

'Somme, Day 122: do birds still sing?'

Adagio for Strings, by Samuel Barber (CD playing on entry)

Barber wrote this adagio in 1936 originally as the second movement of a string quartet but it became one of the most popularly emotive classical pieces of music after it was first performed as a stand-alone piece in November 1938. At this time trouble was again brewing in Europe and the 'war to end all wars' was horrifyingly about to become the First of World Wars.

Before Action

By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison
By that last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done,
By beauty lavishly outpoured
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing;
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his,
By all his mad catastrophes
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this; -
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

William Noel Hodgson, (1893 - 1916)

- was killed on the first day of the Battle of the Somme. This poem was published two days before he died. Knowing as he did the positions of the opposing machine gun, his knowledge appears to foretell his own death, hence the acknowledgement and prayer throughout the piece.

Rain Song – Processional

Using this non-vocal piece as a processional introtit we hope to evoke something of the terrible rain that marked the Somme with extra notoriety and awfulness, and in a simple way pay homage to all those who suffered.

Dawn on the Somme

Last night rain fell over the scarred plateau
And now from the dark horizon, dazzling, flies
Arrow on fire-plumed arrow to the skies
Shot from the bright arc of Apollo's bow;
And from the wild and writhen waste below,
From flashing pools and mounds lit one by one,

O is it mist or are these companies
Of morning heroes who arise, arise
With thrusting arms, with limbs and hair aglow
Toward the risen god, upon whose brow
Burns the gold laurel of all victories,
Hero and hero's god, th' invincible Sun?

Robert Nichols (1893-1944)

Robert Nichols also fought on the Somme, suffering shell shock at the end of 1916. He lived on, writing prose and poetry, until nearly the end of the Second War, a life book-ended by war.

The Silver Swan by Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
"Farewell, all joys; Oh death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

Gibbons wrote this madrigal in about 1611, possibly to a text of his own making. In it he presents the legend that swans sing only once, and that just before they die. It is not hard to equate this to the transient flowering of so many poet soldiers in the Great War, and even more simply in this context, to the last moments of life as death approaches by one of the horrid means of war.

Matthew Copse

Once in thy secret close, now almost bare,
Peace yielded up her bountiful largess;
The dawn dropp'd sunshine thro' thy leafy dress;
The sunset bathed thy glade with beauty rare.

Spring once wove here her tapestry of flowers,
The primrose sweet, the errant celandine;
The blue-bell and the wild rose that doth twine
Its beauty 'round the laughing summer hours.

Here lovers stole unseen at deep'ning eve,
High-tide within their hearts, love in their eyes,

And told a tale whose magic never dies
That only they who love can quite believe.

Now 'mid thy splinter'd trees the great shells crash,
The subterranean mines thy deeps divide;
And men from Death and Terror there do hide -
Hide in thy caves from shrapnel's deadly splash.
Yet 'mid thy ruins, shrine now desolate,
The Spring breaks thro' and visions many a spot
With promise of the wild-rose - tho' belate -
And the eternal blue forget-me-not.

So Nature flourishes amid decay,
Defiant of the fate that laid her low;
So Man in triumph scorning Death below
Visions the springtide of a purer day:

Dreams of the day when rampant there will rise
The flowers of Truth and Freedom from the blood

Of noble youth who died; when there will bud
The flower of Love from human sacrifice.

There by the fallen youth, where heroes lie,
Close by each simple cross the flowers will spring,
The *bonnes enfants* will wander in Spring,
And lovers dream those dreams that never die.

John W. Streets 1883-1916

Another casualty of the first day of the Somme, John Streets' body lay unrecovered and missing in No Man's Land until the land was recrossed in May 1917 when he was found. In the same month a collection of his war poetry was published entitled 'The Undying Splendour'.

Les Fleurs et les Arbres, by Saint-Saëns

The flowers and the trees, the bronzes, the marbles, the golds, the enamels,
the sea, the springs, the mountains and the plains console our pains.
Eternal Nature, you seem more beautiful to a heart in sorrow,
and art reigns over us, its flame illuminates the laughter and the tears.

Set to music by Saint-Saëns in the 1880's to an anonymous text, this short piece contrasts with the brutal images often portrayed in the poetry of and about war, but shows perhaps what was being fought for and expresses consolation in the horror and sorrow of the seemingly endless conflict.

