

Opus XVI Chamber Choir

- Sopranos:** Tessa Crilly, Barbara Cunningham, Alyson Elliman, Jenny Geyer, Harriet Greene, Babette Lichtenstein, Toireasa McCann, Kathy O'Brien, Carol Penrose, Anne Smith
- Altos:** Clare Galton, Lesley Gibbs, Kate Peacock, Joanne Regan, Helene Richards, Jennifer Ridley, Irene Tuffrey, Nicola Yarlett
- Tenors:** Harvey Eagles, Chris Reilly
- Basses:** Anthony Davies, Alan Littell, Tony Nunn

Opus XVI Chamber Choir is based in Streatham, south London. It was founded in 1979, and gave its first concert on St. Cecilia's Day in that year. Our name comes from the fact that there were originally sixteen members, one of whom still sings with the Choir. We have had five Musical Directors, with George Woodcock holding the post since 1987. The choir puts on 3 concerts per year, including our traditional and very successful summer supper concert. Please visit our website at www.opus16.org.uk for more information.

Our next concert will be our annual summer supper concert on Saturday 25 June 2016 at Elm Green School, Elmcourt Road, Tulse Hill, SE27 9BZ. It will be on the theme of "Good and Evil". Contact any choir member or ring 020 7733 0518 for information and tickets.

George Woodcock has been Musical Director of Opus XVI Chamber Choir since 1987. His musical career has taken him down several paths. He was a professional hornplayer for 35 years, which included a period of 20 years with Guildford Philharmonic. He works as a brass tutor at several Primary Schools, and at the Centre for Young Musicians, based at Morley College. He founded and conducted Hampstead Chamber Choir (formerly Rosslyn Hill Choir) from 1978 until 2003. He is currently Organist and Musical Director at St. Oswald's Church, Norbury, and in his "spare" time arranges music specially for Opus XVI's concerts.

If you enjoy singing and are interested in joining OPUS XVI Chamber Choir, a small, friendly group, please speak to any choir member tonight, or phone the Musical Director on 020-8769-0800. The choir practises at 8pm on Monday evenings in Streatham.

7.30pm Saturday 23 April 2016

Opus XVI Chamber choir
Sally Mays - piano
directed by George Woodcock



celebrate the life of
William Shakespeare
in his own words, with music by Ralph
Vaughan Williams, John Rutter and others,
and a new, specially commissioned work by
Gordon Carr:
"For Mr Shakespeare"

All Saints Church, Lovelace Road,
West Dulwich, SE21 8JY

Programme

Order of Programme

When icicles hang - John Rutter Love's Labours Lost	Choir
Where the bee sucks - Thomas Arne The Tempest	Harriet
Fear no more - Gerald Finzi Cymbeline	Tony
You spotted snakes - C Armstrong Gibbs A Midsummer Night's Dream	Toireasa
Sigh no more, ladies - TF Dunhill Much Ado About Nothing	Gentlemen
Who is Silvia? - Eric Coates Two Gentlemen of Verona	Tessa
Come away, death - Roger Quilter Twelfth Night	Anthony
Fear no more - Roger Quilter Cymbeline	Barbara
O mistress mine - John Addison Twelfth Night	Chris
Blow, blow thou winter wind - John Rutter As You Like It	Choir
Three Shakespeare Songs - R Vaughan Williams Full fathom five - The Tempest The cloud-capp'd towers - The Tempest Over hill, over dale - A Midsummer's Night's Dream	Choir

Interval

For Mr. Shakespeare - Gordon Carr FIRST PERFORMANCE (refer to programme notes, starting on page 7)	Choir
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Gordon Carr was born in Matlock, Derbyshire in 1943 and was educated at Dulwich College and The Royal Academy of Music, where he studied the horn with Barry Tuckwell. He has enjoyed a varied freelance career, which encompassed playing with all the major London orchestras. As a session musician he played on the soundtrack of numerous films including *The Boys from Brazil*, *The Spy who Loved Me* and *Straw Dogs*, and on the backing tracks of much pop music.

