



NEWBURY
Choral
SOCIETY

Summer Season 2023

From Newbury to Trondheim

A concert of British and Norwegian folk music,
with Trondheim Male Voice Choir (Trondernes
Mandssangforening)

Conductors

Joe Tobin

Jan Henrik Dahl

Accompanist

Steve Bowey

Saturday 1st July 2023, St Nicolas Church, Newbury

Newbury Choral Society



Chair: Liz Wallace
Treasurer: Nat Smith
Secretary: Tracy Smith
Concert Manager: Mike Barthorpe

Rehearsal accompanist: Steve Bowey

Newbury Choral Society is a non-auditioned choir with a history of over 130 years of bringing a high standard of music to the area. The establishment of a permanent group of singers must have met an urgent need in the town as the Society attracted more than one hundred members for the first concert in 1885. Conducted by the choirmaster and organist of Newbury's St Nicolas Church, John Shepherd Liddle, the choir made a good impression on the *Newbury Weekly News* critic who wrote that 'the execution of the choruses reflected great credit upon the members of the Society and their conductor'.

Since that first concert we have continued to perform a wide and varied repertoire, from the great choral works of Bach, Handel and Vaughan Williams to pieces by more recent composers Tavener, Britten and Karl Jenkins. In its second century the choir's conductors have included Jonathan Finney, Robert Barsby, Leo Hussain and its first female Musical Director Janet Lincé. Cathal Garvey held the position from December 2009 until September 2022. From January 2023 NCS's music director has been Joe Tobin.

You can find out more about Newbury Choral Society, its history and forthcoming events, at www.newburychoral.org.uk.

If you are interested in joining us, please contact our secretary through the website. We rehearse on Monday evenings at the Methodist Church Hall, Newbury, from 7.30pm to 9.30pm. We ask that you are able to read music but not necessarily to sight-read. You will receive a warm welcome.

Newbury Choral Society

John Rutter - *Sprig of thyme*

Gustav Holst - *I love my love*

Cecilia McDowall - *Fancy of Folk Songs*

Gerald Finzi - *My spirit sang all day*

Interval

Trondernes Mandssangforening

Edvard Grieg – *Sangerhilsen*

Niels W Gade - *Morgensang (Morning Song)*

Nordraak/Reissiger - *Olav Trygvason*

Ola Gjeilo - *Ubi Caritas*

Knut Nystedt - *The Present Tense*

Traditional - *My Evaline*

Edvard Grieg - *Våren (The Spring)*

Jan Magne Førde – *Trønderfanfare*

Edvard Grieg - *Landkjenning*

Joint Choirs

Thomas Moore (arr. Joe Tobin)

The Last Rose of Summer

Sommerro/Pedersen

Bruremarsj Frå Valsøyfjord (Wedding March)

Please visit www.newburychoral.org.uk/Feedback to tell us about your experience of our performance.

Programme Notes

John Rutter - *The Sprig of Thyme*

Sprig of thyme is a suite of eleven folk-song settings accompanied by piano.

The bold grenadier

1 - As I was a-walking one morning in
May,
I spied a young couple a-making of
hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty
shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold
grenadier.

2 - 'Good morning, good morning,
good morning,' said he:
'O where are you going, my pretty
lady?'
'I am going a-walking by the clear
crystal stream,
To see cool waters glide and hear
nightingales sing.'

3 - 'O soldier, O soldier, will you marry
me?'
'Oh, no my sweet lady, that never can
be:
For I've got a wife at home in my own
country;
Two wives and the army's too many
for me.'

4 - As I was a-walking one morning in
May
I spied a young couple a-making of
hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty
shone clear,
And the other was a soldier, a bold
grenadier.

The keel row

1 - As I came through Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing:
O weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in.

2 - O who's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blith, sae bonny,
He's foremost of the mony
Keel lads o'coaly Tyne.

3 - He'll set and row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly,
'Tis true, were he not mine.

4 - He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in.

