

Festival Singers of Wellington & St Mary's Octet

When Poems Resound

Directors: Ingrid Schoenfeld & William McElwee

Accompanist: Jonathan Berkahn

Guest conductor: Heather Easting

7.30pm Saturday 19 August 2023

St Mary of the Angels Church, 17 Boulcott St, Wellington

Programme

Combined:

Josquin de Prez (c.1450-1521)

Mille regretz (publ. 1549)

Morten Lauridsen (1943-)

Nocturnes (2005-2008)

i. *Sa nuit d'été (Its summer night)*

ii. *Soneto de la noche (Sonnet of the night)*

iii. *Sure on this shining night*

iv. *Epilogue – Voici le soir (Night has come)*

Festival Singers:

Jonathan Berkahn

William Blake Songs

William Blake (1757-1827)

Laughing Song

The Schoolboy

Holy Thursday (II)

London

The Little Vagabond

The Clod and the Pebble

A poison tree

On Another's Sorrow

The Lamb

The Tyger

Night

Combined:

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Three Shakespeare Songs (1951)

i. *Full Fathom Five*

ii. *The Cloud-Capp'd Towers*

iii. *Over Hill, Over Dale*

St Mary's Octet:

John Dowland (1562-1626)

Come Heavy Sleeper

The First Booke of Songs (1597)

Sergey Taneyev (1856-1915)

Evening (Op. 27 No. 2 1909)

Jakov Polonsky (~1842),

trans. Dr Rebecca Stanton

Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795-1856)

Lay a garland (~1840)

Beaumont & Fletcher (1619)

Orlando di Lasso (c.1532-1594)

Anna, mihi dilecta (1579)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Alister McAlpine's Lament (1912)

The Scottish Minstrel (1824)

Prof. Robert Easting (text & tune)
Arr. Heather Easting
Commonplace Hymn

Combined:

Arthur Troyte (1811-1857)
Sunset Poem from *Under Milk Wood*
Dylan Thomas (1914-1953)

Eric Whitacre (1970-)
Ogden Nash (1902-1971)
Animal Crackers vol. 1 (2006)

i. *The Panther*

ii. *The Cow*

iii. *The Firefly*

Animal Crackers vol. 2 (2009)

i. *The Canary*

ii. *The Eel*

iii. *The Kangaroo*

About the Concert

We open our concert with Josquin's famed ***Mille Regretz***, a beautiful Renaissance Chanson in the Phrygian mode.

The four poems Lauridsen has chosen as his ***Nocturnes*** use a backdrop of night to meditate on ideas of love, death, transience, and eternity. Sombre, echoing chords open the first piece, before it blooms into a celebration of a starry night. Lauridsen frames Pablo Neruda's stunning poem about love after death with a simple, direct setting that allows the rhythm of the text to shine. Reminiscent of American musical theatre, *Sure on This Shining Night* evokes a feeling of awe and wellbeing simultaneously, while the Epilogue gently echoes the opening of the set.

Composer's Note on William Blake Songs

William Blake produced his *Songs of Innocence* in 1789, and the *Songs of Experience* five years later in 1794. An engraver and illustrator by trade, he published the poems in beautifully illuminated books (facsimiles can easily be found online). The two collections are intended to balance and challenge each other, with many of the *Innocence* poems having direct parodies

in the *Songs of Experience* (something of this can be seen in the Clod and Pebble). In Blake's view of the world, neither gentle submission nor forceful self-assertion – neither the Lamb nor the Tyger – should have the last word, but each needs the other: even if the relationship between them is full of tension.

The songs are indeed songs – they are metrical and strophic, in hymn or ballad metres, and Blake did indeed sing them for his own and his wife's pleasure; unfortunately he didn't know how to write his music down, so we don't know what the tunes were like. This "song-like" quality has been preserved as much as possible in these settings.

The first three (the **Lamb**, the **Tyger**, and **Night**) were written for Festival Singers in 2015; more were written for Cantoris the following year; yet more for Festival Singers in 2017, and four are brand-new for this concert. Whilst the composer has no intention of setting the entire collection (as William Bolcom did) he hopes there may be others still to come...

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Asked to write a group of test pieces for a 1951 choral competition, **Vaughan Williams** produced these three settings of **Shakespeare's** texts, the first two from the *Tempest* and the other from *Midsummer Night's Dream*. **Full Fathom Five** uses an ingenious tonal palette to make the choir sound like a series of underwater bells, lending an otherworldly quality to the transformation taking place in the depths of the ocean. **The Cloud Capp'd Towers** is a meditation on the transience of human life, and its juxtaposition of unexpected harmonies references Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony. **Over Hill, Over Dale** evokes the furious activity of the fairies in the bottom three parts while the sopranos float overhead.

