



THE ENGLISH SEMINAR CHOIR

30th Anniversary

Conducted by Reiner
Schneider-Waterberg
Musical co-direction:
Raitis Grigalis

My spirit sang all day!

A musical bouquet of English poetry

Design: www.laiapascual.ch

Works by: Purcell, Pearsall,
Stanford, Vaughan-Williams,
Finzi and Britten.

Kollekte / Collection

*Concerts followed by apéro.

***Friday**
24 May 19.30
English Seminar,
Schönes Haus,
Nadelberg 6,
Basel.

***Saturday**
25 May 19.00
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Mittlere
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Welcome!

We are delighted to present the first of our two concerts in celebration of the 30th anniversary of the English Seminar Choir. The choir was founded in 1989 by Allan Turner, then a lecturer at University of Basel, with the aim of providing an opportunity for students to practice English through song. Thanks to Allan's profound knowledge of the English choral repertoire and his dedication, the choir grew and blossomed and after a succession of directors has become an integral part of the university and of Basel cultural life. Students still make up a proportion of choir members today.

My spirit sang all day is a celebration of poetry, both spoken and in song, in which we hope to honour the roots of the choir and its link to the English Department of the University. The composers we have chosen all have one thing in common – they are all male! To balance out this woeful reflection on the general under-representation of women composers, we made a deliberate decision to choose only female poets for the spoken programme. Indeed, at least three of the songs are poems written by women and set to music.

Our chosen poets originate from around the globe, and range from Alison Cockburn from Scotland who is writing in the 18th century, to the contemporary poems of Ethiopian, Liyon Libsehal, and native Aborigine, Oodgeroo Noonuccal. Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson are both well-loved 19th century poets, and Milla Greek's poem won first place in the 12 & under category of the 2018 poetry competition run by the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation.

Our programme features pieces from the classic choral repertoire but not all the composers may be familiar. We are singing two of Don Macdonald's choral works, but his credits include music for theatre, film, dance and jazz. The King's Singers have made John David's composition *You are the new day* world-famous. Our conductor and director, Reiner Schneider-Waterberg, remembers discovering this music when he was at school but never really being able to make sense of the lyrics at that time. Musician and song-writer, John David, explains that his inspiration came from watching a story on the news about the very real possibility of nuclear war. The tune and words arrived in his head together and it took him ten minutes to write. To use his own words "If the sun came up and the birds started singing as usual then I could believe that it really was the new day in which life would go on and in which hope would survive".

His words bring us back to the story of our concert programme. We hope with *My spirit sang all day* to take you on cyclical journey from the green shoots of spring and first love, to the withering and fading of the closing of the day and the dying back of nature into the earth and death, before emerging into a new day bringing with it fresh hope and joy!

Program “My Spirit Sang All Day”

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

If Music Be the Food of Love

“Wild Nights – Wild Nights!” by Emily Dickinson

Nils Lindberg (*1933)

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer’s Day

Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795–1856)

Who Shall Win my Lady Fair

“Sounds Assail Me” by Oodgeroo Noonuccal

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852–1924)

The Blue Bird

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

The Evening Primrose

“The Flowers of the Forest” by Alison Cockburn

Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900)

The Long Day Closes

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

Rest

“Dreamland” by Christina Rossetti

Robert Lucas Pearsall

Lay a Garland

Don MacDonald (*1966)

Moonset

“The Silence” By Milla Greek

John David (*1946)

You Are the New Day

Don MacDonald

When the Earth Stands Still

“Into the Earth” by Liyou Libsekal

Gerald Finzi (1901–1956)

My Spirit Sang All Day



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Reiner Schneider-Waterberg



Photo: Markus Ammon

was born in Namibia. He first studied economics, mathematics and classical languages at Stellenbosch University, South Africa. He was subsequently awarded a scholarship to Cambridge to study International Relations. There he sang in the Trinity College Choir and established himself as a counter-tenor soloist. He then studied singing at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel. In 2003 he joined the vocal ensemble Singer Pur, Germany's leading vocal ensemble that has performed in nearly 60 countries and in recent years has won 3 ECHO Klassik prizes. He spends about half of his time singing and the other conducting choirs and coaching the opera youth club at Theatre Basel.

Reiner Schneider-Waterberg ist in Namibia geboren. Erst studierte er Ökonomie, Mathematik und Klassische Sprachen an der Universität Stellenbosch in Südafrika. Im Anschluss bekam er ein Stipendium, um in Cambridge Internationale Beziehungen zu studieren. Dort sang er im Trinity College Choir und etablierte sich als solistischer Countertenor. Daraufhin studierte er Gesang am Mozarteum in Salzburg und an der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel. 2003 wurde er Mitglied von Singer Pur, Deutschlands führendem Vokalensemble, welches bereits Aufführungen in beinahe 60 Ländern hatte und in den letzten Jahren 3 ECHO Klassik-Preise gewonnen hat. Etwa die Hälfte seiner Zeit ist er sängerisch tätig, die andere Hälfte leitet er Chöre und coacht den Jugendclub Oper am Theater Basel.

