

## PROJECT CHOIR INFORMATION

JULY 2020 (1.1)

### PLATFORM

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The group will be using [Zoom](#). Click on the link below or copy into your browser for access.

*[the link has expired and is no longer active]*

Alternatively, you can enter the meeting ID and passcode.

The choir may investigate other platforms but this will be notified to members in advance.

### SCHEDULE

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<b>Friday 24 July</b>	<b>19:15 – 20:15</b>
<b>Tuesday 28 July</b>	<b>20:00 – 21:00</b>
<b>Thursday 6 August</b>	<b>18:30 – 19:30</b>
<b>Friday 14 August</b>	<b>19:15 – 20:15</b>
<b>Tuesday 18 August</b>	<b>20:00 – 21:00</b>
<b>Monday 24 August</b>	<b>18:30 – 19:30</b>

Because of the differing days and times, those signed up to the mailing list will receive an email reminder the day before.

Participants are free to attend as much (or as little!) as they want. Because of this drop-in, drop-out policy, there is no need to send apologies if you can't make a session or have to leave early, etc.

### APPROACH

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The primary aim of the group is to ascertain best practice in online choral environments. To do this, we will explore a wide range of repertoire (see below), experiment with performance traditions, and allow individual voices to slowly – and carefully – ‘warm back’ into regular singing.

Along the way, participants will be asked to give their honest feedback on a variety of issues. This will be done through in-session polls and will be completely anonymous.

## REPERTOIRE

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'Caro mio ben', attributed to Tommaso Giordani

'Someone is Sending Me Flowers' from *Sarah's Encores*, Sheldon Harnick and David Baker

'An die Musik', Franz Schubert

'The Spanish Lady', arranged by Herbert Hughes

'Když mne stará matka' from *Cigánské melodie (Gypsy Songs)*, Dvořák

'The Gartan Mother's Lullaby', arranged by Herbert Hughes

'I wish you bliss' from *Five Songs*, Erich Korngold

'Fly home, little heart' from *King's Rhapsody*, Ivor Novello

## CONTACT

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Tom Doyle

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# Caro mio ben

Tomasso Giordani

Voice


**Larghetto**

**3** ***p***



Ca - ro mio ben, cre - di mi al men, sen - za di

7



te lan - gui - sce il cor, - ca - ro mio ben, sen - za di te lan - gui - sce il

12

***p*** ***f***



cor. Il tuo fe - del so spi - ra og nor. Ces - sa, cru del, tan - to ri -

18

***f*** **rit.** **a tempo** ***ppp***



gor! Ces - sa cru - del, tan - to ri - gor, - tan - to ri - gor! Ca - ro mio ben, cre - di mi al

23


***mf*** ***p*** ***cresc.***



men, sen - za di te lan - gui - sce il cor, ca - ro mio ben, cre - di mi al

27

***più cresc.*** ***f*** ***p*** **rit.** **2**



men, sen - za di te lan - gui - sce il cor.


# Someone is Sending Me Flowers

Sheldon Harnick and David Baker

Voice

**Briskly**  
3

*grazioso*




Some-one is sen-ding me flo-wers, Oh what a sweet thing to

8




do. Ev-ery new day brings a - no-ther bou-quet, But I don't know who to say

12 **rall.** **a tempo**



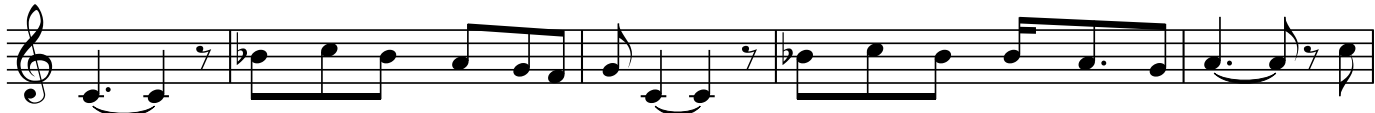
thank-you to. Some-times they come through my win-dow, Then down at the chim-ney they

16



fall. Some-times at night when I turn out the light, They come thro' a crack in the

20



wall. Now that my house is a gar-den\_ Burs-ting with blos-soms and blooms, I

25



stand there for hours Ad-mi-ring my flowers; I'd like to sit down but there just is n't room.

