



Heathfield Choral Society
present

'Rolling down to Rio'

generously supported by The Kipling Society

Rudyard Kipling's poems set to music

by Edward Elgar, Karl Jenkins, Percy Grainger, Eric Whitacre and others.

Conducted by Sebastian Charlesworth ~ Accompanied by Gavin Stevens

Readings by West End actor Richard Henders

16th May 2026

Programme

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Programme

Words for all the songs are by Rudyard Kipling, unless otherwise stated. The composers are listed below.

Additional narration, by Richard Henders, uses Kipling's words, curated for this evening's concert by
Francesca Hunt

Song words can be found on p 12, 14 & 15

Road to Mandalay Oley Speaks

The Anchor Song Percy Grainger

The Fringes of the Fleet: The Sweepers Edward Elgar

The Sea-Wife Percy Grainger

PIANO SOLO:

Impressions from The Jungle Book IV Morning Song in the Jungle

Piano: Gavin Stevens Cyril Scott

Rolling Down to Rio Edward German

INTERVAL

Drinks served at the back of the hall.

The Long Trail Andrew Carter

The Armed Man: Hymn Before Action Karl Jenkins

POEM : My Boy Jack

The Seal Lullaby Eric Whitacre

The Love Song of Har Dyal Percy Grainger
arr. Seb Charlesworth

POEM: Sussex

Jerusalem C. Hubert Parry

Words: William Blake

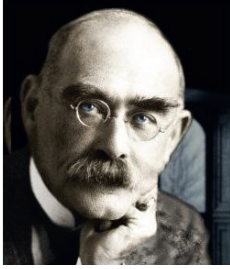
Sussex by the Sea William Ward-Higgs
arr. Kirsty Steele

Words: William Ward-Higgs

Non Nobis Domine Roger Quilter

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RUDYARD KIPLING (1885 - 1936) was born in Bombay (now Mumbai) on December 30th 1865, son of John Lockwood Kipling, an artist and teacher of architectural sculpture, and his wife Alice.

Young Rudyard's earliest years in Bombay were blissfully happy, in an India full of exotic sights and sounds. But at the age of five he was sent back to England with his sister to stay with a foster family in Southsea, where he was desperately unhappy. The experience would colour some

of his later writing.

When he was twelve he went to the United Services College at Westward Ho! near Bideford, where the Headmaster, Cormell Price, a friend of his father and uncles, fostered his literary ability. In 1882, aged sixteen, he returned to Lahore, where his parents now lived, to work on the Civil and Military Gazette, and later on its sister paper the Pioneer in Allahabad.

In his limited spare time he wrote many remarkable poems and stories which were published alongside his reporting. When these were collected and published as books, they formed the basis of his early fame.

Returning to England in 1889, Kipling won instant success with Barrack-Room Ballads which were followed by some more brilliant short stories. After the death of an American friend and literary collaborator, Wolcott Balestier, he married Wolcott's sister Carrie in 1892.

After a world trip, he returned with Carrie to her family home in Brattleboro, Vermont, USA, with the aim of settling down there. It was in Brattleboro, deep in New England, that he wrote Captains Courageous and The Jungle Books, and where their first two children, Josephine and Elsie, were born.

A quarrel with Rudyard's brother-in-law drove the Kiplings back to England in 1896, and the following year they moved to Rottingdean in Sussex, the county which he adopted as his own. Life was content and fulfilling until, tragically, Josephine died while the family were on a visit to the United States in early 1899.

By now Kipling had come to be regarded as the People's Laureate and the poet of Empire, and he produced some of his most memorable poems and stories in Rottingdean, including Kim, Stalky & Co., and Just So Stories. Life could never be the same again after Josephine's death, and in 1902 he and his family sought the seclusion of a lovely seventeenth century iron-master's house in the Weald of Sussex, near Burwash, called Bateman's where he spent his remaining years.

Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies, which included the poem "If-", and other well-known volumes of stories, were written there, and express Kipling's deep sense of the ancient continuity of place and people in the English countryside.

When the Boer War broke out in 1899, Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar" raised vast sums of money for the benefit of British soldiers. Kipling visited South Africa during the war, visiting hospitals and hospital trains, and writing tales and poems about the conflict. He was appalled by the lack of preparedness and professionalism of the British army.