The willow tree

1 - O take me to your arms, love,
For keen doth the wind blow,
O take me to your arms, love,
For bitter is my deep woe.
She hears me not, she heeds me not,
Nor will she listen to me,
While here I lie alone
To die beneath the willow tree.

2 - My love hath wealth and beauty,
Rich suitors attend her door,
The ribbon fair that bound her hair
My love hath wealth and beauty,
She slights me because I'm poor.

The ribbon fair that bound her hair
Is all that is left to me,
While here I lie alone
To die beneath the willow tree.

3 - I once had gold and silver,
I thought them without end,
I once had gold and silver,
I thought I had a true friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love hath he stolen from me,
While here I lie alone
To die beneath the willow tree.

The sprig of thyme

1 - Once I had a sprig of thyme.
It prospered by night and by day
Till a false young man came a-courting
to me,
And he stole all this thyme away.

2 - The gardener was standing by:
I bade him choose for me.
He chose me the lily and the violet and
the pink
But these I refused all three.

3 - Thyme it is the prettiest thing,
And time it will grow on,
And time it will bring all things to an
end,
And so does my time grow on.

4 - It's very well drinking ale,
And it's very well drinking wine:
But it's far better sitting by a young
man's side
That has won this heart of mine.

Down by the sally gardens

1 - Down by the sally gardens my love
and I did meet.
She passed the sally gardens with little
snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
As the leaves grow on the tree.
But I being young and foolish,
With her did not agree.

2 - In a field by the river my love and
I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder she
placed her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
As the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish,
And now am full of tears

The cuckoo

1 - O the cuckoo she's a pretty bird, she
singeth as she flies;
She bringeth good tidings, she telleth no
lies.

She sucketh white flowers, for to keep
her voice clear;
And the more she singeth cuckoo, the
summer draweth near.

2 - As I was a-walking and a-talking one
day,
I met my own true love, as he came that
way.

O to meet him was a pleasure,
though the courting was a woe,
For I found him false-hearted, he
would kiss me and go.

3 - I wish I were a scholar and could
handle the pen,
I would write to my lover and to all
roving men.

I would tell them of the grief and
woe that attend on their lies,
I would wish them have pity on the
flower when it dies.

I know where I'm going

1 - I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

2 - I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

3 - Some say he's black*,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all

My handsome, winsome Johnny.

4 - Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

I know where I'm going,
And I know who's going with me,
I know who I love
But the dear knows who I'll marry!

*black: dour, ungracious

Willow song

1 - A poor soul sat sighing by a
sycamore tree,
Sing willow, willow, willow!
With his hand in his bosom and his
head upon his knee.
O willow, O willow my garland shall be.
Sing all a green willow,

Ah me! the green willow my garland
must be.

2 - He sighed in his singing and made a
great moan,
Sing willow, willow, willow!
I am dead to all pleasure, my true love
is gone!

O willow, O willow my garland shall be.
Sing all a green willow,

Ah me! the green willow my garland
must be.

O can ye sew cushions?

1 - O can ye sew cushions?
O can ye sew cushions,
Or can ye sew sheets,
Or can ye sing balaloo
When the bairn greets?
And hee and baw birdie,
And hee and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie,
My bonnie wee lamb.

2 - I placed my cradle
On yon holly top,
And ay as the wind blew
My cradle did rock.
And hush a baw birdie,
And balilee loo,
And hee and baw birdie,
My bonny wee doo.

The miller of Dee

1 - There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the River Dee.
He danced and sang from morn till
night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
'I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.'

2 - I love my mill, she is to me
Both parent, child and wife.
I would not change my station
For another one in life.

Then push, push, push the bowl, my
boys,
And pass it round to me;
The longer we sit here and drink,
The merrier we shall be.

3 - Then like the miller bold and free
Let us rejoice and sing.
The days of youth were made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee
Around this jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree
To sing 'Long live the King!'.

Afton Water

1 - Flow gently, sweet Afton, among
thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream.

2 - How lofty, sweet Afton, thy
neighbouring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear
winding rills.
There daily I wander as dawn rises
high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in
my eye.

