

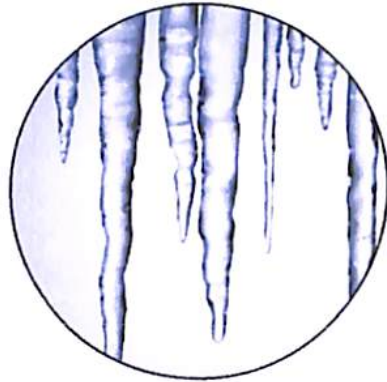


St. Andrews Church
Surbiton
Saturday 13 Dec. 2003
Conductor Robin Page

Christmas Concert

VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS
FANTASIA ON CHRISTMAS CAROLS

RUTTER
WHEN ICICLES HANG
CAROLS FROM THE BRITISH ISLES



ORGAN: MARK UGLOW

PROGRAMME £1.50

Since its formation in 1948, Kingston Choral Society has earned a reputation for concerts of a high standard and for performing a wide range of music. Under the guidance of Robin Page Kingston Choral Society is not afraid of tackling ambitious projects and has for example performed Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky in Russian. The choir also enjoys singing the more familiar favourites of the choral repertoire. Kingston Choral Society has around 100 members drawn from a wide area of southwest London and north Surrey.



New members are welcome. The choir performs four concerts a year, usually in Kingston Parish Church. Rehearsals are held on Thursday evenings (8pm – 10pm) at Hollyfield School, Surbiton, in term time. Kingston Choral Society also holds regular social and fund-raising events and occasional musical workshops. If you are interested in joining, please talk to any member of the choir during the interval or at the end of the concert. You can also contact the membership secretary June Pearson on 020 8398 3545 for more information.

ROBIN PAGE – Musical Director

Robin is based in London where he is the principal conductor and musical director of Thames Sinfonia, the Purcell Orchestra, Worthing Philharmonic Orchestra, and Kingston Choral Society. He has conducted the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra Chorus and has made many appearances at the Royal Academy of Music and the London College of Music as a conductor and lecturer specialising in contemporary repertoire and Scandinavian music.

Robin has given acclaimed performances of Sibelius and Nielsen symphonies and conducted the inaugural concert of the UK Sibelius Society in London. He has also given the first performance of many Swedish works, including such composers as Stenhammer, Rosenberg, Lidholm and Bortz. He is guest conductor to Sundsvalls Kammarorkester in Sweden and has broadcast on Swedish National Radio.

FOREIGN LINKS

Robin also has close links with the Baltic States. As guest conductor to the Estonian State Symphony Orchestra, he gave the first broadcast performance and broadcast in Estonian of Elgar's Enigma Variations. Elsewhere in Europe he recently recorded film scores with the Budapest Symphony Orchestra and the Bulgarian Symphony Orchestra. He has given broadcast performances with Polish Radio National Symphony Orchestra, the Hungarian State Opera Orchestra and the Silesian State Philharmonic Orchestra (Poland).

In Britain Robin travels widely. For many years he was the principal conductor of the Birmingham Philharmonic Orchestra and also conducted the Hallé Choir, Guildford Philharmonic Orchestra, Worthing Symphony Orchestra and the West Sussex Philharmonic Choir where he was their musical director for many years.

He has given broadcasts on BBC Radio 3 with the BBC Ulster Orchestra.

As well as conducting, Robin is in great demand as an adjudicator, notably with regular appearances at the National Festival of Music for Youth at the Royal Festival Hall.

For many years he was a visiting lecturer at Kingston University and has given classes for the Bandmaster course at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall.

Robin studied at Magdalen College School, Oxford, as a choral scholar, Gonville and Caius Colleges, Cambridge as a choral exhibitioner and as a postgraduate at the Royal Academy of Music, London.



Mark Uglow

Mark Uglow was born in London. He was a chorister at Westminster Abbey and subsequently organ scholar at both Cranleigh School and Exeter College, Oxford. He was a pupil of the late Nicholas Danby and James Dalton. He won prizes for gaining the top aggregate marks for his year at the examinations for both Associateship and Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists.

