

Brahms and Vaughan Williams

Trumpeter: William Young

Conductor: Jack Apperley

Accompanist: Paul Ayres

**Saturday 29th June, 2019
at 7.30pm**

**St Mary's Church, Church Street,
Twickenham, TW1 3NJ**

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The Old Hundredth

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Zigeunerlieder

Johannes Brahms

Fugue in E flat major, BWV552/2

Johann Sebastian Bach

Abendlied

Felix Mendelssohn

Geistliches Lied

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Interval

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Fünf Gesänge

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Trumpet concerto, 2nd movement

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Bushes and Briars

Ralph Vaughan Williams

In Windsor Forest

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Vaughan Williams was born at Down Ampney in Gloucester. He went to Charterhouse School and from there to the Royal College of Music to study with Parry. After two years he transferred to Cambridge University where he gained a degree in history and music, then returned to the Royal College of Music in 1895 for a final year of composition tuition with Stanford. Well known for his symphonies, orchestral works, chamber compositions and large-scale vocal music, Vaughan Williams also composed for the church, small choirs and for film and stage.

From 1904 until 1906 he edited a new hymn book, *The English Hymnal*, aiming for a rich and varied collection of fine tunes. He also contributed some of his own compositions including the well-known *For all the Saints* and *Come down, O love Divine*. Following this enterprise, he was to comment that “I now know that two years of close association with some of the best (as well as some of the worst) tunes in the world was a better musical education than any amount of sonatas and fugues”.

Between 1913-14 Vaughan Williams was appointed the musical director of a Shakespeare Festival at Stratford upon Avon, work which sparked his interest in music for stage and screen. The outbreak of war interrupted his musical career and, aged 42, he volunteered for the Royal Army Medical Corps serving as an ambulance driver in France, and later in Greece.

Vaughan Williams was greatly influenced by the music of his English heritage, in particular the composers of the Elizabethan Age, and the tradition of English folk song passed down from generation to generation. Both these musical strands contributed to the shaping of his compositional style. Throughout his life, Vaughan Williams was committed to music-making for the whole community.

The Old Hundredth

Vaughan Williams wrote two settings of a melody known as *The Old Hundredth* originally thought to have been written by French Renaissance composer and theorist, Louis Bourgeois and published in a Psalter of 1551. The first of Vaughan Williams's arrangements was composed in 1929 and the second, which we sing this evening, was written for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II on June 2nd

1953. The piece was originally scored for chorus, organ and orchestra, with brass fanfare passages to herald the first and final verses. In the score, the composer marked that the fanfares be played by “all available trumpets”!

The work is ceremonial but also involves audience participation (although not this evening). Typically the composer refers to the music of past English masters, as in verse 4 in which are heard the harmonies of an arrangement by John Dowland (from Ravenscroft's Psalter of 1621) to accompany the tenor melody line.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Brahms was born in Hamburg and died in Vienna a month before his 64th birthday. His father, a double bass player, taught him the elements of music and he later became a pupil of composer and pianist Eduard Marxsen to study piano and theory. Brahms is famed for four symphonies, two piano concertos, a violin concerto, chamber and piano music and a wealth of choral works, indeed, more than half his output is vocal and includes over 200 art songs and 100 folk song arrangements.

Zigeunerlieder

Most of Brahms's songs are serious in character, with two exceptions – the collections of the *Liebeslied Waltzes* (1869) and the *Zigeunerlieder*, eleven so-called “gypsy” songs for voices and piano which Brahms composed in 1896. At the time, he was on holiday in Switzerland and described the set as being “excessively joyful”.

The origins of the *Zigeunerlieder* are in Hungarian folk-song, and although Brahms does not preserve the original melodies, he captures the character and essence of the genre with irregular rhythms, syncopation and imitation of traditional instruments of the folk band. For example, In the song *Brauner Bursche* we hear the rhythms of the czardas dance, and in song 9, the piano's constant scurrying semi-quavers suggest the accompaniment style of the cembalom, a type of zither played with hammers.

This evening, we sing numbers 1,2,4,5 and 9.

1. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein,
spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen
Mägdelein!

Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen, traurig
bange,
bis die heiße Thräne netzet diese
Wange!

2. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist du so
trüb,
an dem Ufer klag ich laut nach dir,
mein Lieb!

Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,
rauschen an den Strand heran zu mir,
an dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig
weinen nach ihr!

4. Lieber Gott, du weißt

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft bereut
ich hab,
daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein
Küßchen gab.

Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen muß,
denk so lang ich leb an diesen ersten
Kuß.

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in stiller
Nacht ich in Lust und Leid an meinem
Schatz gedacht.

Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die Reu,
armes Herze bleibt, ihm ewig, ewig
treu.

Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!

Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!
Play the song of the faithless girl!

Make the strings weep and moan in sad
despair
Till hot tears moisten these cheeks!

Towering Rima

Rima, how troubled your towering waters
are;
I'll lament for you loudly on its banks, my
love!

Waters rush by, waves stream past,
roaring towards me on the shore;
on the banks of the Rima let me weep for
her eternally!

Dear God, you know

Dear God, you know how often I've
regretted
that little kiss I once gave my dearest.

My heart decreed I had to kiss him,
as long as I live I'll think of that first kiss.

Dear God, you know how often in silent
nights
I've thought of my love in joy and pain.
Love is sweet, however bitter the regret,
my poor heart will ever be faithful to him.

5. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze

Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze sein
blauäugig schönes Kind,
schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,
CzardasMelodie beginnt;
küßt und herzt sein süßes Täubchen,
dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und
springt!
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden auf das
Cimbal, daß es klingt.

9. Weit und breit schaut Niemand mich an

Weit und breit schaut Niemand mich
an,
und wenn sie mich hassen, was liegt
mir dran?
Nur mein Schatz soll mich lieben
allezeit, soll mich küssen, umarmen
und herzen in Ewigkeit.

Kein Stern blickt in finsterer Nacht;
keine Blum mir strahlt in duftiger
Pracht.
Deine Augen sind mir Blumen,
Sternenschein,
die mir leuchten so freundlich, die
blühen nur mir allein.

Hugo Conrat (1845-1906)

A swarthy lad leads to the dance

A swarthy lad leads his lovely
blue-eyed lass to the dance,
boldly clashes his spurs together,
a csárdás medody begins,
he kisses and hugs his sweet little dove,
turns her, leads her, exults and leaps;
throws three shining silver florins
that make the cimbalom ring.

No one looks at me for miles around

No one looks at me for miles around,
and if they hate me, what do I care?

My sweetheart alone shall love me
always, shall kiss, embrace and cuddle me
for evermore.

No star shines in the dark night;
no flower covers me in fragrant
splendour.
Your eyes to me are flowers and starlight,
they beam on me fondly, they blossom
for me alone.

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Fugue in E flat major, BWV552/2 Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

This triple fugue is a symbol of the Trinity. The same theme recurs in three connected fugues, but each time with another personality. The first fugue is calm and majestic, with an absolutely uniform movement throughout; in the second the theme seems to be disguised, and is only occasionally recognisable in its true shape, as if to suggest the divine assumption of an earthly form; in the third, it is transformed into rushing semiquavers as if the Pentecostal wind were coming roaring from heaven.

Albert Schweitzer, Jean-Sebastien Bach, le musicien-poète, 1905

Paul chose to play this piece tonight as it uses “almost” the same theme as the hymn in Ralph Vaughan Williams *Lord thou hast been our refuge*.

Abendlied

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Mendelssohn was born in Hamburg to a cultured and intellectual family. He showed early musical talent, received formal training in Paris and Berlin and went on to become a prolific composer of Keyboard music, overtures, incidental music, symphonies, concertos, oratorios and chamber works. In his time, he also made his name as a conductor.

Among Mendelssohn's vocal compositions are over a hundred solo songs and twelve duets, the latter including *Abendlied*. Set to a love poem by Heinrich Heine, the evening song is a simple but affecting evocation of sleep and dreams.

Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege,
in Nacht gehüllt,
so schwebt vor ein süßes,
anmutig liebes Bild,
ein süßes, anmutig liebes Bild.

When I lie
on my bed at night,
Before me floats a sweet and
very lovely image.

Wenn mir der stille Schlummer
geschlossen die Augen kaum,
so schleicht das Bild sich leise
hinein in meinen Traum.

