

OLDHAM CHORAL SOCIETY

'ETERNAL LIGHT'

**A special concert
to commemorate
the centenary
of the outbreak of
the First World War**

Soloists:

Stephanie Stanway, Hollie-anne Bangham,
Simon Crosby Buttle and Dean Robinson

The East Lancs Sinfonia

Cond: Nigel P. Wilkinson

With readings by students from
The Blue Coat School



Friday Nov 7th 2014

In the RNCM CONCERT HALL

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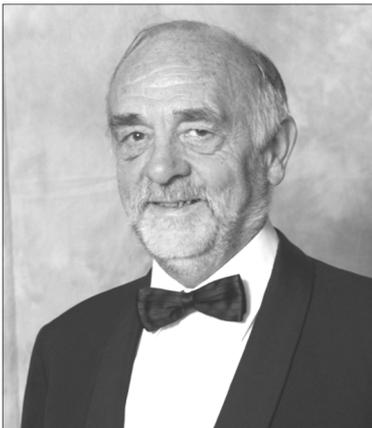
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A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR

Welcome to this evening's concert in this newly-refurbished venue. Our programme is somewhat unusual, including, as it does, poetry and an Act of Commemoration. However it does seem very appropriate for Remembrance Weekend. The choice of music for tonight also fits well with our theme – the outbreak of the Great War, although the two works are very different. "Eternal Light" is by Howard Goodall, who has done much to raise the profile of classical music with his TV programmes in recent years. The choir have enjoyed the challenge of preparing the piece with its wide variety of moods - from slow and lyrical, to fast and

exciting. On more familiar territory, the "Mass in Time of War" by Haydn has been a great pleasure to rehearse, and we hope that you will enjoy the two works and the theme which links them.

Our soloist team for this concert is made up of RNCM students past and present. I am sure they will add much to the occasion, and we hope that they enjoy singing in this very special concert. We are also joined by students from The Blue Coat School, who will be reading the poems. We are delighted to have these young people involved, and are sure that their contribution will be a poignant reminder of the generation of young people who were casualties of the 1914-18 conflict.

Our next concert will be our Annual Christmas Celebration in Oldham Parish Church, and we look forward to seeing you there, along with our regular guests, the Oldham Band (Lees); and then in our spring concert we celebrate the sea, ships and sailors in a varied programme of British music.

Thank you for being here this evening and for your continued support. Enjoy the concert!

Fred Jones (Chairman)

This page has kindly been sponsored by Sue Howard.
In loving memory of our Great Uncle, Private Joseph Robert Harding of the 23rd
Battalion Manchester Regiment. Died from his wounds on the 13th March 1917.
Interred in Cerisy Gailly Military Cemetery France.

“Eternal Light”

- “A Centenary Commemoration of the Outbreak of The First World War”

Soloists:

Stephanie Stanway (Sop), Hollie-anne Bangham (Mezzo), Simon Crosby Buttle (Tenor) and Dean Robinson (Bass-baritone)

Please ensure that all mobile devices are switched off or silent.

1st Half

Howard Goodall: Eternal Light

1. Requiem aeternam (Everlasting peace) – Kyrie Eleison – ‘Close now thine eyes and rest secure’
2. Revelation I: a passage from the Bible depicting the end of the world (The Apocalypse)
3. Litany: Belief. ‘I have to believe that you still exist somewhere’
4. Hymn: ‘Lead, kindly light amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on...’
5. Lacrymosa (Tears): ‘Do not stand at my grave and weep, I am not there, I do not sleep...’
6. Dies Irae (That terrible day): ‘In Flanders Fields the poppies blow’
7. Recordare (Remember us, sweet Jesus): ‘Drop, drop, slow tears’
8. Agnus Dei (Lamb of God)
9. In Paradisum – Lux Aeterna (In Paradise - Eternal light).

“We will remember them” – A short act of remembrance

“The soldier” (Rupert Brooke) [*Read by Nathan Lowe*]

“Think no more lad” / “The lads in their hundreds”

(George Butterworth) [*Dean Robinson*]

“Anthem for Doomed Youth” (Wilfred Owen) [*Read by Tom Hughes*]

“By a bierside” (Ivor Gurney) [*Hollie-anne Bangham*]

“For the fallen” (Laurence Binyon) [*Read by Beatrice Hewitt-Lee and Fred Jones*]

“The Last Post”, two minutes silence and **“Reveille”**

“Roses of Picardy” (Haydn Wood) [*Simon Crosby Buttle and choir*]

“Gethsemane” (Rudyard Kipling) [*Read by Mitchell Scott*]

“Keep the home fires burning” (Ivor Novello) [*Stephanie Stanway and choir*]

2nd Half

F.J. Haydn : Missa in tempore belli / Mass in Time of War

Nathan Lowe, Tom Hughes, Beatrice Hewitt-Lee and Mitchell Scott are students at The Blue Coat School, Oldham.

This page has kindly been sponsored by Eva Dale.

***“In loving memory of my uncle, Private William Buckley 2224,
1st/10th Battalion Manchester Regiment, who was killed on the 1st June 1915, aged 19 years”***

Private William Buckley, (the uncle of our longest serving chorister Eva Dale), was one of the tens of thousands of teenagers from this area who made the ultimate sacrifice in the Great War.

