



# ***Festive Fancies***



Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> July 2014  
at Buxton Methodist Church

This document being a complimentary

## **CONCERT PROGRAMME**

in which are presented many vibrant verses and  
memoranda of merit in connection with

*A Musical Mélange of Recollections and Reflections,  
together with Fancies and Fantasies*

collected or even composed by

**John Kilpatrick Esq.,**

*to be performed by his forbearing friends comprising the  
voices and instruments of the*

*Sheffield Lydian Ensemble*

The whole assiduously assembled for the Buxton Festival Fringe,  
from a Festival Gloria in the Latin language, through  
diversions delightful and desultory, at last leading to the  
heroic history of a valiant venture, but alas! also of its  
consequential account of loss, despair and madness,  
encapsulated in the incomparable

## ***Story of the Jumblies***

# Programme

For notes on the pieces, and in many cases the full words, please see page 3 onwards.

A list of the vocal soloists is on page 10.

*At the start there will be a short safety announcement. No interval is planned.*

## **Festival Gloria** (*ensemble*)

*Anthony Saintsman*

1. Fanfare
2. Gloria
3. Et in terra pax
4. Laudamus te
5. Gratias agimus tibi
6. Domine Deus
7. Qui tollis peccata mundi
8. Quoniam tu solus sanctus
9. Cum Sancto Spiritu
10. Amen

## **Reflections on Blue**

The Blue Bird (*choir*)

*Charles Villiers Stanford*

Blue Moon (*clarinets*)

*Richard Rodgers (arr.)*

Basin Street Blues (*ensemble*)

*Spencer Williams (arr.)*

## **Reflections on the Human Condition**

### **- on Personal Passions**

If music be the food of love (*choir & clarinets*)

*Henry Purcell (arr.)*

### **- on Frailty and Finality**

Folksong: Sair Fyeld Hinny (*choir*)

*arr. Percy Snowdon*

Anthem: Remember now thy Creator (*choir & organ*)

*Charles Steggall*

Madrigal: Lay a Garland (*choir*)

*Robert Pearsall*

### **- and on the Transience of things**

Epigrams

*J Robin Hughes*

## **The Story of the Jumblies**

*John Kilpatrick*

(Words: Edward Lear with narrative by JK)

1. Narrative part 1: The Book
2. The Owl and the Pussy-cat *Igor Stravinsky*
3. Narrative part 2: The Author
4. How pleasant to know Mr Lear
5. Narrative part 3: Preamble to ...
6. The Jumblies
7. Narrative part 4: Preamble to ...
8. The Dong with a luminous nose

## **To say Goodbye**

*John Kilpatrick*

(Words: JK, inspired by Ecclesiastes)

*Please join us for complimentary light refreshments after the concert.*

# Notes & Words

## *Festive Fancies*

Why the title? A liking for alliteration, perhaps: Festive, because of the Festival; Fancies, because someone has to set a programme, it happens to be me, and I've selected pieces that I've a fancy to perform. Many pieces are recollections from past musical experiences, or reflections of one sort or another – or both. The Edward Lear pieces are indeed “Fancies”, or Fantasies.

*John Kilpatrick*

## *Festival Gloria*

Some years ago this work was submitted as an entry to a competition for a Sheffield choral society, to mark an anniversary festival. It was, though, unloved, as were all entries, and the competition was voided. With some necessary changes to the instrumentation, we are able to give it its first performance. The composer prefers us to acknowledge only the original pseudonym under which the work was submitted, and is happy that an occasion has been found to air his rejected piece.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.	Glory to God in the highest.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.	And on earth peace to men of good will. *
Laudamus te, benedicimus te, adoramus te, glorificamus te.	We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, we glorify you.
Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam.	We give you thanks for your great glory.
Domine Deus, Rex caelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens.	Lord God, heavenly King, O God the Father almighty.
Domine Fili Unigenite, Jesu Christe, Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.	Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.	You who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.	You who takes away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.	You who are seated at the right hand of the Father, have mercy on us.
Quoniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.	For you alone are the Holy One, you alone are the Lord, you alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ.
Cum Sancto Spiritu: in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.	Together with the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

\* A nod to the familiar English version “And peace on earth, good will towards men” is represented by a repetition of “et in terra pax” at the end of the section. In these troubled times it seems a pity to confer peace only on a subset of humanity.

## *Reflections: On Blue*

With our blue-tinged poster and flyer art-work this year, it seems appropriate to run a few pieces on a theme of that colour.

