

Dulwich Choral Society

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: AIDAN OLIVER

Registered Charity No. 264764

The Seasons

Joseph Haydn

Saturday 11 December, 2010; 7.30pm
St John's Church, Goose Green SE22

Dulwich Choral Society

The Dulwich Choral Society was founded in 1944. Today it is a thriving, friendly choir that performs at least three concerts a year, including two with professional orchestras and top-class soloists. Since 2006 Aidan Oliver, one of the UK's leading choral conductors, has directed.

As well as giving concerts in the Dulwich area, the choir has performed more widely in central London and abroad. Since our first overseas concert tour in 1998, we have visited Belgium, the Czech Republic, France, Italy, Germany and Estonia, performing in a number of prestigious venues. A tour to Bosnia and Herzegovina in 2004 included concerts in Sarajevo and Mostar. Closer to home the choir performs in several of the beautiful churches in and around Dulwich, and enjoys a strong local following.

If you would like to support the choir, you can find details of our Friends and Patrons scheme towards the end of this programme.

Please visit our website, www.dulwichchoralsociety.org.uk, where you will find details of forthcoming concerts. The website also contains information about who we are, what we do, how you can join us as a singer, or how you can support us as a friend or patron.

Honorary President **Dame Emma Kirkby**
Vice Presidents **Roger Page, Jimmie Cleall-Harding**
Musical Director **Aidan Oliver**
Accompanist **David Elwin**

Sopranos

	Sophie Fender	Emily Lodge	Carmo Ponte
	Abigail Fox-Jaegar	Liz Loughran	Pat Price-Thomes
Olya Anisimova	Sylvia Francis-Mullins	Morven Main	Fleur Read
Helen Bang	Honor Gay	Fenella	Kay Robinson
Lynda Beadnall	Alice Griffin	Maitland-Smith	June Rice
Sue Chandler	Gina Hearnden	Teresa Marshall	Kay Robinson
Karen Chessell	Anna Hemming	Ruth Martin	Vivienne Sayer
Alex Craker	Gaynor Jones	Sarah O'Meara	Jenny Thomas
Diane Craven	Juliana Kirky	Frances Palmer	Jane Tippett
Helen Dayananda	Denise Lawson	Harriet Pearce Willis	Charlotte Townsend
Marie-Pierre Denaro	Julia Layton	Diane Pengelly	Lucy Waddington
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Becky Bahar	Helen Davies	Julie Jones	Rebecca Sloane
Helen Bangs	Julia Field	Jenny Kay	Frances Steele
Deborah Barnes-Jones	Jane Fletcher	Kathryn Livingston	Sue Stratton
Anne Bartholemew	Hilary Friend	Jo Merry	Sophie Thompson
Katharine Bolton	Caroline Gladstone	Karen Mills	Anika Torruella
Helen Boothman	Jill Harris	Sue Newell	Josephine Tucker
Sonia Butler	Barbara Hillier	Chrissi Pallidis	Matilda Wallis
Lucy Corrin	Charlotte Hutchinson	Nicola Prior	Jessica Wattles

Tenors

Forbes Bailey
Giles Craven

Robert Foster
Ed Gerstner
Steve Harrison
Andrew Lang

Jon Layton
Jonathan Palmer
Michael Palmer
Chris Papavassiliou

John Quigley
Iain Saville
Peter Swift
Nick Vaisey

Basses

Thomas Bale
Christopher Braun
Richard Davies
Michael Faulkner

Malcolm Field
Simon Foster
Stephen Frost
Michael Goodman
Alan Grant
Alex Hamilton

Jonathan Hugo
Michael Kenny
Oliver Lake
Richard Lampert
Mike Lock
Peter Main

Aziz Panni
Barney Rayfield
Jonathan Sedgwick
Mike Shepherd
Paul Stern
Richard Webb

Emailing List

If you would like to know when tickets go on sale for our performances, please email mailing@dulwichchoralsociety.org.uk with the subject 'Subscribe' and let us know your name. We will hold your details on a database for this specific purpose only. We will not pass them to any third party, and will remove you from the database at your request.

For earlier notice of concert dates, please visit the website, www.dulwichchoralsociety.org.uk.

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The Seasons

Joseph Haydn

Spring

Behold how surly Winter flies
Come gentle spring
From Aries now the sun shines brightly
With joy th'impatient husbandman sets forth
The farmer now his work hath done
Now be gracious, bounteous heaven
Our fervent prayers are heard
O how lovely is the landscape
Wonderful, powerful, merciful God!

