

Saturday 15th
November 2014

Forthcoming Events

Come and Sing – Mozart Requiem

Saturday 17th January 2015

Trinity Methodist Church Centre

£10 (includes tea, coffee and cake)

Pre-Tour Concert

Friday 17th March 2015

7.30pm

St Mary's, Sileby



Shepshed Singers Cornish Tour

7th – 11th April 2015

Visit our website for further details:
www.shepshedsingers.org.uk

*A Musical
Feast*

Shepshed Singers

Directed by
Richard West

Featuring
Trevor Bartlett
Marimba

Emmanuel Church
Loughborough
7.30pm

Audi, benigne Conditor

Guillaume Dufay

Guillaume Dufay was the single most influential composer of the fifteenth Century, and his music was copied and performed all over Europe. This work, an Antiphon for the first Sunday of Lent at Vespers, alternates plainsong verses with choral responses and is a prayer for purity through fasting. Note the bare harmonies and modal flavours that are a feature of the period.

*Hear, kind Maker,
our entreaties with weeping,
poured out for forty days
in this sacred fast.*

*Nourishing searcher of hearts,
you know the infirmities of strength:
show to those who returned to you
the grace of forgiveness.*

*Much indeed have we sinned,
but spare those who confess:
to praise of your name,
confer healing on the ill.*

*Grant that we may obliterate our
body through abstinence
that hearts devoid of faults
may forsake the food of sin.*

*Furnish, blessed Trinity,
grant, simple Unity:
that offering of fasts
may be fruitful to your people.
Amen*

Ditelo o fiumi

Claudio Monteverdi

This madrigal comes from a larger work, Sestina, and was composed and published in 1614. Monteverdi wrote the work as a heartrending tribute to his wife, who had died in 1607. Monteverdi was a major composer of the early seventeenth century, and his books of madrigals contain a huge variety of styles and subjects. This is one of the latest examples of Stile Antico (the old style), being written for five voice parts either unaccompanied or with a simple bass line accompaniment. Monteverdi's later works were more experimental, operatic and tended to have more intricate accompaniments.

*Say it, o rivers, and you, lonely fields
who hear Glaucus rend the air with cries over
her tomb, that the Nymphs and heaven may know:
grief has become my food, tears my drink,
your fair breast, o happy rock, my bed,
since my beloved was laid in frozen earth.*

Aller Augen warten auf dich, Herre

Heinrich Schütz

There is a rather more optimistic flavour to the next piece, which is a setting from 1657 of the words of Psalm 145, vv 15 - 16. Schütz was widely regarded as the most influential German composer before JS Bach; like Bach, Schütz was both prolific and deeply religious. This piece comes from a set of 12 sacred choral works intended to be sung during the Eucharist.

*The eyes of all look to you,
and you give them their food at the proper time.
You open your hand
and satisfy the desires of every living thing.*

Reading - If Music be the Food of Love

Purcell

Wind Across Mountains

Keiko Abe

Played by Trevor Bartlett

Reading - The Gourmet's love-song

P.G. Wodehouse



Trevor Bartlett (percussion) – Trevor began playing percussion at the age of 6 after becoming fascinated with it after hearing the marimba being played on the radio. In 2011 he graduated with a Masters Degree in Percussion performance from the Royal Northern College of Music where he was awarded a scholarship to study. He has an active solo career and performs regularly with a number of chamber ensembles including the Iolite Duo – harp and percussion duo with award-winning harpist Rosanna Moore – and as part of Manchester based contemporary group Sounds of the Engine House. As well as his solo and chamber work; Trevor currently freelances for various orchestras. He has been privileged to play with such esteemed artists such as Dame Evelyn Glennie, Eric Sammut, Victor Mendosa, and Colin Currie. Trevor has performed in Hong Kong, China, Italy, Germany, Austria, Czech Republic, France, and all over the UK including venues such as the Royal Albert Hall, Festival Hall, Wigmore Hall, Symphony Hall Birmingham, and the Bridgewater Hall. As well as performing, Trevor also teaches percussion and drum kit in Manchester and North Wales.



Chris Hill

Chris moved to Loughborough in 2005 from Bath where he played the oldest continuously used Methodist organ in the world. He is Musical Director of Loughborough Male Voice Choir and Sutton Bonington United Choir and accompanist for a number of groups including Enchanted, Caroline Sharpe Singers and the a cappella group Concorde. He particularly enjoys playing standards and swing in small jazz groups and his dream job would be as Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist.