He has been assistant organist at some of London's most notable churches, St. Clement Danes', Hampstead Parish Church and Marylebone Parish Church, and spent a period as one of the assistants at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Since 1986, he has been Director of Music at the Parish Church of Kensington, St. Mary Abbots and since 1994, the Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall.

He is also Director of The Abbots Choir, a semi-professional chamber choir which has performed at many venues throughout the country. For many of its concerts, he edits his own performing editions, specialising particularly in music of the English Renaissance.

Until recently, he was the rehearsal accompanist of the Kingston Choral Society, also appearing regularly in concert with it. He also works with other local groups including Ashford Choral Society and the Epsom Chamber Choir. He became Conductor of the Bookham Choral Society this autumn and made his concert debut with it in November.

Our Next Concert: Sunday 6th march 2004, 7.30pm
Kingston Parish Church

HANDEL – Dixit Dominus & BACH – Jesu Meine Freude

Summer Concert: Bizet's CARMEN for Choir & Orchestra

SPECIAL EVENT – Thursday 1st April 2004

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Bryony Bridges
Kate Cockle
Shirley Davenport
Anna Cronin
Catherine Edge
Wendy Faulkner
Vikki Field
Lucy Goodwin
Marigold Haworth
Gill Holdsworth
Margaret Jephcott
Pru Johnson
Pat Keep
Norah Lack
Tina Leach
Debbie Lye
Margie Lindsay
Val Moeri
Amy Morgan
Tricia Nicholls
Lizzie Rae
Ruth Rees
Mary Reid
Elizabeth Salzman
Julia Siberry
Magdalen Spooner
Sarah Stokes
Roshni Thoppil
Marion Thorpe
Jackie Thurston

ALTOS

Gabrielle Ayerst
Sue Brodie
Clare Clarke
Jane Clift
Margaret Crocker
Cathy Daldy
Antoinette DeSouza
Pam Deacon
Madeline Dunnington
Trish Guthrie
Daphne Hall
Sarah Hastings
Christine Hogg
Haley Leonard
Jax Lewis
Carolyn Liefkes
Anneliese Mackenzie
Anne Miller
Alison Mitchell
Julia Leunig
Sarah Moreton
Anna Page
June Pearson
Pam Pocock
Jo Richardson
Heather Rooke
Mädi Schmidt
Liz Siberry
Jill Telfer
Lucy Thomas
Siv Reksten

TENORS

Jim Addington
Richard Clift
Nick Harris
Wesley Johnson
Rod Pearson
Roger Price
Richard Siberry
Ian Smith
David Todd

BASSES

John Bassett
Paul Bleasby
Alan Brough
Paul Chambers
Tony Cunningham
Dennis Down
Michael Hope
Graham Lavers
Tom Rees
Tim Scott
Roger Ward
David Wright
Ben Young

KINGSTON CHORAL SOCIETY WELCOMES NEW MEMBERS

If you like choral singing, have a reasonably good singing voice and would like to join the Choir, please ask any member of the Choir for more information, or come to one of our weekly rehearsals at termtime. We meet every Thursday at Hollyfield School, Surbiton, from 8 – 10pm.

1. Fantasia on Christmas Carols – Vaughan-Williams

The fantasia was written for the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford in 1912 and is dedicated to Cecil Sharp, the famous collector and publisher of folk song and dances, who contributed one of the carols.

The score states that the fantasia "is founded on the following traditional English Carols: The Truth sent from above (Herefordshire) words and tune; Come all you worthy gentlemen (Somerset) words and tune; On Christmas night (Sussex) words and tune; There is a fountain (Herefordshire) tune only; together with fragments of other well known carol tunes."
The carols are The First Nowell, A Virgin Unspotted and The Wassail Bough.

Baritone

This is the truth sent from above,
The truth of God, the God of love:
Therefore don't turn me from your door,
But hearken all, both rich and poor.

The first thing which I will relate
Is that God did man create,
The next thing which to you I'll tell,
Woman was made with man to dwell.

Then, after this, 'twas God's own choice
To place them both in Paradise,
There to remain, from evil free,
Except they ate of such a tree.