Kipling foresaw the First World War, and tried to alert the nation to the need to be prepared for it. When it came he denounced in vivid poems and stories the aggressive brutality of the German assault on Belgium and France. He reported on the sailors guarding the shore of Britain, and on the soldiers in training for action in France. The loss of his son John (born in Rottingdean in 1897) in his first battle at the age of 18 was a shattering blow, exacerbated perhaps by the fact that Kipling himself had been an active proponent of John's joining up. He did all he could to persuade Americans that their country should come into the war on the side of the British and French, as they did in 1917. When peace came in 1918 he called for severe retribution against Germany.

After the war he continued to write, and some of the post-war stories (for instance in *Debits and Credits*) are counted among his finest. He was also much involved in the work of the Imperial War Graves Commission, and King George V became a personal friend. The Kiplings travelled a great deal, and at the outset of one of their journeys, in January 1936, Rudyard died, just three days before his King. He had declined most of the many honours which had been offered him, including a knighthood, the Poet Laureateship, and the Order of Merit, although in 1907 he had accepted the Nobel Prize for Literature.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Society was founded in 1927 by a group of Kipling enthusiasts. Though Kipling himself did not greatly approve of the project, it soon attracted (and continues to attract) hundreds of members from around the world. We hold regular members' meetings in central London and/or online, where speakers address a wide range of topics relating to Kipling's life and work. Our website www.kiplingsociety.co.uk has the text of all of Kipling's published works, as well as many unpublished items and commentary. Members receive regular electronic newsletters and the *Kipling Journal* by post three times a year; they also have access to the Kipling Library at Hailbury College. New members are always welcome; applications can be made via the website. The Society is delighted to support this evening's concert, hopefully expanding awareness of Kipling's work to a new audience.

Introduction to tonight's concert by Sebastian.

Welcome to 'Rolling down to Rio', our celebration of Rudyard Kipling's extraordinary output of poetry, stories and writings that have had such an influence since his first poems and stories were published nearly 150 years ago.

Kipling was one of Britain's most skilled storytellers, shaped profoundly by the late Victorian imperial world he lived in. His writing shows deep affection for India, a fascination with duty and service, and a remarkable gift for rhythm and narrative. As admirers of his work in the modern age, we must recognise both sides of his legacy: the brilliance of his craft and the limitations of his worldview.

Tonight's programme traces how, across generations and through a remarkable variety of musical styles, Kipling's poetry, prose, imagination and passion have inspired composers to create works ranging from the heartfelt and sublime to the downright bizarre (yes, Percy Grainger, we mean you). From Victorian parlour song responses to his equally Victorian texts, to harmonically adventurous settings of his wilder allegories, from moving reflections on war and loss to the vivid storytelling of *The Jungle Book*, Kipling's words have sparked an extraordinary breadth of musical invention. We are delighted to celebrate that legacy here in Sussex - Kipling's adopted and much loved county - just a few miles from his home at Bateman's.

Special thanks must go to Brian Newman for supporting and shaping the scope of tonight's concert, to Francesca Hunt who has brilliantly sculpted Kipling's own words to guide us through this evening's music, Richard Henders for joining us and being 'our Kipling' and to Nick Howard for expertly sourcing an ambitious and difficult-to-source set of scores.

I hope you enjoy this evening's performance!

Seb Charlesworth

HCS Music Director

Heathfield Choral Society gratefully acknowledges the financial support of our patron,
Rita Dimsdale, and the following organisations:

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Our next concerts:

Saturday 20th June 2026

All Saints' Church, Waldron

A programme of lighter music and songs from the shows

Saturday 28th November 2026

State Hall, Heathfield

Magnificat! - two contrasting interpretations of this liturgical text, one by British composer John Rutter, the other by the American composer Taylor Scott-Davis

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By coming to one of our concerts we already regard you as a friend, but if you would like to be kept in touch with the choir's activities and maybe attend some of the choir's social activities, let us know how we can contact you and send you details of up-coming events.

You might also consider becoming a Silver Patron which will bring added benefits to you and to the choir. For £50 per season you would be entitled to an interval drink. You will have a reserved seat which means you will no longer need to get to the hall early to find a favourable spot. You also get a 10% reduction on tickets.

Or as a Gold Patron, you could sponsor a musician or a soloist for a particular concert. We would ask for a donation of £100 or more and for this you would get all the benefits of a silver patron, plus the knowledge that one of the performers is there because of your generosity. This would be acknowledged in the programme.