Summer

In misty mantle now draws near
So now the cheerful shepherd goes
And now ascends the sun
What refreshment to the senses
O see! There rises in the sultry air
Ah, the thunderstorm comes near!
And now the storm has passed away

There will be a 20-minute interval between summer and autumn

Autumn

What with all its blossoms was promis'd
So Nature thus rewards his toil
Now see how to the hazel bush
Come all the eager boys!
Ye beauties from the town, come here
Now on the bare denuded fields
Hark, hark, a sonorous sound
The shining grapes are fully ripe
Yo-ho, yo-ho! The wine is here

Winter

Now pale, the year begins to fade
The trav'ler stands perplex'd
As he draws near
Whirring, humming, rumbling
Now the flax has all been spun
There was a squire as I've heard say
From out the East there comes an icy blast
So understand, misguided man
Then comes the great and glorious morn

Dulwich Choral Society

Dulwich Festival Orchestra, leader Lennox Mackenzie

Mary Bevan soprano (Jane)

Charles Rice bass (Simon)

Andrew Staples tenor (Lucas)

Aidan Oliver conductor

Please check that your mobile phone is switched off, and kindly do not take photographs during the performance. Thank you.



MARY BEVAN soprano

Mary grew up in Somerset and Berkshire and studied Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic at Trinity College, Cambridge. She is in her second year of the Royal Academy of Music Opera School studying with Lillian Watson and Audrey Hyland.

Recent performances include Handel's *Messiah* with the ECO and Raymond Leppard (Cadogan Hall), Thomas Arne's *Alfred* with the Classical Opera Company at King's Place, a 'Sisters' recital with Sophie Bevan and a solo recital at the Oxford Lieder Festival, a Valentine's Day concert at the Wigmore Hall, Rutter's *Requiem* at the Albert Hall, Britten's *Les Illuminations* on the ECO Music Cruise with Vladimir Ashkenazy and at Cadogan Hall, Handel's *Apollo e Dafne* with the Classical Opera Company at King's Place, and Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the Hanover Band (Canterbury Cathedral). Recordings include a premiere of *Fen and Flood* by Patrick Hadley with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and Paul Daniel, and *Handel in the*

Playhouse, a CD of Handel duets and songs with L'Avventura London. Operatic roles include Barbarina and cover Susanna for Garsington Opera's 2010 production of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Despina (*Cost fan tutte*) for Musique Cordiale Festival in France and with John Cox and Jane Glover for Royal Academy Opera, Iris in Handel's *Semele* under Sir Charles Mackerras, Pamina and Papagena in *The Magic Flute* (Palestine Mozart Festival and British Youth Opera respectively), and Frasquita in *Carmen* (Opera de Baugé).

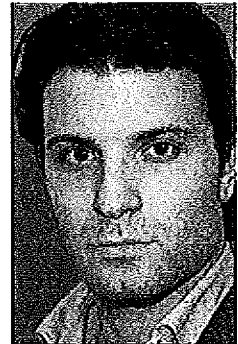
Future engagements include Handel's *Messiah* (Royal Albert Hall) and Rebecca in the premiere of Nico Muhly's *Two Boys* for English National Opera. At the Academy, Mary recently won the prestigious Richard Lewis/Jean Shanks Competition and the Isabel Jay Prize for opera. She is a Kohn Bach Scholar for the Bach Cantata series and a member of the Song Circle. She has recently been made an Associate Artist of the Classical Opera Company, and has been generously supported by the Countess of Munster Musical Trust, the Ian Fleming Charitable Trust Education Award (MBF), the Baroness de Turkheim Award, and a Harold Wingate Scholarship.

CHARLES RICE bass

Charles Rice began singing as a music scholar at The King's School, Canterbury, singing in Canterbury Cathedral and on tour in Italy, France, Germany and Hungary. While studying politics at university he joined Leeds Youth Opera and, at Leeds Civic theatre, sang Ned Keene in *Peter Grimes*, Renato in *Un Ballo in Maschera* and Maximilian in *Candide*. Charles is currently on Opera Course at the Royal Academy of Music where he continues his studies under Mark Wildman and Dominic Wheeler.

Recent engagements include Vicar in *Albert Herring* for Royal Academy Opera, covering The Keeper of the Madhouse in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* and Cavaliere di Ripafrata in Martinu's *Mirandolina* for Garsington Opera, James in *Pirates of Penzance* at Buxton, Zaretsky in *Eugene Onegin* at Iford Arts and Dr Falke in *The Bat's Revenge (Die Fledermaus)* for Alternative Opera. Charles was a finalist at Les Azuriales Young Artists Competition 2009 in France and winner of the Garsington Prize 2009. This summer he sang for Glyndebourne Festival Opera chorus, covering Mr Redburn in *Billy Budd* and singing the Cat in Stravinsky's *Renard*. He returns to the Royal Academy Opera in September where he will sing Guglielmo in *Cost fan tutte* conducted by Jane Glover and directed by John Cox. Charles also performs regularly on the concert platform. Recent engagements include Mustique Opera Gala, Nelson Mass under Jonathan Willcocks, Brahms Requiem for Sleaford Choral Society, Schumann Mass for Leamington Spa and Rossini *Petite Messe Solennelle* at the Wadhurst Music festival.