Come Heavy Sleeper comes from John Dowland's legendary First Book of Songs, first published at the height of his fame in 1597. It is characteristic of his polyphonic lute-song style, with a floating, suspended soprano melody expressing the heights of Elizabethan melancholy. Then we move to Russian art music.

In **Evening**, Taneyev follows the poet's eye as it traces a coastal scene in the evening. We sing a beautiful singing translation prepared specifically for this concert by our resident Russian language expert Dr Stanton.

Robert Lucas de Pearsall used the mournful soliloquy **Lay a garland** from Beaumont & Fletcher's play "The Maid's Tragedy" as a vehicle for a sublime 8-part lament, originally for London's Madrigal Society, and now a favourite of choirs everywhere. In the play's context, the young noblewoman Aspatia speaking of her own tragic situation – her beloved, Amintor, is ordered into an arranged marriage with another, leaving her heartbroken.

Lassus's striking chromatic motet **Anna, mihi dilecta** was rescued from censorship by his sons, when they replaced its sensual, secular words with equally sensual Christian words as *Christe Dei soboles* in 1604. The poem is in elegiac couplets, a classical Latin verse form used mainly for love poetry, and forms a double acrostic – spelling "ANNA" in each stanza. It is usually assumed Lassus wrote the verse himself.

Vaughan Williams, a great lover and collector of folk-music, gives the Scottish tune **Alister McAlpine's Lament** his characteristic treatment, being very true to the rhythm and mode of the source material, while providing each part its own individual singing line.

In the tradition of play, adaptation & expansion, our pair of Eastings collaborated in the last month on the **Commonplace Hymn**. Heather took Prof Robert Easting's light-hearted secular hymn & tune and expanded it to a humorously profound choral fancy.

Dylan Thomas's **Sunset Poem**, a prayer from his radio play *Under Milk Wood*, as set to Arthur Troyte's first Anglican psalm chant, is a favourite in the Welsh Male Voice Choir tradition.

Eric Whitacre wrote **Animal Crackers** in 2009, and had this to say about the set: "I have always dreamed of writing a substantial collection of choral works that might enter the standard repertoire, something with the depth and passion of Monteverdi's Fourth Book of Madrigals and the charm and timelessness of Brahms' *Liebeslieder Waltzes*. I wrote this instead. These are the first two 'volumes' of *Animal Crackers*, and if everything goes as planned I'll write several more. (Ogden Nash wrote scores of these ridiculous animal poems, all of them crying out for musical settings.)"

Mille regretz

Mille regretz de vous habandonner
Et deslonger vostre fache amoureuse,
Ja'i si grand dueil et paine douloureuse
Quon me verra en brief me jours finer.

A thousand regrets at deserting you
And leaving behind your loving face,
I feel so much sadness and such painful distress
That it seems to me my days will soon dwindle
away.

Nocturnes

Sa nuit d'été

Si je pourrais avec mes mains brûlantes
fondre ton corps autour ton cœur d'amante,
ah que la nuit deviendrait transparente,
le prenant pour un astre attardé,
qui toujours dès le premier temps des mondes
était perdu et qui commence sa ronde
et tâtonnant de la lumière blonde,
sa première nuit, sa nuit, sa nuit d'été.

Its summer night

If, with my burning hands, I could melt
the body surrounding your lover's heart,
ah! how the night would become translucent,
taking it for a late star,
which, from the first moments of the world,
was forever lost, and which begins its course
with its blonde light, trying to reach out towards
its first night, its night, its summer night.

Soneto de la noche

Cuando yo muera quiero tus manos en mis ojos:
quiero la luz y el trigo de tus manos amadas
pasar una vez más sobre mí su frescura:
sentir la suavidad que cambió mi destino.

Quiero que vivas mientras yo, dormido, te espero
quiero que tus oídos sigan oyendo el viento,
que huelas el aroma del mar que amamos juntos
y que sigas pisando la arena que pisamos.

Quiero que lo que amo siga vivo
y a ti te amé y canté sobre todas las cosas
por eso sigue tú floreciendo, florida,

para que alcances todo lo que mi amor te ordena,
para que se pasee mi sombra por tu pelo,
para que así conozcan la razón de mi canto

Sonnet of the night

When I die, I want your hands upon my eyes:
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands
to pass their freshness over me one more time:
I want to feel the gentleness that changed my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,
I want your ears to still hear the wind,
I want you to smell the scent of the sea we both loved
and to continue walking on the sand we walked on.

I want all that I love to keep on living
and you whom I loved and sang above all things
to keep flowering into full bloom,

so that you can touch all that my love provides you,
so that my shadow may pass over your hair,
so that all may know the reason for my song.

...

