

MOSTLY BRITTEN

produced by the

Toronto Children's Chorus

Jean Ashworth Bartle Founder/Music Director

Recording Producer and Engineer

Anton Kwiatkowski

Locations

Humbercrest United Church, Toronto

The Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto

Piano supplied by

House of Remenyi

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**Toronto
Children's
Chorus**

Toronto Children's Chorus

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ERAD 133

Printed in Canada/Imprimé au Canada

TORONTO CHILDREN'S CHORUS

MOSTLY BRITTEN

Music for Treble Voices by Benjamin Britten
and by other British composers



Jean Ashworth Bartle Founder/Music Director

Guest Artists **Simon Preston** organ **Judy Loman** harp

TORONTO CHILDREN'S CHORUS

MOSTLY BRITTEN

Jean Ashworth Bartle, Founder/Music Director

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GUEST ARTISTS: § Simon Preston, organ

▫ Judy Loman, harp

‡ Paul Houle, percussion, Gillian Howard, oboe & Margaret Wolfe, trumpet

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30	Adam lay i-bounden	1:14
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33	§ HENRY PURCELL: Sound the Trumpet	3:01
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	TOTAL PLAYING TIME	79:30

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) contributed greatly to music in the 20th century. His compositions ranged from folk-song settings and chamber music to symphonies and opera. Britten's complete craft was not limited to larger forms. He was one of those rare great composers equally able to display it writing challenging and meaningful music for the treble choir.

Britten achieved the mature self-expression of his Opus 28, *A Ceremony of Carols*, the most familiar work in this collection, after honing his craft in several striking apprentice works. *Friday Afternoons*, Op. 7, constitutes twelve unison songs with piano (nine included here), written mostly during the school year 1933-34 for "the boys of Clive House, Prestatyn" and for Robert Britten (Benjamin's brother), the headmaster of the school in North Wales. Two of the songs diverge slightly from pure melodies: *Cuckoo!*, with its ostinato bird call; and the concluding dirge, *Old Abram Brown*, which illustrates basic canonic imitation -- with two-voice and four-voice canons, and then canon in augmentation, building a great intensity of feeling. Britten chose these texts from among the classics of children's literature. The text of *Cuckoo*, for instance, was written by Jane Taylor, who also wrote "Twinkle, twinkle little star," early in the 19th century. Several poems come from "Tom Tiddler's Ground" by Walter de la Mare (1873-1956), which had been introduced in 1932.

The next work *The Birds* (1929, rev. 1934) could easily belong to the Friday Afternoons set. It sings a poem by Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953). Even as a teenager, Britten chose politically, preferring the poetry of a mystical Catholic, educated at Cardinal Newman's Oratory, to Anglican liturgy. It was written shortly after the death of Britten's mother, and was dedicated to her.

Missa Brevis in D came much later, by which time Britten had become a world-famous opera composer. Composed in an austere modern idiom, the mass was occasioned by the 1959 retirement of George Malcolm, Director of the Westminster Cathedral Boys' Choir. And yet, within the crunching dissonances and liturgically formal structures of this later work lie pentatonic melodies, a Catholic mysticism and the childlike manner of the younger composer.

Britten's *Three Two-part Songs* date from 1932. Here, as in the songs of *Friday Afternoons*, de la Mare's poems inspired simple settings. The three songs recreate in miniature the fast-slow-fast of a concerto, the outer movements a whirl of the contrapuntal mischief of witches and monkeys, framing the still harmonies and melodic arches describing a rainbow.

Benjamin Britten was not alone in his admiration of Walter de la Mare's poems, nor is he the only British composer represented here. *The Song of Shadows* was written by **Cecil Armstrong Gibbs** (1889-1960), a "lifelong friend from 1919" of de la Mare. It appeared first as Gibbs's Op. 15, No. 3, for soprano and string quartet, and was published in 1921 in the present arrangement. Three other compositions extend to the future and reach back to the past. **John Rutter's** (b.1945) tuneful blessing *The Lord Bless You and Keep You* was published as an SATB anthem in 1981, and is

adapted here for treble voices. The canon on *Non Nobis Domine* is attributed to the Elizabethan **William Byrd** (1543-1623) and is nearly as ancient as Gregorian chant. The tune by **Henry Purcell** (1659-1695), *Sound the Trumpet*, dates from the Baroque and was taken from his 1694 ode for the birthday of Mary II, "Come ye sons of art away."

A Ceremony of Carols is one of Benjamin Britten's earliest masterpieces. Indeed, it is a work central to the composer's concerns. The composer of this children's celebration was consciously a Christmas child, born in Advent (and on a musically auspicious festival, St. Cecilia's Day). A major concern of Britten's life was a moral striving to honour the innocence of childhood and of real children in a complex world.

