



Serendipity
the choir

Associate Artist | Miranda Lean
Actress Extraordinaire

Music Director | Kerith Fowles

Bundanoon Memorial Hall

Friday 24th MAY - 6pm
Saturday 25th MAY - 3pm

Bowral Uniting Church

Saturday 1st JUNE - 3pm

WINTER'S A DRAG



THE PERFORMERS

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|------------------------------|-----------|
| Kerith Fowles | Conductor |
| Ann Clipsham & Yvonne D'Arcy | Pianists |
| Miranda Lean | Actress |

SINGERS

| | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Amelia O'Dubhain | Ian Perkins |
| Andre Skrt | Jan King |
| Bert de Hosson | Jane Irwin |
| Brian Goodes | Jean de Hosson |
| Cathy Hughes | Karen Granger |
| Desley O'Farrell | Louise Cassidy |
| Eric Conley | Meg Herbert |
| Fran Bosly-Craft | Michele Nobbs |
| Georgie Hurba | Min Aistrophe |
| Gillian Dunstan | Richard Bosly-Craft |
| Graeme Whisker | Rob Dunstan |
| Greg Oehm | Rose Conley |
| Heather Bone | Sue Reid |
| Ian O'Farrell | |

THE PROGRAMME

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| Poem: Winter Song | Shakespeare |
| Extracts from: "Where Icicles Hang" | Rutter |
| 1. Icicles | Shakespeare |
| | Solist: Louise Cassidy |
| 2. Winter Nights | Campion |
| 3. Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind | Shakespeare |
| 4. Hay Ay | anon. c. 1500 |
| Poem: Sonnet 97 | Shakespeare |
| From: "Three Japanese Poems" | R.M. Gray |
| 1. Snow | c.10 th Japanese |
| 2. Wind | c. 9 th Japanese |
| The Christmas Song | words & music Torme arr. Snyder |
| (Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire) | |
| Poem – Winter - My Secret | C.G.Rosetti |
| Glow | Esch/Whitacre |
| (From: Disney "World of Colour : Winter Dreams") | |
| L'Hiver from "Isis" | Lully |
| ~ INTERVAL WITH REFRESHMENTS ~ | |
| I Gave Her Cakes – a catch | Shakespeare/Purcell |
| Poem- Winter is Mine | X.Gomez |
| Winter | Walter de la Mare/Giamanco arr. Beck |
| Skye Boat Song | Scottish Trad arr. Chilcott |
| Winter Wonderland | Smith/Bernard arr. Weir |
| Poem – Winter is Warmest | anon. |
| Velvet Shoes | Wylie/Thompson arr. Clipsham |
| My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land | Lang/Elgar |
| Poem – Winter Complaint | O.Nash |
| Baby, It's Cold Outside | words & music Loesser arr. Kerr |

PROGRAMME NOTES

Ah, winter - surely the season to get more grumbles about the temperature and the rain than any other. And those long winter nights *do* drag on! And yet, there seem to be more songs about winter than summer – why is that?! In today's concert we will present you with a sample – and a question. After today's concert, is winter *really* a drag?

Winter is often associated with Christmas – “In the bleak midwinter” and all that – so we will have no Christmas carols today. Instead, we present part of the cycle of winter-related texts by the master setter of carols, John Rutter. Rutter drew the texts from a variety of sources – two from Shakespeare (*Icicles* and *Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind*), one by Thomas Campion (*Winter Nights*) and one traditional text (*Hay Ay*.) Rutter's setting cleverly uses angularity and staccato in the music to capture the crispness of winter, and rollicking rhythms to capture convivial celebrations with companions to ward off winter's wiles. Not always the style we expect from Rutter, this setting nevertheless illustrates winter in all its aspects, and we are sure there is much in these movements that you will find interesting. And if not a Christmas carol as such, *Chestnuts Roasting On An Open Fire* mentions Christmas, but more importantly draws together those ideas of conviviality and togetherness – in winter, what could be better than eating chestnuts roasted on an open fire with friends and family?

Quite by accident, *Baby, It's Cold Outside* was planned for this concert before it became the focus of the #MeToo movement for its apparently coercive lyrics. Is it really that bad? You listen and decide.... One can certainly imagine Henry Purcell saying it, regardless. Purcell allegedly died from a chill caught on a cold November night in 1695 – legend says that, following a night of too much carousing, his wife Frances locked him out. Henry was certainly fond of a good night with his mates John Dryden and Nahum Tate down at the local hostelry – did they sing *I Gave Her Cakes and I Gave Her Ale* whilst there? The gentlemen of **Serendipity: the Choir** appear to think so, judging by their drunken interpretation of Purcell's somewhat ribald catch!

Winter in other countries has not been forgotten. And if still distinctly set in the northern hemisphere, the settings of two old Japanese poems *Snow* and *Wind* give us a new, yet strangely familiar viewpoint on the effects of the season. While snow is an infrequent event in the Southern Highlands, we are doubtless familiar with the change a snowfall makes to the landscape that makes our connection with the Japanese text easier.

Wind, meanwhile, is no stranger to our winter (Hello, August, we are talking about you!), so the effects of blown leaves littering the highways and byways will bridge the gap between oriental and occidental. And speaking of occidental, from American poetess Elinor Wylie comes the text *Velvet Shoes*, set by Randall Thompson. Wylie's text remains highly acclaimed – Louis Untermeyer (himself a noted poet) remarked that “never has snow-silence been more unerringly communicated.” Listen, and be transported....