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground

The late year lies down the north
All is healed, all is health

High summer holds the earth
Hearts all whole

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars

Epilogue: Voici le soir

Voici le soir;
pendant tout un jour encore
je vous ai beaucoup aimées,
collines émues.
C'est beau de voir,
Mais: de sentir à la doublure
Des paupières fermées
La douceur d'avoir vu...

Night has come

Night has come;
for one whole day again I've loved you so much,
stirring hills.
It's beautiful to see,
But: to feel in the lining of closed eyelids
the sweetness of having seen ...

William Blake Songs

Laughing Song (Innocence)

When the green woods laugh
with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha ha he!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha ha he!'

The Schoolboy (Experience)

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me:
O what sweet company!

But to go to school in a summer morn, -
O it drives all joy away!
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour;
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring!

O father and mother if buds are nipped,
And blossoms blown away;
And if the tender plants are stripped
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay, -

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

Holy Thursday II (Experience)

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,—
Babes reduced to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?
Can it be a song of joy?
And so many children poor?
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,
And their fields are bleak and bare,
And their ways are filled with thorns,
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,
And where'er the rain does fall,
Babes can never hunger there,
Nor poverty the mind appall.

London (Experience)

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does flow,
A mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every infant's cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forged manacles I hear:

How the chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackening church appals,
And the hapless soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down palace-walls.

But most, through midnight streets I hear
How the youthful harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born infant's tear,
And blights with plagues the marriage hearse.

The Little Vagabond (Experience)

Dear mother, dear mother,
the Church is cold;
But the Alehouse is healthy,
and pleasant, and warm.
Besides, I can tell where I am used well;
The parsons with wind
like a blown bladder swell.

But, if at the Church
they would give us some ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish
from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach,
and drink, and sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch,
who is always at church,
Wouldn't have bandy children,
nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as He,
Would have no more quarrel
with the Devil or the barrel,
But kiss him, and give him
both drink and apparel.

The Clod and the Pebble (Experience)

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair."

So sung a little Clod of Clay
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a Pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite."

A poison tree (Experience)

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veiled the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

On Another's Sorrow (Innocence)

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

O He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

The Lamb (Innocence)

Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

The Tyger (Experience)

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger, tyger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Night (Innocence)

The sun descending in the West,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have ta'en delight,
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold:

Saying: 'Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Is driven away
From our immortal day.'

'And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shines like gold,
As I guard o'er the fold.'

...

Three Shakespeare Songs

1. Full fathom five

The Tempest, Act I, Scene 2

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

2. The cloud-capp'd towers

The Tempest, Act 4, Scene 1

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

3. Over hill, over dale

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire
I do wander everywhere.

Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

...

Come heavy sleepee

Come heavy sleepee, the image of true death:
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vitall breath,
And tears my hart with sorrows sigh swoln crys.
Come & possess my tired thoughts, worne soule,
That living dies till thou one me bestoule.

Come shadow of my end: and shape of rest,
Alid to death, child to this black fast night,
Come thou and charme these rebels in my brest,
Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.
O come sweet sleepee, come or I die for ever,
Come ere my last sleepee coms or come never.

Anna, mihi dilecta

Anna, mihi dilecta, veni mea sola voluptas,
Nectareus stillat cujus ab ore liquor,
Nympha, mihi dare basiolum digneris in omni
Altera te nulla est charior orbe mihi.

Accipe, daque mihi pro votis oscula, faxint
Numina sic semper mutuus adsit amor
Nec nisi sola quibus restinguat adurimur ignes
Atropos, atque tibi sola placer queam.

Evening

The lingering flame of the sunset
Has scattered its sparks through the heavens,
The radiant sea glimmers through them,
And hushed is the coast-road where earlier
Cowbells were stridently chiming;
The resonant song of the herdsmen
Recedes into somnolent woods...
And just for a moment
there gleams through the mist
A vociferous seagull.

The white foam moves rhythmically
on the grey rocks
Like the cradle that shelters a slumbering child.
And pearl-like, the cool gentle drops
of the dewfall
Now hang from the leaves of the chestnut;
And in every dewdrop there trembles
The lingering flame of the sunset.

Lay a garland

Lay a garland on her hearse Of dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches wear; Say she died true
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly, thou gentle earth.

...

Anna, my delight, come, my only pleasure,
Nectar flows from your very mouth,
Nymph, you who deign to give me little kisses, in
All the world, nothing is dearer to me than you.

Accept and give back kisses for prayers, that our
Now mutual love might always be present and
None but Atropos might extinguish
our burning flame
And I will seek to please you alone.

Alister McAlpine's Lament

The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
Tho' fresh and fair is the gowany lea,
The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
It will ne'er be like me ain countrie.

In the lowlands o' Scotland nae hills are seen
Rising wi' snaw-white taps sae hie,
And the heather is burnt, and the rose it is fa'en,
That bloomed sae sweet in my ain countrie.

