

THIS WORLDE'S JOIE

Ethel Smyth

Overture to The Wreckers 10'

Antonín Dvořák

Te Deum 20'

Interval

William Mathias

This Worlde's Joie 50'

Eleanor Dennis *soprano*

James Oxley *tenor*

Malachy Frame *baritone*

Three Choirs Festival Chorus

Hereford Cathedral Choristers

Philharmonia Orchestra

Geraint Bowen *conductor*

Supported by David and Patricia Ball, and the Mumford Memorial Trust



**THREE CHOIRS
FESTIVAL 2025**
HEREFORD 26 JUL – 2 AUG

Te Deum laudamus

Te Deum laudamus: te Dominum confitemur.

Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli; tibi caeli et universae Potestates;

Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant:

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt caeli et terra maiestatis gloriae tuae.

Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus,

Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus,

Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.

Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur Ecclesia,

Patrem immensae maiestatis:

Venerandum tuum verum et unicum Filium;

Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriae, Christe

Tu Rex gloriae, Christe.

Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem,
non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu, devicto mortis aculeo,

aperuisti credentibus regna caelorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis esse venturus.

Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni:

quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Aeterna fac cum sanctis

Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine, et benedic hereditati tuae.

Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.

Per singulos dies, benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum, et in saeculum saeculi.

Dignare, Domine

Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos, quemadmodum
speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in aeternum.

Benedicamus Patrem, et Filium, cum Sancto Spiritu.

Alleluia! Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in saecula.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee:

the Father of an infinite majesty;

thine honourable, true and only Son;

also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

*When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.*

*When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.*

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants:

whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people and bless thine heritage.

Govern them and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee;

and we worship thy name, ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

Let us bless the Father, and the Son, with the Holy Spirit.

Alleluia! Let us praise and exalt him for ever.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

This Worlde's Joie
Part One: Spring (Youth)

Chorus (13th–14th century)

Lenten is come with love to town,
With blossom and with birds' song,
That all this blissé bringeth,
Daisies in these dales,
Notes sweet of nightingales;
Each bird song singeth,
That all the wood ringeth.

Tenor Solo

When the nightingale sings,
The woods waxen green:
Leaf and grass and blossom springs,
In April, I ween.
And love is to mine heart gone
With one spear so keen:
Night and day my blood it drinks;
Mine heart doth me pain.

I have loved all this year
That I may love no more;
I have sighed many a sigh,
Leman, for thy sake.
Love is ever far from me,
And that me rueth sore.
Sweet leman, think on me:
I have loved thee yore.

Sweet leman, I pray you
Of love one word.
While I live, in world so wide
No other shall I seek.
With thy love, my sweet dear,
My bliss thou mightès ease:
A sweet kiss of thy mouth
Might be my balm.

Chorus

Lenten is come with love to town,
With blossom and with birds' song,
That all this blissé bringeth...

Boys' Choir (William Cornish, 1465–1523)

Pleasure it is
To hear, iwis,
The birds sing;

The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.
God's purveyance
For sustenance
It is for man:
Then we always
To him give praise
And thank him then,
And thank him then.

Chorus (c 1300)

Now springs the spray!
Now springs the spray!
All for love I am so sick
That sleepen I ne may.

Baritone and Soprano Soli

As I rode the other day
In my playing,
Saw I where a little maid
Began to sing.
'The grave him take!
Woe is me, in love longing
Must I live aye!'

Soon I heard that merry note,
Thither I drew;
I found her in an arbour sweet
With joy enough.
Soon I asked, 'Thou merry maid,
Why singest thou aye?'
Then answered that maiden sweet
With wordés few,
'My lover made me promises
Of love true:
He changes anew.
If I may, it shall him rue,
By this day!'

Baritone and Soprano Soli (Medieval)

I pray you, come and kiss me,
My little pretty mopsy,
And if that ye will not kiss me,
I pray you, let me kiss you.

Alas good man, must you be kissed?
You shall not now, you may me trust;
Wherefore go where as ye best lust,
For, iwis, you shall not kiss me.

