



concert
NEWBURY
Choral
SOCIETY

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

A Ceremony of Carols

Saint Nicolas





Saturday 26th March 2011
7:30pm, St Nicolas Church

Fauré - Requiem
Rutter - Gloria

More information at www.newburychoral.org.uk

The Programme

Ceremony of Carols Benjamin Britten

Newbury Choral Society

The Lamb - John Tavener

Cantati Bei

Sospiri - Edward Elgar

The Newbury Senior String Orchestra

INTERVAL

Saint Nicolas Benjamin Britten

Newbury Choral Society with Cantati Bei

Musical Director: Cathal Garvey

Tenor: Paul Austin Kelly

Harpist: Jenny Broome

Sopranos: Rebecca Berkley and Kathryn Glover

Organ: Rosemary Evans

Piano: Andrew Berkley & Jane Powell

Percussion: Chris King

Berkshire Maestros:

Cantati Bei – Musical Director: Rebecca Berkley

The Newbury Senior String Orchestra

PROGRAMME NOTES

Ceremony of Carols

Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols*, originally for treble voices in three parts and harp was written in 1942, the same period as the *Hymn to St. Cecilia* and *Rejoice in the Lamb*. The texts are taken from a range of medieval and Renaissance poetry, and Britten's music also reflects the influence of earlier times. The opening and closing sections are a plainsong setting of *Hodie Christus natus est*, material which undergoes transformation during the harp interlude, and there are strong modal inflections to the music throughout.

The first two carols set 14th-century texts. The joyful cries of *Wolcum Yole!* contrast with the gentle setting of *There is no Rose*, in which the repeated C/F bass ostinato in the harp only changes briefly to a long E flat at the third statement of the word *Transeamus*. The harp's semitone motif in *That yongë child* depicts the baby's crying, while in *Balulalow* the cross-rhythms of the accompaniment provide a continuous rocking motion for the cradle. This little *Babe*, which sets a 16th-century poem by Robert Southwell, builds gradually from the unison writing of its first verse through two-part and then three-part canons to a powerful climax. The cold minor-key opening of *In Freezing Winter Night* (another Southwell text) contrasts with the warmer major key in the middle section of this movement, and winter is swept aside altogether by the *Spring Carol* with its dancing accompaniment. Joyful shouts of *Deo Gracias* introduce the final carol, and canonic entries of the same figure are used to create a tumultuous climax.

This programme note was written by Cappella Novocastriensis and supplied through the programme note bank of *Making Music*.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Saint Nicolas

Saint Nicolas, patron saint of children and sailors, was Bishop of Myra in Asia Minor during the fourth century. Little else about him is known for certain, but his life has been the subject of innumerable legends. He is of course the original 'Santa Claus', this being a corruption of a dialect form of his name.

Eric Crozier drew freely on some of these legends for the splendid libretto used by Benjamin Britten for this cantata. The work was composed in 1948 for the centenary celebrations in July of that year of Lancing College, Peter Pears' old school, but the college kindly allowed it to have two performances at Aldbrough in June. The cantata is scored for tenor soloist, mixed chorus, female semichorus, strings, piano duet, organ and percussion. Some critics who mistake simplicity for naïveté have castigated this fine work, but audiences have come to love it and regard it as a masterpiece. There are nine movements.

PART ONE

1. INTRODUCTION

It is Saint Nicolas' feast-day, and over a pedal E a chorus of celebrants is calling on him to cast aside the veils that blur his memory, and to appear before them and speak his message once more. Crossing the bridge of sixteen hundred years, the Saint materialises as in a vision and charges his followers to preserve the living Faith for which their fathers fought and sacrificed over the centuries. His devoted disciples pray for the strength to obey, and to serve God.

2. THE BIRTH OF NICOLAS

'Nicolas was born in answer to prayer'. As the infant grew in stature he likewise grew in grace, pilgrims came to worship him and 'Nicolas will be a Saint' prophesied all the neighbours. 'God be glorified!' the boy cries repeatedly in response; then finally, now grown to manhood, "God be glorified!" he cries again.

3. NICOLAS DEVOTES HIMSELF TO GOD

Leaving behind the comforts of his childhood home, and entering the wider world, Nicolas is horrified to discover mankind's condition hopeless, faithless, racked by doubt and fear. He thereupon disposes of all his worldly possessions for charity and vows to give himself in humility to God; only then does he know true spiritual love and peace of mind.

