

Colchester Chamber Choir

Director Roderick Earle

SIMPLE GIFTS

choral music from America
with Toby Hession/piano



COLCHESTER CHAMBER CHOIR

Formed in 2010, we have gained a reputation for high quality performances which explore a breadth of repertoire with musicality, drama and imagination. We aspire to the highest possible standards of music-making through detailed rehearsals and a professional approach. We sing all over East Anglia performing rarely-heard music from the Renaissance to the 21st century, from much-loved works to UK premieres. The choir is largely self-funding with the help of some generous donations. Several of our choral apprentices have gone on to receive choral scholarships at universities and cathedrals, benefiting from the unique experience of singing in the choir.

Roderick Earle was a boy chorister at Winchester Cathedral and following a choral scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge and the Royal College of Music entered the singing profession as a soloist. He was a principal baritone with the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden for 21 years, singing more than 60 roles with many of the greatest singers, conductors and directors of the era and has sung in opera and concerts all over the world. He has made several recordings and videos from early to contemporary music. Roderick is also a singing professor at The Royal College of Music, London and teaches the choral scholars at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Toby Hession reads music at Clare College, Cambridge, where he holds a Choral Scholarship and an Instrumental Award. He is an experienced recitalist, soloist, accompanist and chamber musician performing across the UK and Europe and has won several notable piano competitions including (aged 15) First Prize in the 18-and-under Open Class at the National Finals of the EPTA UK Piano Competition. Toby was a participant in the Pembroke Lieder Scheme in 2016-17, accompanying soprano Beatriz dos Santos in recitals and master-classes with such esteemed performers as Sir Thomas Allen. He is also an accomplished session musician, and jazz pianist. As a composer, Toby has had much success, with a recent commission (Master of Music) from the Grammy-Award-Winning King's Singers, now featured on their 50th Anniversary Triple Disk, GOLD. Even more recently, Toby was named as the winner of the inaugural VCM Foundation/ Voces8 Composition Competition. His works have been performed at venues across the UK and beyond, and broadcast on both BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM.

Sopranos: Diana Childs, Liz Curry, Anita Filer, Lesley Gunfield,
Jennifer Lloyd, Harriet Orbell, Linda Pearsall, Holly Putt, Libby Ridley

Altos: Lehla Abbott, Patsy Cosgrove, Rosanna Fish, Tessa Freebairn,
Julia King, Meg Proolingheuer, Mary Stamp

Tenors: Andrew Marsden, Sean Moriarty, Amrit Nasta, Lenny Rush

Basses: Simon Bowen, Samuel Carbonero, Mike Frost, Adam Masters, Steven Mosely,
Stephen Smith, Chris Tanner

SIMPLE GIFTS

The twentieth century saw a burgeoning of musical creativity in the United States. The vast and varied heritage of the old world became cross fertilized with indigenous music like jazz and gospel creating an exciting melting pot from which emerged a uniquely American voice that had hitherto eluded composers.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990) is perhaps the most significant composer closely followed by **Samuel Barber** and Leonard Bernstein. The trail blazing leader was Charles Ives, who broke all the rules with his blend of the simple and naive with uniquely eccentric elements, but his contribution really lies outside and beyond the mainstream.

Aaron Copland was born in Brooklyn, New York. Like so many 20th century composers he studied in Paris with the great Nadia Boulanger. It is Copland's *Old American Songs* that form the heart of our programme. The ten songs encompass so much that is purely and genuinely American. Copland originally wrote his arrangements for solo voice and piano (Set 1 in 1950 – premiered by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten at the Aldeburgh Festival – and Set 2 in 1952 – generated in response to the success of the first set). Later he made orchestral versions for baritone or mezzo soprano and then sanctioned others to make choral versions. The first of these were by Irving Fine and others followed by David Brunner, Glenn Koponen, Gregory Rose, and R. Wilding-White. It is these that we offer this evening.

In the first set:

The boatmen's dance – Published in Boston in 1843 as an original banjo melody.

The dodger – As sung by Emma Dusenberry of Mena, Arkansas, who learned it in the 1880s. It was supposedly used in the Cleveland-Blaine presidential campaign.

Long time ago – Issued in 1837 by George Pope Morris, who adapted the words and Charles Edward Thorne who adapted it from an original minstrel tune.

Simple gifts – A favourite Shaker song from the period 1837-47.

I bought me a cat – A children's song sung to Copland in this version by the American playwright Lynn Riggs.

