

London
forest
Choir

The Art of
Song

Saturday 20 November 2021



www.londonforestchoir.org

The Art of
Song

London Forest Choir
20 November 2021
Holy Trinity Church, Hermon Hill, E18

Jonathan Rathbone *conductor*
Leo Nicholson *piano*

Part 1

Music for a While

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

John Dryden

Music for a while

Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdain'g to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

I attempt from love's sickness

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

John Dryden and Sir Robert Howard

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

For Love has more power and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin and love those that hate.
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself my own fever and pain.

Silent Worship

Georg Frederic Handel (1685–1759)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Arthur Somervell

Did you not hear my lady
Go down the garden singing?
Blackbird and thrush were silent
To hear the alleys ringing.

Oh saw you not my lady
Out in the garden there?
Shaming the rose and lily
For she is twice as fair.

Though I am nothing to her,
Though she must rarely look at
me,
And though I could never woo her,
I love her till I die.

Surely you heard my lady
Go down the garden singing,
Silencing all the songbirds:
And setting the alleys ringing.

But surely you see my lady
Out in the garden there.
Riv'ling the glitt'ring sunshine,
With a glory of golden hair.

Where'er you walk

Georg Frederic Handel (1685–1759)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

William Congreve

Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade.

Where'er you tread
The blushing flowers shall rise
And all things flourish
And all things flourish
Where'er you turn your eyes
Where'er you turn your eyes
Where'er you turn your eyes
Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade.
Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade.

Adelaide

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Friedrich von Matthison
Einsam wandelt dein Freund im
Frühlingsgarten,
Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht
umflossen,
Das durch wankende
Blütenzweige zittert,
Adelaide!
In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee
der Alpen,
In des sinkenden Tages
Goldgewölken,
Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein
Bildnis,
Adelaide!
Abendlüfte im zarten Laube
flüstern,
Silberglöckchen des Mais im Grase
säuseln,
Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen
flöten:
Adelaide!
Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf
meinem Grabe
Eine Blume der Asche meines
Herzens;
Deutlich schimmert auf jedem
Purpurblättchen:
Adelaide!

Adelaide

Translation © Richard Stokes

*Your friend wanders lonely in the
spring garden,
Gently bathed in the magical sweet
light
That shimmers through swaying
boughs in bloom,
Adelaide!
In the mirroring waves, in the Alpine
snows,
In the golden clouds of the dying
day,
In the fields of stars your image
shines,
Adelaide!
Evening breezes whisper in the
tender leaves,
The silvery bells of May rustle in the
grass,
Waves murmur and nightingales
sing:
Adelaide!
One day, O miracle! there shall
bloom on my grave
A flower from the ashes of my heart;
On every purple leaf shall clearly
shimmer:
Adelaide!*

An die Musik

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Franz von Schober
Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis
umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt
entrückt!
Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir
erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir
dafür!

Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Ludwig Rellstab
Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süssen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

To Music

Translation © Richard Wigmore

*Beloved art, in how many a bleak
hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's
tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the
warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better
world!
Often a sigh, escaping from your
harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of
happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!*

Serenade

Translation © Richard Wigmore

*Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!*

*Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will
overhear us.*

*Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.*

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend har' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Armand Silvestre

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.
J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!
J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

*They understand the heart's
yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.*

*Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!*

Love song

Translation © Richard Stokes

*I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.
I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my dear angel, O my rebel!*

Après un rêve

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Romain Bussine

Dans un sommeil que charmaient
ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent
mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix
pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore;
Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la
lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs
divines entrevues.
Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des
songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes
mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

After a dream

Translation © Richard Stokes

*In sleep made sweet by a vision of
you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent
illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice
pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by
the dawn;
You called me and I departed the
earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for
us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours,
celestial fires.
Alas, alas, sad awakening from
dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back
your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!*

Part 2

Feldeinsamkeit

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Hermann Allmers

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick
nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn'
Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam
umwoben.
Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn
dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille
Träume; -
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben
bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge
Räume.