In the spring of 1942 when Britten wrote the *Ceremony* there was a war on, and he was coming home to England after a three year sojourn in the United States. A fair-haired prodigy, he had taken his young man's journey and was prepared for his mature life's work. He may have feared that as a conscientious objector to war, he was returning to a war-time Britain which would not accept him.

We can read in the composer's selection of carols the record of his fascination with the mystical Christ child. Beyond that, the texts are simple stories told in dancing carols, rather than rigorous liturgies. The authors are anonymous writers (or nearly so) of long ago, their words and ideas the very roots of English literature, their homespun creations fashioned into the music of a ceremony.

Britten begins the musical ritual, confident of his own invention, with a procession of unison chant, *Hodie Christus natus est* - "Today Christ is born!" Boisterous rejoicings and quiet hymns follow, as dictated by the beautiful texts. Several ingenious structures heighten our appreciation of the words' meanings: *That yongë child* serves as both recitative and injunction for the following lullaby (alerting us to "attend to" the Virgin's song), which blossoms forth in the counterpoint of those who have heard the tune and join in with gladness. The harpist is integral to the expressive idiom, suggesting whizzing bow-and-arrow warfare in *This Little Babe*, followed by a heavenly pastoral stillness in the *Interlude*. The end comes mystically as had the beginning with the ageless melody and word-rhythm of chant.

Psalm 150, in English, is a shorter work written for two-part treble choir and available instruments, commissioned for the 1962 centenary (and for the children) of Britten's old public school. Following the words of the Psalm, Britten constructs something akin to a symphonic movement.

The final group presents three of Britten's folk-song settings. They reveal his English origins, while the several published volumes explore a wide range of sources from Scotland, Ireland, Canada and France.

THE TORONTO CHILDREN'S CHORUS was founded in 1978 by its Music Director, Jean Ashworth Bartle. It comprises about 80 children from 9 to 16 years of age living in the Toronto area.

The Chorus has been honoured with many first prizes in national and international competitions. The choir is also a past recipient of the Canada Council's Healey Willan award in recognition of its high artistic standard.

The Toronto Children's Chorus has performed many times with the Toronto Symphony, The Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Elmer Iseler Singers under conductors Andrew Davis, Helmuth Rilling, Sir David Willcocks and Elmer Iseler. During the International Choral Festival held in Toronto in June 1989, the Chorus sang under Robert Shaw in the "Prologue" to Böito's *Mefistofele* and under Charles Dutoit in Berlioz' *Damnation de Faust*.

The chorus sang at the Installation Ceremony of the Honourable Ramon Hnatyshyn as Governor General of Canada in 1990. In August of that year their fifth international tour took them to Finland to represent Canada at the World Symposium of the International Federation of Choral Music and at the second International Choral Sympaatti and to sing at the conference of the International Society for Music Educators. The Toronto Children's Chorus was the only children's choir to sing at the Olympic Arts Festival, 1988 Calgary Winter Olympic Games. The choir also performed at Canada Pavilion during EXPO '86 in Vancouver with contralto Maureen Forrester.

In its endeavour to support the work of Canadian composers, the choir commissions new works annually. The composers who have written for the choir include Malcolm Forsyth, Harry Freedman, Srul Irving Glick, R. Murray Schafer and Ruth Watson Henderson.

JEAN ASHWORTH BARTLE has been widely recognized as the most notable director of children's choirs in Canada. Two prestigious scholarships enabled her to study with Sir David Willcocks and Margaret Hillis. In addition Mrs. Bartle has been strongly influenced by Elmer Iseler, with whom she has sung for eighteen years. She is in demand throughout the world as a choral clinician, lecturer, adjudicator and guest conductor. It is her conviction that all children, regardless of ability, should have the enriching experience of singing choral music of the highest artistic standard. In April 1986 Jean Ashworth Bartle received the Roy Thomson Hall award for her outstanding contribution to the musical life of Metropolitan Toronto.

RUTH WATSON HENDERSON, Accompanist, is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music and the Mannes College of Music, New York. A versatile musician, she maintains a busy schedule as a teacher, composer, pianist and organist. She has accompanied many outstanding choirs including the Festival Singers of Canada and the Ontario Youth Choir. She has an

international reputation as one of Canada's outstanding composers. Mrs. Henderson has written a number of works specifically for, and performed by, the Toronto Children's Chorus. She has been the regular accompanist of the Toronto Children's Chorus since its inception in 1978.

