

Britten 100

Directed by Paul Provost
with

Jon English - *Tenor*

Robert Patterson - *Organ*

The Chameleon Arts Orchestra,
Choristers from Holy Trinity Church, Guildford, and
Choristers from Holy Trinity Church, Dartford,

Directed by George Richford



Photo: On Aldeburgh Beach by Hans Wild, *Image courtesy of www.britten100.org.*

Saturday 7th December 2013
7:30pm at The Church of St. Peter and St. Paul,
Old Town, Lingfield, Surrey, RH7 6AH.



www.britten100.org

The North Downs Consort
Chamber Choir

Registered Charity 282466

Welcome and Thanks:

The **North Downs Consort** would like to welcome you to this special church for our Britten Concert and to thank the Reverend Kathryn Percival, the Church Wardens and everyone else who has helped us.

Programme:

A Hymn of St Columba - Benjamin Britten

Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei – Henry Purcell

A Hymn to the Virgin – Benjamin Britten

Rejoice in the Lamb - Benjamin Britten

~ Interval ~

Saint Nicolas - Benjamin Britten

Programme notes:

This year there have been many concerts and events celebrating the 100th birthday of the composer Benjamin Britten. It is no accident that a large number of these have been choral concerts, since it is his writing for voices which largely defines his identity. From large-scale operas to small 'church parables', from the great profundity of *'War Requiem'* to the little gem of *'A Hymn to the Virgin'*, Britten was a composer who could adapt his own inimitable style to each individual work. His exceptional talent in setting the English language to music is rightly acknowledged. This skill will be seen throughout tonight's concert, particularly in his setting of Christopher Smart's words in *'Rejoice in the Lamb'*.

The first half of tonight's concert contains several contrasting works - all unmistakably by Britten. *'A Hymn of Saint Columba'* vividly depicts a cataclysmic scene, using the opening melodic sweep throughout, along with a real uncertainty over minor/major keys, helped by the use of whole-tone scales. *'A Hymn to the Virgin'* presents a completely different sound, this time with a more overtly strophic structure. Here, he treats the ancient words of this carol with extreme delicacy and tenderness, assigning the Latin words to a distant semi-chorus, which makes them seem somehow 'otherworldly'. *'Rejoice in the Lamb'* is really a litany of praise to God, particularly Christ, as King. Although the words seem nonsensical (indeed, Smart was in an asylum when he wrote the text), it is Britten's setting which provides us with insight into what this text is telling us. Also

included in this concert is Henry Purcell's '*Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei*', a rare Latin work by this restoration composer. Purcell was himself a great innovator and a source of great inspiration for Britten - indeed Britten provided inspired realisations of accompaniments for many Purcell songs. This particular piece, dealing with the text 'Why do the heathen so furiously rage', is full of chromatic colour, and sounds well ahead of its time.

We finish the evening with the Cantata Saint Nicolas, which is one of Britten's slightly larger scale works demonstrating his dramatic skill, and brings together many of his various compositional facets.

Paul Provost

Benjamin Britten's St Nicolas:

Britten's cantata, Saint Nicolas, was commissioned to celebrate the centenary of Lancing College, Sussex. Its first official performance took place at the College in July 1948, though in fact it had already received an unofficial premiere six weeks earlier, at the opening concert of the very first Aldeburgh Festival. Britten himself conducted both these performances, with the part of Nicolas sung by his partner, Peter Pears, a former pupil of Lancing College. The piece is scored for chorus, treble soloists, tenor solo, piano duet, organ, percussion and strings, with a libretto by Eric Crozier. The cantata tells the story of the life and achievements - some real but mostly legendary - of Nicolas, the 4th-century bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor.

Very few facts about Nicolas's life are known for certain. It seems that he was born into a wealthy family and was educated by the Church. After his parents died of the plague he gave all his wealth to charity and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He returned to the city of Myra where he became Bishop, serving there until his death. During the persecution of the Christians he was imprisoned by the Emperor Diocletian. He was one of the three hundred and eighteen bishops summoned to attend the first great Church Council at Nicaea.

