A detailed painting of a Victorian parlour. In the foreground, a woman in a white dress sits at a dark piano, playing. Another woman in a white dress stands behind the piano, looking at a book. In the background, a man and a woman are seated at a table covered with a patterned cloth, engaged in conversation. The room is filled with various objects, including vases, plants, and a patterned rug. The overall atmosphere is warm and intimate.

VIVACE'S
VICTORIAN
PARLOUR

PART SONGS AND PIANO DUETS
RECITATIONS AND RHYMES
SOLOS AND POPULAR CHORUSES

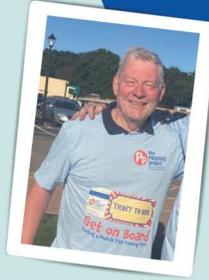
Conductor:
Jeremy Backhouse

Saturday
11 Nov 2023
at 7.30pm

Vivace
Chorus

St Catherine's School,
Anniversary Halls

A note from Alf Turner Chair Of The Prostate Project



I appreciate that you are all here to have a wonderful time listening to some beautiful music, but I am very grateful to the Vivace Chorus for allowing me to say a few words about the Prostate Project.

It is a sad fact that prostate cancer kills more than 14,000 men in the UK every single year, it is even sadder to consider that many of these deaths are preventable, because with early diagnosis, prostate cancer is usually curable.

Giant strides in research, diagnosis and treatment of prostate cancer are being made right here in Surrey, in fact the work undertaken at the Stokes Centre for Urology at Royal Surrey Hospital is genuinely world-leading.

The Prostate Project raised more than £3 million to help build the centre, and today we raise funds to buy medical equipment, fund prostate cancer research, and provide support for patients and increase awareness of the simple PSA Blood test, an effective early detector of possible problems.

Our organisation is almost entirely run by volunteers, and if you, or anyone you know would like information about our work, or simply wish to learn more about prostate cancer, please visit our website.

Thank you again for this opportunity, and please enjoy the show!

Regards,

Alf Turner



info@prostate-project.org.uk | www.prostate-project.org.uk
07724 465 883

Registered Charity No.1078523





Vivace's
**VICTORIAN
PARLOUR**

An evening of musical delights

in the company of

Vivace Chorus

under the musical direction of

Mr Jeremy Backhouse

ably accompanied on the pianoforte by

Francis Pott & Nao Dixon



Part One



Two Madrigals

Jon Long (introduction)

Thomas Morley: My bonny lass she smileth

Orlando Gibbons: The silver swan

Two Part-Songs

Jon Long (introduction)

Edward Elgar: As torrents in summer

C V Stanford: The Blue Bird

Becky Kerby (soprano)

Two Solo Songs

Jon Long (introduction)

Michael Balfe: Come into the garden, Maud *Stephen Linton (tenor)*

The Dream *Scarlett Close (soprano)*

Ballad

Arthur Sullivan, arr. Peter Gritton:

The Lost Chord

Three Oratorio Choruses

Jon Long (introduction)

John Stainer: God so loved the world ('The Crucifixion')

C H H Parry: Long since in Egypt's plenteous land
(from 'Judith')

Jan Barklem (soprano)

Felix Mendelssohn: Baal, we cry to thee (from 'Elijah')

INTERVAL

Part Two



Two Part-Songs

Jon Long (introduction)

Gilbert & Sullivan: Brightly dawns our wedding day

Henry Bishop, arr. Bob Chilcott:

Home, sweet home

Waltzes

Jon Long (introduction)

Johannes Brahms: Liebeslieder Waltzes

Recitation

Marriott Edgar/Stanley Holloway:

Albert and the Lion

Jacqui Alderton (reciter)

Two Songs of Farewell

Jon Long (introduction)

Frederick Bridge: The Goslings

Ciro Pinsuti: Goodnight, goodnight, beloved

Flash photography, audio and video recording are not permitted without the prior written consent of the Vivace Chorus.

Please also kindly switch off all mobile phones and alarms on digital watches. Thank you.

An Introduction



Fred Sullivan
Victoria & Albert Museum

In January 1877 one of the most beloved entertainers of the time, the actor and singer Fred Sullivan, lay dying at his house in Fulham. The house survives, a few hundred yards from the south-west end of the New Kings Road, its yellow London-brick frontage shadowed by an enormous sycamore tree and its windows, frames, sills and all, still painted in funereal black. By his bedside Fred's younger brother, the thirty-three year old Arthur Sullivan, by then a famous conductor and composer, had kept watch for some days, and this terrible experience – Fred was only thirty-nine, and his tuberculosis had inflicted a lingering “decline” over the previous year – nevertheless brought a creative breakthrough for Arthur. At last, after five years of futile effort, he was able to compose the music that expressed everything he felt in response to Adeline Anne Procter's sensationally popular poem, *The Lost Chord*.

Sullivan's setting, which at first he thought too intimate and personal to be published, eventually became a key item in the rich and diverse “parlour culture” of Victorian Britain. Unforgettably dramatic and touching, its defining visual image is of a solitary figure, man or woman, “seated one day at the organ ... weary and ill at ease”, who suddenly discovers in “the noisy keys” a chord so beautiful that it seems to give, unsought, a resolution of all of humanity's anxieties, sorrows and perplexities. This completed work offered the Victorians an opportunity to explore deep emotional (and for many people spiritual) needs, and in a form that could be instantly grasped and valued.

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The song's extraordinary central idea also presented an intriguing challenge. The overwhelming power of the chord, "flooding the crimson twilight", emerges in the text as if by some mysterious impulse from within "the soul of the organ", entering directly into the soul of the player as the voice of music itself. This prompts questions that the rest of the song refuses to resolve: was it God speaking through the organ? was it some unconscious artistic process released in the player? or is there a power in music to console and satisfy us, compensating for the pains of life with the possibility of a perfect, harmonious beauty that we can all pursue, however incompletely, contenting ourselves with the journey rather than with any expectation of closure?