William was born in Oldham between April 1895 and April 1896. He was named after his father. His mother was called Jane. By 1911 they had moved to 166 Block Lane in Chadderton. William senior now worked at a textile machinist's, and William junior had begun to work in the cotton industry as a 'piecer' at United Mill on the same street. It was owned by the United Spinning Company.

In early September 1914 he joined the unit of the Territorial Force based in Oldham, the 10th Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. (Service number 2224). The Battalion sailed to Egypt on 10th September 1914.

Soon after he wrote:

Dear Sister (Amy),

Just a line to let you know I am having a good time thousands of miles away across the sea. I hope this finds you in the best of health, and keep a good girl and obey your mother.

With love, from your loving brother, Willie xxxxxxxx

On the 15th May 1915 William landed in Gallipoli, in Turkey. He would have seen front line combat against the Turks in the trenches over the next 2 weeks. The Battalion did not take part in any major attacks during this period, but the soldiers were vulnerable to Turkish artillery and snipers, and they took casualties. William was one of these unfortunate men. He was killed in action on the 1st June. We don't know the exact circumstances of his death. He was just 19 years old.

After the war William's grave could not be found, so he is one of the 20,885 men commemorated on the Helles Memorial in Turkey. His Allied Victory Medal, awarded posthumously, was donated to the Museum of the Manchester Regiment in 2002, along with his 1914-15 Star and the British War Medal for his Army service. This evening's concert is a memorial to all those who fell in the Great War.



‘WE WILL REMEMBER THEM’



Oldham's impressive war memorial was unveiled in April 1923. Designed and built by Albert Toft, it consists of a granite base surmounted by a bronze sculpture depicting five soldiers making their way along the trenches in order to go into battle. The main standing figure, having climbed out of the trenches, is shown calling on his comrades to advance, and is the same figure used at the Royal London Fusiliers Monument in London and the 41st Division memorial at Flers in France. The base serves to house books containing the roll of honour of the 1st, 10th and 24th Battalions, Manchester Regiment. The pedestal has two bronze doors at either side. The monument was intended to symbolise the spirit of 1914–1918.

Stephanie Stanway - Soprano

A Scottish soprano, Stephanie is currently studying for a postgraduate diploma in Vocal and Opera studies after completing her B.Mus (Hons) at the RNCM under the tutelage of Mary Plazas

Stephanie started her classical training with Margaret Izatt and from 2006 she began collaborating with 'Scottish Opera', where she participated in numerous opera residencies for aspiring young singers. In 2008 Stephanie became a member of Scottish Opera Connect which performed the youth opera *Airheads* by Ian McCrae and Jane Buckler.

On the Opera stage, Stephanie has played the role of Sarah in RNCM's Summer production of Stephen Sondheim's musical *Company*. More notably, Stephanie created the title role in Tim Benjamin's contemporary opera *Emily* which premiered at the Todmorden Hippodrome in June 2013. Stephanie has also appeared in the RNCM production of Handel's *Xerxes* as part of the chorus as well as participating

in RNCM's opera excerpts where she has sung the roles of Countess Almaviva in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Marzelline in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. In December Stephanie will play the role of Olga in RNCM'S winter production of Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow*.

On the concert platform she has taken part in the RNCM's Beethoven Festival, performing Beethoven's symphony No.9 at the Bridgewater Hall as part of the RNCM Symphony Chorus.

Stephanie has also performed in a variety of plays with the RNCM Drama Society.

She is kindly funded by The Cross Trust, The Fraser of Allander Trust and The RNCM.



Hollie-anne Bangham - Mezzo-soprano

Hollie-anne Bangham is a 23 year old mezzo-soprano, a recent graduate from the Royal Northern College of Music with a First class Honours Bachelor degree, where she studied under the tuition of Ann Taylor.

Throughout her time at the conservatoire she has performed in operas such as Bizet's *Carmen*, Britten's *Vanessa* and Handel's *Xerxes*. She has played the roles of Nancy in Britten's *Albert Herring*, Hermia in Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Soeur Mathilde in Poulenc's *Dialogue of the Carmelites*, Dorothee in Massenet's *Cendrillon* and Ma Moss in Copland's *The Tender Land* in RNCM Opera Scenes. As a choral singer, Hollie-anne has recently had the privilege of performing in the Notre Dame in Paris and as a soloist with a Ukrainian choir, in Kiev, Ukraine.

Hollie-anne has just accepted a place to continue her studies at the Royal Northern College of Music on a Postgraduate

Diploma course, having recently been awarded the Annie Ridyard Scholarship for Mezzo-Sopranos and the Kate Snape Scholarship.

*This page has kindly been sponsored by Jill Hamnett.
In memory of John Hamnett who always enjoyed listening to Oldham Choral Society.*



Simon Crosby Buttle - Tenor

Simon Crosby Buttle was born in West Yorkshire and studied at the Royal Northern College of Music for seven years with Jeffrey Lawton. He is a winner of the Anne Ziegler Award (2005) and was also supported by the Countess of Munster Musical Trust during his time at the RNCM.