Shepherd Singers are grateful for his support tonight as our accompanist!

cut the rope of its throat,
skilled destroyer of goats;
its sin, spilled on the washed gravel,
reaches and spreads to devour us all.
so the goat must be killed
and its skin stretched.

The Barrel of the Drum

For this we choose wood
of the tweneduru tree:
hard duru wood
with the hollow blood that makes a womb

Here in this silence
we hear the wounds of the forest;
we hear the sounds of the rivers;
vowels of reed lips,
pebbles of consonants,
underground dark of the continent.

you dumb adom wood will be bent,
will be solemnly bent,
belly rounded with fire,
wounded with tools that will shape you.
You will bleed, cedar dark,
when we cut you;
speak, when we touch you.

The Two curved Sticks of the Drummer

There is a quick stick
grows in the forest,
blossoms twice yearly without leaves;
bare white branches
crack like lightening in the harmattan.

But no harm comes to those who live nearby.
this tree, the elders say,
will never die.
From this stripped tree
snap quick sticks for the festival.
Its wood, heat-hard as stone,
is toneless as a bone.

Gourds and Rattles

Calabash trees' leaves do not clash;
bear a green gourd,
burn copper in the light,
crack open seeds that rattle.
Blind underground the rat's
dark saw-teeth bleed,
the wet root,
snap its long drag of time,
its grit, its flavour;
turn the ripe leaves sour.

Clash rattle, sing gourd;
never leave time's dancers
weary like this tree
that makes and mocks our music.

The Gong-Gong

God is dumb
until the drum speaks.
The Drum is dumb
until the gong-gong leads it.
Man-made, the gong-gong's
iron eyes of music
walk us through the humble dead
to meet the dumb blind drum.
Where Odomankoma speaks.

Fragments From His Dish

Bob Chilcott

Bob Chilcott is renowned as one of this country's leading choral trainers and composers; the first of his major works that we are performing this evening is a collection of five lighthearted pieces on the theme of food and drink. With texts taken from sources as diverse as Pepys' diary (Christmas Day 1666), the Newcastle Chronicle from 1770 (The Pie) and the poet GK Chesterton (Whines from the Wood), the individual movements are delightful miniatures that capture the spirit of the words with Chilcott's characteristic wit and humour.

1. Grace – The Clean Platter

Robert Herrick/ Ogden Nash (1902 – 1971)

What God gives, and what we take,
'tis a gift for Christ his sake.
Be the meal of beans and peas,
God be thanked for those and these.
Have we flesh or have we fish,
All are fragments from his dish.
He his Church save, and the King,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever, ever flourishing.

Some singers sing of women's eyes
And some of women's lips,
Refined ones praise their gentle ways,
And coarse ones hymn their hips.
The Oxford Book of English Verse
Is lush with lyrics tender;

A poet, I guess, is more or less
Pre-occupied with gender.
Yet I, though custom call me crude,
Prefer to sing in praise of food.
Just any old kind of food.

Pooh for the cook, and pooh for the price!
Some of it's nicer but all of it's nice.

Pheasant is pleasant of course,
And terrapin too is tasty,
Lobster I freely endorse,
In paté or patty or pastry.
But there's nothing the matter with butter,
And nothing the matter with jam,
And the warmest of greetings I utter
To the muffin, the ham and the yam.

For they're food, all food,
and I think very highly of food.
Though I'm broody at times
When bothered by rhymes, I brood on food.

Some painters paint the sapphire sea,
And some the gath'ring storm.
Others portray young lambs at play,
But most the female form.

'Twas trite in that primeval dawn
When painting got it's start,
That a lady with her garments on
Is Life, but is she Art?

By undraped nymphs I am not wooed;
I'd rather painters painted food.
Just any old kind of food.
Let it sour or let it be sweet
As long as you're sure it is something to eat.

Just purloin a sirloin, my pet,
If you'd win a devotion incredible;
And asparagus tips vinaigrette,
Or anything else that is edible.

Bring salad or sausage or scone,
A berry or even a beet,
Bring an oyster, an egg or a bone,
As long as it's something to eat.

If it's food, it's food,
Never mind what kind of food.
Through thick or through thin
I am constantly in the mood for food.

