

The Chantry Singers

The Chantry Singers is a chamber choir based in Guildford which regularly performs three concerts a year. The choir was formed in 1982 by Tim Venvell, then deputy music director at the Royal Grammar School Guildford, and who went on to conduct it for the next ten years.

His successors, Peter Coulson and Andrew Wilson, carried forward his policy of alternating the unaccompanied repertoire with performances of major works. Some memorable past concerts include Taverner's Missa Gloria Tibi Trinitas, Rachmaninov's Vespers, Handel's Dixit Dominus, Langlais' Messe Solennelle and Howells' Requiem.

Throughout, the accent has been on a variety of musical styles from a variety of musical ages. Away from home the choir has sung services in several cathedrals, notably Rochester, Salisbury and St. George's Chapel Windsor.

Next Concert

Sarah Baldock

Sarah Baldock was educated as a music scholar at St. Paul's Girls' School in London and then at Pembroke College Cambridge where she was Organ Scholar. After graduating in 1996 with a BA in Music, she was appointed first Organist-in-Residence at Tonbridge School, and released a solo CD for Herald on the school's Marcussen organ. She continues her connection with Tonbridge School, teaching the organ there once a week in addition to pupils at Winchester College and Southampton University. She has taught at the Oundle Easter Course, and has been a faculty member at the annual Calgary International Organ Academy.

Her work with choirs around the country has included the Children's Choirs of St. Giles Cripplegate in London, the Guildford Choral Society, the City of London Choir; and Pembroke College Chapel Choir who recorded a CD of music from the Restoration period under her direction. She has recently taken over as Director of the Chantry Singers. As an accompanist and continuo player, Sarah has appeared with the Hanover Band, the Milton Keynes Chamber Orchestra and the Britten Sinfonia at St. John's Smith Square and the South Bank. She accompanied the Calgary Boys' Choir on tour in France last July.

Sarah is currently Assistant Organist and Director of the Girls' Choir at Winchester Cathedral. She is a popular solo recitalist and was a finalist in the 1998 Calgary International Organ Competition. This summer she will be touring Denmark and playing in Dublin. She is a Council member of the Royal College of Organists and is working with the education department of the Royal Festival Hall Organ recital series to bring young people into contact with the instrument, earlier this month playing compositions written by Roxanna Panufnik and A level students in the Festival Hall.

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER'S EVENING

Saturday
16th June 2001
St Nicolas Church
Guildford

*The Chantry
Singers*

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER'S EVENING

Pastime with good company

Henry VIII

Now is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing, fa la,
Each with his bonny lass
Upon the greeny grass. Fa la.

The spring, clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at winter's sadness, fa la,
And to the bagpipe's sound
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la.

Fie then! Why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la,
Say, dainty nymphs and speak,
Shall we play barley-break? Fa la.

* * *

Now is the month of Maying

Thomas Morley
(1558—1603)

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When merry lads are playing, fa la,
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Upon the greeny grass. Fa la.

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Though Philomela

Thomas Morley

Though Philomela lost her love,
Fresh notes she warbleth yeas again. Fa la.
He is a fool that lovers prove,
And leaves to sing to live in pain. Fa la.

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly.
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes,
Thy book of toil is read,
The long day closes.

* * *

Summertime

George Gerswin (1898—1937)
arr. Andrew Phillips

Summertime an' the living is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high.
Oh, yo' daddy's rich an' yo' ma is good
lookin'
So hush little baby don' yo' cry.

One of these mornings
You gonna rie up singing
Then you'll spread yo' wings an' you'll
take the sky,
But till that morning
There's a nothin' can harm you
With daddy 'n mammy standing by.

I got rhythm

George Gerswin
arr. Andrew Phillips

I got rhythm I got music
I got my man who could ask for anything
more.
I got daisies in green pastures
I got my man who could ask for anything
more.
Old man trouble I don't mind him
You won't find him round my door.
I got starlight I got sweet dreams
I got my man who could ask for anything
more.