Little else is known about Nicolas. Nevertheless, he is immortalised in many legends that tell of his care of the poor and oppressed, and his power of appearing from great distances when called. The three golden balls that he carries in statues and pictures symbolise the three purses of gold that he is said to have given secretly in order to rescue three girls from prostitution, a story that is the origin of the pawnbrokers' sign. Another episode relates how he rescued three sailors from drowning, as a result of which he became the patron saint of sailors. However, the miracle attributed to Nicolas that confirmed his position as one of the most pre-eminent saints was his restoration to life of three small boys who at a time of dreadful famine had been pickled in brine by a wicked butcher. From this macabre tale emerged the practice of giving presents to deserving children. With this in mind, and the fact that the Feast of St. Nicolas falls on the 6th of December, it is easy to see how the popular image of St. Nicolas gradually evolved into the much-loved figure of Santa Claus. Following the Reformation, there was a marked decline in the status of many saints, but Nicolas's popularity continued

undiminished. He is the patron saint of Russia and Greece, and of course, children.

Britten was always a very practical composer who was equally at home whether writing for modest amateur performances or for international occasions with virtuoso professional soloists. He once said *'It is the composer's duty, as a member of society, to speak to or for his fellow human beings.....I want my music to be of use to people, to please them, to enhance their lives'* (extracts from his response to receiving the first Aspen Award in 1964).

All Britten's music testifies to this philosophy and Saint Nicolas is no exception. The cantata begins with an introductory movement, followed by scenes dealing with Nicolas's birth and early piety, and his calling to holy orders. Next there is a vivid depiction of a storm at sea and Nicolas's rescue of the drowning sailors whilst on his way to Palestine. The following movements relate his elevation to Bishop, his imprisonment, his bringing back to life of the three pickled boys and other marvellous works. The final scene tells of his tranquil acceptance of death. Saint Nicolas was Britten's first large-scale work written with mainly amateur performers in mind, and is a wonderful example of his outstanding ability to capture the essence of his subject matter with a series of dramatic yet essentially simple ideas to which performers and audiences can immediately relate.

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More about Benjamin Britten:

There are many resources for learning more about Benjamin Britten, and the many performances of his work which continue through until 2014, including the Britten 100 website. We thank britten100 for providing photographic and other material in the production of this programme.

Many discussions, articles, performances and broadcasts are available to view via media websites as well as sites especially devoted to learning about and enjoying Britten's special work and his place in history and our collective affection.

www.brittenpears.org/new-to-britten/the-music **Find clips of Britten's music**
www.brittenpears.org/new-to-britten/the-man **A video about Britten's life**
www.brittenpears.org/new-to-britten/learning **Educational resources including an Interactive version of The Young person's Guide to the Orchestra**

<http://www.classicfm.com/composers/britten/guides/10-reasons-love>
<http://brittenaldeburch.co.uk/>

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www.britten100.org

A Hymn of St Columba (1962)

Benjamin Britten (Text attributed to St Columba, 521-597)

Regis regum rectissimi
prope est dies Domini,
dies iræ et vindictæ,
tenebrarum et nebulæ,

Regis regum rectissimi.

Diesque mirabilium
tonitruorum fortium,
dies quoque angustiae,
mæroris ac tristitiæ.

Regis regum rectissimi.

In quo cessabit mulierum
amor et desiderium,
nominumque contentio
mundi hujus et cupido,

*King of Kings and Lords most high,
Comes his day of judgement nigh:
Day of shadows and vengeance stark,
Day of wrath and cloudy dark.*

King of Kings and of Lords most high.

*Thunder shall rend that day apart,
Wonder amaze each fearful heart.*

*Anguish and pain and deep distress
Shall mark that day of bitterness.*

King of Kings and Lord of Lords most high.

*That day the pangs of lust will cease,
Man's questioning heart shall be at peace;
Then shall the great no more contend
And worldly fame be at an end*

Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei

Henry Purcell (1659 - 1695)

Soloists: Tenor Richard Hall, Bass Steve Tatler

Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei, quam multi insurgunt contra me.
Lord, how are they increased that trouble me : many are they that rise against me.

Quam multi dicunt de anima mea, non est ulla salus isti in Deo plane.
Many one there be that say of my soul : There is no help for him in his God.