Charles is grateful for the support of 'A Worshipful Company of Musicians' Allcard Award, the William Allen Charitable Trust, The Kathleen Trust, The Kohn Foundation Vocal Scholarship and The Josephine Baker Trust.



ANDREW STAPLES tenor

Andrew Staples studied Music at King's College, Cambridge, where he was a Choral Scholar, and Opera at the Royal College of Music International Opera School, where he was the first recipient of the Peter Pears Scholarship awarded by the Benjamin Britten International Opera School.

In concert he has sung with Simon Rattle and the Berlin Philharmonic, the Bavarian Radio Symphony and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Daniel Harding and the Mahler Chamber Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra and the Swedish Radio Orchestra, Yannick Nézet-Séguin and the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Andrew Manze and the Swedish Chamber Orchestra, Kristjan Järvi and the Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie, and Robin Ticciati and the Gävle Symphony.

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, he has sung Jaquino (*Fidelio*), First Armed



Man (*Die Zauberflöte*) Artabanus (*Artaxerxes*) and Narraboth (*Salome*). Other rôles include Belfiore (*La Finta Giardiniera*) for the National Theatre in Prague and Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at Garsington. He sung Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) at Opera Holland Park and Rodolfo (*La Bohème*) in the Palestinian Music Festival. Future engagements include Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) for Garsington and Belfiore for La Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie.

Last year he made his operatic directorial debut with a critically acclaimed production of *Le nozze di Figaro* with his new company Vignette Productions at Wilton's Music Hall and Musique Cordiale Festival in Provence. This success was repeated this summer with a production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte*. Plans for him and Vignette include productions of *The Cunning Little Vixen* in Merano, *La Bohème* in London and Provence, *The Rape of Lucretia* in Brooklyn, New York, and a major touring production of *Die Zauberflöte* across Southern Africa.

