

NATIONAL YOUTH CHOIR



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

Francis Poulenc
Pilons l'orge 1'

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Ach, zu kurz 1'

György Orbán
Daemon irrepit callidus 2'

Vicente Lusitano
Regina caeli 5'

Josef Rheinberger
Mass in E flat 3'
Kyrie

Ola Gjeilo
Sanctus 5'

Frank Martin
Mass for Double Choir 5'
Agnus Dei

Laura Jēkabsons
unaM udēB (Latvian folksong backwards) 3'

Roderick Williams
tbc 8' premiere

Bohuslav Martinů
The Witch 1'

Vagn Nørgaard
The Salley Gardens 2'

Arvo Pärt
Bogoroditse Dyevo 1'

Ida Moberg
Finland är fritt! 1'

Ildebrando Pizzetti
Cade la sera 4'

Valborg Aulin
Lysen stjärnor 2'

Paweł Łukaszewski
Daylight Declines 5'

Charles Villiers Stanford
Coelos ascendit hodie 2'

National Youth Choir
Nicholas Chalmers *conductor*

Pilons l'orge
Pilons l'orge, pilons l'orge,
pilons l'orge, pilons la.

Mon père m'y maria
pilons l'orge pilons la.
à un vilain m'y donna,
tirez vous ci, tirez vous là.

A un vilain m'y donna,
qui de rien ne me donna.
Mais s'il continue cela
battu vraiment il sera.

Pilons l'orge, pilons l'orge, pilons là.
Mon père m'y maria
À un vilain m'y donna,
Tirez vous ci, tirez vous là.
Qui de rien ne me donna;
Tirez vous ci, tirez vous ça.
Mais s'il continue cela
Battu vraiment il sera.

*Grind the barley, grind the barley,
Grind the barley there.*

*My father made me get married,
Grind the barley, grind the barley,
He gave me to some churl,
Pull this way, pull that way.*

*He gave me to some churl,
Who never gave me anything.
But if he keeps it up,
He's really going to get a beating!*

Ach, zu kurz

Ach, zu kurz ist unsers Lebens Lauf, unsers Lebens Lauf!
Ach, gar zu kurz, zu kurz ist unsers Lebens Lauf!
Kaum entstanden hör'n wir wieder auf.
Ja, kaum entstanden, kaum entstanden hör'n wir wieder auf.

Daemon irrepit callidus

Daemon irrepit callidus
Allicit cor honoribus,
Ponit fraudes inter laudes, cantus, saltus.
Quidquid amabile Daemon dat,
Cor Jesu minus aestimat.
Caro venatur sensibus;
Sensus adhaeret dapibus;
Inescatur, impinguatur, dilatatur.
Quidquid amabile Caro dat,
Cor Jesu minus aestimat.
Adde mundorum milia,
Mille millena gaudia;
Cordis aestum non explebunt, non arcebunt.
Quidquid amabile Totum dat,
Cor Jesu minus aestimat.

Regina caeli

Regina caeli laetare, Alleluia
Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia
Ora pro nobis Deum. Alleluia

Kyrie

Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison,
Kyrie eleison.

Sanctus

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

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini
Hosanna in excelsis.

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem

UnaM udēB (Latvian Folksong Backwards)

unamu dēbu nam!
unam!
jā dai dā idā
jada dēdādānn dāijāda
jā dai dā idā
jādēben udēbrapse udēbudeil unamudēb
jādēben udēbrapse idir idar idar iatmar, iatmar
ja dānn dādēdā
jada dēdādānn dāijāda
ja dānn dādēdā
unamu dēbu nam!
jādēben udēbrapse udēbudeil unamudēb
jādēben udēbrapse idir idar idar iatmar, iatmar
unamu dēbu nam!
unam!

*Alas, too short is the course of our life, the course of our life!
Alas, even too short, too short is the course of our life!
We are scarcely born but we cease to live.
Yes, we are scarcely born, scarcely born but we cease to live.*

*The Demon sneaks expertly
Tempting the honourable heart:
He sets forth trickery amidst praise, song and dance.
However amiably the Demon acts,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.
The Flesh is tempted by sensuality;
Gluttony clings to our senses;
It overgrows, it encroaches, it stretches.
However appealing the Flesh is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.
Though the Universe may confer
Thousands upon thousands of praises,
They neither fulfil nor put out the desire of the heart.
However appealing the whole Universe is,
It is still worth less than the heart of Jesus.*

*Queen of heaven, rejoice, Alleluia
The Son you merited to bear, Alleluia
Has risen as he said, Alleluia
Pray to God for us. Alleluia*

*Lord have mercy,
Christ have mercy,
Lord have mercy.*

*Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God of Sabaoth.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory
Hosanna in the highest.*

*Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord
Hosanna in the highest.*

*Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.*

ORIGINAL LATVIAN TEXT:

Bēdu manu, lielu bēdu,
es par bēdu nebēdāj'
Ramtai ramtai radiridirīdi,
Ramtai rīdi rallala

THERE WAS NO TEXT AVAILABLE FOR RODERICK WILLIAMS' NEW WORK WHEN THIS PROGRAMME WENT TO PRINT

The Witch

All the people whisper
'She is weaving her charms
She is born to witchcraft,
Bringing nothing but harm.'
I'm no witches daughter,
I have woven no spell.
If my cheeks are rosy,
They can conjure no ill.
But my eyes have magic,
Black eyes shining so bright.
They have charm'd a lover
Through the darkness of the night. Ah!

