

A CONCERT FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

Two -by- Two

Conductor:
Jeremy Backhouse

Piano:
Francis Pott



A family
concert at
Holy Trinity, in
aid of
Home-Start

**Saturday
6 July 2024
at 4 pm**

Holy Trinity Church

**Vivace
Chorus**

**HOME
START**
Waverley

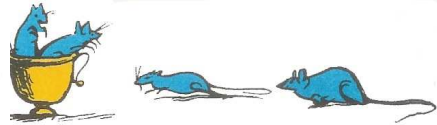
Registered Charity No. 1207710

1 CALICO PIE

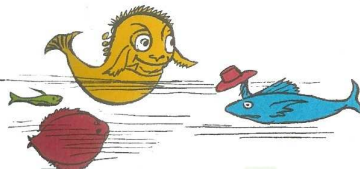
Calico Pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the Calico tree,
Their wings were blue,
And they sang 'Tilly-loo!'
Till away they flew,
And they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!



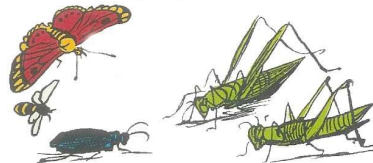
Calico Ban,
The little Mice ran,
To be ready in time for tea,
Flippity Flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup,
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!



Calico Jam,
The little Fish swam,
Over the syllabub sea,
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprot,
And the Willeby-wat,
But he never came back to me!
He never came back!
He never came back!
He never came back to me!



Calico Drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and round,
With a hop and a bound,
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!



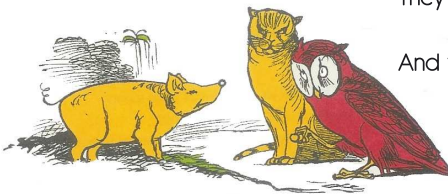
INTERLUDE 1

2 THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

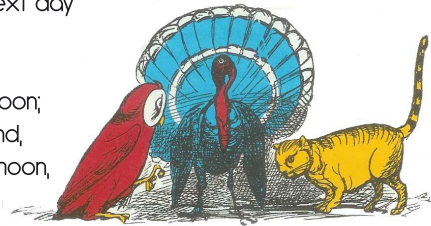
The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang with a small guitar,
'O feline face, so full of grace,
What a beautiful creature you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful creature you are!'



Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fow!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.



'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.



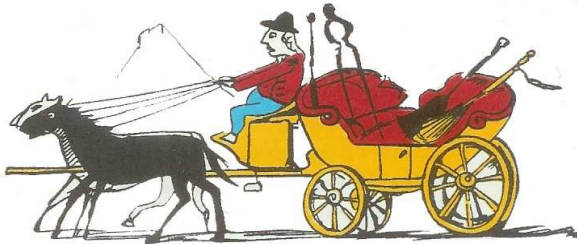
3 BROOM, SHOVEL, POKER AND TONGS

The Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park,
And they each sang a song, Ding-a-dong, Ding-a-dong,
Before they went back in the dark.

Mr Poker sat quite upright in the coach,
Mr Tongs made a clatter and clash,
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a brooch),
Mrs Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
And they all sang a song!

[La la la la la la la la!

Sweep sweep, shovel shovel, rattle rattle, clang clang clang!]



'O Shovel so lovely!' the Poker he sang,
"You have perfectly conquered my heart!
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! If you're pleased with my song,
I will feed you with cold apple tart!
When you scrape up the coals with a delicate sound,
You enrapture my life with delight!
Your nose is so shiny! Your head is so round!
And your shape is so slender and bright!
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
Ain't you pleased with my song?"

[La la la la la la la la!

Sweep sweep, shovel shovel, rattle rattle, clang clang clang!]

Alas! Mrs Broom! sighed the Tongs in his song,
 'O is it because I'm so thin,
And my legs are so long - Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
 That you don't care about me a pin?
Ah! Fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
 Ah! Why don't you heed my complaint!
Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
 Because you are covered with paint?
 Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
 You are certainly wrong!
[La la la la la la la!
Sweep sweep, shovel shovel, rattle rattle, clang clang clang!]

