



**Charnwood  
VOICES**

Conducted by  
Nicholas Scott-Burt

*When  
Birds  
do Sing...*



St John the  
Baptist Church  
Hugglescote

Saturday 24th March

*We would like to dedicate tonight's  
concert to the memory of  
Christina Walter,  
who, as a loyal member of this choir,  
sang alto with us for thirty years  
and whose funeral is next week.*

I would like to welcome you all to our Spring concert of English pastoral music from the Middle Ages to the Twentieth Century.

The English pastoral tradition goes back many centuries in our art, our theatre, our poetry and our music. Stemming from the Italian tradition which in turn most likely evolved from the Romans and the Greeks, the subject matter of nymphs and shepherds, muses and pagan gods has been a popular source of inspiration since Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or earlier. In the English tradition, particularly as developed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Christian saints (especially St Cecilia) take the place of the muses in some of the poetry, and in the great madrigal collection of 1601, *The Triumphs of Oriana*, in which 23 composers were involved, Queen Elizabeth herself was revered in the manner of a goddess: each madrigal ends with the words *Thus sang the nymphs and shepherds of Diana/Long live fair Oriana* - Oriana being the Queen.

Pastoralism influences the work of many of the Tudor poets and playwrights, notably Shakespeare, who in turn have inspired composers down the subsequent ages. The tradition provides a secular alternative to the sacred texts of church music, whilst maintaining a kind of mysticism which separates it from the realism of prose or love poetry. Name any composer of secular vocal or choral music, and there will almost certainly be a pastoral element to that composer's work!

*Dr Nicholas Scott-Burt*

# Tonight's Programme

## Come again Sweet Love

John Dowland 1562-1626

*Come again:*

*Sweet love doth now invite,*

*Thy graces that refrain.*

*To do me due delight.*

*To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,*

*With thee again in sweetest sympathy.*

*Come again*

*That I may cease to mourn,*

*Through thy unkind disdain:*

*For now left and forlorn*

*I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,*

*In deadly pain and endless misery.*

## The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons 1583–1625

*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; Oh death, come close mine eyes;*

*More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.”*

## Two Poems

Robert Herrick 1591-1674

***To Daffodils***

***To Meadows***

*Read by Janet Clitheroe*

## The Earle of Salisbury's Pavanne

William Byrd c.1539/40 -1623

*Pianist: Nicholas Scott-Burt*

## Silent Worship

G F Handel 1685 - 1759

*Baritone: Alan Speight*

## From Songs of Springtime

Ernest Moeran 1894 -1950

***Love is a sickness***

*Love is a sickness full of woes,*

*All remedies refusing;*

*A plant that with most cutting grows,*

*Most barren with best using,*

*Why so?*

*More we enjoy it, more it dies;*

*If not enjoyed, it sighing cries --*

*Heigh ho!*

*Love is a torment of the mind,  
A tempest everlasting;  
And Jove hath made it of a kind  
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
Why so?*

*More we enjoy it, more it dies;  
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries --  
Heigh ho!*

*Words by Samuel Daniel 1562-1619*

### ***Under the Greenwood Tree***

*Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live in the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither.  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.*

*Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(As You Like It)*

**Berceuse** Frank Bridge 1879 – 1941  
*Pianist: Nicholas Scott-Burt*

**Weathers** Thomas Hardy 1840 – 1928  
*Poem read by Iris Sayer*

**Hymn to St Cecilia** Benjamin Britten 1913-1976

*In a garden shady this holy lady  
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,  
Like a black swan as death came on  
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:  
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin  
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,  
And notes tremendous from her great engine  
Thundered out on the Roman air.  
Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,  
Moved to delight by the melody,  
White as an orchid she rode quite naked  
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;  
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing  
Came out of their trance into time again,  
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses*

*The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.  
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

*I cannot grow; I have no shadow  
To run away from, I only play.  
I cannot err; There is no creature  
Whom I belong to, Whom I could wrong.  
I am defeat When it knows it  
Can now do nothing By suffering.  
All you lived through, Dancing because you  
No longer need it For any deed.  
I shall never be Different. Love me.  
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

