

# Summertown Choral Society



St Andrew's Church, Summertown  
8pm, Saturday 12th May, 2012

# Programme

**Britten** *Rejoice in the Lamb*  
*Hymn to Saint Peter*

**Vaughan Williams** *Five Mystical Songs*

- 1) Easter
- 2) I got me flowers
- 3) Love bade me welcome
- 4) The Call
- 5) Antiphon

— *Interval, with refreshments* —

**Britten** *A Hymn of St Columba*

**Stanford** *Songs of the Sea*

- 1) Drake's drum
- 2) Outward bound
- 3) Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain
- 3) Homeward bound
- 3) The "Old Superb"

**Thompson** *Frostiana: Seven Country Songs*

- 1) The road not taken
- 2) The pasture
- 3) Come in
- 4) The telephone
- 5) A girl's garden
- 6) Stopping by woods on a snowy evening
- 7) Choose something like a star

**Finzi** *My Spirit Sang All Day*

# Summertown Choral Society

*founded 1961*

Duncan Saunderson, *conductor*

Inigo Jones, *treble*

Stephen Taylor, *countertenor*

Ben Durrant, *tenor*

Giles Underwood, *baritone*

Julian Littlewood, *piano & organ*

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Summertown Choral Society was founded in 1961. The choir is directed by Duncan Saunderson and our accompanist is Julian Littlewood. New members are always welcome, without audition, to this friendly and well-established choir. The choir season runs from September to May and we perform two concerts each season. Details of our next concert are on the back page. Rehearsals for our new season start on Thursday 13 September at 8 p.m. Why not come and join us? More information about the choir, including details of repertoire, can be found on the choir's website at [www.summertownchoral.org.uk](http://www.summertownchoral.org.uk).

Charity registration no. 900317

# The Soloists

## Inigo Jones, *treble*

12-year old Inigo attends New College School and is a chorister with New College Choir directed by Edward Higginbottom. Not only does the choir sing Evensong throughout the university term, but they also give high-profile concerts both at home and abroad. Inigo is one of two treble soloists in the highly acclaimed recording of Couperin's motet *Exultant Superi*. Inigo is also soloist in a recording of *Rejoice in the Lamb*, part of a Britten CD currently in production.

## Stephen Taylor, *countertenor*

Stephen began his singing career as a chorister at Ely Cathedral in 1970 and has remained anchored to church music ever since. He first started singing countertenor whilst schooling in Canterbury and soon began deputising in the cathedral choir under the inspiring direction of Allan Wicks. He moved to Oxford in 1987 to take up the post of Alto Lay Clerk at Christ Church before moving to New College in 1990. A former conductor of Summertown Choral Society, he has honed a career combining singing and teaching with posts at Cothill House School, Radley College and Eton College and also teaches on the Eton Choral Courses each summer. Away from Oxford he has enjoyed singing with some of the country's most prestigious choral groups, including The Tallis Scholars, I Fagiolini and Oxford Camerata. As a soloist he has appeared with The Academy of Music and The King's Consort and has recorded Tallis's lute songs for Signum records. His proudest moment was singing duets in St George's Brandon Hill, Bristol with the world famous Counter Tenor, James Bowman. He first sang the Mouse from Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb* at the National Cathedral in Washington with the choir of Bristol Cathedral in 1987 on their tour of the USA.

## Ben Durrant, *tenor*

Benjamin Durrant was a chorister at St. John's College, Cambridge, under the direction Christopher Robinson. In 2004, he played 'The Spirit of the Boy' in Birmingham Opera Company's BBC Proms production of Britten's *Curlew River*. Ben is currently in his second year of study as an academical clerk at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he reads biochemistry.

## Giles Underwood, *baritone*

After reading Biology at Magdalen College, Oxford, Giles attended postgraduate and opera courses at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where he won prizes for English and Contemporary Song.

Operatic roles include; Don Giovanni, Guglielmo (*Così fan tutte*), Conte Almaviva (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Tarquinius (*The Rape of Lucretia*), Marcello (*La Bohème*), Aeneas & Sorceress (*Dido and Aeneas*), Bruno (James Macmillan's *Parthenogenesis*), Erimante (Cavalli's *L'Erismena*), Adonis (*Venus and Adonis*), Falstaff (*Salieri*). On the concert platform, he has sung with most of the country's major orchestras, and is a regular soloist with The Academy of Ancient Music. He has performed in recital at Wigmore Hall and Purcell Room. As a proponent of contemporary music, he has premiered works by James Macmillan, Judith Bingham, Adam Gorb, Richard Peat and Edward Dudley Hughes, in whose opera, *The Birds*, he created the role of Hoopoe at the Buxton Festival.