Arthur Sullivan

Although the organist in the song is left still seeking in vain for the "one lost chord divine", the search is balanced, in a way that is characteristically Victorian, between despair and hope. In an age that was famously one of "faith and doubt", Sullivan's song provided a cautiously positive message for religious believers: "It may be" that the chord's promise will be fulfilled after death in the "grand Amen" of a Christian heaven, and this will have brought consolation to many listeners. On the other hand, for those sceptics who questioned faith, the chord, which is explicitly compared to "love overcoming strife", could be a metaphor for the comfort to be found in the quiet affections of family life, the happy intimacy of lovers, and the self-fulfilment experienced by strong, active individuals working for the harmony and the "one perfect peace" of society beyond the parlour – all of them concerns that were repeatedly idealised and promoted in Victorian culture.

The works in tonight's concert explore the issues raised in *The Lost Chord* in many different ways. The delights of a happy home, "be it never so humble", are the foundation on which Henry Bishop built his phenomenally successful *Home, Sweet Home*. Its melody became popular all over the world, and just as in Balfe's *The Dream (I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls)* its text specifically rejects riches and social grandeur, "pleasures and palaces", in favour of the devotion and fortitude of everyday people. Brahms, with engaging honesty, dramatizes the shifting relationships and moods of lovers in his *Liebeslieder Waltzes*, while Balfe's *Come into the garden, Maud*, although it omits the emotional extremes of Tennyson's original text, is still an impressively frank portrayal of passionate love. Morley's *My bonny lass she smileth*, in contrast, composed over two hundred years before their time, delighted the Victorians with its sunny celebration of youth and beauty.

Orlando Gibbons's *The silver swan* addresses directly the relationship between death, grief and music that is so central to *The Lost Chord*, and it was a favourite of the many composers, performers and teachers at the time who took a keen interest in "early" music – among them John Stainer, Hubert Parry and Frederick Bridge: its popularity shows that any casual association between Victorian music and heavy, morbid sentimentality is misplaced. Turning to the consolations of religion, John Stainer's *Crucifixion*, carefully designed to be performable by ordinary parish choirs and without professional soloists, and significantly entitled *A Meditation on the Sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer*, avoids emotional vehemence and achieves a general effect of modest sincerity and restraint in its musical language – in fact it creates something of the intimacy of the Victorian parlour itself.

Elgar's *As torrents in summer*, while dealing with the stresses and changes of life, shows a similarly delicate economy of expression, straightforward and moving. A parlour is by definition a place in which people *talk* to each other, and by extension sing and play together, either forming part of, or performing to, an appreciative audience in an atmosphere of mutual tolerance and delight. Parry's chorus *Long since in Egypt's plenteous land* is interesting in this context. It comes from a large work for public performance, his oratorio *Judith*, which relates the attempt of the Assyrians to massacre the people of Israel and sacrifice their children to the god Moloch, and their defeat by the heroic Judith. The well-known melody of the chorus, however, is most familiar as the hymn tune *Dear Lord and father of mankind*, which (like the chorus) puts its faith in "the constant sun" of love, divine or human, to order individual lives and control "the strain and stress" of the world. In many Victorian families this would surely have been seen as an apotheosis of the values of the domestic parlour.

Jon Long 2023



Two Madrigals

My bonny lass she smileth

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

The silver swan

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

The Elizabethan composer Thomas Morley's *My bonny lass she smileth*, with its quick-moving, dance-like rhythms and cheerful "fa-la-la" refrain, appealed to the Victorians' love of getting together to sing music that was just challenging enough to be fun, but performable by amateurs to a good standard. The title of Morley's book *A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Music* (1597) had in fact a message that they would have approved of heartily, keen as they were on self-improvement: essentially, "Work hard, and with a bit of guidance you can do it!" Many would also have been familiar with Morley's Shakespeare settings such as *It was a lover and his lass* and *O mistress mine*, which were still the standard versions used in the theatre and ideal for performance at home.



Orlando Gibbons

Gibbons's *The silver swan*, remarkable for its mournful but disciplined gravity and its (mythical) claim that the beautiful bird sings only once, when on the point of death, satisfied another aspect of their taste - the "shaping" of grief that was often needed at a time of high mortality, especially of children. The moral message of the text is also something that the Victorian family would have assented to willingly, having met it frequently in Dickens's novels: beautiful

and sensitive people in the world are far outnumbered by the noisy and foolish.

My Bonny Lass She Smileth

My bonny lass she smileth,
When she my heart beguileth,
Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you shall love me more.
When she her sweet eye turneth,
Oh, how my heart it burneth!
Dear love, call in their light,
Or else you burn me quite!

The Silver Swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell, all joys; Oh death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

Two Part-Songs

As torrents in summer

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

The Blue Bird

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

These two part songs are a reminder of the wide range of genres, themes and styles that characterise works which nevertheless seem to belong together in the category of "parlour music". Elgar and Stanford were both born in the 1850s, but *As torrents in summer* is solidly Victorian, the last movement of a long cantata based on a Longfellow text, and it has an earnestly traditional and reassuring religious theme. It is a world away from Stanford's stand-alone song *The Blue Bird*, published in 1910 (therefore at the end of Edward VII's reign), which sets a text by a woman poet whose work, despite her reserved personal life, looks confidently forward into the twentieth century. Stanford's music here perfectly complements the clarity, precision and emotional reticence of Mary E. Coleridge's poem, which has itself been compared to the luminous effects achieved by the Impressionist painters and the enigmatic simplicity of Imagist poetry.

As torrents in summer

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, tho' the sky is still cloudless.
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it,
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest
blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.
The lake lay blue below the hill.

Two Solo Songs

Come into the garden Maud

The Dream

Michael Balfe (1808-1870)

Ballad

The Lost Chord

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Michael Balfe, in contrast, seems to belong to a different age. Born in the reign of George III, and a child during the Regency, he was already a popular composer when Victoria was crowned at the age of nineteen in 1838. He had been a protégé of Rossini, and would soon be conducting works by Donizetti and Verdi in London as well as composing for the greatest Italian *bel canto* singers of the day. Arias from the opera-house were often performed in the Victorian parlour, in versions reduced for piano accompaniment, and Balfe's setting of a famous passage from Tennyson's "monodrama" *Maud* has some recognisably operatic features: direct, urgent address to the beautiful "heroine", an ardent, swelling melody pushing forward at a pulsing *andante* pace, and a vividly dramatic moment when the mood suddenly changes as the protagonist hears her approaching footsteps. At this point in an operatic aria of the time there might well have followed a passionate *cabaletta* section, and Balfe provides a fine "drawing-room" version of this, brief but highly emotional, in which the pianist and singer can show off their theatrical talents.