And they did eat, which was a sin,
And thus their ruin did begin,
Ruined themselves, both you and me,
And all of their posterity.

Choir

Thus we were heirs to endless woes,
Till God the Lord did interpose,
And so a promise soon did run,
That he would redeem us by his Son.

Come all you worthy gentlemen that may be standing by,
Christ our blessed Saviour was born on Christmas day.
The blessed Virgin Mary unto the Lord did pray.
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!
The blessed Virgin Mary unto the Lord did pray.
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!

Christ our blessed Saviour now in the manger lay
He's lying in the manger, while the oxen feed on hay.
The blessed Virgin Mary unto the lord did pray
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!
The blessed Virgin Mary unto the lord did pray
O we wish you the comfort and tidings of joy!

Fantasia on Christmas Carols (continued)

Baritone & Choir

On Christmas night all Christians sing
To hear the news the angels bring;
News of great joy, news of great mirth,
News of our merciful Kings birth.

When sin departs before thy grace,
Then life and health come in its place.
Angels and men with joy may sing.
All for to see the new-born king.

Baritone

God bless the ruler of this house and long on may he reign,
Many happy Christmases he live to see again!

Choir

From out of darkness we have light,
Which makes the angels sing this night,

Baritone

God bless our generation, who live both far and near
And we wish them a happy, a happy New Year

Choir

Glory to god and peace to men.
Both now and evermore Amen.

God bless the ruler of this house and long on may he reign,
Many happy Christmases he live to see again!

From out of darkness we have light,
Which makes the angels sing this night,

God bless our generation, who live both far and near
And we wish them a happy, a happy New Year
God

*Members of the Kingston Choral Society
wish you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy and Harmonious New Year*

2. When Icicles Hang – Rutter

1. Icicles

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who – a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-who – a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
(William Shakespeare, from Love's Labour's Lost)

2. Winter Nights

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read,
The summer hath his joys
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.
(Thomas Campion)

3. Good ale

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.
Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran;
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no game,
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once,
And bring us in good ale.
Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that,
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they are seldom clean,
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else,
And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all goat's blood;
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for our good;
But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere,
But bring us in good ale.

(15th-century English)

4. Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! Sing, heigh-ho! Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.

Then heigh-ho! The holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.
(William Shakespeare, from As you like it)

5. Winter wakeneth all my care

Winter wakeneth all my care
Now these leaves waxeth bare;
Oft I sigh and mourne sore
When it cometh in my thought
Of this worldes joy, how it goeth all to nought.

Now it is, and now it is not,
As if it never were, y-wis;
What many man saith, sooth Sooth = true it is:
All goeth but Goddes will.
All we shall die, though us like ill.

All the grove groweth green,
Now it falloweth all bidden.
Jesu, help that it be seen,
And shields us from hell!
For I know not wither I shall
Ne how long here dwell.
(14th-century English)

6. Hay, ay

Hay, ay, hay, ay,
Make we merry as we may.
Now is Yule comen with gentil cheer;
Of mirth and gamen he has no peer;
In ev'ry land where he comes near
Is mirth and gamen, I dare well say.
Now is comen a messenger
Of your lorde, Sir New Year,
Bids us all be merry here
And make as merry as we may.

Therefore ev'ry man that is here,
Sing a carol on his manere;
If he can none, we shall him lere Lere = teach
So that we be merry alway.
Whosoever makes heavy cheer,
Were he never to me dear;
In a ditch I would he were
To dry his clothes till it were day!

Mend the fire and make good cheer!
Fill the cup, Sir Botelere!
Let ev'ry man drink to his fere fere = companion

This ends my carol, with care away!
(English, c. 1600)

3. Carols from the British Isles

Once in Royal David's City

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

The First Nowell

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay, keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep:

Refrain

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!*

They looked up and saw a star,
Shinning in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night:
Refrain

And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went:
Refrain

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
From heav'n's all gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feelth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;

This star drew nigh to the north-west;
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay:
Refrain

Then enter'd in those wise men three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offer'd there in his presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense:
Refrain

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heav'nly Lord,
That hath made heav'n and earth of naught,
And with his blood mand-kind hath bought:
Refrain

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men o' strife,
And hear the angels sing!