The Toronto Children's Chorus welcomes two guest artists on this recording: organist **SIMON PRESTON** and harpist **JUDY LOMAN**. Born in Indiana, Judy Loman began studying harp at the age of five. At age seventeen, she received a scholarship to study at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. Since 1960, she has been Principal Harp with the Toronto Symphony. She has won the earnest admiration of audiences, critics, and those contemporary composers whose music she has performed; she has been instrumental in having many works written for the harp. Miss Loman's performances are frequently heard on CBC Radio and Television. She has made concert appearances as harp soloist throughout Europe, Japan, and has performed as soloist with the Toronto Symphony on many occasions. Miss Loman has recorded extensively and received a JUNO award in 1979 for best classical recording and, the following year, the Canadian Music Council's Grand Prix du Disques-Canada for best solo recording. She can also be heard performing with the Toronto Children's Chorus in the world premiere recording of John Rutter's *Dancing Day* (Marquis ERAD 135) and her solo album *The genius of Carlos Salzedo* (Marquis ERAD 117).

SIMON PRESTON began his musical training as a chorister in the Choir of King's College, Cambridge. After studying organ at the Royal Academy of Music in London with C.H. Trevor, he returned to King's College as Organ Scholar and obtained the Master of Arts and Bachelor of Music degrees. As the youngest ever Sub-Organist of Westminster Abbey, Simon Preston established himself as one of the world's finest performers through his recordings on the Abbey's famous instrument, playing the music of, among others, the then little known Olivier Messiaen. In 1965 Simon Preston made his debut tour of the United States to ecstatic public and critical acclaim, and he has subsequently been in great demand there as both organist and conductor. His solo recording career has spanned more than 30 years. Simon Preston has also established himself as one of the leading choral conductors in Great Britain, first with the Choir of Christ Church, Oxford, and then with Westminster Abbey Choir after he was named Organist and Master of the Choristers in 1981. A highlight of this period came in 1986, when Preston was asked to plan and execute the music for the wedding of HRH The Prince Andrew to Miss Sarah Ferguson, the Duke and Duchess of York. He resigned from the post at Westminster Abbey in 1987 in order to devote more time to his recording and freelance activities.

La musique du 20e siècle a été enrichie de l'oeuvre de **Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)**. Ses pièces comprennent non seulement des arrangements de chants folkloriques, mais aussi de la musique de chambre, des symphonies et des opéras. Toutefois, ses compositions ne se délimitent pas aux grandes formes. Britten était un de ces grands compositeurs au talent rare. Il pouvait créer de la musique à la fois complexe et expressive pour les chœurs de voix hautes.

Ce n'est qu'après la composition de plusieurs importantes pièces, lors de son apprentissage, que Britten a pu s'exprimer dans un langage musical entièrement évolué. La pièce, "*A Ceremony of Carols*" (Une cérémonie avec cantiques) Opus 28, la plus connue de cette collection, en est un exemple. "*Friday Afternoons*" (Les vendredis après-midi) opus 7 est composé de douze chansons à l'unison avec piano, dont neuf sont présentées ici. Britten a écrit la plupart de ces chansons pendant l'année scolaire 1933-34, pour "les jeunes hommes de 'Clive House', à Prestatyn", ainsi que pour son frère, Robert Britten, qui était le directeur de l'école dans le nord du pays de Galles. Deux des chansons divergent des mélodies pures, soit "*Cuckoo*" (Coucou), au chant d'oiseau répété ainsi que le chant lugubre, "*Old Abram Brown*" (Le vieux Abram Brown), un modèle d'imitation canonique avec ses canons à deux et quatre voix suivis de canons augmentant d'intensité, qui créent de vives émotions. Britten avait choisi les textes parmi des oeuvres littéraires classiques pour enfants. Au début du 19e siècle, Jane Taylor, l'auteure des paroles de la chanson "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" (Ah, vous dirais-je maman), avait aussi écrit le texte de la chanson "*Cuckoo*" (Coucou). Plusieurs des poèmes sont trouvés dans la collection "Tom Tiddler's Ground", de Walter de la Mare (1873-1956), qu'il avait introduit en 1932.

La prochaine oeuvre, "*The Birds*" (Les oiseaux), composée en 1929 et révisée en 1934, pourrait facilement faire partie de l'ensemble des chansons de "Friday Afternoons" (Les vendredis après-midi). C'est un arrangement d'un poème de Hilaire Belloc (1870-1953). Dès son adolescence, les choix que faisait Britten se basaient sur la politique. Il a préféré la poésie d'un mystique catholique, instruit à l'oratoire du cardinal Newman, au lieu de la liturgie de l'Eglise anglicane. Britten a créé cette pièce peu après la mort de sa mère et il l'a dédié à sa mémoire.