In the second set:

The little horses – A lullaby originating in the Southern States.

Zion's walls – A revivalist song credited to John G McCurry

The Golden Willow Tree – A variant of the well-known Anglo-American ballad *The Golden Vanity*. This version is based on a recording kept in the Library of Congress.

At the river – A hymn; words and tune are by the Rev. Robert Lowry.

Ching-a-ring chaw – A minstrel song with words adapted from the original in the Harris Collection of American Poetry and Plays in Brown University.

The poet **Emily Dickinson** was born in 1830 in Amherst, Massachusetts. She came from a prominent local family and through her life she displayed increasing eccentricity eventually living as a total recluse. She wrote nearly 1,800 poems of which fewer than a dozen were published during her lifetime. Many have been set to music of which the two early compositions by **Elliott Carter**, *Heart not so heavy* and *Musicians wrestle everywhere* are amongst the best choral settings, together with Samuel Barber's *Let down the bars, O Death*.

Elliott Carter (1908-2012) was born in Manhattan. Another pupil of Nadia Boulanger he also studied, amongst others, under Gustav Holst at Harvard where he sang in the Harvard Glee Club, gaining a valuable understanding of choral music. His two Emily Dickinson settings date from 1938 and 1945 and reveal an accessible style with much carefully worked out detail far removed from his later highly complex modernist writing.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981) was born in West Chester, Pennsylvania into a comfortable and educated family with musical connections. He wrote in most genres in a lyrical style that immediately found favour with audiences. *Under the Willow Tree* is an extrapolation and elaboration by the composer of a short number from his opera *Vanessa*. The libretto was written by his partner, the composer **Gian Carlo Menotti**. *Sure on this shining night*, a setting of a poem by **James Agee**, first appeared as a solo song (perhaps one of Barber's most celebrated compositions) which thirty years later he arranged for 4 part chorus. *To be sung on the water* is an atmospheric and descriptive setting of a poem by **Louise Bogan**.

Aaron Copland wrote his ballet *Rodeo* for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo who moved to New York during the Second World War and premièred it at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1942. Following its success, Copland made a version of four episodes from the ballet, for solo piano.

Virgil Thomson (1896-1989) was born in Kansas. Like Copland and Carter, he too studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris. His *Four Hymns from the Old South* are arrangements for a cappella choir of hymns that were dear to the composer. In tonight's performance they will be elaborated on and interspersed with improvisations by pianist **Toby Hession**. We also include the spiritual *Deep River* in one of **Roy Ringwald**'s finest arrangements.



PROGRAMME

Old American Songs First Set

Aaron Copland (1900 - 1990)

1 The boatman's dance

2 The dodger

3 Long time ago

4 Simple gifts

5 I bought me a cat

3 Emily Dickinson Settings

Heart not so heavy

Elliott Carter (1908 - 2012)

Let down the bars, O Death

Samuel Barber (1910 - 1981)

Musicians wrestle everywhere

Elliott Carter

From Four dance episodes from Rodeo (piano)

Aaron Copland

Saturday night waltz

Hoe down

Under the willow tree

Samuel Barber

INTERVAL

Sure on this shining night

Samuel Barber

To be sung on the water

Hymns from the Old South

Virgil Thomson (1896 - 1989)

1 My Shepherd will supply my need

2 Morning star

Deep river

Traditional (arr. Roy Ringwald)

3 Green fields

4 Death 'tis a melancholy day

Old American Songs Second Set

Aaron Copland

1 The little horses

2 Zion's walls

3 The Golden Willow Tree

4 At the river

5 Ching-a-ring chaw

Old American Songs First Set Aaron Copland

The boatmen's dance

High row the boatmen row,
Floatin' down the river, the Ohio.

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,
The boatmen up to ev'rything,
And when the boatman gets on shore
He spends his cash and works for more.
Then dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance.
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,
Floatin' down the river, the Ohio.

I went on board the other day
To see what the boatmen had to say.
There I let my passion loose
An' they cram me in the callaboose.
O dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance.
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row,
Floatin' down the river, the Ohio.

The boatman is a thrifty man,
There's none can do as the boatman can.
I never see a pretty gal in my life
But that she was a boatman's wife.
O dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance.
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the mornin'
(*Minstrel song*)

The dodger

Yes the candidate's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,

Yes the candidate's a dodger, yes 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 away through the world

Yes the preacher he's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,

Yes the preacher he's a dodger yes 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 away through the world

Yes the lover he's a dodger, yes a well known dodger,

Yes the lover he's a dodger yes 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 away through the world

(Campaign song)

Long time ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow, long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow, brighter than snow.
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd, by high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished, long time ago.
Rock and tree and flowing water, long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her, love's spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen'd, murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd, long time ago.

