

Gourds and Rattles

Calabash trees' leaves do not clash;
bear a green gourd,
burn copper in the light,
crack open seeds that rattle.

Blind underground the rat's
dark saw-teeth bleed,
the wet root,
snap its long drag of time,
its grit, its flavour;
turn the ripe leaves sour.

Clash rattle, sing gourd;
never leave time's dancers
weary like this tree
that makes and mocks our music.

The Gong-Gong

God is dumb
until the drum speaks.

The Drum is dumb
until the gong-gong leads it.
Man-made, the gong-gong's
iron eyes of music
walk us through the humble dead
to meet the dumb blind drum.

Kegworth Players

David Copperfield

- Memories
- 'Janet-Donkeys'

Christmas Carol

- Scrooge encounters Marley's Ghost
- Scrooge sees what might be the future
- Christmas turkey

Shepshed Singers

Aka Tonbo
The Goslings
Old MacDonald
The Cat came back
Thula Baba / Oremi

arr. Bob Chilcott
Frederick Bridge
arr. George Mitchell
arr. Andrew Goff
trad. African

Shepshed Singers

Jeni Beasley, Sue Champneys, Jill Chantrill,
Janet Clitheroe, Sue Cooke, Ann Dale, Margaret Dartnall, Alison
Dash, Patti Garlick, Anne Morris, Gail Pitman, Iris Sayer, Jackie
Tripp, Liz Twitchell,
Janet Wilkinson, Vanessa Wright.
Wendy Burns, Glynis Booth, Chris Branford,
Nêst Harris, Jean Hayes, Lis Muller, Jan Nisbet,
Heather Rees, Rosamund Thorpe, Christina Walter.
Mike Bailey, David Booth, Noel Colley,
Peter Finch, Alan Garlick,
Malcolm Steward, Graham Thorpe.
Colin Butler, Martin Cooke,
Wyn Parry, Ed Thorpe, Gerard Stevens.

St Andrew's Church Kegworth

'Think of a Number' Flower Festival Concert

Saturday 12th May 2012
7.30pm

Shepshed Singers



Musical Director Andrew Goff

&

Kegworth Players

Co-ordinated by Janet Douse

Shepshed Singers

Three Motets Op 38

Charles Villiers Stanford

Justorum animae

The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of malice shall not touch them: in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace.

Wisdom, iii

Coelos ascendit hodie

*Today Jesus Christ, the King of glory, has ascended into the heavens,
Alleluia!*

*He sits at the Father's right hand, ruling heaven and earth,
Alleluia!*

*Now are David's songs fulfilled, now is the Lord with his Lord,
Alleluia!*

*He sits upon the royal throne of God, in this his greatest triumph,
Alleluia!*

Let us bless the Lord: let the holy trinity be praised, let us give thanks to the Lord, Alleluia! Amen

Beati quorum via

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Psalms CXIX, 1

Organ Solo

Kegworth Players

Pickwick Papers

- Mr. Tupman and the Aunt go picknicking
- Waiting up

Oliver Twist.

- Oliver wants more.
- Lessons how to pick a pocket
- Nancy

Great Expectations

- Magwitch finds Pip
- Pip's first encounter with Miss Havesham
- Pip Lies about his visit
- Sadness

Shepshed Singers

Londonderry Air
The Water of Tyne
Mairi's Wedding
Sacramento

arr. Bob Chilcott
arr. Alan Woods
arr. James Wild
arr. Alan Woods

Shepshed Singers

The Making of the Drum

Bob Chilcott

The Skin

First the goat must be killed
and the skin stretched.

Bless you, four-footed animal,
who eats rope,
skilled upon rocks,
horned with our sin;
stretch your skin,
stretch it tight on our hope;

we have killed you
to make a thin voice
that will reach further than hope
further than heaven,
that will reach deep down to our gods
where the thin light cannot leak,
where our stretched hearts cannot leap.

cut the rope of its throat,
skilled destroyer of goats;
its sin, spilled on the washed gravel,
reaches and spreads to devour us all.
so the goat must be killed
and its skin stretched.

The Barrel of the Drum

For this we choose wood
of the tweneduru tree:
hard duru wood
with the hollow blood that makes a womb

Here in this silence
we hear the wounds of the forest;
we hear the sounds of the rivers;
vowels of reedlips,
pebbles of consonants,
underground dark of the continent.

you dumb adom wood will be bent,
will be solemnly bent
bellyrounded with fire,
wounded with tools that will shape you.
You will bleed, cedar dark,
when we cut you;
speak, when we touch you.

The Two curved Sticks of the Drummer

There is a quick stick
grows in the forest,
blossoms twice yearly without leaves;
bare white branches
crack like lightning in the harmattan.

But no harm comes to those who live nearby.
this tree, the elders say,
will never die.
From this stripped tree
snap quick sticks for the festival.
Its wood, heat-hard as stone,
is toneless as a bone.

INTERVAL