

All creatures now

a concert presented by Queens Park Singers

and Queens Park Junior Singers

at the church of St Anne and St Andrew

125 Salusbury Road, NW6

at 6.30pm on Sunday 20th May 2007

Programme

Carnival of the animals	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835 -1921) adapted by Gwyn Arch and Jeremy Browne and rescored by David Till
El grillo	Josquin Desprez (1440? – 1521)
The lark in the clear air	Traditional arr. Cashmore
The lamb	John Tavener (b. 1944)
Let's sing a hymn	Laura Shur
All creatures now	John Bennett (1575 – 1614+)
The silver swan	Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625)
Let's do it	Cole Porter (1891 – 1964)
Inchworm	Danny Kaye (1913 – 87)
I bought me a cat	Trad. arr. Aaron Copland (1900 – 90)
El cant dels ocells	Casals arr. Sally Beamish (b. 1956)
Rejoice in the Lamb	Benjamin Britten (1913 – 76)

Refreshments in the rotunda after the concert

Texts and authors

The Carnival of the animals – Arch and Browne

It's a fact that mother kangaroos are always jumping,
Babies in their pouches learn to copy mothers jumping.
This is very painful; this explains the fact that
Mother kangaroos are always jumping, jumping.

Dolphins don't have freezers,
Dolphins don't have visas,
Dolphins don't have mortgages
Or trousers or shampoo. Oo!
People are so clever, they'll throw fish for ever,
They can learn to hold a hoop
For dolphins to jump through. Oo!
Dolphin observation is an education.
In this big aquarium called a dolphinarium
You watch dolphins watching you.

Old donkeys like kiddies.
Young kiddies ride donkeys.
Young kiddies like ice cream; their fingers are sticky.
Young kiddies like swimming; their bottoms are soggy.
Old donkeys like kiddies, nice kiddies.

The daylight ends, grey gloom descends,
Through blackest night the owl in flight still sees.
And that is good, for in this wood if he did not
He'd hit a lot of trees.
He flies around without a sound,
While in hole and nest
birds of daytime rest and try to sleep,
and yet some strange thing keeps us awake! Cuckoo!

El grillo

The cricket is a great singer who holds a long note.
Go on, drink and sing, cricket!
But he is not like other birds who sing a little and move on.
The cricket always stands firm.
When it is hottest he sings alone for love.

The lark in the clear air – Samuel Ferguson

Dear thoughts are in my heart and my soul soars enchanted
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
For a tender beaming smile to my hope has been granted
And tomorrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.
I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me and will not say me nay.
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

The Lamb – William Blake

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee. Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I, a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee! Little lamb, God bless thee!

Let's sing a hymn -- Rita Ford

Let's sing a hymn – why not?
Although we cannot sing so high – why not?
Let's sing a hymn – why not?
God's not a music critic,
He doesn't write for The Times,
But for the times. So why not?
The notes don't sound in my head,
But they do in my heart.
Let's sing a hymn – why not?

All creatures now

All creatures now are merry-minded,
The shepherds' daughters playing,
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing.
Yond bugle was well winded,
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth,
The flowers themselves discover,
Birds over her do hover,
See where she comes with flowery garlands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned,
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!

The silver swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last and sung no more:
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes,
More geese than swans now live – more fools than wise.

Let's do it – Cole Porter

When the little Bluebird who has never said a word,
Starts to sing 'Spring!',
When the little Bluebell in the bottom of the dell
Starts to ring 'Ding Ding!'
When the little blue clerk in the middle of his work
Starts a tune to the moon above,
It is nature, that's all, simply telling us to fall in love.
And that's why –
Birds do it, bees do it, even educated fleas do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
In Spain the best upper sets do it,
Lithuanians and Letts do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it,
not to mention the Finns,
Folks in Siam do it, think of Siamese twins,
Some Argentines without means do it,
People say in Boston even beans do it,,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
Romantic sponges, they say, do it,

Oysters down in Oyster Bay do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
Cold Cape Cod clams 'gainst their wish do it,
Even lazy jellyfish do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love,
Eels, I might add, do it, though it shocks 'em I know,
Why ask if shad do it? Waiter, bring me shad roe,
In shallow shoals English soles do it,
Goldfish in the privacy of bowls do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love!

Inchworm – Danny Kaye

Two and two are four, four and four are eight,
Eight and eight are sixteen,
Sixteen and sixteen are thirty-two.
Inchworm, inchworm, measuring the marigolds,
You and your arithmetic you'll probably go far.
Inchworm, inchworm, measuring the marigolds,
Seems to me you'd stop and see
How beautiful they are.

I bought me a cat

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me.
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat said fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, goose, hen, pig, cow, horse, wife ...

Rejoice in the Lamb – Christopher Smart

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 cloatheth 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.

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.

For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
For—this 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.

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.

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 HARSHIPS,
but he that was born of a virgin
shall deliver me out of all.

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 cymbal 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.

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.

Queens Park Singers (directed by David Till)

Sopranos: Catherine Fried, Diana Maynard, Erline Johnson, Gillian Hallifax, Jenny Garrett, Kate Worth, Lucy Mottram, Merida Donald, Ruth McCurry, Tania Spooner

Altos: Christine MacLoed, Dasha Nicholls, Helen Dymond, Hinda Golding, Jan Law, Katherine Lawson, Liz Till, Marion Paul, Monica Healy, Susan Clark

Tenors: Glyn Jones, Margaret Jackson-Roberts, Tom Rainbow

Basses: Božidar Smiljanic, David Griffiths, Peter Burt-Jones, Peter Walter, Simon Judge

Queens Park Junior Singers (directed by Mary Phillips)

Alexandra Kataria, Anastasia Trebuth, Benedict Lyon, Catherine Lyon, Chloe Payne, Chloe Smith, Connie Mottram, Conor Carleton, Eleanor Beale, Harry Normanton, Kirsty Pym, Marina Anastasi, Millie Ritchie, Natalie Lawson, Otto Saner, Rosie Ritchie, Sam Thorpe, Theo Normanton

Orchestra (led by Bill Thorpe)

Strings: Bill Thorpe, Alison Apley, Moira Conway, Ben Irvine, Helen Roose

Piano: Nicholas Murray, Susan Clark

Quintabile

Ruth Padel, Jill House, Helen Dymond, Andrew Tucker, Simon Judge

Organ

David Wyatt

If you would like to sing with the choir or you have children who would like to sing with the Juniors please contact enquiries@queensparksingers.org.uk

For further information about the choir and about forthcoming events go to our web site: <http://queensparksingers.org.uk>

Thanks to all our Key Sponsors and other contributors and supporters, we can all enjoy the new Rönisch piano for the first time during this concert.

