

FESTIVAL CHOIR

MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

Leader : TATE GILDER

Guildford Corporation Concerts

Director of Music : VERNON HANDLEY

SUNDAY, 7th OCTOBER, 1962, at 3 p.m.

CIVIC HALL

THELMA GODFREY	Soprano
YVONNE MINTON	Alto
FATHER JOHN NASH	Tenor
JOHN BARROW	Bass

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SOLO PIANOFORTE :

GARY GRAFFMAN

GUEST CONDUCTOR :

RUDOLF SCHWARZ

★

PROGRAMME . . . SIXPENCE

PROGRAMME

Overture for an Occasion Handel

This work is scored for oboes, trumpets, tympani and strings, and falls into three sections: Overture (Adagio, Allegro), Adagio, March. The opening adagio begins firmly on the full ensemble but gradually the texture thins out and this sub-section ends quietly. The Allegro is fugal in construction and the entries are made in all the string sections from first violins downwards before oboes and trumpets are allowed to have a say. The second section, much quieter, is an adagio for oboe solo and strings only. Finally, the march involves the whole orchestra, throughout its course.

Serenade to Music Vaughan Williams

Composed for and dedicated to Sir Henry J. Wood on the occasion of his Jubilee, in grateful recognition of his services to music, this Serenade was performed for the first time on October 5th, 1938.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: Soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.
Music! Hark!
It is the music of the house.
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Silence bestows that virtue on it,
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right phrase and true perfection!
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awak'd!
Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Scene 1.

Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in C minor . Rachmaninoff

Moderato Adagio sostenuto Allegro Scherzando

After the failure of his First Symphony in 1897, Rachmaninoff got into such a morbid state of mind that, except for one short period of activity, he was unable to do any creative work. Finally, in January 1900, Rachmaninoff submitted himself to hypnotic treatment, and he says, "Although it may sound incredible, this cure really helped me. I began again to compose. The material grew in bulk, and new musical ideas began to stir within me—far more than I needed for my concerto." This was the Second Piano Concerto, in C minor, which a year or two previously he had agreed to write for the London Philharmonic Society.

The "ideas," however, are very closely related to each other, and there is little doubt that Rachmaninoff used them in subsequent works, such as the Suite No. 2 for two pianos, the Piano Concerto in D minor, and the 'Cello Sonata in G minor. The principal themes of all these works are so much alike that they would appear to derive from one basic germ idea, the apotheosis of which is undoubtedly the principal and dominating theme of the C minor Concerto.

All three movements are based on the transformation of this theme. The first movement is extraordinarily grand and eloquent in style; the second movement is an introspective, heart-felt musing; while the light and scintillating finale speeds its way to the grand and impressive climax towards the end, when the full orchestra majestically states the theme with loud accompanying chords on the piano. It is a perfectly timed climax to this romantic work—a mighty reassertion of faith.

INTERVAL

Pastoral

Crossley Clitheroe

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

KEATS.

Dedicated to Lawrence Powell in appreciation of his
 great services to music in Guildford.

Suite from Gayne Ballet Khachaturian

Khachaturian, an Armenian composer, was born in 1903. His reputation outside Russia, where he has won many awards for his composition, rests mainly on the Violin Concerto, the Piano Concerto and the Gayaneh Ballet from which comes the famous Sabre Dance. His music is unashamedly indebted to Armenian folklore, and the insistent quality of the rhythms found in his more violent moments make the music easily approachable. Four movements from the Gayaneh Ballet are to be performed to-day. They are: Dance of the Rose-Maidens, Lullaby, Sabre Dance, and Lezghinka.

THURSDAY, 11th OCTOBER, at 8 p.m.

RECITAL. YI-KWEI SZE Baritone

At the piano: Ivor Newton

SATURDAY, 20th OCTOBER, at 7 p.m.

Concert version of NABUCCO Verdi

Abigail	Elizabeth Vaughan
Fenena	Antonina Child
Ishmael and Abdullah	Andrew Gold
Nabucco	Bryan Drake
Zachariah	Gerwyn Morgan

PHILHARMONIC CHOIR MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA

Guest Conductor: IVOR JOHN