St. Catharine’s College Girls’ Choir
Summer Concert Programme
St Catharine’s College Chapel
Tuesday 6th July 2021

Two songs from *The Aviary*
  The Birds’ Lament
  The Owl

A Linnet in a Gilded Cage
On Eagles’ Wings
The Heather Track from *Seven Songs Home*

Three Songs from *The Lost Words*
  Magpie
  Lark
  Wren

Vater unser
Gaudent in Coelis
Let Saints on Earth
Ex Ore Innocentium

At a horse fair

Cavendish’s Atomes
Science Song

Richard Rodney Bennett (1936-2012)
Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Alexander Forbes l’Estrange
Peter Maxwell Davies (1934-2016)
James Burton

Arvo Pärt
Richard Dering (c1580-1630)
Alan Ridout (1934-1996)
John Ireland (1914-1992)

E.J. Moeran (1894-1950)

Elspeth Brooke
Ben Parry
About the Choir

Founded in 2008, the St Catharine's College Girls' Choir was the first college-based choir for girls in the UK, breaking with 900 years of tradition and setting a precedent which has been followed by several other institutions both here and abroad. The choir provides a unique and invaluable musical experience, including weekly services in the College Chapel, professional concerts, broadcasts and recordings. The choir has appeared regularly on Radio 3’s *In Tune* and Radio 4’s *Sunday Worship* and contributes to St Catharine’s Choirs’ recording projects on the Resonus Classics label.

The choir is currently made up of 28 girls, aged between eight and fifteen (school years four to ten), drawn from local schools. The Girls' Choir is semi-independent of the mixed-voice student College Choir; it is not a school choir; nor is it limited to traditional Church repertoire. We are always looking at ways to expand the musical experience and vision of choir members, and this is reflected in the diversity of the choir’s activities.

**Choir Members**

**Probationers**

Hope Stoneley Gradwell
Sophia Willis
Sophia Wickham
Emily Kitt
Esther Wong

**Choristers**

Navya Bhasin
Tegan Carr
Amelie Kirk
Catriona Rich
Matilda Sleigh
Anne Vinokurov

**Director:** Edward Wickham
**Piano:** Alexander Wallace

**Chaplain’s Chorister**

Gabriella Zailer-Fletcher
Susanna Beale

Maya Ruocco

Chaplain’s Chorister

Chaplain’s Chorister

Master’s Chorister
Texts and Translations

The Birds' Lament

John Clare

Oh, says the linnet, if I sing,
My love forsook me in the spring,
And nevermore will I be seen
Without my satin gown of green.

Oh, says the pretty feathered jay,
Now my love is gone away
And for the memory of my dear
A feather of each sort I'll wear.

Oh, says the rook and eke the crow,
The reason why in black we go
Because our love has us forsook,
So pity us poor crow and rook!

Oh, says the pretty speckled thrush
that changes its note from bush to bush,
My love has left me here alone,
I fear she never will return.

The Owl

Alfred Tennyson

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

A Linnet in a Gilded Cage

Christina Rosetti

A linnet in a gilded cage, -
A linnet on a bough, -
In frosty winter one might doubt
Which bird is luckier now.
But let the trees burst out in leaf,
And nests be on the bough,
Which linnet is the luckier bird,
Oh who could doubt it now?

A Linnet in a Gilded Cage

A linnet in a gilded cage, -
A linnet on a bough, -
In frosty winter one might doubt
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On Eagles' Wings

Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Psalm 40

Like an eagle that hovers o'er its young,
That spreads its wings to catch them,
And bears them on its outstretched span.

The angel of his presence saved me,
In his love and mercy he redeemed me.
He lifted me up and bore me all the days of old.

I will soar on wings like eagles' wings,
I will run and not grow weary,
I will walk and not be faint,  
I will soar on eagles’ wings.

He has lifted me up, out of the mirey clay.  
He has put a new song in my mouth –  
A hymn of praise to our God.

*The Heather Track*  
Peter Maxwell Davies

Below grey houses in patches of green.  
Above, the heather.  
An emblazoned harrier,  
Black against the raggedy cloud.

The north wind rising.  
Its untuned whine  
Cuts like the mewl of a worse-for-wear fiddler.

Today’s last gull-scoured furrow is ploughed.  
Above, the heather, a gannet’s long scream,  
Tearing its wing from the bonxie’s claw.  
Listen, watch out, and keep your head bowed.