As a soloist, he appeared at the Wigmore Hall, on the South Bank, round the UK, Italy and Belgium. In his twenties, he began to write music and wrote several large-scale works for the Locke Brass Consort, while a member of this group. In all he has written in excess of 130 works, which includes pianoforte music, much of which Sally Mays has recorded.

For thirty years, Gordon Carr taught at The Centre for Young Musicians and throughout his career has coached and conducted on holiday music courses, and conducted brass ensembles.

Gordon Carr was a Professor at Trinity College of Music, but is now a full-time composer.



Sally Mays is an Australian pianist of international renown, particularly well-known for her performances of contemporary music, especially by Australian composers. She has had many works written for, or dedicated to her, including concertos by Eric Gross, Edwin Carr and Ann Carr-Boyd, all recorded and broadcast by the ABC. She performs and broadcasts regularly as a soloist and chamber musician throughout the world and returns annually to work in Australia.

She is a much sought-after teacher in England and Australia. Her ensembles include Sounds Positive, the contemporary wind ensemble, where she is the contrasting pianist, and the Trio Lavolta. She is the editor of *Australian Piano Music*, a series of four volumes of contemporary Australian works, published by Currency Press.

Sally was awarded the Australian Medal in the Queen's New Year's Honours in 2016 for her contribution to Australian performing arts as a leading solo pianist, teacher, composer and editor.

For the rain it raineth every day

Twelfth Night, Act V, scene 1

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut
their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every
day.*

If music be the food of love
Twelfth Night, Act I, scene 1

*If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet
sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!
Enough; no more.*

Who wrote Shakespeare's works?

The question of the authorship of Shakespeare's writings is the argument that someone other than William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon wrote the works attributed to him. There are various alternative-authorship theories that Shakespeare of Stratford was a front to shield the identity of the real author or authors, who for some reason did not want or could not accept public credit. Although the idea has attracted much public interest, all but a few Shakespeare scholars and literary historians consider it a fringe belief and for the most part acknowledge it only to rebut or disparage the claims.

Shakespeare's authorship was first questioned in the middle of the 19th century. More than 80 authorship candidates have been proposed, the most popular being Sir Francis Bacon; Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford; Christopher Marlowe; and William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby.

Supporters of alternative candidates argue that William Shakespeare lacked the education, aristocratic sensibility or familiarity with the royal court that they say is apparent in the works. Scholars who have responded to such claims hold that biographical interpretations of literature are unreliable in attributing authorship, and that the convergence of documentary evidence used to support Shakespeare's authorship - title pages, testimony by other contemporary poets and historians, and official records - is the same used for all other authorial attributions of his era. No such direct evidence exists for any other candidate, and Shakespeare's authorship was not questioned during his lifetime or for centuries after his death.

William Shakespeare

Historians believe Shakespeare was born on this day, 23 April, in 1564, the same day he died in 1616. Today is therefore the 400th anniversary of his death.

Although the plays of William Shakespeare may be the most widely read works in the English language, little is known for certain about the playwright himself. Some scholars even believe the plays were not written by William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon but by some other well-educated, aristocratic writer who wished to remain anonymous (see page 10).



The **Chandos Portrait**, possibly by Richard Burbage or John Taylor, dates back to 1610 and is believed to be an accurate portrait of William Shakespeare at the age of 46.

Shakespeare's father was probably a tradesman in leather goods. He became an alderman and bailiff in Stratford-upon-Avon, and his son William was baptized in the town on April 26, 1564. At age 18, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, and the couple had a daughter in 1583 and twins in 1585. Sometime later, Shakespeare set off for London to become an actor and by 1592 was well established in London's theatrical world as both a performer and a playwright. His earliest plays, including *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, were written in the early 1590s. Later in the decade, he wrote tragedies such as *Romeo and Juliet* (1594-1595) and comedies including *The Merchant of Venice* (1596-1597). His greatest tragedies were written after 1600, including *Hamlet* (1600-01), *Othello* (1604-05), *King Lear* (1605-06), and *Macbeth* (1605-1606).