Break of Day in the Trenches

The darkness crumbles away.
It is the same old druid Time as ever,
Only a live thing leaps my hand,
A queer sardonic rat,
As I pull the parapet's poppy
To stick behind my ear.
Droll rat, they would shoot you if they knew
Your cosmopolitan sympathies.
Now you have touched this English hand
You will do the same to a German
Soon, no doubt, if it be your pleasure
To cross the sleeping green between.
It seems you inwardly grin as you pass

Strong eyes, fine limbs, haughty athletes,
Less chanced than you for life,
Bonds to the whims of murder,
Sprawled in the bowels of the earth,
The torn fields of France.
What do you see in our eyes
At the shrieking iron and flame
Hurled through still heavens?
What quaver—what heart aghast?
Poppies whose roots are in man's veins
Drop, and are ever dropping;
But mine in my ear is safe—
Just a little white with the dust.

Isaac Rosenberg 1890-1918

Equally a painter as poet, Rosenberg found in the latter part of his short life the economy that would have marked a longer career with distinction. Earlier he thought that poetry was to address 'large' matters of importance, but later found that a simple 'poppy in the trenches or a louse in a soldier's shirt', were matter enough. He suffered fighting right through from 1915, including the Somme, to his end in April of 1918.

The Blue Bird by Stanford

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 his image as he flew.

←— In 1910 the well-respected composer, conductor and teacher, Charles Stanford set to music this simple poem by Mary Coleridge. She had died in 1907 so never heard this popular choral setting. In crashing contrast to this serene song came the years of 1914 -18, which had a severe effect on Stanford. Air raids on London terrified him, and many of his former pupils were casualties of the fighting in France, including Arthur Bliss who was injured, Ivor Gurney who was gassed, and George Butterworth who was killed.

from At the Somme: The Song of the Mud

This is the song of the mud,
The pale yellow glistening mud that covers the hills like satin;
The grey gleaming silvery mud that is spread like enamel over
the valleys;

The frothing, squirting, spurting, liquid mud that gurgles along
the road beds;
The thick elastic mud that is kneaded and pounded and squeezed
under the hoofs of the horses;

The invincible, inexhaustible mud of the war zone.

This is the song of the mud, the uniform of the poilu.
His coat is of mud, his great dragging flapping coat, that is too big for him and too heavy;
His coat that once was blue and now is grey and stiff with the mud that cakes to it.
This is the mud that clothes him. His trousers and boots are of mud,
And his skin is of mud;
And there is mud in his beard.
His head is crowned with a helmet of mud.
He wears it well.
He wears it as a king wears the ermine that bores him.
He has set a new style in clothing;
He has introduced the chic of mud.

This is the song of the mud that wriggles its way into battle.
The impertinent, the intrusive, the ubiquitous, the unwelcome,
The slimy inveterate nuisance,
That fills the trenches,
That mixes in with the food of the soldiers,
That spoils the working of motors and crawls into their secret parts,
That spreads itself over the guns,
That sucks the guns down and holds them fast in its slimy voluminous lips,
That has no respect for destruction and muzzles the bursting shells;
And slowly, softly, easily,
Soaks up the fire, the noise; soaks up the energy and the

courage;
Soaks up the power of armies;
Soaks up the battle.
Just soaks it up and thus stops it.

This is the hymn of mud-the obscene, the filthy, the putrid,
The vast liquid grave of our armies. It has drowned our men.
Its monstrous distended belly reeks with the undigested dead.
Our men have gone into it, sinking slowly, and struggling and slowly disappearing.
Our fine men, our brave, strong, young men;
Our glowing red, shouting, brawny men.
Slowly, inch by inch, they have gone down into it,
Into its darkness, its thickness, its silence.
Slowly, irresistibly, it drew them down, sucked them down,
And they were drowned in thick, bitter, heaving mud.
Now it hides them, Oh, so many of them!
Under its smooth glistening surface it is hiding them blandly.
There is not a trace of them.
There is no mark where they went down.
The mute enormous mouth of the mud has closed over them.

This is the song of the mud,
The beautiful glistening golden mud that covers the hills like satin;
The mysterious gleaming silvery mud that is spread like enamel over the valleys.
Mud, the disguise of the war zone;
Mud, the mantle of battles;
Mud, the smooth fluid grave of our soldiers:
This is the song of the mud.

Mary Borden 1886-1968

Mary Borden was wealthy and intelligent with a mind of her own, and a writer. She not only funded a front line mobile hospital for the French Army at the start of the war, but was fully involved in its running, earning medals for bravery under fire, and subsequently the biggest military hospital during the battle of the Somme where she experienced at first hand the ghastliness of the annihilating environment. During the second World War she exhibited similar enterprise and bravery. The 'poilu' in this poem is the French equivalent of the British 'Tommy', hence the difference in uniform colour - at least before the equalising, indiscriminating coating of mud.

