

A person is silhouetted against a misty, golden-hued landscape. They stand on a dirt path that winds through a valley. In the background, there are rolling hills and a small building with a thatched roof, possibly a farm or a village house. The sky is dark, suggesting dusk or dawn. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

EPHEMERAL
MODERN LOVE CHORAL

IN CONCERT

PASSAGES

MAY 21, 2026 • 8:00PM
ST GILES CRIPPLEGATE, LONDON

It was my songs that taught me
all the lessons I ever learnt;
they showed me secret paths,
they brought before my sight
many a star on the horizon of my heart.

PASSAGES


THURSDAY, MAY 21, 2026

ST GILES CRIPPLEGATE

LONDON

Tonight, we gather to sing and to share stories and moments of our journeys: of joyful welcome and reflection, of a passage across a grand landscape, of heartbreaking individual loss, and of hope. The music tonight, from across the world, reminds us how similar our human experiences are.

The performance is arranged in two halves, each with two sets of music expressing common themes. We invite you to listen to the texts and contemplate your shared experience in those words. Every piece you hear tonight was written or arranged by a living composer, reminding us that amidst the clamour of everyday life, fourteen individuals dreamed new art into existence. We're so pleased to get to share it with you tonight.

A person in a dark jacket and hat is walking away from the camera on a light-colored path that curves through a landscape. The scene is bathed in the warm, golden light of a sunset or sunrise, with long shadows cast on the ground. The background shows a vast, open landscape with some distant hills or mountains under a hazy sky.

THANK YOU FOR JOINING US TONIGHT

THE PROGRAM

EMERGENCE

THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT
O FRONDENS VIRGA
MO-LI-HUA
I HAD NO TIME TO HATE

JOURNEY

ALL SEEMS BEAUTIFUL TO ME
ZEREGLEENT GOBI
LOVE: THEN AND STILL

INTERVAL

TRANSFORMATION

GITANJALI CHANTS
HORIZONS
REMEMBER
CITY CALLED HEAVEN

RENEWAL

WE BLOOMED IN SPRING
BEFORE I GO MY WAY
I SHOULD BE GLAD

**PLEASE HOLD YOUR APPLAUSE UNTIL THE END OF EACH SET;
WE THINK YOU'LL EXPERIENCE THE EVENING BETTER THIS WAY**

THERE WILL BE A TWENTY MINUTE INTERVAL

PLEASE TURN OFF YOUR ELECTRONIC DEVICES

THERE'S A MEETING HERE TONIGHT

Bob Gibson, Alex Hassilev, and Glenn
Yarbrough
arr. Cantus, ed. Reinwald and Takach

There is a meeting here tonight!

Well there's a meeting here tonight,
I can tell by your friendly face
there's a meeting here tonight. Hallelujah!

Well I went down in the valley one day,
Met old Satan on my way.
What do you reckon old Satan did say?
He said 'Turn back, young man,
you're too young to pray.'

Well Satan got mad and I am glad,
Lost a soul he thought he had.
Satan is a liar and a conjuror too,
You better watch out brother
he'll conjure you!

O FRONDENS VIRGA

Hildegard von Bingen
arr. Chris Foss

sung in Latin

O frondens virga,
O leafy branch,
in tua nobilitate stans
on your nobility stand firm

sicut aurora procedit.
as sunrise proceeds.

Nunc gaude et letare,
Now be glad and rejoice,

et nos debiles dignare.
and find our weakness worthy.

A mala consuetudine liberare,
Free us from evil ways,

atque manum tuam porrige
and stretch out your hand

ad erigendum nos.
to lift us.

MO-LI-HUA

traditional Chinese
arr. Hyo-won Woo

sung in Mandarin

What a beautiful jasmine flower
What a beautiful jasmine flower
Sweet-smelling, beautiful, stems full of buds
Fragrant and white, everyone praises
Let me pluck you down
Give to someone else
Jasmine flower, oh jasmine flower

I HAD NO TIME TO HATE

Ellen Gilson Voth

I had no time to Hate—
Because The Grave would hinder Me—
And life was not so
Ample I
Could finish—Enmity

Nor had I time to Love—
But since
Some Industry must be—
The little Toil of Love—
I thought
Be large enough for Me—

Emily Dickinson

ALL SEEMS BEAUTIFUL TO ME

Eric Whitacre

From this hour I ordain myself
 loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list,
 my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others,
 considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will,
divesting myself of the holds that would hold me.
I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and the west are mine,
 and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me,
I can repeat over to men and women
You have done such good to me
I would do the same to you,
I will recruit for myself and you as I go,
I will scatter myself
 among men and women as I go,
I will toss a new gladness
 and roughness among them,
Whoever denies me it shall not trouble me,
Whoever accepts me
 he or she shall be blessed and shall bless me.

