



Shepshed Singers
Spring Concert

Musical Director
Andrew Goff

Holy Trinity
Church

Barrow on Soar
Loughborough
24th March 2012
7.30pm

Shepshed Singers are grateful for the continuing support of their patrons:

Mrs D Bishop,
Mr and Mrs Bruce Dale,
Wyn Davies,
Rebecca and David Dobson,
Mr and Mrs G L Gammon,
Karin Parry,
Old Originals (John M Dale),
Julie and Dave Shaw,
Nick and Mary Sydenham,
Mrs P A Townson.



Forthcoming Events

Kegworth Flower Festival
Saturday 12th May 2012
St Andrew's Parish Church. 7.30pm

Join us for a
'Come and Sing'
Saturday 30th June 2012
United Reform Church,
Frederick Street, Loughborough.
2.00pm – Concert 6.30pm

Major Concert 2012
Requiem – Karl Jenkins
Lux Aeterna – Morten Lauridsen

Please check our website for further details.

The Making of the Drum

Bob Chilcott

The Skin

First the goat must be killed
and the skin stretched.

Bless you, four-footed animal,
who eats rope,
skilled upon rocks,
horned with our sin;
stretch your skin,
stretch it tight on our hope;

we have killed you
to make a thin voice
that will reach further than hope
further than heaven,
that will reach deep down to our gods
where the thin light cannot leak,
where our stretched hearts cannot leap.

cut the rope of its throat,
skilled destroyer of goats;
its sin, spilled on the washed gravel,
reaches and spreads to devour us all.
so the goat must be killed
and its skin stretched.

The Barrel of the Drum

For this we choose wood
of the tweneduru tree:
hard duru wood
with the hollow blood that makes a womb

Here in this silence
we hear the wounds of the forest;
we hear the sounds of the rivers;
vowels of reedlips,
pebbles of consonants,
underground dark of the continent.

you dumb adom wood will be bent,
will be solemnly bent,
bellyrounded with fire,
wounded with tools that will shape you.
You will bleed, cedar dark,
when we cut you;
speak, when we touch you.

The Two curved Sticks of the Drummer

There is a quick stick
grows in the forest,
blossoms twice yearly without leaves;
bare white branches
crack like lightening in the harmattan.

But no harm comes to those who live nearby.
this tree, the elders say,
will never die.

From this stripped tree
snap quick sticks for the festival.
Its wood, heat-hard as stone,
is toneless as a bone.

Gourds and Rattles

Calabash trees' leaves do not clash;
bear a green gourd,
burn copper in the light,
crack open seeds that rattle.

Blind underground the rat's
dark saw-teeth bleed,
the wet root,
snap its long drag of time,
its grit, its flavour;
turn the ripe leaves sour.

Clash rattle, sing gourd;
never leave time's dancers
weary like this tree
that makes and mocks our music.

The Gong-Gong

God is dumb
until the drum speaks.

The Drum is dumb
until the gong-gong leads it.
Man-made, the gong-gong's
iron eyes of music
walk us through the humble dead
to meet the dumb blind drum.

Aka Tonbo

arr. Bob Chilcott

Organ Solo

The Goslings

Frederick Bridge

Old MacDonald

arr. George Mitchell

The Cat came back

arr. Andrew Goff

Downtown

arr. Andrew Goff

Thula Baba / Oremi

trad. African

PROGRAMME

Shepshed Singers

Soprano

Jeni Beasley, Sue Champneys, Jill Chantrill,
Janet Clitheroe, Sue Cooke, Ann Dale, Margaret
Dartnall, Alison Dash, Patti Garlick, Anne Morris,
Gail Pitman, Iris Sayer, Jackie Tripp, Liz Twitchell,
Janet Wilkinson, Vanessa Wright.

Alto

Wendy Burns, Glynis Booth, Chris Branford,
Nêst Harris, Jean Hayes, Lis Muller, Jan Nisbet,
Heather Rees, Rosamund Thorpe, Christina Walter.

Tenor

Mike Bailey, David Booth, Noel Colley,
Peter Finch, Alan Garlick,
Malcolm Steward, Graham Thorpe.

Bass

Colin Butler, Martin Cooke,
Wyn Parry, Ed Thorpe, Gerard Stevens.

Three Motets Op 38

Charles Villiers Stanford

Justorum animae

*The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the
torment of malice shall not touch them: in the sight of the
unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace.*

Wisdom, iii

Coelos ascendit hodie

*Today Jesus Christ, the King of glory, has ascended into the
heavens,
Alleluia!*

*He sits at the Father's right hand, ruling heaven and earth,
Alleluia!*

*Now are David's songs fulfilled, now is the Lord with his
Lord,
Alleluia!*

*He sits upon the royal throne of God, in this his greatest
triumph,
Alleluia!*

*Let us bless the Lord: let the holy trinity be praised, let us
give thanks to the Lord, Alleluia! Amen*

Beati quorum via

*Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of
the Lord.*

Psalm CXIX, 1

Londonderry Air

arr. Bob Chilcott

The Water of Tyne

arr. Alan Woods

Organ Solo

Cantate Domino

Claudio Monteverdi

Three Spirituals:

My Lord, What a Morning

arr. James Wild

Satan, Go 'way

arr. Pat Shaw

The Angel rolled that stone away

arr. James Wild

Mairi's Wedding

arr. James Wild

Sacramento

arr. Alan Woods

INTERVAL