

The Cherwell Singers

present

Songs of the Sea

Daniel Tate

baritone

Dónal McCann

piano & organ

James Brown

conductor

Sunday, 20th March 2022

St Margaret's Church, Oxford

Programme

Ave maris stella

Tomás Luis de Victoria

Never weather-beaten sail

Crossing the Bar

C. Hubert H. Parry

(Baritone Solo)

Sea Fever

John Ireland

Trade Winds

Frederick Keel

They that go down to the sea in ships

Herbert Sumsion

Eternal Father, strong to save

J. B. Dykes, arr. James Vivian

Interval

Blow the wind southerly

arr. John Cameron

Skye Boat Song

arr. Heathcote Statham

Songs of the Sea:

Charles Villiers Stanford

Drake's Drum

Outward Bound

Devon, O Devon

Homeward Bound

The 'Old Superb'

The owl and the pussycat

Victor Hely-Hutchinson, arr. J M Diack

Wellerman

anon

Daniel Tate
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Songs of the Sea

Any island nation holds a love of, and respect for, the sea which surrounds it, and this term the Cherwell Singers explores this timeless relationship.

The major work of the concert is Stanford's setting of Henry Newbolt's "Songs of the Sea" first performed in 1904. Scored for baritone soloist, male voices and piano this sequence of five songs includes the famous "Drake's Drum". Our soloist is Daniel Tate, who also performs settings of John Masfield's poems "Sea Fever" and "Trade Winds" during the concert, accompanied by pianist Donal McCann.

Other works featured include a setting by Victoria of the ancient hymn to Mary, Star of the sea (*Ave maris stella*), an arrangement of the seafarers' hymn, "Eternal father, strong to save", Parry's "Never weather beaten sail", and folksongs such as the Skye Boat Song, and "Blow the wind southerly".

Oxford may be one of the most land-locked cities in the United Kingdom, but we will try and make up for that in our concert by taking you on a voyage in words and music inspired by this natural wonder.

James Brown

Notes

The programme of this concert explores a variety of musical responses to the sea. Some are serious, and some humorous; some are metaphorical and some literal; but together they serve to remind us of the importance of the sea to human life, even if we are individually remote from it.

We start our voyage through this repertoire with religious metaphor.

Ave maris stella is a hymn in praise of Mary, the mother of God, first recorded in the ninth century. The title "Maris Stella" ("Star of the Sea") originated as an error made by Saint Jerome when he was translating the Greek form of the Hebrew name of Mary into Latin. Some later writers then took this mistranslation to be the etymological origin of the name Mary! A metaphorical explanation of the title is that Mary is the "Star of the Sea" (the Pole Star) to be followed as a guide on the way to Christ. This setting of the hymn by the Spanish composer **Tomás Luis de Victoria** (c.1548-1611) is one of many. It is based on the ancient plainsong, which is used for alternate verses; in fact, Victoria himself also wrote another setting in which the choice of verses set chorally and to plainsong is inverted.

In a similar vein, the two works by **Sir C Hubert H Parry** (1848-1918) are both settings of poems using nautical metaphors for the Christian soul's relationship with Christ. However, they are very different in musical style.

Never weather-beaten sail, a setting of words by Thomas Campion (1567-1620), is one of a group of songs in motet style – *Songs of Farewell* - which were among the last works Parry wrote. Indeed, one was sung at his funeral in St Paul's Cathedral, and their first complete performance was at a memorial service for him in Exeter College, Oxford. The poem likens the soul's longing for Christ to that of a boat heading for harbour.

Crossing the Bar is a setting of words by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892). The setting comes from the period when Parry was most active in composition. It is a very simple hymn-like setting. The poem likens Christ to a pilot, guiding the soul in death.

The next works are simply paeans of enjoyment of the sea.

The poet John Masfield (1878-1967) wrote a group of poems called the *Salt-Water Ballads*, of which we now hear two settings. The composer **John Ireland** (1879-1962), best known for his piano miniatures and song settings, was inspired to set the words of *Sea Fever* by his love of Jersey; and it has become his best-known work. Masfield himself disliked the setting though, feeling that its slow speed was at odds with the passion and urgency expressed in his words. **Frederick Keel** (1871-1954) was unusual in his period for being an art-song writer who also sang, and was in fact Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music; he also had a particular interest in folksong. He is now best known for his setting of *Trade Winds*.

We now move to works concerned with the dangers which mariners face.

The anthem *They that go down to the sea in ships* by **Herbert Sumsion** (1899-1995), sets words from Psalm 107. The piece unfolds with a remarkable economy of material: a rippling, listless organ part suggests the sea, and the rising and falling choral writing depicts the movement of the ship and the staggering of its sailors, and finally the calm which descends with the eventual arrival in port takes over.

