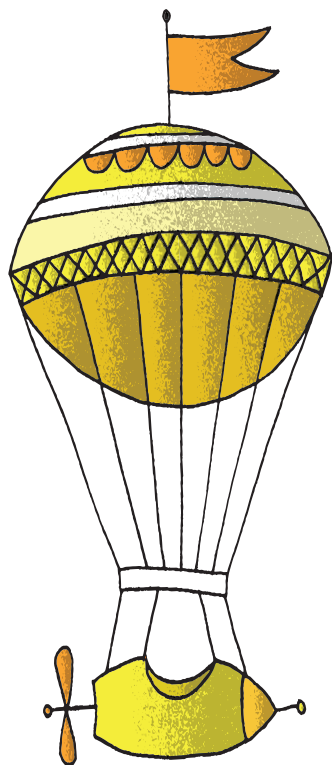


Headley Theatre Club presents

# Around the World in Twenty Songs



**Sunday 13 October**  
**Saturday 19 October**

**Headley Village Hall**



In aid of Village Hall drainage and car park fund

No passports required, dear audience, as we take you on an epic musical voyage across five continents. We start closer to home with a quick tour of England and the nightlife of Paris, before donning a fez in North Africa, checking out the birdlife in sultry Asia and dancing to the infectious rhythms of South America. We take in Vermont and Georgia in the good ol' US of A and even drop in on our friends down under.

What a wonderful world...

## **L'Ile inconnue (The Island Uncharted) from Les Nuits d'Ete (The Summer Nights)**

*Hector Berlioz 1803-1869*

*Poem by Theophile Gautier*

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!  
The oar is of ivory,  
The flag of silk,  
The rudder of pure gold;  
For ballast I have an orange,  
For sail an angel's wing,  
For cabin boy, a seraph.  
Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!  
Perhaps the Baltic,  
Or the Pacific  
Or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
To gather the snow flower  
Or the flower of Angsoka?  
Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
Take me, said the pretty maid,  
To the shore of faithfulness  
Where love endures forever.  
— That shore, my sweet,  
Is scarce known  
In the realm of love.  
Where is it you would go?  
The breeze is about to blow!

## **Extracts from 5 Betjeman Songs**

*Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)*

*Poems by John Betjeman*

### **A bay in Anglesey**

The sleepy sound of a tea-time tide  
Slaps at the rocks the sun has dried,  
Too lazy, almost, to sink and lift  
Round low peninsulas pink with thrift.

The water, enlarging shells and sand,  
Grows greener emerald out from land  
And brown over shadowy shelves below  
The waving forests of seaweed show.

Here at my feet in the short cliff grass  
Are shells, dried bladderwrack, broken glass,  
Pale blue squills and yellow rock roses.  
The next low ridge that we climb discloses

One more field for the sheep to graze  
While, scarcely seen on this hottest of days,  
Far to the eastward, over there,  
Snowdon rises in pearl-grey air.

Multiple lark-song, whispering bents,  
The thymy, turfy and salty scents  
And filling in, brimming in, sparkling and free  
The sweet susurrant of incoming sea.

### **Upper Lambourne**

Up the ash tree climbs the ivy,  
Up the ivy climbs the sun,  
With a twenty-thousand pattering,  
Has a valley breeze begun,  
Feathery ash, neglected elder,  
Shift the shade and make it run -

Shift the shade toward the nettles,  
And the nettles set it free,  
To streak the stained Carrara headstone,  
Where, in nineteen-twenty-three,  
He who trained a hundred winners,  
Paid the Final Entrance Fee.

Leathery limbs of Upper Lambourne,  
Leathery skin from sun and wind,  
Leathery breeches, spreading stables,  
Shining saddles left behind -  
To the down the string of horses  
Moving out of sight and mind.

Feathery ash in leathery Lambourne  
Waves above the sarsen stone,  
And Edwardian plantations  
So coniferously moan  
As to make the swelling downland,  
Far surrounding, seem their own.