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Raitis Grigalis



is a conductor, singer and composer born in Riga, Latvia in 1975. He undertook the first steps of his musical training at the Emils Darzins music school (later the choir school of the Riga Cathedral). Following that he studied at the music academy of his hometown, receiving a BA diploma in choir-conducting in 1999. While studying he also performed in numerous ensembles including the radio-choir of Riga. Grigalis founded the vocal ensemble of the St. Peter's Church. In 1999 he came to

Basel to study singing at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. In addition to his solo work, Grigalis is a member of diverse ensembles for early music, including Ensemble Gilles Binchois, Ferrara Ensemble and Josquin Capella with concerts all over Europe.

Raitis Grigalis ist Dirigent, Sänger und Komponist, geboren in Riga, Lettland. Die ersten Schritte seiner musikalischen Ausbildung unternahm er an der Emils-Darzins-Musikschule (später die Chorschule am Dom zu Riga). Danach studierte er an der Musikakademie seiner Heimatstadt, wo er 1999 sein BA-Diplom in Chorleitung erhielt. Während seines Studiums sang er auch in zahlreichen Ensembles, wie zum Beispiel im Radiochor Riga. Grigalis gründete das Vokalensemble der Sankt-Peters-Kirche. 1999 kam er nach Basel, um an der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis Gesang zu studieren. Zusätzlich zu seiner Arbeit als Solist ist Grigalis Mitglied diverser Ensembles für frühe Musik, wie zum Beispiel des Ensemble Gilles Binchois, des Ferrara Ensemble sowie von Josquin Capella, mit Konzerten in ganz Europa.“



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Autumn Project 2019

Please join us for the second set of our 30th Anniversary Concerts on Saturday 23rd November at 19:30 in Kartäuserkirche and Sunday 24th November at 19:00 in the English Seminar's Schönes Haus, Nadelberg 6, Basel. Our program will celebrate St Cecilia's Day – the patron Saint of Music. We will perform works by Purcell – extracts from: Ode to St Cecilia "Welcome to all the pleasures", "Hail! Bright Cecilia" and "Come ye sons of art". To help us celebrate, we will be joined by wonderful soloists and the instrumental early music ensemble: "Combassal".

Feiern Sie mit uns auch den zweiten Teil unseres 30jährigen Jubiläums am Samstag, 23. November, um 19.30 Uhr in der Kartäuserkirche und am Sonntag, 24. November, um 19.00 Uhr im «Schönen Haus» am Nadelberg 6. Mit unserem Programm feiern wir den Tag der Hl. Cäcilia, der Patronin der Musik. Wir werden Ausschnitte aus der Ode an St. Cäcilia von Henry Purcell erklingen lassen: «Welcome to all the pleasures», «Hail! Bright Cecilia» und «Come ye sons of art». Dabei werden wir unterstützt von wunderbaren Solisten und dem Ensemble für Alte Musik «Combassal».



30
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Öffnungszeiten:

Montag–Samstag:
11.00–23.00

Sonntag:
12.00–22.00

ganzer Tag warme Küche



Photo: Karla Haspel

THE ENGLISH SEMINAR CHOIR was founded by Allan Turner in 1989 to give students an opportunity to learn English through singing. The choir is a volunteer, non-profit making organisation. Since 2018, the choir has been under the shared direction of Raitis Grigalis and Reiner Schneider-Waterberg. The choir divides the musical year in two projects, with concert series in spring and late autumn.

THE ENGLISH SEMINAR CHOIR wurde 1989 von Allan Turner gegründet, um Studenten die Möglichkeit zu geben, Englisch durch Singen kennen zu lernen. Der Chor ist eine freiwillige, gemeinnützige Organisation. Seit 2018 teilen sich Raitis Grigalis und Reiner Schneider-Waterberg die musikalische Leitung des Ensembles. Der Chor teilt das Musikjahr in zwei Projekte, mit Konzertreihen im Frühjahr und Spätherbst.

<http://www.esc-basel.ch/>

Soprano: Cathy Barker, Nadia Bovet, Kasia Frycz, Simone Hiltcher, Silvia Huesser, Sheela Ann Lim, Cecilia Lindén, Esther Marrer, Eva Mauzer, Anna Puentener, Aniela Schacher, Verena Schiffmann, Susan Stavenhagen, Anna Stolz, Petra Stumpf.