Recent engagements include appearances at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, Wigmore Hall, The Temple Festival, The Oxford Lieder Festival and The Royal Albert Hall. He is a regular contributor on the BBC. Upcoming performances include: Haydn's *Creation* at the Three Choirs Festival, solo Bach Cantatas with Brecon Baroque, Britten's *War Requiem* and a series of recitals celebrating Britten's centenary year. Giles is also much in demand as a teacher and vocal coach, with students at both Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

For information about daily services and recordings at New College, many featuring SCS soloists and tonight's conductor in his singing roles go to [www.newcollegechoir.com](http://www.newcollegechoir.com)

## Programme Notes

In our concert tonight, we celebrate poetry in the English language in songs by very well-known composers who for the most part represent the development of music in the British Isles for much of the 20th century. They can be considered in a family tree of teacher-pupil relationships, beginning with Charles Villiers Stanford (himself an Irishman) who was Professor of composition at the newly founded Royal College of Music from 1883. His pupils included Ralph Vaughan Williams, Ernest Farrar (who taught Finzi), Frank Bridge (who taught Benjamin Britten when he was 14) and John Ireland (who taught Britten at RCM in 1930). Britten is acknowledged as one of the great 20th-century composers. He travelled to USA in 1939 and met Aaron Copland who became a great personal friend.

Randall Thompson is our odd man out, being an American composer chiefly known for his choral compositions. His choral writing is very polished and follows the text closely with its nuances and word-painting. He shows a strong awareness in his compositions of the strengths and weaknesses of choirs, and his works are popular with singers and audiences alike in the United States. Tonight is the first occasion when all seven songs in the *Frostiana* cycle have been presented to an English audience. Robert Frost himself was present at the premiere in 1959 and was said to have jumped up at the end of the performance demanding to hear it again.

### Benjamin Britten (1913-76) – *Rejoice in the Lamb* (1943)

Text by Christopher Smart (1722-1771), *Jubilate Agno* (1759-1763)

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 magnifical 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 magnifical and mighty. Hallelujah.

### Benjamin Britten (1913-76) – *Hymn to Saint Peter* (1955)

Thou shalt make them Princes over all the earth:  
They shall remember thy name, O Lord;  
Thou shalt make them Princes.  
Instead of thy fathers, Sons are born to Thee:  
Therefore shall the people praise Thee, Alleluia.

## Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) – *Five Mystical Songs* (1906-11)

Texts by George Herbert (1593-1633) from *The Temple: Sacred Poems* (1633)

### **Easter**

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise without delays,  
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise with him may'st rise;  
That, as his death calcined thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and much more, Just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part with all thy art.  
The cross taught all wood to resound his name who bore the same.  
His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key  
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song pleasant and long:  
Or since all music is but three parts vied, and multiplied;  
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,  
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

### **I got me flowers**

I got me flowers to strew thy way;	The Sun arising in the East,
I got me boughs off many a tree:	Though he give light, and the East perfume;
But thou wast up by break of day,	If they should offer to contest
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.	With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many suns to shine endeavour?  
We count three hundred, but we miss:  
There is but one, and that one ever.

### **Love bade me welcome**

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,  
guilty of dust and sin.  
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack  
from my first entrance in,  
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,  
if I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:  
Love said, You shall be he.  
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
I cannot look on thee.  
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,  
who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my shame  
go where it doth deserve.  
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?  
My dear, then I will serve.  
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:  
so I did sit and eat.

### **The Call**

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:	Come, My Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:	Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:	Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Life, as killeth death.	Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
Such a Joy, as none can move:  
Such a Love, as none can part:  
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

### **Antiphon**

*Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!*

*Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!*

The heavens are not too high,  
His praise may thither fly:  
The earth is not too low,  
His praises there may grow.

The church with Psalms must shout.  
No door can keep them out:  
But above all, the heart  
Must bear the longest part.

*Let all the world in every corner sing,  
My God and King!*

## Benjamin Britten (1913-76) – *A Hymn of St. Columba* (1962)

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 angustiarum,  
mæroris ac tristitiarum.  
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 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.*

## Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) – *Songs of the Sea* (1904)

Texts by Sir Henry Newbolt (1862-1938),

from *Admirals All and Other Verses* (1897) and *The Sailing of the Long-Ships and Other Poems* (1902)

### Drake's drum

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away, (Captain, art thou sleeping there below?) Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay, And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe. Yonder looms the Island, yonder lie the ships, With sailor-lads a-dancing heel-an'-toe, And the shore-lights flashing, And the night-tide dashing, He sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.	Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas, (Captain, art thou sleeping there below?) Roving tho' his death fell, he went with heart at ease, And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe. "Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore, Strike it when your powder's running low; If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven, And drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."
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Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)  
Slung atween the round shot, listening for the drum,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when you sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trade's plying and the old flag flying  
They shall find him ware and waking, as they found him long ago!

