

**Joyful Company of Singers**

**Peter Broadbent – Conductor**

**Wendy Norman – Piano**

# *Salut Printemps!*

**Debussy, Fauré, Ravel and Poulenc**  
**Early French madrigals, C16<sup>th</sup> drinking songs**  
**and C20<sup>th</sup> cabaret songs**

**Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> March 2024 at 7pm**

**St Gabriel's Pimlico, London, SW1V 2AD**

The Joyful Company of Singers - regd. charity no. 105725



## JOYFUL COMPANY OF SINGERS

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## PROGRAMME

### **Salut Printemps!**

**Claude Debussy (1862-1918)**

Kathryn Salter-Kay (Soprano)

### **Trois Chansons de Charles D'Orléans**

**Claude Debussy**

1. *Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder*
2. *Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin* Lorna Perry (Mezzo)
3. *Yver, vous n'este qu'un villain*

Margaret Green (Soprano) Alexandra Loewe (Mezzo)  
Stephen Mason (Tenor) Andy Mackinder (Baritone)

### **Deux Chansons Op.68**

**Camille Saint-Saëns  
(1835-1921)**

*Calme des nuits; Les fleurs et les arbres*

### **Cantique de Jean Racine**

**Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)**

### **Trois Chansons**

**Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)**

1. *Nicolette*
2. *Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis*
3. *Ronde*

Cathryn Caunt (Soprano) Alexandra Loewe (Mezzo)  
Nick King (Tenor) Andy Mackinder (Baritone)

### **(from) Sept Chansons**

**Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)**

1. *La blanche neige*
2. *A peine défigurée*
4. *Tous les droits*
5. *Belle et ressemblante*
6. *Marie*

## INTERVAL

### **Tourdion**

**Anon. XVI C**

### **Chanson à boire**

**Gabriel Bataille (1574?-1630)**

### **Madrigal**

**Gabriel Fauré**

### **Charles Trenet Medley**

**Trenet arr. Broadbent**

### **Edith Piaf Medley**

**Piaf & others arr. Broadbent**

## PROGRAMME NOTES

On the third day of "official" Spring we present a programme of music from France to escape into the world of *fin de siècle* Paris with Debussy's greeting for women's voices on a 19<sup>th</sup> Century poem, and his three settings of poems by a 15<sup>th</sup> Century nobleman who was held as a hostage by the English for 24 years after the Battle of Agincourt.

The *Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans* are the only songs Debussy left for unaccompanied choir, as were the *Trois Chansons* of his younger contemporary Ravel. These were written at the beginning of the First World War when Ravel was anxious to enlist to fight for his country, and he wrote the poems in the style of 16<sup>th</sup> Century popular *Chansons*.

Gabriel Fauré, the centenary of whose death is marked this year, is represented by his ever-popular *Cantique de Jean Racine* and the *Madrigal* set as a mischievous wedding present for his friend and ex-pupil André Messager, who was the dedicatee.

The second part of the concert features early French drinking songs and madrigals and arrangements of well-known songs from the great cabaret tradition of the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, exemplified by the songs of Charles Trenet and, of course, Edith Piaf.

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### "Salut Printemps" (*Spring Greetings*)

Claude Debussy

Refrain

Salut Printemps, jeune saison,  
Dieu rend aux plaines leur couronne,  
La sève ardente qui bouillonne  
S'épanche et brise sa prison.

*Greetings to you, oh Spring, season of youth  
God restores their crown to the plains  
The bubbling sap arises, breaking its bands.*

Bois et champs sont en floraison  
Un monde invisible bourdonne,  
L'eau sur le caillou qui résonne  
Court et dut sa claire chanson.

*Woods and fields do blossom  
An invisible realm doth murmur,  
the water flows over the echoing rocks  
Ringing out its thrilling song.*

Refrain Salut Printemps.....  
Le genêt dore la colline,  
Sur le vert gazon l'aubépine  
Verse la neige de ses fleurs.  
Tout est fraîcheur, amour, lumière,  
Et du sein fécond de la terre  
Montent des chants et des senteurs

Solo

*The broom doth gild the green hillside  
The haw pours forth its snowy bloom  
  
All is freshness, love and light  
And song and scent pour forth from earth's fertile  
bosom.*

Refrain Salut Printemps.....  
Bonjour Printemps, Salut Printemps.