As if to test if **Serendipity: the Choir** listens during rehearsals (Of course we do! A bit....), Kerith selected several pieces called “Winter”, including the afore-mentioned *Winter Nights*. Oh, the confusion *that* caused! Thankfully, the work by the French Baroque master Jean-Baptiste Lully was originally in French, so most often was referred to as *L'Hiver*. Making use of staccato (and one's abdominal muscles) the teeth-chattering, frozen nature of winter is well evident. By adding the word “Wonderland” to the title, those who were listening more closely could find that piece that tells us of the more enjoyable aspects of winter – sleighs, snowmen and strolls with significant others. Finally, plain old *Winter* by Anthony Giamanco, takes a text by Walter de la Mare and gives us a traditional view of winter – red-breasted robins, leafless trees, weak sunlight and lots of moonlight. Ah, yes, all the things we expect....

From the Southern Highlands to the Scottish Highlands, where it is said the weather can be so changeable that four seasons in a day is not uncommon. By revered British composer, Edward Elgar, comes the sublime *My Love Dwelt In A Northern Land*, a text by Scottish author Andrew Lang. More earthy than his famous books about fairies, Lang's text retains a faerie quality, and where – despite the fleeting mention of summer – the cold, cheerless winter is never far away. Enduringly Scottish is *The Skye Boat Song*, a much-loved (if completely apocryphal) tale of the flight of Bonnie Prince Charlie, where winter storms lash the boat – and our senses.

Finally, and in what proved to be part of another confusing triumvirate with *Snow* and *Blow* is *Glow* by Eric Whitacre with the text by Edward Esch. Written as the introduction to the “World of Color: Winter Dreams” animation at Walt Disney World, *Glow* perfectly illustrates a sunrise on a pristine, snow-covered land and the promise of spring's soon arrival. In Whitacre's hands, winter's pains are a promise of fruitfulness and reawakening. And while winter may be a drag, we should take heart – warmer weather is around the corner. And that isn't a drag....

WHERE ICICLES HANG

1. When Icicles Hang by the Wall

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
While greasy Joan doth keel (cool)
the pot.

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.

Winter Nights (cont.)

The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures
are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

3. 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.

Chorus:

*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 remembered not.

Chorus.

*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.*

4. Hay, Ay

Hay, ay, hay, ay
Make we merry as we may!
Now is Yule come with gentyll cheer;*
In mirth and games he has no peer;
In every land where he comes near
Is mirth and games, I dare say well.

Now is come a messenger
Of your lord, Sir New Year.
Bids us all be merry here
And make us merry as we may.

Therefore, every man that is here,
Sing a carol in his manner;
If he has none we shall him teach
So that we be merry away.

Whosoever makes heavy cheer,*
Were he never to me so dear;
In a ditch I would he were
To dry his clothes 'til it were day!

Mend the fire and make good cheer!
Fill the cup, Sir Butler!
Let every man drink to his fere.*
Thus ends my carol: with care away!

L'HIVER from *Isis*

The winter chill torments us with cruel
blasts relentless.
It makes our voices quake: from the cold
they tremble and shake.

CHORUS: The snow and icicles quiver as
we shudder, freeze and shiver.

Like statues clothed in frost our senses
numb are lost.
Even the rocks now crack, and they
possess strength we lack. CHORUS

From THREE JAPANESE POEMS

1. Yuki - Snow

Asaborake ariake no tsuki to.
Miru made ni, yoshino no sato ni, fure ru
shira yuki.
Miru made ni, yoshino no sato ni, fure
shira yuki.

Translation:

Surely the morning moon has bathed the
hill in light.
But no, I see it is the snow, that falling
gently in the night,
has made Yoshino white.

(*Yoshino, in southern Nara Prefecture is one
Japan's most famous, and hard to reach,
cherry blossom viewing spots.*)

2. Wind

Yama gawa, yama gawa, gawa ni.
Yama gawa ni, kaze no kaketaru.
Shigarami wa, nagare mo aenu.

Translation:

The stormy winds of yesterday the maple
branches shook;
And see! A mass of crimson leaves has
lodged within that nook,
And choked the mountain brook.

* *gentyll cheer* = excellent fun.
* *makes heavy cheer* = is mournful
* *fere* = companion



~acknowledges with thanks~

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|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Alan Weston – signage | Jennie Fea – lighting & sound |
| Anthony Abrahams – rehearsal venue | Luke Menteith – artwork |
| Brian Haydon – Highlands FM | Southern Highlands Tourism |
| Brian Wright – lighting and sound | Radio 2ST and 2GN |
| Hindmarsh & Walsh, Bundanoon | The Brown Bookshop, Bowral |
| Ian Prior – Bowral Uniting Church | Wingecarribee Shire Council |

Elaine Staziker & June Pronk – Refreshment Team Co-ordinators

Jan King – Publicity Co-ordinator

Karen Whisker –Front-of-House

~ and our many willing assistants

To be kept informed of *Serendipity* events, please add your name to one of the “Serenes” clipboard lists which are available at the ticket table, or visit our wonderful website: serendipitythechoir.com

YOUR NOV/DEC 2019 DIARY DATES



| | | |
|----------------------|----------------------------|--------|
| Saturday 30 November | Bowral Uniting Church Hall | 4.00pm |
| Friday 6 December | Bundanoon Memorial Hall | 6.00pm |
| Saturday 7 December | Bundanoon Memorial Hall | 4.00pm |

S.H. Serendipity Choir Inc. is a member of the Australian National Choral Association