The Cornish Proms

14 - 15 September 2024

Programme

The Sea Hawk overture - Erich Korngold
There's no Business Like Show Business - Irving Berlin
Carousel Waltz - Richard Rodgers
There is Nothing Like a Dame - Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein II
Walking the Dog - George Gershwin
War Songs Medley
Take me back to dear old Blighty; Run, rabbit, run; Goodbye, Dolly Gray; Lili Marleen; The white cliffs of Dover; It's a long way to Tipperary; Pack up your troubles; We'll meet again
Poor Wandering One - Sir Arthur Sullivan & W.S. Gilbert
The Model of a Modern Major General - Sir Arthur Sullivan & W.S. Gilbert
Ave Maria - Charles Gounod
Anything Goes - Cole Porter

Interval

Hudson's Hornpipe - Sam Sweeney and Bellowhead
Thunder and Lightning Polka - Johann Strauss II
Beyond the Sea - Charles Trenet (English version by Jack Lawrence)
Pirates of the Caribbean - Hans Zimmer
Home, Home From the Sea Phil Coulter
Nine Brave Boys - trad. arr. Patrick Bailey
Trelawney - trad. arr. Russell Pascoe
Cornwall My Home - Harry Glasson arr. Matt Douglas & Patrick Bailey
Sea Songs (extract)s - Henry Wood
Pomp & Circumstance March No 1 - Edward Elgar
Jerusalem - William Blake arr. Hubert Parry

See Page 3 for lyrics to traditional songs - please join in!

Musicians

Flute/Piccolo - Jenny Farley
Flute/AltoSax - Sarah McDonagh
Oboe - Tamsin Robinson
Clarinet/TenorSax - David White
Bassoon - Sally Bartholomew
Trumpet - Bob Farley
Trumpet - Joe Sharp
FrenchHorn - Jax Kershaw
Trombone - Matt Harrison
Violin 1 - Philip Montgomery-Smith
Violin 2 - Katie Rowe
Viola - Ricarda Schmidt
'Cello - Barbara Degener
Double Bass - Zoë Curnow
Percussion - James Robinson
Piano - Ute Weickenmeier

Musical Director - Patrick Bailey

Singers

Soprano 1 - Elinor Chapman
Mezzo - Holly-Anna Hawkes
Tenor - Ben Hoadley
Baritone - Eoin Foran

Fireworks by Thomas Bricknell, Celebration Pyrotechnics
Lighting by The Minack Technical Team
Sound by Simon Hutchings

Trelawny

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do!

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

And shall Trelawny live?
Or shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their Captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land:
The Severn is no stay:
With "one and all," and hand in hand;
And who shall bid us nay?

Chorus

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all:
Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold;
Trelawny he may die:
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"

Chorus

Cornwall My Home

I've stood on Cape Cornwall in the sun's evening glow
On Chywoone Hill at Newlyn to watch the fishing fleets go
Watched the sheave wheels at Geevor as they spun around
And heard the men singing as they go underground.

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at His hand
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home

I've left childish footsteps in the soft Sennen sand
I've chased the maids there, all giggly and tanned
I've stood on the cliff top in a westerly blow
And heard the waves thunder on the rocks far below.

Chorus

First thing in the morning, on Chapel Carn Brea
To gaze at the Scillies in the blue far away
For this is my Cornwall, and I'll tell you why
Because I was born here and here I shall die.

And no one will ever move me from this land
Until the Lord calls me to sit at His and
For this is my Eden, and I'm not alone
For this is my Cornwall and this is my home

For this is my Cornwall and this is my home

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.