For further information, please contact Sue Carter, johnandsuecarter@hotmail.com



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The Choir

Soprano

Julie Bell
Sue Carter
Sarah Christie
Kathryn Dewhurst
Jacqui Downing
Barbara Edwards
Susan Garden
Penny Heath
Carol Kemp
Marina Khilkoff-Boulding
Ruth McDermott
Sarah Norris
Georgina Penticost
Alison Perry
Heather Pryce
Gill Stevens
Caroline Thompson
Mary Wilce
Hillary Wilson
Gaenor Wright
Alison Wright Reid

Alto

Rachael Bishop
Gill Coventry
Jenny Crisford
Viv Durne
Jo Evans
Rosie Evans
Shineen Galloway
Pat Harwood
Anne Lewis
Jenny Mayhew
Kate Peckham
Tania Spooner
Jane Thomas
Susan Tranter

Tenor

Nick Dibb
Nick Howard
Rory Khilkoff-Boulding
Peter Lewis
Brian Newman
Robert Price
Nick Rees

Bass

Hugh Bell
Larry Charlesworth *
Martin Clay
Bernard Maishman
Richard Penticost
Chris Thompson
Steve Tolhurst

* *Guest*

We'd love you to join us!

The Society welcomes new singers, and is very happy for them to try a couple of rehearsals before joining. **There are no auditions!** Our next term starts on September 7th. If you - or anyone you know - would like to join, please contact Jenny at heathfieldchoral.membership@gmail.com for more information, or speak to a choir member.



Sebastian Charlesworth was appointed Musical Director of Heathfield Choral Society in May 2019. He is a graduate of the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, where he initially trained as a bassoonist. He has spent the last decade singing and more recently, conducting sessions at world famous recording studios Abbey Road and Air Lyndhurst. He has recorded soundtracks for Disney, Paramount and The National Theatre and is singing on the Oscar-nominated song "I'm just Ken" from Barbie. He has worked with film composers such as Danny Elfman, John Williams, Alan Menken and Lorne Balfe.

In recent years, conducting/musical direction has become a mainstay of his work and, alongside HCS, he is MD for the chamber choir New Sussex Singers. He is a teacher of both singing and bassoon in five different schools. In his 'spare' time, he enjoys fine dining, home improvement and spending as much time as possible with his wife Hannah, and young sons Hugh and Magnus.



Gavin Stevens has been accompanist for Heathfield Choral Society since 1999. He attended the Royal Academy of Music where he studied composition, piano and electronic music; winning the Arthur Hinton prize at the end of his first year for performing his compositions in a recital. Gavin has worked for over 30 years as a teacher of piano; composition and, since 2011, guitar. As a pianist he gives frequent piano recitals and as a composer he has written four piano sonatas and a wide variety of other works for piano, an increasing number of works for guitar including three books of studies and a set of Impromptus. Gavin has also written for choir and Heathfield Choral Society has performed two of these works. Gavin has also been accompanist for Phoenix Choir Eastbourne since 2014 and Music Leader at Emmanuel URC Worthing since 2011. He lives in Angmering, West Sussex with his wife Tracy and daughter Megan.



Richard Henders is an Olivier nominated actor of over forty years experience. He has worked extensively at the National Theatre, RSC, Donmar Warehouse and the West End most recently performing in 'Company', at The Gielgud and in Noises Off at The Garrick. He also works as a session singer for Vocals Unlimited and is a facilitator, specialising in the world of Opera.

Publishers: The Long Trail - OUP; Hymn Before Action, Non Nobis Domine - Boosey & Hawkes;
Seal Lullaby - Chester Music; Anchor Song, The Sea Wife - Schott; Road to Mandalay - Faber Music;
Rolling Down to Rio - Novello

Words to the Songs

As composed - may not correspond exactly to Kipling's original text

On the Road to Mandalay

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay, Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;

On the road to Mandalay, Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!

O the road to Mandalay, Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

Anchor Song

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah heave her short again!

Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl.

Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and full -

Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!

Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love -

Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee;

For the wind has come to say:

"You must take me while you may,

If you'd go to Mother Carey

(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),

Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

Heh! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her!

Handsome to the cathead, now; O tally on the fall!

Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.

Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard haul!