Translation by Nancy Bush

The Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens
my love and I did meet;
She passed the Salley Gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish,
with her would not agree.

In a field by the river
my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
and now am full of tears.

Bogoroditse Djevo

Bogorōditse Džévo, rádujsšjā,
Blagodátnaya Maříje, Gosspód ss Tobóju.
Blagossloǔjéna Ty v zhenác,
i blagossloǔjén Plod chřjéva Tvoyegó,
jáko Sspássa rodílá jeesši dush náshikh.

Finland är fritt!

Finland är fritt ljuda jubel ropen,
fritt svarar ekot från strand till strand.
Snart är förjagad förtryckan hopen,
Finland står fritt från främmande band.
Fria fanor svaja mot höjden.
Vida banor går seger fröjden härliga dag som äntligt, äntligt vi nått.
Finland är fritt, Finland är fritt!

*Worry my big worry,
I didn't worry about my worry
Ram-tai, ram-tai ra-di-ri-di ri-di,
ram-tai ri-di ral-la-la*



National Youth Choir © Sara Platt

*Rejoice, O Virgin Theotokos,
Mary full of grace, the Lord is with Thee.
Blessed art Thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb,
for Thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls.*

*Finland is free, shouts of joy ring out,
freely the echo answers from shore to shore.
Soon the oppressive horde will be driven away,
Finland stands free from foreign bonds.
Free banners wave on high.
Wide paths are taken by the joy of victory on this glorious day that we
have finally, finally reached.
Finland is free, Finland is free!*

Cade la sera

Cade la sera.
Nasce la luna dalla Verna cruda,
Roseo nimbo di tal ch'efonde pace senza parola dire.
Pace hanno tutti i gioghi.
Si fa più dolce il lungo dorso del Pratomagno,
Come se blandimento d'amica man l'induca a sopor lento.

Sui pianori selvosi ardon le carbonaie,
Soleni fuochi in vista.
L'Arno luce fra i pioppi.
Stormire grande ad ogni soffio vince il cora le ploro de' flauti
alati che la gramigna asconde.
E non s'ode altra voce.
Dai monti l'acqua corre a questa foce.
Pace.

Lysen stjärnor

Lysen stjärnor, natten tände ljus i alla himlens tjäll,
allt till fest och fröjd sig vände nu i denna sommarkväll!
Vaknen upp, i blommor blyga,
öppnen edra kalkar små,
låten edert rökverk flyga doftande mot himmel blå!
Flyga doftande, mot himmel blå.
Lysen, stjärnor!

Sist att kröna all min lycka komme kärlet, ljuv och säll,
Att med onämnd glädje smycka denna sköna sommarkväll!
Lysen stjärnor, natten tände ljus i alla himlens tjäll,
allt till fest och fröjd sig vände dinna sköna sommarkväll!
Denna sköna sommarkväll.
Lysen, stjärnor!

Daylight Declines

Daylight declines, the night advances
we ask the Lord for deliverance,
that He our guardian remain,
protecting us from evil domain
of spirits who always in the dark
upon their treachery embark.

*Wacław z Szamotuł (c 1524–60)
Translation by Marek Żebrowski*

Coelos ascendit hodie

Coelos ascendit hodie Jesus Christus Rex Glorïae:
Sedet ad Patris dexteram, Gubernat coelum et terram.
Iam finem habent omnia Patris Davidis carmina.
Iam Dominus cum Domino Sedet in Dei solio:
In hoc triumpho maximo Benedicamus Domino.
Laudetur Sancta Trinitas, Deo dicamus gratias,
Alleluia. Amen.

*Evening falls.
The moon is born from rough Mount Alvernia,
rosy glow of him who pours forth peace without saying a word.
The mountain tops are all at peace.
The long ridge of the Pratomagno range becomes gentler,
as if the blandishment of a friendly hand were sending it slowly to
sleep.*

*On wooded plateaus the charcoal kilns are burning,
their solemn fires visible.
The river Arno glistens between the poplars.
A loud rippling sound, at every breath of air, overwhelms the choral
lament of the winged flutes [crickets] that the couch grass hides.
And no other voice is heard.
From the mountains the water flows toward its outlet into the sea.
Peace.*

*Shine, stars, the night has lit lights in all the heavens' tents,
everything has turned to feast and joy now on this summer evening!
Awaken, shy blossoms,
open your small chalices,
let your incense fly, fragrant, towards the blue sky!
Fly fragrant, towards the blue sky.
Shine, stars!*

*Lastly, to crown all my happiness, the vessel came, sweet and blessed,
To adorn with unspoken joy this beautiful summer evening!
Shine, stars, the night has lit lights in all the heavens' tents,
everything has turned to feast and joy on this beautiful summer
evening!
This beautiful summer evening.
Shine, stars!*

*Today into the heavens has ascended Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
He sits at the Father's right hand, and rules heaven and earth.
Now have been fulfilled all of Father David's songs.
Now God is with God, He sits upon the royal throne of God,
In this his greatest triumph let us bless the Lord.
Let the Holy Trinity be praised, let us give thanks to the Lord,
Alleluia. Amen.*