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Saturday 23 November 2.30pm Orford Church

Aldeburgh Music Club: A Tribute

Aldeburgh Music Club Choir
Thomas Mills High School Senior Choir
Prometheus Brass Ensemble

Samuel Banks *treble*
Christian White *piano*
John Stafford *organ*
George Barton *percussion*

Laura Scott *conductor*
Edmond Fivet *conductor*

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
Fanfare for St Edmundsbury (1959)

*Introduction by Humphrey Burton,
president of Aldeburgh Music Club (from 2010)*

Britten
Te Deum in C major (1934)

*Speaker – Philip Reed, director of music for
Aldeburgh Music Club (1986–2001)*

Britten
Pacifist March (1937)
Russian Funeral (1936)
Advance Democracy (1938)

Joanna Lee (b. 1982)
Merman (2012)

INTERVAL

*Introduction by Humphrey Burton
Speaker – Joseph Phibbs*

Joseph Phibbs (b. 1974)
Choral Songs of Homage (2013)
*Praise
Hush-a-ba birdie
I saw Eternity the other night
Good Morrow*

Britten
There is no rose, from *A Ceremony of Carols*,
Op.28 (1942), arr. **Julius Harrison** (1948)
Philip's Breeches (1936)

*Speaker – Edmond Fivet, director of music for
Aldeburgh Music Club (from 2007)*

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
Funeral Music for Queen Mary, Z.860 (1695):
*Man that is born of a woman
In the midst of life
Thou knowest Lord*

Britten
Jubilate Deo in C (1961)

*Speaker – Alan Britten, vice-president of
Aldeburgh Music Club*

Anonymous, arr. **Britten** (1961)
re-arranged by **John Jermy** (2013)
The National Anthem

Presented by
Aldeburgh Music Club
founded by Benjamin Britten in 1952

Aldeburgh Music Club and Benjamin Britten

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Photographer: unidentified, courtesy of the Britten-Pears Foundation

Benjamin Britten at an Aldeburgh Music Club night at Crag House, Aldeburgh, from left to right, Julian Potter, Imogen Holst, Britten and Mary Potter, March 1954.

Throughout his career, Britten had a love for music-making with the local community and for the purity of the amateur singing voice. In 1952, on visiting the local chemists on Aldeburgh High Street, the pharmacist, who was a gifted amateur musician mentioned to Britten that there was little music in the town after the Aldeburgh Festival was over. Britten agreed and decided to take action by forming a music club, with the first meeting being held on 6 April 1952 at Crag House, the home of Britten and Peter Pears.

From the outset there were three groups of musicians – singers, recorders and strings. Meetings were held at Crag House in the large ground-floor drawing room. Britten and Pears took an active part at these Club Nights. Pears did not sing solos on these occasions, but would play the recorder or piano. Britten occasionally played the piano but more often the viola or recorder. One member recalls in his diary of June 1953 that 'Britten practises and practises the recorder ... and playing he gets such giggles his eyes swell, his ears grow

scarlet and his whole face suffused with tears'. Britten's sensitivity to amateur musicians is also illustrated by an incident when a second violinist was tapping her foot while playing and was told to stop by the leader. Britten said, 'Oh! I found it rather useful'. What also impressed the members was the generous hospitality shown at those evenings in Crag House by Britten and Pears.

One of the most important developments in AMC's first year was the arrival of Britten's close friend, Imogen Holst, to live in Aldeburgh. She was immediately roped into the Music Club and became its first conductor. The Club's first public performance was held in Aldeburgh Parish Church on 26 August 1953 with a collection for the Friends of the Festival. The next big development was AMC's participation in the 1954 Aldeburgh Festival, providing songs and recorder music from punts moored on the water for Music on the Meare, with Britten playing the recorder and Pears the bass recorder. The Club was to participate in this event for a further four years. In the 1955 Festival the

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recorder section of the Club gave two first performances of works by Britten; the *Scherzo*, written for AMC, and the *Alpine Suite*, written for the renowned artist and member of AMC, Mary Potter. Peter Pears became the first president of AMC in 1959, and Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst the first vice-presidents. All three remained active members and supporters of the Club until their deaths.