**The Blue Bird** is sung by the choir as originally composed. Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) was organist of Trinity College Cambridge, and a founding professor of the Royal College of Music. He is best known for his Anglican Church Music, and not many who have brushed with that tradition have escaped the incomparable “Stanford in Bb” canticles.

**Blue Moon** was written by Richard Rodgers (1902-1979) in 1934, and like most pieces of its genre, lends itself to arrangements for various musical combinations. Ours, by Marilyn Strevens, is for clarinet quartet. (A “blue moon” is when a second full moon occurs in a month – an event less frequent than recent Lydian performances in the Fringe).

**Basin Street Blues** by the jazz composer Spencer Williams (1889-1965) was arranged for unaccompanied choir by John Earwaker (1936-2007), but has been reverse engineered by JK to include the wind instruments. John was the founder of our choir, in 1996, and we have enjoyed singing his modern song arrangements and other settings and compositions.

## *On Passions*

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
With pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

*Col. Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)*

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) was one of the fathers of English music, both operatic and church. He wrote two or three settings of “If music”, this one dating from 1692, originally for solo voice and harpsichord. Today’s version was found on [www.cpdl.org](http://www.cpdl.org) as a choral arrangement by Philip Legge, and adapted by JK.

## *Reflections on Frailty, Finality, Transience, etc.*

Well, we’re all drifting towards Finality ...

**Sair Fyeld Hinny** is a traditional Northumbrian folksong arranged by Percy Snowdon (1930-1983), who directed Sheffield Motet Singers in which several of our choir’s members (former and present) sang. The failings of old age are lamented, in a somewhat resigned manner.

Sair fyeld, hinny, sair fyeld noo,  
Sair fyeld, hinny, sin’ aa ken’d thoo.

*Sore failed, honey, sore failed now,  
Sore failed honey, since I knew you.*

*Verses:*

Aa was young and lusty, aa was fair and clear,  
Aa was young and lusty, many a lang year.

When aa was young and lusty, aa could lowp a dyke,  
But now aa’m old and stiff aa can scarcely step a syke.

*... jump over a hedge  
... step over a ditch*

When aa was five and twenty, aa was brave and bold,  
Now, at five and sixty, aa’m both stiff and cold.

Percy Snowdon’s complete set of five folksongs, and two original compositions, can be found on [www.cpdl.org](http://www.cpdl.org). A superb rendering of his “Bonny at Morn” by a Polish choir can easily be accessed on YouTube.

**Remember now thy Creator** is an anthem by Charles Steggall (1826-1905) on words from Ecclesiastes 12. It paints, by contrast with the previous piece, a more profound and somewhat terrifying picture of the effects of ageing, with a salutary injunction that we should value our youth.

JK has long remembered this anthem from his cathedral chorister days at Christ Church, Oxford (so it counts as a “recollection”). His interpretation below expands on observations made in rehearsal by the then choir master and organist, Sir Thomas Armstrong.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say “I have no pleasure in them”.

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain; in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.

And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher: all is vanity.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Glossary (interpretation by JK):

*keepers of the house*: hands or forearms

*strong men*: legs

*grinders*: teeth

*those that look out of the windows*: eyes

*... doors shall be shut in the streets ...* : cannot hear the outside world

*... sound of the grinders is low...* : when one cannot hear oneself chewing

*daughters of music*: the voice

Robert Pearsall (1795-1856) wrote several madrigals and partsongs. **Lay a Garland** is based on a poem from Beaumont and Fletcher’s “The Maid’s Tragedy”, but the composer has altered the original from the first to the third person, and made a few other tweaks, so it no longer quite scans or rhymes correctly. The resultant rather cynical words relate to a condition of some finality, whilst revealing a not-too-uncommon area of human weakness.

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.

**Epigrams** is a selection of six poems set to music by our tenor Robin Hughes (1963- ). It was first performed a few weeks ago at Hope, so this is its second performance (and not every new composition gets that!). The work has a beauty that is much appreciated by the choir.

1        I love all beauteous things,  
          I seek and adore them;  
          God has no better praise,  
          And man in his hasty days  
          Is honoured for them.

          I too will something make  
          And joy in the making;  
          Altho' tomorrow it seem  
          Like the empty words of a dream  
          Remembered on waking.

*Robert Bridges*

2        Since to be loved endures,  
          To love is wise:  
          Earth has no good but yours,  
          Brave, Joyful eyes:

          Earth hath no sin but thine,  
          Dull eye of scorn:  
          O'er thee the sun doth pine  
          And angels mourn.

