

The Crofton Singers

Soprano

Alison Cavadino
Ashlee Godwin
Helen Lyall
Joanna Newell
Rohini Rajendram

Alto

Helen Byrne
Olivia Furse
Diana Meteyard
Diana Newlands
Patricia Pretious

Tenor

James Bishop
Hugh Meteyard

Bass

Richard Barnard
John Hall
Greg Hartwell
David Hatch
Chris Mear



The Crofton Singers

Registered Charity No. 1012741

Musical Director: **Simon Pusey**

Summer Concert

The Crofton Singers is a friendly chamber choir, rehearsing from 8.00 pm on Thursday evenings at Bancroft's School, Woodford Green, IG8 0RF during term times. New members of all ages are always welcome: there are no formal auditions – selection is by mutual agreement after a few rehearsals. The choir has a very wide and varied repertoire including sacred, secular, classical and modern music: from Bach to Bernstein, Tallis to Cole Porter, Rachmaninov to Vaughan Williams, eight-part Mediæval Latin Mass to the close harmony of the Barbershop. We perform locally three or four times a year. Social events for all the family also form part of the calendar. If you'd like to come and sing with us, or want some more information, just pick up the phone and have a chat with the chairman Joanna Newell on 07866 186501 or contact us via our website:

www.croftonsingers.org.uk

Please also contact us if you would like to make a donation to support the Crofton Singers. As a registered charity we can claim Gift Aid on your donation which can increase its value at no extra cost to you.

Future Concerts:

Opening Concert for the Woodford Festival
Saturday 4th October, St Mary's South Woodford, 7.30 p.m.

Choral Evensong at Peterborough Cathedral
Saturday 1st November at 3.30 p.m.

Christmas Concert,
Saturday 20th December, St Mary's South Woodford, 7.30 p.m.

(See website for further details and 2015 dates.)

A celebration of the music of **John Tavener**,
and his contemporaries **Aaron Copland**,
Witold Lutosławski, **Arvo Pärt**
and **Raymond Warren**.

with

Tim Eaton (flute) & Matt Freeman (guitar)

7.30 p.m. on Saturday 28th June 2014
St Mary's Church, 207 High Road,
South Woodford, E18 2PA

Tickets £10, Concessions £8, Under 12s free

we get on with



www.croftonsingers.org.uk



Programme

In the beginning Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Solos: Ashlee Godwin, Joanna Newell, Rohini Rajendram

Bogoroditsye Dyevo Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

Mother and Child John Tavener (1944-2013)
Conductor: Chris Mear, Organ: Simon Pusey

La Maja De Goya Enrique Granados (1867-1916)
Guitar: Matt Freeman

Dancing in the wind Raymond Warren (b. 1928)
Oboe: Tim Eaton

Interval

Song for Athene John Tavener (1944-2013)

The Lamb John Tavener (1944-2013)

Three Children's Songs Witold Lutosławski (1913-1994)
Piano: Chris Mear

Gli spiriti Carlo Domeniconi (b.1947)
Guitar: Matt Freeman

Butterfly Dreams John Tavener (1944-2013)
Solo: Joanna Freeman

Bogoroditsye Dyevo

Virgin Mother of God,
Hail, Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with you.
Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb,
for you gave birth to the saviour of our souls.

Mother and Child – Brian Keeble (with interpolations)

Enamoured of its gaze
The Mother's gaze in turn
Contrives a single beam of light
Along which love may move.

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

Young Janacek Philharmonic and at festivals including Fondazione Cantiere Internazionale d'Arte di Montepulciano (Italy), Haldern Festival (Germany) and the Bromsgrove Festival (UK). Radio appearances include BBC 6 Music, BBC Manchester and Rai Radio 3 (Italy).

