

Come, Yes Sons of Art

Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695)

1. Symphony
2. Come ye sons of art, away
3. Sound the trumpet
4. Come ye sons of art away (reprise)
5. Strike the viol
6. Ritornello
7. The day that such a blessing gave
8. Bid the virtues
9. These are the sacred charms
10. See nature rejoicing

For an ambitious composer in post-Restoration and Hanoverian England, the height of professional success was to have your music performed at the royal court. Court musical celebrations could be occasioned by many different events, but royal birthdays were a particular favourite, and there was tradition of performing Odes specially composed for the monarch's birthday.

By the 1690s, Henry Purcell was very popular. Appointed organist of Westminster Abbey at the age of 20, he also held the appointments of Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Keeper of the King's Instruments. Early in his career he was noted as a master of the fashionable continental styles of music preferred by Charles II. *Come, Ye Sons of Art* was written for Queen Mary's birthday on 30th April 1694. Purcell's next composition for a monarch was her funeral music in March the following year, 5 months before his own funeral.

Soloists

Soprano
Bass
Alto

Anna Graves
Nick Birbeck
Margaret Mitchinson

God Save the Queen

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

Thank you for coming along this evening to swell the song, and enjoy the madness that is the Last Night of the Proms.

Our thanks to all those who have helped in any way, especially front of house and refreshment teams, who always work so hard to make performances like these a pleasure to attend.

Finally – a huge thanks to the team at St Mary's Church for their help and understanding with the million and one questions that we have asked along the way.

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Staveley Choral Society

Kendal Millennium Youth Choir

**St Mary's Church,
Windermere**



2011

Programme

Imagine - Millennium Youth Choir

Staveley Choral Society

Blackbird

Bobby Shaftoe
The Skye Boat Song
Ar Hyd y Nos
Cockles and Mussels

In the Mood

Conductor : Philip Burton
Accompanist : David Battersby

Millennium Youth Choir

Coulter's Candy
The Rose
Turtle Dove
The Water of Tyne
The Drunken Sailor
Conductor : Anna Graves
Accompanist : Ken Forster

Come, Come Ye Sons of Art

Conductor : Philip Burton
Accompanist : David Battersby

~ Interval ~

*Refreshments will be served in the side room of
the church.*

Please do not bring wine into the main church.

After the Interval :

Piano Solo : **David Battersby**
Nocturne for the left hand Op.9 No.2 – Scriabin
Londonderry Air – Traditional/Hough

Zadok The Priest GF Handel

Conductor : Philip Burton
Accompanist : David Battersby

Fantasia on Sea Shanties

arr. Sir Henry Wood

Anchors Weighed
The Saucy Arethusa
Tom Bowling
Jack the Lad (Sailor's Hornpipe)
Farewell and Adieu
See, The Conquering Hero Comes

Rule Britannia

arr. Thomas Arne
Solo : Sarah Graves

Pomp and Circumstance no. 1

Edward Elgar

Jerusalem

William Blake

Speech : Dick Forsyth

[Chairman Staveley Choral Society]

National Anthem

Fanfare – Philip Burton
Thomas Arne

Auld Lang Sign

Conductor : Linda Graves
Organ : Philip Burton
Piano : David Battersby

Land of Hope and Glory

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still, and wider, shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!

Rule, Britannia!

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

Jerusalem Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

Thine Be The Glory

Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring son
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away
Kept the folded grave clothes where Thy body lay

Thine be the glory, risen conqu'ring son
Endless is the victory
Thou o'er death hast won