo • Francis Poulenc • Benjamin Britten

Pegasus Chamber Choir

Matthew Altham *Director*

Martin Toyer *Organ*

Sunday 20 October 2013, 4pm

The Charterhouse, London

Charterhouse: A Brief History

The site upon which Sutton's Hospital in Charterhouse stands was acquired in the middle of the fourteenth century as a burial ground for victims of the Black Death. As not all the space was used, a Carthusian monastery was established here in 1371 by Sir Walter de Mauny, one of Edward III's senior advisers. A prior and 24 monks were accommodated in two-storey houses arranged round a large cloister, and the church, built alongside the burial ground, became the priory church. Thomas More, the "man for all seasons" and later Henry VIII's Chancellor, frequently visited Charterhouse as a student, as it was an important centre of ecclesiastical learning.

In 1535, the monks refused to conform to Henry VIII's Act of Supremacy and some were executed at Tyburn. The monastery was suppressed and passed to the Crown. Subsequently it was granted to Lord North, who constructed a fine Tudor mansion which was later sold to the fourth Duke of Norfolk, who further embellished it. In November 1558, Elizabeth I arrived at Charterhouse from Hatfield and stayed for five days before her coronation in Westminster Abbey. She returned to Charterhouse on at least two other occasions. Upon succeeding to the throne in 1603, James I came to Charterhouse from Edinburgh and held his first council in what is now the Great Chamber.

In 1611 Norfolk's son, Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, sold the mansion to Thomas Sutton, building Audley End in Essex with the proceeds. Sutton's involvement in the coal trade, property dealings and money lending had enabled him to amass a considerable fortune, and he was said to be the wealthiest commoner in England. Sutton used much of his fortune to endow a charitable foundation at Charterhouse to educate boys and care for elderly men, known as "Brothers". John Wesley was a pupil at the school in Charterhouse as was William Makepeace Thackeray, in the early nineteenth century. The school moved to Surrey in 1872, and the area was divided, though the almshouse continues to this day to occupy the land to the west.

Until 1933, Merchant Taylors' School occupied the site to the east. This area later became The Medical College of St Bartholomew's Hospital and is now occupied by Barts and The London School of Medicine and Dentistry.

Sutton's Hospital sustained much damage during the second world war but was faithfully restored by the architects Seely and Paget, reopening in 1951. In 2000 the Admiral Ashmore Building was completed by Hopkins Architects to house 14 Brothers. The two new buildings restored the southwest corner of Preacher's Court, replacing those lost to bombing in the war.

Programme

THE CHAPEL

Three Tenebrae Responses Carlo Gesualdo (1566–1613)

- I. Jerusalem, surge
- II. Plange quasi virgo
- III. O vos omnes

Rejoice in the Lamb Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Interval

THE GREAT CHAMBER

Un soir de neige Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

- I. De grandes cuillers de neige
- II. La bonne neige
- III. Bois meurtri
- IV. La nuit le froid la solitude

A.M.D.G. Benjamin Britten

(Ad majorem Dei gloriam)

- I. Prayer I
- II. Rosa Mystica
- III. God's Grandeur
- IV. Prayer II
- V. O Deus, ego amo te
- VI. The Soldier

GESUALDO – *From the Tenebrae Responses for Holy Saturday*

I. Jerusalem, surge

Jerusalem, surge, et exue te vestibus
jucunditatis;
induere te cinere et cilicio:

quia in te occisus est Salvator Israel.

Deduc quasi torrentem lacrimas per
diem et noctem,
et non taceat pupilla oculi tui.
Quia in te occisus est Salvator Israel.

Arise, O Jerusalem, and put off your
garments of rejoicing;
Cover yourself with sackcloth and
ashes:

For the Saviour of Israel has been slain
in your midst.

Let your tears run down like a river, day
and night,
And let not the apple of your eye cease.
For the Saviour of Israel has been slain
in your midst.

II. Plange quasi virgo

Plange quasi virgo, plebs mea,
ululate, pastores, in cinere et cilicio
quia veniet dies Domini magna et
amara valde.

Accingite vos, sacerdotes, et plangite,
ministri altaris,
aspergite vos cinere.
Quia veniet dies Domini magna et
amara valde.

Weep like a virgin, my people,
Howl, keepers of the flock, covered
with ashes and wearing hair-shirts,
For the great and very bitter day of the
Lord will come.

Prepare yourselves, priests, and
lament, acolytes before the altar,
Cover yourselves with ashes.
For the great and very bitter day of the
Lord will come.

III. O vos omnes

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam:
attendite et videte si est dolor sicut
dolor meus.

O all ye that pass by the way,
Attend and see if there be any sorrow
like to my sorrow.

BRITTEN – Rejoice in the Lamb

Text from Jubilate Agno by Christopher Smart

Chorus

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 Ishmael 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 clotheth the naked.