Mrs Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
 'What nonsense you're singing today!
Said the Shovel, 'I'll certainly hit you a clang!
 Said the Broom, 'And I'll sweep you away!
So the Coachman drove homeward as fast as he could,
 Perceiving their anger with pain;
But they put on the kettle, and little by little,
 They all became happy again.
 Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
 There's an end of my song!
[La la la la la la la!
Sweep sweep, shovel shovel, rattle rattle, clang clang clang!]



4 THE YONGHY-BONGHY-BO

On the Coast of Coromandel,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Two old chairs, and half a candle,
One old jug without a handle,
These were all his worldly goods:
In the middle of the woods,
These were all the worldly goods
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking
Where the early pumpkins blow,
To a little heap of stones
Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
There he heard a Lady talking,
To some milk-white Hens of Dorking,
'Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!
On that little heap of stones
Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.



'Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!
Sitting where the pumpkins blow,
Will you come and be my wife?'
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
'I am tired of living singly,
On this coast so wild and shingly,
I'm a-weary of my life;
If you'll come and be my wife,
Quite serene would be my life!'
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

Lady Jingly answered sadly,
And her tears began to flow,
 'Your proposal comes too late,
 Mr Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!
I would be your wife most gladly!
(Here she twirled her fingers madly)
'But in England I've a mate!
Yes! you've asked me far too late,
For in England I've a mate,
Mr Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!
Mr Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo!



Through the silent-roaring ocean
Did the suitor swiftly go;
 On a large and lively Turtle
 Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
With a sad primaeval motion
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen
 Still the Turtle bore him well,
 Holding fast upon his shell.
 'Lady Jingly Jones, farewell!
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

From the Coast of Coromandel
Did that Lady never go;
 On that heap of stones she mourns
 For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
On that Coast of Coromandel,
In his jug without a handle,
 Still she weeps, and daily moans;
 On that little heap of stones
 To her Dorking Hens she moans
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

INTERLUDE 2

5 THE TABLE AND THE CHAIR

Said the Table to the Chair,
'You can scarcely be aware,
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet!
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk!
Pray let us take the air!'
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
'Now you know we are not able!
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!
Said the Table with a sigh,
'It can do no harm to try,
I've as many legs as you.
Why can't we walk on two?'

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town,
With a cheerful bumpy sound,
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
'See! The Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!'

But, in going down an alley,
To the castle, in the valley,
They completely lost their way,
And they wandered all the day,
Then they whispered to each other,
'O delightful little brother!
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon!'



6 UNCLE ARLY

O my aged Uncle Arly!
Sitting on a heap of Barley
 Thro' the silent hours of night,
Close beside a leafy thicket:
On his nose there was a Cricket,
In his hat a Railway-Ticket;
 (But his shoes were far too tight.)

Long ago, in youth, he squander'd
All his goods away, and wander'd
 To the Tiniskoopy-hills afar.
There on golden sunsets blazing,
Every evening found him gazing,
Singing, 'Orb! you're quite amazing!
 How I wonder what you are!

Later, in his morning rambles
He perceived the moving brambles -
 Something square and white disclose;
'Twas a First-class Railway-Ticket,
But, on stooping down to pick it
Off the ground, a pea-green Cricket
 settled on my uncle's Nose.

Never - never more - Oh! never,
Did that Cricket leave him ever,
 Dawn or evening, day or night;
Clinging as a constant treasure,
Chirping with a cheerious measure,
Wholly to my uncle's pleasure,
 (Though his shoes were far too tight.)

So for three-and-forty winters,
Till his shoes were worn to splinters,
 All those hills he wander'd o'er,
Sometimes silent; sometimes yelling;
Till he came to Borley-Melling,
Near his old ancestral dwelling,
 (But his shoes were far too tight.)

On a little heap of Barley
Died my aged Uncle Arly,
 And they buried him one night;
Close beside the leafy thicket;
There, his hat and Railway-Ticket;
There, his ever-faithful Cricket;
 (But his shoes were far too tight.)

INTERLUDE 3



Sophtsluggia Glutinosa

7 FINALE: CALICO PIE AND FRIENDS

Calico Pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the Calico tree,
Their wings were blue,
And they sang 'Tilly-loo!'
Till away they flew,
And they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

There was a Young Lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes
So she hired an Old Lady,
whose conduct was steady
To carry that wonderful nose.

Calico Jam,
The little Fish swam,
Over the syllabub sea,
He took off his hat
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-wat,
But he never came back to me!
He never came back!
He never came back!
He never came back to me!