The Dream comes from Balfe's opera *The Bohemian Girl*, written for Drury Lane in 1843 and soon to be in production in New York, Vienna, Sydney and beyond – a stunning world-wide success. The deliberately naïve style of its wistful melody, the strong moral message that love is more important than riches, and the simple piano part, which meant that the singer could accompany herself, would have made it a beautiful moment of calm and reflection in an evening in the parlour that also included the passions of *Maud* and the brooding speculations of *The Lost Chord*.

Come into the garden, Maud

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.
Come! come!
Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, is flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls,
Come hither, the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose, in one.
Shine out little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.
Shine out! Shine out!
Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, is flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.

The Dream

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those
walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches all too great to count
And a high ancestral name.

But I also dreamt which pleased me
most
That you loved me still the same,
That you loved me
You loved me still the same,
That you loved me
You loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee
And with vows no maiden heart could
withstand,
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim.

But I also dreamt which charmed me
most
That you loved me still the same
That you loved me
You loved me still the same,
That you loved me
You loved me still the same.

The Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Three Oratorio Choruses

God so loved the world *John Stainer (1840-1901)*

Long since in Egypt's plenteous land *C.H. Parry (1848-1918)*

Baal, we cry to thee *Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)*

The Victorian public had an enormous appetite for large-scale religious works, and the Birmingham Triennial Festival, based in a rich and forward-looking city, commissioned both Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (1846) and Parry's *Judith* (1888). John Stainer wrote his *Crucifixion* (1887) for the parish church choir in Marylebone, and on a deliberately smaller scale. The son of a south London cabinet maker, he eventually became Heather Professor of Music at Oxford and dedicated his life to promoting access to music, including work as Inspector of Music for Schools and the publication of such well-known pieces as *Love divine, all loves excelling, God rest you merry, gentlemen* and *Good King Wenceslas*. Like Parry's *Long since in Egypt's plenteous land*, Stainer's *God so loved the world* has a characteristically Victorian aim – to communicate directly and earnestly, encouraging serious reflection shaped and supported by a clearly-defined system of belief.

Mendelssohn, in contrast, was an international "star" whose experiences in the English parlour included accompanying Victoria and Albert in vocal duets and, on one occasion, playing simultaneous variations on *Rule, Britannia!* (left hand) and the *Austrian National Anthem* (right hand); "We were all filled with the greatest admiration. Poor Mendelssohn was quite exhausted ...", wrote the grateful Queen. The large-scale chorus *Baal, we cry to thee* is unlikely to have been performed in even the grandest parlour, although *Elijah* was soon available in piano score for adventurous players and singers, as were Victorian editions of huge works such as Wagner's

Anello del Nibelungo (The Ring Cycle) or *I Maestri Cantori di Norimberga* (The Mastersingers), translated from German into Italian as was required of all operas at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

God so loved the world

God so loved the world,
that He gave His only begotten Son,
that whoso believeth in Him
should not perish
but have everlasting life.

For God sent not His Son into the world
to condemn the world,
But that the world through Him might be
saved.

Long since in Egypt's plenteous land.

Long since in Egypt's plenteous land
Our fathers were oppressed;
But God, whose chosen folk they were,
Smote those who long enslaved them
there,
And all their woes redressed.

The Red Sea stayed them not at all,
Nor depths of liquid green;
On either hand a mighty wall
Of waters clear rose at his call,
And they passed through between.

In deserts wild they wandered long,
They sinned and went astray;
But yet his arm to help was strong,

He pardoned them tho' they did wrong,
And brought them on their way.

At last to this good land they came,
With fruitful plenty blest;
Here glorious men won endless fame,
Here God made holy Zion's name,
And here he gave them rest.

Oh, may we ne'er forget what he hath
done,
Nor prove unmindful of his love,
That, like the constant sun,
On Israel hath shone,
And sent down blessings from above.

Baal, we cry to thee

Baal, we cry to thee,
hear and answer us!
Heed the sacrifice we offer!
Hear us, Baal!

Hear, mighty god!
Baal, oh answer us!
Baal, let thy flames fall
and extirpate the foe!



Interval



Two Part-Songs

Brightly dawns our wedding day

W.S. Gilbert (1836-1911) and Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Home, sweet home

Henry Rowley Bishop (1787-1855)

Gilbert and Sullivan's madrigal comes from Act 2 of *The Mikado*, written at the height of their success with the Savoy Operas in 1885. Sullivan had won the first ever Mendelssohn Scholarship at the extraordinarily early age of fourteen, and studied for two years in Leipzig before he was twenty. His long career as conductor, composer and researcher (in 1867 he and a friend discovered the lost manuscript score of Schubert's *Rosamunde*) gave him a wide experience of European music, and in his stage works he delighted in parody.

This "merry madrigal" contains brief melodic echoes of Morley's *Now is the month of maying* and the traditional "fa-las" that go back to the Italian *balletto* form that Morley himself was imitating. In the theatre Gilbert's story-line and stage directions provide the element of (typically gruesome) humour: for complicated reasons the bridegroom has agreed to be beheaded soon after the wedding, and the singers are instructed to collapse in tears at the end of each verse, but the madrigal is a serious and entertainingly close imitation of a musical genre that was still very popular with the Victorians.

Henry Bishop's most famous song, *Home, sweet home*, with its tenderly emotional melody and touching lyrics, first appeared in his opera *Clari, or The Maid of Milan* in 1823, and it soon became a kind of "common property" for composers approaching a moment of intimate pathos. Varied and decorated in the style of the period, and equipped with new words, it is sung in Donizetti's superb romantic tragedy *Anna Bolena* (Anne Boleyn) as the doomed queen prays for an end

to her sufferings, and Verdi used it to devastating effect in *Nabucco* for King Nebuchadnezzar's plea to the God of the Hebrew slaves to release him from madness. Bishop republished it in 1852 as a parlour ballad, and it became so popular in the USA that, allegedly, it was banned by the Union Army authorities as a threat to morale during the Civil War.