Operatic engagements include Lieut. Pinkerton *Madam Butterfly* (at the Mananan International Festival Opera); Juan (cover) *Arms and the Cow* (Opera North); Camille (cover) / St Brioche (cover) *The Merry Widow* and Tikhon *Katya Kabanova* (Scottish Opera); and the title role in *Candide* (as a guest artist at the RNCM).

Simon joined the Welsh National Opera Chorus in 2009 where his roles have included Priest *The Magic Flute*, Giuseppe *La traviata*, Sailor / Shepherd *Tristan und Isolde*, Police Commissioner *Lulu*, Woodpecker *The Cunning Little Vixen*, Nobleman *Lohengrin* and Edmondo / Lamplighter *Manon Lescaut*.

In concert Simon has performed the tenor solos in *Messa di Gloria* (Puccini), *the Petite Messe Solennelle* (Rossini), *Requiem* (Lloyd Webber), *Te Deum* (Bruckner), *Nelson Mass* (Haydn), *Creation* (Haydn) and *Crucifixion* (Stainer).

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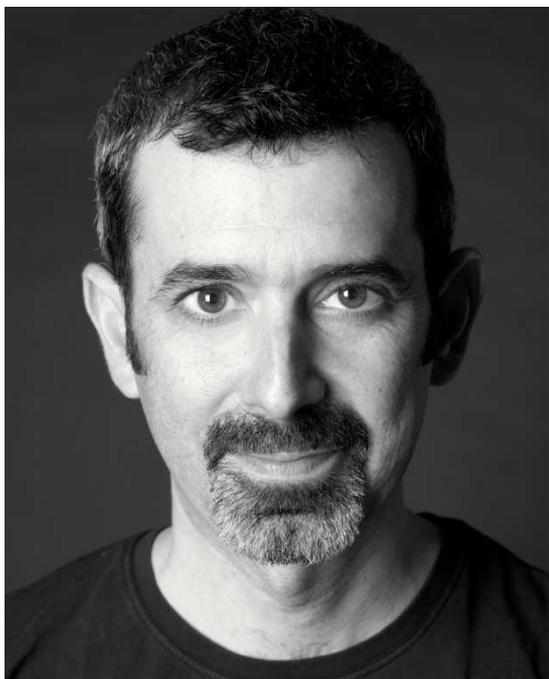
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FUTURE**



Dean Robinson – Bass

Dean Robinson was born and educated in Australia and came to live in Great Britain in 1987. After several years of private study, he entered the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester where he went on to win several major Scholarships from the Peter Moores Foundation and took major roles in college opera productions. Since graduation Dean has worked as a principal guest artist for The Royal Opera House Covent Garden, English National Opera, Welsh National Opera, Scottish Opera, Opera North, De Nederlands Oper, Opera de Rouen, The Early Opera Company and English Touring Opera. His many festival appearances include Garsington Festival, Rossini Opera Festival (Pesaro), Mid Wales Opera, Iford Arts, Pinchgut Opera (Sydney). His extensive repertoire includes Pluto/Caronte (*Orfeo*), Saul (*David et Jonathas*), Il Re

(*Ariodante*), Claudio (*Agrippina*), Zoroastro (*Orlando*); Polyphemus (*Acis and Galataea*); Sarastro (*The Magic Flute*); title role *Don Giovanni*; title role *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Don Magnifico (*La Cenerentola*), Don Profondo (*Il Viaggio a Reims*) Le Gouverneur (*Le Comte Ory*), Douglas (*La Donna del Lago*), Fabrizio (*The Thieving Magpie*), Angelotti (*Tosca*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Comte de Grioux (*Manon*), Colline (*La Boheme*), Coppélius/Dr Miracle/Dapertutto (*The Tales of Hoffman*) and Zaccariah (*Nabucco*).

He is a highly experienced concert artist having performed with the London Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic, Halle Orchestra, BBC Symphony Orchestra, Manchester Camerata, Northern Sinfonia, English Baroque Soloists, Ulster Orchestra among others. Distinguished conductors he has performed under include Sir Colin Davis (*Beatrice et Benedict*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*), Sir Simon Rattle (*Serenade to Music*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*), Sir David Willcocks (*Verdi's Requiem*, *Messiah*), Sir John Eliot Gardiner (*Messiah*), Kent Nagano (*L'Enfance du Christ*). Prominent concert repertoire includes Bach's *Passions*, *Christmas Oratorio*; Handel's *Messiah*, *Samson* and *Jephtha*; Haydn *Creation*; Verdi's *Requiem*; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

A keen exponent of contemporary music, Dean has taken part in World Premiere performances of several notable new works including Passauf in Gavin Bryar's *Dr Ox's Experiment*, Darwin in Karen Wilmhurst's *Darwin's Barnacle*, and Douglas in Stuart MacCrae's *Remembrance Day* (Scottish Opera). He sings regularly with the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Psappha with whom he has performed Ligeti's *Aventures/Nouvelles Aventures*, and Bernstein's *Arias and Barcarolle*.

His recordings include Duca d'Argile in Donizetti's *Il prigioniero d'Edimburgo*, and Timagene in Pacini's *Alessandro nell'Indie* for Opera Rara; Masetto (*Don Giovanni*), and High Priest (*Nabucco*) for Chandos Records; Don Pedro (*Beatrice et Benedict*) with the London Symphony Orchestra (LSO Live); Saul (*David et Jonathas*) for ABC Classics. On film he sings the role of First Officer in an adaptation of John Adams' *The Death of Klinghoffer*, and Goffredo in Judith Wier's *Armida*, both in collaboration with Channel 4 television.

