

# *Writtle*Singers

Conductor: Christine Gwynn



## TIME PIECES

Saturday 15 July 2017

7:30pm

All Saints' Church, Writtle



## WELCOME

Thank you for joining us tonight for a programme of very varied reflections on the passage of time: poetry and prose from a wide range of authors and musical settings by composers from the 16th century to the present day. We are especially delighted that Janet Wheeler hopes to be attending this evening; it was the discovery of her choral settings of John Clare's poetry, *Time becomes a song*, that prompted the theme of this concert.

Our thanks to all who have assisted with this event, and especially to you, our audience, for sharing it with us.



## WrittleSingers

Registered Charity no 1056334

A group of people who care about how they sing  
and not just what they sing."

*Ghislaine Morgan, international vocal coach and teacher*

**Musical Director: Christine Gwynn**

**Singers:**

Jane Atkinson, Martin Atkinson, Clive Beale, Peter Brisley,  
Glyn Buckmaster, John Buckmaster, Audrey Cassidy,  
Martin Clarke, Sarah Cuff, Graham Frankel, Sue Hirst,  
Gwendoline Johnston, Martin Mason, Abby Morton,  
Emma Norton, Peter Quintrell, Catherine Reeve,  
Sophie Richards, Jean Rose, Helen Sismey,  
Andrew Taylor, Elizabeth Tiplin

## *Friends of Writtle Singers*

We are most grateful to our existing Friends listed below, and to those who wish to remain anonymous, for their continuing support.

Pamela Butt, Keith Byatt, Anne Coverley, Martin Fairhurst,  
Alistair Fiddes, Heather Gwynn, Brian Marsh, Vera Mason,  
Graham Reeve, Pamela Rose, Martin Taylor, Kath Thompson,  
Chris Watts, Veronica Watts

For more details of our Friends scheme,  
please ring Martin Mason on 01277 657774.



## *Stay in touch with Writtle Singers*

From Michael Gray's Arts Blog review of our recent performance of Gabriel Jackson's *To the Field of Stars*:

*An intriguing poetic reflection on pilgrimage and life's journeys, its elusive melodies and rich harmonies beautifully handled by the choir*

[michaelgray.blogspot.co.uk](http://michaelgray.blogspot.co.uk)

You can stay in touch with news of Writtle Singers on-line:

- ⇒ visit our website [www.writtlesingers.org](http://www.writtlesingers.org)
- ⇒ find Writtle Singers on Facebook
- ⇒ join our mailing list to be notified of forthcoming events  
email [info@writtlesingers.org](mailto:info@writtlesingers.org)  
or ring John Buckmaster on 01992 611711

~ PART ONE ~

April is in my mistress' face

*Thomas Morley c1557-1602*

Reading: Time is

*Henry van Dyke 1852-1933*

Now is the month of Maying

*Thomas Morley*

Reading: The seven ages of man from *As you like it*

*William Shakespeare 1564-1616*

What is our life

*Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625*

Reading: The Sunne Rising

*John Donne 1572-1631*

To be sung of a summer night on the water

*Frederick Delius 1862-1934*

Summer is gone

*Samuel Coleridge-Taylor 1875-1912*

Reading: Vanished into the ether from *Out of Silence*

*Susan Tones b.1954*

Time becomes a song

*Janet Wheeler b.1957*

Clock-a-clay

No single hour can stand for nought

O wert thou in the storm

With love alone to dwell

Little Trotty Wagtail

Reading: Taming the fox from *The Little Prince*

*Antoine de Saint-Exupéry 1900-1944*

Water Night

*Eric Whitacre b.1970*

~ INTERVAL ~

~ PART TWO ~

As torrents in summer

*Edward Elgar 1857-1934*

Stars of the summer night

*John Hatton 1809-1886*

Reading: Time from *The Prophet*

*Kahlil Gibran 1883-1931*

Evening Song

*Zoltán Kodály 1882-1967*

Abendlied

*Josef Rheinberger 1831-1901*

Reading: Preludes I & II

*T S Eliot 1888-1965*

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans

*Claude Debussy 1862-1918*

Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain

Reading: Sleep from *Five Elizabethan Songs*

*John Fletcher 1579-1625*

Draw on sweet night

*John Wilbye 1574-1638*

Reading: The fields are full

*Edward Shanks 1892-1953*

The long day closes

*Arthur Sullivan 1842-1900*

Goodnight Sweetheart

*Calvin Carter 1925-1986 and James Hudson 1934-2007*

arr. Kirby Shaw

## Texts and translations

### Abendlied ~ Rheinberger

Bleib bei uns,  
denn es will Abend werden,  
und der Tag hat sich geneiget.

*Bide with us,  
for evening shadows darken,  
and the day will soon be over.*

### Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans ~ Debussy

1 DIEU! QU'IL LA FAIT BON REGARDER  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder  
La gracieuse bonne et belle.  
Pour les grans biens qui sont en elle,  
Chacun est prêt de la louer.  
Qui se pourrait d'elle lasser?  
Toujours sa beauté renouvelle.  
Par de ça, ne de là, la mer  
Ne sais dame ni damoiselle  
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.  
C'est un songe que d'i penser.