3 - How pleasant thy banks and green
valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the
primroses blow!
There oft as mild evening creeps over
the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my
Mary and me.

4 - Flow gently, sweet Afton, among
thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
my lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream.

Holst - *I love my love*

1 - Abroad as I was walking
One evening in the spring
I heard a maid in Bedlam
So sweetly for to sing;
Her chain she rattled with her hands
And thus replied she:

Chorus:

I love my love because I know
My love loves me

2 - Oh cruel were his parents
Who sent my love to sea
And cruel was the ship
That bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents since they're his
Although they've ruined me:
Chorus

3 - "With straw I'll weave a garland,
I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies,
I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he
returns from sea.
For...
Chorus

4 - Just as she there sat weeping
Her love he came on land
Then, hearing she was in Bedlam
He ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms
And thus replied he:
Chorus

5 - She said: "My love don't frighten
me,
are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy,
I am your love, also
I am returned to make amends
for all your injury."
Chorus

6 - So now these two are married,
And happy may they be
Like turtle doves together,
In love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait
That have got loves at sea;
Chorus

Cecilia McDowall - *Fancy of Folk Songs*

A Fancy of Folksongs is a collection celebrating youthful love and courtship, written for mixed voices specially for the Canterbury Chamber Choir, and first performed in 2003.

Green Bushes features all voices and tells of an impatient young lady who is waiting for her lover, but has another offer from a young man walking by. The lover is disappointed as he is too late.

The Rambling Sailor, sung by the men of the choir, is full of swagger and bravado. The sailor tells how he is giving up his voyaging in favour of the pursuit of young ladies, claiming to have the King's permission.

The Crystal Spring, sung by the sopranos and altos, opens with a soprano solo. A young man asks his 'soft little dove' to believe in his constancy, making some extravagant claims as he woos her. Should she trust him?

The final song, *O No, John!* features all voices. Here a young man is trying to court a young lady, who consistently obeys the father who commanded her always 'to answer no'. It doesn't take him long to figure out how to turn this answer to his advantage, and wedding bells soon ring out.

Green Bushes

As I was a-walking one morning in
Spring,
For to hear the birds whistle and the
nightingale sing,
I saw a young damsel, so sweetly sang
she
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to
meet me.
I stepped up to her and thus I did say:
Why wait you, my fair one, so long by
the way?
My true Love, my true Love, so sweetly
sang she,
Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to
meet me.

I'll buy you fine beavers and a fine silken
gown,
I will buy you fine petticoats with the
flounce to the ground.
If you will prove loyal and constant to
me
And forsake your own true Love I'll
marry thee.
I want none of your petticoats and your
fine silken shows,
I never was so poor as to marry for
clothes.
But if you will prove loyal and constant
to me

I'll forsake my own true Love and marry thee.
Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please;
Come let us be going from beneath the green trees.
For my true Love is coming down yonder I see,

Down by the Green Bushes he thinks to meet me.
And when he came there and found she was gone,
He stood like some lambkin for ever undone;
She has gone with some other and forsaken me,
So adieu to Green Bushes, cried he.

The Rambling Sailor

I am a sailor stout and bold,
Long time I've plough'd the ocean,
I've fought for King and country too,
Won honour and promotion.
I said: My brother sailor I bid you adieu,
No more to sea I will go with you;
I'll travel country through and through,
And I'll be a rambling sailor.
If you should want to know my name
My name is young Johnson.
I've got permission from the King

To court young girls and handsome.
I said: My dear what will you do?
Here's ale and wine and brandy, too;
Besides a pair of new silk shoes,
To travel with a rambling sailor.
The King's permission granted me
To range the country over:
From Bristol Town to Liverpool,
From Plymouth Sound to Dover.
I said, in whatever town I went
To court young maidens I was bent
And marry none was my intent,
But live a rambling sailor.

The Crystal Spring

Down by some crystal spring where the nightingales sing
Most pleasant it is in season the groves ring.
Down by the riverside a young captain I espied,
Entreating of his true love for to be his bride.
Dear Phyllis, says he, can you fancy me?
In your soft bowers a crown it shall be.