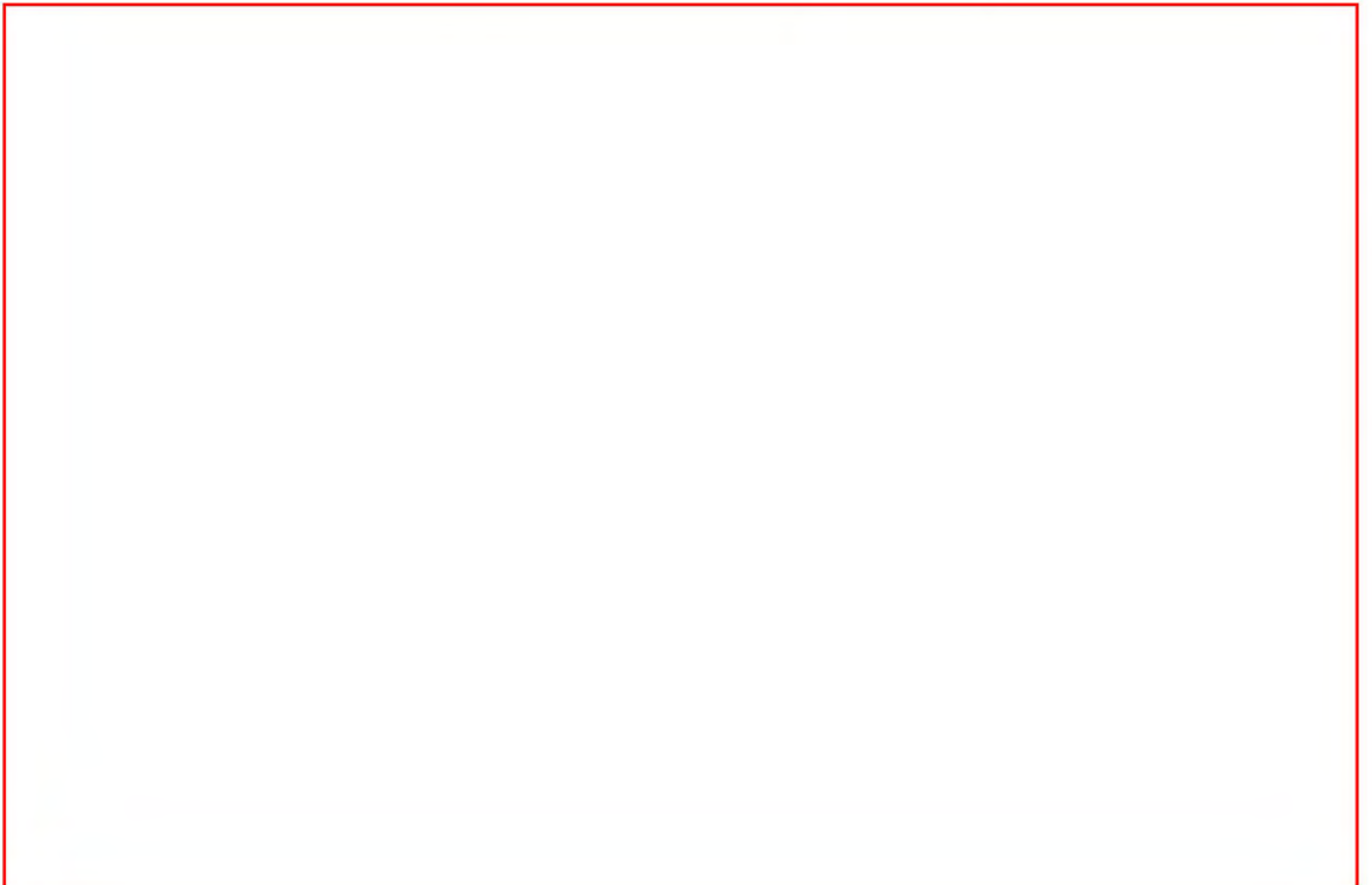
AIDAN OLIVER conductor

Aidan Oliver is one of the most sought-after choral directors in the UK. He is Director of Music at St Margaret's Westminster, the Parliamentary Church, and the founding chorus master of Philharmonia Voices, the professional chorus that performs regularly with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Founded at the invitation of the Philharmonia in 2004, this is now one of the country's leading choirs.

Working predominantly in the fields of opera and choral music, Aidan assists regularly on the music staff at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and, as a chorus master, has worked with all London's major choruses including the BBC Singers, BBC Symphony Chorus, Philharmonia Chorus, New London Chamber Choir, London Symphony Chorus and The Bach Choir.

Working particularly closely with Esa-Pekka Salonen, Aidan has also assisted Kent Nagano, Osmo Vänskä, Martyn Brabbins, Christoph von Dohnányi, Charles Dutoit, Thomas Adès, and András Schiff. Recent projects involving Philharmonia Voices have included everything from Wagner's *Tristan* to the first ever concert performance of the complete *Singin' in the Rain* soundtrack. Next year Aidan will act as Principal Chorus Master for a complete Mahler Symphony cycle with Lorin Maazel.

Aidan Oliver is also the associate conductor of the St Endellion Summer Festival, and next year will appear as guest conductor with choirs including Manchester Chamber Choir, the Cheltenham Oriel Singers, Kent Youth Choir and Kingston Choral Society.



The Seasons: A Closer Listen

SPRING A tempestuous overture depicts the struggle between savage winter and the approaching spring. Only after the entry of the soloists does winter finally flee in a torrent of melting snow cascading down the slopes, before a serene flute solo ushers in the warm breeze from the south. The chorus now enter, welcoming the bountiful spring in a rustic 6/8 lilt (Come, gentle spring). A young farmer (Lucas, tenor) cheerily whistles his way up and down the furrows (With joy the impatient husbandman): the jaunty piccolo obbligato (which quotes Haydn's own *Surprise Symphony*) made this aria an instant hit with audiences. Two big solo-choral sequences make up the second half of Spring. The prayer 'Now be gracious' begins with a serene melody of hymn-like simplicity and ends with a vigorous Mozartian fugue – the first of many nods to the younger composer in this work. The final 'Song of joy' (O how lovely) depicts the season brimming over with burgeoning life and accordingly gives full rein to the powers of Haydn's fertile imagination: everything from leaping lambs to flitting birds are wittily depicted. Part I ends in a blaze of trumpets and drums (Wonderful, powerful) as the chorus give thanks for this divine bounty.

SUMMER opens in the mist just before dawn, with the oboe solo mimicking the rooster's call and rousing the shepherd (Simon, bass) to his work: the horn-calls in his charming aria (So now the cheerful shepherd) prefigure those in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. The majestic rise of the sun (And now ascends) ushers in an exhilarating chorus, before the oboe (again chosen for its rustic associations) takes centre stage in a gorgeous soprano aria (What refreshment to the senses). Looming clouds then presage the approach of a storm, with distant thunder and the first heavy drops of rain unerringly represented by Haydn's orchestral sound-effects. A flicker of lightning in the flutes marks the breaking of the storm, a superb set-piece of dramatic scene-painting (Ah, the thunderstorm draws near): its startling harmonic shifts seem to point as far forward as Berlioz. Summer (cleverly depicted in microcosm by tracing the course of a single day) then winds peacefully to an end with the evening after the storm: croaking frogs, chirping crickets and warbling quails are all faithfully depicted, before the tolling of the vesper bell calls the chorus to rest.

