

The Chantry Singers
SUMMER CONCERT
OF
VICTORIAN BALLADS
&
EDWARDIAN PART SONGS
(BY HOLST)
&
AN ANTEDILUVIAN CANTATA
(HOROVITZ' CAPTAIN NOAH)
WITH
ANNA SMITH - VIOLIN

Conductor : Andrew Wilson

Saturday 26th June 1999 at 8 p.m.

St Nicolas Church
Guildford

Five Partsongs, Op.12

- Dream Tryst
- Ye little birds
- Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee
- Now is the month of Maying
- Come to me

Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

'Romance' from Concerto No.2

Henryk Wieniawski
(1835-1880)

Six Romanian Folk Dances

Bela Bartok
(1881-1945)

Three Victorian Ballads

- On the road to Mandalay
- Love's old sweet song
- Come into the garden, Maud

arr. Rathbone
Oley Speaks
James Molloy
MW Balfe

INTERVAL

Four Preludes (arr. Tsyganov)

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Banjo and Fiddle

William Kroll

Captain Noah and his floating zoo

- The Lord looked down on the earth
- The people of Fun city
- Now Japhet, Shem and Ham
- It look likes rain
- For the floodgates of heaven were opened
- Forty days and night
- For the Lord closed the floodgates of heaven
- Father Noah please open the porthole
- The Lord looked down on the ark
- Oh what a wonderful scene

Joseph Horowitz
(b.1926)

(Piano played by Berendina Cook; solos by nearly every section of the choir!!)

Gustav Holst was born in England of Swedish descent. He studied at the Royal College of Music under Charles Stanford and then took up the trombone after chronic neuritis in his arm handicapped his piano playing. Although chiefly remembered for his orchestral suite *The Planets*, he composed plenty of fine music in other areas; his comic opera *The Perfect Fool*, and the choral work *Hymn to Jesus*. He also gave the first modern day performance of Purcell's opera *The Fairy Queen*. His style owes much to folk-song influences and the madrigalian tradition of Byrd and Weelkes and these can be seen in his early *Five Partsongs*. *Now is the month of Maying* uses the same text as Morley had done nearly three hundred years before, but it is his slower songs that exhibit his mastery of harmony and part-writing.

In the days before modern day forms of entertainment were invented, many families would gather around the piano and sing together. A large number of these songs were lost as quickly as they were found, but many have stayed with us, some through the music hall tradition. Many of the lyrics were unashamedly sentimental and the music set to them simply reinforced these ideas. The words used in the ballads in tonight's programme include Rudyard Kipling's *Road to Mandalay* and Tennyson's *Come into the garden, Maud*.

Joseph Horowitz was born in Vienna but settled in England as a child. He was educated in Oxford and at the Royal College of Music and went on to become Professor of Composition there as well as being Assistant Conductor at Glyndebourne for a short time. Although he has composed a large amount of serious music (including two operas, eleven ballets and some chamber music), he became quite famous (or infamous) for the witty parodies he composed and arranged for Gerard Hoffnung's music festivals in post-war London. *Captain Noah* (lyrics by Michael Flanders) was originally written for unison voices for performances in schools, but its wide-spread popularity soon led to the composer arranging it for full choir. The work is full of memorable melodies and jazzy rhythms as it tells the story of Noah and the ark. *The Lord looked down* sets the scene as God tells Noah what he has to do, and this is followed by the mocking of the people who live in what is known as 'Fun City'. *Now Japhet, Shem and Ham* is a tongue-twisting samba listing the animals Noah must find to get on the ark before the rain of the flood is depicted in the next number. After a calmer waltz-like movement depicting the swaying of the ark on the waves, (which is recalled later as the ark comes to rest) we are treated to a summary of life aboard the ark in *Forty days and nights*. The celebratory nature of Noah's family is depicted in a square dance as they look optimistically out of the side of the ark, and various birds are sent to and fro to find dry land. The birds and animals are set free before God

makes his promise not to flood the earth again, and *Oh what a wonderful scene* continues the joyful nature of the end of the story.

The violin music in tonight's programme covers a wide part of the repertoire. Henryk Wieniawski was a Polish violinist and composer who made his living as a travelling virtuoso in the last century. He was made solo violinist to the Tsar in 1860 and was one of the first Eastern Europeans to tour America when he went there with Rubenstein in 1872. It comes as not surprise to discover that most of his output was written for the violin and he writes very idiomatically for the instrument. His second violin concerto is very romantic in style and the *Romance* is the second movement.

Bela Bartok was a Hungarian composer and pianist who was also an important collector of native folk-songs with Kodaly. His style is a highly individual blend of the composers he admired most; Liszt, Debussy, Strauss and Stravinsky and is always full of rhythmic vitality. His arrangement of six Rumanian folk melodies for violin and piano (later orchestra) make full use of many violinistic techniques; pizzicato, harmonics and multiple-stopping.

Dmitri Shostakovich was born and brought up in Russia and where he was a great believer in Russian socialism and he always sought to serve the state with his music. The *Four Preludes* were originally written for piano, but were arranged by his violin friend Dmitri Tsyganov who was leader of the Beethoven Quartet. Shostakovich thoroughly approved, calling the arrangements "superb". They exhibit many facets associated with his style. They are essentially tonal in outlook, but always with the ability to take a new direction just when you think you know where the music is going, and also show his gift for melodic writing.