O kühler Wald

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Clemens Brentano

O kühler Wald,
Wo rauschest du,
In dem mein Liebchen geht?
O Widerhall,
Wo lauschest du,
Der gern mein Lied versteht?
Im Herzen tief,
Da rauscht der Wald,
In dem mein Liebchen geht,
In Schmerzen schlief
Der Widerhall,
Die Lieder sind verweht.

Alone in Fields

Translation © Richard Stokes

*I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue
sky.*

*The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely
silent dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through
eternal space.*

O cool forest

Translation © Richard Stokes

*O cool forest,
In which my beloved walks,
Where are you murmuring?
O echo,
Where are you listening,
Who love to understand my song?
Deep in the heart
Is where the forest murmurs,
In which my beloved walks,
The echo
Fell asleep in sorrow,
The songs have blown away.*

Weep you no more

Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

John Dowland

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Path to the Moon

Eric Thiman (1900–1975)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Madeline C. Thomas

I long to sail on a path to the
moon
On a deep blue night
when the wind is cool
A glist'ning path that runs out to
sea
Silver the sails to carry me
To carry me over the sea

So will I sail on a starry night
on the path to the moon, a sea
bird's flight!

Skimming the waves where the
fishes play
Travelling on for many a day
Silver the sails to carry me,
to carry me over the sea!

Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–
1958)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long
fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like
rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The
pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter
and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye
can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with
silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the
hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour
glass.
Deep in the sunsearched growths
the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened
from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us
from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for
deathless dower,
This close-companioned
inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the
song of love.

Sechs Sange (op 48)

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)

Arr. Jonathan Rathbone

Gruß

Heinrich Heine

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
Liebliches Geläute.

Klinge, kleines Frühlingslied,
Kling hinaus ins Weite.

Zieh hinaus, bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen sprießen.

Wenn du eine Rose schaust,
Sag, ich lass' sie grüßen.

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst,
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Läßt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:

In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;

Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein

Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,

Wenn es entschwunden
Wird's dir gegeben.

Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein

Wirst ruhig sein.

Lauf der Welt

Johann Ludwig Uhland

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.

Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.

Six Songs

Greeting

Translation © Richard Stokes

A sweet sound of bells

Peals gently through my soul.

Ring out, little song of spring,

Ring out far and wide.

Ring out till you reach the house

Where violets are blooming.

And if you should see a rose,

Send to her my greeting.

One day, my thoughts

Translation © Richard Stokes

One day,

My thoughts,

You shall be at rest.

Though love's ardour

Gives you no peace,

You shall sleep well

In cool earth;

There without love

And without pain

You shall be at rest.

What you did not

Find in life

Will be granted you

When life is ended.

Then, free from torment

And free from pain,

You shall be at rest.

The Way of the World

Translation © Richard Stokes

Every evening I go out,

Up the meadow path.

She looks out from her summer

house,

Which stands close by the road.

Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.
Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küß' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es
gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Tautau kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Karl Joseph Simrock

Unter den Linden,

An der Haide,

Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,

Da mögt ihr finden,

Wie wir beide

Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.

Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,

Tandaradei!

Sang im Tal die Nachtigall.

Ich kam gegangen

Zu der Aue,

Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.

Ich ward empfangen

Als hehre Fraue,

Daß ich noch immer selig bin.

Ob er mir auch Küsse bot?

Tandaradei!

Seht, wie ist mein Mund so rot!

Wie ich da ruhte,

Wüßt' es einer,

Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.

Wie mich der Gute

Herzte, keiner

We've never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.
I don't know how it came about,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!
But neither does she ever say no!
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems
good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!

The Secretive Nightingale

Translation © Richard Stokes

Under the lime trees

By the heath

Where I sat with my beloved,

There you may find

How both of us

Crushed the flowers and grass.

Outside the wood, with a sweet

sound,

Tandaradei!

The nightingale sang in the valley.

I came walking

To the meadow,

My beloved arrived before me.

I was received

As a noble lady,

Which still fills me with bliss.

Did he offer me kisses?

Tandaradei!