### Outward bound

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men, The land we sowed, the hearth that glowed, O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee? Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?	Gray wakes the daybreak, the shiv'ring sails are set, To misty deeps the channel sweeps, O Mother, think on us who think on thee! Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet The sons in exile on the eternal sea.
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### Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,  
Treading his dear Revenge's deck,  
Watch'd, with the sea-dogs round him growling,  
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.  
*"Fetter and Faith for England's neck, faggot and Father, Saint and chain,  
Yonder the Devil and all go howling, Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"*

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,  
Knowing the night that toward him crept,  
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying  
This for a sign before he slept:  
*"Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept Devon shall keep on tide or main;  
Call to the storm and drive them flying, Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"*

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,  
Far in a Southland brought to bay,  
Locked in a death-grip all day tight'n'ing,  
Waited the end in twilight gray.  
*Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way Drake from his long rest turn'd again,  
Vict'ry lit thy steel with lightning, Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!*

### Homeward bound

After long lab'ring in the windy ways,  
On smooth and shining tides  
Swiftly the great ship glides,  
Her storms forgot, her weary watches past;  
Northward she glides and thro' th' enchanted haze  
Faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.

The phantom skyline of a shadowy down,  
Whose pale white cliffs below,  
Thro' sunny mist a-glow,  
Like noonday ghosts of summer moonshine gleam -  
Soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,  
There lies the home of all our mortal dream.

### The "Old Superb"

The wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,  
The Straits before us open'd wide and free;  
We look'd towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,  
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.  
The French are gone to Martinique with four-and-twenty sail,  
The "Old Superb" is old and foul and slow;  
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the trail,  
And where he goes the "Old Superb" must go.

*So Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain,  
And "Ship Ahoy!" a hundred times a day;  
Round the world if need be, and round the world again  
With a lame duck lagging, lagging all the way.*

The "Old Superb" was barnacled and green as grass below,  
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;  
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,  
And long ago they ceased to heave the log,  
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,  
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;  
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,  
For he never yet came in too late to fight.

*So Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain, ...*

"Now up, my lads," the Captain cried, "for sure the case were hard  
If longest out were first to fall behind;  
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them to the yard,  
For night and day the trades are driving blind."  
So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,  
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;  
But ev'ry nigh the "Old Superb" she sailed when others slept,  
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest.

*O 'twas Westward Ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward Ho! for Spain, ...*

## Randall Thompson (1899-1984) – Frostiana: Seven Country Songs (1959)

Texts by Robert Frost (1874-1963)

### The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I marked the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

### The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.  
I sha'n't be gone long.—You come too.

### Come In

As I came to the edge of the woods,  
thrush music – hark!  
Now if it was dusk outside,  
Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird  
By sleight of wing  
To better its perch for the night,  
Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun  
That had died in the west  
Still lived for one song more  
In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark  
Thrush music went –  
Almost like a call to come in  
To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars;  
I would not come in.  
I meant not even if asked;  
And I hadn't been.

### The Telephone

When I was just as far as I could walk  
From here today,  
There was an hour  
All still  
When leaning with my head against a flower  
I heard you talk.  
Don't say I didn't, for I heard you say –  
You spoke from that flower on the window sill –  
Do you remember what it was you said?'

'First tell me what it was you thought you heard.'

'Having found the flower and driven a bee away,  
I leaned my head  
And holding by the stalk,  
I listened and I thought I caught the word –  
What was it? Did you call me by my name?  
Or did you say –  
Someone said "Come" – I heard it as I bowed.'

'I may have thought as much, but not aloud.'

'Well, so I came.'

### A Girl's Garden

A neighbor of mine in the village  
likes to tell how one spring  
When she was a girl on the farm, she did  
a childlike thing.

One day she asked her father  
to give her a garden plot  
To plant and tend and reap herself,  
and he said, "Why not?"

In casting about for a corner  
he thought of an idle bit  
Of walled-off ground where a shop had stood,  
and he said, "Just it."

And he said, "That ought to make you  
an ideal one-girl farm,  
And give you a chance to put some strength  
on your slim-jim arm."

It was not enough of a garden  
her father said, to plow;  
So she had to work it all by hand,  
but she don't mind now.