Let Jakim with the Satyr bless God in the dance.

Let David bless with the Bear the beginning of victory to the Lord,
To the Lord the perfection of excellence.

Hallelujah from 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.

Soprano Solo

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 blessed 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

For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.

For – this a true case – Cat takes female mouse –
male mouse will nor 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

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 flowers are peculiarly the poetry of Christ.

Chorus

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 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.

Recitative (Bass Solo) and Chorus

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.

For the instruments are by their rhimes.

For the shawm rhimes are lawn fawn moon boon and the like.

For the harp rhimes are sing ring string and the like.

For the cymbol rhimes are bell well toll soul and the like.

For the flute rhimes are tooth youth suit mute and the like.

For the Bassoon rhimes are pass class and the like.

For the dulcimer rhimes are grace place beat heat and the like

For the clarinet rhimes are clean seen and the like.

For the trumpet rhimes are sound bound soar more and the like.

For the TRUMPET of God is a blessed intelligence and so are all the instruments
in HEAVEN.

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.

Chorus

Hallelujah from 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.

POULENC – Un soir de neige

Poems by Paul Éluard

I. De grandes cuillers de neige

De grandes cuillers de neige
Ramassent nos pieds glacés
Et d'une dure parole
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtu
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air
Chaque roc son poids sur terre
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

Great snowy spoons
Pick up our icy feet
And with a harsh word
We confront stubborn winter
Each tree has its place in the air
Each rock its weight on the earth
Each stream its living water
But we have no fire

II. La bonne neige

La bonne neige le ciel noir
Les branches mortes la détresse
De la forêt pleine de pièges
Honte à la bête pourchassée
La fuite en flèche dans le coeur
Les traces d'une proie atroce
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours
Le dernier vivant que menace
La masse absolue de la mort

The good snow, the black sky
The dead branches, the pain
Of the forest full of traps
Shame to the hunted creature
Flight like an arrow in its heart
The tracks of a ferocious prey
Onward, wolf, and it's always
The finest wolf and it's always
The last one alive threatened by
The absolute weight of death

III. Bois meurtri

Bois meurtri
bois perdu d'un voyage en hiver
Navire où la neige prend pied
Bois d'asile bois mort
où sans espoir je rêve
De la mer aux miroirs crevés
Un grand moment d'eau froide a saisi
les noyés
La foule de mon corps en souffre
Je m'affaiblis je me disperse
J'avoue ma vie j'avoue ma mort j'avoue
autrui.

Bruised woods,
lost woods of a winter's journey
Ship where the snow takes hold
Sheltering woods, dead woods,
where without hope I dream
Of the sea with its gutted mirrors
A surge of cold water gripped the
drowned
Making the crowd of my body suffer
I grow weak, I am scattered
I confess my life, I confess my death, I
confess others

IV. La nuit le froid la solitude

La nuit le froid la solitude
On m'enferma soigneusement
Mais les branches cherchaient leur voie
dans la prison
Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel
On verrouilla le ciel
Ma prison s'écroula
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant m'eut
bien en main

Night cold loneliness
I was locked up carefully
But the branches were seeking their
way into the prison
Around me grass found the sky
They locked and bolted the sky
My prison crumbled
The living cold the burning cold had me
right in its hand

BRITTEN – A.M.D.G. (Ad majorem Dei gloriam)

Poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins

I. Prayer I

Jesu that dost in Mary dwell
Be in thy servants' hearts as well,
In the spirit of thy holiness,
In the fullness of thy force and stress,
In the very ways that thy life goes,
And virtues that thy pattern shows,

In sharing of thy mysteries;
And every power in us that is
Against that power put under feet
In the Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
To the glory of the Father. Amen.

II. Rosa mystica

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Find me a place by thee, mother of mine.

The rose is a mystery, where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?
It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,
And its place is a secret and shut in the skies.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall look on thy loveliness, mother of mine.

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth: it grew at God's will
And broke into bloom upon Nazareth hill.

I shall keep time with thee, mother of mine.

Tell me the name now, tell me its name.
The heart guesses easily: is it the same?

Mary the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the mystery, she is that rose.

I shall come home to thee, mother of mine.

Is Mary the rose then? Mary, the tree?
But the blossom, the blossom there—who can it be?
Who can her rose be? It could but be One:
Christ Jesus our Lord, her God and her Son.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Show me thy son, mother, mother of mine.

Does it smell sweet, too, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God and the sweetness is grace:
The breath of it bathes great heaven above
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.

To thy breast, to thy glory divine
Draw me by charity, mother of mine

III. God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

IV. Prayer II

Thee, God, I come from, to thee go,
All day long I like a fountain flow
From thy hand out, swayed about
Mote-like in thy mighty glow.

What I know of thee I bless,
As acknowledging thy stress
On my being and as seeing
Something of thy holiness.