Farewell to Stromness Peter Maxwell Davies Piano solo: David Battersby

A Lancashire lad turned Orcadian in the 1970's, Maxwell-Davies was an environmentalist and protester against injustices. Opposed to the Iraq war of 2003 he participated in a march on Parliament. This elegiac 'chanson triste' was originally part of a suite written in the 1970's portraying the leave-taking of residents of Stromness should they have to leave their homes due to the destruction and pollution that would ensue if the proposal to mine uranium was to go ahead. A child during the Second World War, he died in this centennial year of the Somme.

Rain, midnight rain, nothing but the wild rain
On this bleak hut, and solitude, and me
Remembering again that I shall die
And neither hear the rain nor give it thanks
For washing me cleaner than I have been
Since I was born into solitude.
Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon:
But here I pray that none whom once I loved
Is dying tonight or lying still awake

Rain

Solitary, listening to the rain,
Either in pain or thus in sympathy
Helpless among the living and the dead,
Like a cold water among broken reeds,
Myriads of broken reeds all still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain
Has not dissolved except the love of death,
If love it be towards what is perfect and
Cannot, the tempest tells me, disappoint.

Edward Thomas

Edward Thomas (3 March 1878 - 9 April 1917) was a prolific reviewer and writer of novels and essays before the outbreak of World

War One— a man drawn to the beauty of the English countryside, who found in nature and rural life a source of deep inspiration for his work. He is considered a war poet, although few of his poems deal directly with his war experiences, being written before he joined up, and largely due to the encouragement of his friend the poet Robert Frost. Later in 1915, he enlisted in the army. In April 1917 he was killed in action during the Battle of Arras in 1917, shortly after he arrived in France.

Waste Words: G.A.Studdert-Kennedy, Music: Wendy Randall

Waste of Muscle, waste of Brain,
 Waste of Patience, waste of Pain,
 Waste of Manhood, waste of Health,
 Waste of Beauty, waste of Wealth,
 Waste of Blood, and waste of Tears,
 Waste of Youth's most precious years,
 Waste of ways the Saints have trod,
 Waste of Glory, waste of God, - War!

Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy, MC (1883-1929), was an Anglican priest and poet. He was proud of his nickname 'Woodbine Willie' given him by the soldiers to whom he gave Woodbine cigarettes along with spiritual care as they lay injured or dying in the First World War. - a more acceptable last rite then than now. He was awarded the Military Cross for his compassionate role in the war. His citation read:

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He showed the greatest courage and disregard for his own safety in attending to the wounded under heavy fire. He searched shell holes for our own and enemy wounded, assisting them to the dressing station, and his cheerfulness and endurance had a splendid effect upon all ranks in the front line trenches, which he constantly visited.

He died of exhaustion in 1929.

A Soldier's Cemetery

Behind that long and lonely trenched line
 To which men come and go, where brave men die,
 There is a yet unmarked and unknown shrine,
 A broken plot, a soldier's cemetery.

There lie the flower of youth, the men who scorn'd
 To live (so died) when languished Liberty:
 Across their graves flowerless and unadorned
 Still scream the shells of each artillery.

When war shall cease this lonely unknown spot
 Of many a pilgrimage will be the end,
 And flowers will shine in this now barren plot
 And fame upon it through the years descend:
 But many a heart upon each simple cross
 Will hang the grief, the memory of its loss.

John William Streets

A second poem by John Streets. This he wrote of his poetry to the publisher Galloway Kyle: "They were inspired while I was in the trenches, where I have been so busy I have had little time to polish them. I have tried to picture some thoughts that pass through a man's brain when he dies. I may not see the end of the poems, but I hope to live to do so. We soldiers have our views of life to express, though the boom of death is in our ears. We try to convey something of what we feel in this great conflict to those who think of us, and sometimes, alas! Mourn our loss."

Ah, Poor Bird, We Wept. arr. Wendy Randall

Ah, poor bird, take thy flight far above the shadows of this dark night.
 /By the waters of Babylon we lay down and wept for thee, Zion. We remember thee, Zion.

Two early English rounds are modified and combined here, the first 'Ah Poor Bird' being an anonymous Elizabethan tune, and the second, 'By the Waters of Babylon', is a 18th century tune by Philip Hayes, with words from Psalm 137. Here they sing of both hope and sorrow.