When silent slumber
has barely closed my eyes,
So creeps the image quietly
into my dream.

Und mit der Traum des Morgens
zerrinnt es nimmermehr,
dann trag' ich es im Herzen
den ganzen Tag umher.

And in the morning
it never fades away with the dream:
Then I carry it about with me in my heart
the whole day.

Geistliches Lied

Johannes Brahms

Brahms was greatly influenced by the music of preceding centuries and engaged in research into the madrigals and motets of Renaissance and Baroque composers. In the year 1856, aged twenty-three, he had been exchanging exercises in counterpoint with the violinist Joseph Joachim (to whom he dedicated his violin concerto) in order to share expertise and advance their musical scholarship. *Geistliches Lied* was one such “exercise” – an exceptionally clever double canon, the distance of imitation being the interval of a ninth between the soprano and tenor and the bass and alto lines. In three sections with short, Bach-like organ interludes, the piece concludes with a sublime “Amen” passage evoking the music of the Renaissance composers whom Brahms had studied and revered.

On hearing of the scholarly nature of the composition, Clara Schumann had expressed concern that “the effect might prove stiff”. This concern was unfounded - in *Geistliches Lied* Brahms transcends the mastery of counterpoint with the sheer beauty of musical expression.

Laß dich nur nichts nicht dauren mit
Trauren,
sei stille, wie Gott es fügt,
so sei vergnügt mein Wille!

Do not be sorrowful or regretful;

be calm, as God has ordained,
and thus my will shall be content.

Was willst du heute sorgen auf
morgen?
Der Eine steht allem für,
der gibt auch dir das Deine.

What do you want to worry about
from day to day?
There is One who stands above all who
gives you, too, what is yours.

Sei nur in allem Handel ohn Wandel,
steh feste, was Gott beschleußt,
das ist und heißt das Beste.
Amen.

Only be steadfast in all you do,
stand firm; what God has decided,
that is and must be the best.
Amen

Interval

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge

Ralph Vaughan Williams

The motet *Lord, Thou hast been our refuge* was written in 1921 for choir and either baritone soloist or semi-chorus. Vaughan Williams combines two texts; the words of Psalm 90 and the metrical version of the same psalm, now familiar to us as the hymn *O God our help in ages past*. Unusually for a motet, the scoring includes an organ accompaniment and interlude.

The piece begins with the first words of the psalm, sung unaccompanied to a chant-like melody by the semi-chorus, followed by the first line of the hymn sung pianissimo and very slowly by the choir in simple four-part harmony. All singers then combine in a continuation of the psalm/hymn either in a modal or chordal style. An instrumental transition builds in a gradual crescendo to a fortissimo declamation of the words and melody of the first bars, sung by all singers. The work concludes with an uplifting fugue.

O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast and our eternal home.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the
world were made, Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.
Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest

Come again ye children of men;
For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday,
seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep
and fade away suddenly like the grass.
In the morning it is green and groweth up,
but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.

For we consume away in Thy displeasure,
and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.
For when Thou art angry all our days are gone;
we bring our years to an end as a tale that is told:
so passeth it away and we are gone
The years of our age are three score years and ten,
and though men be so strong that they come to four score years,
yet is their strength but labour and sorrow.
Turn Thee again O Lord at the last.
Be gracious unto Thy servants.
O satisfy us with Thy mercy and that soon.
So shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the
world were made, Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.

And the glorious Majesty of the Lord be upon us.
O prosper Thou the work of our hands,
O prosper Thou our handiwork.

Fünf Gesänge

Johannes Brahms

Brahms was one of the major forces of German Romanticism in the 19th century and wrote music in nearly all the main genres of the time, including a wealth of choral works, both accompanied and *a cappella*. He was strongly influenced by the music of preceding centuries and engaged in research into the madrigals and motets of Renaissance and Baroque composers. The set of *Fünf Gesänge* written between 1886 and 1888, is a cycle of *a cappella* secular part-songs for mixed choir

written when Brahms was fifty-five and a bachelor. The texts, by the poets Ruckert, Kalbeck and Groth are uniformly sombre and nostalgic in tone, and reflect on lost youth, unfulfilled hopes and man's ultimate mortality.