(Traditional ballad)

Simple gifts

'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 to bend we shan'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.

(Shaker song)

I bought me a cat

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 horse, my horse pleased me.

I fed my horse under yonder tree.

My horse says, 'Neigh, neigh',

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 horse says, 'Neigh, neigh',

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 cow says 'Baw, baw',

My horse says, 'Neigh, neigh',

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.

(Children's song)

Heart not so heavy as mine Elliot Carter

Heart not so heavy as mine,
Wending late home,
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune,
A careless snatch, a ballad,
A ditty of the street;
Yet to my irritated ear
An Anodyne so sweet,
It was as if a Bobolink,
Sauntering this way,
Carolled and paused and carolled,
Then bubbled slow away.

It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a dusty way
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why.
Heart not so heavy as mine,
Weary, perhaps, and sore.
Ah, bugle, by my window,
I pray you pass once more!
(Emily Dickinson)

Let down the bars, O Death Samuel Barber

Let down the bars, O Death!
The tired flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.
Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.
(Emily Dickinson)

Musicians wrestle everywhere Elliot Carter

Musicians wrestle everywhere:
All day, among the crowded air,
I hear the silver strife;
And - waking long before the dawn -
Such transport breaks upon the town
I think it that "new life!"

It is not bird, it has no nest;
Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed,
Nor tambourine, nor man;
It is not hymn from pulpit read,-
The morning stars the treble led
On time's first afternoon!

Some say it is the spheres at play!
Some say that bright majority
Of vanished dames and men!
Some think it service in the place
Where we, with late, celestial face,
Please God, shall ascertain!

(Emily Dickinson)

Under the willow tree Samuel Barber

Under the willow tree
Two doves cry, two doves cry
Under the willow tree
Two doves cry
Where shall we sleep, my love?
Whither shall we fly?
Where shall we sleep, my love?
Whither shall we fly?
The wood has swallowed the moon,
The fog has swallowed the shore,
The green toad has swallowed
The key to my door

(Gian Carlo Menotti)

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night

Of star-made 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 wand'ring far
alone

Of shadows on the stars.

(James Agee)

To be sung on the water

Beautiful, my delight,

Pass, as we pass the wave,

Pass, as the mottled night

Leaves what it cannot save,

Scattering dark and bright.

Beautiful, pass and be

Less than the guiltless shade

To which our vows were said;

Less than the sound of the oar

To which our vows were made,

Less than the sound of its blade

Dipping the stream once more.

(Louise Bogan)

Hymns from the Old South Virgil Thomson

My Shepherd will supply my need

My Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is His Name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake His ways.
He leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
One word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

(Isaac Watts)

The Morning Star

How splendid shines the morning star,
God's gracious light from darkness far,
The root of Jesse blessed.
Thou David's son of Jacob's stem,
My bridegroom, king and wond'rous Lamb,
Thou hast my heart possessed.
Sweetly, friendly,
O thou handsome, precious ransom,
Full of graces, set and kept in heav'nly places. *(Unknown)*

Deep River (traditional arr. Roy Ringwald)

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.

Deep river, Lord,

I want to cross over into campgroun'.

Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast,

That promised land where all is peace?

Oh, deep river, Lord,

I want to cross over into campgroun'.

(Traditional)

Green Fields

How tedious and tasteless the hours

When Jesus no longer I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds,

and sweet flow'rs

Have all lost their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim;

The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in Him,

December's as pleasant as May.

His Name yields the richest perfume,

And sweeter than music His voice.

His presence disperses my gloom,

And makes all within me rejoice,

I should, were He always thus nigh,

Have nothing to wish or to fear;

No mortal so happy as I,

My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,

My all to His pleasure resigned;

No changes of season or place

Would make any change in my mind.

While bless'd with a sense of His love,

A palace of joy would appear,

And prisons would palaces prove,

If Jesus would dwell with me there.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,

If Thou art my sun and my song,

Say, why do I languish and pine,

And why are my winters so long?

O, drive these dark clouds from my sky

Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

Or take me unto Thee on high,

Where winter and clouds are no more.