The lowlands o' Scotland will ne'er be my hame,
And there's no a hame on earth for me,
The clans are a'broken and I am alane,
Thinking upon my ain countrie.

Commonplace Hymn

One the silence, one the longing
One the self-sufficient calm.
Space for growing, time for missing,
Quiet joy and lonely harm.

Two the trouble, two the tender,
Two reflecting dark and clear.
Time is ageing, space together,
Knowing newness, hope, and fear.

Past is present ev'ry moment,
Future buried in the now.
Choices, outcomes correspondent,
Who, and which, and what, and how.

Still the hunt for understanding,
Gain and loss, uncertain plight.
Seldom whole, and parts forgetting
Mystery of night and light.

Sunset Poem

Every morning when I wake,
Dear Lord, a little prayer I make,
O please do keep Thy lovely eye
On all poor creatures born to die.

And every evening at sundown
I ask a blessing on the town,
For whether we last the night or no
I'm sure is always touch-and-go.

We are not wholly bad or good
Who live our lives under Milk Wood,
And Thou, I know, wilt be the first
To see our best side, not our worst.

O let us see another day!
Bless us all this night, I pray,
And to the sun we all will bow
And say, goodbye – but just for now!

Animal Crackers Volumes 1 and 2

The Panther

The panther is like a leopard,
Except it hasn't been peppered.
If you behold a panther crouch,
Prepare to say "ouch".
Better yet, if called by a panther,
Don't anther.

The Cow

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other milk.

The Firefly

The firefly's flame Is something
for which science has no name
I can think of nothing eerier
Than flying around with an unidentified glow on a
Person's posterior.

The Canary

The song of canaries
Never varies.
And when they're moulting
They're pretty revolting.

The Eel

I don't mind eels
Except as meals.
And the way they feels.
Eew, yuck.

The Kangaroo

O Kangaroo, O Kangaroo,
Be grateful that you're in the zoo.
And not transmuted by a boomerang
Into zestful tangy Kangaroo meringue.

Festival Singers

Musical Director: Ingrid Schoenfeld

Accompanist: Jonathan Berkahn

Sopranos:

Robyn Bridge, Heather Easting,
Heather Garside, Jan Hamill, Jo Rothbaum*,
Helen Willberg

Altos:

Cathy Edge, Karen Espersen, Kenda Kittelty,
Wendy Nelson, Margaret Seconi, Helen Tripp,
Helen Jackman

Tenors:

Joe Fecteau*, Martin Haua, Paul Kilford

Basses:

Robert Easting, Philip Garside, Alex Jeune,
Ian Livingstone

* Soloists

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St Mary of the Angels Octet

Musical Director: William McElwee

Sopranos:

Demelza Gallen, Rebecca Stanton

Altos:

Heather Easting, Sinéad Keane

Tenors:

Richard Taylor, John Beaglehole

Basses:

William McElwee, Bernard Sew

Festival Singers' Plans for the remainder of 2023

- Recording of new arrangements by Jonathan Berkahn of NZ Hymnbook Trust hymns/songs in October, at St James, Lower Hutt
- Christmas Concert – A French Christmas – December 2023:
Saint-Saëns: Christmas Oratorio. Charpentier: Messe de minuit pour Noël (Both in Latin)
- Seatoun Community Carols event at St Christopher's that fundraises for the Wellington City Mission. December 2023

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St Mary of the Angels Choir specializes in Gregorian Chant and Renaissance polyphony

We rehearse every Thursday night and sing on Sunday at 11am. All are welcome.

Contact William McElwee (MD) at
wmcelweemusic@gmail.com

All Saints Vespers

7.00 pm Wednesday 1 November 2023

Join us for Solemn Vespers to
celebrate the feast of All Saints.

Carols with the Angels

7.00pm Wednesday 13 December

Join us for our annual Christmas concert
at St Mary's with Wellington Young Voices
Children's Choir

Sing with Festival Singers in 2023 & 2024

We rehearse from
7-9pm on Monday nights
from February to early December
at Newlands Christian Assembly,
126 Newlands Road.

All singers welcome.

Learn a wide variety of sacred
& secular music and really expand your
musical horizons.

Joining is easy. No formal audition
is required. Come to 3 rehearsals
without obligation, to try us out.

We're an affordable choir.
We know you will make new friends
in our supportive greater Wellington
community choir.

For more details contact:

Ingrid Schoenfeld (Musical Director)
ingrid.s@outlook.co.nz, 027 240 6669

or

Philip Garside (Secretary)
books@pgpl.co.nz, home 475 8855

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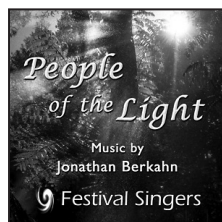
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