*Robert Bridges*

3        They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;  
          They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.  
          I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I  
          Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

          And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
          A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,  
          Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
          For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

*William Cory, after Callimachus of Cyrene*

4        Into my heart an air that kills  
          From yon far country blows;  
          What are those blue remembered hills,  
          What spires, what farms are those?

          That is the land of lost content,  
          I see it shining plain,  
          The happy highways where I went  
          And cannot come again.

*A E Housman*

5        What are days for?  
          Days are where we live.  
          They come, they wake us  
          Time and time over.  
          They are to be happy in:  
          Where can we live but Days?  
          Ah, solving that question  
          Brings the priest and the doctor  
          In their long coats  
          Running over the fields.

*Philip Larkin*

6        Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!  
          To all the sensual world proclaim,  
          One crowded hour of glorious life  
          Is worth an age without a name.

*Sir Walter Scott*

## *The Story of the Jumblies*

This work is an expanded compilation by John Kilpatrick (1941- ) based on his originally unaccompanied settings of Edward Lear's poems **The Jumblies**, and **The Dong** [with a luminous nose]. They come from the author's Book of Nonsense, but there is more depth in them than a casual observation of green heads and blue hands, and the use of a sieve as a vessel, would suggest. They even have something of an autobiographical tinge: Lear himself was a great traveller; and by the time the second poem was written, he had on more than one occasion contemplated marriage, but lost through shyness his target – his "Jumbly girl".

To those songs has been added Lear's poem **The Owl and the Pussy-cat** in the setting by Stravinsky; and also a rendering in beguine form of some of the verses of his poetic **Self-portrait**. All is knitted together by a series of introductory sung narratives, into which two of Lear's nonsense quatrains\* have been incorporated.

\* Lear did not describe these rhymes as limericks

### *Narrative no. 1 – The Book*

The narrator (tenor solo) wonders why he has the nonsense book, finds it was a present, and dips into it. He encounters and sings two of the nonsense quatrains, in both of which they smashed the protagonist (whoever "they" might be). He looks for something nicer, and discovers The Owl and the Pussy-cat, which a soprano offers to sing, and duly does so – if not in the expected version.

### *Narrative no. 2 – The Author*

The narrator realises that he has said nothing about the author, and makes amends. The choir announce the name, and the ensemble give us his Self-Portrait.

### *Self-portrait of the Laureate of Nonsense (selected verses)*

#### *1. Tutti*

How pleasant to know Mister Lear,  
Who has written such volumes of stuff.  
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,  
But a few think him pleasant enough.

#### *2. Soprano*

His mind is concrete and fastidious,  
His nose is remarkably big;  
His visage is more or less hideous,  
His beard it resembles a wig.

#### *4. Alto*

He sits in a beautiful parlour,  
With hundreds of books on the wall;  
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,  
But never gets tipsy at all.

#### *5. Tenor*

He has many friends, laymen and clerical,  
Old Foss is the name of his cat;  
His body is perfectly spherical,  
He wareth a runcible hat.

#### *7. Bass*

He weeps by the side of the ocean,  
He weeps on the top of the hill;  
He purchases pancakes and lotion,  
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

} *These four  
verses  
overlap*

#### *8. Tutti*

He reads, but he cannot speak, Spanish,  
He cannot abide ginger beer;  
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,  
How pleasant to know Mister Lear!

### Narrative no. 3 – The Jumblies

The narrator introduces us to the bold voyage and successful settlement of the Jumblies, after which the ensemble perform ...

#### The Jumblies

After each verse in the Jumblies, and after two verses in the Dong, comes the refrain:

*Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.*

1. They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they went to sea:  
In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a Sieve they went to sea!  
And when the Sieve turned round and round,  
And every one cried, 'You'll all be drowned!'  
They called aloud, 'Our Sieve ain't big,  
'But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!  
'In a Sieve we'll go to sea!'  
*Far and few, etc.*

2. They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,  
In a Sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
Tied with a riband by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast;  
And every one said, who saw them go,  
'O won't they be soon upset, you know!  
'For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,  
'And happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
'In a Sieve to sail so fast!'  
*Far and few, etc.*

3. The water it soon came in, it did,  
The water it soon came in;  
So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat,  
And they fastened it down with a pin.  
And they spent all night in a crockery-jar,  
And each of them said, 'How wise we are!  
'Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,  
'Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
'While round in our Sieve we spin!'  
*Far and few, etc.*

4. And all night long they sailed away;  
And when the sun went down,  
They whistled and warbled a moony song  
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown.  
'O Timballo! How happy we are,  
'When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar,  
'And all night long in the moonlight pale,  
'We sail away with a pea-green sail,  
'In the shade of the mountains brown!'  
*Far and few, etc.*