The first three songs are scored for six-part choir (doubled alto and bass parts) and there is much antiphonal writing, often between the men's and women's voices. In the fourth song, a Bohemian poem set for five voices (SATBB), the mood lightens with a livelier tempo. The culmination of the cycle is *Im Herbst*, with words by Brahms's friend and poet, Klaus Groth. This final song, scored for traditional four voice parts, features intertwined voice-parts with harmonies of great intensity and is often cited as Brahms's greatest secular part-song.

Nachtwache I

Leise Töne der Brust,
Geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
Hauchet zitternd hinaus,
Ob sich euch öffnen ein Ohr,
öff'n ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
trag ein Nachtwind euch seufzend in
meines zurück.

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Nachtwache II

Ruhn Sie? Rufet das Horn des Wächters
drüben aus Westen,
und aus Osten das Horn rufet entgegen:
Sie ruhn.
Hörst du, zagendes Herz, die
flüsternden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampe getrost, hülle in
Frieden dich ein.

Friedrich Rückert

Nightwatch I

Gentle notes of the heart, wakened by
the breath of Love,
whisper quiveringly forth, if an ear,
if a loving heart should open to you,

and if none should do so,
may a night wind bear you back sighing
to my heart.

Nightwatch II

Do they rest? There from the West the
watchman's horn is calling,
And from the East the horn calls back:
they rest!
Timid heart, do you hear the angels'
whispering voices?
Extinguish your lamp without a thought,
envelop yourself in peace.

Letztes Glück

Leblos gleitet Blatt um Blatt
Still und traurig von den Bäumen;
Seines Hoffens nimmer satt,
Lebt das Herz in Frühlingsträumen.

Noch verweilt ein Sonnenblick
Bei den späten Hagerosen,
Wie bei einem letzten Glück,
Einem süßen, hoffnungslosen.

Max Kalbeck (1850-1921)

Verlorene Jugend

Brausten alle Berge,
Sauste rings der Wald,
Meine jungen Tage,
Wo sind sie so bald?

Jugend, teure Jugend,
Flohest mir dahin;
O du holde Jugend,
Achtlos war mein Sinn!

Ich verlor dich leider,
Wie wenn einen Stein
Jemand von sich schleudert
In die Flut hinein.

Wendet sich der Stein auch
Um in tiefer Flut,
Weiss ich, dass die Jugend
Doch kein Gleiches tut.

Josef Wenzig (1807-1876)

Last Happiness

Leaf after leaf glides lifelessly,
Quietly and sadly, down from the trees;
With its hope never fulfilled,
The heart lives in Spring dreams.

A ray of sun still lingers
On the late wild roses—
As on a last happiness,
Sweet and devoid of hope.

Lost Youth

The mountains all were raging,
The forest roared all around—
The days of my youth—
Where have they fled so soon?

Youth, precious youth,
You have fled from me;
O blessed youth,
I was unsuspecting.

Sadly, I have lost you,
As when someone idly hurls
A stone
Into the waves.

Though the stone may turn
In the deep waves,
I know that youth
Does no such thing.

Im Herbst

Ernst ist der Herbst.
Und wenn die Blätter fallen,
sinkt auch das Herz zu trübem Weh
herab.
Still ist die Flur,
und nach dem Süden wallen
die Sanger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,
und blasse Nebel schleiern
die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.
Fruh kommt die Nacht:
denn alle Krafte feiern,
und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.
Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres
Schlu.
Feucht wird das Aug',
doch in der Trane Blinken
entstromt des Herzens seligster Ergu.

Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

In Autumn

Autumn is grave,
And when the leaves fall,
The heart too sinks to cheerless woe.

The meadow is silent,
And the songsters travel south,
As though to the tomb.

The day is pale,
And pallid mists veil
The sun and hearts too.
Night comes early:
For earth's energies are still,
And life rests in deep tranquillity.
Man mellows.
He sees the sun sink,
He senses the end of life, the end of the
year.
His eyes grow moist,
Yet in his glistening tears there flows
The most rapturous outpouring of his
heart.