AUTUMN opens with a menuet-like dance before soloists and choir sound a paean to the ennobling effects of good, solid toil (So nature thus rewards) – unpromising material on paper, perhaps, but transformed in Haydn's hands into a superbly organised set-piece with a thrilling climax. The tension then relaxes with a winning love scene between Lucas (tenor) and Jane (soprano) that contains a soulful central Adagio before ending, like the Adam and Eve duet in *The Creation*, as a sprightly contredanse. Autumn reaches its climax in two brilliantly executed genre pieces: a thrilling hunting chorus (led by four braying horns), followed a rollicking drinking chorus, bringing this sociable season to a riotous end.

WINTER now brings its icy silence to the countryside. A fearful traveller loses his way in the snowy wastes (The traveller stands perplexed), providing another opportunity for Haydn to indulge in some daring harmonic twists and turns, but fortunately he reaches the refuge of a warm and cosy cottage. There the women sing as the spinning wheels whirr (a musical idea much imitated by Schubert and others), before Jane entertains the whole company with a folksong about a feisty young maid. But now the mood changes in earnest: as an icy wind blows once more, Simon draws a stern moral from the encroaching chill: 'So understand, misguided man, the picture of thy life is here!'. At the words 'For now are come thine Autumn years', Haydn quotes a passage from the Mozart's G minor Symphony (K 550): a poignant reference to Mozart's premature death. By contrast, the high wind chords after the line 'They all are vanish'd like a dream!' sound like an uncanny pre-echo of Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But all is not doom and gloom: everything else may fade, sings Simon, but 'only virtue stays.' Soloists and chorus then join to affirm, in sunny unclouded C major, that for the virtuous man, 'Spring eternal reigns'.

The Seasons

Spring

Behold how surly Winter flies; to polar regions now he goes. Now follows at his call the savage storm's tumultuous host with all its dreadful roar. And see, from craggy rocks the snow in muddy streams flows down the slopes! And see how from the south, by mild and gentle winds allur'd, the spring again appears.

Come, gentle spring! The gift of heaven, come! From deathly winter sleep bid nature now awake! O come, return, delay no more!

From Aries now the sun shines brightly down upon us here. Now frost and fog retire, and mild mists hover all about; our mother earth is now revived, enliven'd is the air.

With joy th'impatient husbandman sets forth to till the field, the furrow's length he strides along and whistles as he ploughs. And then with slow and measur'd step he casts the seed abroad, by faithful earth preserv'd it soon will grow to golden corn.

The farmer now his work hath done, avoiding neither care nor toil; the hand of nature will in time provide reward; for this he pleads to heaven above.

Now be gracious, bounteous heaven, open wide, and pour thy blessings over all our lands below. Let earth receive the dew's refreshment. Let rainfall now enrich the furrows. And let thy breezes gently blow, thy sun send forth his shining rays! To us abundant life will flow, and we will give thee thanks and praise.

Our fervent prayers are heard; the warm west wind arises and fills the sky above with sailing clouds. The clouds increase; they now descend, and pour into the lap of earth the pride and wealth of nature's store.

O how lovely is the landscape spread before our eyes! Come, dear maidens, let us wander o'er the verdant fields! O how lovely is the landscape spread before our eyes! Come, young fellows, let us wander through the fresh green woods! See the lilies, see the roses, all the flow'rs in bloom! See the pastures, see the meadows, see the open fields. See the mountains, see the rivers, see the sparkling air! All is living, all is floating, ev'ry creature now astir. See the lambs, how they are leaping! See the shoals of fishes swimming! See how all the bees are swarming! See the birds now all aflutter! O what pleasure, what enjoyment swells within our hearts! Sweetest fancies, gentle charms bring gladness to our souls. That which touches and delights you is the presence of the breath of God. Let us honour, let us worship, let us give our praise to him! In resounding song to thank him raise your voices high.

Wonderful, powerful, merciful God! From thy most blessed table dost thou provide our food, From streams of joy unending thou givest us to drink. Glory, laud and praise be thine, wonderful, merciful God.

Summer

In misty mantle now draws near the gentle morning light; with limping step at her approach the weary night retires. To dark and gloomy caves the birds of doom now take their flight, and with their mournful cries appal the timid heart no more. The herald of the new-born day, with sharp and penetrating voice, to new activity now calls the shepherd from his rest.