You shall take no pain, I will you maintain,
My ship, she's a-loaded, just come from Spain.
And if e'er I prove false to my soft little dove,
May the ocean turn desert, elements move.
For where e'er I shall be, I'll be constant to thee.
Like a rover I'll wander and swim through sea.

O No, John!

On yonder hill there stands a creature;	Madam, will you marry me?
Who she is I do not know.	Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!
I'll go and court her for her beauty;	O Madam, since you are so cruel
She must answer Yes or No.	And that you do scorn me so,
Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!	If I may not be your lover,
My father was a Spanish Captain,	Madam, will you let me go?
Went to sea a month ago.	Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!
First he kissed me, then he left me,	Then I will stay with you for ever,
Bid me always answer No.	If you will not be unkind,
Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!	Madam, I have vowed to love you,
O Madam, in your face is beauty,	Would you have me change my mind?
On your lips red roses grow.	Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!
Will you take me for your lover?	O hark! I hear the church bells ringing,
Madam, answer Yes or No.	Will you come and be my wife?
Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!	Or, dear Madam, have you settled
O Madam I will give you jewels,	To live single all your life?
I will make you rich and free,	Oh No, John! No, John! No John, No!
I will give you silken dresses,	

Gerald Finzi – *My spirit sang all day*

My spirit sang all day	Shew us thy joy.
O my joy.	My jealous ears grew whist;
Nothing my tongue could say,	O my joy
Only My joy!	Music from heaven is't,
My heart an echo caught	Sent for our joy?
O my joy	She also came and heard;
And spake,	O my joy,
Tell me thy thought,	What, said she, is this word?
Hide not thy joy.	What is thy joy?
My eyes gan peer around,	And I replied,
O my joy	O see, O my joy,
What beauty hast thou found?	'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
	Thou art my joy.

Interval

Host for Trondernes Mandssangforening



William Arne Tveit was born in Ayr, Scotland in 1950. His mother was British and father Norwegian. At two years old he moved to Oslo, Norway and as a grown up he has lived in Trondheim and worked as a teacher and university scholar. He joined the choir in 1986 and has been a steady bass singer for almost 40 years!

William will be introducing tonight's pieces.

Our programme is a mixture of old national romantic songs, modern religious songs, a typical barbershop song and contemporary choir music. This reflects in many ways what we like to sing.

Edvard Grieg – *Sangerhilsen* (lyrics Sigv. Skavland)

Norwegian Text

Lad os hvirvle Velkomstsangen,
Brødre, mod det glade Tog!
Tone højt paa Mærkestangen
Harpen i dens eget Sprog!
Let paa Foden lys i Sind,
Sangerfærd, drag ind, drag ind!
Sangerfærd, drag ind, drag ind!

Ungdomssang er kjækkest Sejler,
Tonen vugger som en Sø.
Ungdomssang er gladest Bejler,
Tonen er en dejlig Mø.

Svulmende for Sommervind,
Sangerbaad, glid ind, glid ind!
Sangerbaad, glid ind, glid ind!

Syng dig sammen, Sangerskare,
i et enigt Tonevæld!
Inden spredt I atter fare,
vil vi smelte Sjæl i Sjæl
Derfor til vor Tonefest,
Sangerflok, vel mødt som bedst!
Sangerflok, vel mødt som bedst!

Niels Wilhelm Gade - *Morgengesang (Morning Song)*

Danish Text

I østen stiger solen op,
den spreder guld på sky,
går over hav og bjergetop,
går over land og by;

Den kommer fra den favre kyst,
hvor Paradiset lå,

den bringer lys og liv og lyst
til store og til små.

Og med Guds sol udgår fra øst
en himmelsk glans på jord,
et glimt fra Paradisets kyst,
hvor livets abild gror.

