



presents

SONGS OF THE LAND
AND THE PEOPLE

The Timeless Art of Folksong

Conducted by

Peter Young

Wesley Music Centre

222 National Circuit

Forrest, ACT

5.00pm,

Sunday, June 14, 2015

Peter Young *conductor*

Peter Young specialises in music from the Renaissance and the Baroque as both a keyboard player, on organ and harpsichord, and choral conductor. He had a highly successful 5-year period as conductor of the ANU Choral Society where his concerts included Handel's Solomon and major works by Byrd, Monteverdi and Purcell. From more contemporary musical domains he has conducted masses by Bruckner, Haydn and Dvořák, and composers ranging from Brahms to Vaughan Williams, Britten and Percy Grainger. He has received a Canberra Critics Circle Award for choral conducting and innovative programming.



James Huntingford *piano*

Currently based in Canberra, James is player of both modern and historic keyboard instruments. James has performed as soloist with the Canberra Youth Orchestra, National Capital Orchestra and the chamber orchestra Musica da Camera. He has also performed with the Canberra Choral Society, Oriana Chorale, members of the Brandenburg Orchestra, the Strange Weather Gospel Choir (both as artistic director and accompanist), and Woden Valley Youth Choirs. James was winner of the Austrian Embassy's Haydn Festival Competition (2009), and has twice been winner of the ACT's National Eisteddfod Open Piano Recital. In 2013 James was awarded the Australian Society of Music Educators' Lady Callaway Award, for his diverse musical and artistic services to the Canberra community.

The Oriana Chorale wishes to thank

Daniel Sanderson

for his graphic design for the promotion of this concert.

The Oriana Chorale

presents

SONGS OF THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

Choral Folksongs, op. 36 (H136)

Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

I sowed the seeds of love

There was a tree

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

I love my love

Swansea Town

Rakastava ("The Lover")

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Four Slovak Folksongs (Sz70)

Béla Bartók (1881-1945)

INTERVAL

Irish Tune from County Derry

Percy Aldridge Grainger (1879-1961)

Brigg Fair

I'm Seventeen Come Sunday

Five Negro Spirituals from *A Child of our Time*

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Selections from *Old American Songs*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

(transcribed for chorus by

David L Brunner and Irving Fine)

The Dodger

Simple Gifts

I Bought me a Cat

The Little Horses

Ching-a-ring Chaw

Songs of the Land and the People

PROGRAM NOTES

1906 is one of the years in musical history that should be better remembered. In that year Mahler composed his *Eighth Symphony*, one of the most spectacular choral and orchestral works ever written, a great masterpiece of the Romantic age. But times were changing, and composers were too.

In 1906 **Béla Bartók** started what was to become an annual trip around Eastern Europe, armed with his Edison phonograph, collecting folksongs. **Percy Grainger**, also with his Edison, became the first folksong collector in the UK to make live recordings. **Gustav Holst** had his first conversation with the great collector Cecil Sharp about the difficulties of harmonising folksongs. (He blamed the influence of Wagner for the problems he had.) He had recently heard '*I sowed the seeds of love*' for the first time, and it became one of his favourites.

Grainger, a true pioneer, had been interested in folksong well before this – in fact his romantic arrangement of the *Irish Tune from County Derry* was one of his first published scores (in 1903), and was much admired by Grieg. But in 1906 he conducted the first performances of his arrangements of '*Im Seventeen Come Sunday*' and '*Brigg Fair*', in the town of Brigg itself. I think these two give a more authentic representation of the original songs and their singers. The previous year he had arranged for the local musical competition to include a section for 'best unpublished old folk song', where the prize was awarded not to the best singer but the best song. Joseph Taylor, aged 72, won, beating Mr W. Hilton (aged 85 and deaf), who produced so many verses for one song that unsuccessful efforts were made to stop him, until someone went to the platform and escorted him down. '*Brigg Fair*' was one of the songs Grainger heard that day.

The next year Delius asked Grainger for permission to use '*Brigg Fair*' in a new orchestral work, his marvellous *English Rhapsody*, which he dedicated to Grainger. When it was performed in 1908 in London, legend has it that Joseph Taylor, when he heard 'his' tune, stood up and sang along with the orchestra.