Brightly dawns our wedding day

Brightly dawns our wedding day;	Let us dry the ready tear;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!	Though the hours are surely creeping
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?	Little need for woeful weeping,
Fickle moment, prithee stay!	Till the sad sundown is near.
What though mortal joys be hollow?	All must sip the cup of sorrow,
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:	I to-day and thou to-morrow;
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,	This the close of every song.
Ding dong! Ding dong!	Ding dong! Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall	What, though solemn shadows fall,
Over one and over all,	Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal,	Sing a merry madrigal,
Fal-la--fal-la!	Fal-la--fal-la!

Home, sweet home

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.
Home! Home!
Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain:
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
And gave me the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

Waltzes

Liebeslieder Waltzes

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)



Johannes Brahms in 1872

Brahms wrote his "Lovesong" waltzes in 1868-9, inspired by a set of folk-song texts, *Polydora*, published by G. F. Daumer in 1855, and by some late works of Schubert that had explored the robust folk dance form, the *ländler*, with its vigorous $\frac{3}{4}$ time and characteristic stamping technique. Brahms's settings are elegant, sophisticated and virtuosic, responding superbly to the forthright earthiness and subtle psychological insights of the texts.

They deal with the tenderness, yearning, moodiness and changeableness of lovers, intense feelings aroused by apparently trivial incidents, or tiny observed shifts in a relationship that threaten happiness. Wonderfully clear and penetrating images from nature illuminate the work – two lovers are linked yet also separated, like the moon reflected in the water; the lonely girl would glow like the evening sky if she could find a man to love her; another resembles the tender green hop-vine, trailing on the ground, still beautiful but melancholy without her support now that her beloved is away. There are moments of real violence too: the lover's feelings like waves crashing on the rocks, or his fierce threat to put padlocks on the mouths of gossips or smash the door bolts as if they were made of glass. For all their brevity, the waltzes are a brilliantly comprehensive investigation of *Liebe, Lust und Leide* – love, desire and pain.

Liabeteslieder Waltzes, Op. 25

No. 1. Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes, das mir in
die Brust, die kühle,

hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke, diese
wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
willst du eine Überfromme,

rasten ohne traute Wonne, oder willst
du, dass ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne, nicht so
bitter will ich büssen,

komme nur, du schwarzes Auge,
willst du dass ich komme wenn die
Sterne grüssen?

No. 2. Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,
heftig angetrieben:

Wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
lernt es unterm Lieben.

No. 3. O die Frauen, o die Frauen!

O die Frauen, o die Frauen,

Wie sie Wonne tauen!

Wären lang ein Mönch geworden,
Wären nicht die Frauen!

No. 4. Wie des Abends schöne Röte

Wie des Abends schöne Röte
möcht ich arme Dirne glühn
einem, einem zu Gefallen
sonder Ende Wonne sprühn

No. 5. Die grüne Hopfenranke

Die grüne Hopfenranke, sie schlängelt
auf der Erde hin.

Die junge, schöne Dirne, so traurig ist ihr
Sinn!

Du höre, grüne Ranke! Was hebst du
dich nicht himmelwärts?

Du höre, schöne Dirne! Was ist so
schwer dein Herz?

No. 1. Speak, dearest maiden

Speak, dearest maiden you whose
glance has hurled

into my cool heart these wild, passionate
feelings!

Don't you want to soften your heart? Do
you want, you overly pious one,

to rest without true delight? Or do you
want me to come?

Rest without true delight — I don't want
to suffer so bitterly.

Do come, you dark-eyed boy;
come when the stars appear!

No. 2. At the rocks rushes the flood

At the rocks rushes the flood,
vehemently driven:

He who does not know how to sigh
will be taught by loving.

No. 3. Oh women, oh women

Oh women, oh women,
how they do delight!

I would have become a monk long ago
were it not for women!

No. 4. Like the beautiful crimson evening

Like the beautiful crimson evening
I, a poor girl, would glow,

To please one, alone,
Radiating bliss forever.

No. 5. The green hop-vine

The green hop-vine creeps along the
ground.

The beautiful young maiden — so
sorrowful is her heart!

Listen, green vine, why don't you climb
toward the heavens?

Listen, beautiful maiden, why is your
heart so heavy?

Wie hobe sich die Ranke, der keine
Stütze Kraft verleiht

Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich, wenn ihr der
Liebste weit?

No. 6. Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel

Ein kleiner hübscher Vogel nahm den
Flug

zum Garten hin, da gab es Obst genug.
Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel
wär,

ich säumte nicht, ick täte so wie der.
Leimruten Arglist, lauert an dem Ort,
der arme Vogel konnte nicht mehr fort.
Nicht fort, nicht fort.

Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel
wär

ich säumte nicht, ich täte nicht wie der.
Der Vogel kam in eine schöne Hand,
da tat es ihm, dem Glücklichen nicht an.

Wenn ich ein hübscher, kleiner Vogel
wär,

ich säumte nicht, ich täte so wie der.

No. 7. Wohl schön bewandt war es

Wohl schön bewandt War es vorehe
Mit meinem Leben, Mit meiner Liebe;
Durch eine Wand, Ja, durch zehn
Wände,

Erkannte mich Des Freundes Sehe;
Doch jetzo, wehe, Wenn ich dem Kalten
Auch noch so dicht Vor'm Auge stehe,
Es merkt's sein Auge, Sein Herze nicht.

No. 8. Wenn so lind dein Auge mir

Wenn so lind dein Auge mir und so
lieblich schauet,

jede lezte Trübe flieht, welche mich
umgrauet.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut, lass sie nie
verstieben!

immer wird, wie ich so treu dich ein
Andrer lieben.

How can a vine climb that has no
support to hold it up?

How could the maiden be happy if her
lover is far away?

No. 6. A pretty little bird

A pretty little bird flew

to the garden where fruit was plentiful.
If I were a pretty little bird,

I'd not hesitate; I'd do just as he did.
Treacherous bird-lime lay in ambush;
The poor bird could not escape.
No escape, no escape.

If I were a pretty little bird,

I'd not hesitate before doing as he did.
The bird was taken by a lovely hand;
No harm came to the happy little bird.