In Memoriam

So you were David's father,
 And he was your only son,
 And the new-cut peats are rotting
 And the work is left undone,
 Because of an old man weeping,
 Just an old man in pain,
 For David, his son David,
 That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,
 And I can see them still,

Not a word of the fighting,
 But just the sheep on the hill
 And how you should get the crops in
 Ere the year get stormier,
 And the Bosches have got his body,
 And I was his officer.

You were only David's father,
 But I had fifty sons
 When we went up in the evening
 Under the arch of the guns,

And we came back at twilight -
 O God! I heard them call
 To me for help and pity
 That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,
 My men that trusted me,
 More my sons than your fathers',
 For they could only see
 The little helpless babies
 And the young men in their pride.

They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,

They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,

They screamed "Don't leave me, sir",
For they were only your fathers
But I was your officer.

Ewart Alan Mackintosh 1893-1917

for Private David Sutherland who died at the end of the night, Dawn 17th May, 1916. He has no known grave. Lt Mackintosh was the junior officer in command of the nineteen year old David at the time, and would have become acquainted with him through his censorship duty of outgoing letters from his men. Mackintosh was killed in action 21st November 1917 aged 24

Memorial Ground, David Lang

Memorial Ground has been composed by David Lang particularly to mark the centenary of the Battle of the Somme. It was a battle that lasted 21 weeks, and in that time more than 1.1 million people from all over the world were killed or wounded. To try to respond to the immensity and meaning of this loss is almost impossible - no one text or piece of music can really do so but by creating a piece that allows individuals or communities to include a response of their own, Lang opens the form to customisation. The length and breadth of it can vary from a few minutes to much longer depending on each choir or group's input. Many choirs are singing it at this time of remembrance. The title, 'Memorial Ground' has a double meaning, referring to the battlefield itself and also to the 'ground' in music which is a repetitive chord sequence on top of which are added extra lines. (Pachelbel's Canon is one well known such ground.) Lang has taken that idea and created his 'hymn tune' which can be repeated as hymn tunes are, and into which are slotted names of friends, relatives and local people known to us from the Memorial roll call read every year on Armistice Day, and our choir's own histories.

War Photographer

In his dark room he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands, which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black and white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between the bath and pre-lunch beers.
From the aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns his living and they do not care.

Carole-Anne Duffy

This poem by Duffy, born in 1955, comes from her friendship in the mid 1980's with Don McCullin and Philip Jones Griffiths, two well-respected photographers who specialised in war photography. The photographer in the poem is anonymous, as are most victims of war: they are each just one of the faceless, nameless masses. Only their families mourn them by name. The war to end all wars did not.

Under the Neem Trees Words and Music: John Campbell

Gently drifting down from Neem trees,
Lamplit leaves of finest gold:
Softly falling flakes of silence,
Silken carpet earth enfold.
Slender pillared sylvan palace,
Hallowed halls walled with dark night;
Vaulted high celestial ceiling,
Bright with shimmering silver light.

Comes the dawn, the light is shattered;
Strikes the fierce sun golden floor;
Glaring heat and blinding brightness
Dries to dust brown earth once more.
Roof is bare, arched vaults are open;
Only branching ribs remain;
Golden tapestries are faded;
Halls are empty, call in vain.

← This little song written by John Campbell in 2007 is from a time when he lived in Saudi Arabia. It describes some of the atmospheric and evocative beauty of the Neem tree. This mighty tree is not only beautiful in all seasons, but also almost every part of it is useful, in particular for its healing properties. Now, no less than any other time in history, surely we have need of a tree both practically and allegorically, whose 'leaves are for the healing of the nations'.

In Memoriam (Easter, 1915)

The flowers left thick at nightfall in the wood
This Eastertide call into mind the men,
Now far from home, who, with their sweethearts, should
Have gathered them and will do never again.

Edward Thomas

'In Memoriam (Easter 1915)' is a short poem of reflection: the presence of flowers in a wood prompt mourning for a richer and happier world, lost forever because of the war. Two years later Edward Thomas would be dead. In memoriam.

A Brown Bird Singing Words: Royden Barrie, Music: Haydn Wood

All through the night there's a little brown bird singing,
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.
Would that his song through the stillness could go winging,
Could go a-winging to you,
To you.

All through the night-time my lonely heart is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,
Could go a-winging to you,
To you.

Rodney Bennett, (father of Richard Rodney Bennett), wrote the lyrics of this ballad under his pseudonym of Royden Barrie. He persuaded the composer Haydn Wood to set it to music. It was published in 1922 and gained instant success. The words deliberately echoed something of Wood's 1916 song 'Roses of Picardy' which quickly became popular throughout Britain and in the trenches, selling at a rate of 50,000 copies of the sheet music per month. Following the war it was found that the singing of the song helped soldiers who were suffering from shell-shock to regain their speech, a phenomenon of the power of music that has been much researched since. To the war-weary and still grieving British public of 1922 the words of this later song evoked gentler times, and could convey their emotions to loved ones both living and no more.