4. HE JOURNEYS TO PALESTINE

The weather is perfect as Nicolas embarks on a voyage to the Holy Land, and he is alone in his prophecy of an impending storm. 'Nonsense' cry the sailors, jeering at him as he kneels to pray. But a tempest erupts, the crew panics and as the music reflects the howling wind, raging seas and crashing thunder only Nicolas remains calm. Finally, but only in desperation, the sailors join him on their knees in prayer. The storm subsides, and Nicolas weeps for man's stubbornness and frailty: 'Teach us to ask for less and offer more in gratitude to Thee'.

5. NICOLAS COMES TO MYRA AND IS CHOSEN BISHOP

Returning to his homeland, Nicolas is acclaimed by the people and installed as Bishop of Myra. In a fugue, he is enjoined to 'Serve the Faith and spurn his enemies', after which all present (audience included) rise to sing 'All people that on earth do dwell'.

PART TWO

6. NICOLAS FROM PRISON

The church is persecuted, and Nicolas is imprisoned for eight years under Roman rule. On his release he calls on his people, now turned to sin and selfishness, to honour Christ and dedicate themselves anew.

7. NICOLAS AND THE PICKLED BOYS

It is winter, there is famine in the land, and Nicolas is leading his starving people on a journey in search of food. As mourning mothers bewail the loss of Timothy, Mark and John, three little boys who have disappeared, the party comes upon an inn. Salted meat is served, and about to be consumed, when Nicolas cries out in horror and revulsion 'O do not taste!' The missing boys have been captured and killed, and their flesh pickled and sold for meat! The Bishop's grace achieves the miracle of restoring all three to life. 'Alleluia!' they sing, and fervently the travellers take up the chorus.

8. HIS PIETY AND MARVELLOUS WORKS

Nicolas, adored and revered by all, was Bishop of Myra for 40 years. In a series of semi-choruses his flock recall some of the remarkable ways in which he contrived during his reign to preserve them from persecution, heresy, shameful sin and other evils.

9. THE DEATH OF NICOLAS

Nicolas is dying, 'faint with love for Him who waits for me above', and as the chorus intones the Nunc Dimittis, he yields himself to God in peace. The organ announces 'God moves in a mysterious way', the audience rises, and all present join in praise of His wonder, His works, and the triumph of the Saints.

This programme note was supplied through the programme note bank of Making Music.

Cathal Garvey - Musical Director



Cathal Garvey hails from Ireland where he made his name as a choral and orchestral conductor.

He began his career as an Opera Chorus Master working for most of Ireland's major opera companies including Opera Ireland, Opera Theatre Company, Anna Livia Opera Festival, Opera South and Lyric Opera Productions. For these companies he has worked on over 40 productions including *La Bohème, Aida, Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk, Madame Butterfly Tosca, La Traviata, Carmen, Macbeth, Faust, and*

Rigoletto. He acted as Assistant Conductor for several of these productions and has also conducted several musicals in Cork and Dublin.

In recent years Cathal has conducted the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland, the RTE Concert Orchestra the Irish Sinfonia, the Dublin Baroque Players, the Royal Irish Academy of Music Wind Ensemble, Dublin Concert Band and from 2001 to 2006 was Principal Conductor of the Dublin Orchestral Players.

From 2004 to 2009 he was Musical Director of the Dun Laoghaire Choral Society with whom he had a highly successful tenure, covering a wide range of sacred music and oratorios.

Cathal began violin and piano studies in his native Cork at an early age, continuing at the Cork School of Music and later reading music at University College Cork. After completing his Masters Degree in Conducting he studied for two years at the prestigious College of Moscow Conservatory. Cathal's principal instrument is the violin; he was a member of the National Youth Orchestra of Ireland and he has played professionally with many orchestras including the National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland and the German-based Philharmonia of the Nations.

Cathal moved to London in April 2009 to take up the post of Chorus Master with Grange Park Opera. In addition he now regularly conducts the London Repertoire Orchestra.

Newbury Choral Society was delighted to appoint him Musical Director in September 2009.