A full-time member of the Opera North chorus since 2010, Dean continues to take principal roles in their productions including Curio (*Giulio Cesare*) and Bonze (*Madama Butterfly*). Appearances during Opera North's recent Britten Centenary season include Swallow (*Peter Grimes*) and Theseus (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*). Last season he appeared as Jose Castro in *La Fanciulla del West* and Medico in *Macbeth*, and in the winter season of 2015 he sings Bartolo in a new production of *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Eternal Light was commissioned by London Musici (Artistic Director: Mark Stephenson) to celebrate its 20th anniversary as both a choral-orchestral-dance piece for London Musici, The Choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, and Rambert Dance Company (Artistic Director: Mark Baldwin) and as a choral-orchestral work. It received its première at The Lowry in Salford on the 25th September 2008.



Programme Notes

The writing of a Requiem is a special challenge for any composer. The catalogue of mighty predecessors is one thing. Vittoria, Mozart, Verdi, Brahms, Berlioz, Fauré, Dvořák, Durufié, not to mention the Britten, Ligeti and Lloyd Webber settings in more recent times. I had the additional challenge of conceiving a choral piece that would be danced by the dazzlingly exciting Rambert Dance Company, choreographed by their Artistic Director, Mark Baldwin.

The Catholic liturgical template from which all those famous Requiems stem, the *Missa Pro Defunctis*, takes as its basic premise the notion that the living intercede on behalf of the souls of the departed in the hope they are granted everlasting life. In this tradition, all humans are deemed sinners by virtue simply of being human, never mind what else they might have got up to, and are urgently in need of our prayers and supplications. There is an emphasis in settings from the Middle Ages to the Enlightenment on judgement, hellfire and damnation, an emphasis that Berlioz and Verdi hammered home with their famously cataclysmic *Dies Irae* movements.

I took what you might call a Brahmsian route. Brahms broke with tradition by selecting German-language texts not found in the ancient Latin funeral rite and by his intention that the Requiem could provide solace to the grieving who live on, rather than dire warnings of damnation, or pleas for the departed as they linger in purgatory.

For me, a modern Requiem is one that acknowledges the terrible, unbearable loss and emptiness that accompanies the death of loved ones, a loss that is not easily ameliorated with platitudes about the joy awaiting us in the afterlife. A number of recent events in our collective experience and one or two on a private level have reinforced for me the catastrophic grief that follows the loss, particularly, of young people. The death of someone before their time fights nature, and those of us who are left have few if any ways of coming to terms with it. Musical expression can I hope provide some outlet, some reflection, some transportation, even possibly some comfort. I discussed this at length with Mark Baldwin and the ways in which its resonances might be interpreted, illuminated and further explored in dance. This was to be a Requiem for the living, a Requiem focussing on interrupted lives.

Eternal Life: A Requiem was first produced in 2008, the 90th anniversary of the end of World War One, possibly the last such commemoration with any surviving combatants, and though it was not deliberately conceived thus, it is powerfully appropriate that the central *Dies Irae* movement takes as its vision of hell the horror of armed conflict. Alongside the Latin text phrases I have juxtaposed John McCrae's haunting war poem *In Flanders fields*. McCrae, a Canadian military doctor of great distinction, died on the Western Front in January 1918. In our creative discussions we agreed that the hideous losses of the Great War still feel relevant, given that the soldiers of that conflict were little more than the age of today's school children. Poppies, the universally poignant symbol of that war, are newly significant now, as Allied troops fight a current campaign amidst opium poppy fields in Afghanistan.

The technique of placing English poetry with fragments of the Latin, often sung simultaneously or antiphonally between soloist and choir, characterises the whole work. One section of Latin text comes not from the Requiem mass but from the Book of Revelation, with its description of the coming of the Angels of the Apocalypse. The *Recordare* movement combines with Phineas Fletcher's early-17th century sacred poem *Drop, drop, slow tears*. Other texts are drawn from Francis Quarles, Mary Elizabeth Frye and Ann Thorp.

In all these verses there is a common theme of compassion for the bereaved. The sacred texts offer everlasting light as an image of resurrection and survival for the departed. I do not seek to contradict the Judaic-Christian faith in life after death, merely to examine it through the prism of our modern experience.

Howard Goodall

***This page has kindly been sponsored by Alan Bacon.
In memory of Private F. J. Bacon, 2nd/9th Battalion Manchester Regiment.***

Eternal Light: A Requiem, by Howard Goodall

TEXT

1. Requiem – Kyrie

Requiem aeternam dona eis,

Domine: et lux perpetua.

Grant them an everlasting peace, Lord, and perpetual light.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Close now thine eyes and rest secure;
Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure;
He that loves thee, He that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.

The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast
Has only peace, has only rest.

The music and the mirth of kings
Are all but very discords, when she sings;
Then close thine eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

[Francis Quarles 1592-1644]

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine

Grant them everlasting rest, Lord

2. Revelation – Factum est silentium

Factum est silentium in caelo

There was silence in heaven

Et vidi septem illos angelos qui adstant in
conspectu Dei, quibus datae sunt septem tubae.