Refrain  
*Welcome Spring, hail Spring*

Anatole, Marquis de Ségur 1823--1902

Translation: Richard McQuiston

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### Trois Chansons de Charles D'Orléans

Claude Debussy

#### 1. Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

La gracieuse bonne et belle!  
Pour les grans biens que sont en elle  
Chascun est prest de la louer.  
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?  
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder,  
La gracieuse bonne et belle!

*God! How pleasing to the eye he makes her  
That graceful, kind and beautiful one!  
For the great gifts she possesses  
Everyone is ready to praise her.  
Who could tire of her?  
Her beauty is ever renewed.  
God! How pleasing to the eye he makes her  
That graceful, kind and beautiful one!*

Par de ça, ne de là, la mer  
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle  
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.  
C'est un songe que d'i penser:  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

### **2. Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin**

Sonner pour s'en aller au may,  
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;  
En disant il est trop matin  
Ung peu je me rendormiray:  
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s'en aller au may;  
Jeunes gens partent leur butin;  
De mon chaloir m'accointeray  
À lui je m'abutineray  
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;  
Quant j'ai ouy.....

### **3. Yver, vous n'este qu'un villain;**

Esté est plaisant et gentil  
En témoin de may et d'avril  
Qui l'accompaignement soir et main.  
Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs  
Par l'ordonnance de nature.  
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein  
De nège, vent pluye et grézil.  
On vous deust banir en exil.  
Sans point flater je parle plein :  
Yver, vous n'este qu'un villain.  
Poésie de Charles d'Orléans (1394-1465)

*Neither near, nor far, nor across the sea  
Is there any lady or maid I know  
So perfect in every way.  
It is a dream but to think of her.  
God! How pleasing to the eye he makes her!*

*When I heard the sound of the tabor  
Calling us into May  
I did not stir from my bed  
Nor lift my head from the pillow  
Saying "It is too early,  
I shall go back to sleep for a little while".  
When I heard the sound of the tabor  
Calling us into May;  
Young people share their spoils  
Lazily I will learn of it  
I will gather up what I find  
From my nearest neighbour  
When I heard the sound of the tabor....*

*Winter, you are nothing but a villain  
Summer is pleasing and sweet  
Bears witness to May and April  
Which accompany it night and morn.  
Summer dresses the fields, woods and flowers  
In its livery of green  
And many other colours  
By nature's decree.  
But you, winter, are too full  
Of snow, wind rain and hail.  
You should be banished into exile.  
I say it frank and plain  
Winter, you are nothing but a villain.  
Translation © 1989 Graham Stibbs*

### **Deux Chœurs Op. 68**

**Calmes des nuits**, fraîcheur des soirs,  
Vaste scintillement des mondes,  
Grand silence des antres noirs  
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.  
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,  
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;  
Le poète seul est hanté  
Par l'amour des choses tranquilles.

### **Les fleurs et les arbres,**

Les bronzes, les marbres,  
Les ors, les émaux,  
La mer, les fontaines,  
Les monts et les plaines  
Consolent nos maux.  
Nature éternelle  
Tu sembles plus belle  
Au sein des douleurs,  
Et l'art nous domine,  
Sa flamme illumine  
Le rire et les pleurs.

Anon

### **Camille Saint-Saens**

*Calm of the nights, refreshing evenings,  
Vast shimmering of the worlds,  
Great silence of black caverns  
You charm profound spirits.  
The burst of sunlight, merriment,  
Noise please the more frivolous;  
The poet alone is haunted  
By the love of quiet things.*

*The flowers and the trees,  
The bronzes, the marbles,  
The golds, the enamels,  
The sea, the springs,  
The mountains and the plains  
Console our pains.  
Eternal nature,  
You seem more beautiful  
To a heart in sorrow,  
And art reigns over us,  
Its flame illuminates  
The laughter and the tears.*

Translation © 1989 Graham Stibbs

### **Cantique de Jean Racine**

Verbe égal au Très-Haut, notre unique  
espérance  
Jour éternel de la terre et des cieux  
De la paisible nuit nous rompons le silence:  
Divin sauveur, jette sur nous les yeux.