Once I turned from thee and hid,
Bound on what thou hadst forbid;
Sow the wind I would; I sinned:
I repent of what I did.

Bad I am, but yet thy child.
Father, be thou reconciled.

Spare thou me, since I see
With thy might that thou art mild.

I have life before me still
And thy purpose to fulfil;
Yea a debt to pay thee yet:
Help me, sir, and so I will.

V. O Deus, ego amo te

O God, I love thee, I love thee—
Not out of hope of heaven for me
Nor fearing not to love and be
In the everlasting burning.

Thou, thou, my Jesus, after me
Didst reach thine arms out dying,
For my sake sufferedst nails, and lance,
Mocked and marred countenance,
Sorrows passing number,
Sweat and care and cumber,
Yea and death, and this for me,
And thou couldst see me sinning:

Then I, why should not I love thee,
Jesu, so much in love with me?
Not for heaven's sake;
not to be out of hell by loving thee;
Not for any gains I see;
But just the way that thou didst me
I do love and I will love thee:

What must I love thee, Lord, for then?
For being my king and God. Amen.

VI. The Soldier

Yes. Why do we all, seeing of a soldier, bless him? bless
Our redcoats, our tars? Both these being, the greater part,
But frail clay, nay but foul clay. Here it is: the heart,
Since, proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess
That, hopes that, makes believe, the men must be no less;
It fancies, feigns, deems the artist after his art;
And fain will find as sterling all as all is smart,
And scarlet wear the spirit of war there express.

Mark Christ our King. He knows war, served this soldiering through;
He of all can handle a rope best. There he bides in bliss
Now, and seeing somewhere some man do all that man can do,
For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,
And cry 'O Christ-done deed! So God-made-flesh does too:
Were I come o'er again' cries Christ 'it should be this'.

Pegasus has established a reputation as one of London's most versatile chamber choirs. Its members are experienced singers who pursue their passion for choral music alongside careers in other fields.

The choir's extensive repertoire embraces sacred and secular music from the Renaissance to the present day. It has premiered works by John Tavener and Thomas Adès and in 2012 gave the first performances of two pieces commissioned by the choir from Francis Grier. Pegasus has worked with the London Handel Players under Laurence Cummings and the Southbank Sinfonia under John Rutter. The choir has performed at the London Coliseum in three productions with dancer Carlos Acosta, most recently in August 2013. Other concerts this year have included Handel's *Messiah* in conjunction with Handel House Museum, Rachmaninov's *Vespers* and a programme of Baroque music, the last two at London's St Martin-in-the-Fields church.

In May 2013 Pegasus won the Chamber Choir prize at the Florilège Vocal de Tours International Choral Competition in France, along with a special award for its performance of the music of Poulenc. Pegasus was a semi-finalist in the BBC Choir of the Year competition in 2005 and a prize-winner at the 2007 Tolosa International Choral Competition in Spain. The choir has been featured on BBC television and radio, Channel 4 and Classic FM.

Matthew Altham has been the director of Pegasus since 2001. He began conducting choirs while studying at Oxford University and led performances of music by Poulenc and the major English Renaissance composers.

Alongside his work as a management consultant, Matthew directs Pegasus, Vox Cordis and the London Bach Players, with whom he has performed on several occasions in Pau, France. He has toured as a conductor and has broadcast on BBC Radio and Classic FM. Matthew also sings regularly in the church choir of St Mary the Virgin, Bourne Street, London.

Martin Toyer has been performing with Pegasus for 15 years as a singer, pianist, organist and conductor. He began his musical career as organ scholar and director of the chapel choir at Brasenose College, Oxford. While at Oxford he performed as soloist, director and ensemble member. Martin is deputy choirmaster and organist at the Church of Our Lady in St John's Wood, London.

Pegasus

Soprano

Emily Benson
Leonora Dawson-
Bowling
Alice Fay
Yvonne Light
Katy McAdam
Madeline Smith*
Serena Wilson

Alto

Rose Dixon
David Gabbe
Kirstin Gillon
Philippa Ouvry*
Ali Sheppard
Natasha Woodward

Tenor

Paul French
Gareth Moss
Samir Savant*
Noah Taylor
Martin Toyer

Bass

James Baer
David Benedict
Adrian Collister
Drew Hope
John Jones
Graham Kirk*
Adrian Smallwood
Graham Wood

* Soloist in *Rejoice in the Lamb*

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A CANDLELIGHT CHRISTMAS

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Claygate, Surrey

In aid of Princess Alice Hospice

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Special thanks to:

The Governors and Staff of the Charterhouse, especially:

The Master, Brig. Charlie Hobson OBE RM

The Preacher and Deputy Master, The Revd Canon Hugh Williams

The Organist, Graham Matthews

The Clerk to the Brothers, Donna Birkwood

The Revd Howard Cocks