Beaucoup plus tard, après avoir établi sa renommée comme compositeur d'opéras, Britten présenta sa "*Missa Brevis en ré majeur*". La retraite de George Malcolm, chef de chœur de garçons, de la cathédrale Westminster, permit la composition de cette messe; idiome à la fois moderne et austère. Parmi les dissonances choquantes et les structures formelles de la liturgie de cette composition se mêlent des mélodies pentatoniques, le mysticisme catholique et l'attitude innocente du jeune compositeur.

Les "*Three Two-part Songs*" (Trois chansons à deux parties) de Britten datent de 1932. Comme les chansons de "*Friday Afternoons*", ce sont les vers du poète de la Mare qui ont inspirés de

simples arrangements. Les trois chants recréent en miniature les mouvements rapide-lent-rapide d'un concerto. Le premier et le troisième mouvements, en contrepoint, offrent des moments espiègles et virevoltants qui évoquent des sorcières et des singes. Ils encadrent le deuxième mouvement aux harmonies paisibles et aux mélodies onduleuses qui symbolisent un arc-en-ciel.

Benjamin Britten n'était pas seul à admirer la poésie de Walter de la Mare. En plus, il n'est pas le seul anglais dont la musique est présentée sur ce disque. **Cecil Armstrong Gibbs** (1889-1960) a composé "*The Song of Shadows*" (Le chant des ombres) et était depuis 1919, un grand ami du poète de la Mare. Au début, Gibbs avait identifié cette pièce; opus 15, numéro 3, pour soprano et quatuor à cordes. C'est en 1921 que la présente version a été publiée. Trois autres compositions tendent vers le futur tout en fixant le passé. La bénédiction mélodieuse "*The Lord Bless you and keep you*" (Que le Seigneur vous bénisse et vous protège) de **John Rutter**, né en 1945, a été publiée en 1981, pour sopranos, altos, ténors et basses. Ce motet a depuis été adapté pour chœur de voix hautes. On attribue à **William Byrd** (1543-1623), le compositeur élisabéthain, le canon central de "Non Nobis Domine", un air aussi ancien que le chant grégorien. La mélodie "*Sound the Trumpet*" (Sonnez la trompette) de **Henry Purcell** (1659-1695) remonte à l'époque baroque. Elle fait partie de l'ode, "Come ye sons of art away" (Venez fils des arts, partons), composée à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de naissance de la reine Marie II.

"*A Ceremony of Carols*" (Une cérémonie avec cantiques) est une des premières grandes oeuvres de Benjamin Britten. Elle épouse ses intérêts. Le compositeur de cette pièce pour enfants était conscient de ce que lui léguait sa date de naissance, qui tombait pendant l'avent, le jour même de la Fête de Sainte Cecile, une fête marquée d'un festival musical, un bon augure pour un musicien. Pendant sa vie entière, Britten a entrepris la tâche d'honorer l'innocence de l'enfance, dans un monde complexe.

Pendant le printemps de 1942, lorsque Britten a composé la pièce "*A Ceremony of Carols*" (Une cérémonie avec cantiques), la guerre faisait rage. Le compositeur rentrait chez lui en Angleterre après avoir séjourné trois ans aux Etats-Unis. Britten, prodigieux et choyé, avait fait le voyage d'un jeune homme et revenait prêt à se lancer dans son oeuvre. Il s'opposait à la guerre et a sûrement dû penser que son pays natif, pris au beau milieu de cette confrontation, ne le reprendrait pas à bras ouvert.

L'enfant Jésus fascinait Britten et on peut percevoir cet intérêt dans son choix de cantiques. Les textes racontent de simples histoires, exprimées en cantiques dansant, au lieu de liturgies sévères. Les auteurs de ces anciens textes sont anonymes. Leur langage et leurs idées forment la base de la littérature anglaise et leurs créations simples produisent une musique cérémonielle.

Britten amorce sa musique rituelle, débordant de confiance dans sa création, avec un chant processionnel à l'unisson, soit "*Hodie Christus natus est*" (Aujourd'hui, le Christ est né). Airs de réjouissance et hymnes doux s'entremêlent, suivant les exigences des merveilleux textes. Quelques structures ingénieuses amplifient la beauté des paroles. "*That young child*" (Ce jeune Enfant) est à la fois un récitatif et une requête à écouter attentivement la berceuse, chantée par la Vierge. Cette pièce s'épanouit en contrepoint et invite les chanteurs à s'unir joyeusement à la mélodie. La harpe joue un rôle primordial dans le morceau, "*This Little Babe*" (Ce petit Bébé), dont l'idiome expressif représente le sifflement d'une flèche lorsqu'elle fend l'air. Le prochain cantique, "*Interlude*", rappelle le calme céleste et pastoral. La fin est d'une qualité mystique, comme l'était le début, avec sa mélodie éternelle et ses paroles rythmées.