## Three Portraits and a Ghost

*Music and words by Chris Cook*

### I. Chicken hanging blues

*I was lucky enough to know three of my grandparents.  
Joe, my maternal grandfather, was a Normandy veteran  
and, like most of the old soldiers on his estate, had built  
a magnificent chicken run. Every so often, one or two of  
the residents would have the unfortunate distinction of  
being earmarked for the following week's Sunday lunch.  
Presumably after much squawking and clucking, the  
recently dispatched birds were hung on the washing line to  
bleed as we carried on playing in the garden.*

Beside the old galvanised shanty  
Two downy spectres hang tied  
Their feet held up high in surrender  
Their wings stretching crucifix wide

Proud 'neath the cumulo-nimbus  
The warm feather chests of the fowls  
As that of the soldier who hung them to die  
On the washing line next to the towels

The blood of each scaly-legged martyr  
Like a crop from a crop so to sow  
Drips Rhode Island Red on the warm breathing earth  
Where the broad beans and onions grow

Not hung out of murderous motive  
Or to purge the sick soul of a sinner  
Nor fowl prejudice, no, nor prejudice foul  
Just the thought of a gravy-drenched dinner.

### II. Home time

*Hilariously funny, unstoppably busy and endearingly scatty,  
Dot, Joe's wife, was the life and soul of a party. I've tried to  
capture the essence of these qualities in the syncopated rhythms  
of the piano part. Like any self-respecting Cornishwomen, she  
could also make the most marvellous pasties and she'd often  
send us home with one each, after an evening spent playing on  
the council estate.*

A call that time is getting late  
And twilight borne on icy breeze  
Descends upon the grey estate  
Small soldiers jump from out of trees

Beneath the light beset by moths  
I take the laden baking sheet  
It's all cocooned in kitchen cloths  
My thumbs absorb the precious heat

A step for every chilling gust  
Who'll be the first one to partake  
Of meat, potato, turnip, crust  
As only one who knows could make.

### III. Flashes

*Queenie was my paternal grandmother. As a youngster, I  
once slept over at her house and there was the most terrific  
thunderstorm in the middle of the night. I was scared stiff,  
but Queenie came in to check that I was OK and such was her  
calming nature that we ended up watching the storm as if it  
were some magnificent firework display. I was too young to  
know Ernest, Queenie's husband, but I am told that he used  
to play the Moonlight Sonata on our beat-up old piano. The  
rhythm of the Moonlight is reflected in the piano part so that,  
although he is not referred to in the words, he haunts the fabric  
of the music.*

How can you not remember?  
Watching in wonder  
Our innocence silhouetted  
As the summer lightning lit the glen

## A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

*Manning Sherwin (1902-1974)*

*Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz*

## Les Chemins de l'amour

*Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)*

*Words, Jean Anouilh*

The paths that lead to the ocean  
Have retained from our passing  
The flowers that shed their petals  
And the echo beneath the trees  
Of our clear laughter.  
Alas! no trace of those happy days,  
Those radiant joys now flown,  
Can I find again  
In my heart.  
Paths of my love,  
I search for you ceaselessly,  
Lost paths, you are no more  
And your echoes are muted.  
Paths of despair,  
Paths of memory,  
Paths of our first day,  
Divine paths of love.  
If one day I must forget,  
Since life obliterates everything,  
I wish for my heart to remember one thing,  
More vivid than the other love,  
To remember the path  
Where trembling and quite distracted,  
I one day felt upon me, your burning hands.  
Paths of my love...

## Moonlight in Vermont

*George Gershwin (1898-1937)*

*Arranged by Paul Webster*

*Lyrics by Clifford Grey*

## The Dolls Song (La chanson d'Olympia" - Olympia's Song, from Act I of the French opera, Les Contes d'Hoffmann [The tales of Hoffmann])

*Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)*

*Words Jules Barbier.*

The birds in the hedges,  
The star of daylight in the sky,  
Everything speaks to a young girl of love!  
This is the sweet song,  
The song of Olympia! Ah!

Everything that sings and sounds  
And sighs, in its turn,  
Moves her heart, which trembles with love!  
Ah! This is the darling song,  
The song of Olympia! Ah!

## Sous les ponts de Paris

*Vincent Scotto (1874-1952)*

*French words by J Dorod, English words Dorcas  
Cochran*

### *Chorus—please join in!*

How would you like to be,  
Down by the Seine with me?  
Oh, what I'd give for a moment or two,  
Under the bridges of Paris with you.  
Darling I'd hold you tight,  
Far from the eyes of night.  
Under the bridges of Paris with you,  
I'd make your dreams come true.

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## INTERVAL

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**Then the journey continues** with styles  
and rhythms from across the globe...