Cos you'll find days can be sunny with
never a sigh
Don't need what money can buy.
Birds in the trees sing their dayful of song
Why shouldn't we sing along
I'm chipper all the day
Happy with my lot
How do I get that way look at what I've
got

* * *

Please join us for refreshments
in St Nicolas' Centre

The silver swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
Farewell all joys; O, death come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

* * *

Orlando Gibbons
(1583—1625)

Sing we and chant it

Sing we and chant it
While love doth grant it. Fa la.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth.
Now is the best leisure
To take our pleasure. Fa la.

Thomas Morley

All things invite us
Now to delight us. Fa la
Hence, care, be packing!
No mirth be lacking!
Let spare no treasure
To live in pleasure. Fa la.

* * *

Sweet Suffolk owl

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo.

Thomas Vautor
(c.1580—?)

Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo.

The blue bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it as I looked, there flew
Across waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.
The sky above was blue at last,

Charles Stanford
(1852—1924)

The sky beneath me blue in blue,
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.
The lake lay blue below the hill.

* * *

The long day closes

No star is o'er the lake,
Its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake,
Through gray mist creeping,
The last red leaves fall round
The porch of roses,
The clock hath ceased to sound,
The long day closes.

Arthur Sullivan
(1842—1900)

Sit by the silent hearth
In calm endeavour,
To count the sounds of mirth,
Now dumb for ever.
Heed not how hope believes
And fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves,
The long day closes;

When daisies pied

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And ladysmocks all silver white,
And cuckoobuds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,

George Macfarren
(1813—1887)

*The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo, cuckoo,
O word of fear, O word displeasing to a
married ear!*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree...

Orpheus with his lute

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring

George Macfarren

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart.
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die

* * *

My love dwelt in a Northern land

Edward Elgar
(1857—1934)

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his, and far away the sand
And grey wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between:
And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silverwhite,
Came gleaming trough the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watch'd the
moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn,
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a white dawn.
I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle vanish ere
the day:
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

Lay a garland

Robert Pearsall
(1795—1856)

Lay a garland on her hearse
Of dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches wear;
Say she died true,
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lies lightly,
thou gentle earth

* * *

I'm seventeen come Sunday

arr. Percy Grainger
(1882—1961)

As I rose up one May morning, one May
morning so early,
I over-took a pretty fair maid,
Just as the sun was dawnin'
With me rue rum ray, fother didle ay,
wok fol air didle ido.

Where are you going my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully;
“I'm an errand for me mummy,”
With me (*etc*)

Her stockin's white, and her boots were
bright, and her buckling shone like silver;
She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung round her shoulder,
With me (*etc*)

How old are you my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully;
“I'm seventeen come Sunday,”
With me (*etc*)

Will you take a man, my sweet pretty
maid, will you take a man my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully;
“I darst not for me mummy,”
With me (*etc*)

“Will you come down to my mummy's
house, when the moon shone bright and
clearly.
You'll come down, I'll let you in, and me
mummy shall not hear me,”
With me (*etc*)

“Oh it's now I'm with my soldier lad,
his ways they are so winnin';
It's drum and fife is my delight,
and a pint o' rum in the mornin',
With me (*etc*)

The Londonderry Air

arr. Percy Grainger

* * *

All creatures now

John Bennet
(c.1575—after 1614)

All creatures now are merry-minded.
The shepherds' daughters playing,
The nymphs are falalaing,
Yon bugle was well winded.
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.
The flowers themselves discover,
Birds over her do hover;

Music the time beguileth.
See where she comes, with flowery gar-
lands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of
Diana:
Long live fair Oriana

Fair Phyllis

John Farmer
(c.1565—c.1605)

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone,
Feeding her flock near to the mountainside,
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,
But after her lover Amyntas hied.
Up and down he wandered whilst she was missing;
When he found her, O, then they fell akissing.