*And I saw angels standing before God, and to
them were given seven trumpets*

Et septem angeli, qui habebant septem tubas,
praeparaverunt se ut clangerent.

*And the seven angels which had the seven
trumpets prepared themselves to blow*

Primus igitur angelus claxit, et facta est grando
et ignis, mista sanguine, projectaque sunt in
terram: et tertia pars arborum exusta est, et
omne gramen viride exustum.

*The first angel blew, and there was made hail
and fire, which were mingled with blood, and
they were cast in to the earth: and the third part
of trees was burnt, and all green grass was
burnt.*

Deinde secundus angelus claxit, et quasi mons
magnus igne ardens projectus est in mare:

factaque est tertia pars maris sanguis. Et mortua
est tertia pars creaturarum quae erant in mari,
animantia dico, et tertia pars navium periit
*.And the second angel blew: and as it were a
great mountain burning with fire was cast in to
the sea, and the third part of the sea turned to
blood, and the third part of the creatures which
had life, died, and the third part of ships were
destroyed.*

Tum angelus tertius claxit, et cecidit e caelo
stella magna, ardens velut lampas, ceciditque in
tertiam partem fluminum, et in fontes aquarum.
Nomen autem stellae dicitur Absinthium: versa
est igitur tertia pars aquarum in absinthium, et
multi homines mortui sunt ex aquis, quod amarae
factae essent.

*And the third angel blew, and there fell a great
star from Heaven burning as if it were a lamp,
and it fell into the third part of the rivers, and into
fountains of waters, and the name of the star is
called Wormwood. And the third part was turned
to Wormwood. And many men died of the waters
because they were made bitter.*

Deinde quartus angelus claxit, et percussa est
tertia pars solis, et tertia pars lunae, et tertia pars
stellarum: ita ut obscuraretur tertia pars eorum,
et diei non luceret pars tertia, et noctis similiter.

*And the fourth angel blew, and the third part of
the sun was smitten and the third part of the
moon, and the third part of stars: so that the third
part of them was darkened. And the day was
smitten that the third part of it should not shine,
and likewise the night.*

Et vidi, et audivi unum angelum volantem per
medium caeli, dicentem voce magna, Vae, vae,
vae incolis terrae a reliquis sonis tubae trium
illorum angelorum qui clangent!

*And I beheld and heard an angel flying through
the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice:
Woe, woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth
because of the voices to come of the trumpet of
the three angels which were yet to blow.*

***[St John the Divine, Book of Revelation &
Apocalypse Chapter 8, Translation by William
Tyndale (1534)]***

3. Litany – Belief

I have to believe that you still exist
Somewhere,
That you still watch me
Sometimes,
That you still love me
Somehow.

I have to believe
That life has meaning
Somehow,
That I am useful here
Sometimes,
That I make small differences
Somewhere.

I have to believe
That I need to stay here
For some time,
That all this teaches me
Something,
So that I can meet you again
Somewhere.

[Ann Thorp]

4. Hymn – Lead, kindly light

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

[John Henry Newman]

5. Lacrymosa – Do not stand at my grave

Lacrymosa, dies illa
That day will be one of weeping

Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there, I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the softly falling snow.
I am the gentle showers of rain,
I am the fields of ripening grain.
I am in the morning hush,
I am in the graceful rush
Of far-off birds in circling flight.
I am the starshine of the night.
I am in every flower that blooms,
I am in still and empty rooms.
I am the child that yearns to sing,
I am in each lovely thing.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there – I did not die.

**[Mary Elizabeth Frye (1904-) modified by
Howard Goodall]**

6. Dies Irae – In Flanders Fields

Dies irae, dies illa.
Calamitatis et miseriae, dies magna et amara
valde.

*That day, the day of wrath, calamity and
wretchedness*

That great and bitter day

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
the larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

[John McCrae 1872-1918]

7. Recordare – Drop, drop, slow tears

Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die. Recordare Jesu pie
*Remember, dear Jesus, that I am the reason for
your journey
Do not abandon me on that final day*

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beautiful feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat:
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears:
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

[Phineas Fletcher 1582-1650]

9. Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere
nobis
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis
requiem
*Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the
world, have mercy on us
Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the
world, grant them rest*

10. In Paradisum – Lux Aeterna

In paradisum deducant te angeli,
in tuo adventu suscipiant te martyres,
et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem.
*Into paradise may angels lead you, on your
arrival may the martyrs greet you
And bring you to the holy city of Jerusalem.*
Chorus angelorum te suscipiat,
et cum Lazaro quondam paupere aeternam
habeas requiem.
*May choirs of angels receive you, and with
Lazarus, once a poor man,
May you have eternal rest.*
Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
Cum sanctis tuis in aeternum, quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux
perpetua luceat eis.
*May everlasting light shine upon them, Lord,
Together with the saints throughout eternity, for
you are merciful.
Grant them everlasting peace and an eternal
light*

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna,
in die illa tremenda, quando coeli movendi sunt
et terra.
*Deliver me, Lord, from an endless death on that
dread day,
When the heavens and the earth will quake.*