After the rush to collect 'authentic' folksongs while there were still old singers around, the following years saw a flood of arrangements. Many date from the First World War and may have been composed to generate some income,

while other, darker, compositions were either underway or were completed but lacked prospects for early performance. So **Holst** arranged his set in 1916 after writing *The Planets*, while **Bartók** composed his *Four Slovak Folksongs* in 1917 for a concert in Vienna. For Bartók there was a greater interest in using new tonal structures (neither major nor minor), while organising songs into almost 'classical' structures with three or four movements, to be performed as a set.

The story with **Jean Sibelius** was different. He had heard folk singing in the early 1890s but showed little interest in becoming a collector. Instead, some aspects of folksong entered his musical thinking – particularly in relation to rhythmic structure and the use of modal harmony. '*Rakastava*' was originally written for male chorus and revised for mixed chorus in 1898. Today it is better known as a work for string orchestra dating from 1911, when Sibelius essentially expanded and recomposed the work using the original material. At that time, he wrote in his diary 'there is some fertile soil in this work. Earth and Finland'.

Michael Tippett's oratorio *A Child of our Time* is unmistakably a piece of its time, 1939-41. It uses modern language, cinematic techniques, flashbacks, news reports. The use of spirituals, taking the place of Bach chorales in this 20th century Passion, created a sensation. Twenty years later his publishers persuaded him to arrange the spirituals for unaccompanied chorus. In this guise, they keep their impact, but in a more conventional sense, as the song of a large crowd expressing emotions of universal relevance.

Aaron Copland used folksong extensively in his works, most often in support of his quest to depict true simplicity in music, in which regard he was one of the great 20th century masters. His ballet *Appalachian Spring* introduced '*Simple Gifts*' to the world. The *Old American Folk Songs* date from the early 1950s and have become popular both in their original form for solo voice and in choral arrangements. The simplicity of the tunes in no way detracts from the sophistication of the accompaniments! It is diverting to consider that the first set was premiered by Peter Pears with Benjamin Britten in 1950, in an impeccable British English accent.

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Gustav Holst: Choral Folksongs

I sowed the seeds of love

I sowed the seeds of love,
And I sowed them in the spring;
I gathered them up in the morning so soon,
When small birds sweetly sing.

My garden was planted well
With flowers everywhere,
But I had not the liberty to choose
The flower that I loved so dear.

The gardener standing by
I asked to choose for me;

He chose me the violet, the lily, the pink,
But these I refused all three.

The violet I did not like
Because it fades so soon;
The lily and pink I did not over think
And vowed I would wait till June.

In June is a red, red rose,
And that is the flower for me;
I'll pluck it and think that no lily or pink
Can match with the bud on that tree.

There was a tree

There was a tree all in the woods,
As fine a tree as ever you did see,
For the tree was in the woods,
And the woods lie down in the valley
below.

There was a limb all on the tree,
As fine a limb as ever you did see,
For the limb was on the tree,
And the tree was in the woods,
And the woods lie down in the valley
below.

There was a bough all on the limb,
As fine a bough as ever you did see,

For the bough was on the limb,
And the limb was on the tree,
And the tree was in the woods,
And the woods lie down in the valley
below.

There was a bird all on the tree,
As fine a bird as ever you did see,
For the bird was on the bough,
And the bough was on the limb,
And the limb was on the tree,
And the tree was in the woods,
And the woods lie down in the valley
below.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.

Four angels to my bed,
Two to bottom, two to head,

Two to hear me when I pray,
Two to bear my soul away.

God is the branch and I the flower,
Pray God send me a blessed hour.

I go to bed some sleep to take:
The Lord, He knows if I shall wake.

Sleep I ever, sleep I never,
God receive my soul for ever.

I Love My Love

Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
“I love my love because I know my love loves me.

“O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they’re his although they’ve ruined me:
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

“With straw I’ll weave a garland, I’ll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I’ll mix the eglantine;
And I’ll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land,
Then hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
“I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

She said: “My love, don’t frighten me, are you my love or no?”
“O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also
I am returned to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

So now these two are married, and happy may they be
Like turtle-doves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.”

Swansea Town

Oh! farewell to you my Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I’m bound to cross the ocean, girl, once more to part with you;
Once more to part with you, fine girl, you’re the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh! it’s now that I am out to sea, and you are far behind,
Kind letters I will write to you of the secrets of my mind;
The secrets of my mind, fine girl, you’re the girl that I adore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh now the storm it's rising, I can see it coming on,
The night so dark as anything, we cannot see the moon;
The good old ship she is tossed aft, our rigging is all tore,
But still I live in hopes to see old Swansea Town once more.