A tu, Jehova, clypeus est circa me: Gloria mea, et extollens caput meum.
But thou, O Lord, art my defender : thou art my worship, and the lifter up of my head.

Voce mea ad Jehova clamanti, respondit mihi e monte sanctitatis suae maxime.
I did call upon the Lord with my voice : and he heard me out of his holy hill.

Ego cubui et dormivi, ego expergefeci me, quia Jehova sustenat me.
I laid me down and slept, and rose up again : for the Lord sustained me.

Non timebo a myriadibus populi, quas circum disposuerint metatores contra me.
I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the people : that have set themselves against me round about.

Surge, surge Jehova, fac salvum me, Deus mi; qui percussisti omnes inimicos meos maxilliam, dentes improborum confregisti.
Up, Lord, and help me, O my God : for thou smitest all mine enemies upon the cheekbone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.

Jehova est salus super populum tuum, sit benedictio tua maxime.
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord : and thy blessing is upon thy people.

A Hymn to the Virgin

Benjamin Britten (Written 1930, Revised 1934)

Quartet: *Soprano* Ros Hall, *Alto* Pauline Whyte, *Tenor* Richard Hall, *Bass* Roger Fellows

Of one that is so fair and bright *Velut maris stella*, (*As the star of the sea*),

Brighter than the day is light, *Parens et puella*: (*Parent and child*:-)

I cry to thee, thou see to me,

Lady, pray thy Son for me, *Tam pia*, (*So pious*),

That I may come to thee. *Maria!* (*Mary!*)

All this world was forlorn *Eva peccatrice*, (*Sinful Eve*),

Till our Lord was y-born *De te genetrice*. (*Of your Mother*.)

With ave it went away

Darkest night, and comes the day *Salutis* (*Greetings*)

The well springeth out of thee. *Virtutis*. (*Virtue*.)

Lady, flow'r of ev'rything, *Rosa sine spina*, (*Rose without a thorne*),

Thou bare Jesu, Heaven's King, *Gratia divina*: (*Esteemed goddess*:-)

Of all thou bear'st the prize,

Lady, queen of paradise, *Electa*: (*Chosen one*:-)

Maid mild, mother es Effecta. *Effecta* (*Complete*.)

Rejoice in the Lamb

Benjamin Britten (Written 1943. Based on 'Jubilate Agno' Christopher Smart, 1722–1771)

Soloists: *Soprano* Sue Jones, *Alto* Jan Hamling, *Tenor* Stuart Heath, *Bass* John Fry

Rejoice in God, O ye Tongues; Give the glory to the Lord, and the Lamb.

Nations, and languages, and every creature in which is the breath of life.

Let man and beast appear before him, and magnify his name together.

Let Nimrod, the mighty hunter,

bind a leopard to the altar and consecrate his spear to the Lord.

Let Ishmail dedicate a tyger,

and give praise for the liberty in which the Lord has let him at large.

Let Balaam appear with an ass,

and bless the Lord his people and his creatures for a reward eternal.

Let Daniel come forth with a lion,

and praise God with all his might through faith in Christ Jesus.

Let Ithamar minister with a chamois,

and bless the name of Him that cloatheth the naked.

Let Jakim with the satyr bless God in the dance, dance, dance, dance.

Let David bless with the bear the beginning of victory to the Lord,

to the Lord the perfection of excellence.

Hallelujah for the heart of God, and from the hand of the artist inimitable,

and from the echo of the heavenly harp in sweetness magnificent and mighty. Hallelujah.