(John Newton)

Death, 'Tis A Melancholy Day

Death, 'tis a melancholy day,
To those who have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.
In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
For guilt, a wearing chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.
Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth and dwell
Alone forever there.

(Isaac Watts)

Old American Songs Second Set Aaron Copland

The little horses

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.

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

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You'll have sweet cake and
All the pretty little horses.

A brown and bay
and a black and a bay and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
A black and a bay
and a brown and a gray and a
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.
(Lullaby)

Zion's walls

Come fathers and mothers,
Come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing the praises of Zion.
O fathers, don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion?
We'll shout and go round
The walls of Zion.

(Revivalist song)

The Golden Willow Tree

There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
Crying O the land that lies so low,
There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

We hadn't been a sailin' more than two weeks or three,
Till we came in sight of the British Roverie,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

Up stepped a little carpenter boy, says
"What will you give me for the ship that I'll destroy?"
"I'll give you gold or I'll give thee,
The fairest of my daughters as she sails upon the sea
If you'll sink 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
If you'll sink 'em in the land that lies so low."

He turned upon his back and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the British Roverie,
He had a little instrument fitted for his use,
He bored nine holes and he bored them all at once.

He turned upon his breast and back swum he,
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree.

"Captain, O Captain, come take me on board,
And do unto me as good as your word
For I sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
I sank 'em in the lowland so low."

"Oh no, I won't take you on board,
Nor do unto you as good as my word,
Tho' you sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
Tho' you sank 'em in the land that lies so low:"

"If it wasn't for the love that I have for your men,
I'd do unto you as I done unto them,
I'd sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I'd sink you in the lowland so low."

He turned upon his head and down swum he,
He swum till he came to the bottom of the sea.
Sank himself in the lowland lonesome low,
Sank himself in the land that lies so low.

(Anglo-American ballad)

At the river

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God

Ching-a-ring chaw

Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Hoa dinga ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a ring ching ching,
Hoa ding kum larkee.

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

You don' need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don' 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.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

(Hymn tune)

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

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and spendour,
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 ching ching ching,
Ching-a-ring-a ching ching ching,
Ching-a-ring-a-ching-a ring-a ching-a ring-a
Ring ching ching ching Chaw!

(Minstrel song)

THE
Suffolk Villages Festival



Sunday 10 December at 6 pm
St Mary's, Dedham CO7 6DE

Gabriel's Message

Festive Music from Mediaeval England

Mediva directed by Ann Allen
voices, clavicymbalum, shawms,
recorders, fiddle, percussion

with a children's choir
from local schools

Tickets £18 (reserved), £12 (unreserved)

Suffolk Villages Festival, 119 Maldon Road, Colchester CO3 3AX
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Durufle : Requiem