Répands sur nous le feu de ta grâce puissante;  
Que tout l'enfer fuie au son de ta voix;  
Dissipe ce sommeil d'une âme languissante  
Qui la conduit à l'oubli de tes lois!

O Christ! sois favorable à ce peuple fidèle  
Pour te bénir maintenant assemblé;  
Reçois les chants qu'il offre à ta gloire  
immortelle  
Et de tes dons qu'il retourne comblé.

### **Gabriel Fauré**

*O Word, equal of the Most High,  
Our sole hope, eternal day of earth and the  
heavens,  
We break the silence of the peaceful night.  
Divine Saviour, cast Thine eyes upon us!*

*Shed the light of Thy mighty grace upon us.  
Let all Hell flee at the sound of Thy voice.  
Dispel the slumber of a languishing soul  
That leads it to the forgetting of Thy laws!*

*O Christ, be favorable unto this faithful people  
Now gathered to bless Thee.  
Receive the hymns it offers unto Thine  
immortal glory  
And may it return laden with Thy gifts.*

### **Trois Chansons**

**1. Nicolette**, à la vesprée,  
S'allait promener au pré,  
Cueillir la pâquerette, la jonquille et la muguet,  
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,  
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés,  
Rencontra vieux loup grognant,  
Tout hérissé, l'oeil brillant;  
«Hé là! ma Nicolette, viens tu pas chez Mère  
Grand?»  
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,  
Laisant là cornette et socques blancs.  
Rencontra page joli,  
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette, veux tu pas d'un doux ami?  
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement, le coeur  
bien marri.  
Rencontra seigneur chenu,  
Tors, laid, puant et ventru  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette veux tu pas tous ces écus?  
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette  
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.

### **2. Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis**

Mon ami z-il est à la guerre  
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
Ont passé par ici.  
Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Le second était couleur de neige,  
Le troisième rouge vermeil.  
"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Qu'apportez par ici?"  
"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur  
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"  
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,  
Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."

### **Maurice Ravel**

*In the evening Nicolette  
Went for a walk in the fields  
To pick daisies, narcissi and lilies,  
Skipping along, heedlessly,  
Glancing from side to side.  
She met a growling old wolf  
Bristling and bright eyed:  
"Hey there Nicolette, won't you come to your  
grandmother's?"  
Breathlessly Nicolette fled,  
Dropping her hat and losing her clogs.  
Then she met a good looking young page,  
Dressed in blue hose and grey doublet,  
"Hey there Nicolette, would you like a true love?"  
Wisely, but slowly and reluctantly, she turned away.  
Last she met a grey-haired nobleman,  
Ugly, vile and fat,  
"Hey there Nicolette, wouldn't you like all this gold?"  
Our good Nicolette flew to his arms, and has  
Never been back to the fields.*

*Three beautiful birds of paradise  
(My love is gone to the war)  
Three beautiful birds of paradise  
Have passed this way.*

*The first was bluer than the sky  
(My love has gone to the war)  
The second was the colour of snow  
The third was red as vermillion.  
"Beautiful little birds of paradise  
(My love has gone to the war)  
What do you bring here?"*

*"I carry an azure glance  
(Your love has gone to the war)  
And I must leave on a snow-white brow  
A kiss, even purer."*

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Que portez vous ainsi?

"Un joli coeur tout cramoisi"  
Ton ami z-il est à la guerre  
"Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...  
Emportez le aussi."

"You red bird of paradise  
(My love has gone to the war)  
What are you bringing me?"

"A loving heart, flushing crimson."  
(Your love has gone to the war)  
"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .  
Take that with you as well."

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### 3. Ronde

#### Les vieilles:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de satyres,  
de centaures, de malins sorciers,  
Des farfadets et des incubes, des ogres,  
des lutins, des faunes, des follets, des lamies,  
diabes, diablots, diabolins, des chèvre-pieds,  
des gnomes, des démons, des loups-garous,  
des elfes, des myrmidons, des enchanteurs es  
des mages, des stryges, des sylphes,  
des moines-bourus, des cyclopes, des djinns,  
gobelins, korrigans, nécromants, kobolds ...Ah!  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
N'allez pas au bois.

