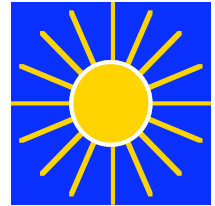
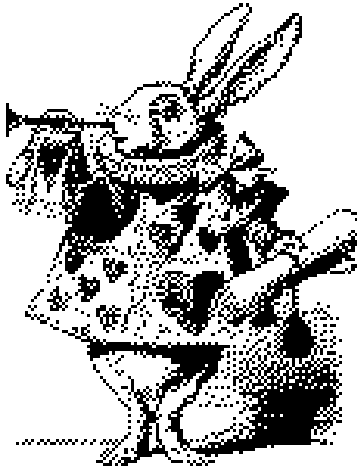


*St James the Less Church  
Penicuik*

*Music for a Summer  
Evening 13*



If music be the food of love  
Sing on, sing on, sing on  
Till I am filled with joy  
For then, my listening soul you move  
With pleasures that can never cloy  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue  
declare  
That you are music everywhere.  
*Col. Henry Heveningham (17C)*

Fair daffodils we weep to see thee  
haste away so soon,  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon;  
Stay, stay until the hast'ning day  
Has run but to the evening song;  
And, having prayed together  
We will go with you along  
*Robert Herrick (1591-1674)*

## PROGRAMME

### **A Birthday Song**

**Henry Purcell (d.1664)**

Altos: Ruth Green, Marion McCluskey. Instrumentalists: Anne Macdonald, Sandy Howie (Violins); Susan Matasovska, Gregor Campbell (Violas); Ros Hay (Cello); Jennifer Edge (Continuo).

### **Magnificat anima mea**

**Dietrich Buxtehude (1637-1707)**

Soloists: Kathryn Topham, Alison Cole (Sopranos) Marion McCluskey (Alto), Paul Murray (Tenor), David McGavin (Bass);

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.  
et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari  
meo

*My soul magnifies the Lord  
and my spirit exults in God my Savior*

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae.

*For He has regarded the lowliness of  
his handmaiden.*

Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent  
omnes generationes.

*Behold, all generations will call me  
blessed.*

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est et  
sanctum nomen ejus.

*For He that is mighty has magnified  
me and holy is his name.*

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in  
progeniem timentibus eum.

*And his mercy is on them that fear  
Him, throughout all generations.*

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo,  
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

*He has showed strength with his arm,  
He has scattered the proud in the  
imagination of their hearts.*

Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit  
humiles,

*He has put down the mighty from  
their seat and hath exalted the  
humble.*

Esurientes implevit bonis: et divites  
dimisit inanes.

*He has filled the hungry with good  
things and sent the rich away empty.*

Suscepit Israel puerum suum recordatus  
misericordiae suae.

*He has helped His servant Israel,  
remembering His mercy.*

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,  
Abraham et semini ejus in saecula.

*As He promised to our forefathers,  
Abraham and his seed forever.*

Gloria patri, Gloria filio, Gloria spiritui  
sancto.

*Glory to the Father, Glory to the Son,  
Glory to the Holy Spirit.*

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper

*As it was in the beginning, is now and  
always,*

et in saecula saeculorum. Amen

*world without end. Amen.*

### **Coffee Cantata (Movements 7 & 8)**

**JS Bach (1685-1750)**

Soloists: Alison Cole (Soprano); Mike Hay (Bass)

*Schlendrian:*  
 Nun folge, was dein Vater spricht!  
*Lieschen:*  
 In allem, nur den Coffee nicht.  
*Schlendrian:*  
 Wohlan! so musst du dich bequemen,  
 Auch niemals einen Mann zu nehmen.  
*Lieschen:*  
 Ach ja! Herr Vater, einen Mann!  
*Schlendrian:*  
 Ich schwöre, dass es nicht geschieht.  
*Lieschen:*  
 Bis ich den Coffee lassen kann?  
 Nun! Coffee, bleib nur immer liegen!  
 Herr Vater, hört, ich trinke keinen nicht.  
*Schlendrian:*  
 So sollst du endlich einen kriegen!