Aldeburgh Music Club has evolved considerably from those small gatherings at Crag House and now has over 100 members drawn across a wide area of East Suffolk. The singing has gone from strength to strength and AMC is now one of the leading choirs

in East Anglia. Though the original instrumental side of the Club died away, AMC still gives opportunities for the best local amateur and professional players to accompany the AMC choir at its public performances. Of particular note in recent years has been the formation of the Prometheus Orchestra by Edmond Fivet, AMC's current director of music, which regularly supports the AMC concerts at Snape Maltings.

David R. Smith (AMC chairman)

based on *Aldeburgh Music Club 1952–2002* by Patrick Walker and Valerie Potter.

A Tribute

Britten's three-trumpet *Fanfare for St Edmundsbury* was commissioned for the Pageant of Magna Carta held in the precincts of St Edmundsbury Cathedral, Bury St Edmunds, in June 1959. A recording specially made for the production by the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, signalled the beginning of each performance, which, as one contemporary newspaper report observed, heralded 'more than a thousand years of history ... and through ten episodes the arena fills with a panorama of colour and majestic beauty.' The piece is written for three antiphonally separated trumpets, each playing its own fanfare in isolation before the three melodies are combined contrapuntally leading to a thrilling climax. In a letter of May 1959, Britten told Christopher Ede, director of the pageant: 'I have no strong feelings about the points of the compass, except the first Fanfare (Trumpet 3) should be a little more distant than the others.'

The *Te Deum* in C major was composed in the summer of 1934 for Maurice Vinden and the Choir of St Mark's, North Audley Street, London, whose trebles had taken part earlier that year in the premiere (a BBC broadcast) of Britten's *A Boy Was Born*. While Britten seems to have been self-deprecating about the setting – 'my libellous *Te Deum*' was how he described it in his diary on 17

September 1934, probably acknowledging the fact that, in comparison with his other music of the period, the *Te Deum* sounds rather conventional and obviously 'churchy' – he seems to have been far happier with the orchestral version he fashioned in 1936 for a performance conducted by Reginald Goodall. The setting follows an ABA shape, the outer sections in C major with an insistent motif in the organ pedals, framing an A major central section in which Britten places a treble soloist in relief against the full chorus.

Britten's collaborations in the documentary film studios and with experimental theatre companies during the 1930s with figures such as the poet W.H. Auden and the Communist writer and journalist Montagu Slater, all made against the background of political unrest in Europe, crystallized the composer's own left-wing attitudes at this period and strengthened his commitment to the pacifist cause. These attitudes reveal themselves in several concert works from the 1930s, that 'low, dishonest decade', as Auden put it so succinctly. But they also can be found in many of Britten's smaller works from these years. For example, in 1936 he wrote the music for the controversial anti-rearmament film *Peace of Britain*, which would have brought him to the attention of figures in the UK pacifist movement

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Photographer: unidentified, courtesy of the Britten-Pears Foundation

Benjamin Britten at an Aldeburgh Music Club rehearsal. From left to right, Rhoda Backhouse (violin), Bidy Row (violin), Lorna 'Dot' Row (cello), Shirley Bayles (cello) and Britten (viola).

such as Dick Shepherd, founder of the Peace Pledge Union. *Pacifist March*, to a text by Ronald Duncan (later librettist of *The Rape of Lucretia*), was completed in January 1937 for the PPU, who had commissioned a 'marching song' for their rallies at the Royal Albert Hall. In a mock militaristic style, the *Pacifist March* was not much liked by the PPU and, although published, was quickly withdrawn from circulation. Although Britten's diary mentions his working on an orchestral score, this has never been located and therefore today it is performed with piano accompaniment.

Russian Funeral, Britten's only piece for brass ensemble and percussion, was composed between 24 February and 2 March 1936, and premiered on 8 March at a London Labour Choral Union Concert held in London's Westminster Theatre, when it was performed by the South London Brass Orchestra conducted by Alan Bush. The original programme billed the work as 'War and Death, an impression for brass orchestra'; however, Britten's final title alludes to the melodic sources of the work: the Russian

revolutionary song 'You fell in battle', used by Britten as his main theme (and later deployed by Shostakovich in the third movement of his Eleventh Symphony); and in the contrasting central section, the 'Komsomol Fleet March'. Britten withdrew the work after his publishers Boosey & Hawkes, disconcerted by its left-wing associations, turned it down on the pretext of being unsuitable as a brass piece and insufficiently melodious. *Russian Funeral* was not revived until after the composer's death.