There was an Old Man who said 'Well,
Will nobody answer this bell?
I have pulled day and night,
Till my hair has grown white,
But nobody answers this bell!



Calico Ban,
The little Mice ran,
To be ready in time for tea,
Flippity Flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup,
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said: 'It is just as I feared!
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'



Calico Drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and round,
With a hop and a bound,
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!





Appeal and retiring collection in aid of Home-Start Waverley

Because childhood cannot wait.

The earliest years make the biggest difference - Home-Start makes sure those years count.

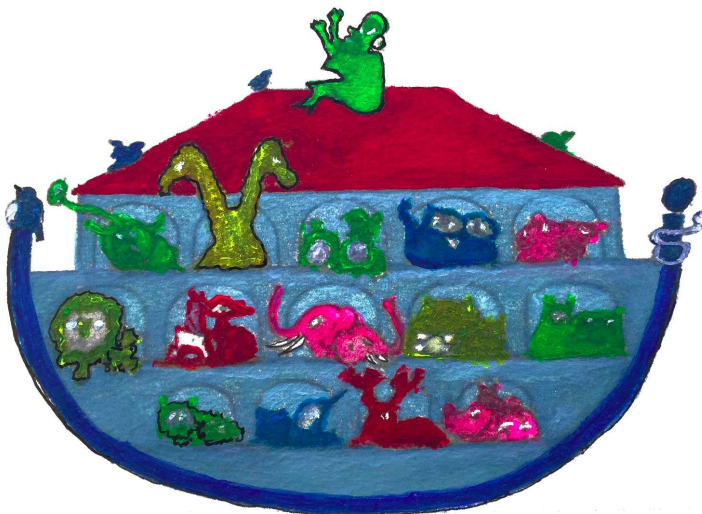
homestartwaverley.org



Captain Noah and His Floating Zoo

Michael Flanders (1922 - 1975) & Joseph Horowitz (1926 - 2022)

1. The Lord looked down on the earth and it made him sad
2. The people of Fun City when they couldn't sin no more
3. Japhet, Shem and Ham fetched a ewe-sheep and a ram
4. It looks like rain, now won't that just be jolly!
5. For the flood-gates of Heaven were opened
6. Forty days and nights living under hatches
7. For the Lord closed the flood-gates of Heaven
8. Father Noah, please open the porthole!
9. Then the Lord looked down on the ark
10. Oh what a wonderful scene, the rainbow overhead



FUTURE CONCERTS

VIVACE CHORUS and THE FRIARY BRASS BAND present

A WEST END EXTRAVAGANZA

CONDUCTOR: JEREMY BACKHOUSE

SONGS BY

★ Stephen Sandheim	★ Andrew Lloyd Webber	★ Queen
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NUMBERS FROM

★ <i>Les Misérables</i>	★ <i>Chitty, Chitty Bang Bang</i>	★ <i>Guys and Dolls</i>
★ <i>West Side Story</i>	★ <i>The King and I</i>	★ <i>The Lion King</i>
★ <i>Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone</i>	★ <i>Mamma Mia!</i>	

**Saturday
16 Nov 2024
at 7.30 pm**

**G LIVE
GUILDFORD**

Vivace Chorus **FRIARY** brass band

Registered Charity No. 1207710

PETITE MESSE SOLENNELLE

ROSSINI

Conductor:
Jeremy Backhouse



**Saturday
22 March 2025
at 7.30 pm**

Holy Trinity,
Guildford High Street.

Vivace Chorus

Registered Charity No. 1207710

Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra

BERLIOZ

TE DEUM

RAVEL **POULENC**
DAPHNIS ET CHLOË GLORIA

Tenor: Nicky Spence
Soprano: Lucy Crowe
Conductor: Jeremy Backhouse

VIVACE CHORUS
GUILDFORD CHORAL SOCIETY
THE LONDON CHORUS
TWICKENHAM CHORAL SOCIETY
TIFFIN CHOIRS
FARNHAM YOUTH CHOIR

**Royal
Albert Hall**
Sunday 13 July 2025

Vivace Chorus  

Other dates for your diary

Mayor of Guildford's Christmas Concert

Holy Trinity,
15th December 2024

**Come and Sing,
Berlioz Te Deum**
Guildford Baptist Church,
Millmead,
January 2025 date tbc