

LEADER: Donald Woolford.

Adelaide Latvian Mixed Choir

25th anniversary concert

Adelaide Town Hall, 22nd May 1976.

"This concert has been assisted by the Arts
Grant Advisory Committee of
South Australia"

1st Violins: Donald Woolford (Leader) Hugh Gooden Suzley Dobson Russell Wheaton Janey Newman Gordon Barr Anne Edgewood Margot Eastern Shonda Macpherson Athletic-Scholarships	Bass: Jane Geason Flutes: Robert Hooker Martin Hampton-Smith Oboes: Alan Phillips John Priest Clarinets: Ellen Beak Barbara Radcliffe Bassoons: Christine Wright Allison Bell Horns: David Hampton-Smith Laura Crum Catherine Wright Paul Hampton-Smith Trumpets: Tony Hodges Douglas Beards Trombones: Philip Saunders Baritone/Trombone: Ronald Penay Drum: John White
2nd Violins: Ernest Hirsch Marilotta Beak Frank Ashman Julie Newman Ernest Hirsch Francis Jans Kati Krause Katherine Bluff Robert Lockwood Minsk Sastrowardjo Violans: Shonda Lock Bruce Gooden Eric Bierfuss Sheila Radcliffe Paul King Joy Dobson Phillip Griffin Cellos: Keith Phillips Ann Bluff Brian Payne Alan Gregory	CONCERT MANAGER: Ronald Shephard. The Committee and Members of the Burnside Symphony Orchestra are grateful to have these artists as guest musicians.

Bass:
Walter Geivell
Bill Rushton

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ADELAIDE LATVIAN MIXED CHOIR.

Latvia has a long history of choir singing, it is an integral part of her people, so it is understandable that life without music and song would not be accepted. During the voyage of our people to Australia, it was found that our love of music and choir singing helped to create social contacts and activities, and in fact several choirs were already formed by the time the ships reached Australia, and were continued in the disembarkation camp.

By 1949 a male Latvian choir had begun singing here in Adelaide, and then in March 1951 the Latvian Mixed Choir was founded and gave its first concert on 17th August, 1951. This choir, from an original membership of 32, grew to a nucleus of 117 people in 1961, and at present stands at 95 members. Throughout these 25 years the choir's inspirator has been its conductor Kaspars Svens.

Over the years the choir has several times taken part in the Adelaide Festival of Arts, the Good Friday Appeal, in the Good Neighbour Council's organised "Raid of many lands", the Burnside Music Society concert in the Burnside Town Hall; it took part in a concert on the occasion of the visit of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and also during the visit of the Queen Mother. The choir participated in an Elder Choirs symposium organised concert, several concerts organised by the Captive Nations, concert of Adelaide Liedertafel, "Wanda across Europe" in the Festival Hall, Mougham Church organised "Pleasant Sunday afternoons", and has several times sung on ABC radio programmes.

The songs are mostly by Latvian composers; songs that tell of life, its beauty and sadness, its love and happiness, spoken in the rich harmony of the singers. Over the years quite a number of songs by other composers have been performed.

Every year the choir gives its Annual Concert, has given several concerts of sacred music (two of them in Stow Church with David Merchant at the organ), also organizes afternoons of variety in aid of several charities.

PROGRAMME.

Motto	I.	J. Norviliis
Midsummer night	A. Kalnins	
Midsummer eve	J. Norviliis	
My people	V. Behtkis	
solo G. Jansaija (soprano)		
The bugle of Mesotne	Jan. Madins	
Broken pines	E. Darsins	
	II.	
Look, the riders!	J. Kalnins	
And how! (The cat & the mole)	A. Abele	
Dancing song	J. Graubins	
Over the hill	Ald. Kalnins	
Looking for the bride	I. Apkalns	
	III.	
The bard of Beverins	J. Vitols	
The Song (cantata)	J. Vitols	
soprano solo - Velta Liepina-Bernins		
Land of my Birth (cantata)	A. Jurjans	
soprano solo - Velta Liepina-Bernins		
Adelaide Latvian Mixed Choir		
Burnside Symphony Orchestra		
CONDUCTOR: Kaspars S V E N S		

Motto.
We build a boat from songs, sounds we use for sails;
together we fly to the dream-land of our ancestors.

I.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT.
With garlands and flowers we adorn ourselves, with
songs we celebrate this night, giving ourselves over to
the madness of midsummer night.

MIDSUMMER EVE.
Silent is the countryside on this night - only
the songs of thunder and the whispering of the silver
lirches can be heard. Through the mist a song is
rising from the depths of the earth. Eyes buried deep
under the green sod are staring - they are waiting
for the freedom for all people.

MY PEOPLE.
Your sufferings have been many - my people.
Fighting against oppression and destruction, you have
kept your beautiful songs; you have proven your
strength in working plantations have desolated your
fields, every part of you is hoping for a new dawn -
my people.