So now the cheerful shepherd goes to gather all his bleating flock; to pastures rich he drives them out, slowly o'er the verdant hills. Towards the East he gazes then, while leaning on his shepherd's crook, and waits to see the rising sun shed abroad his glorious light.

The rosy dawn breaks forth in light; like wisps of smoke the clouds disappear; the heav'n is clothed resplendent in blue, the mountain peaks in fiery gold.

And now ascends the sun, he climbs, he nears, he comes, he beams, he shines. Now shine with glorious pow'r the fires of his majesty. Hail, O sun, all hail! The source of light and life, all hail! Thou soul and eye of all the worlds, thou God-like shining star. We give thee grateful thanks, thou God-like shining star. For who can tell the jubilation thy gracious presence stirs in us? Who numbers them, the many blessings that of thy kindness we receive? The jubilation, who can tell? Thy blessings, O who numbers them? Who? All thanks to thee for giving joy. All thanks to thee for giving life. All thanks to thee for giving health. But more to God who gave to thee the pow'r thy beams display. Now praises come from all men, these praises nature joins.

What refreshment to the senses, what a comfort to the heart! Life through ev'ry vein is flowing, and in stirring ev'ry nerve invigorates the soul. The spirit now awakes to pleasure and to joy; with strength renew'd it lifts the heart to fresh delights.

O see! There rises in the sultry air, close by the border of the hills, a pallid fog of mist and vapour form'd. 'Tis small at first, but now expands, and soon black darkness covers all beneath the gloomy sky. Hear, from the vale, how the dull roar announces storm to come! See how the baleful

cloud with slow progression makes its way and threatens all the land below! In dread foreboding all living Nature waits. No beast, no leaf dares stir itself. A deathly hush is all around. Ah, the thunderstorm comes near! Help us, heaven! O how the thunder rolls! Now rage the winds about us! Where shall we fly? Flashes of lightning now streak through the air, the bolts from the sky now burst the clouds open, to pour down torrents of rain. Where is safety? Dreadful roars the storm. The open sky is aflame. Save us wretches! Crashing, smashing, crack on crack the thunder rolls with awful noise. Save us! The whole world shakes and trembles e'en to the ocean floor.

And now the storm has passed away; the clouds disperse, the wind dies down. Before the time to set has come the sun looks out once more, and so his final sparkling rays with pearls adorn the fields. Now to its well-accustom'd home, enliven'd and refreshed, the well-fed herd returns. The quail already calls his mate. The cricket chirps from out the grass. The frog is croaking in the marsh; the distant curfew tolls.

The evening star shines from above, inviting us to soft repose. Maidens, young men, women, come! Soothing sleep awaits us now, for this is granted honest hearts and healthy bodies after toil. We come, we follow you. The distant curfew now has toll'd.

Interval

Autumn

What with all its blossoms was promis'd by the spring, what the warmth of summer to welcome ripeness brought, autumn with its fullness shows to the farmer now. For there on heavy loaded carts th'abundant harvest home is borne. The plenty that the fields provide his massive barns can scarce contain. With cheerful eye he looks around, and measures all the bounteous produce there, and pleasure floods into his heart.

So Nature thus rewards his toil; she calls, she smiles at him, encouraging his hopefulnes, she willing gives her aid; she works for him with pow'r and strength. From thee, O toil, comes ev'ry good. The cottage, where we dwell, the clothing that we wear, our daily bread to eat, are blessings all by thee bestow'd. O toil, O noble toil, from thee comes ev'ry good. In thee all virtues grow, and manners rude are overcome. By thee the heart of man is cleans'd and purified. From thee all courage comes, that duty and good may fill our daily life.

Now see how to the hazel bush come all the eager boys! On ev'ry branch there swings around a crowd of little lads, and from the shaken bush there fall the ripened nuts like show'rs of hail. With aid of wooden steps the youthful farmer climbs to reach the highest branch, and hiding at the top, he sees his love approach. And when she steps beneath him he, hoping to surprise her, drops down a nut in fun. The maidens in the orchard meet, both great and small are there, the apples that they gather, like them are rosy red.

Ye beauties from the town, come here, and look on Nature's daughters fair, that neither paint nor arts adorn; see there my Jenny, see! The bloom of youth and health adorns her cheeks; her smiling eyes beam happiness, and from her lips comes heartfelt truth, when love to me she vows. Ye gentlemen of mode, keep off! For here your arts are spread in vain, and flatt'ring words have no effect; none here will trust in them at all. Nor gold nor splendid gifts will blind us, an honest heart is all we ask;

and all my wishes are fulfill'd if faithful is Lucas to me. Leaves will fade and fall, flow'rs and fruit decay, days and years elapse; my love will never die. Greener is the leaf, sweeter tastes the fruit, brighter shines the day, when love is in thy words. What delight when honest passion joins our hearts in fond affection, only death these bonds can break. Dearest Jenny! Darling Lucas! Love to faithful love responding is the highest peak of rapture, is life's greatest joy and bliss.