"Psalm 150", chanté en anglais, est une œuvre un peu plus courte et conçue pour chœur de voix hautes en deux parties et quelques instruments. C'était une commande, en 1962, pour commémorer le centenaire de l'école primaire, où Britten avait commencé ses études, ainsi que pour saluer les enfants qui la fréquentaient. En suivant les paroles, Britten a composé un chant semblable à un mouvement symphonique.

Les trois dernières pièces sont des arrangements de chants folkloriques. Britten nous révèle ses tendances anglaises, transmises dans plusieurs volumes dont les mélodies sont d'origines écossaises, irlandaises, canadiennes et françaises.

Le **TORONTO CHILDREN'S CHORUS** a été fondé en 1978 par sa directrice musicale, Jean Ashworth Bartle. Il se compose d'environ 80 enfants, de 9 à 16 ans, qui vivent dans la région de Toronto.

Le chœur d'enfants a remporté de nombreux premiers prix, dans des concours nationaux et internationaux. Il a également gagné le Prix Healey Willan du Conseil des arts du Canada pour son niveau artistique exceptionnel.

Le *Toronto Children's Chorus* s'est souvent produit avec le *Toronto Symphon*, le *Toronto Mendelssohn Choir* et les *Elmer Iseler Singers* sous la direction d'Andrew Davis, de Helmuth Rilling, de Sir David Willcocks et d'Elmer Iseler. Pendant le festival international des chorales qui a eu lieu à Toronto en juin 1989, le chœur a interprété, sous la baguette de Robert Shaw, le prologue du *Mefistofele* de Boïto. Il s'est également fait entendre dans la *Damnation de Faust*, de Berlioz, sous la baguette de Charles Dutoit.

En janvier 1990 le chœur a participé à la cérémonie d'installation de Son Excellence le très honorable Ramon Hnatyshyn en qualité de gouverneur général du Canada. En août 1990, le chœur a entrepris sa cinquième tournée internationale et a représenté le Canada au symposium

mondial de la Fédération internationale pour la musique chorale et au deuxième «sympaatti» international de musique chorale. Il a également pris l'affiche lors de la conférence de la *International Society for Music Educators*. Le *Toronto Children's Chorus* a été le seul chœur d'enfants à participer au festival artistique des olympiques lors des Jeux olympiques d'hiver de Calgary en 1988. Le chœur a également été applaudi au Pavillon du Canada à Vancouver, lors d'Expo 1986, avec le contralto Maureen Forrester.

En vue d'appuyer les compositeurs canadiens, le chœur commande de nouvelles œuvres chorales chaque année. Parmi les compositeurs qui ont composé des œuvres pour le chœur, mentionnons Malcolm Forsyth, Harry Freedman, Srul Irving Glick, R. Murray Schafer et Ruth Watson Henderson.

JEAN ASHWORTH BARTLE est généralement reconnue comme une des directrices de chœurs d'enfants les plus renommées au Canada. Deux bourses prestigieuses lui ont permis d'étudier avec Sir David Willcocks et Margaret Hillis. En outre, Mme Bartle a subi l'influence considérable d'Elmer Iseler, avec qui elle a chanté pendant dix-huit ans. Ses qualités de spécialiste en musique chorale, de professeur, de juge et de chef d'orchestre invité sont en demande dans le monde entier. Elle croit profondément que tous les enfants, quel que soit leur talent, devraient avoir l'occasion de chanter de la musique chorale du niveau artistique le plus élevé. En avril 1986, Jean Ashworth Bartle a reçu le Prix Roy Thomson Hall pour sa contribution exceptionnelle à la vie musicale de la communauté urbaine de Toronto.

RUTH WATSON HENDERSON, accompagnatrice, a fait ses études au Conservatoire royal de musique et au *Mannes College of Music* de New York. Une musicienne hors pair, Mme Henderson est également professeur de musique, compositrice, pianiste et organiste. Elle a accompagné de nombreux chœurs remarquables, y compris les *Festival Singers of Canada* et le *Ontario Youth Choir*. Ruth Watson Henderson, un des compositeurs canadiens les plus connus à l'échelle internationale, a composé un certain nombre d'œuvres tout particulièrement pour le *Toronto Children's Chorus*. Elle est l'accompagnatrice habituelle du chœur depuis sa création en 1978.