The chorus *Advance Democracy*, composed in November 1938, was commissioned by the London Co-operative Society and is among the last of the composer's overtly left-wing works. Confusingly, it bears the same title as Ralph Bond's 1938 documentary film for which Britten wrote music, but the *Advance Democracy* chorus is musically unrelated to the film score. Symbolically moving from an oppressive C minor to an optimistic C major, the chorus sets a text by the left-wing writer Randall Swingler, in which the people are encouraged to rise up against the rising tide of fascism and capitalism.

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Britten composed *A Ceremony of Carols* on board the Swedish cargo ship the *Axel Johnson*, while crossing the Atlantic in April 1942. He and Peter Pears sailed from New York in mid-March and the boat crawled up the north-east American seaboard, making a final stop in Halifax, Nova Scotia, before setting out over the open ocean and the risks therein from German submarines. While in Nova Scotia Britten purchased an anthology of poetry in which he found virtually all the texts that he would use in *A Ceremony of Carols*, which he scored for three-part boys' voices and harp. First performed in Norwich Castle in December 1942, *A Ceremony of Carols* was revised the following year; later in the 1940s, composer Julius Harrison was commissioned by Boosey & Hawkes to make an SATB arrangement of the work with harp or piano accompaniment. The ritual of the processional/recessional is very powerfully conveyed in this work by the use of a framing plainsong to which the performers enter and leave the performing space, a device to which Britten returned in his church parables of the 1960s. This aspect is reiterated in 'There is no rose', which encapsulates the idea of a slow march arriving from the distance and then passing by.

Philip's Breeches, a 1936 setting of a humorous poem about a boy acquiring his first pair of long trousers and its signalling his emergence from boyhood to manhood, was never performed in the composer's lifetime. Britten's diary for 31 December 1936, at the end of a year in which he had been much preoccupied by the Spanish Civil War, reads: 'In the morning I set some very nice verses of Lamb (*Philip's Breeches*) for mixed voices – actually to sketches made in Cornwall.' Britten spent the summer of 1936 in Cornwall with, among others, Lennox Berkeley, where he worked mainly on his orchestral song-cycle *Our Hunting Fathers*. This brief Lamb setting includes a jubilant refrain.

Britten's admiration for the music of Purcell is well known: not only did Britten and Pears frequently programme Purcell in their own recitals and at Aldeburgh Festivals but the 17th-century composer's many vocal settings for choir and for solo voice were powerfully influential on Britten's own attitude towards setting the English language. Like Britten in his day, Purcell was the best-known musician working in England at the end of the 17th

century, feted in London as a composer of semi-operas and theatre music as well as occupying the respected position of organist at Westminster Abbey. Furthermore, he enjoyed a special bond with Queen Mary, consort of King William, in whose honour he wrote a celebrated series of Birthday Odes. When the Queen died on 28 December 1694 from smallpox, such was her popularity throughout the land that there was a demand for a public funeral; however, this had to be delayed because of the extreme cold weather, fears of a smallpox epidemic and civil service bungling, and Mary's embalmed body was not buried until 5 March 1695, when a lavish funeral involving state trumpeters and drummers and the Gentlemen and Children of the Chapel Royal was held at the Abbey. For this occasion Purcell reworked three earlier settings he had made of the funeral sentences from the Book of Common Prayer, 'after ye old way', to which he added a sombre March and Canzona for four 'flatt' trumpets, instruments with slides rather like the trombone, which made more notes available than were possible on the conventional trumpet and therefore meant that they could play in the minor key. While the first two of Purcell's settings exploit powerful chromatic lines and expressive harmonic dissonances designed to suggest the impermanence of man's earthly life, the final setting, 'Thou knowest Lord' adopts a direct, homophonic manner which immediately feels more intimate and personal.

Over the years Britten received numerous requests from Anglican clergy friends, notably Revd Walter Hussey who had commissioned *Rejoice in the Lamb* in 1943, to compose music for the Offices of Morning and Evening Prayer as well a setting of the Eucharist for congregational singing. Following the *Missa Brevis* in D (1959) for the Roman Catholic Westminster Cathedral Choir, there was a surge of these requests, the majority of which Britten could easily evade. However, he found this an impossibility when invited by the Duke of Edinburgh to write a complete set of canticles for Morning Prayer, and Britten set about adding to his already published *Te Deum* of 1934 with an appropriately joyful *Jubilate Deo* in the same key, full of rhythmic energy and heterophonic textures, which was premiered at St George's Chapel on 16 July 1961. Although Britten completed a *Venite* around the same time, this

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remained unpublished in his life time and the scheme went no further.