5. They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,  
To a land all covered with trees,  
And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,  
And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,  
And a hive of silvery Bees.  
And they bought a Pig, and some green Jackdaws,  
And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,  
And no end of Stilton Cheese.  
*Far and few, etc.*

6. And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more,  
And every one said, 'How tall they've grown!  
'For they've been to the Lakes,  
and the Terrible Zone,  
'And the hills of the Chankly Bore!'  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, 'If we only live,  
'We too will go to sea in a Sieve,---  
'To the hills of the Chankly Bore!'  
*Far and few, etc.*

## Narrative no. 4 – The Dong

The narrator now turns to the dark side of the story, how the happiness of the Dong turned to despair and madness with the loss of his Jumbly girl. The ensemble give us the final (and longest) section of our story.

### The Dong with a Luminous Nose

When awful darkness and silence reign  
Over the great Gromboolian plain,  
Through the long, long wintry nights;–  
When the angry breakers roar  
As they beat on the rocky shore;–

When Storm-clouds brood on the towering heights  
Of the Hills of the Chankly Bore:–

Then, through the vast and gloomy dark,  
There moves what seems a fiery spark,  
A lonely spark with silvery rays  
Piercing the coal-black night,–  
A Meteor strange and bright:–  
Hither and thither the vision strays,  
A single lurid light.

Slowly it wanders,–pauses,–creeps,–  
Anon it sparkles,–flashes and leaps;  
And ever as onward it gleaming goes  
A light on the Bong-tree stems it throws.  
And those who watch at that midnight hour  
From Hall or Terrace, or lofty Tower,  
Cry, as the wild light passes along,–

‘The Dong!--the Dong!

‘The wandering Dong through the forest goes!

‘The Dong! the Dong!

‘The Dong with a luminous Nose!,

Long years ago

The Dong was happy and gay,  
Till he fell in love with a Jumbly Girl  
Who came to those shores one day,  
For the Jumblies came in a sieve, they did,–  
Landing at eve near the Zemmerly Fidd

Where the Oblong Oysters grow,  
And the rocks are smooth and gray.  
And all the woods and the valleys rang  
With the Chorus they daily and nightly sang,–  
‘*Far and few, etc.*

Happily, happily passed those days!  
While the cheerful Jumblies staid;  
They danced in circlets all night long,  
To the plaintive pipe of the lively Dong,  
In moonlight, shine, or shade.  
For day and night he was always there  
By the side of the Jumbly Girl so fair,  
With her sky-blue hands, and her sea-green hair.  
Till the morning came of that hateful day  
When the Jumblies sailed in their sieve away,  
And the Dong was left on the cruel shore  
Gazing–gazing for evermore,–

Ever keeping his weary eyes on  
That pea-green sail on the far horizon,–  
Singing the Jumbly Chorus still  
As he sate all day on the grassy hill,–  
‘*Far and few, etc.*

But when the sun was low in the West,  
The Dong arose and said;–  
–‘What little sense I once possessed  
Has quite gone out of my head!’–  
And since that day he wanders still  
By lake or forest, marsh and hill,  
Singing–‘O somewhere, in valley or plain  
‘Might I meet my Jumbly Girl again!  
‘For ever may I seek by lake and shore  
‘Till I find my Jumbly Girl once more!’

Playing a pipe with silvery squeaks,  
Since then his Jumbly Girl he seeks,  
And because by night he could not see,  
He gathered the bark of the Twangum Tree  
On the flowery plain that grows.

And he wove him a wondrous Nose,–  
A Nose as strange as a Nose could be!  
Of vast proportions and painted red,  
And tied with cords to the back of his head.  
–In a hollow rounded space it ended  
With a luminous Lamp within suspended,  
All fenced about  
With a bandage stout  
To prevent the wind from blowing it out;–  
And with holes all round to send the light,  
In gleaming rays on the dismal night.

And now each night, and all night long,  
Over those plains still roams the Dong;  
And above the wail of the Chimp and Snipe  
You may hear the squeak of his plaintive pipe  
While ever he seeks, but seeks in vain  
To meet with his Jumbly Girl again;  
Lonely and wild–all night he goes,–  
The Dong with a luminous Nose!  
And all who watch at the midnight hour,  
From Hall or Terrace, or lofty Tower,  
Cry, as they trace the Meteor bright,  
Moving along through the dreary night,–  
‘This is the hour when forth he goes,  
‘The Dong with a luminous Nose!  
‘Yonder–over the plain he goes,  
‘He goes!  
‘He goes;  
‘The Dong with a luminous Nose!’