*The Lost Words*  
Robert Macfarlane & Jackie Morris

Magpie

Magpie Manifesto:

Argue every toss!  
Gossip, Bicker, Yak and Snicker ALL Day Long!  
Pick a Fight in an Empty Room!  
Interrupt, Interject, Intercept, Intervene!

Every Magpie for Every Magpie, against  
Every Other Walking Flying Swimming  
Creeping Creature on the Earth!

*Lark*

Little astronaut, where have you gone, and how is your  
song still torrenting on?  
Aren’t you short of breath as you climb higher, up there  
in the thin air, with your magical song still tumbling on?
Right now I need you, for my sadness has come again
and my heart grows flatter – so I’m coming to find
you by following your song,

Keeping on into deep space, past dying stars and
exploding suns, to where at last, little astronaut,
you sing your heart out at all dark matter.

**Wren**

When wren whirrs from stone to furze the world around
her slows, for wren is quick, so quick she blurs the air
through which she flows, yes –

Rapid wren is needle, rapid wren is pin - and wren’s song
is sharp-song, briar-song, thorn-song, and wren’s flight
is dart-flight, flick-flight, light-flight, yes

Each wren etches, stitches, switches, *glitches*, yes -

Now you think you see wren, now you know you don’t.

**Vater Unser**

Vater Unser im Himmel, 
geheiligt werde Dein Name. 
Dein Reich komme. 
Dein Wille geschehe, 
wie im Himmel so auf Erden. 
Unser tägliches Brot gib uns heute. 
Und vergib uns unsere Schuld, 
Wie auch wir vergeben unseren Schuldigern. 
Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, 
sondern erlöse uns von den Bösen. 

Our Father who art in heaven, 
Hallowed be thy name, 
Thy kingdom come, 
Thy will be done, 
In earth as it is in Heaven. 
Give us this day our daily bread 
And forgive us our trespasses, 
as we forgive them who trespass against us. 
And lead us not into temptation, 
but deliver us from evil.

**Gaudent in Coelis**

Gaudent in coelis anime sanctorum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti et quia pro eius amore 
sanguinem suum fuderunt ideo cum Christo exsultant sine fine.

The souls of the righteous rejoice in heaven, who have followed in Christ’s footsteps. And since 
they for love of their Saviour readily outpoured their blood, they triumph with Jesus without end.
Let Saints on Earth in Concert Sing  
Charles Wesley

Let saints on earth in concert sing  
With those whose work is done;  
For all the servants of our King  
In earth and heav’n are one.

One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,  
And part is crossing now.

Jesus, be thou our constant guide;  
Then, when the word is giv’n,  
Bid Jordan’s narrow stream divide,  
And bring us safe to heav’n.

Ex Ore Innocentium  
Bishop W. W. How

It is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God’s own Son should come from heav’n,  
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:  
But even could I see him die,  
I should but see a little part  
Of that great love, which like a fire,  
Is always burning in his heart.

I sometimes think about the Cross,  
And yet I want to love thee Lord;  
And shut my eyes, and try to see  
O light the flame within my heart,  
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,  
And I will love thee more and more,  
And Jesus crucified for me.  
Until I see thee as thou art.

Cavendish’s Atoms  
Margaret Cavendish

i. Of Loose Atomes  

In every braine loose Atomes there do lye,  
Those which are Sharpe, from them do Fancies flye.  
Those which are long, and Airy, nimble be.  
But Atomes Round, and Square are dull and sleepie.

ii. What Atomes make the Sun, and the Sea, go round  

All pointed Atomes, they to Fire turne;  
Which by their drinesse, they so light become:  
Above the rest do flye, and make a Sun.  
Which by consent of parts, a Wheele of Fire growes,  
Which being Sphaericall, in a round notion goes.
And as it turnes round, Atomes turne about;
Which Atomes round, water without doubt.
This makes the Sea go round, like Water Mill;
For the Sun turnes round, So doth the water still.

Science Song

John Cornforth

You rot all the time you're alive
And copy yourself to survive
A copy untrue
May work better than you
If it does, you can die: it will thrive.

Spittoons are made out of platinum
Resists all your efforts to flatten’em
You can also use Rhodium
but never use Sodium
For then they’d explode when you spat in’em.

A mosquito was heard to complain
That a chemist had poisoned her brain,
The cause of her sorrow
Was Paradichloro-
Diphenyltrichloroethane.