29



Some-one is sen-ding me flo - wers, More than I e-ver have had. Re -

33 **rit.** **a tempo** **rit.** **Come prima**



mar-ka-ble stuff, But e nough is e-nough, If I see a-no-ther bou-quet\_ I'll go mad.\_

38 **Meno mosso** **Freely**

They star-ted by sen-ding me blue-bells, \_

43

Odd-ly e-nough, they were grey. \_ Each fa ded bloom had a nas-ty per-fume, Be-

47 **rall.** **a tempo**

sides be-ing grey, they were pa-per mâ-ché. Next came a gar-land of fun-gus, \_

51

Then, as a Tro-pi-cal Treat, \_ They sent me a plant that pro-ceed-ed to pant, And

55 *con sentimento*

la ter be-gan to eat meat. The Cac-tus Cor-sage touched me deep-ly, \_ A

59 *ten. <*

beau-ti-ful plant in its prime. \_ I felt just the same when the Rock Gar-den came

63 **a tempo**

one rock at a time: \_ Some-bo-dy mad-ly a-dores me, \_ I know not who it can

68 **rit.** **Stringendo molto** **, a tempo**

be. \_ Since I can-not af-ford to be mad-ly a-dored, I

71 **rall.** **Come prima**

do wish they'd stop sen-ding flowers. \_ C. O. D. \_

# An die Musik

Franz Schubert

**Mäßig** **2**

Voice

Du hol-de Kunst, in wie - viel grau-en\_ Stun-den,  
7  
wo mich des Le-bens wil-der Kreis um-strickt, hast du mein Herz zu\_  
13  
war-mer Lieb ent - zun-den, hast mich in ei - ne\_ beß - re Welt ent- rückt, in ei-ne  
18  
**3**  
beß - re Welt ent- rückt! Oft hat ein Seuf - zer, dei - ner Harf ent-  
26  
flos-sen, ein sü-ßer, hei - li-ger Ak- kord von dir den Him-mel  
32  
beß - rer\_ Zei - ten mir\_ er - schlos-sen, du hol - de Kunst, ich\_  
36  
**4**  
dan - ke dir da- für,\_ du hol-de Kunst, ich dan - ke dir!

# The Spanish Lady

Arranged by Herbert Hughes

**Commodo, ben ritmico**

Voice



As I walked down thro' Dub-lin Ci-ty\_ At the hour of

8



twelve of the night, Who should I spy but a Spa nish la-dy Wash ing her feet by can dle light.

13



First she washed them, then she dried them, O'er a fire of am-ber coal, In all my life I

18



ne'er did see A\_ maid so neat a - bout the sole. Whack for the too-ra loo-ra lad - dy

23



Whack for the too-ra loo-ra lee Whack for the too-ra loo-ra lad dy Whack for the too-ra

28



loo-ra lee

As I came back thro' Dub-lin Ci-ty\_ At the hour of

36



half past eight, Who should I spy but a Spa nish la-dy Brush ing her hair in broad day light;

41



First she tossed it, then she brushed it, On her lap was a silver comb, In all my life I

46 *rit.* *a tempo*

ne'er did see So\_ fair a maid since I did roam. Whack for the too-ra loo-ra lad-dy

51

Whack for the too ra loo ra-lee Whack for the too ra loo ra lad-dy Whack for the too ra

56 *3*

loo-ra-lee As I went down thro' Dub-lin Ci-ty\_ When the sun be

64

gan to set, Who should I see but a Spa-nish la - dy, Catch-ing a moth in a gol-den net;

69

When she saw me then she fled me, Lift-ing her pet-ti-coat o-ver the knee, In all my life I

74 *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

ne'er did spy A\_ maid so blithe as the Spa-nish la-dy! Whack for the too-ra loo-ra lad-dy

79 *pp*

Whack for the too - ra loo - ra - lee Whack for the too - ra loo - ra lad - dy

83

Whack for the too-ra loo - ra - lee.