Now on the bare denuded fields some uninvited guests appear, that on the stalks found nourishment, and wander seeking further food. These little thefts do nought to harm the farmer, he can leave them be, unless excessive losses come that he can ill afford. Then action that can this prevent he sees as benefit, and willing enters on the hunt that gives his master such delight.

Hark, hark, a sonorous sound is through the forest ringing! What a clamourous din is heard throughout the wood! It is the horn with its thrilling call, the ravenous hounds are now baying. The stag already is arousd, pursuing are hunters and eager dogs.

He flies, O see how he bounds! See how he leaps! Then from the coppice he breaks for the fields, and hastens across to the thickets beyond. He now has bewilder'd the hounds, at fault they range and go astray. The hounds are now at fault, they wander here and there. The huntsman calls, and blows his horn to gather them once again. Tallyho! Ho, ho, ho!

With redoubled ardour now the pack recovers the scent of the fleeing prey. Thus overtaken by his foes, his courage and his vigour lost, exhausted now the deer will fall. Proclaiming that his end is come the jubilant song of sounding brass announces the hunters' victory. Halali! Proclaiming that the stag is dead the jubilant song of sounding brass announces the hunters' victory. Halali!

The shining grapes are fully ripe upon the branches of the vine, they call the happy vintner out to gather them without delay. Already tubs and vats below the hill are set, and from their houses villagers stream, and gather ready the welcome work to do. See how the mountainside with swarming folk is cover'd! And hear how joyful sounds from ev'ry quarter echo. The work is eased by humorous talk from morn until the evening comes, and then the sparkling juice of the grape will raise the mirth to shouts of joy.

Yo-ho, yo-ho! The wine is here, the barrels now are fill'd; so let us merry be and yo-ho, yo! From open throats we shout. Let us drink then! Drink up, brothers, let us merry be! Let us sing then, all must sing now, let us merry be! Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo! All hail to the wine. All hail to the land that brings it forth! All hail to the vat that gives it strength! All hail to the bowl from whence it flows! Brothers come and fill the tankards, drain the mugs and let us merry be! The pipes are now playing, the tabor is beating, the fiddle is screeching and buzzing the zither, the bagpipes now drone. The children are skipping, and youngsters are leaping. Now foot all the maidens, embrac'd by their lovers, the steps of the dance. Heisa, hopsa, ho. All hail to the wine, the noble wine, that trouble and grief removes, his praises sing we loud and high, exalting him a thousandfold.

Winter

Now pale, the year begins to fade, and cold the mists form round about. They wrap the mountains in their fogs, and lastly cover all the land, and e'en at noon the sun is hid in all-pervading gloom. The winter with his dismal storms now rushes forth from Lapland's caves, and his approach doth freeze all nature, fill'd with anxious care.

The trav'ler stands perplex'd, uncertain and unsure which way his wand'ring steps to turn. In vain he strives to find the road, but neither track nor path appear. In vain he struggles on his way, and wading through the drifting snow he finds himself still more astray. Now all his courage fails, and fear o'ercomes his heart, he sees the day will soon be gone, and weariness and cold turn all his limbs to stone. Now all his courage fails, and fear o'ercomes his heart: but suddenly his searching eye discovers nearby shining lights. With life restor'd to him, and joyful beating heart, he runs in haste to reach the house where, stiff and cold, he hopes relief to find.

As he draws near, into his ears, till now by the howling winds oppress'd, comes the sound of voices clear. In the warm room he happy finds a gathering of friends from nearby dwelling-places, who with light work and chatter make short the drawn-out evening hours. Around the blazing stove the fathers talk of youthful days; their sons in cheerful groups are gather'd too, repairing traps and baskets with fresh willow wands. The mothers work at the distaff, their daughters at spinning wheels seated, and all their work is cheer'd by artless song and melody.

Whirring, humming, rumbling, all the wheels are turning. Little wheel, please twist about, twist a slender thread for me, for the veil you're spinning. Weaver, weave it soft throughout, weave the veil so skilfully, for the fair that's coming. Pure within and fair without ought the maiden's breast to be, worthy then the veiling. Pure within and fair without, work and prayer and modesty sets brave lads a-wooing.

Now the flax has all been spun, the wheels no longer turn. The circle closes in, surrounded by the men and boys, impatient all to hear the tale that Jane will soon recount to them.