Vaughan Williams: Five Mystical Songs

Copland: Appalachian Spring

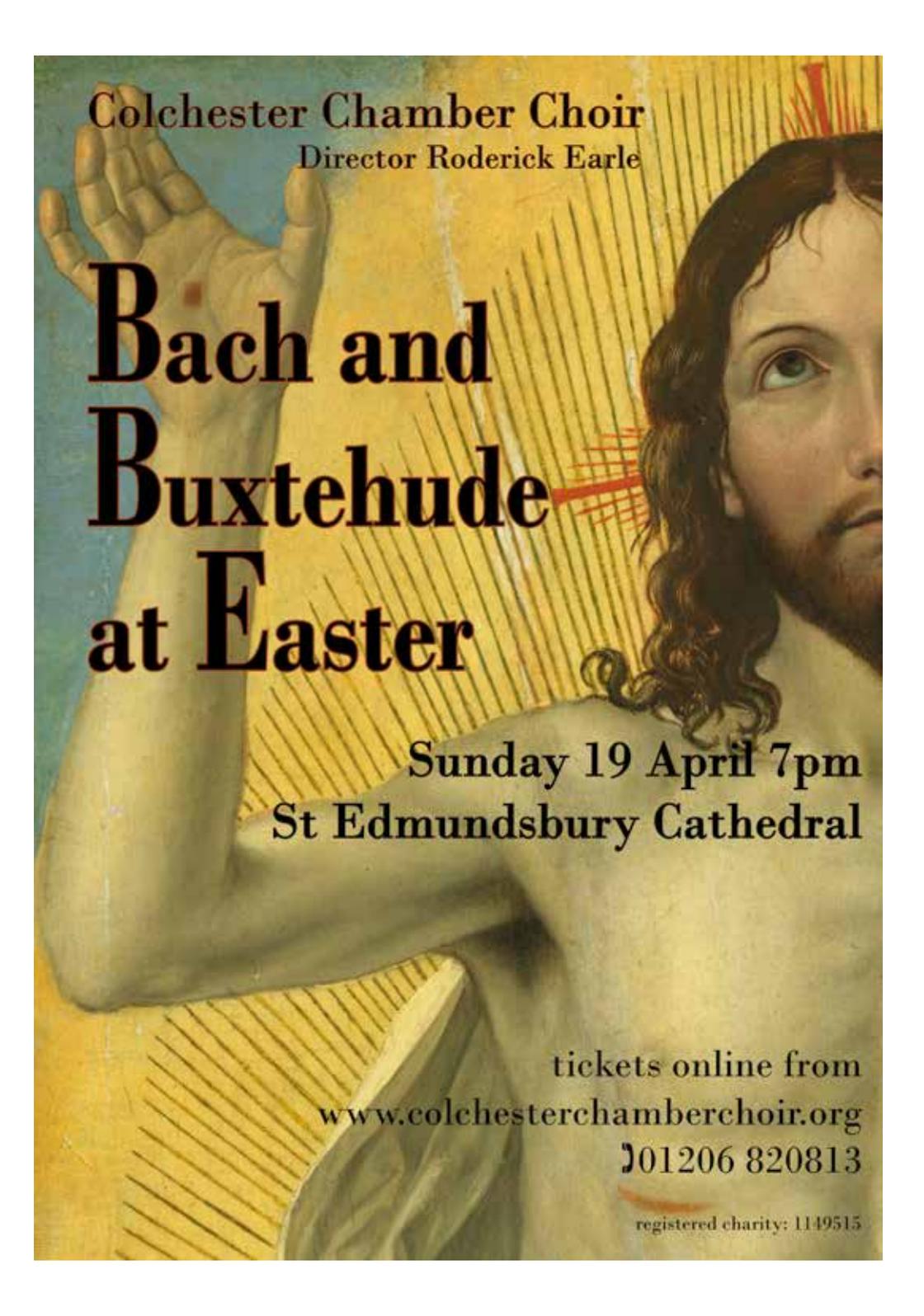
University of Essex Choir
London Mozart Players
Dominic Sedgwick, bass
Richard Cooke, conductor



Saturday February 3rd 7pm
Chelmsford Cathedral

tickets £22, students £10
online from
www.universityofessexchoir.org
01206 820813





Colchester Chamber Choir
Director Roderick Earle

Bach and Buxtehude at Easter

Sunday 19 April 7pm
St Edmundsbury Cathedral

tickets online from
www.colchesterchamberchoir.org
01206 820813

registered charity: 1149515

BACH AND BUXTEHUDE AT EASTER

Our spring concert in 2018 will be our biggest project to date, pairing Bach's great Easter cantata BWV 4 *Christ lag in Todesbanden* with Buxtehude's equally fine, but sadly less well known, Easter cantata *Heut' triumphieret Gottes Sohn*.

The choir will be joined by an orchestra of strings and, in the Buxtehude, trumpets and timpani. Also featured will be a *Magnificat* by Buxtehude and Bach's motet *Lobet dem Herrn*. On this occasion we will also welcome the return of some of our past Choral Apprentices and organist Richard Moore (who played with us for the *In Paradisum* and *Blow the Trumpet* programmes).

We appreciate sponsors at all times to help us in our work, but would particularly welcome anyone wishing to support players or scores for this special concert. To contact us email chair@colchesterchamberchoir.org.

2018 DATES

BACH AND BUXTEHUDE AT EASTER

Sunday 29th April at 7pm - St Edmundsbury Cathedral

THERE IS SWEET MUSIC

Saturday 14th/Sunday 15th July - venues and times to be confirmed

SWEET MUSIC AT MOVERONS GARDENS

afternoon tea and choral music in these beautiful gardens overlooking the Colne Estuary featuring an exhibition of sculptures by David Trenow

Sunday 9th September 3pm - 6pm

PROGRAMME OF WINTER & CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Sunday 9th December 7pm - St Peters, Coggeshall

We would like to thank our patrons for their
generosity in supporting our choir.

Joanna Bisdée

David Jewell

Jill and Peter Newton

Linda and David Salmon

Information about the choir's activities and future concerts can be
found on our website

www.colchesterchamberchoir.org



registered charity: 1149515