Recordare Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die.
*Remember, sweet Jesus, that I am the reason
for your journey
Do not abandon me on that final day.*

Lead, Kindly Light (*repeated along with*)
Do not stand at my grave and weep

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux
perpetua luceat eis
*Grant them everlasting peace, Lord, and an
eternal light.*



**2,688 names are engraved on the church
walls adjacent to the Oldham Memorial**

***This page has kindly been sponsored by Margaret Jones.
“In memory of my grandfather, William Clark Steven, who died in France in 1917”***

Rupert Chawner Brooke, (born August 3rd 1887), was known for his idealistic war sonnets written during the early period of the First World War. He was also known for his boyish good looks, which were said to have prompted the Irish poet W. B. Yeats to describe him as "the handsomest young man in England".



The Soldier by Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

George Sainton Kaye Butterworth MC, (born July 12th 1885), was regarded by his tutors and peers at the RCM as the most promising young composer of his generation. He was killed by a sniper's bullet on August 5th 1916. The parallel is regularly made between the often gloomy and death-obsessed subject matter of his "*Shropshire Lad*" song cycle, written in the shadow of the Second Boer War, and his own tragic death at the battle of the Somme. In particular, the song "*The lads in their hundreds*" tells of young men who leave their homeland to 'die in their glory and never be old'.

2 songs from "A Shropshire Lad" (Text: A.E. Houseman)

Music by George Butterworth

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

THE LADS IN THEIR HUNDREDS to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so
clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.



*This page has kindly been sponsored by Helen Rigby
In memory of my dear father, Willie Teltscher, 1923 – 2010*

Anthem for Doomed Youth By Wilfred Owen

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
— Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.



Ivor Bertie Gurney, (born August 28th 1890), was both poet and composer. He studied at the RCM with Charles Villiers Stanford, who also taught Ralph Vaughan Williams, John Ireland, Frank Bridge, Arthur Bliss, Howells and many others. Stanford said that Gurney was potentially "the biggest of them all", but "unteachable". He enlisted as a private soldier in the Gloucestershire Regiment in February 1915. At the Front, he began writing poetry seriously, including "By a Bier Side", "Severn" and "Somme". In 1917 he was both shot in the shoulder and gassed, but survived the war to die in 1937

Wilfred Edward Salter Owen MC, born March 18th 1893, is often regarded as the greatest poet of the Great War. His shockingly realistic imagery of trenches and gas warfare was greatly influenced by his friend and mentor Siegfried Sassoon, and stood in stark contrast to the initial public perception of war at the time, and to the confidently patriotic verse written by earlier poets such as Brooke. Amongst his best known works (mostly published posthumously) are *Dulce et decorum est*, *Insensibility*, *Anthem for Doomed Youth* and *Strange Meeting*.



Owen was killed in action on Nov. 4th 1918, exactly one week, (almost to the hour), before the signing of the Armistice. His mother was notified of his death by telegram on Armistice Day as the church bells rang out in celebration

By a Bier-Side

Text by John Masefield Music by Ivor Gurney

This is a sacred city, built of marvellous earth.
Life was lived nobly there to give such Beauty birth.
Beauty was in this brain and in this eager hand.
Death is so blind and dumb, death does not understand.

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young limbs' glory.
Death makes justice a dream and strength a traveller's story.
Death drives the lovely soul to wander under the sky.
Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.



For the Fallen by Robert Laurence Binyon

Robert Laurence Binyon CH, was born on August 10th 1869 into a Lancastrian Quaker family. He was a famous poet, dramatist and artist.

*This page has kindly been sponsored by Lynn Cotton.
In memory of my grandfather, Thomas Gorbutt.*

For the Fallen by Robert Laurence Binyon

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.

There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

THE LAST POST – SILENCE - REVEILLE

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are
known

As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Blinded by this faith and conviction, he encouraged the authorities to break the rules by allowing his young son, John, to go to war, even though he had very poor eyesight and had failed a medical. John was almost immediately killed at the Battle of Loos in September 1915, aged just 18. After his son's death, Kipling's rose-tinted view of the war changed. He wrote, "*If any question why we died / Tell them, because our fathers lied.*" (This could be a reference not only to his own culpability but also that of the establishment in general.)

In his poem "Gethsemane" Kipling expresses a sense of betrayal that so many young men, his son included, should have had to give up their lives in such a cruel and bloody war.

Already too old to serve by 1914 but stunned by the opening of the Great War and the high number of casualties of the British Expeditionary Force, he was moved to write his *For the Fallen*, with its Ode of Remembrance. It was published by *The Times* newspaper on September 21st. Later Binyon served as a medical orderly at a British hospital for French soldiers at Arc en Barrois, treating many casualties from the heroic defence of Verdun. After the war he worked at the British Museum and did not die until 1943.

Rudyard Kipling was born on December 30th 1865 in Mumbai. As such he was a true son of the Empire. At the beginning of World War I, like many other writers, Kipling wrote pamphlets and poems which enthusiastically supported Britain's entry into the war, and in September 1914, he was asked by the British government to write official propaganda for the war effort. Kipling's pamphlets and stories were very popular with the British people during the war. He believed and wrote that the front was a place for glorious deeds and heroic men.