Very little is known of William Kroll, but *Banjo and Fiddle* has earned itself a regular place in the recital repertoire of many violinists. As the title suggests, it combines plenty of banjo qualities (plucking and strumming) with the more lyrical side of the violin's character.

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Andrew Wilson was born and educated in Leeds. He went on to study at Edinburgh university where he gained a First Class degree and won the prize for organ performance. Since leaving Edinburgh, he has spent time at Cardiff University studying for an MA in Eighteenth Century Music and in particular, English oratorio of the period, and has given recitals in Cambridge, Ipswich,

Glasgow and Edinburgh. He is currently Assistant Director of Music at the Royal Grammar School in Guildford, having previously held a similar position in Ipswich, and accompanies the University of London Chamber Choir, with whom he has made a number of recordings. At present he conducts the Chantry Singers and the Guildford Chorale and Sinfonia, a youth choir and orchestra based in Guildford with whom he undertook a recent tour of Western France, and examines for GCSE and A-level.

Anna Smith is currently in the Sixth Form at St. Paul's School, London, where she also holds a music scholarship. She has lived most of her life in Guildford where she was a pupil at Guildford High School. She attends the Junior Department of the Royal College of Music in London where she is a pupil of Ani Schnarch. She appeared as a soloist in one of the Bach concertos aged 15 with the Guildford Sinfonia, is Leader of the Surrey Youth Orchestra and has been a member of the National Youth orchestra for the past three years.

Berendina Cook was born and educated in Great Malvern before she went on to study at Royal Holloway College, London where she continued her piano studies. In 1984 she formed a piano duo with Matthew Stanley and they have broadcast several times for the BBC and Classic FM as well as being the first British pair to win the first prize at the International Piano Duo Competition, held in Tokyo in 1996. She is in much demand locally as an accompanist, repetiteur and teacher, and will take up the post of Head of Keyboard at the Royal Grammar School, Guildford in September this year. She is also an examiner for the Associated Board.

Dream tryst

The breaths of kissing night and day were mingled in the eastern heaven,
Throbbing with unheard melody, shook Lyra all its starcloud seven.
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy, and dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;
And souls went palely up the sky, and mine to Lucidè.

There was no change in her sweet eyes since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's, wherein did every come and go;
The sparkle of the fountain drops from her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein, and they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her, who with the Past meet girt about:
Where her last kiss still warms the air, nor can her eyes go out.

Ye little birds

Ye little birds that sit and sing amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks within her garden alleys.
Go pretty birds about her bower, sing pretty birds she may not lower,
Ah me, me things I see her frown, ye pretty wantons warble.
Go tell her thro' your chirping bills, as you by me are bidden;
To her is only known my love which from the world is hidden.
Go pretty birds and tell her so, see that your notes strain not too low:
For still me thinks I see her frown, ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony, and sing I am her lover.
Strain loud and sweet that every note with sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice, tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still me thinks I see her frown, ye pretty wantons warble.
O fly, make haste, see, see, she falls into a pleasant slumber;
Sing round about her rosy bed, that waking she may wonder.
Say to her 'tis her lover true, that sendeth love to you, to you:
And when you hear her kind reply, return with pleasant warblings.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, the shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also, the elves also whose little eyes glow like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!
No Will o' the Wisp mislight thee, nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!
But on, on thy way, not making a stay, since ghost there's none, there's none to affright thee.

Love's old sweet song

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, when on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng, low to our hearts Love sung the old sweet song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.
Even today we hear Love's song of yore, deep in our hearts it dwells for evermore;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way, still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet song.

Come into the garden, Maud

Come into the garden, Maud, for the black bat, night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone.
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, and the musk of the roses blown,
For a breeze of morning moves and the planet of Love is on high;
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves, on a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves, to faint in the light, and to die.
Come! Come! Come into the garden, Maud, for the black bat, night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone.
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, queen, lily, and rose, in one.
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, to the flowers and be their sun.
Shine out! Shine out! and be their sun.
Come in to the garden, Maud, for the black bat, night has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud, she is coming my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat, were it earth in an earthy bed;
Come into the garden, Maud, my own sweet Maud,
Maud, come, I'm here at the gate alone.

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Now is the month of maying

Now is the month of Maying, when merry lads are playing, fa la la la
Each with his bonny lass, a dancing on the grass, fa la la la

The Spring, clad all in gladness, doth laugh at Winter's sadness, fa la la la
And to the bagpipes' sound the nymphs tread out the ground, fa la la la

Fie then, why sit we musing, youth's sweet delight refusing? fa la la la
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, shall we play barley break? fa la la la

Come to me

Come, come to me in the silence of the night, come in the speaking silence of a dream:
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright as sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears O memory, hope, love of vanished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet whose wak'ning shoud have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet, where thirsting, longing, eyes watch the slow door
that opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may give my very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams that I may give pulse for pulse, breath for breath,
Speak low, lean low as long ago, my love, how long ago.

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On the road to Mandalay

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, there's a Burma girl a settin' an' I know
she thinks o' me;
For she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees an' the temple bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.
Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple bells are callin' an' it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy at the sea;
Come you back to Mandalay, where the old flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.