

The Ramparts Slow Sets Programme

Will Ye Go, Lassie, Go?

Traditional Scottish Folk Song, arr. Ralph Urquhart

Heart Of My Heart

Words & Music by Andrew Mack, arr. SPEBSQA, inc.

Down By The Salley Gardens

Words by W. B. Yeats, Music by Herbert Hughes, arr. Barry Finn

Shenandoah

Traditional American Folk Song, arr. James Erb

Soloist: Putra Pena

Northern Lights

Words from Song of Solomon, Music by Ola Gjeilo

Shen Khar Venakhi

13th Century Georgian Wedding Song, arr. Zakhary Paliashvili

Cantate Domino

Words from Psalm 96-98, Music by Giuseppe Pitoni

In Principio Omnes

Music by Hildegard Von Bingen, from the dramatic play ‘*Ordo Virtutum*’

Soloist: Ruaidhrí Ó Dálaigh

In My Life

Words & Music by John Lennon & Paul McCartney, arr. Steve Zegree

Soloist: Yanni Tsalkitzis

Mamselle

Words by Mack Gordon, Music by Edmund Goulding, arr. Tom Sando

MLK

Words and Music by U2, arr. Bob Chilcott

Soloist: Oisín Fitzgerald

Lux Aurumque

Words by Charles A Silvestri, Music by Eric Whitacre

Bogoroditse Devo

Words from the Gospel Of Luke in Orthodox Russian, Music by Arvo Pärt

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

Words by George Matheson, Music by Albert Peace, arr. David Phelps

Raglan Road

Traditional Irish Folk Song (‘*The Dawning Of The Day*’) set to words by Patrick Kavanagh and

Luke Kelly, arr. Barry Finn

Soloist: Eoin Harrington

Mo Ghile Mear

Traditional Irish Folk Song, compiled by Seán Clárach Mac Domhnaill and Dónal Ó Liatháin