See how red my mouth is!

If anyone knew

How I lay there,

God forbid, I'd be ashamed.

How my darling hugged me,

No one shall know

Erfahre das als er und ich—
Und ein kleines Vögelein,
Tandaradei!
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

Zur Rosenzeit

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!
Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;
Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.
Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Ein Traum

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt
Mir träumte einst ein schöner
Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:
Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach
schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl
Geläut—
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.
Und schöner noch als einst der
Traum

*But he and I—
And a little bird,
Tandaradei!
Who certainly won't say a word.*

Time of Roses

Translation © Richard Stokes
*You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of
hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!
Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on
you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;
Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.
You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of
hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!*

A Dream

Translation © Richard Stokes
*I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:
The buds bloomed, the forest stream
swelled,
From the distant village came the
sound of bells—
We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.
And more beautiful yet than the
dream,*

Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit—
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:
Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe
sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her—
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich
lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!
O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit—
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum
Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur
Wirklichkeit!

*It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:
The forest stream swelled, the buds
bloomed,
From the village came the sound of
bells—
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!
O woodland glade so green with
spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!*

Wine and soft drinks will be served in the church hall after the concert.

Jonathan Rathbone started his musical career as a chorister at Coventry Cathedral. He was a choral scholar at Christ's College Cambridge, where he read mathematics. He gained a second degree at the Royal Academy of Music where he studied composition with John Gardner. Recently, the Academy honoured him with an ARAM.

Jonathan joined the Swingle Singers in 1984 and was musical director of the group for a decade. During that time he turned from composition to arranging – creating the majority of their arrangements, both a cappella and with orchestra. He left the group in 1996 to spend more of his time writing and now spends much of his time arranging and orchestrating. Amongst others, he has orchestrated for Katherine Jenkins, the Kings Singers, Sir Cliff Richard, Michael Ball, Stephen Cleobury and the choir of Kings College, Cambridge, and orchestras all over Europe.

He conducts five choirs in north London – London Forest Choir, The Rowantree Choir, Havering Singers, the Crofton Singers and Middlesex University Choir (where he also teaches harmony and aural). He also teaches choral arranging at Cambridge University.

When COVID struck, Jonathan immediately moved all his lectures and rehearsals online. His choirs continued to meet on Zoom, and quickly began to record new arrangements Jonathan had created especially for them to learn and record in isolation. He and his wife Helen (also a former Swingle Singer) have recorded over 12 hours of SATB music at home over the course of the pandemic and look forward to the day we can return to normal!

Since the pandemic, he has continued to write, arrange and orchestrate for a wide range of groups, creating pieces for The Hi-Lo Singers, the Edvard Grieg Kor (based in Bergen), Vocalocity (based in Israel), a student choir in Stockholm, the Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School in London and of course, Coventry Cathedral.

Leo Nicholson specialises in chamber music and song accompaniment. In 2016 he received the Accompanist Prize at the Maureen Lehane Vocal Awards, accompanying his cousin, bass-baritone Sam Carl. Leo has a long-standing duo with flautist Rosanna TerBerg, and their critically acclaimed Purcell Room debut (under the auspices of the Park Lane Group) in January 2012 led to performances at the Wigmore Hall and the Bridgewater Hall, and an album, *Epigraphes*, released 2015.

Leo studied at the Royal Academy of Music in London and at Trinity Laban Conservatoire, where he continues to work as a staff accompanist. He is a regular at various British music societies, and also works as an orchestral pianist, and in theatre, opera and six-piano group Piano Circus.

London Forest Choir 2021–22



Thursday 16 December 2021 – 7.30pm – St Michael and All Angels, Palmerston Road, Walthamstow

Christmas concert

including Rathbone's *Carol of the Holy Boy* and carols from around the world

Saturday 26 March 2022

Duruflé *Requiem*

Saturday 16 April 2022

Stainer *The Crucifixion*

Saturday 2 July 2022

Handel *Israel in Egypt*

Please visit www.londonforestchoir.org for up-to-date information on upcoming concerts.