If I were a pretty little bird,

I'd not hesitate; I'd certainly do as he did.

No. 7. How very pleasant is used to be

How very pleasant it used to be,
both with my life and with my love;
through a wall, even through ten
walls,

my friend's eye noticed me.
Yet now, alas, even if I stand
right in front of the cold one's eye, his
eye, his heart notice me not.

No. 8. When your eyes so gently

When your eyes so gently and so fondly
gaze on me,

every last sorrow flees that once had
troubled me.

This beautiful glow of our love —do not
let it die!

Never will another love you as faithfully
as I.

No. 9. Am Donaustrande

Am Donaustrande, da steht ein Haus

da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.
 Das Mädchen ist wohl gut gehegt,
 zehn eiserne Riegel
 sind vor die Türe gelegt.
 Zehn eiserne Riegel das ist ein Spass,
 die spreng ich
 als wären sie nur vom Glas.
 Am Donaustrande,
 da steht ein Haus,
 da schaut ein rosiges Mädchen aus.

No. 10. O wie sanft die Quelle

O wie sanft die Quelle sich durch die
 Wiese windet
 O wie schön wenn Liebe sich zu der
 Liebe findet!

No. 11. Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den
 Leuten;
 alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.
 Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich lose Triebe,
 bin ich still, so heisst ich wäre irr aus
 Liebe.
 Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen mit den
 Leuten;
 alles wissen sie so giftig auszudeuten.

**No. 12. Schlosser auf, und mache
Schlösser**

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
 ohne Zahl,
 denn die bösen Mäuler will ich
 schliessen allzumal!

No. 13. Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft

Vögelein durchrauscht die Luft
 sucht nach einem Aste,

No. 9. On the Danube's bank

On the Danube's bank
 there stands a house,
 and there a rosy maiden gazes out.
 The maiden is quite well protected;
 ten iron bars
 are blocking her door.
 Ten iron bars—that's a joke!
 I'll break them
 as if they were only glass.
 On the Danube's bank
 there stands a house,
 and there a rosy maiden gazes out.

**No. 10. Oh how gently the stream
winds**

Oh how gently the stream winds
 through the meadow!
 Oh how beautiful when one love finds
 itself another!

No. 11. No, it is impossible to get along

No, it is impossible to get along with
 such people;
 they make all into poison!
 If I'm merry, my desires are frivolous;
 if I'm silent, then it means I'm mad with
 love.
 No, it is impossible to get along with
 such people;
 they make all into poison!

**No. 12. Locksmith, come and make
locks**

Locksmith, come and make locks,
 innumerable locks,
 because I want to close their evil
 mouths once and for all!

**No. 13. A little bird rushes through the
air**

A little bird rushes through the air
 looking for a branch;

und das Herz, das Herz begehrt,
wo es selig raste.

No. 14. Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar

Sieh', wie ist die Welle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

No. 15. Nachtigall, sie singt so schön

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz
küsse mich im Dunkeln

No. 16. Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe

Ein dunkeler Schacht ist Liebe
ein gar zu gefährlicher Brunnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen, in meinem Wehn.

No. 17. Nicht wandle, mein Licht

Nicht wandle, mein Licht, dort außen Im
Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten, Zu naß,
zu weich.
All überströmt sind dort die Wege, Die
Stege dir;
So überreichlich trännte dorten Das Auge
mir.

No. 18. Es bebet das Gesträuche

Es bebet das Gesträuche,
Gestreift hat es im Fluge ein Vögelein.
In gleicher Art erbebet die Seele mir,
erschüttert von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

and the heart—it yearns for a
heart where it may blissfully rest.

No. 14. See how clear are the waves

See how clear are the waves
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
love me again!

**No. 15. The nightingale sings so
beautifully**

The nightingale sings so beautifully
when the stars twinkle.
Love me, dear heart;
kiss me in the darkness!

No. 16. Love is a dark pit

Love is a dark pit,
a far too dangerous well;
and poor me, I fell into it.
Now I can neither hear nor see;
I can only remember my delight,
only groan in my misery.

No. 17. Don't wander, my light

Don't wander, my light, over there in the
fields!
Your dainty feet would become Too wet,
too soft.
All the roads are flooded there, all your
paths—
So profuse were the tears that flowed
from my eyes.

No. 18. The bushes tremble

The bushes tremble,
brushed during the flight of a little bird.
In the same way my soul trembles,
shaken by love, joy, and sorrow,
when it thinks of you.

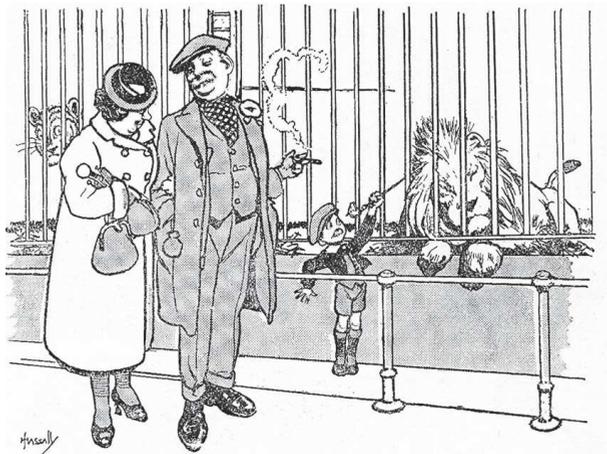
English translations by the Cayuga Vocal Ensemble

Recitation

Albert and the Lion

Marriott Edgar (1880-1951)

Edgar was born a Victorian, but he wrote *Albert and the Lion* in the 1930s. His family moved from Scotland to London, where he grew up, but his comic recitations of the adventures of Albert Ramsbottom and his family have a different focus. Good-humoured, fantastical and wryly observant of human nature, they became famous for their affectionate characterisations of stolid, unflappable Northerners whose down-to-earth, sceptical and resilient attitude to life carries them through ridiculous situations that have strong roots in the Victorians' love of absurdity. Appropriately, Wallace the Lion in the poem is named after the first African lion bred in captivity in the UK, who lived just long enough to intersect with Queen Victoria's reign, dying in 1838.