A CEREMONY OF CAROLS

PROCESSION

Hodie Christus natus est
Hodie Salvator apparuit,
Hodie in terra canunt angeli;
Lætantur archangeli,
Hodie exsultant justi dicentes:
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

WOLCUM YOLE

Wolcum be thou hevenè king,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum, born in one morning,
Wolcum for whom wesall sing!
Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,
Wolcum, innocentes every one,
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,
Wolcum be ye, good Newe Yere,
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,
Wolcum, seintes lefe and dere,
Wolcum Yole.
Candelmesse, Quene of bliss,
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.
Wolcum be ye that are here,
Wolcum, wolcum, make good cheer,
Wolcum alle another yere,
Wolcum Yole!
Wolcum!

THERE IS NO ROSE

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the rose that bare Jesu.
Alleluia, alleluia.
For in this rose containèd was
Heaven and earth in litel space,
Res miranda, res miranda.
By that rose we may well see
There be one God in persons three,
Pares forma, pares forma,
The angels sungen the shepherds to:

Gloria in excelsis,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.
Leave we all this werldly mirth,
And follow we this joyful birth.
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.
Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma, gaudeamus,
Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.

THAT YONGE CHILD

That yongè child when it gan weep
With song she lulled him asleep:
That was so sweet a melody
It passèd alle minstrelsy.
The nightingalè sang also:
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:
Whoso attendeth to her song
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

BALULALOW

O my deare hert, young Jesu sweit,
Prepare thy creddil in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee to my hert,
And never mair from thee depart.
But I sall praise thee evermoir
With sanges sweit unto thy gloir;
The knees of my hert sall i bow,
And sing that richt Balulalow.

AS DEW IN APRILLE

I sing of a maiden
That is makèles:
King of all kings
To her son she ches
He came also stille
There his moder was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.
He came also stille
To his moder's bour,
As dew in aprille
That falleth on the flour.
He came also stille

There his moder lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.
Moder and mayden was
Never none but she:
Well may such a lady
Goddess moder be.

THIS LITTLE BABE

This little Babe so few days old,
Is come to rife Satan's fold;
All hell doth at his presence quake,
Though he himself for cold do shake;
For in this weak unarmed wise
The gates of hell he will surprise.
With tears he fights and wins the field,
His naked breast stands for a shield;
His battering shot are babish cries,
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,
His martial ensigns Cold and Need,
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.
His camp is pitched in a stall,
His bulwark but a broken wall;
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;
Of shepherds he his muster makes;
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,
The angels' trumps alarum sound.
My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.
Within his crib is surest ward;
This little Babe will be thy guard.
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

IN FREEZING WINTER NIGHT

Behold, a silly tender babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies.
Alas a piteous sight
The inns are full; no man will yield
This little pilgrim bed.
But forced he is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,
This crib his chair of State;
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.
The persons in that poor attire
His royal liveries wear;
The Prince himself is come from heaven;
This pomp is prized there.
With joy approach, O Christian wight,
Do homage to thy King,
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from Heaven doth bring.

SPRING CAROL

Pleasure it is
To hear it wis,
The Birdes sing,
The deer in the dale,
The sheep in the vale,
The corn springing.
God's purveyance
For sustenance,
It is for man.
Then we always
To give him praise,
And thank him than.

DEO GRACIAS

Deo gracias!
Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought he not to long.
Deo gracias!
And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden
Written in their book.
Deo gracias!
Ne had the appil take ben,
The appil take ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
A ben hevене queene.

Blessed be the time
That appil take was.
Therefore we moun singen:
Deo gracias!

SAINT NICOLAS

I INTRODUCTION

Chorus

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

Nicolas

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.

Chorus

Help us, Lord! To find the hidden road
That leads from love to greater love, from faith
To greater faith.
Strengthen us, O Lord!
Screw up our strength to serve Thee with
Simplicity.

II THE BIRTH OF NICOLAS

Chorus

Nicolas was born in answer to prayer
And leaping from his mother's womb he cried
The boy Nicolas
God be glorified!

Chorus

Swaddling bands and crib awaited him there,
But nicolas clapped both his hands and cried
The boy Nicolas
God be glorified!

Chorus

Innocent and joyful, naked and fair,
He came in pride on earth to abide

The boy Nicolas
God be glorified!

Chorus

Water rippled "welcome!" In the bath-tub by his
side;

He dived in open-eyed: he swam: he cried
The boy Nicolas
God be glorified!