Nordraak/Reissiger - *Olav Trygvason*

Norwegian Text

Brede seil over Nordsjø går;
høyt på skansen i morgnen står
Erling Skjalgsson av Sole, -
speider over hav mot Danmark:
„Kommer ikke Olav Trygvason?“

Seks og femti de drager lå,
seilene falt, mot Danmark så
solbrennte menn; - da steg det:
„Hvor bliver Ormen lange?
kommer ikke Olav Trygvason?“

Men da sol í det annet gry
gikk av hav uten mast mot sky,
ble det som storm å høre:
„Hvor bliver Ormen lange?
kommer ikke Olav Trygvason?“

Stille, stille i samme stund
alle stod, ti fra havets bunn
skvulpet som sukk om flåten:
„Tagen er Ormen lange,
fallen er Olav Trygvason.“

Sidenefter i hundre år
norske skibe til følge får -
helst dog i månenetter:
„Tagen er Ormen lange,
fallen er Olav Trygvason.“

English Text

Broad the sails o'er the North Sea go;
High on deck in the morning glow
Erling Skjalgsson from Sole
Scans all the sea toward Denmark:
"Cometh never Olav Trygvason?"

Six and fifty the ships are there,
Sails are let down, toward Denmark stare
Sun-reddened men;--then murmur:
"Where is the great Long Serpent?
Cometh never Olav Trygvason?"

When the sun in the second dawn
Cloudward rising no mast had drawn,
Grew to a storm their clamor:
"Where is the great Long Serpent?
Cometh never Olav Trygvason?"

Silent, silent that moment bound,
Stood they all; for from ocean's ground
Sighed round the fleet a muffled:
"Taken the great Long Serpent,
Fallen is Olav Trygvason."

Ever since, through so many a year,
Norway's ships must beside them hear,
Clearest in nights of moonshine:
"Taken the great Long Serpent,
Fallen is Olav Trygvason."

Ola Gjeilo – *Ubi Caritas*

Latin Text

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.
Congregavit nos in unum Christi amor.
Exultemus, et in ipso iucundemur.
Timeamus, et amemus Deum vivum.
Et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

English Text

Where charity and love are, God is there.
Christ's love has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.
And may we love each other with a
sincere heart.

Knut Nystedt - *The Present Tense*

Thank you, o God, for the time that is
now,
for all the newness your minutes allow.
Keep us alert with your presence of
mind
to fears and longings that move
humankind.

leaving behind things that matter no more.
Thank you for hopes of the day that will
come,
for all the change that will happen in time.
God! For the future our spirits prepare,
hallow our doubts and redeem us from
fear.

Thank you, o God, for the time that is
past,
for all the values and thoughts that will
last.
May we all stagnant tradition ignore,

Make us afraid of the thoughts that delay,
faithful in all the affairs of today.
Keep us, Creator, from playing it safe.
Thank you that now is the time of our life.

Traditional - *My Evaline*

My Eveline
Say you'll be mine
Won't you come and let me whisper in your ear
Way down yonder in the old corn field
For you I pine
Sweeter than the honey

To the honey bee
I love you say you love me
Meet me in the shade
Of the old apple tree
Eva-Iva-Ova-Avaline

Edvard Grieg - *Våren*

Norwegian

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren at sjå,
for Våren at røma;
Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var
på,
eg atter såg bløma.
Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen at sjå,
frå Landet at fljota,
Snjoen at bråna, og Fossen i Å,

at fyssa og brjota.
Graset det grøne eg enno ein Gong,
fekk skoda med blomar.
Enno eg høyrde at Vårfuglen song,
mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Eingong eg sjølv i den vårlege Eim,
som mettar mit Auga.
Eingong eg der vil meg finna ein Heim,
og symjande lauga.
Alt det som Våren imøte meg bar,

og Blomen eg plukkad'.
Federnes Ånder eg trudde det var,

som dansad' og sukkad'.
Derfor eg fann millom Bjørkar og Bar,

i Våren ei Gåta;
derfor det Ljod i den Fløyta eg skar,

meg tyktest at gråta.

English

Once more I got to see winter
fleeing before the spring;
The haggberry with limbs covered by
blossoms
I once more saw blooming.
Once more I got to see the ice
floating from land,
the snow softening, and the waterfall
into river
cascading and breaking.
The green grass I once again got
to behold with blooms.
Still I heard the springtime bird sang
for sun and for summer.