Eternal Father, strong to save is often known as 'The Mariner's Hymn' or 'The Navy Hymn'. It is always sung to the tune provided for it by the prolific Victorian writer of hymn tunes, **J. B. Dykes** (1823-76). This arrangement by **James Vivian** (1974-), Director of Music at St George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, was sung by a choir of four solo voices during the funeral of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Now we have two popular songs which celebrate events happening at sea.

Blow the wind southerly was first published in England in 1834, but only a small part of the published poem was used for this traditional song. The melody probably predates the early nineteenth century origins of the text. The authors of both the words and music are anonymous, but the song can be traced to Tyneside in Northumbria. The song tells of a woman waiting for her lover to return from the sea. It was notably recorded in 1949 by the contralto Kathleen Ferrier, without accompaniment. Tonight's arrangement by **John Cameron** (1944-), in contrast, accompanies the tune with a rich eight-part chorus.

The words of the ***Skye Boat Song*** were written in the late nineteenth century by Harold Boulton (1859-1935), to fit a tune recently collected as "An Old Highland Rowing Measure". The tune was claimed to be a rendering from memory of a Gaelic rowing song "Cuachag nan Craobh", though no other source for it has ever been identified. Boulton's words about the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie are highly romanticized and historically inaccurate. Robert Louis Stevenson thought the words unworthy of the tune, and wrote his own as a replacement, which are similarly inaccurate and have not caught on. The arrangement we sing tonight was made by **Heathcote Statham** (1889-1973), organist of Norwich Cathedral.

We now come to a patriotic celebration of Britain's naval tradition.

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924) wrote several secular works with a nautical theme, among which is the ***Songs of the Sea***. These songs, based on poems by the poet Sir Henry Newbolt (1862-1938), capture something of the patriotic spirit of Edwardian Britain, and the very nostalgic quality of this sentiment. They were not written originally as a group; it was the enthusiasm of the singer Harry Plunket Greene (1865-1936) for the first two, *Devon, O Devon* and *Outward Bound*, which encouraged Stanford to request further poems from Newbolt. *The 'Old Superb'* followed, and when Plunket Greene requested even more the result was *Drake's Drum* and *Homeward Bound*. The songs *Drake's Drum* and *Devon, O Devon* refer to the life of Sir Francis Drake, and *The 'Old Superb'* refers to Nelson's chase of the French fleet back and forth across the Atlantic in the lead-up to the Battle of Trafalgar. Newbolt expressed his feelings about his partnership with his friend Stanford when he wrote:

"He was the most subtly appreciative critic and interpreter of poetry that I ever met with. Again and again he would receive my verses by the morning post, and set them before noon to irresistible

music. I always felt that to hear those songs, given as Harry [Plunket] Greene could give them, was to be told secrets about myself, to see my own thought reflected with perfect accuracy but irradiated with the magic lights of a dream."

Stanford's setting was originally with orchestral accompaniment, but the songs are often performed in his piano version; the male chorus is sometimes omitted, as it is marked "optional" in the score.

Humour can also be found which uses the sea as a prop.

The humourist Edward Lear (1812-1888) published the words of ***The Owl and the Pussy-cat*** in his *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany and Alphabets* in 1871; it is the first item in the book, and the best known. Although we now think of Lear mainly as a writer of humorous verse, he was also a musician, publishing settings of several poems by Tennyson which were the only ones explicitly approved of by the poet. He is known to have set *The Owl and the Pussy-cat* himself, but his music for it has not survived. **Victor Hely-Hutchinson** (1901-1947) was Director of Music at the BBC in the 1930s, and also composed. He produced settings for three of Lear's nonsense songs, of which this one is the best known. Tonight's arrangement for chorus is by Michael Diack (1869-1946).

We end with a ballad in the style of a sea shanty which has recently become popular on social media!

In the 1830s the Weller brothers ran supply ships from Otakou in New Zealand (near to where Dunedin was later built). The whaling industry had recently become established in the area, and the Weller brothers' ships – known as "Wellermen" – would supply the whalers at sea while they were hunting the local species of whale, known as the "right whale". The song ***Wellerman*** is thought to have been written in the 1860s, possibly by a D. H. Rogers, for singing (on shore) while cutting the whale flesh into strips known as tongues (hence "tonguing" in the song's chorus). *Wellerman* has been recorded many times over the years, but for some reason a couple of recent recordings became viral in 2021 on the TikTok platform.