Iwis, sweetheart, if that ye
Had asked a greater thing of me,
So unkind to you I would not have been;
Wherefore, I pray you, come kiss me.

I think very well that ye are kind
Whereas ye love and set your mind,
But all your words be but as wind
Wherefore now ye shall not kiss me.

Now I see well that kisses are dear,
And if I should labour all the whole year,
I think I should be never the near;
Wherefore, I pray you, come kiss me.

Well, for a kiss I will be kind,
Now I see well that ye know my mind,
And ever your own you shall me find
At all times ready to kiss you!

Chorus

Now springs the spray!
Now springs the spray!
All for love I am so sick
That sleepen I ne may.

Boys' Choir (Medieval)

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower;
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
The silver is white, red is the gold;
The robes they lay in fold.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How shall I love, and I so young?
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

Chorus

Lenten is come with love to town,
With blossom and with birds' song,
That all this blissé bringeth...

Part Two: Summer (Maturity)

Chorus (Geoffrey Chaucer, c 1342–1400)

Now welcome Summer, with thy sunné soft,
That has this Winter's weather overthrown,
And driven away the long nights black!
Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Thus sing small birds for thy sake,
'Now welcome Summer, with thy sunné soft,
That has this Winter's weather overthrown.'
Well have they causé for to gladden oft,
Since each of them recovered hath his mate;
Full blissful may they singen, when they wake,
'Now welcome Summer, with thy sunné soft,
That has this Winter's weather overthrown,
And driven away the long nights black!'

Tenor Solo (John Skelton, c 1460–1529)

Mistress Anne, I am your man,
As you may well espy.
If you will be content with me,
I am your man.
But if you will keep company still
With every knave that comes by,
Then you will be forsaken of me,
That am your man.
But if you fain, I tell you plain,
If I presently shall die,
I will not such
As loves too much,
That am your man.
For if you can love every man
That can flatter and lie,
Then are ye no match for me
That am your man.
For I will not take
No such kind of mate
(May all full well it try!)
But off will cast
At any blast,
That am your man.

Soprano Solo (Robert Greene, 1558–92)

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home a night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,
More wanton too;
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down,
More sounder too;
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe,
As doth king at every tide or sithe,
And blither too;
For kings have war and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh, and love upon the land.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
Chorus

Now welcome Summer, with thy sunné soft,
That has this Winter's weather overthrown,
And driven away the long nights black!
Well have they causé for to gladden oft,
Since each of them recovered hath his mate...

Boys' Choir (16th century)

While that the sun with his beamés hot,
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he:
'Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love, untrue love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love...'

Baritone Solo (16th century)

In a time of a Summer's day,
The sun shone full merrily that tide,
I took my hawk me for to play,
My spaniel running by amy side.
A pheasant hen then I did see;
My hounds put her soon to flight,
I let my hawk unto her flee;
To me it was a dainty sight.

My falcon flew fast unto her prey;
My hound did run with glad cheer;
But soon I spurnèd in my way;
My leg was caught all in a briar.
This briar forsooth it did me grieve,
I wis it made me think anew,
For it bore writing in every leaf,
This Latin word, 'Revertere'.*

I hauled and pulled the briar me from,
And read the word full merrily,
My heart fell down unto my toe,
That was before full likingly.
I let my hawk and pheasant go;
My spaniel fell down unto my knee;
It took me with a sighing fare,
This new lesson 'Revertere'.

Pleasure is mother of sinnès all,
And nurse to every wicked deed;
To much mischief she maketh men fall,
And of sorrow the dance she doth lead.
The hawk of youth is high of pride,
And wildness maketh him wide to roam,
And oft to fall in wicked ways;
And then is best 'Revertere'.

* Revertere is just like saying
In the English tongue, turn around.
Turn around, man I pray you,
And think sincerely about what you have been.

Part Three: Autumn (Decline)

Chorus (13th–14th century)

Now shrinketh rose and lily-flower,
That once bore that sweet savour,
In Summer, that sweet tide.
There is no queen so strong nor proud,
Nor no lady so bright in bower,
That Death shall not pass by...