Pushed it in Wallace's ear

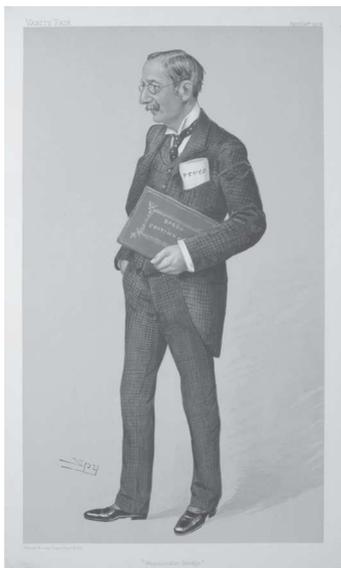
Two Songs of Farewell

The Goslings

Frederick Bridge (1844-1924)

Goodnight, goodnight, beloved

Ciro Pinsuti (1829-1888)



Frederick Bridge (1904)

Frederick Bridge held important posts as conductor, organist and choirmaster, and from 1875 took charge of the music at Westminster Abbey, where he radically improved standards of singing in the choir, pushed through an important rebuild of the organ, and oversaw the music for Edward VII's coronation. Like many of his contemporaries he had a keen interest in early music, and made sure that several unfamiliar pieces were heard on that great state occasion. He was also an enthusiastic pioneer of "authentic" performances of Handel.

His light-hearted part song *The Goslings* was a collaboration with the lyricist F.E. Weatherley, a barrister (as, incidentally, was W.S. Gilbert, whose mischievously gruesome sense of humour he shared). Weatherley was well known for his many comic and sentimental songs, including *Danny Boy* and *The Roses of Picardy*. The text and music of *The Goslings* mock the solemnity and some of the melodramatic conventions of parlour music, and include a cheerful quotation of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* from the suite that he wrote for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Goodnight, goodnight, beloved*, in contrast, radiates calm and affection, its warm, reassuring harmonies managing to be simultaneously

both rich and luminous as they explore Longfellow's text. The composer demonstrates how touchingly effective parlour music could be when it responded with sympathy and skill to the simple but profound emotions of everyday human lives.

All programme notes © Jon Long 2023

The Goslings

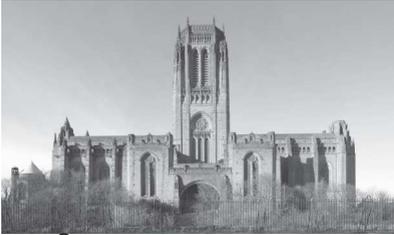
She was a pretty little gosling,	"Too late, you've come," she whispered,
And a gay young gosling he;	"They've taken your love away,
And "I love you," he said, "so dearly;"	She never will be your bride, ah, me!
And "I love you too," said she.	For she's going to be cooked today!"
But "alas! we must part," He whispered,	Then up he went to the farm house:
"I'm off to the world so wide;	"Where is my love?" he said;
But love, don't fear,	But the farmer's wife,
I'll come next year,	she seized a knife,
And make you my little bride."	And cut off his little head.
'Twas Michaelmas day at morning,	And she served him up with his true
That he came home once more,	love,
He met his true love's mother,	On a dish so deep and wide,
And oh! she was weeping sore.	So though in life they were parted,
	In death they were side by side.

Goodnight, goodnight, beloved

Good night, good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee, alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
thy lips are crimson flowers.
Good night, beloved!
While I count the weary hours.



Vivace Chorus and Verdi *Requiem*



© Phil Nash Wikimedia Commons

We are very excited to be joining the Liverpool Welsh Choral for two special concerts in 2024 where we will perform Verdi's iconic *Requiem*.

Vivace Chorus will also bring Ellington's *Sacred Concert* to Liverpool. Ellington called this

joyous set of jazz pieces for band and choir "the most important thing I have ever done".

Ellington Sacred Concert

Friday 26th Apr. 2024, 6:00pm

The Tung Auditorium, Liverpool

Verdi Requiem

Saturday 27th Apr. 2024, 7:30pm

Liverpool Anglican Cathedral

Verdi Requiem

Saturday 18th May 2024, 7:30pm

G Live, Guildford



Sign up to the Vivace newsletter to keep up to date with all our news! Even better, before every concert, we'll enter every newsletter subscriber into a draw to win two free tickets!



Just scan this QR code on your mobile and sign up. We'll do the rest.

<https://www.vivacechorus.org/vc/newsletter>

Jeremy Backhouse

Conductor

Jeremy Backhouse is one of Britain's leading choral conductors. He began his musical career in Canterbury Cathedral where he was Senior Chorister.

Jeremy has been the sole conductor of the internationally-renowned chamber choir, Vasari Singers, since its inception in 1980. Since winning the prestigious Choir of the Year competition in 1988, the Vasari Singers has performed regularly at major concert venues and cathedrals throughout the UK and abroad. Jeremy and the Vasari Singers broadcast frequently on Classic FM and BBC Radio 3 and have a discography of over 25 CDs on EMI, Guild, Signum and Naxos. Their recordings have been nominated for a Gramophone award, received two Gramophone Editor's Choice awards, the top recommendation on Radio 3's 'Building A Library' and two recent CDs both achieved Top Ten status in the Specialist Classical Charts. He is totally committed to the performance of contemporary music and, with Vasari, he has commissioned over 25 new works.



Photo © Ash Mills

In January 1995 Jeremy was appointed Music Director of the Vivace Chorus. Alongside the standard classical works, Jeremy has conducted the Vivace Chorus in some ambitious programmes including Howells' Hymnus Paradisi, Szymanowski's Stabat Mater, Mahler's 'Resurrection' Symphony, Prokofiev's Alexander Nevsky and Ivan the Terrible, then Mahler's 'Symphony of a Thousand' and Verdi's Requiem in the Royal Albert Hall with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Until July 2022, Jeremy was also the Music Director of the Salisbury Community Choir. In 2013 the choir celebrated its 21st Anniversary with a concert in Salisbury Cathedral, premiering a specially-commissioned work by Will Todd, The City Garden, which they toured to Lincoln (2014) and Guildford (2015) cathedrals. A new work from Alexander L'Estrange was premiered in Winchester Cathedral in November 2018.

Jeremy has also worked with a number of the country's leading choirs, including the BBC Singers, the London Symphony Chorus, the Philharmonia Chorus, and the Brighton Festival Chorus.