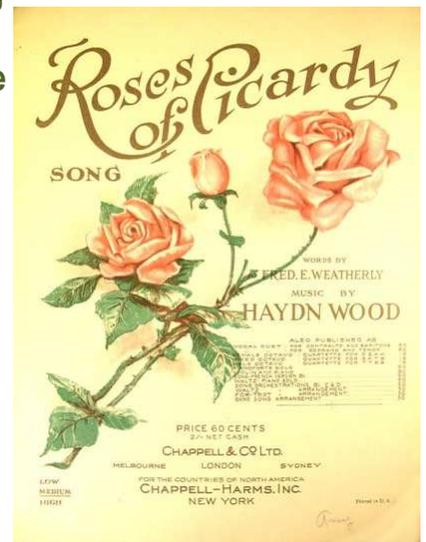


Gethsemane by Rudyard Kipling

The Garden called Gethsemane
In Picardy it was,
And there the people came to see
The English soldiers pass.
We used to pass—we used to pass
Or halt, as it might be,
And ship our masks in case of gas
Beyond Gethsemane.



The Garden called Gethsemane,
It held a pretty lass,
But all the time she talked to me
I prayed my cup might pass.
The officer sat on the chair,
The men lay on the grass,
And all the time we halted there
I prayed my cup might pass.
It didn't pass—it didn't pass—
It didn't pass from me.
I drank it when we met the gas
Beyond Gethsemane!



Roses of Picardy

Haydn Wood was born in Slaithwaite on 25 March 1882, but was brought up on the Isle of Man. Like Butterworth and Gurney he was a pupil of Villiers Stanford, but he did not serve in the war, and is chiefly remembered for his 'light music'. "Roses of Picardy" was published in London in 1916 by Chappell & Co. It quickly became popular throughout Britain, with British soldiers singing it when they enlisted for the Front in France and Flanders. Sheet music copies of the song sold at a rate of 50,000 per month, earning Haydn Wood approximately £10,000 in total, (£425,038 in 2014 adjusted for inflation). Following the war, the singing of the song helped soldiers who were suffering from shell shock to regain their powers of speech.

"Keep the home fires burning"

Ivor Novello, composer, pianist and actor (born David Ivor Davies on January 15th 1893), achieved early fame with this song, which he published on October 8th 1914. It expressed the feelings of innumerable families who had been torn apart by the outbreak of the war. It brought the 21 year old immediate wealth and fame.

In other respects, the war had less impact on Novello than on many young men of his age. He avoided enlistment until June 1916, when he reported to a Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) training depot as a probationary flight sub-lieutenant. After twice crashing an aeroplane, and helped by friends in high places, he was moved to the Air Ministry office in central London performing clerical duties for the duration of the war. His subsequent reputation rests on a string of spectacular successes on the West End stage, such as Glamorous Night, The Dancing Years, Perchance to dream and The King's Rhapsody. Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians writes of Novello that he was "until the advent of Andrew Lloyd Webber, the 20th-century's most consistently successful composer of British musicals."



**This page has kindly been sponsored by Val Dawson.
In memory of her grandfather Albert Pennington, a WW1 veteran.**



F.J. Haydn: *Missa in tempore belli*

Haydn was a deeply religious man, who appended the words “*Praise be to God*” at the end of every completed score. As Kapellmeister to Prince Nikolaus II Esterházy, his principal duty in the last period of his life, beginning in 1796, was the composition of an annual mass to honour the name day of Prince Nicholas’ wife Maria Theresa. The *Missa in tempore belli* (“*In Time of War*”) is catalogued as *Mass No. 10 in C major* (H. XXII:9).

It is often referred to as the *Paukenmesse* or *Kettledrum Mass*, due to the threatening sounds of the timpani which suggest the distant rumblings of war.

Haydn composed it at Eisenstadt in August 1796, so it is roughly contemporaneous with his masterpiece “*The Creation*”, and its vitality

and colourful tone painting reflect this. At the time of its composition Austrian troops were doing badly against the French in Italy and Germany, (in the war that followed the French Revolution), and the Austrians feared invasion. Haydn skillfully integrates references to battle using trumpets and kettledrums into the *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei* movements. The Mass was first performed on December 26th, 1796, in the Piarist Church of Maria Treu in Vienna.

Despite the conscious references to war, the mass is essentially lyrical and joyful in character. This is typical of the late Haydn masses and the composer’s personality, since he apparently experienced ecstatic joy every time he contemplated God.

The Music

The text chosen by Haydn is the traditional setting of the ordinary of the mass. Its movements can be summarised as follows:

Kyrie, (*Lord have mercy*), begins with a slow dramatic introduction and develops like a joyful symphonic allegro in sonata form. Rarely, if ever, has a prayer for mercy sounded so bright and optimistic

Gloria, (*Glory to God in the highest*), is a little choral symphony in 3 distinct sections: Vivace-Adagio-Allegro (Fast-Slow-Fast).

The opening triple time vivace is followed at **Qui tollis peccata mundi**, (*who takes away the sins of the world*), by a lyrical, and deeply felt slow movement featuring cello and baritone solos.