Chris Mear began learning the piano at the age of five, and went on to study under Sandro Ivo Bartoli. Between 2000 and 2003 Chris was an organ scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, during which time he also gave a number of piano recitals focusing on music by Chopin and Ravel. Chris now lives in London, and works as an organist, accompanist and piano teacher at Forest School, Snaresbrook.

Raymond Warren was one of the founder members of the Crofton Singers in 1947 and their first conductor. After studying composition at Cambridge with Robin Orr he had lessons with Michael Tippett. From 1955 -72 he taught at the university in Belfast, where he was also Resident Composer to the Ulster Orchestra. He moved back to England in 1972 as Professor of Music at Bristol University. His compositions include operas, orchestral and chamber music, song cycles (two of them commissioned and first performed by Peter Pears) and, of course, much choral music.

Simon Pusey has been Musical Director of the Crofton Singers since September 2009. Simon also conducts the Hemel Hempstead Singers and is the Director of Music at St. Mary's Church, Hemel Hempstead, and is active as a singer, piano accompanist and teacher.

With an involvement in choral music from his early years at the choir school of All Saints Margaret Street, London W1, Simon began to conduct his own ensembles whilst still in the sixth form at Chingford Senior High School. He subsequently became a Choral Exhibitioner at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he read Music.

Since graduation Simon has been constantly involved in musical activities as Organist, Choirmaster and Director of Music and sometimes singer with a wide variety of professional and amateur ensembles. He has had previous connections with The Crofton Singers. The choir's first conductor was his godfather, Raymond Warren. Simon sang in the choir himself for a short while before leaving for University. Not only that, his father, Andrew Pusey, was its conductor for a while in the 1970s.

And how easily he climbed, and how high.
Certainly, climbing, he wanted
To kiss the last of my world.

I have been here seven weeks.
Ghettoized.

Who loved me, found me,
Daisies call to me,
And the branches also of the white chestnut in my yard.
But I haven't seen a white butterfly here.
The last one was the last one.
There are no butterflies, here, in the ghetto.

7. Butterfly Song – Acoman Indian trans. Frances Densmore

Butterfly, butterfly, butterfly, butterfly,
Oh, look, see it hovering among the flowers,
It is like a baby trying to walk and not knowing how to go.
The clouds sprinkle down the rain.

8. Butterfly Dreams – Chuang Tse, 4th Century BC

I do not know
Whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly,
Or whether I am now a butterfly
Dreaming I am a man.

Tim Eaton began playing the oboe whilst at school in Basildon, during which time he was taught by Malcolm Mead. He became a member of the Essex Youth Orchestra and subsequently studied with Stephen Nagy at Trinity College of Music.

Tim has played with many orchestras in London and the South-East and has been principal oboist with the Aurelian Ensemble for over twenty years. He has also performed some of the major oboe concertos, including those by Mozart and Richard Strauss, with other local orchestras.

Tim has held a full time teaching post with Redbridge Music Service since 1987, where, in addition to teaching, he leads a wind ensemble giving schools concerts, coaches the Symphony Orchestra woodwind section and conducts the Intermediate Orchestra.

Matt Freeman studied classical guitar at the University of Huddersfield before going on to the Royal Northern College of Music to undertake a Masters in Performance with Gordon Crosskey and Craig Ogden. He has given recitals around the UK, as well as in South Africa, Germany and Italy. Matt has appeared with a number of orchestras including Manchester Camerata and the

Through seeing, through touch,
Through hearing the new-born heart
Conduits of being join.

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

So is the image of heaven within
Started into life.

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

As in the first adoration
Another consciousness has come to praise
The single theophanic light
That threads all entrants here –

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

This paradise where all is formed of love
As flame to flame is lit.

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

ATMA

Hail Maria! Hail Sophia! Hail Maria!