Tenor Solo

The other day
I heard a maid
Right piteously complain.
She said always
Without deny,
Her heart was full of pain.

She said, alas!
Without trespass
Her dear heart was untrue.
'In every place
I vow he has
Forsaken me for a new.'

'Since he, untrue,
Has chosen a new,
And thinks with her to rest
And will not rue
And I so true,
Wherefore my heart will burst.'

'Adieu, full sweet,
Adieu, right meet
To be a lady's heir.'
With tears wet
And eyes replete
She said, 'Adieu, my dear – Adieu, Adieu...'

Soprano Solo

I loved a childé of this country,
And so I thought he had loved me;
Now myself the truth I see,
a
He said to me he would be true,
And change me for none other new;
Now I sigh and am pale of hue,
For he is far.

He said his word he would fulfil,

Therefore I let him have all his will;
Now I sigh and sorrow still,
For he is far.

Boys' Choir (14th century)

Maiden in the moor lay,
In the moor lay;
Seven night full,
Maiden in the moor lay.
Seven night full and a day.

What was her food?
The primrose and the violet.
What was her drink?
The cold water of the well-spring.
What was her bower?
The red rose and the lily-flower.

Chorus

Now shrinketh rose and lily-flower,
That once bore that sweet savour,
In Summer, that sweet tide.
There is no queen so strong nor proud,
Nor no lady so bright in bower,
That Death shall not pass by...

Part Four: Winter (Death), leading to a transfigured Spring and re-birth

Baritone Solo and Chorus (Early Medieval)

Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leaves waxen bare,
Oft I sigh and sorrow sore
When it cometh into my thought
Of this Worlde's Joie, how it cometh all to naught.

Now it is, and now it fades,
Also no man holds it near,
It is as many truly say,
All passeth but God's will,
We all shall doe, though we like it ill.

All that grows falls into dust
Now it faileth all at once.
Jesu, let thy power be shown,
And shield us from hell,
For I know not whither I go, nor how long I here dwell.

The life of this world is ruled with wind,
Weeping, darkness and pain;

With wind we bloom, with wind we depart,
With weeping we come, with weeping we pass,
With pain we beginnen, with pain we enden,
With dread we dwellen, with dread we wenden.
Worldés Bliss ne last no throwe,
It went and wit away anew.

Boys' Choir (Early 15th century)

I sing of a maiden that is makéless,
King of all kings to her son she ches.

He came all so still where his mother was,
As dew in April that falleth on the grass.

He came all so still to his mother's bower,
As dew in April that falleth on the flower.

He came all so still where his mother lay,
As dew in April that falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden was never none but she;
Well may such a lady God's mother be.

Tenor Solo

Noel, Noel!
Out of your sleep arise and wake
For God mankind now hath itake
All of a maid without any make;
Of all women she beareth the bell...

Soprano Solo

Ave Maris Stella,
The Star on the Sea,
Dei Mater Alma,
Blessed must she be...

Chorus (William Dunbar, c 1460–1522)

Done is a battle on the dragon black!
Our champion Christ confounded has his force,
The gates of hell are broken with a crack,
The sign triumphal raised is the Cross;
The devils tremble with hideous voice,
The souls are redeemed and to the bliss can go.
Christ with his blood our ransom does endorse.
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro!

Boys' Choir

He came all so still to his mother's bower,

As dew in April that falleth on the flower.

He came all so still where his mother lay,
As dew in April that falleth on the spray...

Chorus

Now springs the spray!...
Surrexit Dominus!
Soli and Boys' Choir, with Chorus (Early 15th century)

Adam lay i-bounden,
Bounden in a bond,
Four thousand winters
Thought he not too long.
And all was for an apple,
An apple that he took,
As clerkés finden
Written in their book.
Ne had the apple taken been,
The apple taken been,
Ne had never our Lady
A-been Heaven's Queen.
Blessed be the time
That apple taken was!
Therefore we must sing,
'Deo gracias!'