Walt Whitman
from *Song of the Open Road*

ZEREGLEENT GOBI (MIRAGE ON THE GOBI DESERT)

Se Enkhbayar

sung in Mongolian

It's waving from a mile away, in the distance.
My son, my gray hair, is shining in my eyes
What? It's waving, in the distance
The thought is just wandering, what's the point?

The hills are covered with sand, my dear,
the pain I have endured, my heart
I am praying, my dear.
The world is covered with dust, why?
Please sing, please sing,
The Gobi is so beautiful, my dear, the level of
understanding is so clear to me, my dear.

The horizon of the sky is wide, my dear,
there, the future is told, my dear.
Is it divine destiny? It is the same, my dear,
it whispers the same joy, my dear.
Let it be, let it sing.
My dear, the Gobi is so beautiful,
the understanding is so clear to me, my dear.

Nasun

LOVE: THEN AND STILL

Susan LaBarr

We were married in late September,
Among the changing leaves;
Crimson banners in the courtyard
Heralding our union.
We were so happy, then.

The music we shared brought us together,
A duet most unlikely.
Work and home and son and daughter,
Busy in joy and love.
How simple it seemed, then.

But who could have know what fate awaited
Our little family of four?
A spectre came and dwelt among us,
And robbed us of our joy.
And then, we were only three.

But time has passed, and wounds have healed,
Leaving scars behind;
But scars, like talismans, remind us
What was, and what yet may be,
That we loved, and love you, still.

Charles Anthony Silvestri

INTERVAL

GITANJALI CHANTS

Craig Hella Johnson

Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs.
It was they who led me from door to door, and
with them have I felt about me, searching and
touching my world.

It was my songs that taught me all the lessons
I ever learnt; they showed me secret paths,
they brought before my sight many a star on the
horizon of my heart.

They guided me all the day long to the mysteries
of the country of pleasure and pain, and, at last,
to what palace gate have they brought me in the
evening at the end of my journey?

You came down from your throne and stood at
my cottage door. I was singing and alone in a
corner, and the melody caught your ear. You
came down and stood at my cottage door.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are
sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of
this novice struck at your love.

One plaintive little strain mingled with the great
music of the world, and with a flower for a prize
you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Rabindranath Tagore

HORIZONS

Peter Louis van Dijk

In a cave in the Western Cape region is a well-documented San (Bushman) painting of a Dutch (or, perhaps English) ship, resplendent with flags and sails, rounding the Cape. The painting dates back to the early 1700s and serves as a poignant reminder of the incredible powers of observations of these now virtually extinct people.

Sadly, the very people the San saw as gods, certainly in terms of stature and relative opulence, were to become their executioners.

The eland, a large antelope, represented more than just food and took on an almost supernatural significance, while the rain was seen, supernaturally, to be either male or female (either rain-cow or bull) depending on intensity.

Horizons was written at the request of the King's Singers for their 1995 South African tour.

Sleep, my springbok baby
Sleep for me, my springbok child
When morning comes, I'll go out hunting

For you are hungry and thirsty,
thirsty and hungry

Small moon, Hai! Young moon
When the sun rises, you must speak to the Rain
Charm her with herbs and honeycomb
O speak to her, that I may drink,
this little thing, that I may drink

She will come across the dark sky
Mighty Raincow, sing your song for me
That I may find you on the far horizon,

Horizon

Sleep, my springbok baby
Sleep for me, my springbok child
When morning comes we'll go out hunting

For you are hungry and thirsty,
thirsty and hungry

O Star, Hai! Hunting Star
When the sun rises you must blind with your light
The Eland's eyes
O blind his eyes, that I may eat,
this little thing, that I may eat

He will come across the red sands
Mighty Eland, dance your dance for me
That I may find you on the far horizon,

Horizon

Sleep, my springbok baby
Sleep for me, my springbok child
When morning comes, they'll come a-hunting

For they are hungry and thirsty,
thirsty and hungry

They will come across the waters
Mighty saviours in their sailing ships
And they will show us new and far horizons,

Horizon

And they came, came across the waters
Gods in galleons, bearing bows of steel
Then they killed us, on the far horizon

Horizon

Peter Louis Van Dijk

REMEMBER

Stephen Chatman

Remember me when I am gone away,
gone far away into the silent land;
when you can no more hold me by the hand.

Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

CITY CALLED HEAVEN

traditional American, arr. Josephine Poelinitz

I am a pilgrim, a pilgrim of sorrow
I'm left in this wide world, this wide world alone
Ain't got no hope, got no hope for tomorrow
Trying to make it, make heaven my home
I am a pilgrim, a pilgrim of sorrow
I'm left in this wide world, this wide world alone
Ain't got no hope, got no hope for tomorrow
Trying to make it, make heaven my home
Sometimes I'm tossed and I'm driven, Lord
Heard of a city, a city called heaven
Trying to make it, make heaven my home.

WE BLOOMED IN SPRING

Eddie Hill

We bloomed in Spring.

Our bodies are the leaves of God.

The apparent seasons of life and death our eyes
can suffer; but our souls, dear. I will just say this
forthright: they are God himself,

we will never perish unless He does.

Daniel Ladinsky

BEFORE I GO MY WAY

Peter Hamlin

Hear my prayer, O Lord.

Lord, you have been my refuge
from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
or the land and the earth were born,
from age to age you are God.

You turn us back to the dust and say,
"Go back, O child of the earth."

For a thousand years in your sight
are like yesterday when it is past.

You sweep us away like a dream;
we fade away suddenly;

in the morning it is green and flourishes;
in the evening it is dried up and withered.

We bring our years to an end like a sigh.

Hear my pray, O Lord, and give ear to my cry;
hold not your peace at my tears.

For I am but a sojourner with you,
a wayfarer, as all my forebears were.

Turn your gaze from me that I may be glad again,
before I go my way and am no more.

Psalms 39 and 90

I SHOULD BE GLAD

Susan LaBarr

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings,
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light,
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter's night.

Sara Teasdale

OUR MUSICIANS

Margaret Bentley Molly Cochrane Danniella Downs Laoise Fleming
Vincent Hon Jez Ireland Freya Joseph Iska Lupton Jamie Naylor
Sasha Nyamakanga Lucy Robinson Jack Rolls Meg Russon
Alex Simpson Page Starr Sarah de Winter Ida Wrona
Weifeng Jiang, piano Holly Woods, viola
Ryan Connolly, artistic director

OUR THANKS

The Choirs and Congregation of St Peter de Beauvoir Town Barb and Jim Connolly
Simone Pietropaolo Andrew Campling Vivette Ferguson National Association of Choirs

SING WITH US

We're always excited to welcome new singers to join us. If you love singing four-part unaccompanied music, read choral scores confidently, and thrive in a collaborative rehearsal environment, we'd love to meet you. Our rehearsal calendar is deliberately short to allow busy singers to join us, while still maintaining other commitments.

To audition, please fill out the form on our website, and we'll contact you to schedule a time with our Artistic Director.

ephemerallove.org/sing-with-us/

SUPPORT US

We're passionate about bringing more concerts to London audiences, commissioning more new music like tonight's world premiere, and deepening our artistic impact within London and beyond.

Like many arts organization, the revenue from ticket sales **only covers about 25%** of the costs of tonight's concert. We're grateful for the generosity of donors—past and current singers, our artistic director, and friends and family of members of the ensemble—that believe in our singers and our mission and want us to succeed. The beautiful collaboration on the stage tonight is only one part of the collaboration that makes this organization possible.

We've set a goal **to raise £500** to cover the sheet music purchased for tonight's concert. While music in the public domain is free to use, our music is from living composers, and purchasing their music supports their continued creativity and invests in our art form. Any amount raised over £500 will be used to cover other expenses.