*For I will consider my cat Jeoffry.
 For he is the servant of the living God duly and daily serving him.
 For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
 For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness
 for he knows that God is his saviour.
 For God has bless'd him in the variety of his movements.
 For there is nothing sweeter than his peace when at rest.
 For I am possessed of a cat, surpassing in beauty,
 from whom I take occasion to bless Almighty God.
 For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
 For this is a true case – Cat takes female mouse –
 Male mouse will not depart, but stands threat'ning and daring. If you will let her go,
 I will engage you, as prodigious a creature as you are.
 For the Mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
 For the Mouse is of an hospitable disposition.
 For the flowers are great blessings.
 For the flowers have their angels, even the words of God's creation.
 For the flower glorifies God and the root parries the adversary.
 For there is a language of flowers.
 For the flowers are peculiarly the poetry of Christ.
 For I am under the same accusation with my Saviour,
 For they said, he is besides himself.
 For the officers of the peace are at variance with me,
 and the watchman smites me with his staff.
 For the silly fellow, silly fellow, is against me,
 and belongeth neither to me nor to my family.
 For I am in twelve hardships,
 but he that was born of a virgin shall deliver me out of all.
 For H is a spirit and therefore he is God. For K is king and therefore he is God.
 For L is love and therefore he is God. For M is musick and therefore he is God.
 For the instruments are by their rhimes,
 For the shawm rhimes are lawn fawn moon boon and the like.
 For the harp rhimes are sing ring string and the like.
 For the cymbal rhimes are bell well toll soul and the like.
 For the flute rhimes are tooth youth suit mute and the like.
 For the bassoon rhimes are pass class and the like.
 For the dulcimer rhimes are grace place beat heat and the like.
 For the clarinet rhimes are clean seen and the like.
 For the trumpet rhimes are sound bound soar more and the like.
 For the trumpet of God is a blessed intelligence and so are all the instruments in Heav'n.
 For God the Father Almighty plays upon the harp of stupendous magnitude and melody.
 For at that time malignity ceases and the devils themselves are at peace.
 For this time is perceptible to man by a remarkable stillness and serenity of soul.
 Hallelujah for the heart of God, and from the hand of the artist inimitable,
 and from the echo of the heavenly harp in sweetness magnificent and mighty.
 Hallelujah!*

Interval

St Nicolas

Benjamin Britten (Written 1948)

I. Introduction

Our eyes are blinded by the holiness you bear, The Bishop's robe, the mitre
and the cross of gold, Obscure the simple man within the saint.
Strip off your glory, Nicolas, Nicolas, and speak!

*Across the tremendous bridge of sixteen hundred years
I come to stand in worship with you, as I stood
Among my faithful congregation long ago.
All who knelt beside me then are gone.
Their name is dust, their tombs are grass and clay,
Yet still their shining seed of Faith survives -
In you! It weathers time, it springs again
In you! With you it stands like forest oak
Or withers with the grasses underfoot.
Preserve the living Faith for which your fathers fought!
For Faith was won by centuries of sacrifice
And many martyrs died that you might worship God.*

Help us Lord to find the hidden road, that leads from love to greater love
From faith to greater faith. Strengthen us oh Lord.
Screw up our strength to serve thee with simplicity.

II. The Birth of Nicolas

Nicolas was born in answer to prayer,
and leaping from his mother's womb he cried - *God be glorified!*

Swaddling bands and crib awaited him there,
but Nicolas clapped both his hands and cried - *God be glorified!*

Innocent and joyful, naked and fair,
he came in pride on earth to abide - *God be glorified!*

Water rippled 'welcome' in the bath-tub by his side,
he dived in open eyed, he swam, he cried - *God be glorified!*

When he went to Church at Christmastide,
he climbed up to the font to be baptized - *God be glorified!*

Pilgrims came to kneel and pray by his side. He grew in grace, his name was
sanctified - *God be glorified!*

Nicolas grew in innocence and pride. His glory spread a rainbow round the
countryside. "Nicolas will be a Saint!" the neighbours cried - *God be glorified!*

III. Nicolas Devotes Himself to God

*My parents died, All too soon I left the tranquil beauty of their home
And knew the wider world of man. Poor man! I found him solitary, racked
By doubt: born, bred, doomed to die in everlasting fear of everlasting death:
The foolish toy of time, the darling of decay –
Hopeless, faithless, defying God.
Heartsick, in hope to mask the twisted face of poverty,
I sold my lands to feed the poor.
I gave my goods to charity but Love demanded more.
Heartsick, I cast away all things that could distract my mind
From full devotion to His will; I thrust my happiness behind
But Love desired more still.
Heartsick, I call'd on God to purge my angry soul,
To be my only Master, friend and guide.
I begged for sweet humility and Love was satisfied.*

IV. He Journeys to Palestine

Nicolas sailed for Palestine across the sunlit seas.
The South West Wind blew soft and fair,
Seagulls hovered through the air and spices scented the breeze.