Sometime I will, in the springtime haze
which sates my eye,
sometime there I will find me a home,
and swim and bathe.
Everything that the spring greeted me
with,
and the bloom I plucked.
I thought it to be the spirits of the
forefathers,
that danced and sighed.
Therefore I found, between birches
and conifers,
a riddle in spring.
Therefore the sound from the flute
that I carved
seemed to be weeping.

Jan Magne Førde - *Trønderfanfare*

This piece has no lyrics

Edvard Grieg - Landkjenning

Norwegian Text

Og det var Olav Trygvason,
stævned over Nordsjø fram
op mod sit unge Kongerige,
som ikke vented ham,
Fik han så første Synet:
«Hvad er dette for Mur i Havbrynet?»

Og det var Olav Trygvason,
Landet syntes ganske stængt,
alle hans unge Kongelængsler
føltes mod Klippen sprængt,
indtil en Skald opdaged
hvide Kupler og Spir i Skylaget.

Og det var Olav Trygvason,
syntes, han med engang så
gråsprængte gamle Tempelmure,
snehvide Hvælv derpå.
Længtes han da så såre
med sin unge Tro stå indenfore.

Landet sig åbned, Vår der var,
durende af Fossebrus,
Stormveir og Havdøn rundt omkring
dem
sælsom var Skogens Sus.
Orgler og Klokker hørtes,
Kongen så sig om, Kongen henførtes.
Kongen henførtes:
«Her er Grunden funden, funden,
Tempelhvælvet trodser Helved!
Ånden bæver, Hjertet fyldes,
her den Største kun kan hyldes!

English Text

And it was Olav Trygvason,
sailing o'er the North Sea wide,
bearing the hope to find a kingdom
far on the other side,
Yonder the cliffs appearing
like a battlement loom their dark crest
rearing.

And it was Olav Trygvason,
found he ne'er a spot to land,
e'en like the waves the royal desire
shattered upon the strand.
"See," cried the bard upheaping,
"yonder snow covered peaks o'er
cloud banks peeping."

And it was Olav Trygvason,
suddenly he seem'd to sight
towering temples, domes and spires,
glist'ning in virgin white.
Then vow'd the King undaunted,
with his followers to tread that land
enchanted.

Onward he went ; the rushing streams
heralded the coming spring,
swayed in the stormy wind,
the forest strangely was murmuring,
sounds as of church bells chiming,
and then spake the King, spake as tho'
dreaming,
spake as tho' dreaming:
"Here the spot to found our Kingdom.
Hell! these templewalls defy thee!
Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning,
God to Thee alone be glory!

Gid min Tro stå stærk som Grunden,
stige ren som Jøkelrunden,
Ånden nå Naturens Højde,
fyldt af Ham, som sammenføjde.»

Olavs Bøn vi Alle tage,
nu som da og alle Dage:
Ånden bæver, Hjertet fyldes,
her den Største kun kan hyldes!
Gid min Tro stå stærk som Grunden,
stige ren som Jøkelrunden,
Ånden nå Naturens Højde,
fyldt af Ham, som sammenføjde!
Fyldt af Ham! Fyldt af Ham!

Be, my faith, as yonder mountains,
root as deeply, shine as purely,
and as these my faith strive upward
on to Him, the All Creator!"

Olav's prayer be ours to utter,
as we near the Throne of Mercy.
Hearts are swelling, souls are yearning,
God to Thee alone be glory!
Be, my faith, as yonder mountains,
root as deeply, shine as purely,
and as these my soul shine upward,
on to Him the All Creator!
On to God! On to God!

Joint Pieces

Thomas Moore (Arr. Joe Tobin) - *The Last Rose of Summer*

'Tis the last rose of summer left
blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded
and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud is
nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give
sigh for sigh.

So soon may I follow, when friendships
decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems
drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and
fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak
world alone?