2. The Pie

Newcastle Chronicle 6th January 1770

Monday last was brought from Howick to Brewick.
To be shipp'd to London, for Sir Henry Grey, Bart.
A pie, the contents whereof are as follows:
Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese,
two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks,
six snipes, and four partridges: two neats tongues, two curlews,
seven blackbirds and six pigeons:
It is supposed a very great curiosity,
was made by Mrs Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick.
It was near nine feet at circumference at bottom, weighs about
twelve stones, it will take two men to present it to table;
it is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its
use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table.

3. Christmas Day 1666

Samuel Pepys (1633 – 1703)

Lay pretty long in bed. And then rise, leaving my wife desirous to
sleep. Having sat up till four this morning seeing her maids make
mince pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good
sermon. Then home and dined well on some good ribs of beef
roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother and Barker and
plenty of good wine of my own and my heart full of true joy and
thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this
day.

4. Whines From the Wood

G. K. Chesterton (1874 – 1936)

A little sip and then too much.
This is the sort of thing to grip a duke or duch.
But we who live the life conviv,
We are not such.
We drink and then stop short.
Rum! says Achates with a wink.
But mine's a port.
The tap's run dry?
Be pleased to try the other sort.

You don't know how to broach the bung?
The milkmaid never asked the cow,
when I was young,
but simply drank as from a tank,
The grass among.

Nevertheless I am discreet.
Despite the chill of bitterness,
True love is sweet.
Though hearts may ache
A prime rump steak is good to eat.
Despite the smart,
The Lord has had a corner for me in his heart.
The dear old Lad!
And God's my friend, and that's the end,
And aren't you glad.

5. Grace

What God gives, and what we take,
'tis a gift for Christ his sake.
Be the meal of beans and peas,
God be thanked for those and these.
Have we flesh or have we fish,
All are fragments from his dish.
He his Church save, and the King,
And our peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

Reading - The Orange

Wendy Cope

All readings by Heather Rees

INTERVAL

Songs of a Rainbow Nation

arr. Alexandre L'Estrange

accompanist Chris Hill

Singing is a huge part of African culture, and this selection of
Southern African songs represents a selection of songs from a
variety of contexts. The first is intended as gentle advice given to a
bride-to-be, the second and third are joyful, exuberant songs of
praise, while the final song includes a portion of the African
liberation song N'kosi Sikeleli Afrika, which has formed part of the
National anthems of no fewer than five African countries.

Hamba Lulu, O thula animamele izinto zonke.

Hush, Lulu, listen to all they are telling you.

Jesu ukukhanya evangeli, Sipeth ukukhanya evangeli, Hambis ukukhanya evangeli.

Jesus is the light, we are the light, you are the light.

Sinje nje nje ngenithandazo; Omama abakhuthalayo bayathandaza.

*Things are as they are because of prayer; Our mothers and
fathers and even our forefathers, they used to pray.*

Weeping (N'kosi Sikeleli Afrika)

Nkosi sikelele, Thina lusapho lwayo.

Lord bless us, your children.

Reading - The Drums

The Masked Pimpernel

Read by Martin Cooke

The Making of the Drum

Marimba

Bob Chilcott

Trevor Bartlett

The Making of the Drum is one of Chilcott's most original and
striking creations. In his preface he describes the genesis of the
piece:

"In 1984 I was very fortunate to visit Uganda, where a drum maker
made me a beautiful drum with a snakeskin head. I'll never forget
sitting in the plane to come home and seeing by chance the
baggage handlers loading my drum with incredible respect and
care. The drum to them is a living spirit.

*"The poems I set are a celebration of how that spirit is brought to life. The
piece enacts the ritual of constructing the drum, whose component parts
are drawn from the surrounding nature – a nature that gives of itself
almost sacrificially. We hear how the goat is killed for its skin, how the
tree, which bleeds cedar-dark when cut, bestows the drum's body, and
how the sticks and rattles are taken, all to begin a new life as companions
to the gods, music, and the dance."*

The Skin

First the goat must be killed
and the skin stretched.

Bless you, four-footed animal
who eats rope,
skilled upon rocks,
horned with our sin;
stretch your skin,
stretch it tight on our hope;
we have killed you
to make a thin voice
that will reach further than hope
further than heaven,
that will reach deep down to our gods
where the thin light cannot leak,
where our stretched hearts cannot leap.