Futility

Move him into the sun, -
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds, -
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved, - still warm, - too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

Wilfred Owen 1893 – 1918

Wilfred Owen, a name synonymous with the poetry of this war, lived his whole brief adult life in the War - from first whistle over the top of a trench, comrades beside him suddenly falling, wounded, fighting, hungry, tired, dirty, cold, wet, hot, frightened, appalled, relieved, exhilarated, horror-stricken, shell-shocked, hospitalised, sent back to the hideousness of the trenches, and over and over again the frontline dance of and between life and death, his own end arriving in the week before the armistice was announced. In this brief elegy for one dead, the natural warmth and fertility of a kind creation - sun and earth, are contrasted with the feeling of life wasted, made futile by death as premature as his own was to be.

For the Beauty of the Earth, Music by John Rutter

For the beauty of the earth
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heav'n.
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This our joyful hymn of praise.

← Text by Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, - a name to rejoice in, but in fact he rejoiced in the beauty of the West Country landscape in which he lived and translated his feelings into poetry. These few verses set to music by John Rutter in 1978 are only a few of the original hymn which was written more than a hundred years before. Pierpoint died in his 80's, in 1917, the Somme over, but the war grinding devastatingly on. We sing this at the end to bring us back to, and remind us of, the peace, love and beauty that surely is the birthright of every person worldwide.

Rain Song – Recessional

Adagio in G minor for Strings and Organ, Albinoni (CD playing on departure).

The true authorship and origin of this well known piece is shrouded in mystery but has become inextricably associated with war though in its effect is very peaceful and soothing. A fragment of the manuscript was purported to have been found in the ruins of Dresden after the bombing of the Second World War, and then reconstructed to this form by the musicologist who 'found' it. This may well be a complete fiction, nonetheless it is familiar to us through use in many events and on screen, but most pertinently to this WW1 memorial concert, by its use as background music in the 1981 film 'Gallipoli', another catastrophic battle in the War.

We ask that you enter this building and concert in silence, to appreciate the exhibits and atmospheric music before taking your seats by 2.30 when the first poem will be read and the choir enter. To maintain the particular atmosphere we are creating we ask kindly that you refrain from any traditional applause, keep page turning to a minimum though you can enjoy all the words in the programme at your leisure later. Please do join us all for teatime refreshments in the Village Hall across the road, following the choir from the church at the end.

We also thank you for your donations in memory of Maureen and Adrian Runswick, to be shared between British Heart Foundation and Northwest Air Ambulance

Staveley Choral Society

Soprano: Patricia Barnicott, Liz Blaney, Helen Collinson, Jayne Davies, Tina Douglas,
→ Ruby Embling, Zoë Gibson, Elaine Middleton, Barbara Mitchell, Margaret Mitchinson,
→ Katherine Morris, Jenny O'Donovan, Lindy Priestley, Laura Skinns, Jean Slack, Marie Slater,
→ Connie Taylor, Irene Wallace, Georgina Walker, Viv West, Patricia White,
→ Christine Whittaker, Elaine Wilkinson

Alto: Jean Acker, Judith Bartlett, Beryl Blasdale, Liz Bingham, Barbara Colley, Phyl Dixon,
Margaret Farhall, Connie Francis, Linda Harrison, Annie Park, Christine Parker,
Liz Shapland, Vickie Thompson

Tenor: Ben Goodman, John Hiley, John Parker, David Telford-Reed

Bass: Dick Forsyth, Duncan Hamer, Andrew Jarvis, Bernard Rushton,
Neil Scott, Paul Slater, Charles White, Brian Whittaker

Piano: David Battersby

Musical Director: Wendy Randall

Reader: Robert Dew

Lighting and Sound: Tony Blaney

Installation Artefacts: Sprint Mill

Stewards: Ian and Linda Durrell

Teas: SCS members, and St. Anne's Church members.

If you would like to sing with Staveley Choral Society,
we would be delighted to welcome you:
we rehearse on Monday evenings 19.15 – 20.45 in Staveley Village Institute.
Watch the parish magazine and other publicity for details and SCS news.
You are also welcome to contact SCS Musical Director, Wendy Randall, on 821524

Christmas Concert - 'Winter in the Garden' - Monday December 12th 7.30pm

IN STAVELEY VILLAGE HALL