THE BUGLE OF MESOTNE.
The ancient bugle, which called to battle, is
relying, buried with the ancient bones of dragons. It
is hidden from today's world; but every hundred years
it awakes at midnight, sounding out its mighty silver
call. It sounds across the country calling the heroes
to the battle - only to fade away at dawn.

BROKEN PINES.
The mighty pines that stood on the sea-shore have
been broken. They yearned for the far horizon, un-
able to hide or bend. "You have broken us, you evil
oppression, but the battle is not over yet.
Angrily against you will I investigate and; so ships we
will ride out the storm. We will see the far away
horizons and the advent of the dawn."

Interval.

SOPIRANO:	ALTO:	TENORS (cont.)
Vilma Alote Vilija Andersone Daiga Bernina Marta Bertanne Milda Ceriana Jvonna Danberga Velta Elkane Genevieve Jansaija "Vilija Jansouse soprano Kwale Lailita Klavina Viktoria Korseta Ingrida Lusa Sofija Nikitina Astrida Perkone Vera Petrova Zoniya Prieda Regina Rusa Anna Skride Zelma Svensne Viktoria Svilane Silviya Sute Tanara Sute Irene Sula Zigrida Sula Marija Tausle Volta Tusule Vilija Ustina Olga Uste Gaida Velbarte Laima Xela Anna Zvirgudina	Lidija Andersone Jelita Bernina Liesla Rogers Lidija Diklora Anatra Dakate Zenta Gemanne Gusta Jankovska Dagmara Kravina Sila Kruma Leontina Kuzera Aina Lapins Iga Levina Ilona Lusa Skaidrite Gliza Leonora Gaite Berta Osola Iga Perkone Mila Perkone Paulina Priedita Maja Putane Marta Strauta Marta Sula Elga Vitkovska Genevieve Waugh Tenors: Andrzej Abale Antons Auzans Arvids Begins Janis Bogans Marekalis Zumbertis Egvara Gemanis Vijalis Grandins Roberts Jaudzens Agusts Klavins Laimonis Klavins	Bruno Kravins Stanislavs Livanovs Guntars Parkons Valentins Poneca Viktors Romanovs Henriks Svilane Olgerts Svigeris Alberts Valgors Bass: Erika Akots Karlis Austins Janis Bergboles Wladimir Bergmanis Ligo Druva Olgerts Kargans Janis Karmostova Bernhards Ostila Andrejs Osolina Esteris Rellera Alfreds Stenins Martins Vidrikis Karlis Untins Aristide Vilgors Volodens Vitols

III.

The Bard of Beverins.
Beneath warriors besiege the mighty castle of Beverins
and threaten to destroy both castle and its defenders.
But suddenly a white haired old bard appears at an open
window singing and playing his hobble (sitar-type lyre).
Miraculously the angry beating of drums ceases and the
enemy lowers their arms. The spirit of song has conquered
the sight of arms.

The Song.
In the clear sky, where stars are casting their
heavenly glow, is the home of all longing, and this is where
our song journeys. Together with the song our tired souls
rise and forget all the greyness of everyday life, giving us
new hope and strength.
Let our free songs sound for ever, and by weaving
sounds together allow song from song to be known.

Land of our birth.
Land of our birth, to you we give all our songs and
our thoughts. You are the mother of our nation and the
place where our credits hang. Let the sounds rise
softly to heaven to ask for help for our land, for protect
ion from evil forces.

Dear Father, we beg You to make our land happy, to
bless it.
We will sing your praise until our hearts stop beat-
ing, glory to you - our dearest land!

II.
The songs in this booklet are all folk songs, each with
a very much different meaning. Let the sounds rise
softly to heaven to ask for help for our land, for protect
ion from evil forces.

LOOK, THE RIDERS!
The squires are riding on their richly bedecked
horses, often travelling quite long distances. But the
madness avoid crossing their paths. They would rather
pick their way through marsh-lands.

AN HOW! (the cat and the mole)
The cat is chasing the mole unmercifully; the
latter is accused of "spoiling the field". Trashing is
unavoidable when caught. Only the young moles should be
pardoned until they grow up.

DANCING SONG.
The weeds resumed with noises from animals dancing
at the wedding of the wolf and the vixen.
When the girls scarce their silver buttons and ornaments
make a tinkling sound. A hat-dancer, led by a girl
twirling in the rhythm of the dance, is lovingly picked
up by her sweetheart.

OVER THE HILL.
I sow barley in the field over the hill so that
the hops would not see it, but they sadly scold a tree.
The hops see the girls wading by the stream, but the
madness rebuke any advances by them thinking they have
been drinking beer. They say that the froth on the beer
has more sense than the boy who drinks it.

SEARCHING FOR A BRIDE.
It is not so easy to find girl to one's liking.
Offering happy hand and my ring, she refuses them both -
she just does not like me. In the same I have lost
my best and my horse. But it does not worry me too much.
I'll buy another horse and find a new sweetheart. She
will ride my horse in splendour.

Interval.