Well, ah fare you well, for the Channel wind's took hold of us,

Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free.

And it's blowing up for night,

And she's dropping Light on Light,

And she's snorting under bonnets for a breath of open sea,

Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her road alone to-night.

Sick she is and harbour-sick - O sick to clear the land!

Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over us -

Carry on and thrash her out with all she'll stand!

Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love -

Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee;

For the wind has come to say:

"You must take me while you may,

If you'd go to Mother Carey

(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),

Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

Fringes of the Fleet / The Mine-Sweepers

Dawn off the Foreland - the young flood making

Jumbled and short and steep -

Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking -

Awkward water to sweep.

"Mines reported in the fairway,

Warn all traffic and detain.

Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

Noon off the Foreland - the first ebb making

Lumpy and strong in the bight.

Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking

And the jackdaws wild with fright.

"Mines located in the fairway,

Boats now working up the chain,

Sweepers - Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

Dusk off the Foreland - the last light going

And the traffic crowding through,

And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing

Heading the whole review!

"Sweep completed in the fairway,

No more mines remain.

Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

The Sea Wife

1. There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,

And a wealthy wife is she;

She breeds a breed o' rovin' men

And casts them over sea.

2. And some are drowned in deep water,

And some in sight o' shore,

And word goes back to the weary wife

And ever she sends more.

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3. For since that wife had gate or gear,
Or hearth or garth or bield,
She willed her sons to the white harvest,
And that is a bitter yield.
4. She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,
To ride the horse of tree,
And syne her sons come back again
Far-spent from out the sea.
5. The good wife's sons come home again
With little into their hands,
But the love of men that ha' dealt with men
In the new and naked lands;
But the faith of men that ha' brothered men
By more than easy breath,
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
In the open books of death.
6. For whether they lose to the naked life
Or win to their hearts' desire,
They tell it all to the weary wife
That nods beside the fire.
7. Her hearth is wide to every wind
That makes the white ash spin;
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides
Her sons go out and in;
8. (Out with great mirth that do desire
Hazard of trackless ways -
In with content to wait their watch
And warm before the blaze);
9. And some return by failing light,
And some in waking dream,
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
That ride the rough roof beam.
10. Home, they come home from all the ports,
The living and the dead;
The good wife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head!

Seal Lullaby

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

Love Song of Har Dyal

Alone upon the housetops to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky -
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

Below my feet the still bazar is laid -
Far, far below the weary camels lie -
The camels and the captives of thy raid.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

My father's wife is old and harsh with years
And drudge of all my father's house am I -
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains 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 these 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.

Sussex by the Sea

Now is the time for marching,
Now let your hearts be gay,
Hark to the merry bugles
Sounding along our way.
So let your voices ring, my boys,
And take the time from me,
And I'll sing you a song as we march along,
Of Sussex by the Sea!

Chorus

For we're the men from Sussex, Sussex by the Sea.
We plough and sow and reap and mow,
And useful men are we;
And when you go to Sussex, whoever you may be,
You may tell them all that we stand or fall
For Sussex by the Sea!

Refrain

Oh Sussex, Sussex by the Sea!
Good old Sussex by the Sea!
You may tell them all we stand or fall,
For Sussex by the Sea.
Up in the morning early,
Start at the break of day;
March till the evening shadows
Tell us it's time to stay.
We're always moving on, my boys,
So take the time from me,
And sing this song as we march along,
Of Sussex by the Sea.

Chorus and Refrain

Far o'er the seas we wander,
Wide thro' the world we roam;
Far from the kind hearts yonder,
Far from our dear old home;
But ne'er shall we forget, my boys,
And true we'll ever be
To the girls so kind that we left behind
In Sussex by the Sea.

Non Nobis Domine

Non nobis Domine! -
Not unto us, O Lord!
The Praise or Glory be
Of any deed or word;
For in Thy Judgment lies
To crown or bring to nought
All knowledge or device
That Man has reached or wrought.

And we confess our blame -
How all too high we hold
That noise which men call Fame,
That dross which men call Gold.
For these we undergo
Our hot and godless days,
But in our hearts we know
Not unto us the Praise.

O Power by Whom we live -
Creator, Judge, and Friend,
Upholdingly forgive
Nor fail us at the end:
But grant us well to see
In all our piteous ways -
Non nobis Domine! -
Not unto us the Praise!



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