English translations Richard Stokes  2009

Trumpet concerto 2nd movement

Johann Hummel (1778-1837)

Bushes and Briars

Ralph Vaughan Williams

It is said that *Bushes and Briars* was the first folk song that Vaughan Williams heard (sung by a labourer at a garden party in 1903) that inspired him to collect and record the music of his heritage. For the next twenty-three years he collected 810 folk songs sung to him in rural locations, recording thirty onto wax phonograph cylinder and notating the remainder. Vaughan Williams published two arrangements of *Bushes and Briars* and tonight the men perform his 1908 setting for 4-part male choir.

Through bushes and through briars I lately took my way;
All for to hear the small birds sing and the lambs to skip and play.
I overheard my own true love, her voice it was so clear;
"Long time I have been waiting for the coming of my dear.
Sometimes I am uneasy and troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love and tell to him my mind.
And if I should go to my love, my love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness, he'll ne'er love me again."

In Windsor Forest

Ralph Vaughan Williams

During his year at Stratford where he was required to arrange music for a number of plays, Vaughan Williams conceived the idea of writing an opera loosely based on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. He knew that Verdi had already produced the comic masterpiece, *Falstaff* (1893) based on the same drama and which had been performed to acclaim. However, Vaughan Williams's opera entitled *Sir John in Love*, composed between 1924-28 and premiered by students at the Royal College of Music in 1929, received a lukewarm reception. The work was not professionally performed until 1946 and, like the composer's other four works of the genre, has not entered the popular repertoire. Nevertheless, the opera contains some delightfully lyrical and dramatic music and it is not surprising that Vaughan Williams decided to rearrange excerpts for publication. The result was *In Windsor Forest*, a cantata for chorus and soprano solo set to words by Shakespeare and other Elizabethan authors, published in 1931.

The Conspiracy

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 leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Words by William Shakespeare

Drinking Song

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old.
- Jolly good ale and old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing acold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I no desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Ev'n as a malt-worm should;
And saith 'sweet heart, I've take my part
Of this jolly good ale and old'.

Now let them drink ,
till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have
scoured black bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their
wives whether they be young or old.
- Jolly good ale and old

Words by John Still

Falstaff and The Fairies

Round about in a fair ring-a,
Thus we dance and thus we sing-a,
Trip and go, to and fro, over this green-a
All about, in and out over this green-a.
Fairies black, grey, green and white
You moonshine revellers and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
But till 'tis one o' clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter let us not forget.
Lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set,
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be
to guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay! I smell a man of middle earth.
Vile worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.
Corrupt, corrupt and tainted with desire!
A trial, come, come, will this wood take fire?
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you sing, pinch him to your time.
Pinch him pinch him black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.
Pinch him blue, and pinch him black
Let him not lack, let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red
Till sleep has rocked his addle head,
Pinch him fairies, mutually,
Pinch him for his villainy.
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

Words by Shakespeare, Ravenscroft and Lyly

Wedding Chorus

See the chariot at hand here of love
Wherein my lady rideth.
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth;
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Through swords, through seas whither she would ride.
Do but look on her eyes,

They do light all that Love's world compriseth.
Do but look on her hair,
It is bright as Love's star when it riseth.
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.
Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

Words by Ben Jonson

Epilogue

Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold,
There is underneath the sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest.
None are worst and none are best.
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants ev'rywhere.
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Words from Campion and Rossetter's Book of Airs

Programme notes by Jane Purser

William Young - Trumpeter

William first started playing the cornet at his local brass band at the age of 6, but he soon took up the trumpet after listening to Wynton Marsalis's virtuosic playing.

Under the tuition of Gary Howarth, William gained a place in the National Children's Orchestra, and eventually obtained a diploma in trumpet performance. During this time, he was also heavily involved with the Oxfordshire County Music Service where he enjoyed performing at many venues throughout the UK and Europe.

Whilst reading Engineering at the University of Birmingham, William received tuition from David Blackadder and Russell Gilmour, and was a principle player in many of the university orchestral and jazz ensembles. Also a keen choral singer, he has performed in several exciting collaborations with Sir Simon Rattle, Marin Alsop, and John Wilson.

Despite perusing a technical career, William regularly freelances throughout the UK, and is looking forward to performing with the Seven Steps Big band on their cruise to the Canary Islands this summer.