## *To Say Goodbye*

This piece, the idea for which came from Ecclesiastes 3, was written some years ago for a singer leaving the choir. It lends itself to being modified at will, and today's version is a little different from the original, both in some wording, and in the instrumentation.

This concert being John Kilpatrick's last with the choir, he hopes he'll be forgiven – his voice being less accurate than he claims it once was – for taking the solo part.

For everything there is a season, and a time for everything under the sun.

A time to compose, and a time to play;

A time to conduct, and a time to put the baton away;

A time for taking part, and a time when one's work has been done.

For everything there is a season, and a time for everything under the stars.

A time to press on, and a time to relax;

A time to make one's mark, and a time to make tracks;

A time for music, and a time to abandon the bars.

For everything there is a season, and a time for everything under the sky.

A time to come, and a time to go;

A time to say Yes, and a time to say No;

A time to laugh, and a time for a tear in the eye;

A time to sing, and a time to say Goodbye.

*John Kilpatrick, after Ecclesiastes*

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### *Vocal Soloists in this concert:*

*The Blue Bird:* Barbara Kilpatrick

*Remember now thy Creator:* Trish Kilpatrick

*Narrative sections of the Jumblies Story:* Richard Nortcliffe

*The Owl & the Pussy-cat:* Jane Ginsborg

*The Jumblies:* Robin Hughes

*The Dong:* Jane Ginsborg, Chris Walker, Robin Hughes

*To say Goodbye:* John Kilpatrick

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We are grateful to the Sheffield Bach Society for the loan of the keyboard chamber organ and the music stands.

# *The Ensemble*

*from the perspective of John Kilpatrick*

## *The Singers (Sheffield Lydian Singers)*

It was 18 years ago when John Earwaker invited me and four others to join him and his wife Janet in an informal choir, for which he recycled the name Lydian Singers\* from an earlier group. We met in their house and enjoyed exploring repertoire appropriate to a small *a cappella* choir; and we also found occasions to give performances.

*\* the “Sheffield” prefix was added later, when it became clear that there were several other Lydian Singers or Choirs in the country.*

The choir has changed in personnel and grown in numbers since those days, and my own position has evolved from singer to beat-giver to “director”; but we still retain the informal and friendly atmosphere.

We have given concerts in Hope Church in their Wakes Week, together with a wind group (not today’s), for the last 13 years, and this is our third appearance at the Fringe. The first was a joint enterprise with Tideswell Singers in 2010, when we performed Monteverdi’s Vespers of 1610, and the second, in 2012, an event similar to today’s, under the title “Humour in Harmony”.

## *The Players*

It was 10 years ago when I retired, dusted off my clarinet, and was pleasantly surprised to be accepted into two of Sheffield’s concert bands (one of which is conducted by Judith). In that environment I met many of today’s instrumentalists, though Brian was an earlier friend, George is the husband of Jane, and Beth was spotted in a University concert (being in the Music Department in which George plays a leading role). I am also delighted that my son Andrew has been able to join us from down South for this concert – as has, indeed, his wife Barbara amongst the choir’s sopranos.

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After this concert I am relinquishing my involvement with Lydian; I have enjoyed every moment, but 65 years of singing is enough. Instruments are now my Passion (plus food and love, of course) – for example I have recently taken up the trombone in the concert bands, and play bass clarinet in a clarinet quartet with Anne, Judith & Chris. I am delighted to learn that the choir will continue, and will, I hope, prosper, under the leadership of George Nicholson.

Apart from my chorister days at Oxford (1949-54) and the inevitable school piano and clarinet lessons, I have evaded formal musical training, so I am very grateful to the members of the Ensemble for their forbearance and patience with my attempts at composition and conducting, as well as for all the work they have put in towards this concert.

# *Sheffield Lydian Ensemble*

Sopranos:	Yuko Arthurs Jane Ginsborg Barbara Kilpatrick Trish Kilpatrick Eve Saunders
Altos:	Philippa Hughes Kitty Ross Liz Buxton Barbara Hawley
Tenors:	Robin Hughes Richard Nortcliffe Frank Arthurs
Basses:	Robin Saunders Alan Yarranton Chris Walker
Clarinets:	Anne Huggins Judith Wallace
Clarinet/Saxophone:	Chris Watson
Bass Clarinet:	Beth Nichol
Horn:	Andrew Kilpatrick
Trombones:	Brian Witten Barry Dobson Jim Langley
Organ/Piano:	George Nicholson
Percussion/Piano:	Catherine Eyre
Director:	John Kilpatrick