

### **Stabat Mater**

At the cross her station keeping,  
stood the mournful mother weeping,  
close to Jesus to the last.  
Through her soul, of joy bereaved,  
bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,  
now at length the sword hath passed.  
Oh how sad and sore distressed  
was that mother highly blessed,  
of the sole-begotten One!  
Christ above in torment hangs;  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.  
Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelm'd in miseries so deep  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?  
Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?  
Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd,  
She beheld her tender child  
All with bloody scourges rent.  
For the sins of His own nation,  
Saw Him hang in desolation,  
Till His spirit forth He sent.  
O thou Mother! fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above;  
Make my heart with thine accord.  
Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
Make my soul to glow and melt  
With the love of Christ our Lord.  
Holy Mother! pierce me through;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified.  
Let me share with thee His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.  
Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourn'd for me,  
All the days that I may live.  
By the cross with thee to stay,  
There with thee to weep and pray,  
Is all I ask of thee to give.  
Virgin of all virgins best,  
Listen to my fond request  
Let me share thy grief divine.  
Let me, to my latest breath,  
In my body bear the death  
Of that dying Son of thine.  
Wounded with His every wound,  
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd  
In His very blood away.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die,  
In His awful Judgment day.  
Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,  
Be Thy Mother my defence,  
Be Thy cross my victory  
While my body here decays,  
May my soul Thy goodness praise,  
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

### **Mater Christi**

Most holy mother of Christ, hallowed  
virgin Mary, make your Son kind  
through your prayers, our only hope,  
Mary; for, relying on your prayers, we  
dare to ask your Son.  
Therefore, O Son, glory of the Father,  
Jesus, most abundant fountain from  
which flow living waters refreshing  
faithful hearts, O Jesus, food of life for  
those who feed on you in purity, with  
the food and drink of salvation you  
feed our bodies.  
Feed the soul by your grace; favour  
with your gift those who are  
dedicated to you by the Spirit.  
Even more, good Jesus, enlighten our  
minds with grace, and make us to live  
in holiness so that we may enjoy the  
sweet food of heaven in your palace.  
Amen.

### **Warum ist das licht gegeben**

Wherefore is light given to him that is  
in misery, and life unto the bitter in  
soul;  
Which long for death, but it cometh  
not; and dig for it more than for hid  
treasures;  
Which rejoice exceedingly, and are  
glad, when they can find the grave?  
Why is light given to a man whose  
way is hid, and whom God hath  
hedged in?  
--Job 3:20-23  
Let us lift up our heart with our hands  
unto God in the heavens.  
--Lamentations 3:41  
Behold, we count them happy which  
endure. Ye have heard of the patience  
of Job, and have seen the end of the  
Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and  
of tender mercy. --James 5:11

With peace and joy I depart according  
to God's will;  
My heart and soul are comforted,  
calm, and quiet. As God promised me:  
death has become my sleep.

### **En une seule fleur**

Yet it was we who offered to fill your  
calyx. Enchanted by such a scheme,  
your abundance had dared to agree.  
You were rich enough to become a  
hundred times yourself in a single  
flower; this is how a man in love  
feels... but you thought only of  
yourself.

### **Contre qui, rose**

Against whom, rose, have you  
adopted these thorns? Has your too-  
fragile joy forced you to become this  
armed creature? But from whom does  
this too-cruel weapon protect you?  
How many enemies have I seen off for  
you who fear it not at all? And  
meanwhile, from summer to autumn,  
you fight against the cares lavished  
upon you.

### **De ton rêve trop plein**

From your crowded dreams, many-  
petalled flower, moist as a mourner's  
face, you lean into the morning. Your  
gentle strength that sleeps, in  
uncertain desire, develops these soft  
shapes between cheeks and breasts.

### **La rose complète**

I am so aware of your being, perfect  
rose, that my consent mistakes you  
for my elated heart. I breathe you in  
as if you were, rose, all life itself, and I  
feel myself the perfect lover of such a  
beloved.

### **Dirait-on**

Abandon enveloped by abandon,  
tenderness brushing against  
tenderness ... within you, one would  
say, all is sweet and endless caressing;  
all caressing itself, in its own limpid  
reflection. Thus you invent the myth  
of Narcissus fulfilled.

# PINSUTI

The Ilkley and Skipton Chamber Choir  
Conductor Robert Webb

## A Rose Without Thorns

Friday 24th March  
Hetton Methodist Church

**Pinsuti** is a group of about 25 performers, some of whom are semi-professional and trained singers. We take our name from the little-known Victorian composer *Ciro Pinsuti*. Sacred and secular unaccompanied music forms the core of our performances, which are individually tailored to each venue and audience. We perform four or five concerts each year in the Wharfedale - Airedale area. We also enjoy singing at weddings and other events. We rehearse each Wednesday evening in Ilkley, and are currently recruiting for tenors; if you are interested please speak to Robert or a choir member.

<b>Soprano</b>	<b>Alto</b>	<b>Tenor</b>	<b>Bass</b>
Sally Goodman	Jane Dobson	Charlie Dobson	Chris Armitage
Sue Jackson	Kate Graham	Rob Sturman	Mark Cadwallader
Laura Lipscombe	Chris Herbert	Martin Wallace	Duncan Faulkner
Lucy Scriven	Jenny Robinson	Alan Wingfield	Malcolm Jones
Nicky Verity	Susan Trinder		Simon Watkins
Christine Walsh	Rachel Wallace		
Jennifer Webb			
Sharon Wilson			



**Robert Webb** read Music at Merton College, Oxford, where he also held a choral scholarship under Peter Philips (Tallis Scholars) and Benjamin Nicholas. He now lives in Leeds with his wife and young son, and enjoys a varied career as a musician in and around West Yorkshire. Robert teaches music at Skipton Girls' High School and is the choir master at Hipperholme Grammar School. He also teaches brass at Horsforth and Roundhay schools in Leeds, and singing at Queensbury School, Bradford. Robert directs the Vocal Expressions Ladies Choir, based in Holmbridge, who he led to victory at the prestigious Mrs Sunderland competition in 2016, and will take over as Musical Director of Skipton Choral Society from September 2017. Robert is a founder member and the conductor of The Ascension Singers, a five part a cappella group based around Leeds. Robert also enjoys the opportunity to perform professionally as a baritone soloist and a trumpet player. In any spare time he gets, Robert enjoys playing sport and spending time with his family.

#### **Future concerts:**

#### **Alleluia!**

**Friday 7th July, Christ Church, Skipton**

A programme of both joyful and contemplative music for a summer's evening, including *Zadok the Priest*, Eric Whitacre *Alleluia*, John Tavener *Song for Athene* and of course the Hallelujah Chorus from *The Messiah*, accompanied by brass ensemble and organ.

## **Programme**

***Palestrina*** Stabat Mater

***Taverner*** Mater Christi

***Mealor*** Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

*I Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal*

*II Lady When I Behold the Roses Sprouting*

*III Upon a Bank*

*IV A Spotless Rose*

## **Interval**

***Brahms*** Warum ist das licht gegeben

***Bruckner*** Ave Maria

***Tchaikovsky*** Legend

***Rachmaninoff*** Bogoroditsye Dyevo

***Lauridsen*** Chanson des Roses

*I En une seule fleur*

*II Contre qui, rose*

*III De ton rêve trop plein*

*IV La rose complète*

*V Dirait-on*

*(acc. Charlie Dobson, piano)*