Britten's very personal approach to arranging pre-existing material such as folksongs is also evident in his arrangement of the National Anthem, made for the 1961 Leeds Festival. Britten's version sets two verses: the first, slow and prayer-like, is the most unexpected; the second, having modulated to a new key, is upbeat, with prominent brass fanfares capped by an ecstatic and jubilant refrain of 'God save the Queen'. When Her Majesty heard the arrangement at the opening of Snape Maltings in 1967, she is said to have been moved by it as never before, wryly observing 'and one has heard it several times!'

Philip Reed © 2013

Joanna Lee: Merman

Merman is based on the myth of the Merman of Orford and is set to a text by Hannah Silva. In the time of King Henry II, fishermen caught in their nets a wild man. Unsure of what this creature was, the people of Orford took him to the castle to be fed and tortured in a bid to make him speak; the Merman remained silent throughout. The people of Orford concluded the Merman was harmless and took him down to the shore to allow him to exercise in the sea, amidst some nets. Nevertheless, the Merman escaped into the sea's depths and his spirit haunted the villagers from that day forth.

The singers convey an array of characters, from the wind and waves, to villagers, fishermen, narrators and cooks. *Merman* is in four acts: *The Water's Edge*, *The Torture & Feast*, *The Merman's Escape* and *The Haunting*.

Joanna Lee © 2012

Joseph Phibbs: Choral Songs of Homage

Choral Songs of Homage was commissioned by the Aldeburgh Music Club to celebrate the centenary of their founder, Benjamin Britten. The opening song, *Praise*, begins where Britten left off, echoing the two-note opening melodic figure of his final work, the uncompleted cantata *Praise We Great Men*. *Hush-a-ba Birdie*, a setting of a traditional Scottish lullaby, is generally quick, the galloping 'wild deer' and 'ringing bells' evoked in a virtuoso piano accompaniment, before the song closes with a sense of repose and calm. *I saw Eternity the other night* draws upon one of Henry Vaughan's most transcendental texts: a mystical contemplation of night, time, and space, featuring an array of closely-interwoven melodic lines and soft, sustained chords. The work closes in celebratory style with *Good Morrow* ('Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day! With night we banish sorrow.'): a lover, eagerly awaiting his beloved, appeals to the natural world around him to 'give my love good morrow'.

Joseph Phibbs © 2013

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23**Britten: Te Deum in C**

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 Cherubim and Seraphim: 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.

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.

Britten: Pacifist March

Ronald Duncan (1914–1982)

Blood, mud and bitterness have been used in
painting our history

That's been smudg'd with the stain of war.

Empire we've stolen, swollen,

Our imperial greed for more.

May the strength we've misused in violence swing
into science and make more music.

Chorus

In our heart we've no hate but complaint against the
chainstore state;

We will build peace for earth's plenty.

March, stride to resist strong with force not with
fist.

Against all war we shan't cease to construct force for
peace,

Now we're kept poor and merely exist to die, why?

March, stride to resist strong with force not with
fist.

March!... march!... march!... march!... march!

Through winters of weariness we have waited in
queues of uneasy length,

For the dole or the cinema.

Though Means Test insults, assaults,

Our culture, native dignity.

Though the generous soil won't understand our
Cradle's lack or our table's want.

Hills old in tenderness have been slaked and torn by
high explosives,

Petrol pump and the tin fruit sign.

We've tolerated, painted,

Corrugated iron for our roof.

Patiently we've continued to collect coupons thro'
slump on farms that could feed.

Men born from laziness strive and struggle, muddle
and fumble

T'wards peace or forgetfulness.

centuries of suffering, shuffling

Years of revolving and resolving.

Gradually from our heart's wilderness the will for
life thrusts firm for peace.

Advance Democracy

Randall Swingler (1909–1967)

Across the darkened city
The frosty searchlights creep
Alert for the first marauder
To steal upon our sleep.

We see the sudden headlines
Float on the muttering tide
We hear them warn and threaten
And wonder what they hide.