Words

Ave maris stella

Ave, maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
atque semper virgo,
felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud «Ave»
Gabrielis ore,
funda nos in pace,
mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,
profer lumen cæcis,
mala nostra pelle,
bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,
sumat per te precem
qui pro nobis natus
tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,
inter omnes mitis,
nos culpis solutos
mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram,
iter para tutum,
ut videntes Jesum
semper collætémur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,
summo Christo decus,
Spiritus Sancto
tribus honor unus. Amen.

Hail, star of the sea,
Nurturing Mother of God,
And ever Virgin
Happy gate of Heaven
Receiving that “Ave” (hail)
From the mouth of Gabriel,
Establish us in peace,
Transforming the name of “Eva” (Eve).

Loosen the chains of the guilty,
Send forth light to the blind,
Our evil do thou dispel,
Entreat (for us) all good things.

Show thyself to be a Mother:
Through thee may he receive prayer
Who, being born for us,
Undertook to be thine own.

O unique Virgin,
Meek above all others,
Make us, set free from (our) sins,
Meek and chaste.

Bestow a pure life,
Prepare a safe way:
That seeing Jesus,
We may ever rejoice.

Praise be to God the Father,
To the Most High Christ (be) glory,
To the Holy Spirit
Be honour, to the Trinity equally. Amen.

Never weather-beaten sail

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim’s limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven’s high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have crost the bar.

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Trade Winds

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.
There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the souging in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.
And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

They that go down to the sea in ships

They that go down to the sea in ships : and occupy their business in great waters;
These men see the works of the Lord : and his wonders in the deep.
For at his word the stormy wind ariseth : which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They are carried up to the heav'n, and down again to the deep :
their soul melteth away because of the trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man : and are at their wits' end.

So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble :
 he delivereth them out of their distress.
For he maketh the storm to cease : so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they are at rest :
 and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

Psal44m 107 vv23-30

Eternal Father, strong to save

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee,
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee,
 For those in peril on the sea.

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee,
 For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 And ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting (1825-78)

Blow the wind southerly

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea;
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,
Blow bonnie breezes, my lover to me.

They told me last night there were ships in the offing,
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea;
But my eye could not see it wherever might be it,
The bark that is bearing my lover to me.

Skye Boat Song

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,
Onward! the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Speed, bonnie boat...

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.
Speed, bonnie boat...

Many's the lad, fought on that day
Well the claymore did wield;
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.
Speed, bonnie boat...

Burned are their homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men;
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.
Speed, bonnie boat...

Songs of the Sea

(1) Drake's Drum

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time O' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancing' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha' sleepin' there below?)
Roving' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
A' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

(Note - these words are given as Newbolt wrote them, imitating dialect pronunciation. Stanford normalised the spelling for his setting.)

(2) *Outward Bound*

Dear Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,
The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed
O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails are set,
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps
O Mother, think on us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

(3) *Devon, O Devon*

Drake in the North Sea grimly prowling,
Treading his dear Revenge's deck,
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain, -
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,
Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
This for a sign before he slept: -
"Pride of the West! What Devon hath kept
Devon shall keep on tide or main;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
Far in a South land brought to bay,
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,
Waited the end in twilight gray.
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way
Drake from his long rest turned again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

(4) *Homeward Bound*

Swiftly the great ship glides,
Her storms forgot, her weary watches past;
Northward she glides and through the enchanted haze
Faint on the verge her far hope dawns at last.

Through sunny mist a-glow,
Like noonday ghosts of summer moonshine gleam -
Soft as old sorrow, bright as old renown,
There lies the home of all our mortal dream.

(5) The Old ‘Superb’

The wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
The Straits before us opened wide and free;
We looked towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.
The French are gone to Martinique with four and twenty sail!
The Old ‘Superb’ is old and foul and slow,
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson’s on the trail.
And where he goes the Old ‘Superb’ must go!’
*So Westward ho! for Trinidad, and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And ‘Ship ahoy!’ a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.*

The Old ‘Superb’ was barnacled and green as grass below,
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was, and ne’er a week in port,
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,
For he never yet came in too late to fight.
So Westward ho! for Trinidad, ...

‘Now up, my lads,’ the Captain cried, ‘for sure the case were hard
If longest out were first to fall behind;
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind!’
So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
But every night the Old ‘Superb’ she sailed when others slept,
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest.
Oh, ‘twas Westward ho! for Trinidad, ...

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money, wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above, and sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love, What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are, You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”
Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl! how charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried: but what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away, for a year and a day, to the land where the Bong-Tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood with a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose, His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
 So they took it away, and were married next day by the Turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dined on mince, and slices of quince, which they ate with a runcible spoon;
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, they danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon, The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.



Edward Lear's illustration for this song

Wellerman

There once was a ship that put to sea,
 And the name of that ship was The Billy o' Tea,
 The winds blew hard, her bow dipped down;
 Blow, me bully boys, blow.