Oh now the storm is over and we are safe on shore,
We'll drink strong drinks and brandies too, to the girls that we adore,
To the girls that we adore, fine girls, we'll make this tavern roar,
And when our money is all gone we'll go to sea for more.

Jean Sibelius

Rakastava (The Lover)

Where, O where shall I look for my love?
O where shall I find my sweetheart?
Where, O where dwells my heart's delight?
Tell me where to seek my dearest.

I hear no sound from the meadow,
No sound of birds singing in the grove,
No sound of sweet voices whispering,
Nor upon the knoll sweet singing.

In the forest is she wandering,
Listening but not really hearing?
Is she wandering, searching, seeking
Peace in the deep forest clearing?

Brightly, brightly my trumpet rings
Through the hills and dales resounding,
Brightly, brightly all nature singing,
Echoes in the hills rebounding.
Love and joy rule the world today,
All the world glows with joy and love.

Here, perhaps, my sweetheart wandered.
Has her fancy led her this way?
Did she tread this sunlit pathway?
Where has my innocent wandered?
In this grove did she lose her way?
On that rock did she sit and rest?
Yes, for the rock does glow so brightly.
One can see it was touched by her.

From her presence in the forest,
All of nature seems much gentler;
All the forest more luxurious;
All the colours glow more brightly,
All because she did pass this way,
All because my sweetheart passed here.

To my love I say "Good evening".
Little bird, I say "Good evening".
Like a little bird is my darling.

Dancing, dancing with my darling,
Swirling, whirling with my dearest,
Dancing, swirling, whirling
Together with my loved one!

Stand here with me, O my dearest,
Stand here with me, O my darling,
Stand beside me now, O my loved one,
Stand beside me!

Your hand give to me, my dearest,
Your hand give to me, my darling,
Your hand give to me, O my loved one!

Come, embrace me now, my dearest.
Come, embrace me now, my sweetheart.
Come, embrace me now, my loved one.
Lost in fond embrace are we now,
My own, my darling.

Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, dearest.
Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, sweetheart.
O embrace me now, my dearest.
O embrace me now, come to me
My own, my darling.
Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
O my darling, kiss me!

Farewell now, my own, my dearest.
Farewell now, my own, my sweetheart.
Farewell now, my own, my darling.
Now farewell, my darling, my dearest,
My most loved one.

Béla Bartók: Four Slovak Songs

I Zadala Mamka

*Zadala mamka, zadala dcéru
D'aleko od sebe,
Zakázala jej, prikázala jej:
Nechod' dcéro ku mne!*

*Ja sa udelám ptáčkom jarabým,
Poletím k mamičke,
A sadnem si tam na zahradečku,
Na bielu laliju.*

*Vyjde mamička: Čo to za ptačka,
Čo tak smutne spieva?
Ej, hešu, hešu, ptáčku jarabý,
Nelámaj laliju.*

*Ta daly ste mňa za chlapa zlého
Do kraja cudzieho;
Veru mne je zle, mamička milá,
So zlým mužom byti.*

II Na holi

*Na holi, na holi,
Na tej širočine
Veďsom sa vyspala,
Ako na perine.*

*Už sme pohrabaly,
Čo budeme robiť?
Svršku do doliny
Budeme sa vodit.*

Thus sent the mother her little daughter
Into a distant land.
Sternly she bade her: "Follow thy husband!
Never return to me!"

"Lo! I shall change me into a blackbird,
Fly to my mother's home;
There I'll be waiting, sad in her garden,
On a white stem."

Out came the mother: "Who is this blackbird?
Strange is her song and sad;
Forth and begone now, go little birdling,
From my white lily's stem."

"To a bad husband mother has sent me
Forth to a distant land.
Why must I suffer such bitter pining
In an ill-mated bond?"

Where the Alps soar so free
Flow'ry vale bright with glee,
There to rest!
Oh! There's no bed in the world softer!

Our work is done today,
The barn is filled with hay.
Comes the night,
Let us turn peacefully home, brothers!

III *Rada pila*

*Rada pila, rada jedla
Rada tancovala,
Ani si len tú kytličku
Neobrančovala.
Ej!
Nedala si štyri groše
Ako som ja dala,
Žeby si ty tancovala,
A ja žeby stála.*

Food and drink's your only pleasure,
And to dance so madly.
But to work with pin and needle
Never appeals to thee.
Hey!
To the merry bagpipe player
Have I paid some money,
For while you are dancing I stand by alone,
Nobody cares for me.

