

PINSUTI

The Ilkley and Skipton Chamber Choir
Conductor Robert Webb



An Autumnal Smorgasbord!

Gorecki: Totus Tuus

Sandstrom: Gloria and Sanctus

Part: Magnificat

Holst: Nunc Dimittis

With music by Palestrina, Byrd, Tallis, Elgar and Stanford.



Holy Trinity Church, Skipton

7.30 pm Saturday 14th November

Tickets £8 on the door, £6 concessions

www.pinsuti.org

PROGRAMME

Totus Tuus	Henryk Gorecki (1933 - 2010)
Mass setting:	
Toccata avanti la Messa della Domenica (Fiori musicali 1635) <i>Organ Solo, Charles Dobson</i>	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583 - 1643)
Kyrie (from Missa Papae Marcelli, 1562)	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c. 1525 – 1594)
Gloria <i>(Solos: Jenny Webb, Chris S, Charles Dobson)</i>	Jan Sandstrom (1954 -)
Credo (from Mass for four voices)	Thomas Tallis (1505 - 1585)
Communion Les oiseaux et les sources (Messe de la Pentecôte) <i>Organ Solo, Charles Dobson</i>	Oliver Messiaen (1908 - 1992)
Sanctus	Jan Sandstrom (1954 -)
Benedictus <i>(Solo: Jenny Webb)</i>	Robert Webb
Agnus Dei (Mass for Four Voices)	William Byrd (1543 - 1623)

INTERVAL

Praise Ye the Lord O God Art Thou My God	Robert Webb
Three part-songs, Op. 18 O Happy Eyes Love My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land	Edward Elgar (1857 – 1934)
For Lo, I Raise Up <i>(Solo: Laura Lipscombe)</i>	Charles Villiers Stanford (1852 - 1924)
Magnificat <i>(Solo: Monique Kershaw)</i>	Arvo Part (1935 -)
Nunc Dimittis <i>(Solos: Sally Goodman, Vincent Walsh)</i>	Gustav Holst (1874 – 1934)

Pinsuti

Pinsuti is a small chamber choir based in the Ilkley area. We perform five or six concerts a year, specialising in unaccompanied sacred and secular music ranging from sixteenth century motets and anthems to twentieth century part songs.

Musical Director



ROBERT WEBB is a singer, conductor and teacher from Leeds.

He read Music at Merton College, Oxford, during which time he was principal trumpet in the Oxford University Philharmonic Orchestra and Musical Director of the Donut Kings Big Band.

Robert was one of the first choral scholars in the new Choral Foundation, singing Baritone under the tutelage of Giles Underwood and the direction of Peter Phillips (Tallis Scholars) and Ben Nicholas (Reed Rubin Director of Music, Merton).

Robert has toured to Vienna and Paris, giving concerts in the Musikverein and Stephansdom, as well as singing Sunday morning mass at Notre Dame Cathedral.

Singing became one of Robert's passions at University and as well as singing with his wife, Jenny, he is also Director of The Ascension Singers, a vocal consort formed in 2011 specialising in Renaissance polyphony and contemporary music (ascensionsingers.com).

Robert is the choirmaster and singing teacher at Hipperholme Grammar School and has recently been appointed Musical Director of Vocal Expressions, a ladies choir based in the Holme valley.



Please come to our Christmas concert
St Oswald's Church, Leathley,
7.30pm 12th December 2015

Three part-songs, Op. 18, Edward Elgar

Love

Like the rosy northern glow
Flushing on a moonless night
Where the world is level snow,
So thy light.

In my time of outer gloom
Thou didst come, a tender lure;
Thou, when life was but a tomb,
Beamedst pure.

Thus I looked to heaven again,
Yearning up with eager eyes,
As sunflow'rs after dreary rain
Drink the skies.

Oh glow on and brighter glow,
Let me ever gaze on thee,
Lest I lose warm hope and so
Cease to be.

Love in Northern Land:

My love dwelt in a Northern land.
A dim tower in a forest green
Was his and far away the sand
And gray wash of the waves were seen
The woven forest boughs between:

And through the Northern summer night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, silverwhite,
Came gleaming through the forest gray,
And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft that month we watched the moon
Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn
And wane, with waning of the June,
Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray.
I know not if, the boughs between,
The white deer vanish ere the day:
The grass above my love is green,
His heart is colder than the clay.

O happy eyes

O happy eyes, for you will see
My love, my lady pass today;
What I may not, that may you say
And ask for answer daringly.
O happy eyes.

O happy flow'rs that touch her dress,
That touch her dress and take her smile,
O whisper to her all the while
Some words of love in idleness.
O happy flowers.

O happy airs that touch her cheek,
And lightly kiss and float away,
So carelessly as if in play,
Why take ye all the joy I seek?

O happy eyes my love to see,
Alas! alas! I may not greet
With word or touch my lady sweet;
More happy eyes, say all for me.--