#### Les vieux:

N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de faunes,  
de bacchantes et de males fées,  
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.  
Des satyresses, des ogresses, et des babaïagas,  
Des centaures et des diabesses, goules  
sortant du sabbat,  
des farfadettes et des démons, des larves,  
des nymphes, des myrmidones.  
Il y a plein de démons, d'hamadryades,  
dryades, naiades ménades, thyades, follettes,  
lémures, gnomides, succubes, gorgones,  
gobelines ...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.

#### Les filles / Les garçons:

N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,  
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.  
Il n'y a plus de satyres, plus de nymphes ni de  
males fées. Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,  
plus d'ogres, de lutins, plus d'ogresses,  
de faunes, de follets, de lamies, diabes, diablots,  
diabolins, de satyresses, non.  
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes, de démons,  
plus de faunes, non!  
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes, de myrmidons  
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages, de stryges,  
de sylphes, de moines-bourus, de centaures,  
de naiades, de thyades, ni de ménades,

#### The Old Women:

"Do not go to the woods of Ormonde,  
Girls, do not go to the woods:  
they are full of grim satyrs,  
and of centaurs, of malignant wizards,  
of hobgoblins and of incubi,  
imps and ogres, will o' the wisps and fauns,  
merry lamies, devils, devilkins, goat-footed folk  
and gnomes and demons, full of werewolves, elves,  
tiny myrmidons, of enchanters and of magicians,  
stryges and of sylphs, full of outcast monks,  
of cyclopes and of djinns,  
goblins, korrigans, necromancers, kobolds...Ah!  
Do not go to the woods of Ormonde,  
do not go to the woods."

#### The Old Men:

"Do not go to the woods of Ormonde,  
young lads, go not to the woods;  
they are hiding hosts of female fauns,  
and of bacchantes and of fairy folks,  
lads, do not go to the woods.  
[They are full] of satyres, ogresses, and of  
babaïagas, of centaures and of she-  
devils,witches out from their sabbath,  
of she-hobgoblins, of female demons of larves  
and of nymphs, tiny myrmidons.  
There are many demons, of hamadryads and  
dryads, naiads, maenads, thyades, will o' the wisps,  
lemurs, female gnomes, succubi, gorgons  
and she-goblins...  
Do not go to the woods of Ormonde."

#### The girls and boys:

"We shall go no more to the woods of Ormonde,  
Alas, no more shall we go there.  
There are no more satyrs, no more nymphs, no  
more fairy folk.No more hobgoblins and incubi,  
no more ogres, no more imps,no more ogresses,  
fauns or will o' the wisps, no more furies, flying  
devils, devilkins,of satyresses there are none.  
No more goat-footed folk, no more gnomes or  
demons, no more female fauns, no!  
No more werewolves, elves, and myrmidons,  
neither enchanters nor magicians, no more stryges  
or sylphs, no outcast monks, no centaures,no  
naiads, no thyads, no maenads,

d'hamadryades, dryades, folletes, lémures,  
gnomides, succubes, gorgones, gobelines,  
de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux, d'éfrits,  
d'aegyptans, de sylvains, gobelins, korrigans,  
nécromans, kobolds ... Ah!  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
N'allez pas au bois.  
Les malavisées vieilles,  
Les malavisés vieux les ont effarouchés -- Ah!

**Texts by Maurice Ravel**

*no hamadryads or dryads, will o' the wisps, lemurs,  
female gnomes, succubi, gorgons, she-goblins, no  
more cyclopeses or djinns, little devils, efrits,  
aegyptans or sylvans, goblins, korrigans,  
necromancers, kobolds... Ah!  
Do not go to the woods of Ormonde,  
The stupid old people  
Have frightened them all away -- Ah!"*

Translation Anon.

**Sept Chansons**

***La blanche Neige* (Guillaume Apollinaire)**

Les anges dans le ciel  
L'un est vêtu en officier  
L'un est vêtu en cuisinier  
Et les autres chantent  
Bel officier couleur du ciel  
Le doux printemps longtemps après Noël  
Te médaillera d'un beau soleil  
Le cuisinier plume les oies  
Tombe neige et que n'ai-je  
Ma bien-aimée entre mes bras.