Lors de cet enregistrement, le *Toronto Children's Chorus* a accueilli deux musiciens invités, soit l'organiste **SIMON PRESTON** et l'harpiste **JUDY LOMAN**. Judy Loman, qui est née en Indiana, a reçu ses premières leçons de harpe à l'âge de cinq ans. À 17 ans, elle a obtenu une bourse pour étudier au *Curtis Institute of Music* de Philadelphie. Elle occupe les fonctions de première harpiste du *Toronto Symphony* depuis 1960. Elle s'est mérité le respect et l'admiration du

public, des critiques et des compositeurs contemporains dont elle a interprété les oeuvres. Elle a aussi favorisé la création de nombreuses oeuvres pour la harpe. On peut souvent l'entendre à la radio et à la télévision de Radio-Canada. Judy Loman a donné des concerts, en tant que harpiste soliste, en Europe et au Japon. Elle a également exécuté des solos avec le *Toronto Symphony* à plusieurs reprises. Mme Loman a enregistré de nombreux disques et reçu le prix JUNO en 1979 pour le meilleur enregistrement de musique classique et, l'année suivante, le Grand Prix du Disque - Canada du Conseil canadien de la musique, pour le meilleur enregistrement solo. Elle a aussi participé, avec le *Toronto Children's Chorus* au tout premier enregistrement de "Dancing Day" (Le jour dansant), de John Rutter (Marquis ERAD 135) et *The genius of Carlos Salzedo* (Marquis ERAD 117).

SIMON PRESTON a fait ses débuts en musique comme choriste dans le chœur de "King's College", à Cambridge. Il a poursuivi ses études de l'orgue au "Royal Academy of Music" à Londres, avec C.H. Trevor. Par la suite, il a continué son apprentissage à "King's College", où on lui a conféré une maîtrise en arts et un baccalauréat en musique. Le plus jeune organiste assistant de "Westminster Abbey", M. Preston a tôt établi sa renommée. Il a enregistré plusieurs disques à l'aide du fameux instrument de l'Abbey et a interprété une vaste gamme de pièces, y inclus celles d'Olivier Messiaen lorsqu'il était peu connu. En 1985, Simon Preston s'est produit pour la première fois aux États-Unis, lors d'une tournée, où il a conquis le public ainsi que les critiques. Depuis, il est très recherché dans ce pays comme organiste et chef de chœurs. M. Preston est devenu un des grands chefs de chœurs en Angleterre, où il avait premièrement dirigé le chœur de Christ Church, à Oxford. Ensuite, en 1981, il a poursuivi sa carrière avec le chœur de "Westminster Abbey", où il a occupé les postes d'organiste et de chef des choristes. On doit souligner un des ses grands projets, soit la planification et l'interprétation de la musique pour les noces du Prince Andrew et Mlle Sarah Ferguson, le Duc et la Duchesse de York. En 1987, il a démissionné de son poste au "Westminster Abbey" afin de consacrer son temps à faire des enregistrements et à poursuivre son travail à la pigo.

**1-9 BRITTEN: Selections from
Friday Afternoons, Op.7**
(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)

Begone, dull care!
(Anon. 17th c., from *English Lyrical Verse*)

Begone, dull care! I prithee begone from me!
Begone, dull care! you and I shall never agree.
Long time hast thou been tarrying here
and fain thou would'st me kill,
But, i' faith, dull care, thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man turn grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
and merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things
to drive dull care away.

Cuckoo!
(Jane Taylor, from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*)

Cuckoo, Cuckoo,
What do you do?
"In April I open my bill;
In May I sing night and day;
In June I change my tune;
In July Far-far I fly;
In August away I must."

"Ee-oh!"
(Anon., from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*)

The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And lov'd to be picking a bone, ee-oh!

And lov'd to be picking a bone!

The fox jump'd up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
"O-ho!" said the fox, "it's a very fine night,
For me to go through the town, ee-oh!
For me to go through the town!"

The fox, when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listen'd a while!
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "it's a very short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, ee-oh!
From this unto yonder wee town!"

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
"I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, ee-oh!
And long to be picking your bone!"

The grey goose she ran round the farmer's stack,
"Oh, ho!" said the fox, "you are plump and fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, ee-oh!
From this into yonder wee town!"

"The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she pop'd her head!
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! The geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, ee-oh!
For the fox has been through the town!"

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
"Ah, ha!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, ee-oh!
And no more you'll trouble the town!"

A New Year Carol
(Anon., from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*)

Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy New Year.

Refrain: Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,
the water and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires
and the bugles that do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her toe,
Open you the West Door, and turn the Old Year go.
Refrain

Sing reign of Fair Maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the East Door, and let the New Year in.
Refrain

There was a man of Newington
(Anon., from *The Way of Poetry*,
ed. John Drinkwater)

There was a man of Newington,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

Fishing Song
(Izaak Walton)

Oh, the gallant fisher's life,

It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis below'd of many;
Other joys, are but toys;
Only this lawful is,
For our skill, breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping,
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;
Then we go to and fro,
With our knacks at our backs,
To such streams, as the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

If the sun's excessive heat,
Makes our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter:
Where in a dyke, perch or pike,
Roach or dace, we go chase
Bleak or gudgeon, without grudging;
We are still contented.