Francis Pott

Piano



*Photo © Rumen Mitchinov
Photography*

Francis Pott retired in summer 2023 as Professor of Composition at London College of Music, University of West London. His music has been performed and broadcast in over 50 countries worldwide, published by five major houses in the UK and widely recorded. He has received four national and two international composition prizes and in 2021 was a recipient of the Medal of the Royal College of Organists, its highest award, for 'distinguished achievement in the field of sacred choral and organ

composition'. He has also composed three major works for chorus and orchestra, a violin concerto, chamber music and works for piano. He has been married for 30 years to Ginny and they have two adult children, both musicians. Francis has been accompanist to the Vivace Chorus since 2008.

<https://francispott.com>

Nao Dickson

Piano



Photo © J Dickson

Nao Dickson was born in Japan and came to England to study at the Royal Academy of Music where she gained her BMus, LRAM and LTCL. She studied piano performance with Graeme Humphrey, chamber music with Geoffrey Pratley and voice with Elizabeth Richie. Since winning the chamber music competition "Concorso Internazionale Di Interpretazione Musicale" in Italy with Violinist Yoko Muraoka, she has been a regular guest for the concert series at St Mary Abbots and St Bride's church in London and more locally at Music at Walnut. She was recently a guest pianist with the Riverstrings Quartet performing one of Dvořák's piano quartets.

She also enjoys working for Music in hospitals and care and teaches piano at Winchester College.

About Vivace Chorus

Jeremy Backhouse

Music Director

Francis Pott

Accompanist

Peter Norman

Chairman



Vivace Chorus at the Royal Albert Hall, May 2014

Photo © Ash Mills

Vivace Chorus is a flourishing, ambitious and adventurous choir based in Guildford, Surrey. We enjoy singing traditional choral classics alongside the challenge of contemporary and newly-commissioned music – there's something for everyone at Vivace!

The choir began in 1946 as the Guildford Philharmonic Choir and was rebranded as Vivace Chorus in 2005. We have an enviable reputation for performing first-class concerts across a wide range of musical repertoire. Particular successes include a sell-out performance in May 2011 of Mahler's *Symphony No. 8*, the "*Symphony of a Thousand*", at the Royal Albert Hall, a highly acclaimed performance in November 2012 of Britten's *War Requiem* and another Royal Albert Hall success in May 2014 when we performed the Verdi *Requiem*. In 2017 we celebrated our 70th birthday with the Philharmonia Orchestra in the Royal Festival Hall and 2018 saw a sell-out performance at G Live Guildford for our "Concert for Peace".



Just before the first Covid lockdown, we performed the incredible *African Sanctus* by David Fanshawe, complete with the dancers of the Mighty Zulu Nation Theatre Company, enthusiastically wielding their assegais.

Vivace thrives under the exceptional leadership of our conductor, Jeremy Backhouse. Jeremy's passion for choral music and his sheer enthusiasm for

music-making are evident at every rehearsal and performance. He is supported by Francis Pott, who is an academic and composer of international repute and an accomplished concert pianist – who better to accompany our rehearsals?

We have also enjoyed successful European and UK tours, including trips to France, Italy, Germany, Austria, the Baltic states and, most recently, northern Spain.

We are always happy to welcome new members, so if you would like to try us out, do come along to any of our regular rehearsals on Monday evenings at 7.15 in the Guildford Baptist Church, Millmead, Guildford.

Just contact our membership secretary, Becky Kerby, at membership@vivacechorus.org or pay a visit to our website, vivacechorus.org. You can also follow us on Facebook and X (Twitter) - [@VivaceChorus](https://twitter.com/VivaceChorus).

Joy Hunter MBE Life Patron

(September 1925 – August 2023)

Joy joined Guildford Philharmonic Choir when Tod Handley was the conductor and retired aged 76 under Jeremy Backhouse, by which time the choir was called Vivace Chorus. The choir and music played a large part in her life and after her retirement, she volunteered to help at all our concerts in Guildford Cathedral, selling tickets and programmes and helping people find their seats. When physical limitations meant she could no longer do this, she was still determined to attend, even in her wheelchair.



She was at our last concert before the Covid lockdown, African Sanctus. Despite being in her 90s, she would not be beaten by a virus! Even though retired, she joined Vivace's overseas tours, determined not to miss out on the company, the travel and the music. She was able to be there at one of Vivace's most moving occasions, when we sang Ward Swingle's Give us this Day in Schwetzingen, Germany, when many were moved to tears and the audience was still clapping when we had processed out of the church. The choir and her choir memories meant a great deal to her. She was also much involved in Vivace's Guildford / Freiburg connection.

A member of Churchill's secretariat in 1944, she worked in the War Rooms as part of the planning for D-Day, a single mother of three young children after her husband's early death, a member of the Archbishop of Canterbury's staff, a deputy Head, gaining an MBE for her services to Age UK, TV personality because of her work in WWII and the post war agreements a long and fulfilled life. We are so lucky to have had such a member of our choir.

Vivace Chorus Patrons

The Vivace Chorus is extremely grateful to all patrons for their support.

Honorary Life Patrons

John Britten
James Garrow

John Trigg MBE

Life Patrons

John and Jean Leston

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Anthony J T Williams
Bill & June Windle

BECOME A VIVACE PATRON

If you have enjoyed this concert, why not become one of our patrons? We have a loyal band of followers whose regular presence at our concerts is greatly appreciated. With the valued help of our patrons, we are able to perform a wide range of exciting music, with world-class, professional musicians in venues such as G Live, Dorking Halls, the Royal Albert Hall and the Royal Festival Hall.

For details, please contact Anna Arthur on
07825 031087 or email: patrons@vivacechorus.org.