Chorus

When he went to church at christmastide,
He climbed up to the font to be baptised
The boy Nicolas
God be glorified!

Chorus

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

Chorus

Nicolas grew in innocence and pride,
His glory spread a rainbow round the countryside.
"Nicolas will be a Saint!" The neighbours cried

The boy Nicolas

God be glorified!

III NICOLAS DEVOTES HIMSELF TO GOD

Nicolas

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.
Heart-sick, 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.
Heart-sick, 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.
Heart-sick, i called 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

Men's chorus

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 'Nonsense' 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
Lit by lightning's livid gleam
And all aboard cried 'Lost!'

Semi-chorus

Lightning hisses through the night,
Blinding sight with living light.

Men

Spare us! Man the pumps! Save us! Axes!

Semi-chorus

Winds and tempests howl their cry
Of battle through the raging sky!

Men

Spare us! Lifeboats! Save us! Lower away!

Semi-chorus

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

Men

Let her run before the wind!
Shorten sail! Reef her! Heave her to!

Semi-chorus

Thunder rends the sky asunder
With its savage shouts of wonder!

Men

Pray to God!
Kneel and pray!

Semi-chorus

Lightning, thunder, tempest, ocean
Praise their god with voice and motion.

Men

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.

Nicolas

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.

Men

Amen.

Nicolas

The winds 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

Chorus

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!

Nicolas

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 fulfil his will for this most blessed Church.

Chorus

Amen!

Semi-chorus and chorus

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.

ALL VOICES AND CONGREGATION

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

V1 NICOLAS FROM PRISON

Nicolas
Persecution sprang upon our Church
And stilled its voice,
Eight barren years it suffered 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 bribe distress
You build your temples fair without and foul within
You cultivate your wilderness.

Yet Christ is 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
Yourselfes to Him in penitence,
And humbly vow
Your lives to Him, to Holiness.

VII NICOLAS AND THE PICKLED BOYS

Chorus
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!

Semi-chorus

We mourn our boys, our missing sons!
We sorrow for three little ones!
Timothy, Mark and John are gone!

Chorus

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

Semi-chorus

Day by day we seek to find
Some trace of them but oh! unkind!
Timothy, Mark and John are gone!

Chorus

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!

Semi-chorus

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

Chorus

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

Nicolas

O do not taste! O do not feed on sin!
But haste to save three souls in need!
The mother's 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!

Chorus

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!

Three small boys

Alleluia!

All voices

Alleluia!

VIII HIS PIETY AND MARVELLOUS WORKS

Chorus

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 through 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.

Semi-chorus

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 Nicea
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.

Chorus and semi-chorus

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

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.

Chorus

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

Nicolas

Lord I come to life,
To final birth
I leave the misery of earth
For light, by thy eternal grace,
Where I shall greet
Thee face to face.
Christ, receive my soul with tenderness,
For in my last of life I bless Thy name,
Who lived and died for me,
And dying yield my soul to Thee.

Chorus

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.

ALL VOICES AND CONGREGATION

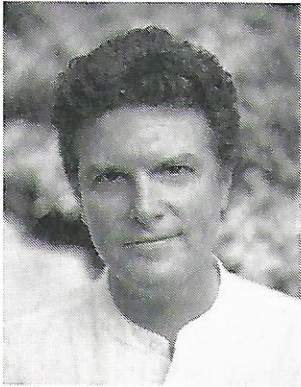
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

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.

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Paul Austin Kelly - Tenor



Paul Austin Kelly has sung with many of the world's most prestigious opera companies including the Metropolitan Opera (*Almaviva in Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Lindoro in L'Italiana in Algeri*), the Royal Opera at Covent Garden (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) and La Scala, Milan (*Tamino in Die Zauberflöte*, *Narciso in Il Turco in Italia*, *Tonio in La fille du régiment*).

He appeared at Glyndebourne, Florida Grand Opera, Rossini Opera Festival, Pesaro (Count Almaviva), Pittsburgh Opera, Kentucky Opera and the Glimmerglass Festival and Welsh National Opera.

Paul Austin Kelly has also sung Mozart roles such as Tamino, Don Ottavio, Belmonte and Tito, roles by other composers such as Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), and in operas by Haydn, Berg, Puccini, among others.