There was a squire as I've heard say, once lov'd a pretty maid, and, meeting her alone one day, sprung off his horse and said:

'My pretty lass you've won my heart, indulge me with a kiss.' Her heart would fain have answer'd No, her lips responded Yes!

Ha, ha, but why not answer No?

'Be not alarm'd, my pretty lass, but give thy love to me, and doubt not that I'll always prove a true love unto thee. Thou shalt be happy, see, this purse and ring to thee I grant; I'll study ev'ry wish of thine, in nothing shalt thou want!'

So so, indeed young squire, you promise fair!

'What if my brother were to know, or what my father, say, they're both in yonder field at plough, perchance they'll look this way. Were they not there why then indeed I can't say what I'd do, creep thro' the hedge and let me know if they can see us two.'

Ha, ha! What next, I pray?

The thorns and briars held him fast, as he were in a vice, Meanwhile the maid sprung on his horse and vanish'd in a trice.

'Farewell to thee, my gentle swain' she cried in bitter scorn, 'And when you next would pluck a rose you'll not forget the thorn.'

Ha, ha, well done my girl, ha ha, poor squire, goodbye!

From out the East there comes an icy blast with piercing cold. Harsh and cutting to the bone, it gathers up the fog, and steals the breath of man and beast. This tyrant, full of rage, this winter now has vict'ry won, and voiceless in her fear the whole of nature lies aghast.

So understand, misguided man, the picture of thy life is here. Thy spring was short and now is gone, exhausted is thy summer's strength. For now are come thine autumn years, while winter pale already nears, and shows to thee the open tomb. Where are those hopes of joy and gladness, those plans and lofty schemes? Misfortune's heavy burdens, the vain desire of fame? Where are they now, those times of plenty, once spent in luxury? And where those cheerful evenings and nights of revelry? Where are they now? Where? They all are vanish'd as a dream. Only virtue lasts. Alone she stays and leads us on, unchangeable, through passing days and years, through good or evil fortune, to reach the highest goal of life.

Then comes the great and glorious morn; the word of the Almighty Lord calls us to second life, from pain and death for ever free. The gates of heaven are open'd wide, the holy hill appears. There stands the house of God where peace and freedom dwell. But who may pass between those gates? The man whose life was incorrupt. And who may climb the holy hill? The man whose lips spoke only truth. And who may make that house his dwelling? The man who help'd the poor and weak. And who shall joy and peace delight in? The man who saved the innocent. O see, the glorious morn is near. Behold, the splendid light! The gates of heaven are open'd wide, the holy hill appears. Now are they gone, for ever past, the days of

woeful suff'ring, the winter storms of living, for spring eternal reigns, and everlasting happiness is virtue's true reward.

May we a like reward deserve! Let us labour, let us struggle. Let us struggle, and continue our attempt that prize to gain. Direct us in thy ways, O God, and make us strong and brave. Then shall we sing, we shall ascend into the glorious realm of heaven.
Amen.

Translation Michael Pilkington
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Dulwich Choral Society

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Dulwich Choral Society is registered charity number 264764. Donations made under gift aid will enable the income tax to be recovered as an additional benefit. For more information, please contact: **Michael Goodman** Parkside, Dulwich Common, London SE21 7EU; telephone 020 8693 3564, email mandpgoodman@dialstart.net.

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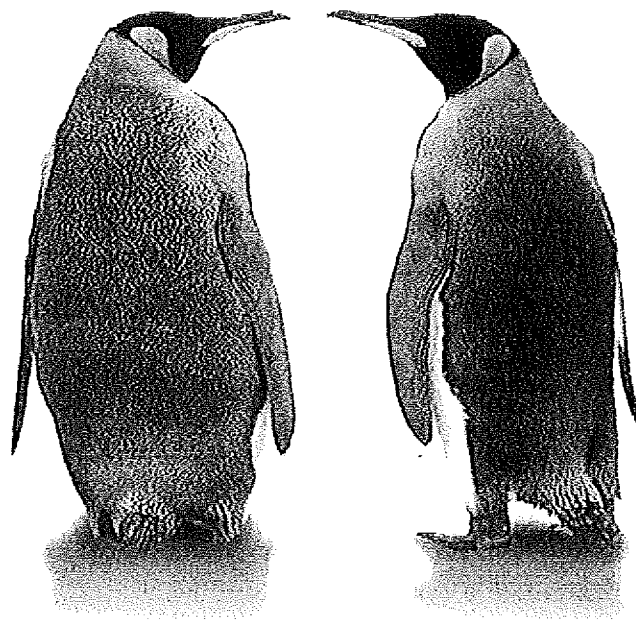
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