



SOUTHAMPTON JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

SUMMER SERENADE

HOME FARM BARN HURSLEY

SATURDAY 29TH JUNE 1991

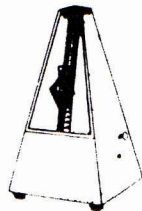
PROGRAMME:

1. Orchestra I just called to say 'I love you'
2. Flute duet/trio: Emma, Rebecca & Mary
Violin Solo - Gemma
3. Orchestra The Ash Grove
4. Everyone Country Garden
The Orchestra Song
5. Violin Solo: Melanie
Cello Duet: Judy & Kelly Jo
6. Orchestra Rock around the clock

INTERVAL

Refreshments served in the Old Carpenter's Workshop

7. Orchestra Celtic Dance
8. Tuba Solo: Tim Morgan
Violin Duet: Anna & Lucy
9. Everyone On a bright & rosy morning
Country Life



10. Horn Solo Katie
- Quartet: Melanie, Tim, Antonia, Helen, Robin, Michelle
(Doubled) Kelly Jo & Judy
11. Everyone Hampshire is beautiful
Down on the farm
12. Violin Solo Tim Craggs
13. Orchestra Silver Bells

Country Gardens

Words by Robert Jordan, adapted from the music of the Morris Dance
"Country Gardens" collected by Cecil Sharp.

1. How many gentle flowers grow
In an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some I know
And those I miss I hope you'll pardon.
Daffodils, hearts-ease and phlox,
Meadow-sweet and lilies, stocks,
Gentle lupin and tall hollyhocks,
Roses, foxgloves, snowdrops, forget-me-nots
In an English country garden.
2. How many insects find their home
In an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some I know
And those I miss I hope You'll pardon.
Dragonflies, moths and bees,
Spiders falling from the trees,
Butterflies sway in the mild, gentle breeze,
There are hedgehogs that roam and little gnomes
In an English country garden.
3. How may songbirds make their nests
In an English country garden?
I'll tell you now of some I know
And those I miss I hope you'll pardon.
Bab-bl-ing coo-cooing doves,
Robins and the warbling thrush,
Bluebird, lark, finch and nightingale
We all smile in the spring when the birds all
start to sing
In an English country garden.

The Orchestra Song

1. The violins of all the strings
We take the lead and have the most to do.
We gaily play the melody
And sing away the whole piece through.
2. The clarinet, the clarinet
Of all the woodwind we most notes can get.
A single reed is all we need
To make our smooth and mellow sound.
3. The horns, the horns
Of curling brass
Can murmur low
Or loudly blast.
4. For the fanfare our trumpety sound is best,
Our trumpety sound is best, our trumpety sound is best.
For the fanfare our trumpety sound is best,
Our trumpety sound is best, is best!
5. The timpani echo
The two notes we best know:
Soh, doh, doh, soh,
Soh soh soh soh doh
6. The cellos play the counterpoint
Fa la la la la la la la
la la la la

On A Bright and Rosy Morning

This version of a folk song, usually associated with stag hunting was collected in June 1905 by Gardiner from a Mr William Randall of Hursley in Hampshire!

1. On a bright and rosy morning the sun shone o'er yon hills,
Just as the day was dawning across the meadows and fields,
Whilst the merry, merry, merry horn cries "Come, come away",
It's awake from your slumber and behold some new day.

Chorus: Whilst the merry, merry, merry horn cries "Come, come away",

It's awake from your slumber and behold some new day.

2. The fox rose from his cover, he seem'd for to fly,
Our horses at full speed, my boys, our hounds in full cry;
Whilst the merry, merry, merry horn cries "Come, come away!"
It's awake from your slumber and behold some new day.

Chorus

3. He led us a chase, my boys, for fifty long miles,
Over hedges and ditches, over gates and over stiles;
Whilst the merry, merry, merry horn cries "Come, come away!"
It's awake from your slumber and behold some new day.

Chorus

4. Our day's sport being over, our horses at their ease,
We will call for a bowl, my boys, to drink when we please;
Whilst the merry, merry, merry horn cries "Come, come away!"
It's awake from your slumber and behold some new day.

Chorus

Country Life

Words and music by Jan Holdstock

1. Oh, how peaceful living in the country,
Far away from the noisy town.
Oh, how peaceful living in the country,
Here's a place to settle down.
2. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Six in the morning, Up with you!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Six in the morning, Up with you!
3. All through the day hee-haw,
And at night I'll hee-haw once more!
All through the day hee-haw,
And at night I'll hee-haw once more!
4. Moo, moo, moo!
Good night to you!
Moo, moo, moo!
Good night to you!

The Ash Grove

1. Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading I pensively rove;
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander,
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove,
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one - the joy of my heart!
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.
2. Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of Nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love!
Ye echoes! oh, tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

Hampshire is beautiful

Words - with apologies to Robert Gale & Dorsetshire
Music by the Cantwell Family

Hampshire is beautiful wherever you go
And the rain in the summertime
makes the wurzel tree grow.
And it's pleasant to sit
in the thunder and the hail,
With your girlfriend on a turnip stump
and hear the sweet nightingale.

As I was a-walking one evening in June
I spied two old farmers making hay in the moon.
Said one to the other with a twinkle in his eye,
"There be more birds in the long grass
than there be in the sky".
Hampshire is beautiful

Now Sarah's my girlfriend and I loves her so,
Her's as big as an 'aystack and forty years old.
Farmer says she's gi-normous, and loud do he scoff,
'Cos you has to leave a chalk-mark
to show where you left off.
Hampshire is beautiful

Farmer looks at young Gwendoline and then looks at Ned,
"What an 'andsome young couple, they ought to be wed".
But then he says sadly, "Tis impossible of course
'Cos Gwendoline's me daughter and Ned is me horse."
Hampshire is beautiful

When Sarah went milking with Nellie the cow
She pulled and she tugged but she didn't know quite how,
So after a short while Nellie turned with a frown,
Said "You hang on tight, love, I'll jump up and down".
Hamshire is beautiful

Down on the Farm

Way down on our Farm we are right up to date,
For mechanisation's the byword of late.
For every task there's a gadget to match,
But our new muck-spreader's the best of the batch.

Fling it here, fling it there,
If you're standing by then you'll all get your share.

Now young Walter Hodgkins he brought back a load
Of liquid manure from the farm up the road.
He hummed to himself as he drove up the street,
And his load also hummmmmmed in the afternoon heat.

Now this muck-spreader had a mechanical fault,
And a bump in the road turned it on with a jolt.
An odorous spray of manure it let fly
Without fear or favour on all who passed by.

The cats and the dogs stank to high kingdom come,
And the kiddies, browned off, ran home screaming to Mum,
The trail of sheer havoc were terrible grim,
One open car were filled up to the brim.

The vicarage windows were all open wide
When a generous helping descended inside.
The vicar, at table, intoned "Let us pray"
When this maure from heaven came flying his way.

In her garden, Miss Pringle was quite scandalised.
"Good gracious!" she cried, "I've been fertilised ."
While the Methodist minister's teetotal wife
Were plastered for the very first time in her life.

And all of this time Walter trundled along,
He was Quite unaware there was anything wrong,
Till a vision of woe flagged him down -
what a sight!
A policeman all covered in ... you've got it right.