Sommerro/Pedersen – *Bruremarsj Frå Valsøyfjord* (*Wedding March*)

This piece no lyrics, rather sounds like Da ri an dan då etc

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NEWBURY
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Winter Season 2023

NCS Christmas Concert

Join us for a wonderful evening
of Christmas carols and music.

Saturday 16th December 2023, 7:30pm St Nicolas Church, Newbury

Joe Tobin – Musical Director



Joe joined us as our Musical Director at the beginning of 2023. He is an accomplished conductor, composer, singer and musical scholar based in central London, who has performed alongside ensembles such as I Fagiolini, the Royal Academy of Music Chamber Choir, and the Cambridge Fundraising Choir. He is currently the

Director of Music of Newbury Choral Society, Conductor of Peshurst Choral Society, Director of Music at St Thomas of Canterbury Church, Brentwood, and Founder and Musical Director of the professional choir, the Lerion Consort.

He graduated with a first class honours degree from the University of York. Continuing into postgraduate education, Joe studied Choral Conducting at the Royal Academy of Music under the tutelage of Patrick Russill. He graduated in 2021 and was awarded a master's degree with distinction, additionally receiving the Sir Thomas Armstrong Choral Leadership Prize and Irene Burcher Prize from the Academy.

In London Joe has worked professionally as a conductor with many choirs including Ingatestone, Brentwood and Woking choral societies, Royal Academy of Music Chamber Choir, Choir of the London Oratory, Cambridge Fundraising Choir, Herts County Youth Choir, The Harborough Singers, Hanover Choir, Imperial College Chamber Choir, The Birkbeck University Choir, North Herts Guild of Singers, and St John of Jerusalem Festival Chorus, as well conducting the BBC Singers in masterclass and concert. He was previously conductor of the Children's International Voices of Enfield and Interim Director of Music at St Laurence Church, Catford.

Steve Bowey – Organ and Accompanist



Steve studied organ and piano from an early age, playing the organ regularly at St Francis and St Andrew's churches in Coulsdon. After gaining an engineering degree from Salford University he moved to Newbury to work for Vodafone.

In 1991 Steve was appointed accompanist of the Cromwell Singers and later became their Musical Director. From 1992, he was Director of Music at St Mary's Church, Shaw-cum-Donnington and regularly worked with other local choirs, including the Douai Choral Society, the Downland Chorale, the RSCM Southern Cathedral Singers, Berkshire Maestros youth choirs and Worcester College Oxford.

In 2006 Steve joined the Royal College of Organists and in July the following year took the examination for Associate (ARCO) for which he was awarded the Limpus prize for performance, as well as the Sowerbutts and Samuel Baker prizes. After further study, he was awarded the Fellowship Diploma (FRCO) in January 2011.

His current musical commitments include teaching organ, piano, and music theory. He is Director of Music at St Mary's Shaw-cum-Donnington, organist at Cheam School and regularly gives solo organ recitals, including one at Worcester Cathedral in 2018.

Steve is currently the regular accompanist for Newbury Choral Society and The Cecilia Consort and also enjoys working with many other choirs in Newbury and the surrounding area.

Trøndernes Mandssangforening (TMSF)



Chairman: Jon Sandvik

Trøndernes Mandssangforening was established in 1858. At this time there were many (male) choirs starting around the country, rehearsing songs with patriotic and

national romantic content. Norway was a nation being liberated after almost 500 years of Danish and Swedish rule. For many years these choirs played a significant role in the cultural and political upbuilding of the country, and TMSF participated in this work in our city, Trondheim.

But “times they are a-changing” and it became more popular to play and sing in pop and rock groups than to perform polyphonic choir singing. Today most of the choirs from this period are gone. But we’re still here! We’ve kept it going. Throughout a couple of world wars, a handful of pandemics, and a lot of cultural change and challenges, we are still singing and socialising and having a good time together. And we are very happy that it’s now possible to make this return visit to our friends in NCS. We had a good time together in Trondheim, Now let’s make the most of it here in Newbury.