Jazz-Man
(Eleanor Farjeon)

Crash and Clang! Bash and Bang!
And up in the road the Jazz-Man sprang!
The One-Man-Jazz-Band playing in the street,
Drums with his Elbows, Cymbals with his Feet,
Pipes with his Mouth, Accordion with his Hand,
Playing all his instruments to Beat the Band!

Toot and Tingle! Hoot and Jingle!
Oh, What a Clatter! how the tunes all mingle!

Twenty children couldn't make as much Noise as
The Howling Pandemonium of the One-Man-Jazz!

There was a monkey
(Anon., from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*)

There was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she'd ate two, she'd ate a couple.

There was a horse a-going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, the blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran a pace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.

Old Abram Brown
(Anon., from *Tom Tiddler's Ground*)

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;

He used to wear a long brown coat,
That button'd down before.

10 BRITTEN: The Birds, (1929, rev. 1934)
(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)
(Text: Hilaire Belloc)

When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The angels brought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.

And yet with these He would not play.
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And bless'd them till they flew away:

Tu creasti, Domine.

Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.

11-14 BRITTEN: Missa Brevis in D, Op. 63
(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Gloria
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.
Laudamus te.
Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te.
Glorificamus te.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.

Domine Deus,
Rex caelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite Jesu Christe.
Domine Deus,
Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris.

Qui tolīs pecata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Qui tolīs pecata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus.
Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus Altissimus.
Tu solus Jesu Christe.

Cum Sancto Spiritu
in gloria Dei Patris.
Amen.

Sanctus

Sanctus Dominus Deus,
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Benedictus

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei,
qui tolīs peccata,
peccata mundi:
miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei,
qui tolīs peccata,
peccata mundi:
dona nobis pacem.

15-17 BRITTEN: Three Two-Part Songs

(pub. Oxford University Press)
(Texts: Walter de la Mare)

The Ride-by-nights

Up on their brooms the Witches stream,
Crooked and black in the crescent's gleam:
One foot high, and one foot low,
Bearded cloak'd, and cowl'd, they go.

'Neath Charlie's Wane they twitter and tweet,
And away they swarm 'neath the Dragon's feet.
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway,
And surge pell-mell down the Milky Way.

Betwixt the legs of the glittering Chair
They hover and squeak in the empty air.
Then round they swoop past the glimmering Lion
T'where Sirius barks behind huge Orion:
Up, then, and over to wheel amain,
Under the silver and home again.

The Rainbow

I saw the lovely arch
Of Rainbow span the sky,
The gold sun burning
As the rain swept by.

In bright ring'd solitude
The showery foliage shone
One lovely moment,
Ah, And the Bow was gone.

The Ship of Rio

There was a ship of Rio
Sail'd out into the blue,
And nine and ninety monkeys
Were all her jovial crew.

From bo'sun to the cabin boy,
From quarter to caboose,
There weren't a stitch of calico
To breech 'em tight or loose;

From spar to deck, from deck to keel,
From barnacle to shroud,
There weren't one pair of reach-me-downs
To all that jabbering crowd.

But wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When roar'd the deep-sea gales,
To see them reef her fore and aft,
A-swinging by their tails!

Oh, wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When glassy calm did come,
To see them squatting tail-or-wise
Around a keg of rum!

Oh wasn't it a gladsome sight,
When in she sail'd to land,
To see them all a scampering skip
For nuts across the sand!

18 CECIL ARMSTRONG GIBBS: The Song of Shadows

(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)
(Text: Walter de la Mare)

Sweep thy faint strings, Musician,
With thy long, lean hand.
Downward the starry tapers burn,
Sinks soft the waning sand.
The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,
The embers smoulder low.
Across the walls the shadows
Come and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,
The minutes mount to hours.
Frost on the windless casement weaves
A labyrinth of flowers.
Ghosts linger in the dark'ning air
Hearken at the open door.
Music hath called them dreaming
Home once more.

19 JOHN RUTTER: The Lord Bless You And Keep You

(pub. Oxford University Press/Hinshaw Music)
(Numbers 6:24)

The Lord bless you and keep you:
The Lord make his face to shine upon you,
to shine upon you and be gracious,
and be gracious unto you.

The Lord lift up the light
of his countenance upon you,
and give you peace. Amen.

20-31 BRITTEN: A Ceremony of Carols, Op 28

(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)
(Anonymous 14th & 15th c. texts,
unless otherwise noted)

Procession

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia!