On the concert stage, he has sung repertoire including the Rossini *Stabat Mater* with Riccardo Muti at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris, Haydn's *The Seasons* and *Creation*, Bach's *B Minor Mass* at Notre Dame in Paris, *St Matthew Passion*, and Christmas Oratorio, Mozart's *Requiem*, Britten's *Les Illuminations*, Handel's *Messiah* and *Samson*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* in Malaysia and Singapore, and Verdi's *Gerusalemme* at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw.

His recordings include Donizetti's *La Romanzessa* and *Zoraida di Granata*, *L'Esule di Granata* by Meyerbeer, *Cendrillon* by Pauline Viardot, *Der Stein der Weisen* (Telarc), two volumes of Rossini Cantatas conducted by Riccardo Chailly (Decca) and Britten and Quilter: 20th Century English Art Songs (GM Recordings). His performance as Tonio in *La fille du Régiment* from La Scala is available on DVD.

Jenny Broome - Harpist



Jenny Broome studied the harp with Daphne Boden and later with Renata Scheffel-Stein while reading Architecture at Cambridge University. After a flirtation with architecture, Jenny returned to the harp in 1993 and now has a busy freelance career. Jenny plays chamber music with Trio Sospirato (flute, viola and harp) and other groups, appearing

by invitation at the new Grimsby St Hugh's Festival and for many other clubs and festivals.

Recent work with the violinist Frances Mason includes Spohr's *music for violin and harp* and the premiere of Lambert's *Speed Matters* at the Buckingham Festival.

Jenny has made a CD with flautist Rachel Smith, "Summer was in August", for the Campion Cameo label. She has given solo recitals in Bracknell, Westonbirt, Newbury and Chipping Norton.

As a concerto soloist, Jenny has given performances of Mozart's *Flute and Harp Concerto*, Debussy's *Dances Sacrée et Profane*, Ginastera's *Concerto*, Frank Martin's *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy*, and the premiere of Lambert's *Concerto Cubico*, for trombone, marimba and harp. She has recorded music by Paul Carr for Claudio Records, Francis Grier for Somm as well as Britten's *Ceremony of Carols*, which she recently performed in Paris. Jenny's newest CD, *So Sweet a Melody*, with the Hildegard Choir and producer Andrew Parrott, is of lullabies and Christmas music for Somm. Choral repertoire, as accompanist, also includes Holst's *Rig Veda*, Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*, Brahms' *Four Songs* and Janacek's *Otcenas*. Jenny has worked with singers in solo recitals, especially including Britten's original compositions and arrangements. Theatrical work includes Stowe Opera and the Royal Shakespeare Company. Future engagements include a Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy* in Oxford.



Rebecca Berkley - Soprano

Rebecca Berkley is a conductor, vocal animateur and teacher. She works as a choir trainer for Berkshire Maestros, at the Newbury Music Centre, and is also Sing Up area leader for Berkshire where she provides training in leading singing for school staff. She is also music director of Kennet Opera who are based in Newbury..

She has written extensively on music education, and published percussion music and choral arrangements. Rebecca also works as a tutor for Sing for Pleasure, the national singing charity. After starting her career as a music teacher in secondary schools, she became a lecturer in music education at the University of Southampton and the Institute of Education, University of London. Rebecca completed her Ph.D. on how GCSE students learn to compose, and how best to teach them



Kathryn Glover - Soprano

Born in Melbourne, Australia and raised in rural Victoria on a large farm, Kathryn is currently on sabbatical in Berkshire teaching with Berkshire Maestros and studying with Janet Coxwell. Kathryn developed a passion for choral music after auditioning for a position in the All Saints Choir in 2002 under Anne Morgan and Fr. David O'Neill and continued to sing as head chorister and cantor until she left Hobart in April this year.

Kathryn completed a Bachelor of Music with a major in Piano and a minor in Violin in 2006 from the University of Tasmania's Hobart Conservatorium of Music. Since 2006 Kathryn has been teaching full time in two of Hobart's most noted schools and singing first soprano in the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra permanent chorus, The National Youth Choir of Australia, All Saints Church choir and St David's Cathedral Choir. She has attended various workshops and summer schools across Australia, such as the Tallis Scholars Summer Schools in Sydney. Kathryn is currently taking every opportunity to enjoy what the other side of the pond has to offer.