arr. Ruaidhrí Ó Dálaigh

Soloists: Kevin Roche, Ian Martin, Liam Hayes, Philip Jebb

The Parting Glass

Traditional Scottish Folk Song, arr. The Wailing Jennies

Ave Maria

Words from the Gospel Of Luke, Music by Franz Biebl

Scarborough Fair

Traditional English Folk Song, arr. Stan Engebretson

Translations

<p>Northern Lights <i>Pulchra es, amica mea, Suavis et decora filia Ierusalem. Pulchra es, amica mea, Suavis et decora sicut Ierusalem, Terribilis ut castrorum acies ordinata. Averte oculos tuos a me Quia ipsi me avolare fecerunt.</i></p>	<p>You are beautiful, my love, sweet and comely daughter of Jerusalem. You are beautiful, my love, sweet and adorned as Jerusalem, awesome like the bastions of a fortress. Turn your eyes from me, for they have melted me away.</p>
<p>Shen Khar Venakhi <i>Shen khar venakhi, akhlad aq'vavebuli. norchi k'etili, edems shina nerguli. da tavit tvisit mze khar da gabrts'q'invebuli.</i></p>	<p>You are a vineyard newly blossomed. Young, beautiful, growing in Eden, You yourself are the sun, shining brilliantly.</p>
<p>Cantate Domino <i>Cantate Domino canticum novum, laus ejus in ecclesia sanctorum. Lætetur Israel in eo qui fecit eum, et filiae Sion exultent in rege suo.</i></p>	<p><i>Sing to the Lord a new song. his praise in the assembly of the saints. Let Israel rejoice in He who made them, and the people of Zion rejoice in their King.</i></p>
<p>In Principio Omnes <i>In principio omnes creaturae viruerunt, in medio flores floruerunt, postea viriditas descendit, Et istud vir proeliorum vidit ed dixit: Hoc scio, sed aureus numerus nondum est plenus. Tu ergo, Paternum speculum, aspice, Incorporare meo fustigationem sustineo, parvuli etiam mei deficiunt. Nunc memor esto, quod plenitudo, quae in primo facta est, arescere non debuit, et tunc in te habuisti, quod oculus tuus numquam cederet, usque dum corpus meum videres plenum gemmarum. Nam me fatigat, quod omnia membra mea in irrisionem vadunt. Pater, vide, vulnera mea tibi ostendo. Ergo nunc, omnes homines, genua vestra ad Patrem vestrum flectite, ut vobis manum suam porrigat.</i></p>	<p>In the beginning all creatures flourished, they bloomed in the middle of flowers, after that, greenness declined. The warrior saw this and said: This I know, but the golden number is not yet complete. You therefore look upon the Father's reflection. In my body, I endure fatigue, even my children weaken. Now be mindful, for the fullness that was made in the beginning, did not need to wither and at that time you believed, that you would not turn away your eye until you could see my body covered with gems. It wearies me that all my followers fall into mockery. Father behold I show you my wounds. Now therefore, all humankind bend your knees before your Father, that He may offer His hand to you.</p>
<p>Lux Aurumque <i>Lux, calida gravisque pura velut aurum et canunt angeli molliter modo natum.</i></p>	<p>Light, warm and heavy as pure gold and the angels sing softly to the new-born baby.</p>
<p>Bogoroditse Devo <i>Bogoroditse Devo, raduysia, Blagodatnaya Mariye, Gospod s'Toboyu. Blagoslovenna Ti v'zhenah, i blagosloven Plod chreva Tvoyego, yako Spasa rodila, yesi dush nashih.</i></p>	<p><i>Rejoice, O Virgin Mother Of God, Mary full of grace, the Lord is with You. Blessed are You among women, and blessed is the Fruit of Your womb, for You have borne the Saviour of our souls.</i></p>
<p>Mo Ghile Mear <i>Seal dá rabhas im' mhaighdean shéimh, 'S anois im' baintreach chaite thréith, Mo chéile ag treabhadh na dtonn go tréan De bharr na gcnoc san imigéin. ' Sé mo laoch mo Ghile Mear, ' Sé mo Shaesar, Gile Mear, Suan ná séan ní bhfuairéas féin, Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile Mear. Bímse buan ar buairt gach ló, Ag caoi go cruaidh 's ag tuar an ndeor Ó d'imigh uainn an buachaill beó, 'S ná ríomhtar tuairisc uaidh, mo bhrón. Ní labhrann cuach go suairc ar nóin, Is níl guth gadhair i gcoilltibh cnó, Ná maidin shamhraidh i ngleanntaibh ceoigh, Ó d'imigh uaim an buachaill beó. Seinntear stáir ar chláirsigh cheoil, Is hiontair táinte cárt ar bord, Le hiontair ard gan cháim, gan cheo, Chun saol is sláinte d'fháil dom leon. Gile Mear 'sa seal faoi chumha, Is Éire go léir faoi chlócaibh dubha; Suan ná séan ní bhfuairéas féin Ó chuaigh i gcéin mo Ghile Mear.</i></p>	<p>Once I was a gentle maiden, But now I'm a spent, worn-out widow, My husband strongly ploughing the waves, Over the hills and far away. He's my hero, my Gallant Lad, He's my Caesar, a Gallant Lad, I've found neither rest nor happiness, Since my Gallant Lad went far away. I'm in sorrow every day, Weeping bitterly and shedding tears, Since our lively lad has left us, And we hear no news of him, alas. The cuckoo doesn't sing cheerfully after noon, And the sound of dogs isn't heard in nut-tree woods, Nor summer morning in misty glens, Since my lively boy left me. Let the music of the harps ring out, And let many quarts be filled on the table, With high spirits flawless and unclouded, So that my lion may have life and good health. Gallant Lad for a while under sorrow, And all Ireland under black cloaks; I have found neither rest nor happiness Since my Gallant Lad went far away.</p>
<p>Ave Maria <i>Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae et concepit de Spiritu sancto. Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum. Benedictus tu in mulieribus, et benedictus in fructu ventris tui, Iesus. Maria dixit: Ecce ancilla Domini. Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum</i></p>	<p>The angel of God visited Maria and she conceived of the Holy Spirit. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Maria said: See the servant of the Lord. May it happen to me according to your word.</p>