Wolcum Yole!

Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom we sall sing!

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, Innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfthe Day both in fere,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole, Wolcum!

Candelmesse,
Queene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum be ye that are here

Wolcum Yole,
Wolcum alle and make good cheer.
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole. Wolcum!

There is no Rose

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, Alleluia,

For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, Res miranda.

By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma.

The aungels sungen the shepherds to:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gaudeamus, Gaudeamus.

Leave we all this worldly mirth,
and follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, Transeamus.

Alleluia, Res miranda, Pares forma,
Gaudeamus, Transeamus.

That yongè child

That yongè child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalè sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:

Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

Balulalow

(John, James & Robert Wedderburn)

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.

But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall I bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow!

As dew in Aprile

I sing of a maiden
That is makèles:
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came al so stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprile
That falleth on the grass.

He came al so stille
To his moder's bour,
As dew in Aprile
That falleth on the flour.

He came al so stille
There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprile
That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden was never none but she:
Well may such a lady Goddes moder be.

This little Babe

(Robert Southwell)

This little Babe so few days old,
Is come to rifle Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmèd wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitchèd in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

In Freezing Winter Night

(Robert Southwell)
Behold, a silly tender babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies
Alas, a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear:
The Prince himself is come from heav'n;
This pomp is prizèd there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King.
And highly praise his humble pomp,
wich he from Heav'n doth bring.

Spring Carol

(William Cornish)

Pleasure it is
to hear iwis,
the Birdès sing,

The deer in the dale,
the sheep in the vale,
the corn springing,

God's purveyance
For sustenance,
It is for man, It is for man.

Then we always
to give him praise,
And thank him than.

Adam lay i-bounden

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Adam lay i-bounden,
bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
thought he not to long.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil,
an appil that he tok,
As clerkès finden
written in their book.

Deo gracias! Deo gracias!
Ne had the appil takè ben,
The appil takè ben,
Ne haddè never our lady
A ben havenè quene.

Blessèd be the time
That appil takè was.
Therefore we moun singen.
Deo gracias! Deo gracias!

Recession

Hodie Christus natus est:
hodie Salvator apparuit:
hodie in terra canunt angeli:
laetantur archangeli:
hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

32 WILLIAM BYRD: Non Nobis, Domine

(pub. Hinshaw Music)
(ed. Jean Ashworth Bartle)

Non nobis, Domine,
Sed nomini tuo da gloriam.

33 HENRY PURCELL: Sound the Trumpet

(pub. Novello & Co.)
(arr. C.S.Lang)

Sound the trumpet!
Sound the trumpet till around
You make the list'ning shores rebound.

On the sprightly haut-boy play,
All the instruments of joy,
That skilful numbers can employ,
To celebrate the glories of this day.

34 BRITTEN: Psalm 150, Op. 67

(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)

O praise God in His holiness:
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.
Praise Him in His noble acts:
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

Praise Him in the sound of the Trumpet:
Praise Him upon the Lute and Harp.
Praise Him in the Cymbals and Dances:
Praise Him upon the Strings and Pipe.
Praise Him upon the well-tuned Cymbals:
Praise Him upon the loud Cymbals.
Let ev'rything that hath breath:
praise, praise, praise the Lord.

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.

35 TRAD. arr. BRITTEN: Quand j'étais chez mon père

(pub. Boosey & Hawkes)

Quand j'étais chez mon père, apprenti pas touriau,
il m'a mis dans la lande, pour gardes les troupeaux.
Refrain:
Troupeaux, troupeaux, je n'en avais guère,
Troupeaux, troupeaux, je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère, je n'avais qu'trois agneaux,
et le loup de la plaine m'a mangé le plus biaux. *Refrain*

Il était si vorace, n'a laissé que la piaux,
n'a laissé que la queue pour mettre à mon chapiau.
Refrain

Mais des os de la bête me fis un chalumiau;
Pour jouer à la fête, à la fêt'du hamiaux.
Refrain

Pour fair'danser l'village, dessous le grand ormiau,
et les jeun's et les vieilles, les pieds dans les sabiets,
Refrain

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
and neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
and both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
and so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead.
Hee! Haw! buried and dead.
There grew an old apple tree over his head.
Hee! Haw! over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall.
Hee - haw - ready to fall;
there came an old woman to gather them all.
Hee - haw - gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop.
Hee! Haw! gave her a drop
which made the old woman go hippety hop.
Hee! Haw! hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle they lie on the shelf.
Hee! Haw! lie on the shelf.
If you want anymore you can sing it yourself.
Hee! Haw! sing it yourself.



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