There are whispers across tables,
Talks in a shutter'd room.
The price on which they bargain
Will be a people's doom.

There's a roar of war in the factories
And idle hands on the street
And Europe held in nightmare
By the thud of marching feet.

Now sinks the sun of surety,
The shadows growing tall
Of the big bosses plotting
Their biggest coup of all.

Is there no strength to save us?
No power we can trust
Before our lives and liberties
Are powder'd into dust.

Time to arise Democracy,
Time to rise up and cry
That what our fathers fought for
We'll not allow to die.

Time to resolve divisions,
Time to renew our pride,
Time to decide,
Time to burst our house of glass.

Rise as a single being
In one resolve arrayed:
Life shall be for the people
That's by the people made.

Joanna Lee: Merman

Hannah Silva

text adapted for performance

I: The Water's Edge

The Wind:
circling swirl whirl
shimmer sing summer breeze
surrounds you
hear hollow whisper wisp wish

The Waves:
la la la lapping liltling lolloping
looping murmur (merman)
surge slosh clatter clash
glitter litter drown down

The Fishing Net:
scatter the lattice
entangle net tether taut
capture (creature)
catch trip trap tackle
reel wind retract t t t t

Narrators:
1167 1167 1167 1167

Fishermen:
To the water
I go to the water's edge.
To the water, to the water's edge.
To the water, to the river's bed, the river's bed,
The net has led us to the merman.

Narrators:
In the time of King Henry the Second
when Orford castle was built
men fishing with their nets
caught a wild man.

Fishermen:
One, two, three: Haul!
One, two, three: Strain!
One, two, three: Heave!

Villagers:
Capture him!
Catch him in the nets!
Capturing catch him and tangling!
Entangling tangle him in the nets!
Take him!

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Fishermen:

What is it?
What on earth is it?
It's not of the earth!
It's cursed!

A ghost of the water?
The soul of a drowned man?
Throw him back in!
Tie him up!
Take him to the castle!

Villagers:

look at him look lead him lure lock him up

an evil spirit outside us
disgusts us deformed form
reform him for Orford

Fishermen:

Is it a man?
A fish pretending to be human?
The spirit of a drowned man?
The memory of a fisherman?
The ghost of our imaginations?

All:

lock him up lock him up lock him up lock him up

II: The Torture & Feast

Villagers:

Make him speak!
Make him eat!
Poke him, prod him
pillage him and mock him.

mock prod poke thwack
nudge whack tickle smack
kick hit punch pull
spit grab stamp stab

Make him squeal!
Make him yell!
Nudge him, whack him
tickle him and smack him.

Hang him up by his feet
his webbed feet.

Cooks:

Take faire Cabochis, pike them and wassh them
and parboyle them...

Guards:

Who let them in?

Cooks:

...Then presse oute the water
on a faire borde, choppe them and cast them
in a faire potte with goode fressh broth
and with Mary-bones...

Guards:

Take your cabbage soup and retreat!

Cooks:

...And lette it boyle.

Guards:

We'll let you boil!

Cooks:

Then take faire grate brede, and cast there-to saffron...

Guards:

Spices too good for this fishman!

Cooks:

...And salt! And serve it forth!

Guards:

We'll serve you forth!
Just throw him some fish!

All:

Watch him take the fish both raw and cooked.
Watch him squeeeeeze the juice from raw fish.
Watch him squeeeeeze it until all the moisture is
drained.
Watch him eat!

Villagers:

Make him speak!
Make him eat!
Poke him, prod him
pillage him and mock him!

Make him shout!
Make him holler!
Kick him, smash him,
elbow him and thwack him!

mock poke prod and whack him
tickle smack and kick him
nudge whack tickle
pull spit grab stamp
smack kick hit punch

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Make him speak!
 Make him sing!
 Make him laugh!
 Make him scream!
 Interrogate and torture the merman!

III: The Merman's Escape

The Sea:

see in sea see in the sea
 anemones see enemies in the waves
 see in sea see in the sea
 the sea is mourning the merman

Narrators:

One morning, the sea is mourning,
 the sun wakes the merman.

The sun – lines of light on the stone castle floor.
 The sun – silver on the surface of the water.
 The people of Orford take him down to the shore.

Fishermen:

Let him swim let him dive,
 but don't let him get away.