He became a member of the popular theatre group, the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later the King's Men. The group built and operated the famous Globe Theatre in 1599. Shakespeare ultimately became a major shareholder in the troupe and earned enough money to buy a large house in Stratford in 1597. He retired to Stratford in 1610, where he wrote his last plays, including *The Tempest* (1611) and *The Winter's Tale* (1610-11). Meanwhile, he had written more than 100 sonnets, which were published in 1609. Although pirated versions of *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet* and some other plays were published during Shakespeare's lifetime, no definitive collection of his works was published until after his death. In 1623, two members of Shakespeare's troupe collected the plays and printed what is now called the *First Folio* (1623).

When icicles hang
Love's Labour's Lost,
Act V, scene 2

*When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Where the bee sucks
The Tempest, Act IV, scene 1

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Fear no more
Cymbeline, Act IV, Scene 2

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No exorciser harm thee!*

*Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!*

You spotted snakes
A Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act II, scene 2

*You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.*

*Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

Sigh no more, ladies
Much Ado about Nothing,
Act II, scene 3

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men was ever so
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey, nonny, nonny.*

*Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat --
That Time will come and take my love away.*

*This thought is as a death, which
cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.*

What is love?
Twelfth Night, Act II Scene 3

*What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter.
What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty.
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Orpheus
Life of King Henry VIII
Act III scene 1

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

Saint Valentine's day
Hamlet, Act IV, scene 5

*Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,*

*And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door.
Let in the maid that out a maid
Never departed more.*

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie, for shame!
Young men will do 't,
If they come to 't.
By Cock, they are to blame.
"Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."*

Winter
Sonnet 97

*How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.*

Under the greenwood tree
As You Like It, Act II, scene 5

*Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

*Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.*

It was a lover and his lass
As You Like It, Act V, scene 3

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown'd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding,
ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Silvia
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Act IV, scene 2

See page 5

Yellow sands
The Tempest, Act I, scene 2

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves whist,)
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark! Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark.
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doddle-doo.*

Time and love
Sonnet 64

*When I have seen by Time's fell hand
defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried
age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean
gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,*

Who is Silvia?
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Act IV, scene 2

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.*

Come away, death
Twelfth Night, Act II, scene 4

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be
strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones
shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!*

Fear no more
Cymbeline, Act IV, Scene 2

(For words, see previous page)

O mistress mine
Twelfth Night, Act II, scene 3

*O Mistress mine, where are you
roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.*

*What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Blow, blow thou winter wind
Twelfth Night, Act II, scene 3

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship if feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As a friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Full fathom five

The Tempest, Act I, scene 2

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them, – ding-dong bell.

The cloud capp'd towers

The Tempest, Act IV, scene 1

The cloud-capp'd towers,
the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,
the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind:
We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,
and our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Over hill, over dale

*A Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act II scene 1*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



The **Grafton Portrait** is dated 1588, which would make Shakespeare 24 years old. Experts say that it depicts the author accurately in his younger years.

Shakespeare's impact on our language

Shakespeare, in his plays, poems and other writings, used 29,066 unique words. Most people today only use 7,500 to 10,000 unique words in their writing and speech. Shakespeare introduced nearly 3,000 words into the English language. In addition, many of Shakespeare's expressions are commonly used today, some of which follow here:

- *A laughing stock*
- *A sorry sight*
- *As dead as a doornail*
- *Eaten out of house and home*
- *I will wear my heart upon my sleeve*
- *A fool's paradise*
- *A foregone conclusion*
- *A sorry sight*
- *All of a sudden*
- *Good riddance*
- *Green-eyed monster*
- *Lay it on with a trowel*
- *Too much of a good thing*
- *Salad days*

How many recognisable phrases can be found in our concert programme?

For Mr Shakespeare

*They that have power to hurt
Sonnet 94*

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Where is fancy bred?

*Merchant of Venice,
Act III, scene 2*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle, where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it – Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

*True love
Sonnet 116*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

*Crabbed age and youth
No 9 from the Passionate Pilgrim*

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long.