Jack Apperley - conductor

Jack Apperley is a London based freelance conductor. Under the tutelage of Patrick Russill, he graduated from the Royal Academy of Music where he obtained a Masters in Choral Conducting. He was awarded a Distinction and received the Sir Thomas Armstrong Choral Leadership Prize. Prior to this, Jack read Music at the University of Birmingham where he was mentored by Simon Halsey CBE. In 2018, Jack was awarded Second Prize at the inaugural London International Choral Conducting Competition.

Jack is the Music Director and Conductor of the Imperial College Chamber Choir, Concordia Voices and Brentwood Choral Society. He also directs several workplace choirs, for the Royal College of Physicians, the Silicon Valley Bank and Unison. In 2018 Jack was the Guest Conductor of the Epsom Chamber Choir.

Jack is an assistant to Simon Halsey and the London Symphony Chorus. This role has seen Jack stand in as Chorus Master for a performance of John Adam's oratorio *El Niño* in Paris with the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer as well as assist in preparing the chorus for performances of Liszt's *Faust Symphony*, Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, Britten's *Spring Symphony*, Mahler's *Eighth Symphony* and Orff's *Carmina Burana*.

Highlights for 2019 include concerts with the Imperial College Chamber Choir and Concordia Voices celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Apollo Moon landings, a performance of David Lang's "*The Public Domain*" with the London Symphony Chorus and the LSO Community Choir, tours with the Imperial College Chamber Choir to Truro and Poland, and conducting in the World Choral Conducting Competition in Hong Kong.

Paul Ayres - accompanist

Paul Ayres was born in Perivale, west London, studied music at Oxford University, and now works freelance as a composer & arranger, choral conductor & musical director, and organist & accompanist. He has received over one hundred commissions for new works, and his music is published in Canada, Germany, Norway, Russia, the UK and the USA. Paul is the regular conductor of City Chorus and the London College of Music Chorus (at the University of West London), accompanist of Concordia Voices, and associate accompanist of Crouch End Festival Chorus. He has led many music education workshops for children, and played piano for improvised comedy shows and musical theatre. Forthcoming commissions include a musical for primary schools celebrating the 200th anniversary of John Ruskin's birth, a new work for Concordia Voices' 20th birthday, and choral arrangements of Pet Shop Boys songs. 2020 will see the release of a CD "*Sacred Ayres*" recorded by the choir of Selwyn College Cambridge.

Please visit www.paulayres.co.uk to find out more.

Concordia Voices

Concordia Voices is a well-established chamber choir of about 30 mixed voices and is currently directed by Jack Apperley. Our regular accompanist is the composer and arranger Paul Ayres.

The choir performs regularly in south-west London where it is based. We have also toured abroad and to other locations in the UK as well as taking part in local musical events. Concordia Voices enjoy performing music from a wide repertoire ranging over 4 centuries and the choir has a keen interest in performing the work of contemporary composers, including Jonathan Dove, James MacMillan, Morten Lauridsen, John Tavener and Naji Hakim.

Concordia Voices rehearse on Sunday evenings from 6.45pm to 9pm in Hampton Hill. We are a small, friendly choir and new singers are warmly welcome. If you are interested in joining us please contact our secretary for more information at, secretary@concordiavoices.org or visit our web site for information on how to join the choir. www.concordiavoices.org

<i>Soprano</i>	<i>Alto</i>	<i>Tenor</i>	<i>Bass</i>
Jackie Allen	Lindsey Baldwin	Colin Flood	Alan Baldwin
Lynda Beament	Rebecca Bevan	Clive Hall	Alex Bower-Brown
Viviane Hardy	Julie Hall	Paddi Sutton-Coulson	Adam Brown
Prill Hinckley	Jane Newman	William Young	Philip Congdon
Julia Lavery	Barbara Orr		Vince Daly
Margaret Lord	Jane Purser		Martin Hinckley
Rosie Oxborrow	Anne Rowett		Tim Rowett
Ruth Parker	Janet Taylor		
Fiona Rowett			
Helen Sugiyama			

Future Concerts

Saturday, 7th December 2019, St John the Divine, Richmond

**Festive music for choir and audience with
Latchmere School choir**

20th Anniversary season

Saturday, 21st March 2020, St John the Divine, Richmond

Handel's Messiah