**À peine défigurée (Paul Eluard)**

Bonjour tristesse  
Tu es inscrite dans les lignes du plafond  
Tu es inscrite dans les yeux que j'aime  
Tu n'es pas tout à fait la misère  
Car les lèvres les plus pauvres te dénoncent  
Par un sourire  
Bonjour tristesse  
Amour des corps aimables  
Puissance de l'amour dont l'amabilité surgit  
Comme un monstre sans corps  
Tête désappointée  
Tristesse beau visage.

**Tous les droits (Paul Eluard)**

Simule l'ombre fleurie des fleurs suspendues au  
printemps  
Le jour le plus court de l'année et la nuit  
esquimau  
L'agonie des visionnaires de l'automne  
L'odeur des roses, la savante brûlure de l'ortie  
Etends des linges transparents  
Dans la clairière de tes yeux  
Montre les ravages du feu, ses œuvres d'inspiré  
Et le paradis de sa cendre  
Le phénomène abstrait luttant avec les aiguilles  
de la pendule.  
Montre les blessures de la vérité les serments  
qui ne plient pas, montre-toi  
Tu peux sortir en robe de cristal  
Ta beauté continue  
Tes yeux versent des larmes, des caresses, des  
sourires  
Tes yeux sont sans secret, sans limites.

**Francis Poulenc**

*Angels in Heaven;  
One is dressed in military garb  
One is dressed as a cook  
And the rest sing.  
Fine sky-blue soldier  
Sweet spring, long after Christmas  
Will award you the medal of a beautiful sun  
The cook plucks the geese  
Snow falls and my beloved  
Is not in my arms.*

*Hello sadness  
You are written in the lights of the ceiling  
You are written in the eyes I love  
You are not total misery  
For the poorest of lips can denounce you  
With a smile  
Hello sadness  
Love of fair bodies  
The power of love from which kindness rises up  
Like a formless monster  
With disappointed expression  
The beautiful face of sadness.*

*Pretend to be the blooming shadow of flowers  
hanging in spring,  
The shortest day of the year and the Eskimo night*

*The dying gasp of autumn's visionaries,  
The smell of roses, the nettle's skilful sting.  
Spread forth transparent linen,  
In the clearing of your eyes.  
Show what fire has laid waste, its inspired work,  
And the heaven of its cinders,  
Abstract phenomenon, fighting against the hands of  
the clock.  
Show truth's wounds, the oaths which shall not be  
broken, show yourself.*

*You may emerge in crystal robes,  
Your beauty lives on.  
Your eyes shed tears, caresses, smiles.*

*Your eyes are without secrets, limitless.*



**Belle et ressemblante (Paul Eluard)**

Un visage à la fin du jour  
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes du jour  
Un bouquet de pluie nue  
Tout soleil caché  
Toute source des sources au fond de l'eau  
Tout miroir des miroirs brisés  
Un visage dans les balances du silence  
Un caillou parmi d'autres cailloux  
Pour les frondes des dernières lueurs du jour  
Un visage semblable à tous les visages oubliés  
Un berceau dans les feuilles mortes du jour  
Un bouquet de pluie nue  
Tout soleil caché

*A face at the close of day  
Bower in the dead leaves  
A bouquet of naked rain,  
All sun hidden.  
Source of source in the water's depths,  
Mirror of broken mirrors  
A face in silence suspended  
A pebble among other pebbles  
For the greenery of the day's last light,  
A face resembling all forgotten faces,  
Bower in the dead leaves,  
A bouquet of naked rain,  
All sun hidden.*

**Marie (Guillaume Apollinaire)**

Vous y dansiez petite fille  
Y danserez-vous mère-grand  
C'est la maclotte qui sautille  
Toutes les cloches sonneront  
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie?  
  
Des masques sont silencieux  
Et la musique est si lointaine  
Qu'elle semble venir des cieux  
Oui je veux vous aimer mais vous aimer à  
peine  
Et mon mal est délicieux  
  
Les brebis s'en vont dans la neige  
Flocons de laine et ceux d'argent  
Des soldats passent et que n'ai-je  
Un coeur à moi ce coeur changeant  
Changeant et puis encore que sais-je  
  
Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux  
Crépus comme mer qui moutonne  
Sais-je où s'en iront tes cheveux  
Et tes mains feuilles de l'automne  
Que jonchent aussi nos aveux  
  
Je passais au bord de la Seine  
Un livre ancien sous le bras  
Le fleuve est pareil à ma peine  
Il s'écoule et ne tarit pas  
Quand donc finira la semaine  
Quand donc reviendrez-vous Marie?