Everyone felt that land was near, all dangers now were past,
Except for one who knelt in prayer, fingers clasped and head
quite bare, alone by the mizzen mast.

The sailors jeered at Nicolas, who paid them no regard,
Until the hour of sunset came when up he stood and stopped
their game of staking coins on cards.

Nicolas spoke and prophesied a tempest far ahead,
The sailors scorned such words of fear, since sky and stars
shone bright and clear, so 'Non-sense!' they all said.
Darkness was soon on top of them, but still the South Wind blew.
The Captain went below to sleep, and left the helmsman there to keep his
course with one of the crew.

Nicolas swore he'd punish them for mocking at the Lord.
The wind arose, the thunder roared,
Lightning split the waves that poured in wild cascades on board.

Waterspouts rose in majesty until the ship was tossed.
Abaft, aback, astern, abeam, lit by lightning's livid gleam,
And all aboard cried 'Lost!'

*Lightning hisses through the night, blinding sight with living light! Ah!
Man the pumps! Save us! Axes! Saviour!*

*Winds and tempest howl their cry of battle through the raging sky!
Spare us! Save us!*

Lifeboats! Lower away! Save us Saviour!

Waves repeat their angry roar, Fall and spring again once more! Ah!

Let her run before the wind! Shorten sail!

Reef her! Heave her to!

Thunder rends the sky asunder with its savage shout of wonder! Ah!

Pray to God! Kneel and pray! Pray!

Lightning, Thunder, Tempest, Ocean. Praise their God with voice and motion.

Nicolas waited patiently till they were on their knees.

Then down he knelt in thankfulness,

Begging God their ship to bless and make the storm to cease.

O God! We are all weak sinful, foolish men.

*We pray from fear and from necessity at death, in sickness or
private loss. Without the prick of fear our conscience sleeps,
forgetful of Thy Grace.*

Help us, O God! to see more clearly. Tame our stubborn hearts.

Teach us to ask for less and offer more in gratitude to Thee.

Pity our simplicity, for we are truly pitiable in Thy sight.

Amen.

*The wind and waves lay down to rest. The sky was clear and
calm. The ship sailed onward without harm and all creation
sang a psalm of loving thankfulness.*

*Beneath the stars the sailors slept exhausted by their fear,
while I knelt down for love of God on high and saw his
angels in the sky smile down at me, and wept.*

V. Nicolas Comes to Myra and Is Chosen Bishop

Come, stranger sent from God! Come, man of God!

Stand foremost in our Church and serve this diocese,

As Bishop Nicolas, our shield, our strength, our peace!

I Nicolas, bishop of Myra and its diocese,

shall with the unfailing grace of God,

*defend his faithful servants, comfort the widow and fatherless,
and fulfill his will for this most blessed Church. Amen!*

Place the mitre on your head to show your mastery of men. Amen!

Take the golden robe that covers you with Christ's authority. Amen!

*Wear the fine dalmatic woven with the cross of faith. Amen!
Bear the crozier as a staff and comfort to your flock. Amen!
Set the ring upon your hand in sacramental sign of wedlock with thy God.*
Amen! Serve the Faith and spurn his enemies. Serve the Faith! (Repeated)

*All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.*

*O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto,
Praise, laud and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.*

*For why? The Lord our God is good.
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure. Amen*

VI. Nicolas from Prison

*Persecution sprang upon our Church - and stilled its voice.
Eight barren years it stifled under Roman rule:
And I lay bound, condemned to celebrate
My lonely sacrament with prison bread,
While wolves ran loose among my flock.
O man! The world is set for you as for a king!
Paradise is yours in loveliness.
The stars shine down for you, for you the angels sing,
Yet you prefer your wilderness. You hug the rack of self,
Embrace the lash of sin, Pour your treasures out to pay distress.
You build your temples fair without and foul within:
You cultivate your wilderness. Yet Christ is yours. Yours!
For you He lived and died. God in mercy gave His son to bless you all,
To bring you life, and Him you crucified
To desecrate your wilderness. Turn away from sin! Ah!
Bow down your hard and stubborn hearts!
Confess, yourselves to Him in penitence
And humbly vow your lives to Him, to holiness.*

VII. Nicolas and the Pickled Boys

Famine tracks us down the lanes, hunger holds our horses' reins,
Winter heaps the roads with snow. O we have far to go.
Starving beggars howl their cry, snarl to see us spurring by,
Times are bad and travel slow. O we have far to go.