# Your performers...

## **Clare Loosley, soprano**

Clare began honing her vocal talents at the age of 15 and, since then, has embraced a considerable breadth of musical styles. Ten years in the BBC Symphony Chorus resulted in appearances with many of the world's top artists, culminating in solo parts on a recording of Bernstein's Chichester Psalms and at a Proms premiere that was broadcast live on Radio 3. Other solo performances include Handel's Messiah, the Requiems of Mozart, Brahms and Verdi, Orff's Carmina Burana, Poulenc's Gloria, Rossini's Petit Messe Solennelle and Bach's St John's and St Matthew Passions. A masterclass with Barbara Bonney gave Clare the opportunity to sing to a packed Wigmore Hall. Clare has also performed a number of solo recitals, specialising in French and American music of the 19th and 20th centuries.

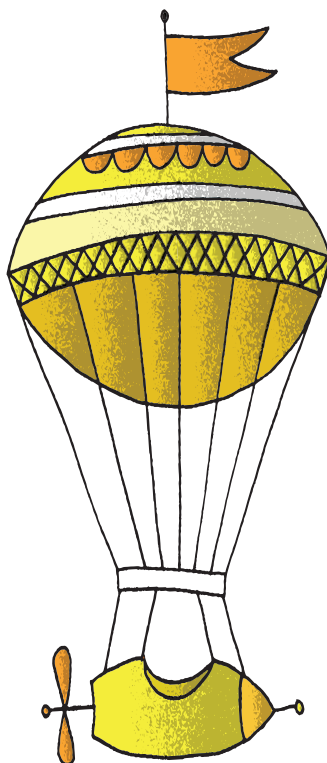
Clare currently sings with London based choirs Gloriana and Londinium and earlier this year sang a solo on Radio 3 when Londinium appeared on 'In Tune'.

## **Paul Webster, piano**

Paul Webster studied music at St.Catharine's College, Cambridge, and Piano Accompaniment at London's Guildhall School of Music & Drama. Since then, he has pursued a career of rich diversity as festival director, conductor and chorus master, repetiteur, vocal coach and accompanist, composer, arranger, and teacher of composition. He has worked as repetiteur at Kent Opera, Opéra Bastille in Paris, and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. Since 1998 he has been principal accompanist to the BBC Symphony Chorus. He has also enjoyed a long and fruitful association with the London Suzuki Group, for whom he has written a number of pieces; and Morley College, where he conducted the College Choir - once conducted by Holst and Tippett - has taught composition, and continues to accompany vocal classes. As a solo vocal accompanist, he has devised recital programmes on a wide variety of subjects, ranging from the collection at Dulwich Picture Gallery, through biographical portraits of Thomas Hardy and Gerald Finzi, to cabaret and after-dinner entertainments. For such programmes he has produced many arrangements of "standards", some of which you will hear today.

## Chris Cook, guitar and composition

Chris composes in a variety of genres including jazz, pop, classical and comedy. He is largely self-taught, but his musical horizons were significantly broadened after some private coaching from Dr David Ibbett, formerly of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Many of his classical compositions are inspired by and written for his wife, soprano Clare Loosley, and in 2018 his piece for soprano soloist and ladies' choir, Starsong, was premiered at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square in London. In 2004 his musical 'The Christmas Show' was staged for two nights at LSO St Luke's. One of his proudest achievements is setting football's offside rule to music in a song called What Every Girl Should Know, a video of which is available on YouTube under the name of Ball Girl (Clare again!).



# Save our village hall



We hope you are enjoying this event. Headley Village Hall Trustees are raising funds for an ambitious plan of drainage and car park improvements.



The Trustees need to restore part of the Hall's damp course and to protect the Hall from water run-off from the village green. They need to clear some soakaways and to fit new drainage channels. This means digging up big parts of the car park and then re-laying them.



The Hall is a charity, owned and run by the village on behalf of all the parishioners of Headley. It will need to raise a large amount of money for these improvements. The Trustees can supply some of the funds but will need to raise more through fundraising and they hope to get some from local grants.

"Around the World in Twenty Songs" is being held as part of the fundraising. It is being jointly run by Headley Theatre Club in collaboration with Clare Loosley, Paul Webster and Chris Cook, ("Flying Machine") and all profits will go towards Headley Village Hall Drainage and Car Park Improvement Fund.

The Trustees keep their charges low so that as many villagers can use the Hall as possible. The income from those keep the Hall ticking over, but big projects like the drainage improvements need extra cash.

The car park itself is used by everyone who uses the village green - not just those using the Hall. People might think that it is a public car park, provided and paid for by the council. In fact, the Hall, and the space around it, was gifted to the parish by the McAndrew family in 1925.

The Hall will be 100 years old in a few years time and the work is to ensure that it lasts a good few years more.