The Sea:

see in sea see in the sea
 anemones see enemies in the waves

Narrators:

He is trapped by three lines of nets
 but he dives beneath the fishermen's knots
 and is swallowed by the depths.

IV: The Haunting

Fishermen:

I wake in the night,

Villagers:

it's a cold Spring night.

Fishermen:

I see his face in my dreams,

Villagers:

the castle watches from the hill.

Fishermen:

I hear his screams,

Villagers:

the horizon cries.

Fishermen:

I go down to the water's edge,

Villagers:

the sky-black pours into the sea-black.

All:

I whisper to the waves,
 I whisper, I wave.
 I ask the North Sea
 to take me embrace me
 forgive me want me.

We tortured the water's son
 and the castle will always watch us,
 the sea will always mock us
 his cries will haunt us
 he'll always be the ghost of Orford.

Joseph Phibbs: Choral Songs of Homage

1. Praise

Praise

2. Hush-a-ba birdie

Traditional Scottish lullaby

Hush-a-ba birdie, croon, croon
 The sheep are gane to the siller wood,
 An the cows are gane to the broom, broom,
 An it's braw milking the kye, kye,
 The birds are singing, the bells are ringing
 An the wild deer go galloping by.
 The gaits are gane to the mountain hie
 An they'll no be hame till noon.

(siller: silver; braw: nice; gaits: goats)

3. I saw Eternity the other night

Henry Vaughan (1621/2–1695)

I saw Eternity the other night
 Like a great Ring of pure and endless light
 All calm as it was bright,
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
 Driv'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd.

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Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
 With night we banish sorrow.
 Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft
 To give my Love good morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
 To give my Love good morrow!
 To give my Love good morrow
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Britten: There is no rose*anon. early 15th century*

There is no rose of such vertu
 As is the rose that bare Jesu.
 Alleluia, Alleluia,
 For in this rose contained was
 Heaven and earth in litel space,
 Res miranda. [*Wondrous thing.*]

By that rose we may well see
 There be one God in persons three,
 Pares forma. [*of the same form*]
 The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
 Gloria in excelsis, gloria in excelsis Deo.
 Gaudeamus. [*let us rejoice*]

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
 and follow we this joyful birth.
 Transeamus. [*let us go*]
 Alleluia, Res miranda, Pares forma, Gaudeamus,
 Transeamus.

Philip's Breeches*Charles (1775-1834) and Mary (1764-1847) Lamb*

Joy to Philip! he this day
 Has his long coats cast away,
 And (the childish season gone)
 Put the manly breeches on.
 Officer on gay parade,
 Red-coat in his first cockade,
 Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
 Birthday beau surpassing him,

Never did with conscious gait
 Strut about in half the state
 Or the pride (yet free from sin)
 Of my little MANIKIN:
 Never was there pride or bliss
 Half so rational as his.
 Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
 Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
 He can run, or he can ride,
 And do twenty things beside,
 Which his petticoats forbad;
 Is he not a happy lad?
 Now he's under other banners
 He must leave his former manners;
 Bid adieu to female games
 And forget their female names;
 Puss-in-corners, hide-and seek,
 Sports for girls and punies weak!
 Baste-the-bear he now may play at;
 Leap-frog, football sport away at;
 Show his skill and strength at cricket,
 Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
 Run about in winter's snow
 Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
 Climb a tree or scale a wall
 Without any fear to fall.
 If he get a hurt or bruise,
 To complain he must refuse,
 Though the anguish and the smart
 Go unto his little heart;
 He must have his courage ready,
 Keep his voice and visage steady;
 Brace his eyeballs still as drum,
 That a tear may never come;
 And his grief must only speak
 From the colour of his cheek.
 This and more he must endure,
 Hero he in miniature.
 This and more must now be done,
 Now the breeches are put on.

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1. Man that is born of a woman
hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower;
he fleeth as it were a shadow,
and ne'er continueth in one stay.

2. In the midst of life we are in death:
of whom may we seek for succour,
but of thee, O Lord,
who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord, O Lord most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
deliver us not into the bitter pains
of eternal death.

3. Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs;
but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty.

O holy and most merciful Saviour,
thou most worthy Judge eternal,
suffer us not, at our last hour,
for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen.

Britten: Jubilate Deo 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 and his truth endureth from
generation to generation.
His mercy is everlasting, for the Lord is gracious.

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.

Anon.: The National Anthem

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!