Sophia: The Eternal Feminine

theophanic: of a manifestation or appearance of God or a god to a person

ATMA: The True Self

Dancing in the Wind

1. To a Child Dancing in the Wind

W.B. Yeats (1865-1939)

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

2. Snow

Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

In the gloom of whiteness,
In the great silence of snow,
A child was sighing
And bitterly saying: "Oh,
They have killed a white bird up there on
her nest,
The down is fluttering from her breast,"
And still it fell through that dusky brightness
On the child crying for the bird of the snow.

3. The Self Unseeing

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

Here is the ancient floor,
Footworn and hollowed and thin,
Here was the former door
Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair,
Smiling into the fire;
He who played stood there,
Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;
Blessings emblazoned that day;
Everything glowed with a gleam;
Yet we were looking away.

4. A Child in the Night

Elizabeth Jennings (1926-2001)

The child stares at the stars. He does not
know
Their names. He does not care. Time halts
for him

And he is standing on the earth's far rim
As all the sky surrenders its bright show.

He will not feel like this again until
He falls in love. He will not be possessed
By dispossession till he has caressed
A face and in its eyes seen stars stand still.

Song for Athene – Shakespeare (*Hamlet*) & the Orthodox Funeral Service

Alleluia. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Alleluia. Remember me, O Lord, when you come into your kingdom
Alleluia. Give rest, O Lord, to your handmaid who has fallen asleep.
Alleluia. The Choir of Saints have found the well-spring of life and door of paradise.
Alleluia. Life: a shadow and a dream.
Alleluia. Weeping at the grave creates the song: Alleluia.
Come, enjoy rewards and crowns I have prepared for you. Alleluia.

Three Children's Songs

1. A Night in May –

based on words by L Krzemieniecka

Stars pierce the forest with their light.
Come, share with us this silver night.
In the starlight birds are winging,
Swiftly soaring, softly singing,
On a night in May.

Stars pierce the forest with their light.
Come, share with us this silver night.
In the highest treetops nesting,
Nightingales are singing, resting,
On a night in May.

In the nest a nightingale
is softly, sweetly singing;
And his children sing with him
the lyric song repeating.
But they don't remember quickly.
Tir li, tir li, tir li...

“Children, you are not in tune!
Try harder with your singing!
When I was a child like you
and I was just beginning,
This is what my parents taught me.
Tir li, tir li, tir li...

“Children you must listen
to each single tone I'm singing.
Difficult it may be,
but with practice and repeating,
You can learn to be an artist.
Tir li, tir li, tir li...

2. Windowpanes of Ice –

based on words by A Barto

Morning tints the river with its glow,
and the fresh winds blow.
Window panes of ice are gleaming
on the rushing stream.

Listen to the music far below;
restless waters flow.
In the depths the stream is singing,
tones resound and ring.

Winter grips the stream with ice and cold
in a prison hold.
Let us break the icy windows,
let the stream run free.

3. In Every Seashell -

based on words by A Barto

In every little seashell
we hear eternity:
The echo of the wild wave,
the pounding of the sea.

In every little seashell
we hear eternity:
The beating of the white wings,
the seagull flying free.

In every little seashell
we hear eternity:
The surging of the high tide,
the vast and timeless sea.

The Lamb – William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, & bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, & he is mild;
He became a little child.
I, a child, & thou a lamb
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Butterfly Dreams

1. Butterfly Dreams – Chuang Tse, 4th Century BC

I do not know
Whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly,
Or whether I am now a butterfly
Dreaming I am a man.

2. Haiku – Kokku

Over the Dianthus. See.
A white butterfly,
Whose soul I wonder.

3. Haiku – Buson

Butterfly in my hand,
as if it were a spirit,
unearthly,
insubstantial.

4. Haiku – Issa

The flying butterfly, I feel myself a creature of dust.

5. Haiku – Anon

It has no voice,
the butterfly,
whose dream of flowers I fain would hear.

6. The Butterfly – Pavel Friedmann, trans. Dennis Silk

He was the last. Truly the last.
Such yellowness was bitter and blinding
Like the sun's tear shattered on stone.
That was his true colour.