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Could your business help the Choir through sponsoring a concert or through business support? Benefits include promotion for your business on all choir publicity, advertising in our programmes, free tickets for concerts and facilities for corporate entertainment.

Friends

For just £10 per year you can become a Friend of the London Forest Choir and receive early information about all the season's concerts and events, together with complimentary drinks when you attend our concerts.

Associate Membership

Associate members of the London Forest Choir are entitled to two free tickets for all our concerts, free programmes and interval drinks. You will get advance information on our programme and you will be invited to attend rehearsals and social events. The annual subscription is £85. You will be helping us to continue our ambitious and varied programme, and your name will appear in concert programmes.

London Forest Choir Associate Members:

Stanley Bird
Janet and Peter Doe
Chris Gibbs
Philip Glascoe
Sterling and Marilyn Grayston
John and Ann Hunter
Chrina Jarvis
Liz Jarvis and Dennis Todd
Elaine and Philip Norman
Josephine Rose
David and Jane Smith
David and Judy Sutton
Philippa Williams

To become a business supporter, join our Friends or to become an Associate Member please email info@londonforestchoir.org.

The London Forest Choir is affiliated to Making Music, which represents and supports amateur vocal, instrumental and promoting societies throughout the United Kingdom.



London Forest Choir

Music director – Jonathan Rathbone

Rehearsal accompanist – Leo Nicholson

Soprano

Gillian Barker
Janet Cassford
Helen Farrell
Kate Fleming
Jo Fletcher
Caroline Fray
Clare Gillett
Valerie Grant
Lynda Holmes
Chris Hunn
Pip Kings
Debbie Levy
Carole Merriman
Emily Morrell
Jane O'Regan
Kathrine Pattrick
Eva Radkowska
Maggi Ronson
Kathy Wiltshire

Alto

Joan Carder
Anna Cleaves
Alison Clewlow
Marian Custance
Lorraine Dawes
Stephanie Field
Maggie Goble

Barbara Humm
Sarah Philips
Virginia Pollard
Chris Sobey
Sue Way
Gill Wrobel
Kairen Zonena

Tenor

Paul Cooper
Laimons Grinbergs
Mike Pitwood
Rachel Roberts
Sally Robinson
Richard Wheatley

Bass

Vincent Burke
John Collingham
Paul Gillett
Tom John
Steve Lowe
Tom Marshall
Clive Morris
David Pomfret
Freddie Partridge
Tony Summers



London Forest Choir

Music director – Jonathan Rathbone

Rehearsal accompanist – Leo Nicholson

Patrons: Paul Daniel, Christopher Wood

President: Stanley Bird

Vice Presidents: Eric Doig, Ann Hunter, Gillian Mapley



The London Forest Choir was established in 1950 in Walthamstow, and has been based in the area ever since. It gives regular concerts locally, as well as performing in central London and venues around the UK, plus regular foreign tours. Jonathan Rathbone has conducted the choir since September 2002. LFC's repertoire ranges widely from staple works, such as Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and Handel's *Messiah*, to more unusual and rarely heard music. Performances have included works by contemporary composers such as Jonathan Dove and the choir's music director Jonathan Rathbone.

The 2019–20 season was inevitably a write-off due to the pandemic: the Choir had to cancel a planned tour to Normandy as well as its 70th anniversary concert which was to have been a performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. However at the start of the first national lockdown the Choir moved its rehearsals onto Zoom. Over the next 15 months the Choir recorded a number of pieces via individual recordings and Zoom videos, which can be viewed at <https://www.youtube.com/c/JonathanRathboneMusic>.

The Choir resumed rehearsals in person in September 2021 and are delighted to be performing again in real life this season.

Join London Forest Choir

Come and sing with LFC – we are expanding our membership in all voices. Rehearsals take place on Monday evenings from 7.30 to 9.45pm at Greenleaf Road Baptist Church, 4 Greenleaf Rd, London E17 6QQ. For more information please visit our website or contact the LFC Membership Secretary at info@londonforestchoir.org. All new singers get free membership for their first term.

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