BERKSHIRE MAESTROS

CANTATI BEI

Cantati Bei is the senior youth choir at the Newbury Music Centre. They run choirs for students aged 5-18 that are all open access, non auditioned choirs for boys and girls. Singing a wide range of choral music including pop, jazz, classical and show tunes, they perform regularly around West Berkshire and beyond. Cantati Bei has performed at Douai Abbey, the Newbury Corn Exchange and will be going on tour to the Black Forest with other senior groups from the Newbury Music Centre in July 2011. For more information contact Rebecca Berkley on rebeccaberkley@berkshiremaestros.org.uk.

NEWBURY SENIOR STRING ORCHESTRA

The Newbury Senior String Orchestra is the most senior string ensemble of the Newbury music centre. The Orchestra is made up of students from 11-18 years of age, meeting

on Saturday mornings throughout term time under their conductor Mr Jonathan Burnett. Jonathan is the Head of Strings for Berkshire Maestros. The orchestra's repertoire is wide and varied, from Vivaldi to Piazzola, giving performing opportunities to soloists from the violin to the more contemporary soprano saxophone. The orchestra has grown with the age of its members and is a place where students come to enhance the musical skills required of the modern performer. Many past students have gone on to study music at the top conservatoires and universities in Britain. The orchestra is known for its family atmosphere and everyone is there for each other, an ethic which enhances their performances and on a wider scale, those of the entire Newbury Music Centre.

CANTATI BEI
Isabelle Adams
Beatrice Allen
Amber Barthorpe
Emma Beach
Lucy Beach
Alice Bevan
Amy Billington
Stephanie Clark
Elizabeth Codling
Hollie Coughlan
Claire Dawes
Lauren Diprose
Alison Doidge
Kay Douglass
Mary Ealand- Hicks
Elizabeth Evry

Tesni Fakes
Ammye Franks
Amy Henderson-
Newport
Katie Herbert
Rachel Hewer
Sophie Jackson
Saskia Marshall
Frances Miller
Aleacia Morbi
Charlotte Pegg
Jenny Pudney
Bryony Rawstron
Lucy Simpson

The Pickled Boys
Brendan Chooi

Stephen Chooi
Theo Powell
William Rawstron
Francis Tyler

Newbury Senior String Orchestra

1st Violins
Liz Lambertson
Freja Daws
Emma Exton
Nicola Brown
Nicola Osburne

2nd Violins
Jonathan Burnett
Saskia Marshall

Sahanna Quail
Cylpso Phillips
Rebecca Copus

Viola
Rowena Overend
Stephanie Clarke
Kate Butcher

Cello
Victoria Benjamin
Victoria Goves

Bass
Li Boberg

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Concert Manager: M Barthorpe

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 H Bomgardner L Moore
 A Butler M Owen
 J Chapman P Phillips
 M Croxford K Pollard
 A Doyle S Pring
 L Elvin J Schedler
 A Forbes V Smith
 J Freer P Stewart
 E Gibson F Stopher
 R Greenhalgh S Terry
 J Houghton M Vickers
 E Henley J Waterson
 J Hitchcock H Yule
 C Hopkins S Youd
 L Huckle
 G Hutchinson
 M Jackson
 E Leader
 J Leefe

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 M Lawler
 S Nicholson
 S Padel
 B Purr
 B Riggs
 P Russell
 G Seaman
 S Sinclair
 N Smith
 T Smith
 R Staniforth
 C Starkey
 A Turner
 V Vaughan
 A Vodden
 L Wallace
 K Andrews
 M Baker
 H Banks
 D Barthorpe
 R Berger
 V Burfield
 J Caddy
 H Cook
 L Cooke
 J Cooper
 L Coughlan
 P Daly
 E Davies
 A Dewar
 J Dunn
 J Flynn
 N Foster
 E Hanning
 L Harper
 J Hawker

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 W Stewart
 T Vickers
 N Warren
 J Wright
 G Abbott
 P Angwin
 M Barthorpe
 J Burfield
 M Evans
 D Harwood
 M Kitching
 N Lampkin
 R Papworth

BASSES

R Matthews
 R Moore
 B Norrie
 B Seaman
 A Swainston
 B Taylor
 G Terry
 D Bomgardner
 M. Braide
 J Caddy
 G Choules
 M Dean
 G Foulkes
 C Gwynn
 P High
 I Johnson

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