*We mourn our boys, our missing sons,
We sorrow for three little ones.*

Timothy, Mark and John are gone! Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!

Landlord, take this piece of gold! Bring us food before the cold
makes our pangs of hunger grow. O we have far to go.

*Day by day we seek to find some trace of them but oh!
Unkind! Timothy, Mark and John are gone! Are gone!*

Let us share this dish of meat!
Come, my friends, sit down and eat!
Join us, Bishop, for we know that you have far to go.

*Mary meek and Mother mild Who lost thy Jesus as a child,
Our Timothy, Mark and John are gone! Are gone! Are gone! Are gone!*

Come, your Grace, don't eat so slow!
Take some meat.

*O do not taste! O do not feed on sin! But haste to save three souls in need!
The mothers' cry is sad and weak, Within these walls they lie whom mothers
sadly seek. Timothy, Mark, and John, put your fleshly garments on!
Come from dark oblivion, Come! Come!*

See! See three boys spring back to life,
Who slaughtered by the butcher's knife, lay salted down!
And entering, hand in hand they stand and sing
Alleluia to their King.

Alleluia, Alleluia.

VIII. His Piety and Marvellous Works

For forty years our Nicolas, Our Prince of men, our shepherd and
Our gentle guide, walked by our side. We turned to him at birth and death,
In time of famine and distress, In all our grief, to bring relief.
He led us from the valleys to the pleasant hills of grace.
He fought to fold us in from mortal sin.
O! He was prodigal of love! A spendthrift in devotion to us all,
And blessed as he caressed. We keep his memory alive
in legends that our children and their children's children treasure still.

A captive at the heathen court wept sorely all alone.

“O Nicolas is here, my son! And he will bring you home!”

“Fill, fill my sack with corn,” he said, “We die from lack of food!”
And from that single sack he fed a hungry multitude.

Three daughters of a nobleman were doomed to shameful sin

Till our good Bishop ransomed them by throwing purses in.

*The gates were barred, the black flag flew, three men knelt by the block
But Nicolas burst in like flame, and stayed the axe’s shock!*

“O help us, good Nicolas! Our ship is full of foam!”

He walked across the waves to them and led them safely home.

He sat among the Bishops who were summoned to Nicaea:

Then rising with the wrath of God boxed Arius’s ear!

He threatened Constantine the Great with bell and book and ban,

Till Constantine confessed his sins like any common man!

Let the legends that we tell, Praise him with our prayers as well.

We keep his memory alive in legends that our children and
Their children’s children treasure still.

IX. The Death of Nicolas

*Death, I hear thy summons and I come in haste, for my short life is done;
And O! my soul is faint with love for Him who waits for me above,*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,

According to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles

and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end.

Amen!

Please join the choir in singing the chorale below:

God moves in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform;

He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines of never failing skill

He treasures up his bright designs, And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break in blessings on your head.

Amen!

Jon English



Jon English is justly renowned for the flexibility of his voice, which encompasses a wide-ranging repertoire, from liturgical to opera, Baroque to 20th-century, ensemble to solo work. He is a member of St Paul's Cathedral Choir, and also sings regularly with the BBC Singers, Polyphony, the Gabrieli Consort and the Age of Enlightenment Choir, as well as at the Royal Opera House. He has recorded for television and radio, and on CD. He appears regularly with choral societies around the country, where the qualities of his voice make him as at ease with Bach and Handel as with the larger scale works of Rossini and Elgar.

Past performances have included Mozart's *'Requiem'*, Mendelssohn's *'Elijah'*, Monteverdi's *'Vespers'*, Beethoven's *'Missa Solemnis'*, Haydn's *'Creation'*, Bach's *'St John Passion'* and "B minor Mass", as well as Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius", Britten's "St Nicolas", Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle", and the Tenor solos for the Royal Ballet's performances of Stravinsky's "Les Noces" at The Royal Opera House.