She wheeled the dung in a wheelbarrow  
along a stretch of road;  
But she always ran away and left  
her not-nice load,

And hid from anyone passing.  
And then she begged the seed.  
She says she thinks she planted one  
of all things but weed.

A hill each of potatoes,  
radishes, lettuce, peas,  
Tomatoes, beets, beans, pumpkins, corn,  
and even fruit trees.

And yes, she has long mistrusted  
that a cider-apple  
In bearing there today is hers,  
or at least may be.

Her crop was a miscellany  
when all was said and done,  
A little bit of everything,  
a great deal of none.

Now when she sees in the village  
how village things go,  
Just when it seems to come in right  
says, "I know!"

"It's as when I was a farmer –"  
Oh never by way of advice!  
And she never sins by telling the tale  
to the same person twice.

# The Choir

## **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening**

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## **Choose Something Like a Star**

O Star (the fairest one in sight),  
We grant your loftiness the right  
To some obscurity of cloud --  
It will not do to say of night,  
Since dark is what brings out your light.  
Some mystery becomes the proud.  
But to be wholly taciturn  
In your reserve is not allowed.  
Say something to us we can learn  
By heart and when alone repeat.  
Say something! And it says "I burn."  
But say with what degree of heat.  
Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade.

Use language we can comprehend.  
Tell us what elements you blend.  
It gives us strangely little aid,  
But does tell something in the end.  
And steadfast as Keats' Eremitic,  
Not even stooping from its sphere,  
It asks a little of us here.  
It asks of us a certain height,  
So when at times the mob is swayed  
To carry praise or blame too far,  
We may choose something like a star  
To stay our minds on and be staid.

## **Gerald Finzi (1901-1956) – My spirit sang all day (1934-7)**

Text by Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

My spirit sang all day  
O my joy.  
Nothing my tongue could say,  
Only My joy!  
My heart an echo caught  
O my joy  
And spake,  
Tell me thy thought,  
Hide not thy joy.  
My eyes gan peer around,  
O my joy  
What beauty hast thou found?  
Shew us thy joy.

My jealous ears grew whist;  
O my joy  
Music from heaven is't,  
Sent for our joy?  
She also came and heard;  
O my joy,  
What, said she, is this word?  
What is thy joy?  
And I replied,  
O see, O my joy,  
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:  
Thou art my joy.

## **Sopranos**

Patricia Alvarez, Jane Amies, Irene Artho, Judith Atkinson, Gillian Atkinson, Liz Baird, Wendy Ball, Gillian Beattie, Nicky Boughton, Victoria Cairns, Sue Cloke, Jackie Eatock Taylor, Debbie Hamilton, Jennifer Hay, Elizabeth Johnston, Lucy Melville, Emily Newson, Chela Nunez, Catrin Roberts, Moira Robinson, Rebecca Tudor, Rachel Turney, Ailsa White and Valerie Worth.

## **Altos**

Dagmar Albert, Stuart Archard, Diane Benfield, Philippa Berry, Jenny Blyth, Vreni Booth, Emma Britton, Vicky Bullard, Emma Campbell, Sue Cavanna, Diana Chandler, Julie Drew, Karin Eldredge, Vanessa Emmett, Felicity Feeny, Rosemary Foot, Gerry Guinan, Sandie Hardaker, Janet Howarth, Hilary Hullah, Camilla Ip, Alison Jones, Manda Joyce, Rosie Lodwick, Samantha Mandrup, Kate Mayberry, Elsa Morgan, Gillian Morriss-Kay, Meg Movshon, Diana O'Meara, Marion Robertson, Jenny Rogers, Amanda Saville, Jean Smith, Gay Sypel, Frances Thomas, Sally Tsang, Lynda Ware and Jackie Wright.

## **Tenors**

Philip Booth, Alex Clissold-Jones, David Crispin, Hugo Everitt, Aeron Goldby, Hilary Greaves, Mary Meagher and Roger Sears.

## **Basses**

Hugh Atherstone, Duncan Bain, Martin Berry, Clive Booth, Andrew Crispus-Jones, Jeremy Cunningham, Robert de Newtown, Stephen Drew, Tony Gillman, Nigel Hamilton, Tom Kempton, Leon Maciocia, Tristan Marshall, John McLeod, Patrick O'Meara, Wolfgang Ritter, Chris Romney, Paul Smith, Clive Williams, Martyn Wilson and Keith Young.

# Summertown Choral Society



J. S. Bach

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*St John Passion*

7.30pm, Saturday 2nd February 2013

St Barnabas Church, Jericho