TMSF’s musical director and conductor is Sverre Johan Aal, MD since 2015. He is very sorry that he could not join the Newbury adventure, because he is singing in an opera production in the mountains of Eastern Norway. For tonight’s performance the choir will be conducted by Jan Henrik Dahl.



Jan Henrik is an ordinary choir member of TMSF, stepping in as choral conductor whenever needed. He has his former conducting experience basically from The Student Choral Society of Trondheim, for such choirs as Trondhjems Studentersangforening, Pirum, Candiss and Pirum Old Boys. These choirs represent a wide and varied repertoire from the great choral works

of Bach and Handel to Britten, Grieg, and also modern jazz ensembles such as Sjør and several cabaret choral music events.

NCS members singing in tonight's performance

SOPRANOS		ALTOS	
Rebecca Berger	Lorraine Klugman	Katharine Andrews	Mary Lawler
Chris Castle	Amy Lennon	Gayle Ashby	Rebecca Mathis
Marion Croxford	Beth Lennon	Margaret Baker	Emma Moffatt
Charmain Denis	Chris Letham	Denise Barthorpe	Emma Moscow
Ann Doyle	Beverley Lewis	Helen Cook	Georgina Seaman
Di Felton	Penny Lovelock	Liz Coughlan	Sarah Seath
Janet Frear	Libbie Mead	Helen Douglass	Sally Sinclair
Gill Hitchcock	Lynne Moore	Nicola Foster	Nat Smith
Monica Huddie	Sarah South	Lyn Harper	Tracy Smith
Murrie Jackson	Judith Stock	Joan Harborne	Jenny Stewart
	Fenisia Stopher	Jenny Hayward	Ann Turner
		Mavis Hughesden	Liz Wallace
		Gwenda Hutchinson	Penny Webb
		Ceinwen Lally	
TENORS		BASSES	
Mike Barthorpe	Tom Moffatt	Philip Bann	John Garbutt
Bill Bateman	Richard Papworth	Mike Braide	Paul High
Matthew Evans	Andrew Salisbury	Dan Couchman	Richard Moore
Derek Harwood	Jeremy Wright	David Craig	Barrie Seaman
		Peter Dann	Bob Seath
		Jonathan Edwards	John Stewart
			Andrew Swainston

Programmes printed by



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TMSF members singing in tonight's performance

FIRST TENORS		SECOND TENORS	
Trond Singsås	Sverdrup Liseth	Jon Kristoffer	Per Stene
Ola Svein Stugu	Lars Henrik Eide	Sandvik	Jan Grimm
Per Ivar Hagen	Frank Haugan	Tom Berland	Torstensen
Lars Andreas	Helge Stabursvik	Jan Eirik Stiang	Harald Berg-
	Bjørn Sørenssen	Jan Henrik Dahl	Hanssen
FIRST BASSES		SECOND BASSES	
Lars Martin Hjorthol	Arne Gunnar	Cato Ivar Frantzen	Leif Johan Ole
Arne Tveit	Brandvold	Helge Grenne	Berntsen
Knut H Kierulf	Stig Roar Ekle	Karl Gunnar Jensen	Arne Ulset
Harald Reppesgaard	Trygve Emil Falch	Tore Johan Fagerli	Gunnar Foss
	Glad		Morten Gunnar
	Trygve Østraat		Grønli

Dates for the diary

Saturday 4th November 2023, 6pm, St Johns Church

Fauré: Requiem

Saturday 16th December 2023, 7:30pm, St Nicolas Church

NCS Christmas Concert

Saturday 13th April 2024, 7:30pm, St Nicolas Church

Mozart: Requiem

Saturday 29th June 2024, 7:30pm, Douai Abbey

NCS Summer Season Concert

NEWBURY
Choral
SOCIETY

Autumn Season 2023



Fauré: *Requiem*

Fauré: *Cantique de Jean Racine*

Mendelssohn: *Hear my prayer*

Organ Solo

Conductor: Joe Tobin

Organ: Steve Bowey

Saturday 4th November 2023, 6pm

St John's Church, Newbury

**Tickets £12, under 16s £5, available online
at www.newburychoral.org.uk and from
choir members**