*You danced there as a little girl  
You will dance there as a grandmother  
The maclotte dance is jumping  
The bells ring out  
When will you return, Marie?  
  
The masques are silent  
Their music so far off  
That it seems to come from the heavens.  
I love you, yes, but until it causes me pain  
  
Such a delicious agony.  
  
The sheep walk off into the snow  
Snow-white, silvery wool  
Soldiers pass by, and I have only  
a heart which changes.  
Changes and again what do I know?  
  
Do I know where goes your hair  
Frizzy as the froth on the sea  
Do I know where goes your hair  
And your hands like autumn leaves  
Strewn too by our vows.  
  
I passed by the Seine  
An old book under my arm.  
The river is like my pain  
It rolls on and never runs dry.  
When will this week end  
When will you return, Marie?*

Translation © Graham Stibbs 1989

## Madrigal

(Les jeunes gens)  
Inhumaines qui, sans merci,  
Vous raillez de notre souci,  
Aimez ! Aimez quand on vous aime !

(Les jeunes filles)  
Ingrats qui ne vous doutez pas  
Des rêves éclos sur vos pas,  
Aimez ! Aimez quand on vous aime !

(Les jeunes gens)  
Sachez, ô cruelles Beautés,  
Que les jours d'aimer sont comptés.  
Aimez ! aimez quand on vous aime !

(Les jeunes filles)  
Sachez, amoureux inconstants,  
Que le bien d'aimer n'a qu'un temps.  
Aimez ! aimez quand on vous aime !

(Ensemble)  
Un même destin nous poursuit  
Et notre folie est la même :  
C'est celle d'aimer qui nous fuit,  
C'est celle de fuir qui nous aime !

**Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)**

## Gabriel Fauré

*(The young men)*  
*Inhuman women, who mercilessly*  
*Mock our cares,*  
*Love! Love when we love you!*

*(The young women)*  
*Ungrateful men, who do not suspect*  
*The dreams you provoke as you go,*  
*Love! Love when we love you!*

*(The young men)*  
*Know, O cruel beauties,*  
*That the days of love are numbered.*  
*Love! Love when we love you!*

*(The young women)*  
*Know, fickle lovers,*  
*That true love lasts a single season*  
*Love! Love when we love you!*

*(All)*  
*The same destiny pursues us*  
*And our folly is the same:*  
*It is loving those who flee us,*  
*It is fleeing those who love us!*

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## Peter Broadbent - Conductor

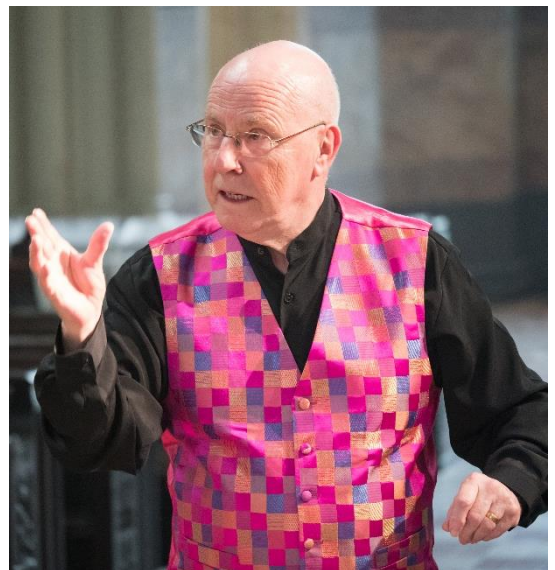
Peter is one of Britain's leading choral conductors and whose experience ranges from brass bands to large-scale choral works, opera and musicals. In addition to his work with the Joyful Company of Singers since our creation, he has conducted the London Mozart Players, Divertimenti Chamber Orchestra, the English Chamber Orchestra, the City of London Sinfonia, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Southern Sinfonia, the Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra, Apollo Voices and the BBC Singers, broadcasting frequently on BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM.

