

Festive Fancies

Saturday 26th July 2014 at Buxton Methodist Church

Programme Supplement

Giving the words of the choral pieces where they were not included in the main programme.

Welcome & Safety Announcement

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to our concert. Please pay attention to our Safety Announcement. Are you sitting comfortably? Then we'll begin.

In the event of an emergency such as fire; or the collapse of the ceiling, please keep calm and follow instructions: do not panic! there's no cause for alarm! Always leave in an orderly manner

Where are the exits? The principal exit is there (it's behind you). There's one over there (it goes to the lobby). There's another one there. There, there and there!

And now for the facilities: there are two, both unisex. There's one there; there's one there. There and There.

Finally, please switch off your mobile phones.

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O'er it as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.
The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught its image as it flew.

Basin Street Blues

Won't you come along with me,
To the Mississippi
We'll take a boat to the land of dreams
Steam down the river, down to New Orleans
The bands there to meet us,
Old friends to greet us
Where all my friends and my neighbours meet,
This is where we meet, this is Basin Street.

Basin Street is the street
Where elite people meet
In New Orleans, land of dreams.
You'll never know how nice it seems
Or just how much it really means
Glad to be, yes siree,
Where welcome's free, dear to me
Where I can lose my Basin Street blues

The Story of the Jumblies

Narrative no. 1 – The Book

Tenor

What is this book? Why have I got this book? Perhaps it was a present? Let's see, Ah yes! Ah yes!
Let's see what it's about. Ah! Pictures; poems; it's all nonsense! nonsense! Listen to this:

There was an Old Man of Whitehaven
Who danced a quadrille with a Raven
But they said "It's absurd to encourage this bird!"
So they smashed that Old Man of Whitehaven.

Well, I don't know: let's find another one.

There was an Old Man with a gong,
Who bumped at it all the day long;
But they call'd out "O lore! you're a horrid old bore;"
So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.

Well, I don't know, I don't know, they certainly like smashing people. (I wonder who "they" are!)
Let's see, let's see now: there must be something nicer. Ah yes! Ah yes! Here's a rhyme I know: The
Owl & the Pussy Cat can anybody sing it?

Soprano

Ah yes! Ah yes! but I can sing the Stravinsky.

Choir (spoken)

The Stravinsky??

Soprano

Ah yes! Ah yes! What's wrong with Stravinsky?

The Owl and the PussyCat

The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea
In a beautiful peagreen 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 Bongtree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggywig 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.

Narrative no. 2 – The Author

Tenor

But I forgot my apologies I forgot to tell you the author.

Choir

The author's name is Edward Lear.

[Here follows "How pleasant to know Mr Lear"]

Narrative no. 3 – Preamble to The Jumblies

Tenor

Ladies and Gentlemen, we'd like to tell you a story: of courage, and endeavour, and success. The Jumblies undertook a hazardous journey, against all the advice of their friends. Their equipment was substandard, but they improvised making use of what they had, and they kept up their spirits with music. And this is their story.

[Here follows "The Jumblies"]

Narrative no. 4 – Preamble to The Dong

Tenor

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have heard the Jumblies' story: a happy tale, a saga of success, a silver lined sojourn. But behind every silver lining lies a cloud! Ah! the Dong, falling in love with a Jumbly girl, with her skyblue hands, and her seagreen hair. Loss Despair, and Madness. I'll say no more. Here is our tale.

[Here follows "The Dong"]