Alto: Karin Ahlstrand, Rosemary Hammond-Muse, Meli Hughes, Kristin Kranenberg, Catherine Lezon, Helen Oxley, Marisa Pellicer, Marianne Schweizer, Kayoko Tsuiki, Natalia Varga.

Tenor: Brennan Hughes, Britt Johnston, Herbert Wäckerlin, Julia Walker.

Bass: Peter Eckerlin, Norval Gough, David Hughes, Tucker Levy, Christian Lösche, Richard Lewis, Roland Österle.



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If Music Be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue
declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they
wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's
day?
Thou art more lovely and more
temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling
buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too
short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven
shines,
And often is his gold complexion
dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime
declines,

By chance or nature's changing
course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not
fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou
ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st
in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou
growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes
can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life
to thee.

Who shall win my lady fair

Who shall win my lady fair, when
the leaves are green?
Who but I should win my lady fair,
when the leaves are green?
Who shall win my lady, when the
leaves are green?
Not you, no, no! Say who?
The bravest man that best love can
shall win my lady fair.
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
He shall marry her, he's the man;

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
When the leaves are green,
He shall marry my lady, when the
leaves are green.
Will you bury my lady fair, when
the leaves are green?
No, not I; I won't bury my lady fair,
when the leaves are green.
Will you bury my lady, when the
leaves are green?
Say who? Will you? No, no! Why so?

I'd rather marry my lady fair, e'en
though the trees were bare.
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
She shall marry a proper man;

Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
When the leaves are green,
He shall marry my lady, When the
leaves are green.

The blue bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,
O're 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.

The evening primrose

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dewdrops pearl the evening's
breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew;
And, hermit-like, shunning the light,

Wastes its fair bloom upon the night,
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty it possesses;
Thus it blooms on while night is by;
When day looks out with open eye,
Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone.

The long day closes

No star is o'er the lake
Its pale watch keeping
The moon is half awake
Through gray mist creeping
The last red leaves fall round
The porch of roses
The clock hath ceased to sound
The long day closes

Sit by the silent hearth
In calm endeavour
To count the sounds of mirth
Now dumb for ever

Heed not how hope believes
And fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves
The long day closes

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly
Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read
The long day closes

Rest

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching,
Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room
for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for
sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no
replies,
Hush'd in and curtain'd with a blessed
dearth
Of all that irk'd her from the hour
of birth;

With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday
holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any
song;
Even her very heart has ceased to
stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end,
but be;
And when she wakes she will not
think it long.

Lay a garland

Lay a garland on her hearse,
Of dismal yew,
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm.
From her hour of birth;
Upon her buried body lie
Lightly, thou gentle earth.

Moonset

Idles the night wind through the
dreaming firs,
That waking murmur low,
As some lost melody returning stirs
The love of long ago;
And through the far, cool distance,
zephyr fanned.
The moon is sinking into shadow-
land.
The troubled night-bird, calling
plaintively,
Wanders on restless wing;

The cedars chanting vespers to the
sea,
Await its answering,
That comes in wash of waves along
the strand,
The while the moon slips into
shadow-land.
O! soft responsive voices of the
night
I join your minstrelsy,
And call across the fading silver
light

As something calls to me;
I may not all your meaning understand,
But I have touched your soul in
shadow-land.

You Are the New Day

You are the new day
You are the new day
I will love you more than me
And more than yesterday
If you can but prove to me
You are the new day
Send the sun in time for dawn
Let the birds all hail the morning
Love of life will urge me say

You are the new day
When I lay me down at night
Knowing we must pay
Thoughts occur that this night might
Stay yesterday
Thoughts that we as humans small
Could slow worlds and end it all
Lie around me where they fall
Before the new day

When the Earth Stands still

Come listen in the silence of the
moment before rain comes down.
There's a deep sigh in the quiet of
the forest and the tall tree's crown.
Now hold me.
Will you take the time to hold me
and embrace the chill?
Or miss me,
will you take the time to miss me
when the earth stands still?
Cause there's no use running
cause the storm's still coming
and you've been running for too
many years.

Come listen in the silence of the
moment before shadows fall.
Feel the tremor of your heartbeat
matching heartbeat as we both
dissolve.
Now hold me....
Cause there's no use running
cause the storm's still coming
and you've been running for too
many years.
So stay with me, held in my arms
Like branches of a tree
They'll shelter you for many years.

My spirit sang all day

My spirit sang all day,
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy!
My heart an echo caught,
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?

Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?
She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word? What
is thy joy?
And I replied, O see, O my joy, 'Tis
thee, I cried, 'tis thee: Thou art my
joy.



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