IV *Gajdujte, gaydence*

*Gajdujte, gaydence
Pôjdem k frajerce!
Ej, gajdujte vesele,
Ej, že pôjdeme sme!*

Bagpipes are a-playing!
Dancers are a-swaying!
Piper, play till all is spent,
To our hearts and heels content!

*Zagajduj gajdoše!
Ešte mám dva groše:
Ej, jedun gajdošovi,
A druhý krčmárovi.*

Play on, bright and bonny,
While we have the money!
Tavern-keeper, one for you!
Here is for the piper too!

*To bola kozička,
Čo predok vodila,
Ej, ale už nebude,
Ej, nôžky si zlomila.*

Once a goat was straying;
Now his skin is playing!
While the goat no more can prance,
Bagpipe now makes young folk dance!

Percy Grainger

Brigg Fair

It was on the fifth of August,
The weather fair and fine,
Unto Brigg Fair I did repair,
For love I was inclined.

I rose up with the lark in the morning,
With my heart so full of glee,
Of thinking there to meet my dear,
Long time I'd wished to see.

I took hold of her lily white hand,
O, and merrily was her heart.

And now we're met together,
I hope we ne'er shall part.

For it's meeting is a pleasure,
And parting is a grief,
But an unconstant lover
Is worse than any thief.

The green leaves they shall wither,
And the branches they shall die
If ever I prove false to her,
To the girl that loves me.

I'm Seventeen Come Sunday

As I rose up one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I overtook a pretty fair maid,
Just as the sun was dawning,
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

Her stockings white, her boots were bright,
And her buckling shone like silver;
She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung round her shoulder,
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

Where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully,
"I'm an errand for me mummy",
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

How old are you, my pretty fair maid,
How old are you, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully,
"I am seventeen come Sunday",

With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

"Will you take a man, my sweet pretty maid,
Will you take a man, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully,
"I darst not for me mummy",
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

"Will you com down to my mummy's house,
When the moon shone bright and clearly?
You'll come down, I'll let you in,
And me mummy shall not hear me."
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol air didle ido.

"O it's now I'm with my soldier lad,
His ways they are so winning;
It's drum and fife is my delight,
And a pint o' rum in the morning."
With me rue rum ray,
Fother didle ay,
Wok fol airy, wok fol airy day,
Wok fol air didle ido.

Michael Tippett: Folk songs

Steal Away

Steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home.
I han't got long to stay here.

My lord, he calls me,
He calls me by the thunder.
The trumpet sounds within-a my soul.
I han't got long to stay here.

Green trees are a-bending,
Sinners stand a-trembling.
The trumpet sounds within my soul.
I han't got long to stay here.

Steal away, steal away to Jesus.
Steal away, steal away home.
I han't got long to stay here.

Nobody Knows

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

O brothers, pray for me,
Help me to drive old Satan away.

O mothers, pray for me,
Help me to drive old Satan away.

Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows the trouble I see.
Nobody knows the trouble I see, Lord,
Nobody knows like Jesus.

Go down Moses

Go down Moses
Way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go

When Israel was in Egypt land
Let my people go
Oppressed so hard they could not stand
Let my people go

Thus spoke the Lord; bold Moses said
“Let my people go
If not, I’ll smite your firstborn dead
Let my people go”

God the Lord said, “Go down, Moses
Way down in Egypt land
Tell old Pharaoh
To let my people go

By and By

O by and by, by and by,
I’m going to lay down my heavy load

I know my robe’s going to fit me well,
I’ve tried it on at the gates of Hell.

Hell is deep and a dark despair,
O stop, poor sinner, and don’t go there.

O by and by, by and by,
I’m going to lay down my heavy load

Deep River

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, chillun! Oh, don’t you want to go,
To the Gospel feast, that promised land,
That land where all is peace?

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan.

Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Walk into heaven, and take my seat,
And cast my crown at Jesus’ feet.

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord,
I want to cross over into campground.

Aaron Copland:

Selections from *Old American Songs*.

The Dodger (Campaign Song)

Yes, the candidate's a dodger, a well-known dodger,
Yes, the candidate's a dodger, and I'm a dodger too.
He'll meet you and treat you, and ask you for your vote,
But look out, boys, he's a-dodgin' for a note;
Yes, we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin',
Yes, we're all dodgin' out a way through the world.