Future engagements include Handel's *'Brookes-Passion'* (London and East Grinstead), Puccini's *'Messa di Gloria'* (Southampton) and Verdi's *'Requiem'* (Derby). He is also appearing in the chorus of Wagner's *'Parsifal'* as well as Puccini's *'Turandot'* and *'Manon Lescaut'* at the Royal Opera House.

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Robert Patterson



Robert Patterson is Head of Keyboard at St Catherine's School in Bramley, Guildford; Organist at St Etheldreda's Church in Holborn, Central London; an Associated Board examiner and a freelance accompanist. He also directs The Rushmoor Choir and Voces Petrensiensis. He gained his FRCO in 1999, winning the Turpin and Durrant prizes for performance. Having studied at Peterhouse, Cambridge, Robert then held various organist positions at York Minster, Hampton Court Palace and New College Oxford. From 2005 to 2008 Robert was Assistant Organist at Canterbury Cathedral where he played for daily services, tours, recordings and broadcasts. More recently, Robert was acting Assistant Organist at Winchester Cathedral for the summer term 2012. In 2014 he will take up the post of Director of Music at Francis Holland School, Regent's Park, London.

Robert has given recitals in many prestigious venues including St Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and 12 recitals of the works of Buxtehude and Mendelssohn at The Queen's College, Oxford. As an organ continuo player, Robert has appeared with the groups Northern Sinfonia, Britten Sinfonia and Yorkshire Baroque Soloists and has been privileged to have accompanied singers such as Emma Kirkby and Peter Harvey.

Alongside music making, Robert enjoys swimming and running and very much enjoyed completing the London Marathon in 2011. Robert will be running the Paris Marathon in 2014.

Paul Provost

Paul Provost has been the Musical Director of the North Downs Consort since September 2010. During this time, he has led the Consort in a wide variety of concerts, ranging from performances of ever-popular works such as Fauré *Requiem* and Allegri *Miserere mei* to much lesser known choral works by composers such as Eric Whitacre and Humphrey Clucas. He enjoys guiding the singers through challenging works, whilst making sure the simplest of pieces is well crafted.

Paul began studies on the Piano and Cello at an early age. He was educated at Chetham's School of Music, where organ became increasingly his principal study.

During this time, Paul gave many organ and cello recitals and was a member of Chetham's Symphony Orchestra, and the Wolstenholme Piano Trio. He was also Organ Scholar at Manchester Cathedral between September 1999 and 2004.

From 2004 to 2007, Paul was Organ Student at St John's College, Cambridge, with them he toured to Paris, Austria, Estonia, the USA, Holland and Venice, in addition to numerous concerts, recordings, and broadcasts much less further afield. Outside the chapel, Paul conducted the St John's Singers and worked with CUBE (Cambridge University Baroque Ensemble) both as a keyboard player and director.

After University, Paul became Assistant Director of Chapel Music and Assistant Organist at Winchester College. Whilst at Winchester, he accompanied the Chapel Choir on its tour to the USA, for two recordings, was the pianist for Winchester Music Club's performance of Rossini *'Petite Messe Solenne'*, and directed the Winchester Quiristers in a complete performance of Britten's *'Friday Afternoons'*.

Since September 2008 Paul has been Sub Organist at Guildford Cathedral. His work includes playing the organ and training and conducting the choir. Paul has played for two BBC broadcasts, recorded a CD of Christmas music with the choir, and in 2011 has taken part in events commemorating Guildford Cathedral's Golden Jubilee. Paul is active as a freelance conductor and accompanist and gives organ recitals as well as playing continuo organ for such groups as the Britten Sinfonia, Florilegium, and the Southern Sinfonia.

Paul is married to Ruth, a freelance singer. They enjoy occasionally performing song recitals together and walking in the Cumbrian mountains.



Chameleon Arts Orchestra

The Chameleon Arts Orchestras were formed in 1987 by Chameleon Arts Management, to answer the need of Choral Societies nationwide for quality performances of the great works for choir and orchestra. From Monteverdi to Maxwell Davies and beyond, the orchestras perform in Churches, Cathedrals and Concert Halls throughout the country and can regularly be seen in concert at venues such as St John's Smith Square, Worcester Cathedral, St Martin-in-the-Fields, Ripon Cathedral and Snape Maltings.