Credo, (*I believe in one God*), is divided into sections that generally reflect the text, but with Haydn’s usual overriding sense of structure. At the opening each voice part enters with a joyous and rhythmic theme singing a different line of the text. The central **Crucifixus** section is set dramatically in triple meter and in the minor key. After an exuberant **Et resurrexit**, a truncated fugue begins at the last line, **Et vitam venturi**, but it is interrupted midway by an elaborate coda using the solo quartet, with the chorus joining in antiphonally.

The **Sanctus** (*Holy, Holy, Holy*), opens slowly and reverentially, but soon gives way to a spirited forte at the text **Pleni sunt coeli** (*Heaven and earth are full of your Glory*), before moving to a short dance-like **Hosanna in Excelsis**.

The *In Tempore Belli* first suggests itself in the **Benedictus**, (*Blessed is he*). This is set mostly in short nervous phrases for the solo quartet, with the three lower voices singing detached notes below the soprano melody, which are reminiscent of pizzicato strings.

The slow and restrained **Agnus Dei**, (*Lamb of God*), opens with ominous minor-key timpani strokes, which give it a sense of anxiety and foreboding; perhaps fate itself knocking seemingly from the depths. It foreshadows the drama of the *Agnus Dei* in Beethoven’s *Missa Solemnis*. The music changes at **Dona nobis pacem**, (*Give us peace*). Spectacular military-style trumpet fanfares blaze out announcing a lively, triple time movement that does not so much plead for peace as celebrate it.

KYRIE

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison

GLORIA

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te,
glorificamus te.

Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam
tuam, Domine Deus, Rex coelestis. Deus Pater
omnipotens.

Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis;
qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem
nostram.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
miserere nobis.

Domine Jesu. Quoniam tu solus Sanctus.
Tu solus Dominus. Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu
Christe.

Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

CREDO

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem,
factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et
invisibilium.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium
Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia
saecula.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum
de Deo vero genitum, non factum,
consubstantiali Patri,
per quem omnia facta sunt.

Qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram
salutem descendit de coelis. Et incarnatus est
de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine; et homo
factus est.

Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato,
passus et sepultus est.

Et resurrexit tertia die secundum Scripturas,
et ascendit in coelum, sedet ad dexteram Patris,
et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos
et mortuos,
cujus regni, non erit finis.

LORD HAVE MERCY

Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. etc.

GLORY TO GOD

Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace to people of good will.
We praise you, we bless you, we adore you,
we glorify you.

We give you thanks for your great glory,
Lord God, Heavenly King, O God, almighty
Father.

Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son,
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
You take away the sins of the world, have
mercy on us; you take away the sins of the
world, receive our prayer;

You are seated at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are
the Lord, you alone are the Most High,
Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of
God the Father. Amen.

THE CREED

I believe in one God, the Father almighty,
maker of heaven and earth, of all things visible
and invisible.

I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Only
Begotten Son of God, born of the Father
before all ages.

God from God, Light from Light, true God from
true God, begotten, not made,
consubstantial with the Father;
through him all things were made.

For us men and for our salvation
he came down from heaven, and by the Holy
Spirit was incarnate of the Virgin Mary, and
became man,

For our sake he was crucified under Pontius
Pilate, he suffered death and was buried,
and rose again on the third day in accordance
with the Scriptures. He ascended into heaven
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again in glory
to judge the living and the dead
and his kingdom will have no end.

This page has kindly been sponsored by Barbara and Peter Hatfield.

In memory of Leonard and Henry Hatfield of Hull, East Yorkshire who lost their lives as teenagers during World War 1. Leonard served in the Merchant Navy and Henry in the British Army.

Et in Spiritum Sanctum, Dominum et vivificantem,
 qui ex Patre filioque procedit,
 qui cum Patre et Filio simul adoratur, et
 conglorificatur,
 qui locutus est per prophetas.
 Et unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam
 Ecclesiam,
 Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem
 peccatorum. Et exspecto resurrectionem
 mortuorum, et vitam venturi saeculi.
 Amen.

SANCTUS

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus
 Sabaoth.
 Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua
 Hosanna in excelsis

BENEDICTUS

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini
 Hosanna in excelsis.

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi:
 miserere nobis. *(Twice)*
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi:
 dona nobis pacem.

I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of
 life, who proceeds from the Father and the Son,
 who with the Father and the Son is adored and
 glorified,
 who has spoken through the prophets.
 I believe in one, holy, catholic and apostolic
 Church.
 I confess one Baptism for the forgiveness of
 sins and I look forward to the resurrection of the
 dead and the life of the world to come.
 Amen.

HOLY, HOLY

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of hosts.
 Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
 Hosanna in the highest.

BLESSED IS HE

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the
 Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

LAMB OF GOD

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the
 world, have mercy on us. *(Twice)*
 Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the
 world, grant us peace.

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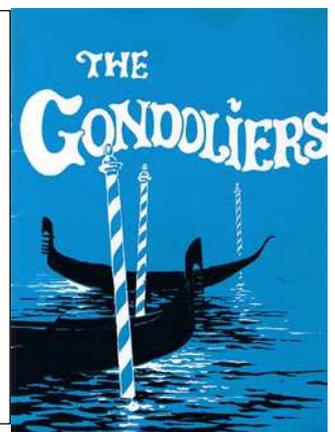
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