Engagements outside the UK include concerts with the Debrecen Philharmonic Orchestra &

Kodály Chorus in Hungary, a broadcast with the National Chamber Choir in Dublin and a European tour with the World Youth Choir in 2006. He gives workshops and master classes throughout Europe, and as the first Director of Training for the Association of British Choral Directors he helped to instigate and develop choral conducting courses.

In 2007 he was presented with the Pro Cultura Hungarica Award by the Hungarian Ministry of Education & Culture for his services to Anglo-Hungarian relations and in 2017 was presented with the Knight's Cross of the Hungarian Order of Merit.

Peter was awarded an MBE in the 2022 New Year's Honours for his service to music.



## Wendy Norman – Piano



Wendy is a versatile musician who studied piano and flute at the Royal College of Music and then combined a career in local government with choral singing, first with the Philharmonia Chorus and then the Joyful Company of Singers. She enjoys accompaniment, working with solo singers and instrumentalists and Gloriana women's choir. She is half of a piano duo which recently supported a performance of Act 1 of *Die Walküre* in a specially arranged version for two pianos. She has also been musical director for Imperial Opera - projects with them have included productions of Kurt Weil's *Street Scene* and Dmitri Shostakovich's *Cheryomushki*, workshop productions of Stephen Sondheim's *Follies* and *Pacific Overtures* and several Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

After lockdown Wendy started a successful local community singing group for inexperienced singers, The Chancery Singers, which now performs to audiences who can't avoid us in local care homes. Wendy enjoys many styles of music and has branched out into playing keyboard and flute with big bands and concert bands in Kent. She is also working on improving her jazz improvisation skills. Future plans include more of all of the above activities and finally getting to grips with that piano accordion.

## Joyful Company Of Singers

One of the UK's leading amateur chamber choirs, the Joyful Company of Singers is known for its virtuosity and intensity of spirit, as well as for an astoundingly wide repertoire, ranging from the 16th Century to the present day, including many first performances.

Formed in 1988 by conductor Peter Broadbent, the choir first came to prominence when it won the Sainsbury's Choir of the Year competition in 1990. Since then, it has maintained its profile in the music world, winning an impressive list of national and international competitions leading to many invitations to perform. Concert appearances include most of the leading UK festivals and regular concert tours in Europe, broadcasting in many countries as well as on BBC and Classic FM. A discography of over 25 CDs includes Rachmaninov's *All-night Vigil* on Nimbus: 'beautifully characterized and shaped by Peter Broadbent' (International Record Review).

The JCS has also instituted a Youth Fund to encourage the development of young choral conductors, singers and composers and this season we have continued to support our first-ever Composer-in-Association, Zoe Dixon.



### **SOPRANOS**

Amanda Abbitt, Felicitas Biskup, Cathryn Caunt,  
Viktorija Dronseikiene, Helen Morton, Kathryn Salter-Kay,  
Carrie Beaumont, Phillipa Gardner, Margaret Green,  
Alison Martin, Jane Metcalfe, Clare Vincent-Silk.

### **ALTOS**

Francesca Caine, Alicia Cropley, Alexandra Loewe,  
Hannah Bale, Denise Fabb, Lorna Perry.

### **TENORS**

Ian Kay, Nick King, Stephen Mason.

### **BASSES**

Kevin Bailey, Tim Bull, Andy Mackinder,  
Charlie Bach, Chris Foster, Jonathan Lane, Christopher Williams.

## **Our next performances**

### **2024 North Northumberland Tour**

**Saturday 4th May at 7.30pm - St Mary's Church, Wooler**

**Sunday 5th May at 7pm - St Paul's RC Church, Alnwick**

The two concerts' programmes are related but different, with themes that feature the sea, life's transitions and voyages of many kinds.

Our Alnwick performance will also feature readings by poet Katrina Porteous.

We shall also perform free half-hour 'taster sessions' in local venues:

**Saturday 4th May at 2.15pm - Ad Gefrin, the Anglo-Saxon Museum and Whisky Distillery at Wooler**

**Sunday 5th May at 1.45pm - The Alnwick Garden**

**Follow JCS on Facebook and on our website:**

[www.jcos.co.uk](http://www.jcos.co.uk)

The Joyful Company of Singers, regd. charity no. 105725