Vivace Chorus Singers

FIRST SOPRANO

Sandra Adamson
Sel Adamu
Amelia Atkinson
Jan Barklem
Helen Beevers
Mary Broughton
Jo Haviland
Isobel Humphreys
Becky Kerby
Fran MacKay
Suzie Maine
Michelle Mumford
Sue Norton
Robin Onslow
Gillian Rix
Sarah Smithies
Barbara Tansey
Joan Thomas
Hilary Vaill
Miriam White

SECOND SOPRANO

Jacqueline Alderton
Anna Arthur
Gill Backhouse
Sarah Badger
Jane Barnes
Scarlett Close
Ann Fuller
Isabel Mealor

Alex Nash

Alison Palmer
Kate Peters
Mary Somerville
Olwyn Westwood
Christine Wilks
Eiri Williams
Natalie Wojcikiewicz

FIRST ALTO

Jackie Bearman
Jane Brooks
Amanda Burn
Valentina Faedi
Lynne Hargreaves
Sheila Hodson
Lis Martin
Charlotte Mathieson
Christine Medlow
Rosalind Milton
Lilly Nicholson
Jackie Payne

Linda Ross
Catherine Shacklady
Marjory Stewart
Sue Thomas
Hilary Trigg
Fiona Wimblett
Maggie Woolcock

SECOND ALTO

Geraldine Allen
Evelyn Beastall
Mary Clayton
Sheena Ewen
Liz Hampshire
Pauline Higgins
Lois McCabe
Kay McManus
Val Morcom
Pamela Murrell
Sonja Nagle
Sheila Rowell
Lucy Schönberger
Jo Stokes
Rosey Storey
Pamela Usher
Esther Van Rooyen
Alison Vincent

FIRST TENOR

Bob Bromham
Bob Cowell
Andrea Dombrowe
Owen Gibbons
Rosie Jeffery
Audrey Kueh
Nick Manning
Barbara McDonald
Martin Price
John Trigg
Graham Vincent
Susie Walker

SECOND TENOR

Geoff Johns
Stephen Linton
Charles Martin
Peter Norman

FIRST BASS

Paul Barnes
Phil Beastall
Richard Broughton
Brian John
Jeremy Johnson
Andrew Linden
Jon Long
Keith McClurey
Malcolm Munt
Chris Newbery
Robin Privett
David Ross
Rob Walker

SECOND BASS

Peter Andrews
Norman Carpenter
Mike Johns
Neil Martin
Chris Peters
Richard Wood

Vivace Chorus dates for your diary

The Mayor of Guildford's Christmas Concert

Sunday 10th Dec. 2023, 7:00pm

Holy Trinity Church, Guildford

Join Vivace Chorus and the Mayor of Guildford for the season's most popular carol concert! Attracting a capacity audience at Holy Trinity Church on Guildford High Street. This concert is a festive mix of traditional and contemporary music, along with your favourite audience carols, all in aid of the Mayor's Local Support Fund.

Come & Sing 2024

Saturday 27th Jan. 2024, 10:30am-4pm

Holy Trinity Church, Guildford

Would you like to spend a day singing in our choir? Then join us, together with our professional musicians, Jeremy and Francis, to rehearse and perform one or more choral works; this year it's Mendelssohn's wonderful *Elijah*. Tickets include drinks and lunch. Our Come & Sing is always popular, so book your place today!

Duruflé Requiem

Friday 1st March 2024, 7:30pm

Holy Trinity Church, Guildford

Duruflé's beautiful *Requiem* is where "Gregorian chant meets the sumptuous sound world of 20th century France" according to BBC Music Magazine. Our wonderfully meditative concert also includes works by Ešenvalds, Dubra and Jonathan Dove.

Verdi Requiem

Saturday 18th May 2024, 7:30pm

G live, Guildford

Join Vivace Chorus and the Liverpool Welsh Choral for Verdi's magnificent *Requiem*. First performed in May 1874, we are celebrating its 150th anniversary.

Further details at vivacechorus.org

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Vivace Chorus is a Registered Charity No. 1026337



Durufé Requiem

and music by
Widor, Ešenvalds,
Pärt, Dubra and
Jonathan Dove

Vivace
Chorus

Friday
1 March 2024
at 7.30 pm

Holy Trinity,
Guildford High Street.

FUTURE CONCERTS

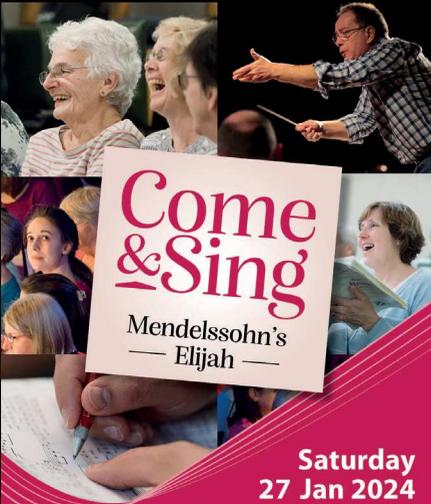


 **Vivace Chorus**
Rotary in Guildford and Vivace Chorus present

THE MAYOR OF GUILDFORD'S
CHRISTMAS CONCERT

**Sunday
10 Dec 2023
at 7pm**

Holy Trinity Church, Guildford.

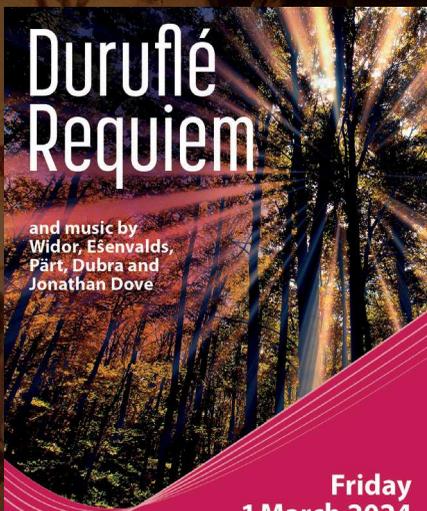


Come & Sing
Mendelssohn's
— Elijah —

**Saturday
27 Jan 2024
10am - 4.30pm**

Vivace Chorus
Guildford Baptist Church, Millmead

For further details and to book go to vivacechorus.org



Durufle Requiem

and music by
Widor, Esenvalds,
Pärt, Dubra and
Jonathan Dove

Vivace Chorus

**Friday
1 March 2024
at 7.30 pm**

Holy Trinity,
Guildford High Street



VERDI REQUIEM

Vivace Chorus

**Saturday
18 May 2024
at 7.30 pm**


Guildford's state-of-the-art entertainment venue.