*O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,  
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,  
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
Where Hope within the altogether strange  
From every outworn image is released,  
And Dread born whole and normal like a beast  
Into a world of truths that never change:  
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.  
O dear white children casual as birds,  
Playing among the ruined languages,  
So small beside their large confusing words,  
So gay against the greater silences  
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,  
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,  
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,  
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.  
O cry created as the bow of sin Is drawn across our  
trembling violin.  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.  
O law drummed out by hearts against the still  
Long winter of our intellectual will.  
That what has been may never be again.  
O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath  
Of convalescents on the shores of death.  
O bless the freedom that you never chose.  
O trumpets that unguarded children blow  
About the fortress of their inner foe.  
O wear your tribulation like a rose.  
Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

Words by W H Auden 1917-1973

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**INTERVAL**

- Wine and soft drinks will be served -

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## **Sumer is icumen in**

Setting by Nicholas Scott-Burt  
Words 13<sup>th</sup> Century Anonymous

## **To the Virgins to make Much of Time**

Robert Herrick 1591-1674

*Poem read by Jeni Beasley*

## **Salley Gardens**

Benjamin Britten 1913-1976

*Baritone: Alan Speight*

## **Choral Dances from Gloriana**

Benjamin Britten 1913-1976

### ***Time***

*Yes he is Time,  
Lusty and blithe!  
Time is at his apogee!  
Although you thought to see  
A bearded ancient with a scythe.  
No reaper he  
That cries "Take heed!"  
Time is at his apogee!  
Young and strong and in his prime!  
Be-hold the sower of the seed!*

### ***Concord***

*Concord, Concord is here,  
Our days to bless  
And this our land, our land to endue  
With plenty, peace and happiness.  
Concord, Concord and Time,  
Concord and Time  
Each needeth each.  
The ripest fruit hangs where  
Not one, not one, but only two,  
Only two can reach.*

### ***Time and Concord***

*From springs of bounty, springs of bounty,  
Through this county, through this county,  
Streams abundant, streams abundant,  
Of thanks shall flow  
Where life was scanty, life was scanty,  
Fruits of plenty, fruits of plenty,  
Swell resplendent, swell resplendent,  
From earth below!  
No Greek nor Roman, Greek nor Roman  
Queenly woman  
Knew such favour, knew such favour  
From Heav'n above*

*As she whose presence, she whose presence  
Is our pleasance, is our pleasance,  
Gloriana, Gloriana,  
Hath all our love, hath all our love, all our love!*

### **Final Dance of Homage**

*These tokens of our love receiving,  
O take them, Princess great and dear,  
From Norwich city you are leaving,  
That you afar may feel us near,  
That you may feel us near.*

*Words by William Plomer 1903-73*

**Young Lambs** John Clare 1793 – 1864

**Loveliest of trees** A E Housman 1859 - 1936

**The Trees** Philip Larkin 1922 – 1985

*Poems read by John Owen and Jean Hayes*

**Love Song** Nicholas Scott-Burt b1962

*Pianist: Nicholas Scott-Burt*

### **Linden Lea**

### **The Vagabond**

Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872 – 1958

*Baritone: Alan Speight*

### **Live with me** from Songs and Sonnets

George Shearing 1919 – 2011

*Live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then live with me and be my love.  
If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.*

*Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music)*



**It was a Lover and his Lass** from Birthday Madrigals  
John Rutter b1945

*It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
That o'er the green cornfields did pass,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*And, therefore, take the present time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
For love is crown'd with the prime  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(As You Like It)*

**Who is Silvia?** from Songs and Sonnets  
George Shearing 1919 – 2011

*Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.*

*Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(Two gentlemen of Verona)*

**Fie on sinful fantasy** from Songs and Sonnets  
George Shearing 1919 – 2011

*Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.  
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;  
Pinch him for his villany;  
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,  
Till candles and star-light and moonshine be out.*

*Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(The Merry Wives of Windsor)*

## **When Daisies Pied** from Birthday Madrigals

John Rutter b1945

*When daisies pied and violets blue  
And lady-smocks all silver-white  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he:  
“Cuckoo, Cuckoo, cuckoo!” O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing 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 every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
“Cuckoo, Cuckoo, cuckoo!” O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When as the rye reach to the chin  
And chop-cherry, chop-cherry ripe within,  
And strawberries swimming in the cream,  
And schoolboys playing in the stream;  
Then oh, then oh, my true love said,  
Until that time should come again  
She could not, could not live a maid.  
“Cuckoo, Cuckoo, cuckoo!” O, word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!  
Loud sing “Cuckoo!”*

*vv1&2 Words by William Shakespeare 1564-1616  
(Love's Labours Lost)*

*v3 Words by George Peele 1556-1596*

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### **Music Director:**

## **NICHOLAS SCOTT-BURT**

Dr Nicholas Scott-Burt enjoys a busy and varied freelance career as a composer, conductor, organist and pianist. He has been Music Director of Charnwood Voices since 2015, and also conducts Daventry Choral Society.