**Aria**  
 Heute noch,  
 Lieber Vater, tut es doch!  
 Ach, ein Mann!  
 Wahrlich, dieser steht mir an!  
 Wenn es sich doch balde fügte,  
 Dass ich endlich vor Coffee,  
 Eh ich noch zu Bette geh,  
 Einen wackern Liebsten kriegte!

*Schlendrian:*  
 Now take heed what your father says!  
*Lieschen:*  
 In everything but the coffee.  
*Schlendrian:*  
 Well then, you'll have to resign yourself to never  
 taking a husband.  
*Lieschen:*  
 Oh yes! Father, a husband!  
*Schlendrian:*  
 I swear it won't happen.  
*Lieschen:*  
 Until I can forgo coffee?  
 From now on, coffee, remain forever untouched!  
 Father, listen, I won't drink any  
*Schlendrian:*  
 Then you shall have a husband at last!

*Aria: Lieschen:*  
 Even today,  
 dear father, see to it!  
 Oh, a man!  
 Really, that suits me splendidly!  
 If it could only happen soon  
 that at last, before I go to bed,  
 instead of coffee  
 I were to get a proper husband!

**Gloria in excelsis Deo (First Movement)**  
*(Glory to God in the Highest)*

**Antonio Vivaldi(1675-1743)**

**“With cheerful notes let all the earth”**

**GF Handel (1685-1759)**

***Interval*** - Complimentary wine, soft drinks and nibbles  
 available in the Hall



**Fair Daffodils**  
**If music be the food of love, play on**

**Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)**  
**Henry Purcell**

**Two Shakespearean songs by Thomas Arne (1710-1778):**  
**When daisies pied (from “As you like it...”)**  
**Where the bee sucks there lurk I(from “The Tempest”)**  
 Soloist: Kathryn Topham

**Two Piano Pieces:**

**Le petit negre**

**Modulations**

Soloist: Rachel Topham

**Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

**Mike Cornick**

**“Herken” (aka the Murrays + Friends):**

**Rubber Band**

**Stars in my crown**

**Heavenly Aeroplane**

**Mike Waterson**

**Eliza Hewitt**

**JS McConnell**

**“Britannia waives the rules”**

Soloist: Mike Hay

**Simon Lesley**

**Hymne à la nuit.**

**J.Ph. Rameau (1683-1764)**

O Nuit, qu'il est profound, ton silence,  
Quand les étoiles d'or scintillent dans les cieux,  
L'ombre qui t'escorte est si douce  
Si doux est le concert de tes voix chantant  
l'espérance, si grand est ton pouvoir  
Transformant tout en rêve.

*O Night, how deep is your silence,  
When the golden stars sparkle in the sky  
The shadow that goes with you is so soft,  
So soft is the concert of your voices singing of hope;  
How great is your power, transforming everything  
into a dream.*

O Nuit, viens apporter à la Terre\_  
Le calme enchantement de ton mystère.\_  
L'ombre qui l'escorte est si douce !\_  
Est-il une beauté aussi belle que le rêve ?\_  
Est-il de vérité plus douce que l'espérance ?

*O Night, come and bring to the Earth  
The calm enchantment of your mystery.  
The shadow that goes with you is so soft  
Is it a beauty as pretty as a dream;  
In truth sweeter than hope?*

O Nuit, toi qui fais naître les songes,\_  
Calme le malheureux qui souffre en son réduit.  
Sois compatissante pour lui,\_ Prolonge son  
sommeil,\_ Prends soin de sa peine,\_  
Dissipe la douleur,\_  
Nuit limpide et sereine

*O Night, you who make dreams to be born  
Calm the unfortunate who suffers in their clutches  
Be compassionate to him; prolong his sleep.  
Take care of his pain  
Take away his sadness  
O Night, clear and serene*

***Have a great summer!  
Hope you enjoyed the evening!***