If you've enjoyed tonight's concert and if you believe in what we're doing, please consider a donation. Visit justgiving.com and search for Ephemeral Love, or use the link below.

justgiving.com/crowdfunding/passages

FOLLOW US

As we work to expand our reach into the world, both about our concerts and events as well as other content central to our mission, we regularly post on social media. Please follow our pages on the following social media platforms by searching for Ephemeral Love.



OUR FUTURE CONCERTS

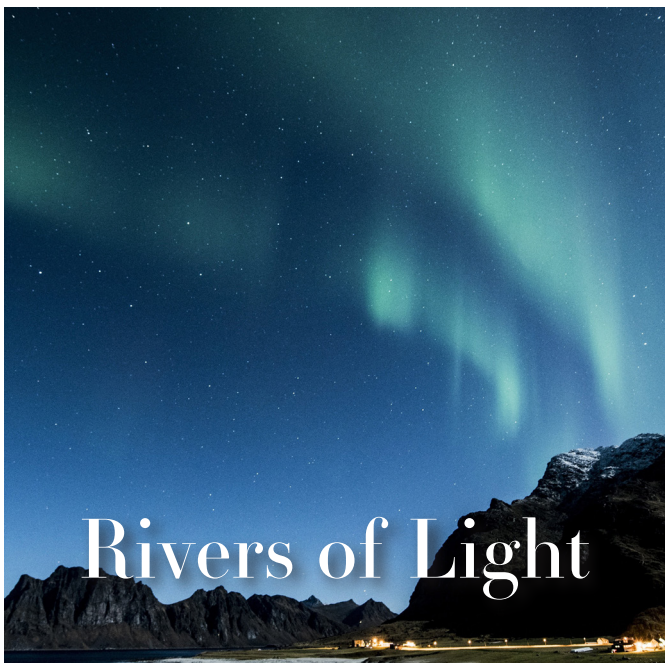
We're excited to share that several concert programs are currently in development for 2026 and beyond. We would love to welcome you back to one of our upcoming events! Below is a preview of what's ahead in the coming months, and we hope you'll join us. For more information, please visit our website at ephemerallove.org.



We're hosting a workshop for composers to learn more about the art of writing for chorus. If you're a composer and want to workshop music that you're currently writing, consider joining us for **Fresh Ink** on June 14 at 2:00pm.



To Sit and Dream, an exploration of what we hope for—both in the tangible world and in the fleeting moments of slumber. From what we want our world to be, to the fantasies that come alive when we fall asleep, this evening will connect us to our most optimistic selves.



Rivers of Light, a meditation on depictions of heaven, from the vaulted dome of ancient stories to modern ideas of eternity, to explorations into other traditions of what the next place is, this evening will bring an idea of heaven to the concert stage in its many facets.



Tidings, our festival of Christmas carols, choral music, and poetry, sharing unique and common themes of the Christmas season in a concert setting that is both nostalgic and modern. Start your festive season with both comfort and joy!

EPHEMERAL MODERN LOVE CHORAL

Ephemeral Love is a new choral ensemble dedicated to bringing innovative programming to the vibrant artistic landscape of London. Born from a passion for choral music in all its forms, Ephemeral Love champions collaboration, uniting singers who share a deep connection to this art, and welcoming audiences of every background into that experience.

Our music is created together, exists only in the moment, and takes on its full meaning when shared. In performance, we aim to evoke the feeling of exploring somewhere new, discovering beauty and surprise around every corner, and holding those experiences long after the final note has faded. "This is an invitation to participate," declares our manifesto.

We strive to build choral experiences that challenge, inspire, and uplift, with poetry and texts that provoke thought with musical textures ranging from the simplicity of chant to intricate, multi-layered harmonies. Along with beloved standards and fresh arrangements, we are committed to presenting exciting new commissions that expand the choral art.

Conductor Robert Shaw once said: "Let's realize first that the Arts are not an Ivory Tower of retreat. They are a doing. They are a making. In their Sanskrit etymology 'Art' and 'arm' have the same word-root: something made 'by hand.' They are sweat, strain, cramps, blisters, tears, blood, profanity and mocking laughter." He also said that the arts "express that which is beautiful and intelligent and noble about being human."

Though the name Ephemeral Love may feel unusual for a chamber choir, it speaks to what we cherish most: musical moments, however fleeting, can resonate deeply, connecting us to one another in ways that are human and real, that endure long after the music ends.

ephemerallove.org