He is organist at Bablake School, Coventry, where he teaches piano (classical and jazz), organ and composition as well as teaching at Uppingham School and the Robert Smyth Academy in Market Harborough; he is a classical and jazz examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, and has contributed widely as a composer and arranger to recent ABRSM piano publications.

As a composer he has written over 100 works for a broad variety of media, from 'pop songs' to symphonic scores – most recently completing a number of piano works and a *Trio en Chocolat* composed for his violinist wife Cathy and cellist son Harry, who (with him as pianist) perform frequently as the Scott-Burt Piano Trio.

**CHARNWOOD VOICES** is an auditioned choir of some 45 voices based in Charnwood, Leicestershire. Founded in 1977 as The Shepshed Singers, the choir has gained a well-deserved reputation for performing neglected and unfamiliar music as well as better known and popular pieces, both sacred and secular. It became 'Charnwood Voices' in 2016.

Most of our work is a capella although we do also perform larger works with an orchestra. Every two years we go on tour, either to continental Europe or in Britain. We had a successful tour to Tuscany in April 2017, singing in the Duomo in Florence and in Lucca Cathedral. We are planning a tour of Bath and Wells for Easter 2019.

As a choir we have competed in music festivals and, in addition to our own concerts, we are available for weddings, Christmas functions, and social or fund-raising events.

Nicholas Scott-Burt has conducted the choir since September 2015.



## The Choir

**Soprano:** Jeni Beasley, Sue Champneys, Janet Clitheroe, Ann Dale, Margaret Dartnall, Hazel Fitzgibbon, Sharon Gamble, Patti Garlick, Tricia Littlewood, Anne Morris, Gail Pitman-Gibson, Iris Sayer, Jackie Tripp, Liz Twitchell, Janet Wilkinson, Vanessa Wright.

**Alto:** Glynis Booth, Chris Branford, Helen Brown, Nêst Harris, Jean Hayes, Joanna Milner, Lis Muller, Jan Nisbet, Julie O'Dowd..

**Tenor:** Mike Bailey, David Booth, Megan Dimitrov, Steve Pallett, Malcolm Steward, Graham Thorpe.

**Bass:** Colin Butler, Noel Colley, John Owen, Wyn Parry, Alan Speight, Gerard Stevens.

Music Director:  
Nic Fallowfield

**Church of St. James the Greater**  
London Road Leicester LE2 1NE

**Dvořák**  
The Noon Witch      Violin Fenella Humphreys

**Korngold**  
Violin Concerto

**Tchaikovsky**  
Symphony No.6 "Pathétique"

**30th June 2018**  
**Saturday 7:30pm**

[www.charnwoodorchestra.org.uk](http://www.charnwoodorchestra.org.uk)



2018 programme

## Autumn Concert

**Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> October 7.30pm**  
**Loughborough Parish Church**

Feel The Spirit- John Rutter  
Serenade for Strings - Elgar  
Magnificat - Scott-Burt  
Three Motets - Stanford

Maureen Brathwaite - soprano  
Catherine Griffiths- mezzo soprano  
Simon Lumby - tenor

With the Orchestra da Camera  
Conducted by Nicholas Scott-Burt

*Tickets £15 (including wine or soft drink).*  
*Under 16s free.*

## Christmas Concert

**Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> December 7.30pm**  
**St Paul's Church, Woodhouse Eaves**

Tickets £10 including wine and mince pies.  
Under 16s free

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### Interested in Joining us?

We rehearse on Wednesday evenings in Belton Village Hall and are always happy to hear from potential members. If you are interested in joining us and wish to find out more about our auditioning procedure, please contact [chairman@charnwoodvoices.org.uk](mailto:chairman@charnwoodvoices.org.uk)

### To book us for an event or concert:

Contact us on 07950 715189 or e-mail us on [secretary@charnwoodvoices.org.uk](mailto:secretary@charnwoodvoices.org.uk); links can be found on our website.



**Why not join our e-mail list?**  
**Ask a choir member tonight.**



**Keep up to date by visiting our website**

**[www.charnwoodvoices.org.uk](http://www.charnwoodvoices.org.uk)**