Yes, the preacher, he's a dodger, a well-known dodger,
Yes, the preacher, he's a dodger, and I'm a dodger too.
He'll preach you a gospel and tell you of your crimes,
But look out, boys, he's a-dodgin' for your dimes;
Yes, we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin',
Yes, we're all dodgin' out a way through the world.

Yes, the lover, he's a dodger, a well-known dodger,
Yes, the lover, he's a dodger, and I'm a dodger too.
He'll hug you and kiss you and call you his bride,
But look out, girls, he's a-tellin' you a lie;
Yes, we're all dodgin', a-dodgin', dodgin', dodgin',
Yes, we're all dodgin' out a way through the world.

Simple Gifts (Shaker Song)

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and bend we won't be ashamed.
To turn, turn will be our delight,
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

I Bought me a Cat (Children's Song)

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me,
I fed my duck under yonder tree.
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me,
I fed my goose under yonder tree.
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me,
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says "Shimmy-shack,
shimmy-shack",
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me,
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says "Griffey, griffey",
My hen says "Shimmy-shack,
shimmy-shack",
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me,
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says "Baw, baw",
My pig says "Griffey, griffey",
My hen says "Shimmy-shack,
shimmy-shack",
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me,
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says "Neigh, neigh",
My cow says "Baw, baw",
My pig says "Griffey, griffey",
My hen says "Shimmy-shack,
shimmy-shack",
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me,
I fed my wife under yonder tree.
My wife says "Honey, honey",
My horse says "Neigh, neigh",
My cow says "Baw, baw",
My pig says "Griffey, griffey",
My hen says "Shimmy-shack,
shimmy-shack",
My goose says "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

The Little Horses (Lullaby)

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

When you wake,
You shall have
All the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.

Ching-a-Ring Chaw (Minstrel Song)

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
'Bout the promised land
An' the promised glory.

You don't need to fear
If you have no money,
You don't need none there
To buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses;
There the evenin' meal
Has one, two, three, four courses.

Nights we all will dance
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle".

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendour,
Stand out in the sun
And hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-comin';
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a-strummin'.

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Ring ching ching ching chaw!

Forthcoming Oriana Concerts in 2015:

October 11: *The Golden Age – Venice*

December 13: *Christmas at the High Court*

BROKENWOOD

AUSTRALIAN CRAFT AT ITS FINEST

supports The Oriana Chorale with wines for presentation and functions

The Oriana Chorale

Founded by Roger Wellman in 1977, the Oriana Chorale set itself the goal of enriching the musical life of Canberra with vocal music of the highest standard, principally *a cappella*, but with instrumental accompaniment when it is called for. Oriana's repertoire ranges from Schütz, Tallis and Byrd to Rachmaninov, Pärt and Whitacre, and includes such Australian composers as Orlovich, Bowman, Greenaway and Brinsmead. Oriana has been a regular participant in the Canberra International Music Festival, and is proud to have collaborated on the concert platform with The Song Company and, in October 2014, with The Tallis Scholars.

Sopranos	Altos	Tenors	Basses
Margaret Brennan	Jess Aan	Ian Biggs	Philip Batterham
Grace Chiu	Liz McKenzie	Richard Brabin-	Geoffrey Brennan
Karen Halliday	Mary Molan	Smith	Nick Bulleid
Andrea Holland	Helene Stead	Cody Christopher	Peter Callan
Jo Johnstone	Annabel Wheeler	Colin Matheson	Geoff Millar
Christine Levers	Sally Wodzinska		Oliver Raymond
Claire Parkhill			

Sing with Oriana for an afternoon!

At **St Pauls Manuka** on **Saturday August 1** at **2.00 pm** Oriana will run its first **Masterpiece Workshop** - a look at Bach's great motet *Jesu meine Freude* (BWV 227). There will be an intensive one-off rehearsal, then, after a short break, a performance open to the public.

To cover the costs of the afternoon there will be a fee of \$25, or \$10 for singers under 26. The workshop will take place in the Church Hall, in preparation for a performance in the Church at 5.30 pm. Audience members will be welcome to the performance for a gold coin donation.

Numbers will be limited, so see our website for more details:

www.orianachorale.com

You are cordially invited to join us for refreshments after this evening's concert.