*Soon may the Wellerman come
 To bring us sugar and tea and rum
 One day, when the tonguin' is done
 We'll take our leave and go*

She had not been two weeks from shore
 When down on her a right whale bore.
 The captain called all hands and swore
 He'd take that whale in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

Before the boat had hit the water
 The whale's tail came up and caught her;
 All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her
 When she dived down below.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

No line was cut, no whale was freed,
 The captain's mind was not on greed,
 But he belonged to the Whaleman's creed,
 She took that ship in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

For forty days, or even more,
The line went slack then taut once more;
All boats were lost (there were only four)
But still that whale did go.

Soon may the Wellerman come...

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on,
The line's not cut, and the whale's not gone!
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all!

Soon may the Wellerman come

To bring us sugar and tea and rum

One day, when the tonguin' is done

We'll take our leave and go

Biographies

Daniel Tate baritone

Delighted to be rejoining Cherwell Singers after five years, baritone Daniel Tate can be heard performing regularly in concert and recital across the country. His recent recital programme of English Song from the time of the First World War was performed at Steinway Hall in New York, St Michael's Highgate in London, on three separate occasions in Oxford, and featured as the opening of a new Oxfordshire concert series initiative, the Akeman Concerts, set up to support musicians and country village churches as we emerge from the pandemic.

Daniel currently enjoys an active career in Oxford and London as a professional singer and director. He has sung with New College and Christ Church Cathedral choirs, and many distinguished choirs in London including BBC Singers, Westminster Cathedral, and St Paul's Cathedral. His bespoke vocal group Cantabulous perform regularly at the Oxford and Cambridge Club as the resident musical entertainment, curating unique programmes of music with interesting Oxbridge connections. Daniel is also a founding member of The Davey Consort, based in Dorchester-on-Thames, who sing 16th and 17th century sacred music alongside Gregorian chant.

Daniel also teaches singing, violin, and music theory at leading schools including Bruern Abbey School, and when not singing enjoys playing squash for the New College team and performing as the bass guitarist for the blues-funk band Reverend Blue.

Dónal McCann piano & organ

Originally from Belfast, Dónal read music at King's College, Cambridge, where he was an academic and organ scholar, and accompanied the choir in daily chapel services, as well as in recordings, broadcasts and extensive tours, including to America and Australia. Prior to this, Dónal was the Andrew Lloyd Webber Scholar at Eton College, where he gained the FRCO with the Limpus Prize, subsequently being nominated for the Silver Medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. The following year he won the inaugural Dame Gillian Weir Medal at the Northern Ireland International Organ Competition.

Dónal studied piano at the Royal Irish Academy of Music in Dublin, and organ with Professor Gerard Gillen at St Mary's Pro Cathedral. He has performed as a soloist with the Ulster Orchestra and the Academy of Ancient Music, and has given many recitals in the UK and abroad.

He is currently Assistant Organist at New College, Oxford.

James Brown conductor

James Brown was organ scholar of Girton College, Cambridge before doing further study of organ with Lionel Rogg at the Geneva Conservatoire, Switzerland. After two years as Guest Artist in Residence at the First United Methodist Church, Lubbock, Texas, USA, he returned to England where he was Organist of Dean Close School.

In 2006 James moved to Oxford where he is Organist of the historic University Church, and teaches organ at Abingdon and New College Schools as well as pursuing freelance work as an organist and pianist. He is also a tenor lay clerk in the choir of New College.

James has given recitals in the UK, USA, Belgium and Switzerland, and appeared on both BBC radio and television. He also performs solo classical piano recitals for Cunard, P&O, and Fred Olsen cruise lines.

James has been conducting the Cherwell Singers since 2007.

The Cherwell Singers

Soprano

Christy Callaway-Gale
Joanna Ferris
Janet Johnson
Ann Leggett
Vanessa Moir
Sreya Rao
Alice Stainer
Eve-Marie Wenger

Alto

Virginia Allport
Elizabeth Kreager
Wendy Morris
Anna Orłowska
Jo Poulton
Vanessa Sinclair

Tenor

Jack Lovell
David Read
Samuel Teague

Bass

Paul Hodges
Simon Jones
Simeon Mitchell

If you are interested in joining us, please contact James Brown at:
director@cherwellsingers.org

Next Concert

‘The Platinum Queen’

*Music associated with Elizabeth II,
with a glance back at Elizabeth I.*

Sunday, 26th June 2022
(venue to be announced)

Please visit our web site to learn more about the choir, and listen to some of our recordings online. Use the web form to register yourself on our email list, to ensure you receive notification and full details of future concerts.

www.cherwellsingers.org