# Když mne stará matka

(Songs my mother taught me)

Dvořák

Voice

8 *p mezza voce*

Songs my\_ mo - ther\_ taught\_ me

13

in the\_ days long van - ished; sel-dom from her\_ eye - lids

21

were the tear-drops ban - ished. Now I\_ teach my\_

31

chil - dren each me - lo - dious mea - sure;

37

oft the tears\_ are\_ flow - ing, oft they flow\_

43


from my mem' - ry's\_ trea - sure.

# The Gartan Mother's Lullaby

arr. Herbert Hughes


**Andante** **4**

Voice



Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si-lent twi-light's fall.

9



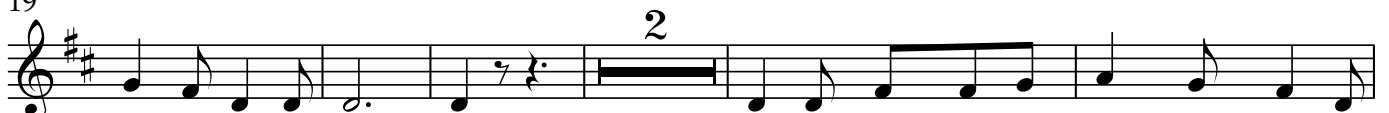
Ee-val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall— A *lyan van o,*— my

14



child, my joy, My love and heart's de-sire.— The crick-ets sing you lul-la - by Be-

19 **2**



side the dy-ing fire.— Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn Is

26




wreathed in rings of fog; Shee-vra sails his boat till morn Up - on the star - ry

31



bog— A *lyan van o,*— the pa - ly moon Hath brimm'd her cusp in

35



dew— And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing, O love to you.—

41 5

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi-light's fall.

50

Ee - val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall\_ A *lyan van o,* my

55

child, my joy, My love and heart's de - sire, — The crick - ets sing\_ you

59 4

lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.

# I Wish You Bliss

Erich Korngold

## Semplice

Voice

I wish you bliss. I bring you the sun with my

4

kiss. I feel your heart beat in my breast to stay for e - ver its guest. It

9

feels and hopes: the sun-shine beams al-though your eyes may loose their dreams.

13

It hopes for glan-ces so wan-ting in lust, as though you held the

19

world in trust. It hopes for glan-ces so full of de-sire as if the

23

earth should be\_\_ born of fire. It hopes for glan-ces of such might to make

28

spring\_ of a win - ters night. And e - ver, e - ver, through your

34

day shine love's most beau-ti - ful rose bou - quet.

# Fly Home, Little Heart

from *King's Rhapsody*

Ivor Novello

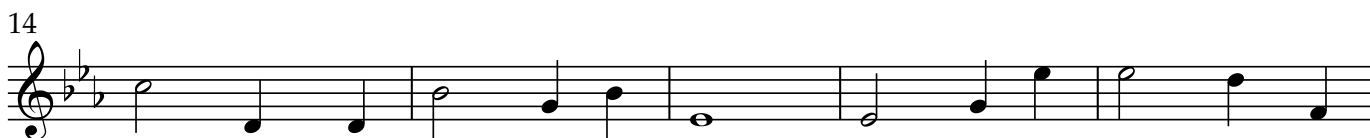
**Andante commodo**

Voice 

1. Far, far a - way where the clouds ho - ver low  
2. Soon as the dusk brings the end of the day

9 

I heard a cry like a bird in the snow. Soft was my  
Wist - ful and sweet rings that song far a - way. Out of the

14 

ans - wer, "Have com - fort, my dear. Why waste a mo - ment when  
si - lence a voice thro' the foam Year - ning for love and the

19 

A - pril is here. Fly home, lit - tle heart, Al - though the way be  
old times at home.

24 

long, Your wings are brave and strong, Fly home where you be - long. We

29 

know, lit - tle heart, How lone - ly you must be, So far a - cross the

34 

sea, So fly lit - tle heart, fly home to me. Fly

39 

home, dear heart, fly home to me." \_\_\_\_\_