Chameleon Arts Orchestra boasts some of the country's leading freelance players whose other work includes performing with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, The Royal Opera Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and English Chamber Orchestra.

As the premiere orchestra devoted to the performance of choral works, the players have a vast knowledge and experience of works regularly performed by choral societies. This experience has often proved valuable and helpful to choirs and conductors.

Chameleon Arts Orchestras appear by arrangement with Chameleon Arts Management



Tonight's players:

Piano 1: Mark Fielding
Piano 2: Adrian Sutcliffe
Timpani: Scott Bywater
Percussion: Liz Barker
Violin 1: Simon Baggs
Violin 2: David Burton
Viola: Jason Glover
Cello: Lorraine Deacon
Bass: Christina Cooper

email: orchestra@chameleon-arts.co.uk
website: www.chameleon-arts-orchestra.co.uk

Choristers from Holy Trinity Church Guildford

The choir of Holy Trinity Church, Guildford, is a group of about forty to fifty people which enjoys a reputation as one of the most successful, dynamic and flourishing church choirs in Southern England. This choir maintains a top line of Boy Choristers, from which tonight's singers are taken.

The Director of Music at Holy Trinity Church, Guildford, is **Martin Holford**.

The Boy Nicolas:

Harry Mayne

The Pickled Boys:

Henry Evans

George Hames

Samuel Troy

Choristers from Holy Trinity Church Dartford

Directed by George Richford

George Richford is the new Director of Music at Holy Trinity Church, Dartford. He comes from Bromley, Kent and studied music at Durham University. He has held positions at St John's College Durham, Newcastle Cathedral, Sunderland Minster and St Mary Magdalene Church, Newark and is a full-time composer and church music editor.

Choristers singing tonight:

Sophie Belcher

Grace Penfold

Emma Doyle

Alex Penfold

Katie Terry

Vanessa Longbotom

Rosa Cook

Margaret Apsley

Mandie Taylor

Tracey Connell

The North Downs Consort singers tonight:

Sopranos:

Sue Jones
Annie Hind
Sue Eastwood
Jasmine Levie
Helen Ireland
Laura Heath
Ros Hall
Jean Cantrell
Katherine Hevezi
Sarah Brindle
Marion Fanthorpe
Vanessa Buck.

Altos:

Jill Hancock
Evelyn Dothie
Sally Martin
Pauline Whyte
Jan Hamling
Sonia Stuart
Maggie Bantick

Tenors:

Stuart Heath
Martin Levie
Richard Hall
Richard Broadberry
Chris Buck

Basses:

John Fry
Roger Fellows
Steve Tatler

Many thanks to:

Pat Dobson and Friends, for providing a delicious tea for the performers.

Interstage Stage Hire, for supplying podium and staging (www.interstage.co.uk)

and finally, we wish you all a safe journey!



Thank you for supporting our concert, we hope you enjoyed it and will join us again in the future. Here are some dates for your diaries:

18th December 2013: London Bridge Station 5pm - 7pm

Some members of North Downs Consort will be singing Christmas Carols. A collection will be taken to benefit the children's hospice charity Demelza. More information about the charity's activities can be found here: Demelza Children's Hospice website: www.demelza.org.uk.

2014 Concert Dates Spring Concert - 'Candlelight Concert'

8:00pm Sunday 23rd March 2014

A programme of choral music by Russian composers including Pavel Chesnovok, Pyotr Tchaikovsky, and Sergei Rachmaninoff. We will include works by Alexander Gretchaninov, as 2014 is the 150th anniversary of his birth. Venue: St Paul's Church, Woldingham.

Summer Concert - 'Jazz and Close Harmony'

7:30pm Saturday 12th July 2014 - venue to be announced

For more information please keep visiting our new website.

December Concert - 'Italian Festival'

7:30pm Saturday 6th December 2014

2015 Concerts:

Spring Concert - 'Songs of Farewell'

Summer Concert - 'The Fairy Queen'

Visit our new website @ www.northdownsconsort.org.uk

The North Downs Consort
Chamber Choir