*God, how good it is to behold her  
the good and beautiful gentlewoman!  
For the great virtues that are hers,  
everyone is ready to praise her.  
Who could tire of her?  
Her beauty is continually renewed.  
On this side or across the sea,  
I know of no lady or maiden  
who is in every way so very perfect.  
It is dreaming to imagine that.*

2 QUANT J'AI OUY LE TABOURIN  
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may  
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin

*Whenever I hear the little drum  
so clear, which calls us to the may  
snug I'll lie at the break of day,  
scarcely is my head to be seen;*

En disant: il est trop matin  
Ung peu je me rendormirai:  
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s'en aller au may.

*Murmuring: it is far too soon  
let's sleep a little more, I say  
whenever I hear the little drum  
so clear, which calls us to the may.*

Jeunes gens partent leur butin:  
De non cha loir m'accointeray  
A lui je m'a butineray  
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;

*Boys and girls, let them have their fun;  
but nonchalance will be my way,  
with him I'd rather play today,  
I'll lie here, let the others run*

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s'en aller au may.  
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray  
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

*Whenever I hear the little drum  
so clear, which calls us to the may  
snug I'll lie at the break of day,  
scarcely is my head to be seen.*

3 YVER, VOUS N'ETES QU'UN VILLAIN  
Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain,  
Été est plaisant et gentil  
En témoin de mai et d'avril  
Qui l'accompagnent soir et main.  
Été revet champs, bois et fleurs  
De sa livrée de verdure  
Et de maintes autres couleurs  
Par l'ordonnance de nature.

*Winter, you are just a knave.  
Summer is pleasant and nice,  
as evidenced by May and April  
who accompany it night and day.  
Summer clothes fields, woods, and flowers  
with its livery of green  
and of many other colours  
in the natural arrangement.*

Mais vous, Yver, trop êtes plein  
De nège, vent, pluie et grésil.  
On vous doit banir en exil.  
Sans point flater je parle plein:  
Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un villain.

*But you, Winter, are too full  
of snow, wind, rain, and sleet.  
You should be banished into exile.  
Without flattering at all, I say plainly:  
Winter, you are just a knave.*

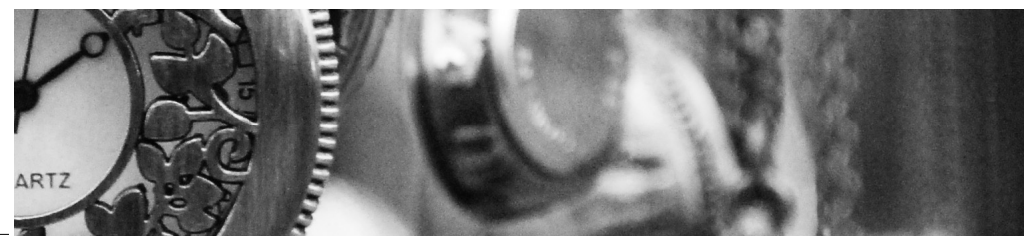
### The Essex connection to the poet JOHN CLARE 1793-1864

Clare wrote the poem *A walk in the Forest* during his time in Dr Matthew Allen's asylum at High Beach, Epping Forest; an enlightened institution for its time where only the most severe cases were incarcerated. Others were treated with conversation and therapeutic physical activity. They were allowed to wander freely and explore the forest paths. This freedom eventually led to Clare absconding and famously walking more than 80 miles back to his home near Peterborough.



*I love the forest and its airy bounds,  
Where friendly Campbell takes his daily rounds,  
I love the breakneck hills that headlong go,  
And leave me high, and half the world below.  
I love to see the Beach Hill mounting high,  
The brook without a bridge, and nearly dry.  
There's Bucket's Hill \*, a place of furze and clouds,  
Which evening in a golden blaze enshrouds:  
I hear the cows go home with tinkling bell,  
And see the woodman in the forest dwell,  
Whose dog runs eager where the rabbit's gone  
He eats the grass, then kicks and hurries on;  
Then scrapes for hoarded bone, and tries to play,  
And barks at larger dogs and runs away.*

\* Buckhurst Hill



## *Forthcoming Events from Writtle Singers*

### *Open Rehearsal*

Monday 18 September 2017 7:45pm

### *Autumn Concert*

Saturday 11 November 2017 7:30pm

### *Candlelit Christmas Concert*

Wednesday 13 December 2017 8:00pm

all at All Saints' Church, Writtle

Look at our website for more details - [www.writtlesingers.org](http://www.writtlesingers.org)  
where concert tickets can also be purchased



## *Writtle Singers CDs*

*Wroving* ~ music from our travels

*Wrejoice!* ~ Christmas music

*Wrelax* ~ soothing music

All three CDs are available to buy tonight,  
price £7 each

*Buy 2 or more CDs for only £5 each*

For further copies of our CDs,  
visit our website [www.writtlesingers.org](http://www.writtlesingers.org)