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heav'nly Father
A blessed angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks afeeding,
In tempest, storm and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway
This blessed babe to find:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface:
O tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy.

O Come, all Ye faithful

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels:
*O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
Christ the Lord!*

God of all God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, etc.

See how the shepherd's
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

The Holly and The Ivy

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to do us sinners good.
The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a prickly,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas day in the morn.
The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
The rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

Lo! Star-led Chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold and myrrh;
We to the Christ child
Bring our heart's oblations:
O come, etc.

Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?
O come, etc.

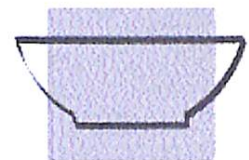
Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation.
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the Highest
O come, etc.

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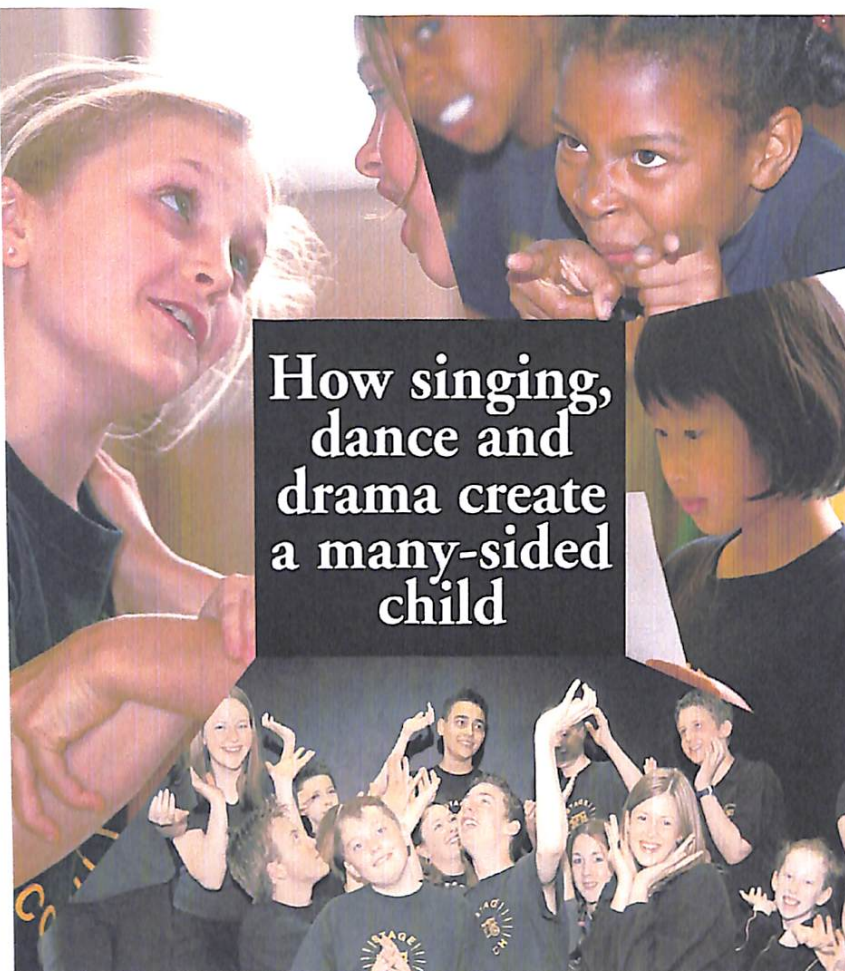


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Saturday 13 Dec. 2003
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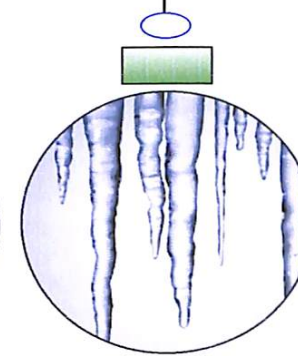


PROGRAMME DESIGNED AND PRINTED BY DOMINIC DE SOUZA

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